

THE LIVES OF SAINT PATRICK:
AN ORIGINAL SCREENPLAY

A dissertation submitted to the Caspersen School of Graduate Studies
Drew University in partial fulfillment of
The requirements for the degree,
Doctor of Letters

William Lyman Bradley
Drew University
Madison, New Jersey
May 2014

ABSTRACT

The Lives of Saint Patrick:
An Original Screenplay

Doctor of Letters Dissertation by

William Lyman Bradley

The Caspersen School of Graduate Studies
Drew University

May 2014

Saint Patrick is a well-recognized figure, as he is celebrated annually on and around March 17th all over the world. However, the historical Patrick has been obscured by centuries of propagandistic hagiography and nationalistic appropriation, making him more myth than man to the general populace. This is evidenced by the filmic representations of the saint (or “hagiopics”) produced to date, which are few, unavailable, and inadequate. Since 1912, these motion pictures have done more to portray legend than history, and do not go far enough beyond the traditional purposing of the life of the saint. The story of Patrick deserves to be adapted in a way that makes his history transparent, and his significance more universal for a contemporary audience.

The Lives of Saint Patrick is an original feature film screenplay which modernizes the Patrick narrative and creates an alternative hagiopic. It symbolically represents the saint by creating the 21st century characters Sullivan and Erin Servantes, young Irish/Mexican-Americans who signify how America has changed demographically. It is through Sullivan that the screenplay both relates the known

history of Patrick, and also illustrates how conventional hagiopics mislead an audience through the addition of legend and invention of material. It is through Erin that the screenplay explores the humanity within the legacy of Patrick. Erin is abducted and escapes, then joins the present-day anti-human trafficking movement, thereby demonstrating how Patrick's ancient dedication to service and anti-slavery stance are still relevant today. Overall, *The Lives of Saint Patrick* constructs a modern screen story, remedying misconceptions while popularizing and universalizing Patrick's significance.

CONTENTS

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.....	vi
SCHOLARLY INTRODUCTION.....	vii
WORKS CONSULTED.....	li
<i>THE LIVES OF SAINT PATRICK: AN ORIGINAL SCREENPLAY</i>	1

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

I would like to thank Bill Rogers for the inspiration and opportunity to write about Patrician film, and for being so kind as to request that I share my findings at my first academic conference, held by the Mid-Atlantic American Conference for Irish Studies. I would like to express gratitude to Ruth Barton for allowing me to travel to Dublin in order to share my further research at the Screening Irish-America Conference, and for encouraging me to continue with the topic. The good people at the Irish Film Archive deserve my thanks, as they gave me access to films that I could not have studied otherwise.

I would also like to thank Victor Alcindor, who got me thinking about writing a creative dissertation, and who did not hesitate to help me along the way. I am indebted to Laura Winters and Jennifer Holly Wells for graciously offering their time and insight as my committee members. Thanks go out to Ben Holmes, who kindly and expertly made my screenplay come alive during my defense.

Finally, I am grateful for my wife, Rebecca Mason, who not only put up with me while I worked on this darn thing for months on end, but who actively encouraged me to do so.

SCHOLARLY INTRODUCTION

Awareness that there is a patron saint of the Irish named Patrick is prevalent, as there are Saint Patrick's Day celebrations worldwide on and around March 17th of each year, with the largest taking place in New York City in the form of a parade held since 1762 (De Breffney 143-4). What is historically known about Patrick comes from his own fifth-century writings: he was a Briton kidnapped into slavery in Ireland who later escaped, joined the Church, and returned in order to bloodlessly convert the Irish to Christianity. While ministering, Patrick condemned the enslavement of his converts and demanded their release; a former slave owner turned slave himself, Patrick later became an abolitionist. However, beginning in the seventh-century, the Church began to write new, a-historical narratives which served propagandistic purposes as they fashioned legend. In the subsequent centuries, additional narratives featuring Patrick also served Irish nationalistic purposes. This has all worked to make Patrick a mysterious figure, and the general populace has little to no understanding of who he truly was, which is evidenced in the handful of filmic representations of the saint produced since 1912. These films can be termed "hagiopics," or biographical pictures incorporating hagiography, the life of a saint. The motion picture adaptations are few, unavailable, and inadequate; they have done more to portray the mythical than the historical, and they do not go far enough beyond the traditional religious or nationalistic purposing of the life of Patrick.

The story of Patrick deserves to be adapted in a way that makes his history transparent, and his significance more universal for a contemporary audience, which is

the purpose of this creative dissertation. *The Lives of Saint Patrick* is an original feature film screenplay which modernizes the Patrick narrative, creating an alternative hagiopic. The known, historically accurate biography of Patrick is full of temporal holes and lacks narrative structure, so most conventional hagiopics incorporate legend or invent material about Patrick in order to fill in these narrative gaps. *The Lives of Saint Patrick* avoids this convention, instead circumventing folklore and the miraculous and admitting that much of the history is unknown. Similarly, the screenplay symbolically modernizes and universalizes the story of Saint Patrick, as it is set in the twenty-first century and focuses on a female protagonist, who is a member of an Irish/Mexican-American family. This symbolic update denotes not only a window into Patrick's legacy that is not male dominated, but also represents and appeals to the changing racial makeup of American society.

The screenplay creates two parallel narratives. One is the story of Sullivan Servantes, a young filmmaker struggling to adapt Saint Patrick's biography. It is through Sullivan that the screenplay both relates the known history of Patrick, and also illustrates and lampoons how conventional hagiopics mislead an audience through the addition of legend and invention of material. The other is the story of Sullivan's twin sister Erin Servantes, a young woman who is abducted, escapes, and wrestles with her spirituality before dedicating her life to service. It is through Erin that the screenplay truly explores the legacy of Patrick; by having Erin join the present-day anti-human trafficking movement, the screenplay demonstrates how Patrick's anti-slavery stance is still relevant in the contemporary world.

Without being Catholic or Irish-centered, *The Lives of Saint Patrick* constructs a modern screen story in order to educate and enlighten a contemporary audience about Saint Patrick, remedying misconceptions while popularizing and universalizing his significance. Modern day slavery affects millions of people worldwide, and tens of thousands of people in America, which the original screenplay exposes by relating Patrick's humanity and abolitionism to the actions of fictional characters who are inspired by real life survivors and advocates. Finally, this original work is significant as an example of how the screenplay can be considered a legitimate creative form which, though not completely literary, is also not purely industrial, and is deserving of academic study.

Before the original screenplay can be analyzed, the historical question must first be asked and answered: who was Saint Patrick? He remains an enigmatic figure in the popular imagination, as evidenced by how he has been appropriated on his feast day. By the early twentieth-century in Ireland, pubs were closed and the day was marked mainly by church attendance followed by quiet family gatherings. In the U.S. the day was marked by parading and alcohol-fueled partying, overseen by an image of Patrick which was more whimsy than saint, contributing to the a-historic perception of Patrick held by most Americans today, Catholic or not (Minto 140-1). This variance can be largely attributed to how Patrick's history has been overshadowed by centuries of legendary repurposing of his life.

Delineating between the historical and legendary Patrick can prove difficult, since historians know little about the man other than what is written in his own *Confession*, as well as his *Letter to the Soldiers of Coroticus*. Where and how exactly

did he minister? Where and when did he die? These questions cannot be definitively answered, and the quandaries do not end there, since "...nowhere in Patrick's own words are found many of the claims later made for him, which became central to the Patrick legend" (Staunton 25). However, scholarly interest in Patrick has increased in the last decades, and academics have been peeling away the mythical Saint Patrick created by centuries of Church propaganda in the form of hagiography, as well as representations created in the interest of nationalism.

The only record of Christian activity in Ireland before Patrick is in the *Chronicle* written by the Prosper of Aquitaine, stating that in the year 431 a bishop named Palladius was sent on a mission to Ireland by Pope Celestine, but there is no record of what happened to Palladius (Staunton 26-7). What is historically known about Patrick's life and subsequent mission comes from Patrick's own writings, the earliest copies of which are contained in the *Book of Armagh*. These writings are summarized well in Philip Freeman's biography of the saint: Patrick was born a Romanized British citizen in the fifth-century, his grandfather a priest and his father a deacon. He received a basic education in Latin, had no great interest in religion, and at the age of fifteen committed what he considered to be a horrible sin. Patrick and some of his slaves were kidnapped from his grandfather's villa, and he was sold into slavery in Ireland, working as a shepherd for one master. While a slave for six years, Patrick experienced a spiritual awakening, sometimes praying hundreds of times a day. After seeing visions, Patrick escaped back to Britain on a ship with pagan sailors. He became a priest and at some point a bishop, then later returned to Ireland to spread the Christian gospel. He converted many Irish people, everyone from slaves to the daughters of kings. Patrick

experienced many difficulties, including the killing or enslavement of some of his converts by a Christian Briton named Coroticus, which led him to write a letter condemning the slaver and demanding the release of his people. Patrick also faced accusations from British Church leaders that he was corrupt, and his virtual excommunication of Coroticus and his men without Church authority placed him in further trouble. This led him to write his *Confession*, in an attempt to set the record straight (Freeman xviii-xix). Throughout his writings, Patrick gives all credit for his mission to God, and remains humble and unassuming in relating his thoughts and deeds. Patrick's virulent words expressing his hatred of slavery in the *Letter* are the only windows into him being anything less than mild: he describes Coroticus and his men as "evil" and as "gangsters," calling them "ravenous wolves" who have gulped down his flock (Patrick 11).

While the vast majority of historians agree on the aforementioned basics about Patrick, there are disagreements within Patrician study. For example, in his *Confession* Patrick reveals that he believed he deserved enslavement, as penance for the sin that he committed at the age of fifteen. Many theories have developed regarding what the sin could have been; Thomas Cahill guesses that the sin was murder, and dismisses the notions of others who think it could have been sexual indiscretion or even blasphemy (Cahill 112). Historians like Liam De Paor add more confusion into the mix. De Paor contends that since Patrick's own writings were scribed into the *Book of Armagh* more than three hundred years after the saint's death, the works had been copied and re-copied over centuries, and there must have been omissions and blunders in the text (88-9). If this is considered, then all Patrician study involves a degree of educated

guesswork, and the details of Patrick's life and career will always be matters for debate. Regardless of the disagreements, what is ultimately attributed to Patrick by all is his fusing of pagan traditions with Christian religious structure, beginning a bloodless Christian conversion in Ireland (McCaffrey and Eaton 103).

It is with the later hagiography of men like Muirchu and Tirechan, beginning in the seventh-century, that the legend of Patrick originates and is appropriated by the Church. It is important to keep in mind that these hagiographies are pre-Reformation, so the early legend is not affected by differences between Catholicism and Protestantism (Minto 13). Hagiography can be described as neither history nor biography, but it is also not just legend or fancy, since it both perpetuates the memory of a saint and serves the political function of a Church attempting to show superiority over its rivals (Hopkin 36-7). While there is no mention of Patrick at all in literature surviving from the sixth-century, that vacuum was eventually filled with this folklore that indeed served as Church propaganda (Minto 2-5). As Staunton describes, in the Middle Ages authority was bound up with legitimization, and the Church center at Armagh needed evidence that it was the rightful seat of power (36).

The writing of Muirchu's *Life of Saint Patrick* began at the command of bishop Aed of Slebte, as Armagh attempted to advance the notion that they were the saint's rightful successors (Bieler 220). The beginning of this hagiography is simply a précis of the *Confession*, only deviating when Patrick returns home after being a slave. Patrick then travels through Gaul for thirty or forty years before he is consecrated as a bishop and returns to Ireland (Staunton 36-8). Upon Patrick's return, high king Loegaire is warned by his druids that this foreigner will force an end to their way of life. Patrick

then confronts his former slave master Miliucc, who barricades himself in his home and burns it down, killing himself (Hopkin 40-41).

The most renowned part of Muirchu's hagiography comes when Patrick and his entourage light a Paschal (Easter) fire on the Hill of Slane, before Loegaire lights a fire celebrating the feast of Beltaine on the Hill of Tara. This being a violation of the king's power, his druids warn Loegaire that if the flame is not extinguished, Patrick's influence will spread and reign for all eternity. During the subsequent confrontation between Patrick and Loegaire's soldiers and druids, Patrick acts as a "hero from an old Irish saga, Cu Chulainn or Fionn MacCumhail, rather than a churchman" (Staunton 39-40). Patrick calls upon God in order to lift a druid and dash his brains on a rock, then summons an earthquake to kill fifty men, before turning himself and his converts into deer in order to escape. Then, Patrick appears in Loegaire's stronghold and overcomes every challenge from the king's druids by performing similarly spectacular miracles (Hopkin 42-4). Muirchu describes other miracles performed by Patrick, including one about Coroticus, who upon laughing at Patrick's letter in disdain immediately "takes on the shape of a little fox, and so makes off, never to be seen again" (De Breffney 51). The last contribution to hagiography by Muirchu concerns Patrick's death and burial at Downpatrick, which according to him happened on March 17th at the ripe old age of 112 (Bieler 224-25). Muirchu does not present the humble Patrick of the *Confession*, but creates a powerful, miracle-working conquering hero, establishing the superiority of Christianity over paganism, as well as the power of the Church at Armagh.

Muirchu's hagiography was closely followed by that of Bishop Tirechan, who wrote an account of Saint Patrick's travels through Ulster and Connacht listing the

churches that he founded and sites he visited, in order to show that the churches there did owe obedience to Armagh (Staunton 41-2). The next major hagiography of Patrick is the *Tripartite Life*, written in Irish around 895-901 A.D. as a sermon to be read during Church celebrations of Patrick. In variations included in this version, Patrick's parents are killed as he and his two sisters are captured, and he serves as a swineherd rather than shepherd during his enslavement (De Breffney 72-3). According to Hopkin, the *Tripartite Life* portrays Patrick as even more overbearing and violent than any hagiography before it, in order to make him more relatable as an Irish epic hero (53-8). Most relevantly, this text is the source of Patrick's struggle on the mountain Croaghpatrick, after which he banished all demons, later interpreted as serpents or snakes, from Ireland (Hopkin 61-2).

Much later, Jocelin's late twelfth-century hagiography of Patrick casts him as a conventional miracle worker, even as a child, for an Anglicized audience soon after the increased Norman presence in Ireland (Hopkin 77-9). Jocelin had no desire to clear away the legends surrounding Patrick, and instead wanted to present said legend in the new official tongue of the ruling British elite, casting Patrick's image as more continental and less Irish (Minto 12).

Later appropriation of Patrick took on different forms, often portraying Patrick as a warrior monk rather than a humble man who began a bloodless conversion. These portrayals serve nationalistic purposes rather than historical ones. For example, Saint Benen wrote an epic poem in the twelfth-century in which Patrick transcends time and fights with the Irish against then contemporary Vikings. During Elizabeth the First's reign, when the British fought in Ireland, there were written accounts of Patrick

appearing to the British at night in their camps and destroying their weapons (Minto 15-18). Even the most widely spread image of Saint Patrick, in which he is represented wearing the vestments of a Tridentine bishop, was created by the Church in Rome over a thousand years after his death in the 1600s in order to communicate Patrick's greater European authority, rather than his Irishness (Minto 20-1). It was by the eighteenth—century in Ireland that Patrick's patron sainthood continued to transform; Patrick became even less of a religious or devotional figure, and more of a general intercessor and protector of the Irish. For example, the hagiographic image of Patrick banishing the snakes from Ireland began to connote the ongoing struggle to banish the English from the isle (Minto 65-72).

It was in the twentieth-century that historians began to create purely historical studies of Patrick, focusing solely on the *Confession* and *Letter to Coroticus* to construct biographies neither religious nor political. In 1905, J. B. Bury published his biography of Patrick, for the first time applying modern methods to Patrician study and ignoring hagiography (Thompson xv). Sister M. O.'s *Life of Saint Patrick*, published in 1922, depicts Patrick not as a conquering bishop or warrior, but as a “lonely little exile...sanctifying his humble work by prayer” (Minto 91). In 1962, D. A. Binchy published a paper about Patrick, theorizing that all of the secondary hagiographic works should be thrown out, as they shed no light upon who Patrick was as a man or missionary (Thompson xv). E. A. Thompson in his 1985 biography of Patrick focuses exclusively on history, ultimately criticizing those who wrote legend or sentimentalized the saint, calling their work “maudlin flapdoodle” (Thompson 165). By the twenty-first-century, this form of study created the space for Patrick to be less of a religious or

nationalistic figure and more of a secular one, as well as more accessible to a contemporary audience.

As centuries of change affected the Christian Irish, hagiography evolved to create useful propaganda granting the Church power. In turn, the translation of hagiography from Latin to Irish and English, and the perpetuation of Patrick's story throughout the Norman invasion and beyond, kept Patrick's memory alive. Though propagandists appropriated the life of Patrick for their own purposes, ultimately Patrick may have slipped into obscurity without said appropriation, and the twentieth-century revival of historical Patrician study may have been impossible. That being said, the hagiography and nationalistic portrayals make it troublesome to separate the historical from the legendary in the popular imagination, particularly when it comes to film adaptations. As motion picture technology became a viable medium to portray Saint Patrick in the early-1900s, the twentieth-century academic trend toward purely historical representation was not imitated on the screen.

Beginning in 1912, filmic interpretations of the life and legend of Saint Patrick have been created by American and Irish producers, with the majority of the films created primarily by Catholic entities or for Catholic audiences internationally. While the earliest films confirm a sense of Irish nationalism and assert religious and cultural unity through the appropriation of Patrick as Catholic icon, by the twenty-first-century this trend has begun to wane. The most recent films create a post-Catholic, to a degree post-devotional, and post-nationalistic interpretation of the life and legacy of Patrick that favor his secular historical importance.

In 2009, Pamela Grace coined the term “hagiopic,” a riff on the term biopic, meaning a biographical film; the hagiopic is a film that relates the story of a holy person or saint. However, this hagiography can manifest in more than one way: either conventionally or alternatively. Grace contends that a conventional hagiopic idealizes the hero and upholds the religious truths of their lives, while an alternative hagiopic examines how the hero’s life and work have been distorted over time by their followers or religious institutions (1-2). While the conventional hagiopic tends to engage in “novelization” by adding scenes to fill in narrative gaps, the alternative hagiopic withholds a sense of certainty about events, often indicating that the real history is mostly unknown. Thus, “the sense of uncertainty is a subtle anti-illusory technique that helps keep viewers anchored in the present” (Grace 104-5). Alternative hagiopics approach their topics differently than conventional ones: “They usually, but not always, avoid the miraculous; they often acknowledge the lack of available information about their central figure...they sometimes include views of present-day scholars... [A]lternative films are far more likely to portray a character who has doubts, conflicts, and sexual desires” (Grace 14).

Whether they manifest as conventional or alternative, hagiopics take viewers through a spiritual journey “that involves doubt, struggle, and transformation; and they usually allow for a variety of responses and interpretations, mirroring spectators’ own spiritual questioning” (Grace 3). In their own ways, each motion picture about to be discussed represents the life and deeds of Saint Patrick, and thus are hagiopics. Just as the early films served Church propagandistic or Irish nationalistic purposes, they were also primarily conventional hagiopics; the concepts go hand in hand. Also, just as the

secular historical importance of Patrick does not exhibit itself until recently, alternative hagiographic elements do not truly exhibit themselves in cinema until the twenty-first century. Just as contemporary Patrician academics eschewed legend and propaganda, the alternative hagiopic does the same to seek more historical truths, creating opportunity for newer hagiopics to buck convention.

By 1910 the motion picture had become an integral part of American and Irish life, with films set in Ireland meant to fulfill the tourist desire of American audiences to see Irish landscapes and sites (Barton 19-20). American film producer J. Theobald Walsh of the New York based Photo Historic Film Company saw an opportunity to create a melodrama in that vein in 1912 with *The Life of Saint Patrick: From the Cradle to the Grave*. Unfortunately, there are no prints of this film known to exist today, making it necessary to rely on secondary sources. The opening title of this silent picture proclaimed that it had been “directed by an Irishman, shot upon the very ground upon which St. Patrick trod” (Slide 5-6). The synopsis available from the Irish Film and Television Research database describes the film thusly:

Advertised as a “Second Passion Play,” this first filmed life of Saint Patrick mixed actuality footage of the locations associated with Patrick and dramatized events from his life. These include his kidnapping, being brought to Ireland as a slave, his escape, his training as a priest and bishop, his return to Ireland, his conversion of Irish pagans to Christianity, and his banishment of snakes from the island (“Life of Saint Patrick...”).

This summary does not reveal definitively if the source of the plot was mostly historical or from hagiography, except for the inclusion of the banishment of snakes which comes

from the *Tripartite Life*. However, the simple fact that hagiography was included at all shows continuing service to the Church.

The film was advertised as a passion play, certainly to entice a Catholic audience. Also, Slide quotes an advertisement in the British *Moving Picture Offered List* stating the film has been “Highly endorsed by the Clergy... A perfect presentation of an Historical Masterpiece” (6). It is the reaction of critics and audiences which place this film firmly in the camp of Catholic appropriation of the Patrick mythos. Slide includes a review of the film in the US publication *Moving Picture World* from October 1913 upon its American release:

...there is much in this picture to interest that class of the American public who are concerned in subjects of a distinctly Roman Catholic nature... This subject should have staple value for rental to Roman Catholic Societies. As a matter of fact, it has been highly applauded by members of a number of such societies in and near New York to whom it has been shown (7-8).

Considering how the film was marketed and received, *The Life of Saint Patrick: From the Cradle to the Grave* was intended to and was successful in constructing not only a space where Irish landscapes could be celebrated, but where strong Catholic identification with the works of the patron saint could exist. From these same secondary resources, a sense that the film was a conventional hagiopic can be established. The film does relate elements of the historical Patrick’s narrative, but it also introduces “novelized” elements such as the banishment of snakes, and there is no indication that there is any sense of historical uncertainty presented. Thus, this earliest Saint Patrick hagiopic serves as conventional, propagandistic, and nationalistic.

Academics have done the most work identifying how cinema created nationalistic feeling and Catholic identification through St. Patrick's image in the next film from 1920, the Irish produced *Aimsir Padraig*. A print of the film still exists in the Irish Film Archive and has been reviewed as a primary source for this dissertation, though it is largely unavailable to the public today. In 1917 the producer/director of the film, Norman Whitten, introduced Ireland's first newsreel, *Irish Events* (Slide 8). One of his company's slogans became "Britain for the British, Irish Events for the Irish," clearly indicating the nationalistic intent of his works (Barton 15). Finished under the Irish title *Aimsir Padraig* as well as its English title *In the Days of Saint Patrick*, the film's titles and inter-titles are all in both Irish and English, and the film contains an epilogue of documentary footage showing contemporary sites and people associated with Patrick. Denis Condon interprets these elements as sure indication that the film is meant to construct Irish national identity as both Irish speaking and Catholic (38-9).

The silent film begins with Patrick's baptism as a baby, then at the age of ten in fosterage with his sister (an addition from the *Tripartite Life*) where he performs miracles (as per Jocelin), and at sixteen during his capture by Irish pirates. Patrick is sold into slavery and works as a swineherd (another contribution from *Tripartite Life*). Patrick learns the Irish language and escapes to Britain, where children's voices call him back to Ireland. He travels to Rome to be ordained as a bishop in an intricate ceremony and then returns to Ireland. Next, for the first time on film, Patrick teaches his followers the "lesson of the Shamrock." A close-up of a shamrock is superimposed with the words "Father, Son, Holy Ghost" over each of the three leaves (*Aimsir Padraig*). Historically, in the sixteenth century English observers of the Irish called

them “shamrock eaters” as a derogatory term. The Irish slowly began to adopt the shamrock as a symbol of unity, and the inclusion of Patrick’s use of the shamrock to teach the Trinity here and in subsequent films illustrates not only a sense of Catholicism, but also Irishness (Hopkin 111-12).

Further into the film, Patrick’s former master Miliucc kills himself, and Patrick battles Loegaire’s druids after lighting his Paschal fire, communes with God on Croaghpatrick, buries pagan idols, banishes snakes, and lies on his deathbed, all of which is evocative of hagiography. After his death, an extended scene of Church officials ritually viewing his body gives way to documentary footage of relics and sites associated with Patrick (not unlike Tirechan’s travelogue), and pilgrims climbing Croaghpatrick in 1919. Whitten’s expertise in documentary footage must have informed the inclusion of these scenes, which work to connect Ireland’s past to its present through the figure of Patrick. The film ends with a film tour of the St. Patrick Cathedral at Armagh with footage of then Cardinal Logue blessing the audience, with the final inter-title expressing “Cardinal Logue Successor to Patrick” (*Aimsir Padraig*).

Ruth Barton describes the film as “clearly designed as a celebratory freedom narrative, reworking and anticipating the triumph of the Catholic faith in a subjugated country...” (33). Denis Condon concurs, citing the extended scene of Patrick’s ritual ordination as a bishop in Rome as reminding a Catholic audience of the rituals of the mass, courting their identification and participation (40). The similar ritualistic viewing of Patrick’s body in a later scene does the same work to enthrall a Catholic audience, as does the documentary footage of the annual pilgrimage of the devout to Croaghpatrick. Condon goes on to discuss the final shot of Cardinal Logue as culminating evidence of

Catholic appropriation of the saint: “The effect of this is to stress the continuity of the Church in Ireland, but it does this by promoting Catholicism as Patrick’s true bequest, eliding sectarian differences within Christianity” (41).

