

081 RICHARD BELLAMY

We've devoured your words, Father.  
You honor our house. I am Richard  
Bellamy, and this is my wife,  
Katherine.

082 ROBERT

No, it is I who am honored. Your  
kindness could cost you dearly.

083 KATHERINE BELLAMY

**START >>>**

We've counted the cost. And chosen  
the better part. Our daughter,  
Annette, sits in the Tower,  
ruthlessly tormented by Topcliffe  
and his men. Our son, Jerome, was  
executed for presumed involvement  
in the Babington plot.

084 RICHARD BELLAMY

We honor them by taking you in.

085 ROBERT

I shall pray them.

086 KATHERINE BELLAMY

Thank you, Father. For this, as  
well as for your Humble  
Supplication to Her Majesty. In  
that writing, you proved that our  
Jerome and no other Catholic would  
ever take part in such a heinous  
plot. It was already clear to us  
that Walsingham feigned the letters  
and claimed they were by Mary. You  
vindicate our son. And Queen Mary.

TEA IS SET ON A NEARBY TABLE.

087 KATHERINE BELLAMY (CONT'D)

Some tea to stir your strength.

**<<< END**

088 ROBERT

Thank you, Lady Bellamy. For all of  
it.

089 RICHARD BELLAMY

It has been many years since a Mass  
was said here. We prayed God would  
send a priest to console us.

090 KATHERINE BELLAMY

And now He has...