

051 CHARLOTTE

Monsieur, if you would be so kind
as to untie my hands, or perhaps
find me a sip of water, and find my
crutch, I will try to -

052 GUARD

Get up, madame, or I'll toss you
out of there myself.

PASSERSBY NOTICE THE SCENE:

START >>>

053 WOMAN (O.C.)

Mon cher, what is that guard doing
to that old nun?

054 MAN (O.C.)

He's pitching her out of that cart
like she's a sack of grain.

THE GUARD PITCHES CHARLOTTE OUT ONTO THE PAVING
STONES. SHE CRIES OUT THEN FALLS SILENT.

055 WOMAN

(upbraiding guard)

What are you doing, monsieur?! You
would toss an old woman on the
paving stones, with her hands
tied?!

056 GUARD

She is an enemy of France!

057 MAN

Is she dead?

058 WOMAN

Madame? Madame?

CHARLOTTE SLOWLY STIRS, LIFTS HER HEAD.

059 WOMAN (CONT'D)

Oh, madame. You are alive.

(to guard)

Her face is smeared with blood,
you've split her head open, you
brute!

060 CHARLOTTE

(weak, but with a warm
frankness)

Non. Non. I thank you, monsieur.

(MORE)

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

(coughs)

I thank you for not having killed me. You would have deprived me of sharing my community's glorious witness for Jesus Christ.

061 WOMAN

Did you hear that, *mon cher*? She has such love for Christ. She says she has the happiness to die for Him. And yet she is treated so...so...

<<< END

062 MAN

These are most troubling times, *mon amour*.