

ROBERT (CONT'D)

But in your surrender. You once taught me to kneel before *God*, not men. Do not let fear claim your soul. For the honor of God, your duty to His church, the comfort of your children, and the redress of your own soul, I urge you to weigh yourself in the balance, taking for your counterweight God's judgement.

063 RICHARD (V.O.)

My son... You speak with the zeal of youth. Of absolutes. But zeal cannot protect our family. I have not stopped loving God. But I can no longer afford to love Him in public. Sincerely, R. Southwell.

064 ROBERT

Father, what have you gained by being enslaved to the world? What interest have you reaped that can equal your detriment in virtue? You are a Southwell. That name once stood for courage. Let it not stand for compromise. The blood of our friends cries out for witness. Do not leave them in the darkness. I humbly request that you yield your soul as a happy captive to God's merciful inspirations, proceeding from infinite love. Your loving son, Robert.

THE SCORE SLOWS, WAITING FOR A RESPONSE.

065 ROBERT (CONT'D)

Father?

THE SCORE CONTINUES TO BEG FOR A RESPONSE.

066 ROBERT (CONT'D)

Father?

THE MUSIC CUTS OUT ABRUPTLY.

067 ROBERT (CONT'D)

No...

11

**INT. JESUIT SEMINARY - ROBERT'S CLASS - WEEKS LATER - DAY**

A GENTLE SCORE EASES US IN. BIRDS CHIRP OUTSIDE.

**Side 2****START >>>****Age: late 20s**068 **ROBERT**

You see, students, our joy is not bound to safety, nor comfort. It does not rest on what the world may give, but in what God has already promised. We do not flee the fire. We walk through it. We are members of the Society of Jesus.

A FEW STUDENTS SCRIBBLE.

069 **ROBERT** (CONT'D)

We are here for the love and service of God. Though these two things are inseparable, it is not uncommon for us to feel them conflict. Our soul would have us sit absorbed in the mirror of God. But our minds urge us to be up and doing and to use the talents He has bestowed on us to the best of their ability. We must love God at a high pressure and at the same time we must transfer our latent energy into daily activities.

070 STUDENT 1

Is this why we must spend time in the kitchen as well as the chapel, Prefect Southwell?

071 **ROBERT**

The kitchen is the battleground on which all Jesuit novices win their spurs.

A FEW STUDENTS LAUGH.

072 **ROBERT** (CONT'D)

This college can count as a high honor the cunning arts by which the English Government seeks to unearth our intents. It is clear that the Queen stands in greater dread of the *spiritual* war waged by our College than of the hostilities of the mighty Kings and Queens who seek her throne. And not without good cause; since we who are trained here are so high-hearted, so on fire with zeal, that we will not be deterred by threats of racking or any other tortures that may lie ahead.

073 STUDENT 2  
Why speak so often of suffering? Of  
Martyrdom?

ROBERT PAUSES. THE ROOM STILL.

074 ROBERT  
Because we must be ready.

ROBERT UNFURLS A SCROLL AND READS.

075 ROBERT (CONT'D)  
We've received news. Father Edmund  
Campion was executed at Tyburn.

WALLA: A GASP RIPPLES THROUGH THE HALL.

076 ROBERT (CONT'D)  
They hung, drew, and quartered  
him... For proclaiming the truth.  
For preaching the Gospel, offering  
the Sacraments, teaching the  
uneducated, and guiding sinners  
toward repentence.  
(beat)  
He did not waver. Even in the end.  
(beat, steady)  
He died as he lived... Clinging not  
to life, but to God.

A LONG SILENCE. THEN INSPIRING MUSIC BEGINS.

077 ROBERT (CONT'D)  
Look at me. Do not turn your hearts  
to fear. Father Campion's death was  
not a curse, but a crown. They took  
his body, yes, but not his soul.  
Rather than shrink from them as  
torturers, I call to them to bring  
my crown as well.

**<<< END**

A BELL TOLLS AND CUTS OFF THE MUSIC. STUDENTS  
PACK UP THEIR THINGS AND FILE OUT.

12      INT. JESUIT SEMINARY - ROBERT'S DORMITORY - NIGHT

CRICKETS CHIRP. WIND RUSTLES THROUGH THE TREES.  
ROBERT WRITES AT HIS DESK. MOVING MUSIC PLAYS.

078 ROBERT  
O Lord, my heart is torn. Campion  
walks no more among us, yet his  
courage still rings.  
(MORE)