

MAYOR (CONT'D)
The guards will take you to the
Conciergerie Prison in Paris.

CROSSFADE

6 INT. BEDROOM, COMPIÈGNE - NIGHT

6

MARIE-HENRIETTE AND EUPHRASIA OPEN AND CLOSE A
WARDROBE.

Side 2

START >>>

019 **MARIE-HENRIETTE**

The mayor will not believe us when
we say our forbidden habits are the
only clothing we have to wear.

020 EUPHRASIA

It's his own doing! Bursting in
here with guards in the middle of
the night, when all our skirts are
still soaking wet after washing.

021 **MARIE-HENRIETTE**

Here, let me help you.

SHE HELPS EUPHRASIA INTO A THICK SCRATCHY HABIT

MUSIC SWELLS.

022 EUPHRASIA

(overcome)

Oh! How I've missed this habit. It
is as if our Lord has clothed me in
a garment of salvation and wrapped
me in a mantle of justice.

023 **MARIE-HENRIETTE**

(moved)

It is how a bride of Christ is
meant to be.

Her habit is what Euphrasia needed to hear God's call:

024 EUPHRASIA

I have been a fool, Sister Marie-
Henriette. I feared and doubted the
path to possible martyrdom placed
before us, rather than being in awe
that He has chosen me. Chosen us.
Of course I'm willing to die for
God's love. To honor Jesus' own
self-giving act.

(MORE)

EUPHRASIA (CONT'D)

I want to join the daily
consecration - I want to pray
together to the One who is
sustaining us even now.

025 **MARIE-HENRIETTE**

(tears of joy)

We will offer up a true community
sacrifice.

(then)

Here, let us put on our mantles.

THEY FASTEN THEIR MANTLES. EUPHRASIA LETS OUT A
LITTLE SHIVER.

026 **MARIE-HENRIETTE** (CONT'D)

Why do you shiver?

027 EUPHRASIA

It is just...the opening at the
back of our white mantles. Without
our veils to cover it, it exposes
the bare skin on our necks...as if
inviting...

MUSIC TURNS SINISTER.

028 **MARIE-HENRIETTE**

I know what you mean.

<<< END

MUSIC DISSOLVES.

7 **EXT. STREET IN COMPIÈGNE - NIGHT**

7

ATMOS: NIGHT TIME IN THE VILLAGE. OWLS, ETC.

HORSES SNORT. THE MAYOR WAITS BY SOME CARTS.
SOFT FOOTSTEPS AS THE NUN COMMUNITY APPROACHES.

029 TERESA (O.C.)

We're ready to journey to our fate,
monsieur le maire.

030 MAYOR

(shocked)

No! No, no, no. Those habits are
outlawed. You can't expect me to-

031 CHARLOTTE

All our civilian clothes are still
being laundered.

(MORE)