The film opened in three Dublin Cinemas on 15 March 1920 and premiered in the US in New York in January 1921 (“Aimsir...”). A U.S. review in *Moving Picture World* states that the film “...will undoubtedly prove satisfactory to the limited clientele to whom it is evidently intended to appeal... It is not a picture which will appeal to the average theatre audience” (Slide 10). The “limited clientele” in American theatres could mean either Irish or Catholic, but most likely means both, showing how reception of the film in the US was narrow but focused on the faithful it was targeted towards. Thus, this early Patrick narrative serves propagandistic and nationalistic functions, while the reliance on Muirchu, Jocelin, and others’ Church hagiography throughout, as well as the novelistic invention of material, indicates that it is another example of the conventional hagiopic.

After *Aimsir Padraig*, four more filmic representations of St. Patrick are worth analysis, all produced for television broadcast or home video viewing. Saint Patrick’s life was not appropriated again until 1953, this time with sync sound, when prominent American Catholic Father Patrick Peyton produced the television melodrama *Trial at Tara*. Born in County Mayo, Peyton immigrated to the U.S. and eventually started his Family Rosary Crusade in 1941, an international effort to spread the Catholic faith and family prayer. Peyton subscribed to the philosophy that “with TV all the world has been made a village, and with my rosary films, it is possible and probable that from end to end of that village people will come to know and love and live the message of the

Family Rosary” (Noonan, 122). Thirty minutes in length, *Trial at Tara* focuses only on Patrick’s hagiographic battle after his lighting of the Paschal fire, and was utilized to spread Catholic doctrine and practice to a national and international television audience.

The film begins with High King Laera and his court about to light the fire at Tara, when Patrick’s fire on the hill of Slane is seen. Laera and his soldiers ride out to Slane, where Patrick explains his Christian mission in Ireland. Laera summons Patrick and his entourage to Tara the next day, where he is put on trial for his indiscretion. Patrick preaches the gospel, describing the life and sacrifice of Christ to a pagan audience, and some of the court begins to kneel and profess their belief as Patrick prays. A druid tries to battle Patrick as well as poison him, but a warning from a convert saves him. Patrick converts the Queen as well as the King’s daughters, is given free rein to preach Christianity throughout Ireland, and teaches the Trinity using a Shamrock (*Trial at Tara*).

It is interesting to note that though the plot of the film is drawn from hagiography, Patrick is portrayed as merely a man, and performs no miracles. This is a departure from previous uses of Patrick and sets it apart from other Church appropriations, yet Peyton’s own words at the end of the film shed some light on the deviation. Peyton appears in medium-close-up, addressing the audience directly about the tremendous courage that Patrick kept alive through prayer; if Patrick was a miracle worker his simple human courage would not have been showcased. Peyton ends the film with a plea for the audience to pray the rosary in their homes, for “the family that prays together, stays together” (*Trial at Tara*). The film does not exhibit much overt sense of Irish nationalism, other than the inclusion of the shamrock, but it certainly does

serve as propaganda for Catholicism. Also, its position as a hagiopic is primarily conventional, since it centers on the hagiographic battle between Patrick and a high king. However, it purposefully avoids the miraculous, slightly exhibiting elements of the alternative hagiopic. Overall, though the trend of religious identification continued with *Trial at Tara*, for the first time a glimmer of alternative cinematic hagiography appeared.

The film was provided free of charge to 122 television stations in the United States around St. Patrick's Day 1953, and was seen by an audience of 62 million viewers. The next year it was broadcast on 246 stations in the U.S. (Goodrich). The film is readily available on DVD, and continues to be broadcast every March on PBS, the Hallmark Channel, and internationally on EWTN ("Catholic Directory"). This appropriation of Saint Patrick in a made for television film is the most direct in serving a specifically Catholic purpose in its exhibition yet, and its repeated broadcast well after Father Peyton's death makes it possibly the most influential to date.

It would be four decades before another fiction film made by and for a Catholic audience would be produced, an animated short produced for children in 1993, *Patrick: Brave Shepherd of the Emerald Isle*. This thirty minute cartoon was created by Creative Communication Center of America, a producer of family entertainment founded in 1983 which has produced eleven animated films for Catholic children's home video consumption ("CCC of America"). The film departs from history and hagiography to entertain a juvenile audience: young Patrick windsurfs when slavers capture him in a net. In Ireland, Patrick preaches about Jesus, carves a cross into a tree, and composes Patrick's breastplate, or prayer. He escapes with the help of friends, and in Britain

works to become a priest. Patrick then returns to Ireland, fights his former owner, and lights his “Easter fire” to combat the druids’ “Dark Festival.” Patrick battles a druid using miracles, plucks a shamrock while calling upon the Trinity, and banishes snakes. The Irish people bow down to Patrick and his one God, and his former owner and the druid are led away in chains (*Patrick: Brave...*). Certainly not as prominent as the other films presented here, this simplistic animated short has no great nationalistic sentiment, and also has very little within its diegesis that sets it apart as Catholic other than its general ignoring of history and inclusion of hagiography. Yet, its production by a Catholic organization and its intended audience of Catholic children do associate it with modern Church appropriation of Saint Patrick in film. And, the film’s great reliance on invented narrative places it squarely in the camp of the conventional hagiopic.

The production of and intended purpose of the final two films studied here betray the beginnings of deviation from singular Catholic or nationalistic uses of Saint Patrick on the screen. The next film included was not produced by or specifically for Catholics and does not include overt nationalistic sentiment or Catholic ritual, instead framing the plot with Patrick’s history, pre-Church appropriation of his life. *St. Patrick: The Irish Legend* is a feature length American-Irish co-production by the Fox Family Channel in the year 2000, intended for broadcast on that cable network, and shot on location in Ireland. The producers of the film wanted to “perhaps bring the myths surrounding Ireland’s patron saint a little closer to historical truth” (Elias). Patrick Bergin, the renowned Irish actor playing the adult Patrick, was invested in the project and believed in its validity: “I’m actually surprised nobody has ever thought of doing this before...it’s a very interesting period of Irish history and the conflict between

paganism and Christianity, and the way we bridged that gap is central to our understanding of ourselves as a people” (Elias). Bergin was mistaken in thinking that Patrick’s life had not been committed to film before, though the specific intention to reintroduce history was novel. Perhaps the authenticities of the location shooting, as well as the desire to reintroduce Irish history rather than purely legend were meant to create a sense of Irishness and nationalism once more. Of course, the film was produced by Saban, the same company responsible for the low-budget children’s television program *Mighty Morphin Power Rangers*, which is reflected in its production value and hinders any great aspirations.

The film alternates between Patrick performing miracles and acting as epic hero, while also portraying episodes from his life taken directly from the *Confession*. For example, the first scene begins with Patrick wielding miraculous power, stopping a pagan sacrifice with lightning bolts. But the film then switches to the historical as Patrick sits down and begins to write his *Confession*, which becomes the framing device and source of narration for flashbacks portraying his younger life as a Briton, slave, priest and eventually bishop. After Patrick returns to Ireland, the plot comes straight from Muirchu; as Patrick lights the Paschal fire and Loegaire’s men come, he mystically chokes a druid to death, turns himself and his men into deer, faces down a druid in a battle of miracles, and converts High King Loegaire (*St. Patrick*).

A montage sequence shows Patrick preaching throughout Ireland, teaching the Trinity using a shamrock. Then, when converts of Patrick’s are either killed or abducted by Coroticus’ men he writes his letter, overstepping his bounds by excommunicating a British Christian. This is the first filmic representation of Patrick’s

condemnation of slavery to date. Patrick finishes his Confession to defend himself from criticism, and in despair climbs a mountain (which could be Croaghpatrick) and fasts in a cave. He immediately hears a disembodied voice which assures him that he not only planted the seeds of Christianity in Ireland, but also helped preserve the written word and therefore civilization while Europe will go through a Dark Age. These words echo the thesis of Thomas Cahill in *How the Irish Saved Civilization*, a popular history arguing that the isolation and literacy of Ireland kept Western thought and word alive. The voice also assures Patrick that he has shown the missionary way, and as such all the world will be brought the word of God (*St. Patrick*).

Other than the inclusion of the shamrock, there exists no specifically Irish Catholic sentiment in *St. Patrick: The Irish Legend*. While hagiographic depictions abound in the film, there is emphasis on the history which had been missing from other appropriated film versions of Patrick's life, and missing from popular consciousness since the writing of the hagiography. Also, while inclusion of more recent scholarship connecting Patrick and Ireland to the continued existence of Western civilization does exhibit some nationalistic feeling, it does more work to emphasize the aforementioned missing history. The film does rely heavily on miraculous hagiography, and invents much material to fill narrative gaps, therefore making it primarily a conventional hagiopic. However, by allowing the historical Patrick to narrate the film, and by including reference to recent Patrician scholarship, there are certainly alternative elements evident. The alternative Patrick hagiopic, though, does not truly exist until four years later.

The most recent filmed representation to date, the 2004 television docudrama *Patrick*, creates a historical interpretation of Saint Patrick's life and legacy. *Patrick* was produced by an inter-faith organization for religious and spiritual audiences in general, not appropriating the subject matter for Catholicism specifically. The title of the film itself, since it refers to Patrick by name but not as a saint, can signify intended distance from the Church. The film has been exhibited on the Hallmark Channel, and was produced by Faith & Values Media, an electronic media company made up of organizations representing Christian, Jewish and Muslim groups including over 200,000 congregations of all denominations in the United States. The Roman Catholic Church is one of the faith groups that claims membership, as well as an impressive number of Protestant and other churches, with the express purpose to "enrich spiritual life, heal wounds by advocating religious tolerance, and build bridges of understanding among people of faith" ("Faith & Values Media"). The aim of the film as expressed in its press kit was to focus wholly on the historical Patrick, since he had "an impact not only on Ireland, where he was able to forge a groundbreaking synthesis of Christian Faith and Celtic traditions, but also on civilization broadly, which reaped untold benefits from the role played by Patrick's Irish monasteries in the preservation of western literary tradition" ("Patrick Media Kit"). This goal parallels *St. Patrick: The Irish Legend*, which also highlighted the claim that Patrick and the Irish saved civilization.

This docudrama seeks to provide a nationalistic sense of Irish authenticity through casting of celebrities associated with the Irish: Liam Neeson as narrator, Gabriel Byrne as the voice of Patrick reading from the *Confession*, and Frank McCourt providing commentary in-between reenacted scenes from Patrick's life. The film

describes Ireland in the fifth century, illustrating Patrick's history exactly as it is written in his own words. *Patrick* also features talking-head historians, like the aforementioned Philip Freeman, proposing that Patrick's Christian monasteries kept written knowledge out of the hands of barbarians, making Ireland the birthplace of modern Europe. In particular, the film dramatizes Patrick's anger over the enslavement of his converts by Coroticus, and how his letter admonishing the British Christian was unpopular with the Church, but indicative of Patrick's character and desires for his people. The film addresses the legendary Patrick briefly, with historians coming close to demonizing Church hagiographers for obscuring the truth of his life and legacy with claims of his sainthood and miracle working. *Patrick* concludes not unlike *Aimsir Padraig*, with recent footage of pilgrims climbing Croaghpatrick, connecting the Irish past to the present. Also, contemporary footage of New York City St. Patrick's Day parades are shown to illustrate celebration of the man's legacy and Irish heritage worldwide. Of course McCourt has the last word, saying that the real Patrick would tell the celebrants to "stop, go home and pray, and help the poor," further solidifying the production's intent of focusing on the man rather than any appropriation of his memory (*Patrick*).

In other contemporary film made by and about the Irish, "what remains of the structures of Catholicism become intertwined with a kind of generalized spirituality" (Barton 189). The most recent film analyzed provides evidence for this fact, since it works to appropriate Saint Patrick for multiple faiths. Seeing as the Roman Catholic Church itself is a member of the organization that produced *Patrick*, it must to some degree endorse the changing use of the saint through film in order to remain relevant. Overall, *Patrick* exhibits some small degree of nationalism, and great devotional

sentiment, but not strictly Catholic devotion, which sets it apart from the earliest Patrician cinema. It is the elements that make the film an alternative hagiopic that stand out: it clearly relates the history of Patrick, calls out the hagiographic distortions, disdains the miraculous, and includes much modern scholarship in its construction. To date, it is the most alternative hagiopic about the life of Patrick, and begins to create greater space for post-nationalistic, post-Church propaganda, more universal Patrick narratives.

Other than the six films discussed previously, there are no other fiction or docudrama films representing Saint Patrick in existence that are immediately identifiable, though interestingly there have been some failed attempts. In an *Irish America* article titled “Is Saint Patrick About to Go Hollywood?” from 1997, the Saint Paul Film Foundation is reported to have raised funds to create an “action-drama” blending modern history with legend about Patrick, with research provided by Patrician scholars in Dublin, France and Rome (20). However, a 1999 public record from Washington State shows that this film was never produced. The state government found the Saint Paul Film Foundation guilty of securities fraud in their raising of funds through the sale of bonds, so whether this would have been a conventional or alternative narrative is unclear (Washington State). Also, in 2003 an article titled “Hollywood to Give St. Patrick a Love Interest” claims that a man named Peter Tobin wrote a blockbuster version of the life of Patrick which accused the saint of murder and gives him a lady-love (Carton 20). Even though this shows promise for it to have been an alternative hagiopic, there is no record of the film ever having been sold or produced.

For now, the six currently produced motion pictures analyzed in this dissertation are the only windows into dramatic representation of Patrick on film.

The first four Irish and American films portraying the life of Saint Patrick were produced and distributed for the purposes of entertaining and educating a primarily Catholic audience, with the possibility of inducing nationalistic feeling and nostalgia in the world Irish population which consumed them. This stands to reason, as the identity of Ireland as a nation and the Irish in general when at least the first three were produced was still closely bound to Catholic religious faith (Staunton 207-8). Today the Irish Republic in particular after Church scandals (which have rocked the U.S. as well), a seeming end to the Troubles, and a loss of close-knit community caused by urbanization and electronic media exposure has begun to embrace a new, more secular identity. Currently Catholicism, and religion by and large, are playing a lesser role in people's lives in Ireland and America, with falling attendance and changing attitudes toward the Church (Staunton 254-59). This modern trend is reflected in Irish and American films like *St. Patrick: The Irish Legend* to a degree and *Patrick* absolutely by moving Saint Patrick's importance in cinema beyond his contributions to Ireland, the Irish, and Catholicism, and beginning to stress his more secular historic and universal nature. This is a trend toward the alternative hagiopic that the original screenplay written for this dissertation seeks to continue.

My screenplay *The Lives of Saint Patrick* is fashioned to be the basis of an alternative hagiopic featuring Patrick for a modern audience. Instead of creating a devotional or nationalistic narrative that "novelizes" material to fill in gaps, as conventional Patrick hagiopics have done, this screenplay continues the twenty-first-

century trend of drawing attention back to the historical Patrick, while also making his significance more universal by symbolically representing his life and legacy.

Robert Royal believes that when a good popular life of a religious figure is done as a film, it is “less worried about mysticism and ecstatic visions than about concrete love” (100). This is something that this screenplay does: it creates an alternative Patrick narrative that explores spirituality, familial love, and concern for humanity, but which is focused less on hagiographic miracles and more on human drama. The screenplay creates fictional characters who are in some way based on the life of Saint Patrick, and there is a long history of holy people being represented in this way. For example, the priest in *Au Revoir, Les Enfants* was modeled on Pere Jacques, a Carmelite priest who died shortly after the liberation of the Nazi concentration camp Mauthausen (Sanders xiii-xiv). Robert Johnston believes that Christianity is “at its core not an abstract philosophy, but a story; not pure factual reportage, but a recounting of one life in order that other lives might be transformed” (107). *The Lives of Saint Patrick* seeks to take this sentiment a step further, in the sense that the story of Patrick can be recounted in a way that transcends Christianity and creates a more universal narrative, seeking to alert a public in some small way to the injustice of modern day slavery so that lives might be transformed. Just as religious or nationalistic appropriation of Patrick’s narrative has given way, and myth has begun to be peeled away, this work seeks to make the story of Patrick mean something more about humanity in general than any particular belief, country, or legend.

But why do this in screenplay form, especially as the basis of a scholarly dissertation? Screenplays are written works, and generally they are intended to be

adapted into motion pictures; a screenplay is functional, and since it is the first step in a production process, it is not just meant to be read. This nature of the screenplay is largely why it has been ignored academically. *The Lives of Saint Patrick* represents this first step of an alternative Patrick hagiopic, while also being an opportunity to present a screenplay in an academic setting, and engage in a current debate over the significance of screenwriting.

Historically, those scholars who have engaged with screenwriting have argued that the screenplay is an industry formatted blueprint; an intermedial entity that is the textual invocation of a film, but not a film, and not art in and of itself. McGrath and MacDermott state this most stringently when they write that “an unrealized script is, by and large, worthless... Only the finished film matters and the written word that created it is eclipsed — even a successful script is transitory” (9). Recently, other scholars have disagreed, finding that screenplays are not only art but also literature, as they can be regarded, appreciated, and evaluated for literary elements in their own right just like any prose or poetry (Nannicelli, “Why Can’t” 405-12). In this vein, Kevin Boon goes so far as to say that the “dialogue and events that shape the core thrust of the story exist fully in text. The film recasts these elements into visual representations, but it does not add complexity or complication,” going on to say that each character is “made of words, first and foremost, and is merely performed in the film” (*Contemporary* 53). Steven Maras points out a fundamental “object problem” when it comes to this debate: the screenplay’s status largely rests on whether one believes the script is the final product to be analyzed, or if the film is the final product (11).

It is true that a screenplay tends to be all exterior, meaning that what is on the page is the action meant to be immediately before our eyes: description of what a character looks like, what they say and do, and what others say about or to the character. This is an industrial constraint, and for some academics this means that the reader cannot get into a character's head, and there can be no clear digression into greater theme or meaning on the page (Kohn 500). The exterior and immediate nature of a screenplay exhibits its limitations compared to methods that can be exploited by the novelist, and make its status as a literary genre problematic. Steven Price points out that "the discourses surrounding the screenplay are sufficiently problematic that its status as literature will always be open to question, sealing its fate as a form that seems fated forever to disappear and reappear as the return of the repressed in literary studies" (27).

To place this original screenplay in context, *The Lives of Saint Patrick* is not simply a blueprint that cannot be analyzed as art, but at the same time it is not meant to be validated as wholly literature. The beauty of screenwriting is that it is a balancing act between creating descriptive instruction of narrative, while also fashioning literary meaning of story. This original screenplay does conform to industry formatting standards; it has scene headings, margins, transitions and other elements that refer to the screenplay's construction and which are a reminder of the industry process it is a part of. It is written to be and could certainly be adapted into another medium. However, the fact that it can be read as a technical production document does not mean that it cannot be read as an art form, or analyzed for its metaphorical or poetic value even if it is never adapted to the screen. As Nannicelli states, to describe a screenplay as an

“intermedial” work is to require knowledge of a finished film based on it which may not yet or never be produced; one can appreciate it in an academic setting with no direct knowledge of its production (*Philosophy 200*).

Indeed, it is the very limitations of form that make screenwriting an artistic craft, in that the writer must transmit tone, theme and meaning without digression, describing the here-and-now through visual language and carefully formed dialogue. Boon theorizes that it is the very nature of the sharp, concise presentation of imagery and action necessary in the style of the screenplay that creates a parallel to the literary aesthetics of modern prose, like that of Stein or Hemingway. He also posits that since a screenplay contains no abstracted thought or introspection except that which can be produced by dialogue or implied by visual action, that the screenplay is thusly “the literary form most conducive to capturing experience as it allows little room for authorial commentary or psychological musings” (“The Screenplay” 265-70). While it probably shouldn’t be directly compared to Hemingway, *The Lives of Saint Patrick* does create meaning while operating in a restrictive industrial format, as all successful screenplays do. Otherwise, a screenplay would be nothing more than boring present-tense reportage, and what reader would stay awake long enough to want to adapt it? To answer the object problem established by Maras, this original screenplay is the final product for now, and possibly forever, and can always be analyzed separately from any cinematic adaptation if one ever comes to pass. *The Lives of Saint Patrick* on the page creates a screen story that can be placed in dialogue with Patrician history, hagiography, and cinema, and expand the possibilities of how Saint Patrick can be understood.

The screenplay is designed to be alternative in nature, firstly because it portrays the fictional Irish/Mexican-American Servantes family over an almost two decade period of their lives in the modern day. Conventional hagiopics are often set in faraway, ancient or medieval places, and center on a hero who suffers, but also relieves the suffering of others before meeting a painful end. In these ways, the conventional hagiopic can be misleading:

By associating horrific practices with ancient times and focusing attention on a single instance of extraordinary and entirely unjust suffering, hagiopics can shield us from current realities: the fact that torture, mutilation, and killing — acts even more brutal and prolonged than those described in the passion and lives of the saints — occur every day in the modern world (Grace 7).

Though Saint Patrick is the rare saint who was not martyred, by setting the saint's story in the fifth-century, most Patrick films do distance an audience, and tend to ignore contemporary applications of the narrative. Rather than shielding the audience from Grace's "current realities," this alternative screenplay opens up the opportunity for Patrick's legacy to be truly contemporary, in that the action takes place in the modern day, and symbolically turns his crusade to save the souls of the Irish and free his converts from bondage into Erin Servantes' efforts to shepherd the victims of human trafficking.

The screenplay does make efforts to directly connect the modern portrayal of the Servantes family to the historical Patrick. For example, the Servantes family is well-to-do, just as Patrick's family in the fifth-century was one of means. Erin believes she sinned terribly at the age of fifteen by dismissing her mother right before she died,

which parallels Patrick's own life-shaking sin at fifteen. Also, Erin sets out to learn the Spanish language, which helps her in her anti-trafficking work, just as Patrick's knowledge of the common Irish language facilitated his mission. However, *The Lives of Saint Patrick* takes measures to universalize the narrative so that it can be representative of a larger populace. It is with this in mind that the choice was made to make Erin, the main Patrick figure, a female. All other Patrick hagiopics, whether conventional or somewhat alternative in nature, present Patrick as a male who became a priest and then bishop in order to minister to the Irish, which is the historic reality. However, the contemporary Church continues the ages-old prohibition on women's ordination, which has been more recently upheld in the 1990s by the Vatican (Boase). It would have been easy to make the screenplay's main Patrick figure a male who joins the priesthood and combats human trafficking through that framework, but to do this would have been conventional. By creating Erin, a character who cannot follow in Patrick's footsteps of ordination, the screenplay creates opportunity to modernize the Patrick narrative not only by feminizing it, but also making it more secular and universal; without that direct connection to the Church, Erin must find another route to shepherd, leading her to the greater national and international crisis of human trafficking.

The screenplay seeks to create an alternative hagiopic not only through the gender of the protagonists, but also through their racial identity. Previous hagiopics about Saint Patrick were conventional in the sense that they were about an Irish icon and intended for a primarily Irish and Irish-American audience. Only later in films like *Patrick* is the intended audience broadened, but throughout the history of Patrician

cinema, without deviation, the characters and casts of the films have been white. There has been a demographic shift in the U.S. population, however, and with an aging white populace and rising numbers of Latinos, whites will soon be a minority for the first time ever. Indeed, the fastest growing population group will be Hispanics, and this shift creates new challenges and opportunities due to changing racial diversity (Yen). It is with this in mind that the protagonists of the film, Erin and Sullivan Servantes, were created as bi-racial. Their mother Maggie is Irish-American, creating a connection to Patrick's classical importance as an Irish icon and patron of Irish Catholics in the nation. However, their father Gabriel is Mexican-American, creating a connection to the demographic rise of Latinos in the country, and a physical connection to the Arizona/Mexico border where Erin is abducted. Also, Irish and Mexican populations share a major commonality: Catholicism. By moving Patrick's religious importance beyond Irish Catholicism, and into Catholicism in general not only through Erin's Mexican heritage but also through the devotion of characters of other nationalities, like Filipinos, the original screenplay's Patrick narrative can continue to repurpose the Saint's significance beyond the conventional hagiopic.

Many films depicting saints, including the majority of Patrick films discussed in this dissertation, include the working of miracles by the holy figure. The reasoning behind this use of miracles is to substantiate the person's sanctity, since "presumably only denizens of heaven could intercede with God to effect cures on earth... Wonder-working thus appears to be a sure sign that a person deserves the designation of saint" (Sanders 116). However, events that defy the laws of science or reason are avoided in *The Lives of Saint Patrick*, as those are the hallmarks of conventional hagiopics, and

this is an alternative one. The definite presence of miracles would represent a step backwards in terms of the direction filmic Patrick narratives have been taking. Similarly, the screenplay seeks to avoid the fantastic and magical realism, since the “dominant secular orientation of U.S. culture imposes strict limits on how seriously visionary experiences and miracles can be taken. In American-made films, the possibility of miraculous intervention is commonly portrayed as paranormal or delusional” (Catherine 281). Thus, the narrative seeks to eschew the miraculous, and is purposefully grounded in a real world where any interaction between the characters and the seemingly spiritual is ambiguous and totally explainable.

