

JOSELITO LETS OUT A LONG, HEAVY SIGH.

028 JOSELITO

They don't want me to hear what's happening because they think I'm too young.

SOFT, SEARCHING MUSIC BEGINS (PERHAPS A GUITAR).

029 JOSELITO

But my brothers are fighting up there in the hills. And I'm worried for them! I don't know if they're safe...Can you please protect them?

THE MUSIC BECOMES MORE DRAMATIC, ADDING A CELLO OR A LOW STRING NOTE.

030 JOSELITO

I'm just feeding the chickens, fixing the fence... What is my place in this? Everyone else is fighting and I'm just...

INSPIRATIONAL MUSIC CREEPS IN.

031 JOSELITO

I want to serve. You know I do. But I don't know how... I'm not strong like Miguel. I'm not brave like Macario. I'm not wise like Father Sánchez.

JOSELITO TAKES A DEEP, SHAKY BREATH.

032 JOSELITO

Show me what You need from me.

THE MUSIC FADES SLOWLY. JOSELITO REMAINS STILL, KNEELING, IN HIS OWN SILENCE.

7 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

QUIET DINNER SOUNDS - FORKS ON PLATES, OCCASIONAL SCRAPING, WATER BEING POURED. BUT SPARSE, MINIMAL EATING.

START >>>

033 MAMÁ

José, mi niño, you've barely touched your enchiladas. Eat.

034 JOSELITO

I'm not hungry.

035 PAPÁ
Are you feeling ill?

JOSELITO PUTS DOWN HIS FORK.

036 JOSELITO
Papá... Mamá...

037 MARÍA
Go on, Joselito. What's wrong?

038 JOSELITO
I need to go. I need to go with the
Cristeros.

039 MAMÁ
What?

039r PAPÁ
José -

040 JOSELITO
I've been thinking about it.
Praying about it. Every night. I
need to go. I need to -

041 PAPÁ
No.

042 JOSELITO
But *Papá* -

043 PAPÁ
I said no, *hijo*.

044 JOSELITO
Please, just listen -

045 PAPÁ
We already sent two sons to the
hills. We have given enough!

046 JOSELITO
God gave us His only son, *Papá*.

047 MAMÁ
M'ijo, please. You are a child.

048 JOSELITO
David didn't wait until he was a
man to face Goliath. And Juan
Diego... he was just a farmer!

049 MAMÁ
Those were Saints, José.

050 JOSELITO

Mamá, it has never been easier to
earn our place in Heaven.

PAPÁ TAKES A DEEP BREATH.

051 PAPÁ

(whispering but audible)

Dios mío, are we in your way?

052 MAMÁ

(hissing)

Macario, don't you dare. He's only
fourteen!

053 PAPÁ

He hasn't stopped praying since the
boys left. If we hold him here by
force, are we really protecting him
or are we fighting against God?

(thinking)

What if... there is a way to let
him try to help the Cristeros?

054 MAMÁ

What are you talking about?

055 PAPÁ

The General. Mendoza. He's decides
who fights and who doesn't, yes?
What if we let José write him a
letter. If he accepts a *fourteen*
year old, we will let you go, José.

056 MAMÁ

But he if he doesn't, you have to
accept it. No more arguments.

057 JOSELITO

I... I can write to him?

058 PAPÁ

You write the letter yourself, but
you mention your age. Agreed?

JOSELITO STANDS UP EXCITEDLY.

059 JOSELITO

Thank you! Thank you!

JOSELITO RUNS TO HIS ROOM.

060 JOSELITO
(calling out)
I'll start right now!

061 MARÍA
Papá, the General will say no,
right?

062 PAPÁ
Of course he will. He's a soldier,
not a fool. He has to say no.

063 MAMÁ
(whispering)
He has to.

◀◀ END

TENSE, UNCERTAIN MUSIC BEGINS.

8 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

THE RHYTHMIC, RHYTHMIC SCRATCH OF A NIB PEN ON
ROUGH PARCHMENT.

064 JOSELITO
(whispering to himself)
"Dear General." No, no... That's
for a friend.

PAPER BEING CRUMPLED. JOSELITO WRITES AGAIN.

065 JOSELITO
Esteemed... General Mendoza. My
name is José Sánchez del Río. I am
fourteen years old, from Sahuayo.

HOPEFUL MUSIC BEGINS.

066 JOSELITO
My brothers, Miguel and Macario,
are already in your service. My
uncle, Father Ignacio, sits in a
dark cell because he refused to
stop saying Mass.

MUSIC CONTINUES.

067 JOSELITO
My parents say I am too young. But
my soul says I belong with the
Cristeros. Please, General. Give me
the chance to prove that a boy can
have the heart of a Cristero. For
Christ the King...