

SHE PACES BRIEFLY IN HER ROOM.

051 QUEEN ELIZABETH

I know the prayers. I know the
Latin. I know laws. I know the
weight of the blood guilt. But
mercy is a luxury I cannot afford.
Not with Rome plotting and Spain
lurking, not with traitors
whispering at every turn. Behind my
Crown, behind my fury, a woman sits
here and wonders. But the world
demands a Sovereign, and Sovereigns
do not weep.

SHE INHALES SHARPLY, STEADIES HERSELF.

052 QUEEN ELIZABETH

If Southwell crosses my shore...
Then God have mercy on him...
Because I cannot.

10 EXT. LONDON STREET - NIGHT

LATE NIGHT LONDON AMBIANCE. A DISTANT BELL
CHIMES, FOOTSTEPS ECHO. WIND RUSTLES CLOAKS.

A SECRET KNOCK ON A DOOR. ONE-TWO. PAUSE. ONE.
THE DOOR UNLATCHES SOFTLY.

START >>> Yes?

053 CATHOLIC GUARD

054 ROBERT

De Profundis clamavi ad te, Domine.

A DOOR CREAKS OPEN. FOOTSTEPS INSIDE. THE DOOR
SHUTS QUICKLY BEHIND.

055 CATHOLIC GUARD

You made it.

FOOTSTEPS AS ROBERT ENTERS A WARM ROOM.

056 PRIEST

Robert Southwell! God be praised!

057 CATHOLIC GUARD

We feared you were still in France,
or worse, intercepted.

058 ROBERT

No. I am here now. By God's grace
and a few clever disguises.

CHAIRS SCUFF. A MUG IS PLACED ON THE TABLE.

059 PRIEST

Welcome, to England, Robert Southwell!

CHEERS OF THE MUGS.

060 CATHOLIC GUARD

Sit, please. There is no time to rest, but you must be caught up.

061 ROBERT

Tell me everything.

062 PRIEST

The people are hungrier for truth than ever before. Our Masses are whispered in hidden rooms. Children baptized in candlelit corners. The spirit is alive.

063 CATHOLIC GUARD

And the mission has grown. We travel by night, house to house. There are brave souls, Recusant families, sheltering us across the realm. We owe our lives to them.

064 PRIEST

Our network of faith is getting stronger, Robert. Hidden doors, false walls, secret symbols... They call it our "passage."

065 ROBERT

A whole underground ministry devoted to the sacraments. It's better than I heard. And more than I dreamed.

066 CATHOLIC GUARD

But hope is not enough. We need your voice, your words, your fire. The people need to know they are not abandoned.

<<< END

067 ROBERT

Then we begin at once. Tell me where I must go.

PAPERS UNROLL, A MAP IS FLATTENED ON THE TABLE.
MUSIC SWELLS... SOMETHING IS RISING.