For example, when Colin relates Patrick’s escape to his brother, and Sullivan expresses doubt that God spoke to Patrick, Colin doesn’t sell the voices or the ship’s appearance as divine, instead allowing for it but also leaving room for interpretation. When Erin escapes from her kidnapping, Crocodile getting arrested rather than returning to the clearing could be divine intervention. Similarly, the mule deer showing Erin flowing water could be celestial involvement on her behalf, especially since in legend Patrick could turn into a deer. However, both of the aforementioned examples were designed to just as easily be coincidences. When Erin speaks to Saint Patrick’s statue, she could be speaking to herself rather than the saint. In the same monologue, she hedges on whether or not she was divinely saved, though she expresses gratitude if she was. Her interaction with the young Organist could be the work of Saint Patrick attempting to guide her, though it could also be a random occurrence. Similarly, Joseph expresses that God sent him to Erin so she could save him, but she doesn’t respond as such; overall the audience is free to make up their own minds. This ambiguity neither

lampoons nor promotes devotion, and intends to put the screenplay in the camp of alternative hagiopics.

The way that Sullivan conceives of his thesis film pitches demonstrates the vast difference between the conventional and alternative when it comes to Patrick hagiopics. The history Colin relates to Sullivan from his research comes primarily from Phillip Freeman's biography of Patrick, and Colin readily admits that there are narrative gaps due to missing material, which is a trait of the alternative hagiopic. However, in the interests of making a modern commercial vehicle, Sullivan invents material to "novelize" the Patrick narratives, which is a trait of conventional hagiopics. His pitch for *Saint Patrick and the Great Sheep-Scape* relies more on the success of computer generated animation in the modern day than it does on any historical understanding of Patrick. As such, it is very much like the previously mentioned hagiopic *Patrick: Brave Shepherd of the Emerald Isle*, in that it relies upon animation to generally ignore history and invents slapstick elements for a juvenile audience. Similarly, Sullivan's follow up adaptation, *Star Patrick and the Green Planet*, is a barely veiled retelling of space epics like *Avatar*, casting Patrick as a miracle-working warrior monk. Though updated through the lens of science fiction, the Patrick in that pitch acts very much like the avenger of Muirchu's hagiography, which is most closely featured in the aforementioned *St. Patrick: The Irish Legend*. Both pitches exhibit a continued creation of hagiography not unlike that of the Church, creating Patrick as a legendary or miraculous figure rather than a humble historical one, and lampooning previous Patrick hagiopics for their sometimes ridiculous creation of Patrick's legacy.

Some Christians believe that qualities of the lives of saints may be imitated or held up as examples for their own lives. Other Christians practice veneration of the saints and understand them as intercessors to God on our behalf (Stone 153-4). Erin's narrative brings her to eventually exhibit qualities of the life of Saint Patrick, in that she returns to the place of her abduction as a police detective with the intention of freeing victims from bondage, just as Patrick returned to Ireland and called for the freeing of his converts. However, Erin does this mostly independently of her faith. She does make attempts to explore the Church and understand her spirituality, and she does pray and hold her Saint Patrick medallion dear, but throughout the screenplay she does not invest greatly in the Church, nor does she ultimately rely on it to do good works. It is this aspect of the screenplay that makes it largely post-devotional and therefore an alternative narrative.

Also, from the beginning, the screenplay engages with Stone's aforementioned veneration of Saint Patrick, exposing understanding of the conventional hagiopic. The narrative begins when the protagonists Erin and Sullivan are ten years old, and their mother Maggie admonishes them for putting their little brother Colin in jeopardy. In doing so, she reveals the iconographic Saint Patrick portrait in her home, first hints at the iconic medallion around her neck, and expresses her belief that Saint Patrick will help the faithful if asked. Maggie's veneration of Patrick is total, and it connects to the beliefs of many:

The martyrdom and self-sacrifice of Jesus is replicated in the lives of the Catholic holy men and women, who after their deaths become saints mediating between heaven and earth... Catholic gestures and rituals call up these stories,

thus providing ways that the suffering might seek divine grace when human help is not forthcoming (Caterine 286).

When Maggie indicates to the young Erin and Sullivan that they can call upon Saint Patrick for help, she is assuring them that his divine grace is indeed forthcoming.

Interestingly, Maggie surrounding herself with icons of Patrick can also show her connection to the Mexican heritage of her husband and children. In the world of Mexican Catholicism, “artistic and ritualistic expressions of the supernatural world are themselves conduits for grace. Statues and images of the Virgin and the saints pervade the physical landscape of Mexico and the U.S.-Mexico borderlands, not only in churches and chapels, but also on home altars...” (Caterine 283). This is why other characters in the Servantes family can be accepting of Maggie’s belief. The Virgin of Guadalupe is placed in the bedrooms of Gabriel as well as Oswaldo to exhibit how they relate to their culture and faith in a similar way to Maggie, and thus do not judge her for it. However, this inclusion of the conventional is not meant to be an endorsement of it; Erin’s aforementioned independence from the Church outweighs her mother’s veneration, and Erin’s devotion is more to the memory of her mother than it is to the abstract presence of a saint.

The culminating purpose of *The Lives of Saint Patrick* is to cinematically universalize the legacy of Saint Patrick through the modern day issue of human trafficking. A defining characteristic of the historical Patrick is that he returned to Ireland, the place of his enslavement, and attempted to save the souls of the very people who had held him in bondage. Patrick’s anger at the enslavement of his converts by Coroticus, a supposed Christian himself, led him to write an early call for abolition in

his *Letter to Coroticus*. However, this abolitionist nature of Patrick is not at all addressed in the majority of Patrician film, and is only most recently represented in passing in *St. Patrick: The Irish Legend* and *Patrick*. Erin decides to become a modern day abolitionist, and to return to the very site of her abduction, Arizona, at the end of the film in order to support the victims of human trafficking. In this way, the screenplay bolsters the cinematic legacy of Saint Patrick as a freedom narrative which reintroduces his *Letter* into his significance, and can be applied to many nations and many time periods.

It is with this symbolic appropriation of Saint Patrick's abolitionist nature that the screenplay seeks not to, in the words of Grace, shield an audience from current realities, but instead incorporate as many current realities as possible. In the twenty-first-century, the slavery that affected Patrick in the fifth-century can now be recognized as the practice of human trafficking, and the screenplay takes pains to represent this actuality. For example, when Erin has lost her way as a teenager, she is sent to live with her grandfather Oswaldo, and because of their Mexican-American heritage this brings her to the border state of Arizona. While there, her grandfather's home is invaded by criminals who mistakenly believe it is a drug stash house, seeking to rob it. However, when they find they are mistaken, they kidnap Erin instead, ostensibly for ransom, but they may also have intention of smuggling her across the Mexican border and into modern slavery. Erin does manage to flee her kidnappers when her guards are lax, and she follows running water until she reaches civilization and help.

These fictional occurrences are not unbelievable, as they are inspired by contemporary fact. Sixty percent of illegal drugs trafficked into the U.S. come through

Arizona, and many contemporary criminals find that it is easier to steal cash or drugs from people who already did the hard work of smuggling, finding the location of stash houses from paid informants (Quinn). Michel Marizco has reported on narco-on-narco crime, citing that criminals stealing drugs or smuggled migrants from other criminals on the U.S.-Mexican border has erupted into chaos (40-7). Freelance home invaders sometimes hit the wrong houses, as the fictional criminals do when they invade Oswaldo's home. Another unintended consequence of modern efforts by the U.S. and Mexican governments to weaken drug cartels is that drug traffickers are turning to abducting U.S. citizens for ransom as a new way to get funds (Diaz). Erin's abduction and escape is loosely based on the real life account of an Alaskan woman, Tammy Griffin, whose Mexican vacation home was invaded. The gunmen robbed her, struck her husband, took her for ransom and brought her deep into a jungle. When her guard fell asleep, Griffin ran into the jungle, and followed a creek to civilization and safety ("Alaskan"). This is why Erin is driven to a forest to be held for ransom, and why she escapes from her captors by trekking through the wilderness, which also parallels Patrick's journey across Ireland in order to escape.

The grunt work of kidnapping, such as guarding the victim, is often done by young and unemployed illegal immigrants desperate for work, often earning as low as fifty dollars a day (Quinones). This is the inspiration for the characters Skinny and Runt, who are unprofessional enough so as to allow Erin's escape. Unfortunately, in the modern day, states like Arizona have been dealing with so many smuggling related kidnappings and home invasion robberies, that their cities' police departments have created special detective units to deal with investigating these crimes (Quinones). This

is the inspiration for the character Detective Ponte, the law enforcement representative who specializes in helping victims like Erin who are abducted for ransom. Similarly, Erin is employed by such a special detective unit at the end of the screenplay. Even the orange boots of the character Crocodile were motivated by one home invader mentioned in the Marizco article who wore such footwear, and they are used in the screenplay as a symbol of the terror that these criminals can strike into the hearts of their victims, not only in the initial scenes, but as Erin continues to recover from her trauma.

Beyond Erin's border kidnapping, the screenplay seeks to alternatively and symbolically represent Patrick's training and mission in Ireland through Erin's engagement with a non-profit organization supporting victims of human trafficking, as well as her return to Arizona in order to free those in bondage as a police detective. Patrick's wish for his people's freedom has unfortunately never come to pass for many; slavery has never been abolished in the world, or in the United States. More than twice as many people are in bondage in the world today than were taken from Africa during the centuries of the Atlantic slave trade (Bales and Soodalter 3). A 2011 State Department report finds that more than 27 million people worldwide are victims of human trafficking, making it a \$32 billion industry, and that there may be as high as 100 thousand citizen and immigrant victims in the U.S. at any given time (Meinert 22). The characteristics of human trafficking of foreign nationals are "fraudulent recruitment, exorbitant travel and recruitment fees, the withholding of victim's visas and other identifying documentation, controlling and limiting the victim's movements, threatening deportation, threatening to harm the victim or their family, and physically harming the victim" (Hepburn and Simon 1-2). However, not every victim of

trafficking is a foreign national, and domestic trafficking is a major concern. To represent this, the screenplay creates characters like Rasalan, Yolanda, and Joseph, who are all foreign national victims of trafficking, as well as characters like Ivy and Erin herself, who are domestic victims. Currently in the U.S. there are two categories of human trafficking: for purposes of sex, and for purposes of forced labor. Law enforcement officials and government legislators are presently concerned with sex trafficking, but forced labor trafficking is not a “hot” issue, and its victims are not necessarily receiving the services they deserve (Hepburn and Simon 9). This is why there are victims of sex trafficking represented, like Ivy, but also why the majority of the trafficked characters are the victims of forced labor trafficking; it draws attention to an underrepresented aspect of the crisis. And crisis it is: less than one percent of all trafficking victims manage to escape or be rescued (Bales and Soodalter 21). This is a truth that would break the heart of the historical Patrick, who sought to free those who were enslaved.

It is in this same spirit of incorporating current realities that characters representing trafficking survivors were created. To begin, the character Rasalan was inspired by more than one survivor. She was firstly inspired by a group of teachers from the Philippines who paid exorbitant fees in order to be placed in federal guest worker jobs in the U.S., only to have their visas confiscated in order to ensure that additional fees would be paid. These teachers sued their placement agency with the help of the American Federation of Teachers and Southern Poverty Law Center, and were awarded \$4.5 million by a jury (Jablon). In the diegesis of the screenplay, Rasalan uses her share of a similar settlement to start her North Star organization. Rasalan being a

survivor and advocate is also loosely inspired by Ima Matul, an Indonesian woman who was trafficked to America at the age of seventeen, promised a job as a nanny. She had her visa taken and was forced to work eighteen hour days, was verbally and physically abused, and was terrified of arrest if she tried to leave. After three years she had the courage to ask for help, and was taken to the Coalition to Abolish Slavery and Trafficking (CAST), an anti-trafficking organization that helps survivors rebuild their lives and advocates to end such human rights violations. Matul is an activist and advocate with CAST today, and recently spoke with President Obama about her cause (Matul). Finally, Rasalan is partially based on Rachel Lloyd, a former prostitute herself, who founded Girls Educational and Mentoring Services (GEMS), a drop-in center for teen survivors of prostitution that provides case management, educational and recreational classes, and community (Lloyd 1).

Rasalan's non-profit organization North Star is a barely veiled homage to a real life organization, The Polaris Project. With offices in Washington D.C. and Newark, New Jersey, The Polaris Project provides comprehensive social services to victims of human trafficking, as well as advocacy to create legislation on the federal level in order to combat modern day slavery. The organization also operates the National Human Trafficking Resource Center, and 24 hour national hotline, which connects victims, professionals, and communities to anti-trafficking information and services (Polaris Project). Everything done for survivors at the fictional North Star is done, to a greater degree, by the professionals and volunteers at the actual Polaris, including the job skill and recreation classes that Erin recruits her family to help with toward the end of the screenplay.

The character Ivy is an amalgam of a number of teenage American girls who were duped into prostitution, and represents survivors of domestic sex slavery. Asia Graves, for example, was a sixteen year old runaway who was picked up on the street by a man who said she was “Too pretty to be outside,” and later became her pimp, soliciting her on webpages like Craigslist (Alcindor 1). “Sarah” is another inspiration: a California teen slowly brought into a life of prostitution by a friend in high school. She called her pimp her “boyfriend,” and the man went so far as to brand his name on her body before she was rescued by police and supported by a shelter called “Children of the Night” in Los Angeles (Belles 11). Erin’s decision to switch outfits with Christina before she accuses her pimp in court comes directly from Lloyd, who did the same thing for a recovering teen prostitute who showed up to a trial inappropriately dressed (127). Lloyd claims that organizations and workshops alone can’t support the healing that survivors need, and that “people connect to people, not programs” (230). This is exactly the reason why Rasalan recruits Erin, because she sees that victims would be able to relate to Erin’s experience. This is portrayed in the aforementioned scene where Ivy shows up to court in crisis; the reason Ivy allows Erin to help her is the fact that she has testified in a similar way, and this connection is essential to Erin’s ability to help survivors.

The young foreign national survivors in the screenplay are closely modeled on their real-life counterparts. The character Yolanda comes directly from Bales and Soodalter, who related the account of “Maria,” a twelve-year-old Mexican girl promised an education if she became a domestic servant in America. The girl was subsequently beaten, starved, and indeed tied to a post in a back yard when she was not working; a

neighbor doing roof repairs called the police, who rescued her (3-5). From Moore and Yim comes the true story of Joseph, a door to door magazine salesman. When a woman named Elisa Morgan answered her door, she thought Joseph may have been a victim of human trafficking, and gave him the phone number of the national hotline for trafficked individuals before he left (11-12). The character Erin decides to go further by taking Joseph into her home, but the spirit of the actions is the same, that of freeing victims. Bales and Soodalter describe some of the warning signs of a trafficked individual, including if someone seems frightened, they are unable to move or speak freely, they show signs of assault, are disoriented, or malnourished. They go on to suggest questions to ask these potential victims: “Do you feel free to leave your employer? Are you paid? Has your passport or visa been taken away?” (41). This is the sort of education that Erin would have gotten at North Star, and is the reason why she brings Joseph into her home and finds out if he is in need of help. Lloyd tells of a formerly drug addicted teen prostitute who she met in a prison while counseling girls, who told her “You was sent here miss, for us. God sent you...to help us be strong” (20). This is the inspiration for Joseph to say something similar to Erin when she takes him into her home.

Advocates speaking and working against modern slavery can reach the highest echelons of society: President Obama spoke at the Clinton Global Initiative Annual Meeting in 2012, calling human trafficking “barbaric, and it is evil, and it has no place in a civilized world.” The President mentioned Ima Matul by name, stating that groups who cared enough to help provided her with not only stability, but the ability to be an advocate. Obama went on to speak directly to victims worldwide, stating “we see you.

We hear you. We insist on your dignity. And we share in your belief that if just given the chance, you will forge a life equal to your talents and worthy of your dreams” (“President Obama’s Speech”). This is exactly the sentiment that drives the character Rasalan to provide support for victims of human trafficking, and the reason why Erin joins her in order to help provide needed services and advocacy. And this is exactly the sentiment of the historical Saint Patrick when he demanded the release of his enslaved brethren, and wished the following from Coroticus and his men:

May God inspire these men to come to their senses in regard to God again, so that they may repent, however latter day, of their grave crimes, namely homicide against the brothers of the Lord, and that they free these baptized women whom they have taken, so that then they may deserve to live to God and be made whole once more, here, now and for eternity (Patrick 16).

It is through the efforts of law enforcement, legislators, community organizations, advocates and volunteers who are fictionalized in *The Lives of Saint Patrick*, but who exist in life, to help turn victims into survivors, and like Patrick hoped, make them whole once more. The efforts of these advocates can be described as saintly self-sacrifice. Saints seek not to protect themselves, but unite with all that lives, and share their deepest commitments: charity, and tender caring for their fellow creatures (Sanders 2-6). The historic Patrick was undoubtedly a saint, and *The Lives of Saint Patrick* draws upon his documents and deeds, goes beyond conventional retellings of his narrative from both hagiography and cinema, and establishes a post-devotional, post-nationalistic, more universal alternative narrative that seeks to make the legacy of Patrick’s sacrifice and anti-slavery stance relevant to the modern day.

Works Consulted

- Aimsir Padraig/In The Days of Saint Patrick*. Dir. Norman Whitten. Perf. Vernon Whitten, Gilbert Green, and Ira Allen. General Film Company of Ireland, 1920. Film.
- "Aimsir Padraig/In The Days of Saint Patrick." *Irish Film & Television Research Online*. Trinity College Dublin. Web. 6 April 2007 <<http://www.tcd.ie/irishfilm/showfilm.php?fid=56618>>.
- "Alaskan Escapes Kidnappers in Mexico." *Juneau Empire*. Juneau Empire, 6 Oct. 2006. Web. 04 Jan. 2014. <http://juneauempire.com/stories/101006/sta_20061010008.shtml>.
- Alcindor, Yamiche. "That's Slavery." *USA Today* 27 Sep 2012: A.1. Print.
- Anderegg, Michael. "Are Screenwriters Auteurs?" Rev. of *Classic American Films: Conversations with Screenwriters*, by William Baer. *Michigan Quarterly Review* 47.4 (2008): 681-686. Print.
- Arnold, Jeanne Gosselin. *A Man of Faith: Father Patrick Peyton CSC, His Life, Mission and Message*. Hollywood: Family Theater Inc., 1983. Print.
- Bales, Kevin and Rod Soodalter. *The Slave Next Door: Human Trafficking and Slavery in America Today*. Berkeley: University of California Press, 2009. Print.
- Barton, Ruth. *Irish National Cinema*. London: Routledge, 2004. Print.
- Belles, Nita. *In Our Backyard: A Christian Perspective on Human Trafficking in the United States*. Free River, 2011. Print.
- Bieler, Ludwig. *Studies on the Life and Legend of St. Patrick*. Ed. Richard Sharpe. London: Variorius Reprints, 1986. Print.
- Biography: St. Patrick: The Man, The Myth*. Dir. Patricia Phillips. A&E Home Video, 1996. Videocassette.
- Boase, Sharon. "Catholic Women Lobby for Ordination." *The Spectator* 18 July 2005: A.4. Print.
- Boon, Kevin Alexander. *Contemporary Approaches to Film and Television: Script Culture and the American Screenplay*. Detroit: Wayne State University Press, 2008. Print.
- . "The Screenplay, Imagism, and Modern Aesthetics." *Literature/Film Quarterly*. 36.4 (2008): 259-271. Print.

- "Border Kidnapping Victims Speak Out at Conference." *US Fed News Service, Including US State News* 17 Apr 2013. Print.
- Bronstein, Scott. "Held As Slaves, Now Free." *CNN*. Cable News Network, 03 Dec. 2010. Web. 04 Jan. 2014. <<http://www.cnn.com/2010/CRIME/12/02/slave.labor.ring.busted/index.html>>.
- "CCC of America". *Creative Communication Center of America*. 2007. Web. 8 Apr. 2007. <<http://www.cccofamerica.com/about.htm>>.
- Cahill, Thomas. *How the Irish Saved Civilization*. New York: Anchor Books, 1995. Print.
- Carr, Bridgette. "Examining the Reality of Foreign National Child Victims of Human Trafficking in the United States." *Washington University Journal of Law and Policy* 37: 183-204. Print.
- Carton, Donna. "Hollywood to Give St. Patrick a Love Interest." *Sunday Mirror* 16 Nov 2003: 20. Print.
- Caterine, Darryl V. "Border Saints: *Santitos* (1999)." *Catholics in the Movies*. Ed. Colleen McDannell. Cary, NC: Oxford University Press, 2007. 277-296. Print.
- "Catholic Directory and Resources." *Catholicweb.com*. 2007. Web. 08 Apr. 2007. <http://www.catholicweb.com/media_index.cfm?fuseaction=view_article&partnerid=18&article_id=2542>.
- Condon, Denis. "Filming the Story of Ireland: The Yoking Together of Historical Drama and Contemporary Newsreel in Silent Irish Films." *National Cinema and Beyond*. Ed. Kevin Rockett and John Hill. Dublin: Four Courts Press, 2004. 32-42. Print.
- Corliss, Richard. *Talking Pictures: Screenwriters in the American Cinema 1927-1973*. Woodstock: The Overlook Press, 1974. Print.
- Cowan, Douglas E. *Sacred Space: The Quest for Transcendence in Science Fiction Film and Television*. Waco, TX: Baylor University Press, 2010. Print.
- Dans, Peter E. *Christians in the Movies: A Century of Saints and Sinners*. Lanham, MD: Rowman & Littlefield, 2009. Print.
- De Breffney, Brian. *In The Steps of St. Patrick*. London: Thames and Hudson, 1982. Print.
- De Paor, Liam. *Saint Patrick's World*. Notre Dame: University of Notre Dame Press, 1993. Print.

- Diaz, Lizbeth. "Drug Traffickers Turn to Cross-Border Kidnappings; Mexican Criminals Abducting U.S. Citizens to Get Funds, Authorities Say." *The Vancouver Sun* 15 Aug 2008: B.7. Print.
- Dorsky, Nathaniel. "Devotional Cinema." *The Hidden God: Film and Faith*. Ed. Mary Lea Bandy and Antonio Monda. New York: Museum of Modern Art, 2003. 261-80. Print.
- Elias, Justine. "Beyond the Revelry: The Sainly Life of Patrick." *The New York Times* 12 Mar 2000: 13.4. Print.
- "Faith and Values Media." *Faith and Values Media*. 2007. Web. 6 Apr. 2007 <<http://www.faithandvaluesmedia.org>>.
- Finlayson, Alan. "Power in the Eye, an Introduction to Contemporary Irish Film." *Historical Journal of Film, Radio, and Television* 20.3 (2000): 453-55. Print.
- Freeman, Philip. *St. Patrick of Ireland: a Biography*. New York: Simon and Schuster, 2004. Print.
- Fries, Laura. "St. Patrick Stretches Credibility." Rev. of *St. Patrick: The Irish Legend*, dir. Robert Hughes. *Variety* 9 Mar. 2000. Print.
- Garry, Patrick. "A Different Voice: An Industry is Born." *Commonweal* 122.6 (1995): 17-18. Print.
- Glendon, Mary Ann. "The Church and Popular Culture." *CCICA Annual 1995*. Philadelphia: Catholic Commission on Intellectual and Cultural Affairs, 1995. 1-6. Print.
- Goodrich, David. Message to the Author. 11 Apr. 2007. E-mail.
- Grace, Pamela. *The Religious Film: Christianity and the Hagiopic*. Malden, MA: Wiley-Blackwell, 2009. Print.
- Graham, David John. "The Uses of Film in Theology." *Explorations in Theology and Film*. Ed. Clive Marsh and Gaye Ortiz. Oxford: Blackwell Publishing, 1997. 35-44. Print.
- Gray, Michael. *Stills, Reels and Rushes: Ireland and the Irish in 20th Century Cinema*. Dublin: Blackhall Publishing, 1999. Print.
- Gunning, Tom. "Waking and Faking: Ireland and Cinema Astray." *National Cinema and Beyond: Studies in Irish Film I*. Dublin: Four Courts Press, 2004. 19-31. Print.

- Hepburn, Stephanie and Rita J. Simon. "Hidden in Plain Sight: Human Trafficking in the United States." *Gender Issues* 27 (2010): 1-26. Print.
- Hopkin, Alannah. *The Living Legend of St. Patrick*. New York: St. Martin's Press, 1989. Print.
- In Search of Ancient Ireland*. Dir. Leo Eaton. PBS Home Video, 2003. DVD.
- "Is Saint Patrick About To Go Hollywood?" *Irish America* 31 Dec. 1997: 20. Print.
- Jablon, Robert. "Filipino Teachers in U.S. Win \$4.5 Million." *The Advocate*. Capital City Press LLC, 19 Dec. 2012. Web. 04 Jan. 2014. <<http://theadvocate.com/home/4717281-125/filipino-teachers-in-us-win>>.
- Johnson, Kevin. "105 Children Rescued in Prostitution Crackdown; Nationwide Operation Nets 150 Arrests." *USA Today* 30 July 2013: 3A. Print.
- Johnston, Robert K. *Reel Spirituality: Theology and Film in Dialogue*. Grand Rapids: Baker Academic, 2006. Print.
- Kohn, Nathaniel. "The Screenplay as Postmodern Literary Exemplar: Authorial Distraction, Disappearance, Dissolution." *Qualitative Inquiry* 6.4 (2000): 489-510. Print.
- Lacey, Colin. "The Craic: Patrick, Saint or Movie Star?" *Irish Voice* 13.12 (1999): 19. Print.
- "Life of Saint Patrick: From the Cradle to the Grave." *Irish Film & Television Research Online*. Trinity College Dublin. Web. 6 April 2007 <<http://www.tcd.ie/irishfilm/showfilm.php?fid=57836>>.
- Lloyd, Rachel. *Girls Like Us: Fighting for a World Where Girls Are Not For Sale, an Activist Finds Her Calling and Heals Herself*. New York: Harper Collins, 2011. Print.
- Loughlin, Gerard. "Cinema Divinite: A Theological Introduction." *Cinema Divinite: Religion, Theology, and the Bible in Film*. Ed. Eric S. Christianson, Peter Francis and William R. Telford. London: SCM Press, 2005. 1-14. Print.
- MacNiocaill, Gearoid. *Ireland Before the Vikings*. Dublin: Gill and Macmillan, 1972. Print.
- Maras, Steven. *Screenwriting: History, Theory and Practice*. London: Wallflower Press, 2009. Print.
- Marizco, Michel. "Border Epidemic?" *Law Enforcement Technology* 36.2 (2009): 40-42, 46-47. Print.

