

Maurice has change of heart in his tent, with Martin

INT. MAURICE'S TENT - NIGHT

Martin steps to guarded door of Maurice's tent. At first the guard doesn't let him enter.

MARTIN

"Maurice asked to see me."

MAURICE

"Martin, is that you? Come on in. I've been reading Roman history."

Martin enters. Maurice sits at a table, reading a book by the light of an oil lamp with a half-drunk bottle of wine.

MARTIN

"It is easier to remember when you're sober."

MAURICE

(pointing to a chair)

"Oh, sit down, preacher boy."

Martin takes a seat, and Maurice sets down his open book.

MAURICE

"I want to run something by you, but let me set the stage. In A.D. 39, Petronius, who was the Roman governor of Syria and Palestine, received an order from..."

(the next four words spoken sarcastically)

"the divine Emperor Caligula to install an idol of himself in the temple in Jerusalem. What do you think Petronius did?"

Martin shakes his head side to side.

MAURICE

"Did he obey the Emperor and install the idol?"

Martin takes a deep breath, and shrugs. Maurice takes a drink of wine, points his finger at Martin.

MAURICE

"He did not do it."

Maurice slaps the table giddily.

MAURICE

"Petronius flatly refused to obey the Emperor. Can you believe that? And what do you think the Emperor did?"

MARTIN

"Had him executed?"

MAURICE

"He ordered Petronius to commit suicide."

MARTIN

(with a harrumph)

"It's better than a crucifixion, I suppose."

MAURICE

"Hold on, Martin. I'm not done."

(tapping his index finger on the book)

"The ship carrying the order for him to commit suicide arrived AFTER the ship carrying the news of the emperor's assassination."

MARTIN

"Guess he wasn't divine after all, huh?"

MAURICE

"Now, Martin, what you think about that?"

After a pause, Martin responds.

MARTIN

"I'm thankful that some ships are faster than others."

Maurice laughs heartily and takes another drink of his wine. Then, his face contorts, and tears come to his eyes.

MAURICE

"I was in Petronius position, and I..."

(poking his own chest with his thumb)

"I obeyed the Emperor."

MARTIN

(his eyes uncomfortably dart to tent door)

"That's enough, Maurice. The wine has loosened your tongue. If Schwendi hears you—"

MAURICE

"I set up the idol. I did it. I, I..."

Maurice breaks down in a sob. Martin is speechless. An uneasy moment passes.

MARTIN

(mumbling)
"Me, too."

Maurice stares at him, while Martin looks at his hands.

MARTIN
"I used to pray, but now my heart is cold."

Maurice sighs heavily, gets up and walks to his cot. He lies down and Martin grabs the half-drunk bottle of wine, takes a swig, and stands to leave. When he reaches the door of the tent, Maurice calls out to him.

MAURICE
"Martin of Magdeburg?"

Martin turns toward him and takes another sip.

MAURICE
"For both our sakes, pray tonight."

Martin spits out the wine, sets down the bottle, and exits. The bottle falls off the table and spills.