

## Side 1

## START &gt;&gt;&gt;

017 MOTHER BAKHITA

Ah, marvelous, our duet can now  
become a trio!

(she laughs)

Welcome, child! This poor gentleman  
was very hungry. I saw to it he was  
fed at once. You don't mind?

018 SISTER LUCIA

Uh, er, no, of course not.

019 MOTHER BAKHITA

Precious girl.

020 SISTER LUCIA

But I'm afraid, Mother, that we're  
very nearly late.

021 MOTHER BAKHITA

Yes yes, of course.

SHE RISES FROM A CREAKY CHAIR.

~~022 MOTHER BAKHITA (CONT'D)~~~~(to Homeless Man)~~~~I must say goodbye, signore.~~~~023 HOMELESS MAN~~~~You're a gift from heaven, Madie!~~

024 MOTHER BAKHITA

~~As are you, as are you.~~

(to Sister Lucia)

Lead the way, Sister Lucia!

025 MOTHER BAKHITA

You're much less cheery than when I  
arrived an hour ago, Sister.

026 SISTER LUCIA

Forgive me, Mother. I had another  
less than kind interaction with- I  
beg your pardon, I shouldn't say.

027 MOTHER BAKHITA

It isn't easy to forgive  
unkindness.

028 SISTER LUCIA

But you're so joyful, Mother! I find it hard to believe you could ever harbor anger toward anyone.

029 MOTHER BAKHITA

Oh, child...

(she laughs)

I think you'll like what I have to say today.

<<< END

LARGE DOUBLE DOORS OPEN TO...

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INT. CHAPEL - CONTINUOUS

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...CHATTERING NUNS. CHATTER STEADILY TURNS INTO EXCITED WHISPERING.

030 SISTER LUCIA

Pay no mind to our stares and whispers. They're all good-natured. It's only that none of us have ever seen an African nun!

031 MOTHER BAKHITA

I've spent the last thirty-nine years being such a spectacle, dear. I'm quite used to it by now.

032 MOTHER DOLOROSA

Mother Bakhita!

FOOTSTEPS ON STONE AS MOTHER DOLOROSA APPROACHES

033 MOTHER DOLOROSA (CONT'D)

Mother Bakhita, it is such an honor. I'm Mother Maria Dolorosa, the abbess of this community.

034 MOTHER BAKHITA

I'm humbled that you would have me here to speak, Mother!

035 MOTHER DOLOROSA

We've been awaiting the day with bated breath, I assure you. I do apologize for our little...mishap upon your arrival. It isn't usually our custom to lose our guests.

AYLA STOMPS AWAY, STEPS INTO THE HOUSE, &  
SLAMS A DOOR BEHIND HER.

017 BAKHITA

(crying softly)

Oh, mama... I don't think I can  
bear this for much longer.

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**INT. CHAPEL - MOTHER BAKHITA'S TESTIMONY**

018 MOTHER BAKHITA

I'll pause my story here for brief  
a moment. I have something I feel I  
should show to all of you. Sister  
Lucia, would you lend me a hand in  
undoing my habit?

019 SISTER LUCIA

Oh... I... Of course, Mother.

SR. LUCIA RISES FROM HER PEW & WALKS TO  
MOTHER BAKHITA. SHE UNBUTTONS & UNWRAPS  
LAYERS OF FABRIC.

020 MOTHER BAKHITA

There were many such encounters  
with my mistress over the years.  
And many of them far, far worse.

SR. LUCIA REMOVES THE TOP OF MOTHER BAKHITA'S  
HABIT. THE SISTERS GASP IN SHOCK AND SADNESS.

021 SISTER LUCIA

Oh Mother...

022 MOTHER BAKHITA

A woman skilled in a cruel form of  
tattooing was often brought to the  
house. She would paint patterns  
upon my skin, cut with a razor  
along the lines, and pour salt into  
the wounds. My face was spared, but  
one hundred and forty-four of these  
patterned scars ornament my body.  
The pain of each was so  
excruciating, I often thought that  
I might die. But I share this not  
to scandalize you. I mean only to  
emphasize that, even as I endured  
these glimpses of hell, God had not  
abandoned me. No, Sisters, He had  
destined me for better things.