- Matul, Ima. "Trafficking Survivor: It's Time to Help Others." Web log post. *The CNN Freedom Project Ending Modern Day Slavery RSS*. Cable News Network, 17 Jan. 2013 Web. 04 Jan. 2014. <<http://thecnnfreedomproject.blogs.cnn.com/2013/01/17/traffickingsurvivor-its-time-to-help-others/>>.
- McCaffrey, Carmel, and Leo Eaton. *In Search of Ancient Ireland: The Origins of the Irish from Neolithic Times to the Coming of the English*. Chicago: New Amsterdam Books, 2002. Print.
- McGrath, Declan, and Felim MacDermott. *Screencraft: Screenwriting*. Burlington: Focal Press, 2003. Print.
- McIlroy, Brian. *Irish Cinema: An Illustrated History*. Dublin: Anna Livia Press, 1988. Print.
- McLoone, Martin. *Irish Film: The Emergence of a Contemporary Cinema*. London: British Film Institute, 2000. Print.
- Meinert, Dori. "Modern-Day Slavery." *HR Magazine* 57.5 (2012): 22-27. Print.
- "Mexican Marines Free 13 People Being Held By Gulf Cartel." *EFE News Service* 5 Jun 2012. Print.
- Minto, M. Jean. "Saint Patrick: Priest, Politician, & Patriot." Diss. Drew University, 2006. Print.
- Moore, Shayne, and Kimberly McOwen Yim. *Refuse To Do Nothing: Finding Your Power to Abolish Modern-Day Slavery*. Downers Grove, Illinois: IVP Books, 2013. Print.
- Nannicelli, Ted. *A Philosophy of the Screenplay*. New York: Routledge, 2013. Print.
- . "Why Can't Screenplays Be Artworks?" *The Journal of Aesthetics and Art Criticism* 69.4 (2011): 405-14. Print.
- Nelmes, Jill ed. *Analysing the Screenplay*. New York: Routledge, 2011. Print.
- Noonan, Msgr. D. P. *The Catholic Communicators*. Huntington: Our Sunday Visitor Publishing Inc., 1990. Print.
- O'Brien, Dennis. "The Metaphysics of Pop: Going Whose Way?" *CCICA Annual 1995*. Philadelphia: Catholic Commission on Intellectual and Cultural Affairs, 1995. 7-28. Print.

- Ortiz, Gaye. "The Catholic Church and its Attitude to Film as an Arbiter of Cultural Meaning." *Mediating Religion: Conversations in Media, Religion and Culture*. Ed. Jolyan Mitchell and Sophia Marriage. London: T&T Clark, 2003. 179-188. Print.
- Patrick*. Dir. Pamela Mason Wagner. Perf. Liam Neeson and Gabriel Byrne. 2004. Lightworks Producing Group, 2007. DVD.
- Patrick: Brave Shepherd of the Emerald Isle*. Dir. Fernando Uribe. Creative Communications Center, 1993. Videocassette.
- "Patrick Media Kit." *Faith and Values Media*. 2004. Web. 6 Apr. 2007 <<http://press.patricktv.tv>>.
- Patrick, Saint. *The Confession of Saint Patrick and Letter to Coroticus*. Trans. John Skinner. New York: Image Books, 1998. Print.
- Pettit, Lance. *Screening Ireland: Film and Television Representation*. Manchester: Manchester UP, 2000. Print.
- Polaris Project. "How We Help." *Polaris Project.org*. Polaris Project, 2013. Web. 04 Jan. 2014. <<http://www.polarisproject.org/what-we-do/client-services/how-we-help>>.
- "President Obama's Speech on Human Trafficking." *The Judges' Journal* 52.1 (2013): 12-14. Print.
- Price, Steven. *The Screenplay: Authorship, Theory and Criticism*. New York: Palgrave Macmillan, 2010. Print.
- Quinn, Dale. "War Among Drug Criminals Rages Here: Home Invasions Target Rival Traffickers, Echo Mexican Horrors." *McClatchy-Tribune Business News* 11 May 2008. Print.
- Quinones, Sam. "Smuggling, Kidnapping Mix North of Border." *Virginian-Pilot* 14 Feb 2009: Q.5. Print.
- Richardson, Lynda. "Catholic Women Want Ordination." *The Washington Post* 15 Dec 1990: F4. Print.
- Rockett, Kevin. "Protecting the Family and the Nation..." *Historical Journal of Film, Radio and Television* 20.3 (2000): 283-300. Print.
- Rockett, Kevin, Luke Gibbons, and John Hill. *Cinema and Ireland*. Syracuse: Syracuse UP, 1988. Print.

- Rodman, Howard. "What a Screenplay Isn't." *Cinema Journal*. 45.2 (2006): 86-89. Print.
- Royal, Robert. "How Popular is Popular Culture? The Catholic Church and the American People." *CCIA Annual 1995*. Philadelphia: Catholic Commission on Intellectual and Cultural Affairs, 1995. 92-101. Print.
- Rush, Jeff and Cynthia Baughman. "Language as Narrative Voice: The Poetics of the Highly Inflected Screenplay." *Journal of Film and Video* 49.3 (1997): 28-37. Print.
- Sanders, Theresa. *Celluloid Saints: Images of Sanctity in Film*. Macon: Mercer University Press, 2002. Print.
- Sarris, Andrew. "An Archfiend Auteurist's Notes on Screenwriting." *Scenario: The Magazine of Screenwriting Art*. 4.1 (1998): 4-5, 178. Print.
- Schulberg, Bud. "The Auteur Syndrome." *New York Times* 4 December 1989, A23. Print.
- Shafer, Ingrid. "The Catholic Imagination in Popular Film and Television." *Journal of Popular Film and Television* 19.2 (1991): 50-57. Print.
- Sharpe, Richard ed. *Studies on the Life and Legend of St. Patrick*. London: Variorius Reprints, 1986. Print.
- Simmonds, Yussuf J. "Attorney General Harris Takes on Human Trafficking." *Los Angeles Sentinel* 22 Nov 2012: A.1. Print.
- Slide, Anthony. *The Cinema and Ireland*. Jefferson: McFarland & Company, 1988. Print.
- Staunton, Michael. *The Voice of the Irish: The Story of Christian Ireland*. Mahwah, NJ: Hidden Spring, 2001. Print.
- Stone, Brian P. *Faith and Film: Theological Themes at the Cinema*. St. Louis: Chalice Press, 2000. Print.
- St. Patrick: Apostle of Ireland*. Dir. Dave Tennant. Janson Video Inc, 2001. DVD.
- St. Patrick: The Irish Legend*. Dir. Robert Hughes. Perf. Patrick Bergin, and Malcolm McDowell. Shanachie/Fox Family Channel, 2000. DVD.
- Thompson, E.A. *Who Was Saint Patrick?*. Woodbridge: The Boydell Press, 1985. Print.
- Trial at Tara*. Dir. Arthur Pierson. Perf. Richard Hale, Leif Erickson, and Jeanne Cagney. 1953. Family Theater Productions. DVD.

Washington State. Department of Financial Institutions Securities Division. *Saint Paul Film Foundation Consent Order*. Olympia: State of Washington, 1999. Web. 27 Aug. 2013. <<http://www.docstoc.com/docs/53873457/St-Paul-Film-Foundation-Consent-Order>>.

Yen, Hope. "Rise of Latino Population Blurs U.S. Racial Lines." *AP News*. Associated Press, 17 Mar. 2013. Web. 04 Jan. 2014. <<http://bigstory.ap.org/article/rise-latino-population-blurs-us-racial-lines>>.

THE LIVES OF SAINT PATRICK

An Original Screenplay

Written by

William Lyman Bradley

OPEN ON BLACK:

INSERT TITLE:

"Let's come together around a simple truth - that we are our brother's keepers and we are our sister's keepers ...victims can become not only survivors, they can become leaders and advocates, and bring about change." - President Obama, 2012.

FADE IN:

EXT. SERVANTES HOUSE - DAY

A lovely five-bedroom home in suburban New Jersey, in a wealthy neighborhood. It is springtime, at the turn of the twenty-first century.

A sloping driveway leads down to a three car garage.

At the top of the driveway stands SULLIVAN SERVANTES, ten-years-old, short for his age.

Sullivan has olive skin, unruly black hair, and is currently wearing a tee shirt with Disney cartoon characters on it: Goofy stares at us with wide eyes. He is a budding film geek, sweet but full of wild energy.

He holds a mini-DV camera, and is intently staring at the view finder.

SULLIVAN
Okay, we're rolling.

POV - THE CAMERA:

A thin ten-year-old girl in a ballerina outfit walks into frame, carrying a piece of cardboard with the words "Krash Kop" scrawled on it in marker.

This is ERIN SERVANTES, Sullivan's fraternal twin sister. Her huge brown eyes are twinkling; she is happy to be a part of her brother's schemes.

Erin holds the cardboard up to the lens.

ERIN
Krash Kop!

She tosses the cardboard away, does a pirouette, then dances her way off camera. She is not a great ballet dancer, but she takes joy in it.

Erin comes back into frame, holding their younger brother COLIN SERVANTES by the hand.

Colin is a scrawny four-year-old, and is wearing a kid-size police officer costume, motorcycle helmet with the visor flipped up, and elbow and knee pads. He is also carrying a skateboard.

Colin's face is somber, Buster Keaton-style.

He puts the skateboard on the driveway, lays down on it on his belly, and Erin steps directly behind him.

ERIN (CONT'D)
Are you ready, Krash Kop?

COLIN
(serious)
Yes.

Erin pushes Colin on the skateboard as hard as she can. He whizzes down the driveway, and the camera pans slightly to show garbage cans set up like bowling pins at the bottom.

Colin crashes head first through the garbage cans, sending them falling with a clatter. He comes dangerously close to hitting one of the garage doors with his skull before his momentum peters out.

Colin hops up, holds his hands out triumphantly, and says right into the lens...

COLIN (CONT'D)
(deadpan)
Taa-daaa.

SULLIVAN (O.S.)
Beautiful. Cut. Print.

MAGGIE (O.S.)
(lilting Irish accent)
Erin and Sullivan Servantes. What are you hooligans up to?

BACK TO SCENE:

Sullivan and Erin look up to see their mother, MAGGIE SERVANTES, towering over them.

Maggie is an Irish-American woman in her early forties, slender and pale, with fiery red hair, and a heart as big as the ocean. She looks at her children, concerned.

SULLIVAN

Hey, mom. I'm shooting footage for my foolproof "make Sullivan famous" plan. I'm gonna upload this to YouTube, sit back, and wait for the producers to come calling.

Colin toddles up the driveway, still wearing his helmet.

COLIN

Hi, mommy. I'm Krash Kop.

He holds his arms out to his mother, and Maggie scoops him up.

MAGGIE

That you are, little Colin. Run on inside and get yourself a drink of water.

Maggie puts Colin down, and he jets off toward the house.

ERIN

Mom, I know what you're going to say, and I want to remind you that we made Colin wear pads and a helmet.

Maggie raises an eyebrow. She gently grabs both Sullivan and Erin by their shoulders, and marches them in front of her at arms-length toward the house.

MAGGIE

How about I remind you two of something?

INT. SERVANTES KITCHEN - SAME

A custom kitchen, with a huge island. The helmeted Colin stands at the fridge, pressing a water glass against the dispenser in the door.

Sitting on a stool at the island is GABRIEL SERVANTES, a hefty Mexican-American man in his forties, the source of his children's olive skin.

He is going gray at the temples, and he is currently tapping away at a laptop. He looks up as Maggie marches the twins through the kitchen past him.

GABRIEL

What did they do now?

MAGGIE

They sent our youngest headfirst
down the driveway on a skateboard.

GABRIEL

Is he okay?

MAGGIE

Look to your right.

Gabriel does look over, and sees Colin struggling to drink from his glass through the helmet opening.

GABRIEL

Well, at least he had a helmet.

INT. SERVANTES LIVING ROOM - SAME

A homey room with a large fireplace, couches and armchairs.

Above the fireplace hangs a giant portrait of Saint Patrick, dressed like a seventeenth-century bishop, with mitre and staff. Patrick smiles at us with his brown eyes and bushy beard.

There is also a small handcrafted memorial box on the mantel.

Maggie walks Erin and Sullivan into the room, and stands them in front of the portrait.

MAGGIE

Who is this, my children?

The twins both scrunch their faces up; they have been forced to do this a hundred times.

SULLIVAN

It's Saint Patrick, mom.

MAGGIE

And who is he?

ERIN

He's the patron saint of the Irish,
mom.

MAGGIE

And what am I?

ERIN AND SULLIVAN

You're Irish, mom.

Maggie grasps their hands, turning them away from the
portrait and squarely facing her, a loving look in her eyes.

MAGGIE

The blood of those who Patrick
shepherded courses through my
veins, just as it courses through
yours. We must watch over each
other, as he watches over us.

Now the children look at their mother sheepishly.

ERIN

We're sorry, mom.

Sullivan shrugs and nods.

MAGGIE

Good, I'm glad we've got that
settled. Remember, if you need help
in this life, you can always ask
your father and me. And if we're
not around...

Maggie looks up at the portrait, slyly.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Well, you know.

Colin runs into the room, and grabs Erin's hand.

COLIN

It's your turn to be Krash Kop.

ERIN

(chuckles)

Me? No, Colin, I don't think I'll
ever be a cop.

SULLIVAN

Come on, little britches, let's go
watch a movie.

Sullivan takes Colin's hand and leads him out of the room.
Erin starts to follow, then pauses when she sees her mother
standing in front of the portrait of Patrick.

Maggie appears to be silently praying, eyes shut, hand
clasping a thin chain that rests around her neck.

Erin walks over to her mother, hugs her, then hustles after
her brothers.

Maggie smiles.

CUT TO BLACK

INSERT TITLE: Five Years Later.

FADE IN:

INT. SERVANTES KITCHEN - DAY

Sullivan, now fifteen-years-old, rummages through the fridge.

He is taller, chubbier, and fighting the good fight against
acne. He now wears a "They Live" tee shirt: Rowdy Roddy Piper
stares at us through his sunglasses.

Into the kitchen walks Gabriel, his hair now mostly gray, his
button down and khakis frayed.

Behind him walks Colin, now nine, wearing a baggy green
hoodie with the words "Kiss Me, I'm Irish" on the front.
Colin carries a DSLR camera, and his eyes communicate his
fierce intelligence.

COLIN

Come on, Mister Director. We're
losing light.

GABRIEL

Why did you ask me to wear old
clothes?

Maggie walks into the kitchen holding her cell phone, her
hair still fiery, her laugh lines more prominent.

She kisses Colin's forehead, and playfully pats Gabriel's butt. Gabriel growls at her seductively. The married couple still likes each other.

Sullivan looks over and sees his mom.

SULLIVAN

Mom, do we have any hot dogs?

MAGGIE

In the middle drawer, Sullivan,
under the sliced cheese.

Sullivan dives back into the fridge.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

(to Gabriel)

And what, pray tell, have our
children roped you into?

GABRIEL

All I know is, I'm going to be in a
movie.

COLIN

We're entering a horror short film
contest, mom. Dad's playing a
businessman with kidney stones.

MAGGIE

My, that does sound horrific.

Sullivan grunts in satisfaction, backs out of the fridge, and closes the door.

SULLIVAN

Yeah, but not as awe-inspiring as
the climax, in which the
businessman tries to pee, and the
kidney stones make his...

Sullivan thrusts his hand out at his mother; he has a slimy hot dog grasped in his fist, which he wiggles.

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)

...wiener explode!

COLIN

Don't forget the ketchup, we need
fake blood.

GABRIEL

Ah, so that's why I need old
clothes. Oh well, I guess my wiener
has seen better days...

MAGGIE

Have some not-too-messy fun, boys.
Make me proud.

Her phone chirps, as she has gotten a text message. She looks
at the screen, then takes her leave.

EXT. ERIN'S BEDROOM - SAME

Maggie walks down the upstairs hallway and stops at a door
with a sun-bleached shamrock decal on it, reading "Erin's
Room".

Maggie knocks, and there is no answer.

INT. ERIN'S BEDROOM - SAME

Maggie opens the door slowly, to find Erin curled up on her
bed, messing with her laptop. She is oblivious to her mother
due to the music blasting from her ear-buds.

Erin is now fifteen. She has her hair dyed a bright green,
dozens of piercings in her ears, and she's wearing black and
torn clothes she bought at Hot Topic.

Maggie walks around the bed to Erin's cluttered desk, and
lifts a discarded tank top off of some framed pictures.

One of them is a black and white photo of Erin and Maggie
from five years ago, both of them smiling. The other is a
miniature version of the portrait of Saint Patrick hanging
over the fireplace.

Maggie looks from one frame to the other playfully.

MAGGIE

(softly)

Whatever are we going to do with
her, Patrick?

Maggie then sits on the edge of the bed. Erin is startled,
and takes her ear buds out.

ERIN

Jesus, mom.

MAGGIE

I knocked, I swear.

ERIN

And to what do I owe this intrusion?

MAGGIE

Your grandfather texted me. He wants to know if he can help out with your quinceanera, and I want to know what to tell him.

ERIN

You can tell him not to bother. I mean, does it look like I'm in a phase where I want to put on a flowing gown and smile for the camera?

She points to her hair.

ERIN (CONT'D)

This ain't dyed green out of Irish pride, you know, it's supposed to piss you off.

MAGGIE

Oh, honey, you could never do that. We'll find the right dress, and it won't be that bad, I promise.

ERIN

Mom, none of my friends are having a quinceanera, because none of them are Mexican. They're all having sweet sixteen parties next year, and I want one too.

Maggie reaches out and takes Erin's hand.

MAGGIE

Erin, it means a great deal to your father to bring his side of the family up to celebrate. He wants to show you off, he loves you.

ERIN

It's *my* special day, right? Then my present will be to delay it for a year and to not serve rice and beans.

MAGGIE

That's so unfair, Erin...

ERIN

Come on, mom. I'm not the one who married a Mexican. I'm not the one who has to compromise here, so leave me alone.

Erin pulls her hand away from her mother's grasp.

Maggie looks saddened, but she says nothing. She merely stands and walks out of the room, leaving the door open.

EXT. STAIRCASE - SAME

Maggie pauses for a moment as she descends the stairs. She coughs, and looks nauseous.

Her breathing is ragged. She sits down hard and clutches her chest, then slides down a few stairs on her back.

Erin steps into the stairwell, having heard Maggie fall.

ERIN

Mom?

INT. AMBULANCE - DAY

Maggie is on the gurney in the back, a PARAMEDIC tending to her, Gabriel clasping her hand.

She reaches her other hand to her throat, and grasps a medallion hanging from a chain.

MAGGIE

(weak)

Watch over my children.

GABRIEL

Of course I will, Mags.

She looks up, and grips the medallion tighter.

Her eyes close.

CLOSE UP:

Maggie's hand loosens, then falls away.

The medallion has an engraved image of Saint Patrick on it.

CUT TO BLACK

INSERT TITLE: Three Years Later.

FADE IN:

INT. SERVANTES LIVING ROOM - DAY

Outside, the weather is sunny and bright; it is summertime.

The portrait of Saint Patrick still dominates the space.

A second, larger memorial box of ashes rests beside the small one on the mantel.

Sullivan, now eighteen, sets up an HD camera on a tripod. He is leaner, his face less spotty and growing more handsome. He might even get a girlfriend, if he wasn't so obsessed with film.

He wears a tee shirt with the letters "HMFIC" on the front of it in big block letters (James Cameron fans will understand that it means "Head Mother F-er In Charge"). When the camera is set to his satisfaction, he steps back and looks into the lens.

SULLIVAN

Thesis film video blog, take one.
Marker.

He holds his hands sideways, claps, and then backs away. He soon starts pacing throughout the scene, full of nervous energy.

Sitting nearby on a couch is Colin, now twelve. He has long and wild hair, and wire-rimmed spectacles.

He is wearing the same green "Kiss Me, I'm Irish" hoodie from earlier, but it is now a little tight, and very threadbare.

COLIN
So, your thesis film?

SULLIVAN
Yep. High school's over today, so
it's time I get my pitch ready for
film school in the fall.

COLIN
Very forward thinking. How can I be
of assistance?

SULLIVAN
Work with me on this... I want to
adapt a story that's marketable,
that's hot in the industry right
now. But, we can't afford the
rights to any established
properties.

COLIN
(thinking)
Okay, then something recognizable,
but that's in the public domain.

SULLIVAN
Could work, but it's being done to
death. Just look at all the fairy
tale pictures getting made.

COLIN
What about something niche? Maybe
for the Christian audience, that
can be pretty foolproof.

SULLIVAN
(getting frustrated)
True, but the bible's getting
pretty picked over. Jesus, Noah,
Moses, they're all starring in
their own blockbusters.

Sullivan pulls over an ottoman, and in his frustration sits
down on it hard.

POV - HD CAMERA:

Sullivan's foiled face is in the foreground, pointed directly
at us.

Over his shoulder looms the portrait of Saint Patrick, in perfect focus, looking down at him.

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)

So in a perfect world, we would adapt a property that is recognizable to a mass audience, in the public domain, and relatable to Christians. Huh.

Sullivan contemplates, then scrunches up his face. We've seen that scrunch before, when his mother lectured him.

Sullivan slowly opens his eyes. It's like we can see the light bulb turning on over his head. He turns around and stares at the portrait behind him.

BACK TO SCENE:

Sullivan rushes over to the portrait. He holds his index fingers and thumbs up to make a rectangular shape, like a movie screen, then peers through this frame at the image of Saint Patrick.

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)

Yes, sir! Finally, mom's obsession with this guy is gonna pay off.

Sullivan drops one hand, and touches the larger memorial box gently with his fingertips.

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)

Thanks, mom.

Colin looks uncomfortable. He absentmindedly tugs on his hoodie.

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)

It's perfect. What do you know about Saint Patrick?

COLIN

Not much, actually.

SULLIVAN

And yet everyone's heard of him. Hell, there's a celebration every year in his honor. This is an untold story, Colin, and we're just the guys to tell it.

COLIN

If you're serious, then we need to be reverent. Mom would have wanted that.

SULLIVAN

Of course, of course. Now, I need you to start researching.

COLIN

Sure. What are you going to do?

SULLIVAN

I'm gonna design the logo for our production crew tee shirt.

COLIN

But, I'm the only crew member.

SULLIVAN

Yes. And you need a tee shirt. Anything other than that raggedy sweatshirt, little britches.

Erin walks into the room.

She is now eighteen as well, and has gone back to her natural hair color; her locks frame her pretty face. The only outward sign of her rebelliousness is a large nose ring.

ERIN

Hey, knuckleheads. Dad says we're leaving for the ceremony in an hour, so you'd better wrap up your super-secret meeting.

SULLIVAN

It's a production meeting, Erin, and I'll have you know that this movie we're planning is a special one.

ERIN

If you're involved, "special" is definitely the right word.

She turns and walks back toward the kitchen.

Sullivan virtually floats to the other side of the room, and shuts off his camera.

INT. ARENA - NIGHT

There is a high school graduation ceremony in progress.

A few hundred TEENAGERS in caps and gowns sit on chairs on the arena floor. A couple of thousand of their LOVED ONES sit in seats around the arena, watching this rite of passage.

Sitting next to each other on the floor are Sullivan and Erin, both in cap and gown. They stand when they and all of the graduates throw their caps into the air.

Sullivan looks especially triumphant. He throws his arms wide toward the crowd, like a goofy teenage gladiator.

SULLIVAN

Are you not entertained?!

Erin looks well practiced in ignoring her brother's silliness. She looks over, and sees her family looking on.

Colin sits there in his green hoodie. He didn't dress up and sticks out like a sore thumb.

Gabriel has gone totally gray and has lost some weight, his suit too loose on his frame.

Sitting next to them is Gabriel's father, OSWALDO SERVANTES, a grim looking older Mexican man with a comically bushy moustache. He is impeccably dressed, and holds a silver-handled walking stick.

Next to the family is an empty seat. Maggie is not there to see this. This sad fact is written all over Erin's face.

