                    QUEEN ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
          Even my own court speaks of the rot
          and the shadow. And you... You are
          Protestant, are you not? Yet here
          you stand, pleading for a Catholic
          priest. How curious.

Age: 60s

               097 RICHARD
                    (quietly)
          I am Protestant, Your Majesty. But
          he is still my son.

               WALLA: MURMURS OF COURTIERS AROUND THEM.

               098 QUEEN ELIZABETH
          Very well. He shall be transferred.
          A mercy for a good Protestant.

     A pause.

               099 QUEEN ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
          You may bring your son some new
          clothes. And anything else he might
          need before his transfer. I would
          not have my court think me unjust.

               100 RICHARD
          Thank you, Your Majesty.

               MUSIC TRANSITIONS US TO...

13   **EXT. OUTSIDE THE GATEHOUSE PRISON - EARLY MORNING**

     Richard waits outside the Gatehouse.

               THE HEAVY SCRAPE OF IRON DOORS. WIND BLOWS.
               FOOTSTEPS ECHO AS ROBERT IS DRAGGED OUT BY TWO
               GUARDS. CHAINS RATTLE. HIS BREATH IS LABORED.

**Side 2
START >>>**

               101 RICHARD
          Dear God... Robert, is that you?

               ROBERT FALLS TO THE GROUND.

               102 RICHARD (CONT'D)
          Robert!

               HE DROPS TO HIS KNEES BESIDE HIM.

               103 RICHARD (CONT'D)
          My God, it is far worse than I
          feared. You are covered in lice,
          maggots, your own... filth. How
          could they have done this to you?

             104 ROBERT
        (through gasps)
     Father?

        RICHARD EMBRACES HIM.

             105 RICHARD
     Here. I brought you fresh clothes,
     and a Bible, and... Please, let me
     wash your face.

        HE WIPES ROBERT'S FACE AND THEN PRESSES A PACK
        INTO ROBERT'S HANDS, TREMBLING.

             106 RICHARD (CONT'D)
        (voice shaking)
     Your suffering has not been in
     vain. What you endure... The people
     know, they tell stories of you.
     Men, women, children-

             107 ROBERT
     The stories don't mean anything-

             108 RICHARD
     Oh, but they do, Robert. I... It's
     changed me. I've changed.

A pause.

             109 ROBERT
     What do you mean?

             110 RICHARD
     I have returned.
        (urgent, quiet)
     I am Catholic again.

A long pause.

             111 ROBERT
        (whispered)
     Praise God.

             112 JAILOR
     I am sorry, but we must keep
     moving. You can lean on me, Mr.
     Southwell. To the Tower. Now.

             113 ROBERT
     God Bless you, Father.

             114 RICHARD
     And you... Father Southwell.   **<<< END**