

065 AGNES

That's right. So do not waste your days in fear, my little one. Pray. Trust. Do what is right, always.

066 YOUNG ROBERT

Even if I am scared?

067 AGNES

Especially then.

068 YOUNG ROBERT

(drifting off to sleep)

I will pray and trust and do what is right...

10

INT. HORSHAM ST. FAITH PRIORY - THE NEXT MORNING

CHEERFUL MUSIC TRANSITIONS US INTO A NEW DAY.

Robert and his cousin, JOHN COTTON (8), walk through the priory next to the Southwell Family home.

**Side 1**  
**START >>>**

069 YOUNG ROBERT

Oh, John! Look at this one.

070 YOUNG JOHN

Wow. These paintings are twice as tall as you are, Robert.

071 YOUNG ROBERT

The monks who founded St. Faith's Priory painted them. Every stone and stroke of paint was an act of worshipping the Lord.

072 YOUNG JOHN

And now, it sits empty...

073 YOUNG ROBERT

My father told me that the Priory was abandoned when my Grandfather built our home here.

074 YOUNG ROBERT

When I look at these paintings, I feel it, John. A calling, like these men before us felt.

075 YOUNG JOHN

A calling? To what?

076 YOUNG ROBERT

To bring honor back to our faith.  
There used to be a world where  
Catholics worshipped freely and  
openly. I want, more than anything,  
to live in that world someday. I  
long to be close to Jesus. I long  
to bring Him *glory*.

077 YOUNG JOHN

But how, Robert?

078 YOUNG ROBERT

I don't know yet, but I know that I  
must do it.

Suddenly, outside the priory, a MAN shouts:

079 MAN 1

Papist swine! Leave this place!

Another MAN's voice echoes.

080 MAN 2

This is the Queen's country!

081 MAN 1

Yeah, go back to Rome, you filthy  
traitor!

THE BOYS GASP AND FREEZE.

082 YOUNG ROBERT

(whispering)

Did they hear us? How?

**<<< END**

083 YOUNG JOHN

(whispering)

No, Robert. Look! They're after  
that man in black!

A PAUSE as the boys look out the window to see: a priest,  
FATHER JAMES, being harassed by two men.

084 FATHER JAMES

Please, I mean you no harm!

085 MAN 1

What are you doing here then?  
Begging for scraps?

086 MAN 2

You thought your tattered clothes  
would disguise you.  
(MORE)