INT. MEXICAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A brightly colored, family-friendly joint, with Mexican themed murals painted on the walls. There are a few tables occupied, one by the Servantes family.

Erin and Sullivan are dressed as nicely as their father and grandfather; only Colin's hoodie stands out. SERVERS bring them their meals.

Sullivan picks up his silverware, but Gabriel subtly shakes his head, and Sullivan drops it.

Oswaldo bows his head, and says grace in Spanish. Gabriel joins him in bowing his head, but the children do not.

Oswaldo then looks up and grasps his fork, as do the others.

GABRIEL

Thanks again for coming up for the graduation, papa, it means a lot.

OSWALDO

Certainly. I would visit more often, but your work took you so very far from me. So, tell me, what are my grandchildren going to do with their lives?

Sullivan speaks quickly through a mouthful of food.

SULLIVAN

I'm going to film school, abuelo. I want to graduate early and move to L.A. as soon as possible, so that's why Colin and I are planning out my thesis film this summer.

OSWALDO

Colin, you make films as well?

COLIN

I research, write, produce, photograph, edit, and compose the music for Sullivan's movies.

OSWALDO

Impressive. What exactly do you do, Sullivan?

SULLIVAN

I assume the awesome responsibility of direction.

Colin gives a barely perceptible shrug, and Sullivan tears back into his food.

OSWALDO

And my granddaughter?

Erin has been picking at her plate. She looks up at Oswaldo with a half-hearted smile.

ERIN

I'm starting school in the fall too, abuelo, though I'll be undeclared.

OSWALDO

Are you not sure what you want to study?

ERIN

(sighs)

Not really. I can take prerequisite classes and maybe transfer once I figure out a major. A state school's fine for me now.

SULLIVAN

Yeah, not to mention that your grades stunk so you couldn't get in anywhere else.

ERIN

You're one to talk, Mister "I couldn't get into NYU because I'm a sucky director."

GABRIEL

Hey...

COLIN

At least he does something that he kind of sucks at. What do you do, Erin?

ERIN

At least I know how to dress on special occasions, ass. Why don't you get rid of that stupid sweatshirt?

COLIN

(wounded)

Mom gave me this shirt.

ERIN

Yeah, and mom's dead!

GABRIEL

Hey!

OSWALDO

Stop it, all of you. Now, apologize.

SULLIVAN

Sorry.

COLIN
I'm sorry.

OSWALDO
Erin?

ERIN
(begrudging)
Sorry, abuelo.

OSWALDO
That's better.

The children still look on edge. Oswaldo looks disappointed.
Gabriel looks heartbroken. He misses his wife deeply.

INT. SULLIVAN'S CADILLAC - NIGHT

Sullivan pilots a thirty-year-old behemoth of a Cadillac,
smoke belching from the tail pipe.

Erin sits and texts in the front passenger seat beside him.
There is tense silence.

They have both changed into casual clothes, but Erin's are
far more stylish. And tighter.

EXT. GRADUATION PARTY HOUSE - SAME

Sullivan pulls up and parks behind a line of other cars.

Seventeen and eighteen-year-old KIDS are scattered around on
the yard and porch of a large suburban home, drinking from
plastic cups. Erin and Sullivan pile out of the Cadillac.

SULLIVAN
Lock your door.

ERIN
Ugh. Why are you the only person on
the planet that still drives a car
without power locks?

SULLIVAN
Don't say bad things about the
"chick magnet," she's a very
sensitive vehicle.

ERIN

She's also the only girl you've got
a chance of getting into tonight.

SULLIVAN

Real classy, sis.

Erin walks down the sidewalk, away from the party house.

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)

(shouting after her)

Hey, where are you going?

ERIN

Out.

SULLIVAN

No way! Dad said not to let you out
of my sight, and to have you home
from *this* party by one o'clock.

ERIN

Well then, I'll just have to get
back by one, won't I? In the
meantime, I'm going to go have some
actual fun.

SULLIVAN

Fine, go contract an incurable
disease and ruin some lives. Maybe
then you'll write a memoir, and
I'll adapt it and get Oprah to
executive produce it!

ERIN

Happy to help you achieve your
dreams!

Erin gets into a Volkswagen waiting at the corner. The little
car speeds off into the night.

DISSOLVE TO:

SERIES OF SHOTS:

A) Erin walks into an abandoned warehouse, which is currently
the site of a rave. House music blasts, colored lights swirl,
and masses of YOUNG PEOPLE make bad decisions.

B) Erin makes out with a GUY in his twenties; he has a bunch of facial piercings. He places a tablet of ecstasy on her tongue, and they begin to dance among the other writhing young bodies at the rave.

C) Erin hops across a ditch, headed toward a treeline. She is illuminated by car headlights, and she is obviously still high. Erin giggles, then awkwardly squats down, about to pee behind some bushes.

D) Erin wakes up. She is alone, laying down in the backseat of the Volkswagen. She sits up, and sees flashing lights behind the car; a police vehicle has pulled up.

She squints through the windshield, and sees that the hood of the Volkswagen is wrapped around a telephone pole. Her face is confused and frightened, when a COP taps on the window.

CUT TO BLACK

FADE IN:

INT. SERVANTES FOYER - NIGHT

The front door opens inward, and Erin walks slowly into the house. She is followed by Gabriel, exhausted and unhappy.

Erin turns to her father, but Gabriel brushes past her and walks up the stairs. She follows.

INT. GABRIEL AND MAGGIE'S ROOM - SAME

Erin cautiously knocks, then enters her parent's bedroom.

Gabriel sits on a trunk at the foot of the king sized bed, taking his shoes off. His heart has broken even more.

A huge painting of Saint Patrick can be seen over his shoulder, hanging on the wall over the dresser. On the dresser are candles, as well as a statue of the Virgin of Guadalupe.

ERIN

Dad? I'm sorry.

GABRIEL

(weary)

This time, sorry isn't good enough.

(MORE)

GABRIEL (CONT'D)

I don't know what to do for you
anymore, tiny dancer.

ERIN

Dad, I...

GABRIEL

No. There's nothing you can say to
make this better. Better will come
because of what you do. I'm sending
you to Tucson to live with your
abuelo for the summer.

ERIN

Oh, come on. I'm eighteen now, I
don't have to do that.

GABRIEL

No, Erin, you don't *have* to do
anything but die, everything else
is a choice. Please choose to do as
I ask. If you do, then you can come
back in the fall when you start
school. If not, then you're on your
own.

ERIN

You're being so unfair.

GABRIEL

Someday you'll see that this is as
fair as it gets.

Erin leaves the room in a huff. Gabriel stares into space.

Saint Patrick looks down from the wall.

INT. ERIN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Erin walks into her room, and sees a small wrapped box on her
bed, with a card taped to it.

She opens the card: it has a graduation cap on the front, and
inside are printed the words "May All Your Dreams Come True."
Underneath is scribbled "With love, from your Dad."

Erin gently tears the packaging off of the box, opens it, and
pulls a chain out of it.

CLOSE UP:

Laying in Erin's hand, her gift is her mother's Saint Patrick medallion.

BACK TO SCENE:

Erin grips the medallion in her hand and sits on the edge of her bed, distraught and thinking deeply.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TUCSON INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

The baggage claim area of this small airport.

Erin stands watching a rotating carousel, then with great effort picks up two pieces of luggage and starts rolling them behind her.

She finds Oswaldo waiting for her by the sliding exit doors, leaning on his walking stick.

OSWALDO

Your cousins are almost here to
pick us up. Don't let their looks
confuse you, they're very good
boys.

EXT. TUCSON INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - SAME

Erin and Oswaldo wait by the curb, Erin fanning herself.

ERIN

Please tell me your house has air
conditioning.

A beautifully restored classic Chevrolet pulls up beside them.

HECTOR SERVANTES and CHUY SERVANTES step out of the car. They are both in their late twenties, wearing strappy tee shirts and baggy jeans, liberally covered with tattoos.

Hector is tall, slim, and exceptionally laid back.

Chuy is short and muscular, his face stoic, his eyes kind.

Hector speaks to Oswaldo in Spanish.

From now on, whenever Spanish is spoken it will be indicated <like this>, with English subtitles.

HECTOR
<Grandpa! Welcome back!>

OSWALDO
<It is good to be back.>

Hector and Chuy step over to their grandfather, and shake his hand reverently.

OSWALDO (CONT'D)
Erin, this is Hector, and Chuy.

HECTOR
<Oh, man, is it ever nice to see
you, cuz.>

Erin looks at him quizzically, as she doesn't speak Spanish.

ERIN
I'll assume that means you're
saying hello, so, right back at ya.

She sticks her hand out.

HECTOR
(chuckles)
Cousins don't shake hands. Cousins
gotta hug!

He sweeps Erin up into a hug, twirling her around. She is stunned at first. Hector puts her down, and Chuy grabs her in a bear hug.

She giggles as Chuy lifts her and shakes her like a child. He puts Erin down.

HECTOR (CONT'D)
Okay, cuz, let's get you home.

Chuy takes the bags from Erin, and pops the trunk of the Chevy.

ERIN
In this thing? Are you sure we
don't have to go do a drive-by
shooting first?

HECTOR
(to Oswaldo)
You didn't tell me she was funny.

OSWALDO
That's because she's not.

Erin raises her eyebrows at her grandfather's burn. Oswaldo cracks the tiniest smile.

They all begin to pile into the Chevy.

EXT. OSWALDO'S HOUSE - DAY

Oswaldo walks slowly to the front door of this modest ranch home surrounded by cactus and desert foliage. Chuy follows, rolling the luggage behind him.

Erin and Hector lean on the car.

HECTOR
Don't worry, cuz. Abuelo comes off like he's got a stick up his butt, but he's good people. Just don't do anything stupid, and your time here'll be fine.

ERIN
Thanks, Hector. My only fear is that I'll be bored to death.

HECTOR
Nah, if I know old Oswaldo, you'll be too busy to get bored. If you need anything, call me. Chuy and I work at a garage across town, but we can get away if you need us.

ERIN
I might take you up on that.

Oswaldo has unlocked the front door, and turns around.

OSWALDO
Come, Erin, help your abuelo unpack.

Hector hugs her, and she walks up to Oswaldo. Chuy comes out of the house, applies another of his patented bear hugs, and makes Erin giggle once more.

Oswaldo is smiling. It does his heart good to hear his granddaughter laugh.

INT. SERVANTES LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Sullivan naps on a couch, wearing an "Aliens" tee shirt: Sigourney Weaver stares at us, about to fight a drooling menace. Sullivan tosses and turns, a huge smile on his face.

SULLIVAN

(mumbles in his sleep)

Of course, I would love to climb into a power loader and fight an alien queen. Then afterwards you'll draw us a bubble bath?

Colin walks in, carrying a pile of books, wearing a tee shirt instead of his hoodie. It has the words "Untitled Saint Patrick Movie" emblazoned on it in bright green letters, alongside a shamrock.

Colin shakes his older brother awake.

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)

Oh, man. I was having the best dream.

COLIN

Yes, well, you said to tell you about my research as soon as possible. I managed to read some history books, and Patrick's own writings.

Sullivan sits up, alert and ready. Colin takes a seat opposite him.

SULLIVAN

Lay the story of that darned Irishman on me.

COLIN

Firstly, Saint Patrick wasn't an Irishman.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FIFTH-CENTURY BRITISH VILLA - NIGHT

A Romanesque country villa, with a low stone wall surrounding a courtyard.

COLIN (V.O.)

His birth name was Patricius, and he lived in Roman Britain. Our story begins in the fifth-century.

INT. VILLA HOUSE - SAME

PATRICK lays on a small bed in a second-floor bedroom, his clothing, furniture and tapestries all Roman in nature.

He is a teenager (and is played by the same actor playing Colin).

COLIN (V.O.)

His family was well-to-do, and he spent time at his grandfather's country villa.

EXT. THE IRISH COAST - NIGHT

Small wood-framed and leather covered boats are being oared toward shore. The boats are manned by IRISH SLAVERS, dozens of rough looking pagan men.

EXT. FIFTH-CENTURY BRITISH VILLA - SAME

The slavers easily boost themselves over the stone wall that surrounds the villa, and spread out on their raid.

COLIN (V.O.)

Since the Roman Navy had left Britain, it was vulnerable to Irish raiders, looking for the most valuable slaves. Women, of course, and strong boys young enough to be dominated.

INT. VILLA HOUSE - SAME

Three slavers burst into Patrick's bedroom, startling him awake. He tries to cry out, but the men grab him and throw him facedown on the floor, binding his hands behind him.

EXT. FIFTH-CENTURY BRITISH VILLA - SAME

Patrick is led out into the courtyard, and an iron collar is fitted around his neck. With about three feet of chain between each collar, Patrick is linked with other SLAVES in a line, then led out of the courtyard.

SULLIVAN (V.O.)

He was taken with other people?

COLIN (V.O.)

Yes, mostly his household slaves.

SULLIVAN (V.O.)

Wait. Saint Patrick had slaves?

COLIN (V.O.)

It was a Roman and British tradition.

SULLIVAN (V.O.)

(musing)

And then he became a slave...

Patrick looks devastated as he is marched from his home.

EXT. IRISH COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

Gorgeous hills and dales, green and stretching as far as the eye can see.

COLIN (V.O.)

Patrick then lived in a wild country that he believed to be at the edge of the earth. He tended the sheep of his master for six long years.

Patrick (now, having grown a few years, he is played by the same actor as Sullivan) sits on a hillside, wearing a cloak and rough-spun wool shirt and pants.

He holds a shepherd's crook, and watches a flock of sheep below him.

EXT. IRISH HUT - EVENING

Patrick sits by himself in front of a crude hut, situated next to a stone enclosure filled with sheep.

COLIN (V.O.)

His grandfather was a priest, in a time when priests could have a family, but Patrick had never taken his religion seriously. After his abduction, however, he began to think that he was being punished for a sin he committed at fifteen.

SULLIVAN (V.O.)

What sin?

COLIN (V.O.)

He never revealed what it was.

Patrick looks up at the darkening sky, then around at the countryside, and finally bows his head. His mouth moves as he prays in Latin.

COLIN (V.O.)

With no friends and no rights, Patrick turned to God. He fasted, and remembered the prayers of his childhood, and said them hundreds of times a day. He prayed so much, the Irish started to call him "Holy Boy."

INT. IRISH HUT - NIGHT

Patrick sleeps in the tiny hut, shivering under a thin blanket. His eyes snap open, and he listens intently.

COLIN (V.O.)

He heard a voice in a dream. It said "You have fasted well. Soon you will be going home." The next night the voice said, "Behold, your ship is ready."

EXT. IRISH COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT

Patrick, empty-handed, walks through the countryside, with nobody else in sight.

The starry sky is breathtaking, Patrick's movement the only thing that could draw the eye away from the natural perfection.

COLIN (V.O.)
 Risking death if he was caught, he
 walked across Ireland to get to a
 ship that would take him home.

SULLIVAN (V.O.)
 He did all that because he heard
 voices? Could he have been nuts?

EXT. IRISH SEAPORT - DAY

A large wooden cargo boat sits on the shore, surrounded by an
 IRISH CAPTAIN and working IRISH SAILORS.

Patrick, weak and bedraggled, approaches the boat.

COLIN (V.O.)
 Sure. Except, the ship was there.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SERVANTES LIVING ROOM - DAY

Sullivan leans back on the couch, scratching his head in
 wonder. He looks up at the portrait.

SULLIVAN
 Holy crap. That's not bad.

COLIN
 There's more, both history and
 legend.

SULLIVAN
 Yeah, but do we need more?
 Abduction and then escape, that's
 pretty compelling.

Sullivan scrunches his nose, and then his eyes pop wide open.
 He has an idea.

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)
 Go get your laptop. I have an angle
 on this material like you wouldn't
 believe.

COLIN
 Are you sure?

SULLIVAN

Positive. Oh, and I got you a
little something.

Sullivan dashes from the room, then comes back with a large
frame filled with Colin's "Kiss Me, I'm Irish" hoodie pressed
beneath glass.

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)

You know, for your room. If these
portraits are all over the walls
because of mom, why not this?

Colin takes the frame, and looks at his brother, grateful.

COLIN

Okay, I'll go get my laptop.

Sullivan's grin widens by the second.

INT. OSWALDO'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A small dark room with a twin bed, the decor colorful but not
updated in decades. Religious icons are everywhere, including
a statue of the Virgin of Guadalupe on a bedside table.

Oswaldo snoozes on top of the covers, still dressed. Erin
knocks at the open door, and he starts awake.

ERIN

I'm sorry, abuelo, I didn't mean to
wake you.

OSWALDO

(smiling sleepily)
It's fine.

ERIN

I think I'm going to bed, I feel a
little jetlagged.

Oswaldo sits up and looks at her kindly.

OSWALDO

Is there anything I can do for you?

ERIN

(playful)
Other than give me a new outlook on
life? That's why I'm here, right?

OSWALDO
I meant more like a glass of water.

ERIN
(smiles)
No, abuelo, I'm okay. Good night.

She turns and enters another bedroom off of the hallway.

INT. GUEST BEDROOM - LATER

It is dark, and Erin is sound asleep in a single bed, wearing a tank top and pajama bottoms.

Her eyes snap open when she hears her grandfather shouting in Spanish from the next room.

She manages to sit up when the door to her room crashes open, and a MAN in a ski-mask holding a pistol rushes in.

The man grabs Erin by the hair with his free hand, and drags her out of bed. She screams, and stumbles out of the room at gunpoint.

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME

Two other armed MEN in ski-masks stand over Oswaldo, who is on his knees, but his back is defiantly straight.

OSWALDO
<What do you animals want?>

One of the men, who is wearing orange crocodile-skin boots, takes a step forward. We'll call him CROCODILE.

CROCODILE
<Just tell us where the stash is.
We'll take it, and leave you
unharmd.>

The third man marches Erin into the room, and forces her to her knees. She has no idea what the men are saying.

Oswaldo tries to get up when he sees her, but Crocodile backhands him, forcing him back to his knees, mouth bleeding and ears ringing.

ERIN
No! Leave him alone.

CROCODILE

<Let's not play the hero, old timer. You know what we're here for.>

OSWALDO

<I do not know what you're talking about. I'm a retired schoolteacher, I don't have much.>

Crocodile walks up to the frightened Erin, and gently rubs the barrel of his pistol against her cheek.

CROCODILE

<We're going to get the dope one way or another. Tell us now, and I won't have to ruin this pretty face.>

OSWALDO

<I'm sorry, I will do anything, but I do not know what you want.>

Crocodile looks at Oswald, catching on that he really doesn't know why the thugs are there. He turns to the other two men.

CROCODILE

<Tear this place apart and find the stash.>

The other men quickly ransack the house. The sounds of furniture toppling and glass breaking drift to the living room.

In the mean time, Crocodile quietly keeps his pistol trained on Oswald and Erin. He looks quite relaxed.

Erin keeps her eyes pointed down, staring at the orange boots.

One of the other men, who is short, comes back into the room. We'll call him RUNT.

RUNT

<We searched everywhere, even the crawl spaces, but there's no dope.>

CROCODILE

<Are you sure about that?>

The third man comes into the room as well. He is tall and slender, so we'll call him SKINNY.

SKINNY

<There's nothing. The amount that's supposed to be here, it wouldn't be easy to hide.>

CROCODILE

<You're the one that got the address, man, are we in the right place?>

SKINNY

<This is the address I was given, I don't know what to tell you.>

Crocodile thinks for a moment, then turns to Oswald.

CROCODILE

<Apparently I owe you an apology. However, I can't exactly afford to leave here empty handed, now can I?>

He turns to Runt.

CROCODILE (CONT'D)

<Give grandpa your burner, and then tie her hands.>

Runt reaches into his pocket, pulls out a cell phone, and tosses it at Oswald's knees. He then walks over and tears the drawstring off of the living room blinds.

He begins to tie Erin's hands together in front of her.

ERIN

Get your hands off of me, scumbag.

OSWALDO

<No, you can't...>

Crocodile lunges forward and holds his pistol against Oswald's head.

CROCODILE

<Here's what happens next. We take the girl. She'll be fine as long as you come up with our money.

(MORE)

CROCODILE (CONT'D)

I'll call you on that phone, and tell you how much and when. If you do anything stupid like call the police, well, she will no longer be fine.>

Crocodile taps on Oswald's forehead with his gun, then steps back and heads for the front door.

CROCODILE (CONT'D)

<Bring her.>

Runt hauls Erin to her feet. She struggles, and tries to break away. Runt pistol-whips her skull from behind.

CUT TO BLACK

FADE IN:

INT. CARGO VAN - NIGHT

Erin regains consciousness, her head throbbing.

She is sitting on a bench seat in a van, rolling along a road with no street lights. Skinny sits next to her holding his pistol.

Runt is driving, and Crocodile sits in the front passenger seat, talking on a cell phone. None of them are wearing their masks anymore, and Erin can see that they are all Latino men in their early twenties.

Crocodile is ruggedly handsome, his hair slicked back. Runt is rat-faced, his eyes vacant. Skinny has neck tattoos, and is the definition of twitchy.

CROCODILE

(speaking into the phone)

<Yes, you heard me right. Two hundred thousand, no less. I don't care, you better start selling shit if you ever want to see her again. Hold on a minute.>

Crocodile pulls the phone away from his ear, and taps a button to take another call.

CROCODILE (CONT'D)
<Hello? Hi, baby. No, daddy can't
come home right now, daddy's
working. Okay, I have to go, I love
you.>

He taps the button once more.

CROCODILE (CONT'D)
<So, do you understand? Good, I'll
call you again tomorrow night, and
you better have it.>

Crocodile hangs up. Erin tries to stifle a cough, but can't,
and he turns to look at her.

CROCODILE (CONT'D)
<So, the pretty little one has
woken up.>

ERIN
(croaking)
I don't speak Spanish, asshole.

CROCODILE
<Too bad, because we don't feel
like speaking English.>

He turns back around, ignoring her. Skinny looks bored, but
he keeps his pistol trained on her.

EXT. CORONADO NATIONAL FOREST ROAD - NIGHT

The van pulls onto a dirt road, and heads up a hillside
toward the mountains.

One of the van's taillights is out.

A sign indicates that they have pulled into Coronado National
Forest, and that there is camping allowed ahead.

The van soon drives into a pulloff, stops, and douses its
lights. There are no other people around, and only moonlight
to see by.

The three men get out, and Skinny hauls Erin out as well.
Crocodile walks around to the driver-side door.

CROCODILE

<You two head up and settle in for the night, and I'll go get us some food and smokes. Don't screw around while I'm gone, either. She doesn't get touched until the money comes through, understand?>

RUNT

<Got it.>

CROCODILE

(to Skinny)

<We're going to have a long talk about where you got the address when I get back.>

Skinny keeps quiet; he looks plenty scared of having that long talk. Crocodile gets into the van, turns on the lights, turns it around and drives back the way they came.

Skinny digs out his cell phone, and holds it in front of him like a weak blue flashlight.

Runt grabs Erin by the shoulder, and forces her to follow Skinny into the wilderness. She walks carefully, as she is barefoot. They pass through a forest of saguaro cactus, walking up the hillside.

EXT. WILDERNESS CLEARING - LATER

Moonlight illuminates this forest clearing, the cactus having given way to cottonwood and other trees.

Erin sits with her back against a cottonwood, her hands still tied, her knees pulled up to her chest.

A few feet to her right stand Skinny and Runt, passing a marijuana joint back and forth, and taking pulls off of a pocket-size bottle of rum. They're not paying much attention to their hostage.

Erin watches and her fear turns to understanding; she recognizes irresponsible kids who like to party when she sees them.

Runt walks away, plops down in the dirt, and swigs from the bottle.

SKINNY

<Hey, don't hog it, that's all
we've got.>

RUNT

<If you want more, then get your
ass over here and take it. I'm
comfortable.>

Skinny does walk over to Runt, and they exchange bottle for joint.

Erin shifts position, and as she leans forward, the Saint Patrick medallion falls out of her tank top and dangles from her neck.

She reaches up with her bound hands and clasps it to her heart. Erin thinks for a moment, then closes her eyes.

She squeezes the medallion, and silently prays.

EXT. TUCSON ROAD - NIGHT

The van, driven by Crocodile, rolls slowly toward the National Forest.

The van is quickly bathed in flashing blue and red light; a police car is behind it. The van pulls over to side of the road.

EXT. CARGO VAN - SAME

A MALE COP and a FEMALE COP approach the van from both sides, shining flashlights into it.

The two cops find Crocodile sitting calmly, both hands on the wheel. He has fast food bags and a carton of cigarettes on the passenger seat next to him, the ski-masks littering the floor.

CROCODILE

(slightly accented
English)

Good evening, officers. Did I do
something wrong?

MALE COP

Just wanted to let you know that
you've got a taillight out.

CROCODILE

Oh, darn it. Thank you, I'll get that fixed.

Female Cop shines her flashlight into the van. She sees the ski-masks on the floor, and motions to her partner. Male Cop sees them as well.

MALE COP

It's the summertime. Any reason why you've got ski-masks?

CROCODILE

Oh, damn, I guess I didn't clean the van out like I should have last winter.

Female Cop isn't buying it.

FEMALE COP

Step out of the vehicle, please.

Crocodile flashes a winning smile, and steps out of the van.

CROCODILE

Surely we can settle this somehow, right officers?

Crocodile tries to pull his shirt over the pistol tucked into his waistband, but Male Cop sees it.

MALE COP

Gun!

Both cops pull their sidearms. Crocodile, knowing he's beaten, raises his hands. Male Cop grabs Crocodile's pistol, then presses him up against the hood.

Crocodile gets cuffed. He's not coming back to the clearing.

EXT. WILDERNESS CLEARING - LATER

Erin is leaning against the tree, feigning sleep. She peeks through her eyelashes at the two men, who are drunk and high.

She still has the medallion pressed in the palm of her hand.

Skinny sits, his eyelids heavy. Runt stands, looking up at the stars. He yawns.

RUNT

<Damn, man. Where the hell is our food?>

Runt unzips his fly, about to pee right where he stands.

SKINNY

<Hey, cut that shit out.>

RUNT

<What?>

SKINNY

<I don't know how long we're going to be here. You think I want to smell your piss for the next few hours?>

Runt zips up and walks toward the edge of the clearing.

RUNT

<All right, Christ, I'll go over there.>

Runt walks out of the clearing. Skinny fights to stay awake, but very quickly nods off.

Erin silently stands up, her muscles screaming after having been sitting for hours. She stumbles the tiniest bit as she stands fully, her head throbbing.

Erin chances a glance at Skinny, who is still dozing.

She runs.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Erin moves in the opposite direction of the road, farther into the forest. She is hurrying as quickly as she can, picking her way through the dark in her bare feet.

Behind her, she can barely hear the shouts of Runt when he finds that she is gone.

She moves faster, padding across the hard-packed earth, her feet getting bloodied on the terrain.

EXT. FOREST - LATER

Erin crouches near a clump of trees, rubbing the cord binding her wrists on the sharp edge of a rock. The edge saws right through the cord, and she rubs her wrists.

Erin looks around her, but sees only foliage and gloom.

She takes the Saint Patrick medallion and holds it up in front of her face, studying it. Moonlight reflects off of its surface.

Just then, she hears a twig snapping. She looks up, and sees a MULE DEER, tiny and delicate. The deer stands a few yards from Erin, not afraid, studying her.

Erin is dumbfounded. She drops the medallion, and it swings from her neck.

The deer starts to walk away from Erin, into the brush. She is intrigued. She stands, takes a breath, and then follows.

EXT. STREAMBED - SAME

Erin emerges from some bushes, and hears the trickle of flowing water. A small stream runs through this narrow clearing.

The deer stands at the stream, head down, drinking the glittering water.

Erin walks up to the stream, then kneels, and splashes some water on her face. When Erin looks up, the deer is nowhere to be seen.

Erin looks around, and not finding the tiny animal, she looks in the direction the water is flowing.

Her eyes light up. She starts to walk slowly along the streambed. She and the water are headed to the same place, at least for a time.

The starry sky is breathtaking.

EXT. WATERFALL - LATER

The sun is beginning to come up, the dawn light making the desert landscape glow.

The stream has emptied into a small river, and the rushing water flows over the short drop of a rocky waterfall.

Erin pops up at the top, looking down at the falling water. She looks around, sees no alternative, and carefully begins to climb down the stony surface beside the waterfall.

EXT. CORONADO NATIONAL FOREST ROAD - DAY

It is later in the morning, on a different road than has been seen before.

A tram pulling half a dozen TOURISTS in open-air seating has been pulled over to the side of the road. City folk in sun hats take photos of the landscape.

Erin emerges from the desert. She is exhausted, dehydrated, bruised and scratched from her ordeal. She stumbles to the tram, and collapses.

A PARK RANGER with a bushy brown beard rushes to her aid.

INT. TUCSON HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Erin dozes in a hospital bed wearing a gown, her wounds having been treated. She opens her eyes, and sees a woman sitting next to her bed.

This is DETECTIVE LINDA PONTE, a slender Latina in her late forties, wearing a rumpled pantsuit. The Detective looks tired, but exudes patience and kindness.

DETECTIVE PONTE

Oh, good, you're awake. I'm
Detective Ponte, Tucson Human
Trafficking Investigations Unit.

ERIN

Um, hi?

DETECTIVE PONTE

Hey, I can come back later if you
want more rest. I know you took a
blow to the head.

Erin clears her throat and stretches.

ERIN

I won't let a little concussion
stop me if you won't.

The Detective shrugs, and smiles. Erin smiles too; the two women like each other immediately.

DETECTIVE PONTE

I've got your statement to the
uniforms who picked you up, so I
only have a couple of follow up
questions. Did you get a good look
at the men who took you?

ERIN

Yeah, they took off their masks.
I'll never forget their ugly faces.

Detective Ponte picks up a tablet computer, and swipes at it, befuddled.

DETECTIVE PONTE

If it's okay, I'd like you to look
at some mugshots. In cases like
these, time is of the essence, and
if you recognize anyone, it will
give me more to go on. Oh, damn
technology, makes me feel like a
freaking dinosaur.

Erin kindly takes the tablet from the Detective, and swipes through some photos effortlessly.

She stops when she gets to a mugshot of Crocodile, smiling with a rakish grin. Her finger hovers over the screen, and her words catch in her throat.

DETECTIVE PONTE (CONT'D)

Is that one of the men?

ERIN

He's the leader, the one who didn't
come back.

DETECTIVE PONTE

Will you testify to that fact in
court?

Erin pauses, then looks at the detective, her eyes steely.

ERIN

Yes.

Erin scrolls through more photos, but shakes her head "No". Detective Ponte takes the tablet computer back.

DETECTIVE PONTE

I can't promise you anything, other than that he will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law, and that I'll try to find the other two men. Now, what questions do you have for me, Miss Servantes?

ERIN

Please, call me Erin. Why did these guys break into my abuelo's house in the first place?

DETECTIVE PONTE

It was narco-on-narco crime. It is a hell of a lot easier to rip off somebody who already smuggled drugs across the border than to smuggle them yourself. These guys were amateurs, and they're certainly not rocket scientists. Hitting the wrong house is rare, but it happens.

ERIN

They weren't planning on letting me go, were they?

DETECTIVE PONTE

(sadly)

If they let you see their faces, probably not.

ERIN

And what would they have done with me?

The Detective hesitates, but sees that Erin seriously wants to know.

DETECTIVE PONTE

It's possible they would have taken you over the Mexican border and sold you into slavery.

ERIN

No way. Does that happen?

DETECTIVE PONTE

More often than you know, Erin.

Detective Ponte then pats the wrinkled pockets of her suit jacket until she finds a handful of business cards. She hands one to Erin.

DETECTIVE PONTE (CONT'D)

This is my card. If you need anything, please call.

She hands a different card to Erin.

DETECTIVE PONTE (CONT'D)

And this is for our victim services unit. If you want to speak with a counselor or keep updated on the status of the case, feel free to make contact.

ERIN

Thank you, Detective.

Detective Ponte shakes Erin's hand, and walks to the door.

DETECTIVE PONTE

You get busy healing. I'll be in touch.

Just then, Hector and Chuy burst into the room, the door barely missing Detective Ponte's nose. They rush past the Detective and over to both sides of the bed, taking Erin's hands in theirs.

HECTOR

Oh, cuz, are we glad to see you.
How are you?

ERIN

I'm alive, so you know, there's that.

Detective Ponte opens the door to find Oswaldo standing in the frame. The side of his face where Crocodile struck him is swollen, but his back is as straight as an arrow and his dress as impeccable as usual.

OSWALDO

Good day, Detective.

DETECTIVE PONTE

Mister Servantes, nice to see you again.

OSWALDO

As it is to see you. Pardon me.

He steps aside, and gentlemanly lets the Detective leave the room, then walks in slowly.

OSWALDO (CONT'D)

And how is my granddaughter?

ERIN

I'll be fine, abuelo, I've been worried about you.

HECTOR

Abuelo called us and the cops as soon as he could, there was no way he was negotiating with criminals. He didn't even let us bring him to the hospital to get treated until he knew you were okay. You should have seen it, Erin. One of the first cops who questioned old Oswaldo asked him how long he had been in the drug trade. I swear, I thought the cop was going to get a silver-tipped cane upside the head.

ERIN

The Servantes family is made of sterner stuff, eh?

OSWALDO

I know that you are, beautiful one. Your father will be on the next plane here. When the doctors say you're well enough, we'll all go home.

Erin flashes a bright smile. Being surrounded by loved ones is something she wasn't sure she would ever experience again.

INT. OSWALDO'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Oswaldo's house has been set to rights after the home invasion.

Erin sits on a couch in front of her laptop, which rests on a coffee table. She wears yoga pants and an oversized tee shirt, her legs curled up under her.

Hector and Chuy mill about the room, attaching adhesive sensors to the door and window frames and testing them.

HECTOR

Don't you worry, Erin, anyone who tries to bust in now will set off the alarm, and then they better hope the cops get to them before we do.

ERIN

My knights in tattooed armor.

HECTOR

You want a blanket or a pillow or anything?

ERIN

You're spoiling me, Hector. Just keep doing what you're doing.

HECTOR

(to Chuy)

Come on, bro, let's start putting in the motion sensors.

They hustle down the central hallway, leaving Erin by herself for a moment.

She taps at the laptop keyboard, and makes a video call. The call is answered, and Colin's face fills the computer screen, speaking as if he was in the room.

ERIN

Hey, Colin.

COLIN

Hi, Erin. Dad said you were safe, and I'm glad to see it's true. How do you feel?

ERIN

I'm exhausted, but everyone is taking such good care of me.

INT. SERVANTES KITCHEN - SAME

Colin sits with his laptop at the kitchen island, Erin's face filling his screen.

Sullivan rushes into the kitchen, and sticks his face in front of his brother's, words tumbling out of his mouth.

SULLIVAN

Holy crap, Erin! You gave us one hell of a scare. How are you? Do you need anything? What exactly happened? Can I record your answers for my vlog?

Colin grabs Sullivan's shoulder, and pulls him to the side.

ERIN

(laughing)

Hi, knucklehead. I feel better, and I'll tell you later, and you can stick your vlog where the sun don't shine.

COLIN

Is dad there yet?

ERIN

Abuelo left a little while ago to pick him up at the airport.

COLIN

Okay, good. You should get some rest, sis, we'll let you go.

SULLIVAN

Seriously, Erin, you've got to tell me the story soon, okay?

ERIN

I will, keep your shirt on. And you know, contrary to popular belief, I love you guys.

COLIN

Love you too.

INT. OSWALDO'S LIVING ROOM - SAME

Erin ends the video call, then her head involuntarily snaps to the front door when she hears keys jangling in the lock.

The door opens, and Oswaldo stands in the door frame. The new security alarm starts beeping.

HECTOR (O.S.)

Ah, hell. Chuy, disarm it, will ya?

A moment later, the beeping stops. Erin closes the laptop, stands, and walks toward her grandfather.

OSWALDO

At least we know the security system works, eh?

Oswaldo steps aside, and Gabriel races into the room. He enfolds Erin in a hug, and she embraces him back.

GABRIEL

I'm so sorry, Erin. I shouldn't have sent you away.

ERIN

It's okay, dad, you couldn't have known.

Oswaldo walks to Gabriel, and places a comforting hand on his son's shoulder. Erin takes Gabriel by the hand, and leads him to the couch.

OSWALDO

I'm going to make some tea. Would you like a cup?

ERIN

Yes, please.

GABRIEL

Yes, papa.

Oswaldo walks quietly out of the room. Hector and Chuy stick their faces into the hallway, but Oswaldo shoos them away.

Gabriel and Erin sit, Gabriel holding her hands in his own.

ERIN

How long are you here for?

GABRIEL

As long as you need. What can I do for you, tiny dancer?

ERIN

I have questions, dad, and I think you can help me answer some of them.

GABRIEL

Anything. Ask me anything.

Erin smiles, as her father's openness is adorable.

She reaches to her throat, and pulls the Saint Patrick medallion out of her shirt so that he can see it. He looks at it sadly as it dangles from her neck.

ERIN

When I was in the wilderness, I held this and prayed, like I saw mom do a hundred times before. Then, I managed to escape. I don't know if someone or something helped me, but I want to know. Please, dad, tell me why mom loved Saint Patrick so much.

Gabriel looks away for a moment, gathering his thoughts. He turns back, his jaw set.

GABRIEL

Your mom and I were church going people, and you and Sullivan were baptized. And then...

Gabriel begins to get choked up. He clears his throat and continues.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)

We had another child, when you were very little. He came too soon, and his tiny heart only beat for three minutes before he passed. His name was Patrick, and we had to say goodbye as soon as we met him.

ERIN

I know. She always seemed so sad when she talked about him.

GABRIEL

She was sad, Erin, and that's why we stopped going to church. Something our priest and friends kept saying bothered her. They said that everything happens for a reason, and that Patrick's passing was part of God's plan. Maggie, well, she didn't like that very much. I had her talk to a professional, concerned about how she was coping, but she still spent most of her time in our room, reading. Until she found something.

ERIN

What was it?

GABRIEL

She read about Saint Patrick being not just a figurative patron saint, but literally the divine protector of the Irish, the one who would preside over them all when Judgement Day comes. She started to believe that he would watch over your and your brothers' souls. And then, she was herself again. Eventually we had Colin, and we were happy.

Erin tries to process, looking skeptical. Gabriel picks up on it.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)

You may think your mother went a little crazy, and she probably did. But here's what I've always thought: If you believe in something, and it gets you through your day, and even makes you a better person ...well, what's wrong with that?

Erin leans in and hugs her father. He strokes her hair. They remain like that for a while.

INT. OSWALDO'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

A feast of Mexican delicacies are spread across the table in this modest room.

Oswaldo, Hector, Chuy, Gabriel and Erin sit around the table just before the food gets dished out.

ERIN

Hector, did you really make all of this?

HECTOR

Of course, there's nothing to cooking. Me and Chuy's mom, she taught me everything she knew.

Oswaldo clears his throat, and says grace in Spanish.

This time Erin watches the rest of the family and bows her head when they do. The men all say "amen," and then start passing the food.

ERIN

So, Detective Ponte called me. She said that it will be some time before the trial, so I should go home to start school.

HECTOR

Man, let's talk about happier stuff than a trial, huh?

GABRIEL

I agree.

HECTOR

What all are you going to study at your fancy university, cuz?

ERIN

Well, I want to learn some Spanish, it'll certainly help me communicate whenever I'm here. And, I was thinking of taking a religion class, maybe even try going to church. I've still got some questions.

Oswaldo breaks into a huge grin underneath his bushy moustache.

HECTOR

I think abuelo's in heaven right
now after hearing that.

OSWALDO

I believe in God's love, and I
enjoy it when others do too.

ERIN

We'll see, abuelo.

They all eat, taking pleasure in each others' company.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ST. ANTHONY'S CHURCH - DAY

This church is in a rough looking New Jersey urban
neighborhood, nothing like the Servantes clan's home
surroundings.

Gabriel and Erin walk up the front steps in their lightweight
Sunday best, as it is still summer.

GABRIEL

Are you sure about this? You never
asked to go to church before.

ERIN

Before, I was always happy to sleep
in on Sundays. Come on.

She jogs up the steps, and he hefts himself up after her.

INT. ST ANTHONY'S CHURCH - SAME

Gabriel leads Erin through the front doors of the church,
with masonry and woodwork and stained glass abounding.

Gabriel pauses, dips his fingers in holy water, genuflects
and crosses himself. Erin waits patiently.

Gabriel then leads her to a pew toward the front of the
cathedral, where they join a few dozen other white, Latino,
and Asian PARISHIONERS.

An opening song begins. Erin watches her father for cues, and looks bemused during the following sequence.

DISSOLVE TO:

SERIES OF SHOTS:

A) The congregation joins an older PRIEST in a responsorial psalm. Erin looks around, taking it all in.

She sees that the parishioners around her are paying attention, but they show little emotion.

B) Gabriel kneels, and Erin starts to join him, unsure. He reaches over and pats her leg, letting her know that it's okay if she just sits on the pew.

C) The congregation offers each other signs of peace. OLDER WOMEN walk over to Erin and shake her and Gabriel's hands. Erin smiles, enjoying this part.

D) Gabriel leaves the pew to receive the Eucharist. Erin sits and watches from afar, removed from the ritual.

INT. ST. ANTHONY'S CHURCH - LATER

Erin and Gabriel sit on the pew after the service, a few other parishioners milling about in the background.

GABRIEL

So, what do you think?

She opens her arms and gestures to the large space.

ERIN

This is all so ...big. I don't know, right now it seems like lots of words and stained glass, I'm not feeling anything yet. You tell me, what do you get out of it?

GABRIEL

Oh, I guess back in the day coming to mass fed my spirit. I've got to admit, being here makes me miss it a little.

ERIN

Do you want to try again, next week?

GABRIEL
Anything for you, tiny dancer.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ERIN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Through the bedroom window, lovely fall foliage can be seen.

The portrait of Saint Patrick, and the photo of Erin with Maggie still sit on her now orderly desk.

Erin, dressed in a sweater and jeans, walks out of the room with a bookbag slung over her shoulder.

INT. SERVANTES KITCHEN - LATER

Erin wolfs down a piece of toast as Sullivan and Colin enter.

Sullivan wears a tee shirt with Roger Rabbit on it: bright blue cartoon eyes bulge out at us. He carries a pile of large storyboards drawn on card stock.

Colin wears a tie, his button down tucked into jeans.

SULLIVAN
(to Colin)
I'm telling you, the last
storyboard needs some work.

ERIN
What are you two hooligans up to?

SULLIVAN
I've got an appointment with my
advisor today, and I'm going to
pitch my thesis film, and it's
going to be perfect.

Erin looks at Colin, who rolls his eyes. She stifles a laugh.

ERIN
I'm headed to school now. Do you
want a ride?

SULLIVAN
No, we're good, I've got to
practice some more.

ERIN
Good luck, kids.

She grabs her bookbag and hustles out of the room. Sullivan begins to look more and more worried.

SULLIVAN
Tell me it's going to be fine.

COLIN
It's going to be fine.

INT. UNIVERSITY COMMUNICATIONS SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Sullivan strides down the hallway, a sport coat over his Roger Rabbit tee shirt, storyboards under his arm.

Colin hurries to keep up with Sullivan. He steadies an HD video camera and will be shooting footage of Sullivan this whole time.

SULLIVAN
Get ready for this picture to get the greenlight.

COLIN
Are you sure I need to record this? Only seven people subscribe to your vlog, and dad and I are two of them.

SULLIVAN
You never know when something will be useful, keep it rolling.

INT. PROFESSOR DESIR'S OFFICE - SAME

PROFESSOR DESIR sits behind her desk, every surface of the room covered in film textbooks, scripts, and movie memorabilia.

She is a short woman in her fifties, wearing a bulky turtleneck and chunky glasses. She distractedly scrolls through e-mails on her computer as she eats a sandwich.

Sullivan bursts into the office like a whirlwind. Desir is startled, and chokes on her sandwich a little.

SULLIVAN
(rapidly)
Good afternoon, Professor Desir.
My, you're looking lovely this fine
day.

Colin comes in and walks into the corner of the room, framing up a shot of Sullivan and the storyboards.

Desir looks at Colin, and then back at Sullivan, too stunned to speak.

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)
I have been inspired to make my
thesis film a live-action/C.G.I.
animation hybrid about the iconic
Saint Patrick. But, this is the
Saint like you've never seen him
before...

Sullivan raises the storyboards.

CLOSE UP:

The first board looks like a movie one-sheet, with a photo-realistic illustration of Sullivan wearing a robe and holding a shepherd's crook, standing behind iron bars in a stone jail cell.

In the cell with Sullivan are a gaggle of cartoon-character sheep, all of them cutting at the iron bars with hacksaws and chisels precariously gripped in their anthropomorphic hooves.

The title of the film is in bold green letters above the illustration: *Saint Patrick and the Great Sheep-Scape*.

BACK TO SCENE:

Professor Desir looks dumbfounded. Sullivan presses on, a wide grin on his face.

SULLIVAN
Picture this. We begin in ancient
Ireland...

The following sequence flows discontinuously, like a movie trailer. It is also meant to be amusingly godawful.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE IRISH COAST - DAY

The live-action PATRICK (played by Sullivan) is hauled out of the ocean and onto a beach by two IRISH SLAVERS. He looks up, wearing chains, and sees the green countryside sprawling out in front of him.

PATRICK

Oh no! I'm a slave in Ireland!

EXT. SHEEP PEN - DAY

A stone enclosure with a wooden gate. Inside it are four computer-generated cartoon SHEEP. When each of the sheep appears, their name is superimposed in bright green letters across the frame.

BIG DADDY looks older, with a woolly beard.

TWITCHY shivers in fright, and looks mangy. A patch of wool plops off of his side.

LANOLIN has a pretty bow on her head, and she bats her long eyelashes at the camera.

FARTSY smiles widely on one end, and releases a comically long fart from the other.

Patrick walks up to the sheep pen, carrying a shepherd's crook. He looks incredibly sad.

PATRICK

I can't believe I'm being forced to
be a shepherd by my master.

Lanolin wanders over to the edge of the pen.

LANOLIN

Hi, what's your name?

PATRICK

Holy crap, a talking sheep!

Patrick runs away.

TWITCHY

(stutters)

And I thought I was a scaredy-cat.

EXT. IRISH COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

Patrick sits at the top of an impossibly green hill, watching over the flock as they graze on grass and clover. He sighs.

PATRICK

Boy, I wish I could see my family again.

The four sheep mill about a few feet from Patrick.

FARTSY

Gosh, he sure is upset.

BIG DADDY

Come on, gang, let's cheer him up.

The sheep walk over to Patrick.

LANOLIN

Hi, there. Would you like to be our friend?

PATRICK

I could sure use some friends.

Twitchy cautiously approaches Patrick.

TWITCHY

My favorite food is grass. What's yours?

PATRICK

Oh, that's easy. I like a nice leg of...

Twitchy starts shaking, terrified.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Chicken. I like a leg of chicken.

Twitchy relaxes.

EXT. SHEEP PEN - NIGHT

Patrick walks behind the sheep as he herds them into the pen for the night. A large cartoon WOLF charges at the pen, snarling at the sheep.

Patrick leaps forward and clobbers the wolf's skull with his crook. The wolf sees stars, then runs away with its tail between its legs. The sheep all cheer.

EXT. SHEEP PEN - DAY

Patrick rushes to the pen, elated.

PATRICK

Guys, you'll never believe it. I heard a voice last night, and God is going to deliver me home. I have to leave and walk to a ship.

TWITCHY

Will you take us with you?

BIG DADDY

Yes, son, we don't want to end up as dinner.

PATRICK

Sure, I think it will be fine for me to bring others who are held against their will.

LANOLIN

Sounds great, let's get to that ship!

EXT. IRISH SEAPORT - DAY

A wooden cargo ship is under sail, a hundred yards from shore. Big Daddy, Lanolin, and Twitchy are all on its deck, pacing frantically.

Patrick and Fartsy run to the beach, chased by dozens of armed live-action IRISHMEN.

PATRICK

Oh no, Fartsy! The Irish are coming, and the ship is leaving without us!

FARTSY

Get me into the water.

Patrick picks Fartsy up, and wades into the ocean.

PATRICK

Now what?

FARTSY

Hold on!

Fartsy strains tremendously, and lets out a massive fart.

It propels him through the water, a jet of bubbles streaming out behind. Patrick grabs his wool, and is pulled along for the ride. The sheep on board the ship cheer heartily.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PROFESSOR DESIR'S OFFICE - LATER

Sullivan stands holding the last storyboard, which has an illustration of himself being pulled through the water by a farting cartoon sheep. He makes fart noises with his mouth for a few seconds, then speaks.

SULLIVAN

And the sheep and Patrick reach
Britain, and live happily until
they return to Ireland for the
sequel. The End.

Professor Desir sits at her desk, her mouth slightly open with incomprehension. Sullivan smiles, sure of himself.

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)

So, what do you think? Do I get an
"A" already?

Desir's brow furrows.

EXT. UNIVERSITY PARKING LOT - DAY

Sullivan trudges through the rows of cars, dejected, like Charlie Brown after the football has been pulled away from him.

Colin walks beside him, contemplating.

SULLIVAN

I don't get it, doesn't she know
how much *The Smurfs* made worldwide?
This is what sells.

COLIN

The fart noises probably didn't
help.

They reach Sullivan's Cadillac, and speak to each other over
its roof.

SULLIVAN

What do we do now?

COLIN

I think part of the problem is that
you're missing the bigger picture.
There's a more important part of
Saint Patrick's history.

Sullivan begrudgingly nods his head.

SULLIVAN

(sighs)

We've got to start somewhere. Lay
it on me.

COLIN

(clears throat)

When Patrick got back home to his
family in Britain, he had a
vision...

The following sequence once more takes place in the fifth-
century.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. VILLA HOUSE - NIGHT

PATRICK (again played by the same actor playing Sullivan)
sleeps in his small bed.

He awakes to see a handsome Irish man standing at the foot of
his bed. This is VICTORICUS, and he holds a massive cluster
of rolled up scrolls in his arms.

Victoricus breaks the wax seal of one scroll, and hands it to
Patrick, who unrolls it.

COLIN (V.O.)

As Patrick read, a chorus of Irish
voices filled the room around him.

(MORE)

COLIN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

"Holy Boy," the voices sang to him,
"come here and walk among us"!

Patrick looks up from the scroll, but there is nobody in his room. He looks down, and there is nothing in his hands.

COLIN (V.O.)

He had other visions, which
convinced him. He left his family
and the life he yearned for during
years of slavery. He returned to
Ireland.

INT. ROMAN-STYLE CATHEDRAL - DAY

In this massive stone space flanked by arches, Patrick sits among other young PRIESTS, all dressed in white robes, while a BISHOP delivers a prayer. These men all have the top of their heads shaved into a tonsure.

COLIN (V.O.)

Patrick's training is a mystery,
though it is known that he became a
priest, and presumably a bishop.

INT. IRISH BARN - DAY

Patrick stands at one end of the small wooden structure, wearing a white robe, reading from a leather bound bible. A congregation of IRISH MEN AND WOMEN sit on the floor around him, listening intently.

COLIN (V.O.)

Patrick's mission in Ireland led
him to spread the gospel peacefully
to any who would listen, wherever
he could find them. He had learned
the common Irish language as a
slave, and he put it to use.

A young IRISH WOMAN pays particular attention.

EXT. FOREST CLEARING - DAY

Patrick stands in a white robe next to a fire, with a metal cauldron suspended above it. His IRISH PRIESTS stand next to him, and a group of IRISH CONVERTS sit nearby, in white baptismal robes.

COLIN (V.O.)

He had great success, especially with converting women. Rich and poor alike, they flocked to him, seeking some control over their lives. Even slave women, who were dominated in every way, felt comfort from Patrick's blessing.

The young woman from the previous scene approaches Patrick and begins to disrobe. With her naked back facing us, she kneels before Patrick and begins reciting a prayer.

He dips a ladle into the cauldron, baptizes her with the water, then anoints her forehead with oil.

SULLIVAN (V.O.)

Uh, they were baptized in the nude?

COLIN (V.O.)

Yes, to represent rebirth.

SULLIVAN (V.O.)

Huh. That's not gonna get a PG rating.

EXT. IRISH ROAD - DAY

A few dozen IRISH MEN, WOMEN and CHILDREN walk along the hard packed dirt road, singing and helping each other carry their loads. Some of them wear white baptismal robes.

COLIN (V.O.)

Patrick got older, and his flock had children of their own. As one group of families traveled home from an Easter celebration, they were attacked.

Twenty or so BRITISH SLAVERS rush at the families from a treeline, carrying swords.

The first wave of slavers hack the Irish men down. A second wave captures the women and children and begin to place them in chains.

SULLIVAN (V.O.)

Wait, were they attacked by Irish people?

COLIN (V.O.)

No. There was a British warlord named Coroticus, who captured both Christian and pagan Irish people alike, to sell them into slavery. Maybe the worst part was, Coroticus was a Christian himself.

INT. PATRICK'S CELL - DAY

An older, graying Patrick (played by the same actor who plays Gabriel) sits at a desk in this cramped room, writing with a quill by candlelight. He writes furiously, his anger palpable.

COLIN (V.O.)

When Patrick found out that his people had been taken, he immediately sent a priest to Coroticus asking for their freedom. The warlord merely laughed. So Patrick distributed a letter throughout the world, calling Coroticus an evil gangster, excommunicating him and his men, and asking that nobody have any dealings with these slavers.

Patrick lifts his head, and gazes off into the middle distance, his anger melting, his face becoming contemplative.

SULLIVAN (V.O.)

Did Patrick have the power to do that?

COLIN (V.O.)

No, and he got into trouble with the Church because of it. But he did it anyway.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SULLIVAN'S CADILLAC - DAY

Sullivan ponders what he has just heard as he drives the Caddy, scenery whipping by.

SULLIVAN

So. What's next?

COLIN

What do you mean?

SULLIVAN

What's next in the story? Did Coroticus let anybody go?

COLIN

The only writings that survived from that era were Patrick's own, and he didn't say.

Sullivan begins to grip the wheel more tightly.

SULLIVAN

What else happened to Patrick?

COLIN

Most believe that he carried out his ministry and then died in Ireland, but that's pretty much speculation.

Sullivan pinches the bridge of his nose in frustration.

SULLIVAN

Man, no wonder hardly anybody has tried to adapt this story, there's plot holes galore.

Sullivan sighs, and then turns the wheel, pulling the Caddy into the family's driveway.

EXT. SERVANTES HOUSE - SAME

Sullivan parks in front of a garage bay, and steps out of the car, stripping off his sport coat. Colin steps out as well.

SULLIVAN

We've got to crack this, little britches.

COLIN

We will, but I've got something to ask you first.

SULLIVAN

Shoot.

COLIN

Can we avoid any fantastical elements? I mean, in the centuries after Patrick, legends cast him as a superman.

Sullivan becomes instantly interested.

SULLIVAN

Go on...

COLIN

The Church biographers made Patrick a warrior monk, performing miracles to destroy pagans. He caused an earthquake that killed fifty men in order to defeat a high king. He even transformed his converts into deer so they could escape from capture. It was all ridiculous propaganda.

Sullivan mulls this over.

SULLIVAN

You know, you're right.

COLIN

I am?

SULLIVAN

Yeah, I was going about this all wrong.

Sullivan walks to the top of the driveway, and stands in the first place we ever saw him, as a filmmaking ten-year-old.

He places his hands on his hips, and surveys the neighborhood.

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)

Yes indeed, Colin. Get your laptop, because I have an idea.

Colin looks apprehensive, then nods and walks toward the house.

EXT. SULLIVAN'S BEDROOM - LATER

Erin walks down the hallway and glances into Sullivan's open bedroom door.

The room is covered with movie posters and action figures, making homage to animated Disney classics, John Carpenter and David Lynch weirdness, as well as the Terminator, Alien and Avatar franchises.

Erin sees Sullivan jumping around on top of his bed, wearing a tee shirt with a photo of James Cameron underneath the bold letters "King of the World."

INT. SULLIVAN'S BEDROOM - SAME

Sullivan is gesticulating as he dictates to Colin, who taps away on his laptop at a cluttered desk. Colin doesn't look too enthused.

SULLIVAN

And then, he swoops in, and raises
his hands...

Erin knocks at the door. Sullivan's head snaps toward the noise, he loses his balance, and falls face-first onto his mattress.

ERIN

And falls flat on his face?

Sullivan hops back up to his feet.

SULLIVAN

Very funny.

ERIN

Sorry, Sullivan, you make it too
easy. What are my boys working on?

SULLIVAN

My latest pitch. I know this one is
gold, we're thinking of making a
proof of concept video this time.
Oh! That reminds me, would you play
a part in it? It'll only take a
couple of hours and you'd just need
the tiniest bit of green body
paint.

ERIN
(cautious smile)
What part could I play in your
masterpiece?

SULLIVAN
A slave girl. You'll be tied up,
and the bad guys will be about to
assault you, and...

Sullivan sees the look on Erin's face and stops. She looks like whatever wounds have healed in the past months just got ripped back open.

ERIN
And I was having such a good day,
too.

She quickly walks out of the room.

SULLIVAN
What? What'd I do?

COLIN
You really can be an insensitive
jackass.

SULLIVAN
Why? All I said was...

He stops himself, realizing his mistake.

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)
Ah, hell.

He hops off of the bed and walks to his room's threshold.

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, Erin, I wasn't thinking!

EXT. SULLIVAN'S BEDROOM - SAME

Colin hustles into the hallway, after Erin. He pulls a cell phone out of his pocket, dials, and puts it to his ear.

COLIN
(into phone)
Hi, dad? Can you come home?

INT. SERVANTES LIVING ROOM - LATER

Erin sits on a couch, her legs curled under her, her tears drying. Colin sits next to her holding a slim book, and Gabriel sits across from them.

ERIN

I don't get it. I've been seeing a therapist, so I should feel better. I certainly shouldn't let my idiot brother get under my skin

COLIN

Trauma doesn't just go away, Erin.

ERIN

How did you get so smart?

COLIN

I read a lot.

GABRIEL

I'll have a talk with Sullivan, don't worry about him. Tell us, though, what's on your mind?

ERIN

I guess it's ...I still don't know what I'm supposed to be doing. I'm going to classes, and I'm going to mass with you, and I'm trying to live my life. There just has to be something more important, you know?

Colin holds the slim book in his hand out to Erin, and she takes it.

CLOSE UP:

The title on the front cover says "The Confession of Saint Patrick."

BACK TO SCENE:

COLIN

That was mom's book. It got her through a hard time, so...

Erin clasps the book as if it were a brick of gold, and looks at her brother gratefully.

Gabriel thinks deeply, then looks at his daughter with a sly smile. Erin looks at him, and her eyebrows raise.

ERIN

Oh, my. You have an idea, don't you?

GABRIEL

Yes, yes I do.

INT. ST. ANTHONY'S CHURCH - DAY

Erin and Gabriel walk into the church atrium in their Sunday best, wearing light jackets.

Erin begins to follow a small crowd into the main nave, but Gabriel places a hand on her arm and stops her.

He gestures to a set of stairs to the right, and begins to descend. Erin follows.

INT. LOWER CHAPEL - SAME

Gabriel leads Erin into a large meeting space in the basement of the church. It is filled mostly with CHILDREN sitting on closely arranged metal folding chairs.

This is the children's mass.

The kids range in age from elementary to middle schoolers, and are mostly Latino and Asian, with a few black and white faces peppered around the room.

Many of the PARENTS in the back of the room are tattooed, and most of the congregation is wearing sweats or other cheap and casual clothes.

Disco balls hang from the ceiling, and kid-created art is all over the walls. There is none of the grandeur that Erin is used to in a Catholic church.

An elderly nun, SISTER CONSTANCE, plays the small organ at the front of the room. She speaks to the children.

SISTER CONSTANCE

Oh, look at all of your pretty faces! Now, let me hear your pretty voices!

A short FILIPINO BOY stands and sings, leading an opening song. The little guy is off-key, but he's trying very hard, and everybody gets into the spirit.

Gabriel leads Erin to a row of chairs towards the back, and they sit to watch the service.

DISSOLVE TO:

SERIES OF SHOTS:

A) The people stand. A chubby, bespectacled Latino ALTAR BOY carries a cross larger than he is down the center aisle, leading FATHER DAN, a stout Filipino man in his mid-thirties, wearing simple white vestments.

B) Father Dan grabs his microphone, and walks from behind the altar to deliver the homily. He darts amongst the faithful like a game show host.

FATHER DAN

What holiday is coming up soon?

MANY CHILDREN

Halloween!!

FATHER DAN

What are you dressing up as?

He works the crowd.

CHILD #1

I'm gonna be a ninja.

CHILD #2

A ballerina.

CHILD #3

A banana!

FATHER DAN

A banana?! I've never heard that before! Now listen, do you know what day comes after Halloween? It's All Saints Day. Who's your favorite Saint?

CHILD #4

Saint Jude.

CHILD #5
Saint Anne!

CHILD #6
Sister Constance.

FATHER DAN
Sister Constance? When did you
become a saint? Is there something
you're not telling us?

Sister Constance sits at her organ, waving her hands in
embarrassment

C) At the end of the service, Father Dan walks from behind
the altar with microphone in hand.

FATHER DAN (CONT'D)
Do you know what I heard? I heard
our little Noah is celebrating a
birthday. Come up here, Noah!

An eight-year-old white boy, Noah, cautiously approaches
Father Dan.

FATHER DAN (CONT'D)
You know, Noah, your parents tried
for a very long time to have a
baby, and they came to me. I told
them I would pray, but that only
God could help them. And then, you
know what? You were born! So, I ask
everyone to raise their right
hands, and join me in celebrating
Noah, and remember that if we have
faith, then nothing is impossible!

The congregation all do happily raise their right hands, as
Father Dan blesses Noah with holy water.

He playfully pelts the kid with the water again and again.
Noah looks overjoyed; at that moment, the little guy is a
rock star.

INT. LOWER CHAPEL - LATER

Gabriel stands with Erin at the back of the room after it has
emptied out.

GABRIEL

So, do you know why I brought you here?

ERIN

I'd have to be blind not to, dad. It was ...alive. Not just words, but people obviously caring about people.

GABRIEL

I think it will do you some good to work with folks like these, those who could use a little help.

Erin nods, then kisses her father on the cheek. He beams.

DISSOLVE TO:

SERIES OF SHOTS:

A) Erin sits in a senior citizen home's recreation room, the walls covered with Thanksgiving decorations. Erin is playing checkers with an ELDERLY WOMAN in a wheelchair.

B) Outside of St. Anthony's Church, the ground is covered with snow. Erin and Gabriel shovel the front steps when Sister Constance comes out, holding mugs of hot chocolate for them.

C) After a service in the lower chapel, Erin walks around, picking up hymnals, tidying the room. A gaggle of KIDS helps her do it.

D) In the back room of a food pantry, Erin arranges cans into cardboard boxes.

She looks out into the front room, where there are Christmas decorations everywhere. She sees that the line of bundled up PEOPLE waiting for a box stretches out through the front door of the building.

INT. ST. ANTHONY'S FOOD PANTRY - LATER

Snowflakes fall outside of the windows.

Erin packs boxes in the back room, when RASALAN MELO enters, and starts packing one of her own.

Rasalan is a tiny Filipino woman in her early thirties, with twinkling eyes, long jet-black hair, and a taste for bright and flowery wardrobe.

She gives off a natural warmth that is palpable, and she packs her box with breathtaking speed.

RASALAN

Hi there. I'm Rasalan, I know your dad.

ERIN

Hello, yourself. I'm Erin, damn glad to meet you.

They shake hands. Rasalan points to a cardboard box behind Erin.

RASALAN

Hey, you using that box over there?

ERIN

Nope.

RASALAN

Then give it here, honey! There's lots of hungry people out there, and not enough time to feed them all.

Erin hands Rasalan the box, and the little woman's hands fly as she packs that one too.

EXT. ST. ANTHONY'S FOOD PANTRY - EVENING

The snow continues to fall, and Rasalan and Erin walk out of the front door of the building, wearing heavy winter coats. The street lamps have twinkling Christmas lights wound around them.

RASALAN

What do you say, young Erin? Want to take a walk with me, maybe get a hot chocolate?

ERIN

It's cold as a witches' you-know-what out here, Rasalan.

RASALAN

Yes, and that's why we'll get hot chocolate, silly. Come on, do you think it's a coincidence that I bumped into you today? I've been meaning to meet you for a while now, and there's something you'll want to hear.

Erin sizes Rasalan up, and sees no malice in her. She pulls out her phone and sends a quick text.

ERIN

Okay, I just told my dad I'll be late. Lead the way, mysterious lady.

RASALAN

Yes! I knew you were a smart girl.

ERIN

But, if anything happens to me, there'll be a few pissed-off Mexicans you'll have to deal with.

EXT. PUBLIC PARK - EVENING

Rasalan and Erin walk around the edge of a frozen pond, holding steaming cups. A handful of LITTLE KIDS ice skate on the pond, their PARENTS watching.

RASALAN

I run a non-profit organization that provides services for survivors of human trafficking. These are people who have been victims of sexual or forced labor slavery.

She pulls a pamphlet out of her jacket pocket and hands it to Erin.

CLOSE UP:

The pamphlet has a logo on it that looks like a shining star in the sky, with the words "North Star Project" printed boldly across the top.

BACK TO SCENE:

ERIN

Okay, very cool. What does that have to do with me?

RASALAN

I'm always on the lookout for interns. I heard about what happened to you this summer, and I'm terribly sorry you went through it. But, I also know it can help you connect with our clients.

ERIN

What could you possibly know about what I've been through?

RASALAN

Honey, you might be surprised.

CUT TO:

INT. BRIGHTLY LIT ROOM - DAY

This is a different, unknown space that we haven't seen before, but will see again.

In a medium shot, with an indistinct white background, Rasalan looks directly into the camera, wearing different clothes than we just saw her in.

The camera very slowly zooms in on her face as she tells her tale.

RASALAN

I'm fluent in five languages, so I was recruited by a company to come teach in America. I was promised a starting salary ten times what I could earn in the Philippines, so I went into debt to cover the necessary expenses, figuring I could pay it off quickly. Boy, was I wrong. When I got here, my recruiter stole my passport and visa, then forced me to sign a new contract promising most of my wages to them.

(MORE)

RASALAN (CONT'D)

He threatened me with deportation
and my family back home with
violence if I didn't sign. I
signed.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CRAMPED TRAILER - NIGHT

A dozen FILIPINO MEN AND WOMEN, including Rasalan, are
huddled together, sleeping on any available surface of this
run-down trailer.

RASALAN (V.O.)

My friends and I taught all day,
but we got hardly any of our pay,
and the room and board we were
provided wasn't fit for humans. I
spoke to school administrators, and
I even called the police, but
everybody said we had volunteered
for the job, so there wasn't a
problem. Then I called the FBI, and
finally an agent listened.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BRIGHTLY LIT ROOM - SAME

Rasalan smiles in a close-up.

RASALAN

We sued our recruiter, and we were
awarded a four-and-a-half million
dollar settlement. Not too shabby.

CUT TO:

EXT. PUBLIC PARK - LATER

Erin and Rasalan stand next to the pond, the kids and their
parents packing up and starting for home. Erin is bewildered.

RASALAN

I used my part of the settlement to
start North Star, and at least a
few people are better off because
of it.

(MORE)

RASALAN (CONT'D)

So, do you want to check the place out, put your experience to good use?

ERIN

Jesus, Rasalan, way to drop a bomb on a girl. Are you positive that I'm the right person to be asking?

RASALAN

No, but I've got a pretty good feeling.

ERIN

All right. I'll come by for a tour, no promises.

RASALAN

Then I propose a toast, since I think this is the beginning of a beautiful friendship.

She holds her hot chocolate cup out. Erin raises an eyebrow, but does touch her cup to Rasalan's, and they both drink.

They continue to walk around the perimeter of the pond, the sunset reflecting off of the ice's surface.

INT. NORTH STAR PROJECT BUILDING - DAY

Erin walks with Rasalan through the hallways of this converted office building. Young and old VOLUNTEERS alike, of all shapes and sizes, bustle through the building.

INT. NORTH STAR CLASSROOM - SAME

Rasalan leads Erin into this room, which has white boards and bulletin boards on the walls, with tables and books everywhere.

RASALAN

We teach all kinds of things here. English as a second language, nutrition, finance, law ...anything that a productive citizen needs.

INT. NORTH STAR REC ROOM - LATER

The room has an air hockey table, a dance floor, and plenty of tables covered in art supplies. Rasalan sits, making a finger painting as Erin looks on.

RASALAN

We try to get as many volunteers in here as we can. Survivors don't just need social services. They need art therapy, they need to have fun.

Rasalan hands Erin the finger painting she just made.

CLOSE UP:

It is a stick figure holding a giant green shamrock, with the name "ERIN" written next to it.

BACK TO SCENE:

Erin looks bemused, but Rasalan grins like a maniac.

INT. NORTH STAR DROP-IN CENTER - DAY

Erin and Rasalan walk into this lobby/lounge area with a help desk at the front of it. There are comfortable chairs, and a wall dedicated to desktop computers and printers.

There is also a Christmas tree set up in one corner, covered in every bauble and shiny bit of tinsel imaginable.

At a table, a half-dozen WOMEN in their teens and twenties blow up pink balloons.

RASALAN

And this is our drop-in center. The dormitories are across the street, so the first thing everyone does when they come over is stop here to find out what programs are going on, or just to hang out. If you join us, this is the first place I'll have you work after your training.

ERIN

What's up with the pink balloons?

RASALAN

(quietly)

One of our clients died of AIDS last week. We're holding a memorial service, and pink was her favorite color.

Erin looks at the young women blowing up the balloons, and it looks like her heart is breaking.

RASALAN (CONT'D)

Not everyone gets a happy ending. If you become an intern, it's at least a twenty-hour-a-week commitment. You will be on call if there's a crisis ...and there will be. So, what do you say?

ERIN

I say I'd have to be as nuts as you are to want to do this job. I also say that I'm interested. Can I think about it, let you know soon?

RASALAN

Sure, honey.

EXT. CITY STREETS - LATER

Erin walks on the sidewalk in winter coat and hat, her breath visible, contemplating her future.

A rain shower begins, which then quickly becomes a pounding rainstorm. Erin, without an umbrella, searches for a place to get out of the weather.

INT. CATHEDRAL BASILICA OF THE SACRED HEART - DAY

Erin enters this empty cathedral, drenched, and takes off her hat.

It is more gargantuan than any religious space we have been in yet. There is an organ with pipes reaching around the entire perimeter of the structure.

Erin walks around the cathedral, deep in thought, and passes small recessed chapels with stained glass windows. She looks into one of these chapels, and stops.

Inside of it are stained glass representations of Saint Brigid, and Saint Columkille.

What draws her eye is an altar dedicated to Saint Patrick, along with a statue of Patrick himself that looks down from its ten foot height.

INT. SAINT PATRICK'S CHAPEL - SAME

Erin enters, and looks up at Saint Patrick. She smiles tenuously.

ERIN

Hi, Patrick, I'm Erin. I read your book. You said that when you were fifteen, you committed a terrible sin. Well, so did I. I told my mom to leave me alone, and she did. She died.

Erin gets choked up, but she continues.

ERIN (CONT'D)

I've been lost, even before those men came and took me. I don't know if it was you who helped me when I needed it the most, but if it was then all I can say is, thank you. After you escaped, you turned to the Church. I can't do what you did. I mean, I literally can't be a priest because I'm a woman, which is nonsense, but that's beside the point.

She looks up at Patrick, earnest and open.

ERIN (CONT'D)

Now, I have an opportunity to help people like you and me. I just ...I don't know if I can.

Just then, the sound of the church organ blasts through the cathedral.

The pipes are everywhere, and the music that is being played is undeniably powerful, and breathtakingly beautiful.

INT. CATHEDRAL BASILICA OF THE SACRED HEART - SAME

Erin walks out of Saint Patrick's Chapel and into the central sanctuary, where she finds an ORGANIST sitting at the keys and pedals, playing like a virtuoso, lost in the music.

He is in his early-twenties, tall and blonde, wearing a light sweater and khakis. His eyes are closed, and his shoes sit next to him, as he is playing with stockinged feet on the pedals.

Erin walks slowly toward him. The Organist opens his eyes, sees Erin, and abruptly stops playing. He starts scrambling to put his shoes back on.

ORGANIST

Oh, wow, I'm sorry if I disturbed you. I didn't think anyone else was here.

ERIN

No, please, you don't have to stop. That was gorgeous, Shoeless Joe.

ORGANIST

(smiles)

Thanks, but I'm not exactly supposed to be playing by myself. I'm just an intern, I could get into some trouble.

ERIN

(playful)

You couldn't resist?

ORGANIST

No, I mean, this is all I ever want to do. I guess it's what I'm meant to do. Well, have a good day.

He begins to walk away. Erin's eyes are bright as she watches him.

ERIN

You too. And thanks.

He stops briefly and turns to her.

ORGANIST

(confused)

You're welcome.

He turns and walks out of the sanctuary. Erin looks around at the enormity of the organ's pipes.

INT. SAINT PATRICK'S CHAPEL - SAME

Erin walks back into the chapel, and once again looks up at Patrick's statue. She smiles at him knowingly.

CLOSE UP:

The face of Saint Patrick's statue smiles back.

BACK TO SCENE:

Erin takes out her cell phone, dials, and puts it to her ear.

ERIN
Hello, Rasalan? It's Erin
Servantes. When can I start?

INT. UNIVERSITY COMMUNICATIONS SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Sullivan once again strides down the hallway, holding a pile of storyboards. He wears his sport coat over an "Avatar" tee shirt this time: giant blue aliens stare at us with golden eyes.

Colin hustles beside him in shirt and tie, holding the HD camera, looking worried.

SULLIVAN
It's a new semester, little
britches, and I can sense a victory
in our immediate future.

INT. PROFESSOR DESIR'S OFFICE - SAME

Professor Desir sits behind her desk, as Sullivan and Colin stampede through the open door, and start setting up.

SULLIVAN
Good afternoon, Professor Desir,
thank you for seeing me again. I am
here to blow you away with my
revised adaptation of the life of
Saint Patrick. No more misguided
attempts at family-friendly
animation, oh no.
(MORE)

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)

This shall be an epic, a rendition
of the Saint like has never been
attempted.

CLOSE UP:

Sullivan reveals the first storyboard, which is like a
painted Drew Struzan poster, a-la *Star Wars* or *Indiana Jones*.

A figure resembling Sullivan with wild long hair and a beard,
wearing a beautifully embroidered white robe, stands on a
pile of destroyed silver robots.

He holds a huge shepherd's crook that glows like an orange
laser over his head.

Tall green-skinned humanoid aliens wearing broken shackles
surround the figure, and bend as if to worship him.

The title of the film is in bold neon letters at the top of
the poster: *Star Patrick and the Green Planet*.

BACK TO SCENE:

Sullivan grins.

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)

Picture this. We begin in the dark
recesses of far away space...

The following sequence is discontinuous, like a movie
trailer. It is also supposed to be corny and cliché as all
get out.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SPACE STATION ALPHA - NIGHT

Deep space. The stars sparkle with uncommon beauty. In the
foreground is a cylindrical space station, pulsing with
flashing lights. In the background is a spherical and
impossibly green planet.

INT. SPACE STATION ALPHA - SAME

In a small futuristic chamber, PATRICK (once again played by
Sullivan) meditates as he floats in zero gravity, his legs
crossed, his eyes closed. He wears a tightly fitting neoprene
space suit underneath a flowing white cloak.

An intercom crackles to life.

INTERCOM (V.O.)
All personnel embarking to Hibernia-
Six, please report to the jump-deck
immediately.

Patrick's eyes snap open, determined.

INT. JUMP SHUTTLE - NIGHT

Patrick is strapped into a seat, surrounded by other human PASSENGERS. The shuttle bucks and shudders as it flies into the Green Planet's atmosphere. Patrick grits his teeth.

A tiny hologram of the grizzled GENERAL COROTICUS, dressed in a similar space suit as the rest, floats in front of each passenger's faces.

GENERAL COROTICUS
These creatures have been making
raids on our fleet for decades.
It's time we put a stop to it, and
make them as civilized as the rest
of the Planetary Federation.

EXT. THE GREEN PLANET - DAY

The planet's surface is a vast countryside. All of the natural elements are various shades of green, and the rocks and trees are bulbous, like out of a Dr. Seuss book.

Patrick roams through this countryside, carrying a shepherd's crook that appears to me made of wood.

VOICE (V.O.)
Patrick...

Patrick stops and looks around. He heard the gorgeous voice, but sees nobody who it could belong to.

He sits down next to a brook in a clearing, crosses his legs, and pulls a futuristic flute with nodules and flashing lights out of his cloak.

Patrick plays his flute, and a flourishing electronic melody blasts forth.

A nearby bush shakes. Patrick stops playing, and from behind the bush emerge a dozen WARRIORS, tall green humanoid aliens, carrying long spears.

<These brackets indicate the musical made-up language of the Green People, which will be accompanied by English subtitles>

WARRIOR #1

<What manner of creature is this?>

PATRICK

<I am a man, not of this planet.>

WARRIOR #2

<Great Land! You speak our language?!>

PATRICK

<Yes, I was once a captive of your people. I have come back, to save you with the strength of my God.>

Another rustling comes from the bushes. Patrick stands in time to see a HIBERNIAN BEAST burst out into the clearing, a huge half-bear, half-reptilian monster with poison dripping from its fangs.

The warriors disperse, but Patrick lifts his crook, and it begins to glow with laser intensity. The beast charges, Patrick side-steps, and then slices the beast's head off with the crook like a hot knife through butter.

WARRIOR #1

<We would hear more about this God who gives you such strength.>

EXT. THE GREEN PEOPLE'S CAMP - DAY

Hundreds of GREEN PEOPLE gather around the center of their camp to catch a glimpse of Patrick, who stands at the foot of a great mossy throne. Many of these aliens are wearing shackles around their necks and hands.

Sitting on the throne is KING LOEGAIRE, an eight foot tall Green Person with a long, flowing headdress made of foliage.

LOEGAIRE

<And what would you have me do,
Patrick Not Of The Green?>

PATRICK

<I ask you to free those in
bondage, and allow full rights to
all.>

LOEGAIRE

<Ha! All that are Green have a
right to their slaves. Begone, and
if I see you again, I will kill
you.>

Patrick considers, then bows, and walks from the camp.

INT. PLANETARY FEDERATION HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Patrick sits in a glistening metal room, across a table from
General Coroticus himself. The General picks his teeth with a
laser knife as they speak.

GENERAL COROTICUS

So, you have been among the Green
People?

PATRICK

Yes, I have. My ministry will be
just as challenging as I
anticipated.

The surface of the table in front of them begins to writhe;
it is made of liquid metal, and it forms into the shape of
the Green countryside.

GENERAL COROTICUS

I want you to show me exactly where
their camp is, and what
fortifications they have in place.

PATRICK

Why would I show you that?

GENERAL COROTICUS

Because, priest, we are going to
wipe the adult males out, and then
force the women and children to
work in our mines. What did you
think we were here for?

PATRICK

I will not show you.

GENERAL COROTICUS
So be it. Guards!

A dozen ROBOT GUARDS, made of the same shiny liquid metal as the tabletop, tromp into the room.

Patrick jumps from his seat, but General Coroticus throws his laser knife. It embeds in Patrick's shoulder, and he grunts in pain.

Patrick manages to energize his crook, and slashes a crude passage into the side of the metal wall, then runs through it into the countryside.

EXT. THE GREEN PLANET - DAY

Patrick meditates by a babbling brook, his shoulder bleeding from the knife wound.

VOICE (V.O.)
You have come. Let me heal you.

Patrick's eyes open to see green foliage creeping up his body. He panics.

VOICE (V.O.)
Do not fear. I will not hurt you.

The green mossy mass covers Patrick's shoulder wound, then disintegrates. When Patrick looks down, the wound is completely healed.

PATRICK
Thank you. Who are you?

VOICE (V.O.)
I am the voice of the Green Planet.
You were sent from the stars to
free my people. Everything around
you will serve you, if only you
ask.

Patrick closes his eyes again, then raises his hands. The water in the brook raises up in a wave with every gesture.

He turns, and lowers his hands. The bulbous trees bend their branches down as he directs them with his movement.

VOICE (V.O.)

Will you save the creatures whom I
love?

Patrick opens his eyes, and they are blazing with
determination.

PATRICK

I will.

EXT. BATTLEFIELD - DAY

King Loegaire leads hundreds of his Green People across a
field, armed with organic spears that shoot pods at their
opponents.

General Coroticus charges the opposite way across the field,
leading a massive army of liquid metal robots, all carrying
laser weapons.

The armies clash. The Green People are being slaughtered.
General Coroticus engages Loegaire in battle. Though Loegaire
is two heads taller and more massive, General Coroticus
easily cuts him down with a laser sword.

Into the fray walks Patrick, the definition of serene. He
moves his arms delicately, as if conducting a symphony
orchestra.

The very earth beneath everyone's feet begins to roil, like a
carpet being shaken. The ground opens up and swallows robots
like they were candy.

Trees crash down and flatten other robots, and fluorescent
green boulders fly to crush the rest before rolling away.

Soon, all that is left of the invading army is General
Coroticus himself. He stands, disarmed, bloodied and defiant.

Patrick approaches him, and extends his hand.

PATRICK

If you renounce your violent ways,
you may live with us in peace. What
say you?

GENERAL COROTICUS

I say to hell with you, and this
filthy planet!

Patrick looks disappointed. He makes a beckoning motion with his other hand, and a Hibernian Beast walks to his side.

PATRICK

Don't kill him, just chase him for a while. Maybe some exercise will get the hatred out of his system.

The Hibernian Beast nods, then runs after General Coroticus, who takes off, screaming for all he is worth.

EXT. THE GREEN PEOPLE'S CAMP - DAY

The Green People cheer at the base of the throne, none of them chained any longer. The camera races up the height of the throne, to find Patrick meditating as he sits at the very top.

He wears the mossy headdress that once belonged to Loegaire.

CLOSE UP:

Patrick's face is tranquil. He takes a deep breath, and then his eyes slam open.

The irises of his eyes are a deep green. His pupils sparkle like stars in the sky.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PROFESSOR DESIR'S OFFICE - LATER

Sullivan stands next to the final storyboard, which has a lovely illustration of Star Patrick's eyes from the final frame.

Sullivan is sweating, and breathing heavily from the exertion of the pitch.

SULLIVAN

So, uh, shall I go ahead with this as my thesis film?

Professor Desir looks at Sullivan, with no idea what to say. She takes off her glasses, and rubs her eyes.

Colin looks at his brother, sad that all of Sullivan's efforts are for naught.

EXT. UNIVERSITY COMMUNICATIONS SCHOOL - DAY

Sullivan sits on the front steps of the building, shivering in his sport coat.

Colin comes over to him, wearing a pea coat, and hands Sullivan his own winter jacket. He struggles into it.

SULLIVAN

Thanks.

COLIN

You doing okay?

SULLIVAN

(sarcastic)

Yeah, I'm dandy.

COLIN

What do you want to do now?

SULLIVAN

Nothing. I'm done with this school,
and I'm done with film. I put
everything I had into that pitch.
I've got nothing left.

Colin sits down on the step next to Sullivan, and nods.

COLIN

Okay. May I make a suggestion
first?

SULLIVAN

Sure, what do I have to lose?

COLIN

I asked you to be reverent to
Patrick, and you weren't. You made
him a legendary figure, and you
lost what makes him tick. You tell
me, what's compelling about the
man?

Sullivan looks at Colin, unsure. He contemplates for a moment.

SULLIVAN

I don't know. I guess it's that he put his own desires and safety aside after he escaped and ...and he went back.

COLIN

I'd say that's pretty close. Now use that insight, big brother. Stop trying to be Walt Disney, or James Cameron, and just be Sullivan Servantes.

Colin holds the HD camera up in front of Sullivan's nose.

COLIN (CONT'D)

You're a guy who uses a camera to open yourself up to the world. If you do your own thing, the world will start watching.

SULLIVAN

Okay, I'll try to do that. Or, I'll just run away and join a convent.

COLIN

A monastery, goofball, convents are for nuns. And you'd do better in a circus anyway.

Sullivan puts his arm around Colin's shoulder. Snow flakes start to fall. They both look up at the graying sky.

INT. NORTH STAR DROP-IN CENTER - DAY

Erin, in a nice professional blouse and slacks, sits down behind the help desk in the drop-in center. It must be early in the morning, because the rest of the place is empty.

She begins to read from a Spanish-language textbook.

Erin looks up, and is startled to see IVY ROSE standing right in front of her.

Ivy is nineteen, a pretty white girl with long curly hair, too much makeup, and a tight baby-tee and sweats on. She also has a small pink purse slung over her shoulder.

IVY

Hey, new girl. Whatcha reading a Spanish textbook for, aren't you Mexican?

ERIN

Half-Mexican, but it's not like we pop out of the womb speaking Spanish, you know. I'm Erin, who might you be?

IVY

I'm Ivy. You look like you know how to dress like a damn lawyer or something. Come on and help me out.

She takes a confused Erin by the hand, and leads her into an adjacent room.

INT. CLOTHING EXCHANGE - SAME

There are shelves all along the walls, filled with donated clothing, arranged according to sizes. Ivy leads Erin to a section, and starts rummaging through the piles.

ERIN

What are you looking for?

IVY

I've been called to testify in my boyfriend's trial. I want something nice to wear, that'll make me look real professional for the jury.

ERIN

Oh. If it's not too personal, what has he been charged with?

IVY

Hold on.

Ivy opens her purse, and takes out a folded up sheaf of papers. She also takes out a pair of eyeglasses, perches them on her nose, and reads.

IVY (CONT'D)

"Sex trafficking of minors, and forced sex trafficking of adults."

Erin is shocked, but tries not to show it.

CUT TO:

INT. BRIGHTLY LIT ROOM - DAY

In the same medium shot we saw Rasalan in earlier, Ivy is framed, wearing different clothes than we just saw her in.

The camera zooms in on her face very slowly as she relays her tale.

IVY

I got kicked out of the house, so I slept wherever I could. My boyfriend found me at a bus stop. He said to me, "girl, you are too fine to be taking the bus." He took me in, showed me a good time, and then he started to share me.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

Ivy taps on the door of a motel room, wearing a short skirt and very high heels. The door opens and she is let in.

IVY (V.O.)

The tricks were mostly nice, but I carried a knife just in case. I didn't walk the streets or anything, internet ads took me direct to their door.

Time-lapse photography fast-forwards the scene, until...

EXT. MOTEL - MORNING

The night is over and the sun is coming up. The motel room door opens, and Ivy walks out.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BRIGHTLY LIT ROOM - SAME

Ivy smiles as she tells the story, looking nostalgic.

IVY

So I lived the life. But then my boyfriend got me into smack, and he kept my fix from me whenever he was mad. He put me in the hospital one time, and the cops brought this crazy Filipino lady into the room. So, here I am.

CUT TO:

INT. CLOTHING EXCHANGE - LATER

Ivy holds up a couple of tops for Erin to see, but they are gaudy or have spangles on them.

IVY

Do you think any of these are nice enough?

Erin looks at her sympathetically, and then gives her the once over.

ERIN

You know what? I think we're about the same size.

IVY

So what, new girl?

ERIN

So, I have some really classy dresses that would look way better than anything here. I'll bring them in, we can do a fashion show.

IVY

You'd do that for me?

ERIN

Sure. And I'll even go with you to court when you testify. It's got to be easier if you can see people who are on your side.

Ivy looks at Erin with a newfound respect.

INT. NORTH STAR PROJECT CLASSROOM - DAY

Rasalan sits at a table with YOLANDA RODRIGUEZ, a tiny sixteen- year-old Mexican girl with lovely black hair.

Erin enters the room, and sees that Rasalan and Yolanda are working in an English-language workbook. Rasalan looks up, and sees Erin.

RASALAN

Hiya. Yolanda, this is Erin. She's
a very nice lady.

Yolanda smiles at Erin shyly.

ERIN

(in Spanish)

<Good evening. Are you learning
your reading English good?>

Yolanda giggles at Erin's poor grammar, and Erin flushes.

RASALAN

Oh, heck, I think you're coming
along splendidly, Erin. Not as well
as little Yolanda here, but it'll
happen.

CUT TO:

INT. BRIGHTLY LIT ROOM - DAY

It is Yolanda's turn to look into the camera, as she quietly tells her story in Spanish.

YOLANDA

<The woman said I would have to
cook and clean, but I would also go
to school and learn English. My
parents agreed, so I was smuggled
into America from my home in
Mexico. But, there was no school.
When I broke a plate, I got beaten
with a broomstick. When I fell
asleep, I got pepper sprayed in my
face. Neighbors saw me, but they
never talked to me.

(MORE)

YOLANDA (CONT'D)
When I wasn't supposed to be
working, she put me outside.>

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

The back yard has an eight-foot-high fence surrounding it. In the middle of the yard is a metal pole, cemented into a hole.

A chain is attached to the pole, and the other end is chained around little Yolanda's body with a padlock. She shivers, wearing only panties and a camisole.

At a house next-door, a NEIGHBOR puts a ladder up against the roof and climbs it, wearing a tool belt. He gets to the top, looks down into the backyard, and sees Yolanda.

He stares, then pulls his cell phone out of his pocket and makes a call.

EXT. BACKYARD - LATER

A uniformed OFFICER charges into the backyard, rushing toward Yolanda. She trembles as she sees him, terrified.

YOLANDA (V.O.)
<She told me that the police would
kill me because I was here
illegally, so I thought I was going
to die.>

The Officer is obviously shocked at what he sees. He tries to remove the chain from around Yolanda's body, but it is too tightly locked.

He radios a quick message, then takes his jacket off and drapes it over Yolanda's shoulders.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BRIGHTLY LIT ROOM - SAME

Yolanda looks haunted as she stares into the camera. There is nothing more she can say.

CUT TO:

INT. NORTH STAR PROJECT CLASSROOM - LATER

Rasalan still sits and tutors Yolanda, as Erin uses an eraser to clean the white boards.

Erin's cell phone rings, and she takes a step out into the hallway and places it to her ear. She can be seen through the open doorway.

ERIN

Hello?

Erin listens, then her shoulders drop.

ERIN (CONT'D)

Okay, thank you, Detective. I'll see you there.

Erin steps back inside, looking pale. Rasalan looks up and sees her.

RASALAN

Erin, honey, are you all right?

ERIN

That was Detective Ponte, the woman working on my case. I have to go to Tucson to testify, so I'll need some time off.

RASALAN

Of course, whatever you need. When are you scheduled to take the stand?

ERIN

March seventeenth.

DISSOLVE TO:

SERIES OF SHOTS:

A) Erin, wearing a black pantsuit, walks into a courtroom. She is flanked by Detective Ponte, Gabriel, Sullivan, Colin, Hector and Chuy. Oswald brings up the rear, the men and Colin all wearing suits as well. They sit down behind the prosecution's table.

B) Oswald sits proudly on the witness stand, being examined by the PROSECUTING ATTORNEY, a slender Latino man in his fifties.

C) Erin takes the witness stand. She looks over and sees Crocodile sitting behind the defense table, wearing a suit, and the same orange boots.

He smirks at her. She tries to remain expressionless, but her nervousness shines through.

D) The Prosecuting Attorney examines Erin. She has her Saint Patrick medallion gripped firmly in one hand.

She lifts her other hand and points directly at Crocodile, identifying him as her kidnapper.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SERVANTES KITCHEN - DAY

Erin sits at the island with her Spanish textbook open, Gabriel sitting across from her.

A light spring drizzle can be seen outside through the kitchen window.

GABRIEL

(Spanish)

<What time is it?>

ERIN

<Four-thirty, dad.>

GABRIEL

<What did you have for dinner last night?>

ERIN

<We ordered a pizza, and I had a slice of it again for lunch.>

GABRIEL

(English)

See, you'll be fluent in no time, tiny dancer. Your abuelo was already impressed.

ERIN

(sarcastic)

Sure, dad, I'll be watching telenovelas without subtitles, no problem.

The front doorbell rings. Gabriel stands to answer it.

GABRIEL
Hold that thought.

INT. SERVANTES FOYER - SAME

Erin walks toward the open front door to find Gabriel talking with a young African man who looks about eighteen.

This is JOSEPH JYAMFI, and he is rail thin, wearing cheap clothes frayed at the cuffs, holding a sales packet in a manila folder.

Even though it is cool and rainy, he doesn't wear a jacket or have an umbrella. He looks exhausted, and he stutters when he speaks.

GABRIEL
No, no, I'm sorry, but we already
subscribe to all of the magazines
we want.

Gabriel is about to close the door, when Erin steps forward.

ERIN
Hi, what's your name?

JOSEPH
(West-African accent)
My name is Joseph.

ERIN
I'm Erin. You're selling magazines?

JOSEPH
Yes, ma'am.

ERIN
Have you sold many today?

JOSEPH
No, ma'am.

Joseph looks over his shoulder nervously.

ERIN
Tell you what, Joseph. If you would
like to come inside, we can talk
about some of those subscriptions.

Gabriel looks at Erin questioningly, and she returns his look with a quick nod.

GABRIEL

Sure, come in, I'll get you a glass of water.

Gabriel and Erin step aside, and Joseph cautiously comes in.

INT. SERVANTES KITCHEN - SAME

Joseph sits at the island with his sales packet and a glass of water in front of him. Erin sits and speaks with him, slowly and calmly.

ERIN

Have you been working for your sales company long?

JOSEPH

No, just a couple of months.

ERIN

That's cool. Do they pay you as much as they said they would?

Joseph looks down, afraid to speak.

ERIN (CONT'D)

Joseph, you don't have to tell me anything, and you can leave whenever you want. But, I think you might be in some trouble, and I also think I can get you out of it.

Joseph looks up at her, his eyes pleading.

JOSEPH

No, they don't pay me.

ERIN

Were you born in America?

JOSEPH

No, I came here on a visa.

ERIN

And do you have your visa, or was it taken away?

JOSEPH
(starting to cry)
They took it.

ERIN
Okay, Joseph. I know a place that works with people just like you. I'm going to get up and make some phone calls. Is that okay?

JOSEPH
Yes, please.

Erin stands and walks over to Gabriel, who has been standing in the doorway. He looks amazed.

ERIN
(quietly)
Dad, call the police and get an officer out here. I'm going to call Rasalan and see if we can get him in at North Star.

The front doorbell rings.

INT. SERVANTES FOYER - SAME

Erin opens the door. Her eyes widen when she mistakenly thinks she sees orange crocodile-skin boots on the person standing there.

She blinks, and realizes that they are yellow rain boots, and the woman wearing them is pudgy, middle aged, and holding a matching yellow umbrella.

This is AKUA MENSAH, an African woman who smiles at Erin.

AKUA
Hi, I thought I saw my friend Joseph come in there. Can I speak with him?

ERIN
Who should I say is asking for him?

AKUA
I'm his boss.

Erin leans out of the door, fire in her eyes, and whispers to Akua.

ERIN

I know what you are, and the police
are on the way.

Akua takes a step back, and sneers.

AKUA

You better watch your back, bitch.

Erin steps back into the foyer, and slams the door, locking
it. Gabriel hustles in, holding his phone.

GABRIEL

The cops will be here in a minute.
Are you okay?

Erin leans against a coat closet door, collecting herself.

INT. SERVANTES LIVING ROOM - LATER

Joseph sits with Gabriel and Erin on a couch.

OFFICER LONG, a burly uniformed cop with a walrus moustache
sits in one armchair with a notebook in his hand. Rasalan
sits in another armchair.

Saint Patrick sits above the mantel.

OFFICER LONG

Okay, I've got everything I need
for now. We'll be investigating
this "Destiny Magazine Sales"
company, and the couple that runs
it.

Officer Long stands, walks over to Joseph, and in a fatherly
gesture smiles and squeezes his shoulder. Gabriel stands, and
leads Officer Long out of the room.

Rasalan gestures for Erin to come over and speak with her.

RASALAN

(quietly)

Erin, I'm very proud of you, but
I'm sorry. We don't have any
transitional housing open for men
right now. I'll have to call over
to a couple of the churches, see if
there's a bed open in a men's
shelter for Joseph.

ERIN

Oh, bullshit, Rasalan. Can't you see that he's terrified?

RASALAN

I know, but what else can we do?

Erin sets her jaw, and looks at Rasalan.

ERIN

He can stay here, we have a guest bedroom.

RASALAN

Erin, honey, I wouldn't want you to be liable if anything happens.

ERIN

I'm not worried. I'll have my dad and my brothers, and if you work your magic, it'll only be for a night or two, right?

Rasalan looks at how determined she is, and relents.

RASALAN

Okay, temporarily he can stay with you.

Erin walks back over to Joseph, and holds out her hand.

ERIN

Come on. Let's get some dinner, and then I'll show you to your room.

Joseph cracks an adorable smile, and takes her hand.

INT. ERIN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Erin sleeps in the darkened room. She tosses and moans, having a bad dream.

Her eyes snap open when she hears a pounding on her closed bedroom door. She sits up, and the pounding gets louder and louder.

The door begins to splinter; it is getting kicked in.

Erin panics and dives out of bed, then scrambles to hide underneath it.

POV - ERIN:

She sees the bottom of the door as it explodes inward. She then sees two orange crocodile-skin boots walking toward her, slowly and deliberately.

The person wearing the boots stops directly in front of Erin's face...

CUT TO:

INT. ERIN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

...when Erin's eyes snap open for real, and she sees that she's still in the bed, her covers twisted. The previous sequence was a nightmare.

There is a tapping at her closed bedroom door.

Erin sits up, ready to bolt. The doorknob turns, and the door cracks open.

Light from the hallway seeps in, and shows that it is only Joseph.

He is wearing a pair of Sullivan's pajama bottoms and a "Titanic" tee shirt: Kate and Leo stare at us from the prow of the ship.

JOSEPH

I heard you yelling, Miss Erin. Are you okay?

Erin relaxes immediately.

ERIN

I'm fine.

JOSEPH

Did you have a bad dream?

ERIN

Yeah, that's all it was. Thanks for checking on me.

JOSEPH

You're welcome. You know what, Miss? I've been thinking. I think God sent me to you. Good night.

He shuts the door as he leaves.

Erin contemplates this for a moment. Moonlight streams in through her window. All is calm.

INT. SERVANTES LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Erin, Sullivan, Colin and Joseph all sit in the living room, just kind of looking at each other, bored.

COLIN

So ...what do you guys want to do?

They all think for a minute.

SULLIVAN

Hey, you know what we haven't done in forever?

He mimes like he's dealing cards.

ERIN

Really?

SULLIVAN

Really.

INT. SERVANTES DINING ROOM - LATER

Erin, Sullivan, Colin and Joseph all sit around a large dining room table. The window has flowing drapes, and there is a crystal chandelier overhead.

Sullivan wears a poker visor. He is currently dealing to everyone in a game of blackjack. Joseph taps to get a hit, Sullivan gives him a card, and he gets twenty-one.

JOSEPH

Blackjack.

SULLIVAN

Again?! No freaking way.

Erin and Colin share a look, finding this endlessly amusing.

Suddenly, the dining room window shatters inward, and a brick slams onto the table with a resounding crash. The home's security alarm begins to wail.

Joseph runs into another room, and Erin rushes after him.

Colin runs to the front door and looks out, while Sullivan freezes at the table in panic. A phone begins to ring nearby, then it is answered.

Sullivan regains his senses, and picks up the brick. It has paper wrapped around it. He opens it up, confused, and reads.

The alarm stops screeching. Colin comes back into the room, as does Erin, holding a phone.

ERIN

That was the security company, the police are on the way. Joseph's upstairs.

COLIN

I saw a guy running to a blue two-door sedan. At least, I think it was blue under the streetlights. Couldn't get a plate.

SULLIVAN

I didn't know people actually did this.

He hands the paper to Erin.

CLOSE UP:

In bold letters on the paper are written the words: "BACK OFF BITCH."

BACK TO SCENE:

ERIN

Ah, hell. It's got to be Joseph's traffickers. He's already petrified, we'd better find him a safe place elsewhere if our house is a target.

SULLIVAN

Whoa. We're a target? That's scary-cool. I should go get my camera.

There is a banging on the front door.

OFFICER LONG (O.S.)
(muffled)
Police! Is everyone okay?

COLIN
I'll get it.

Colin hustles to the door.

SULLIVAN
So what do we do? Do we get a gun?
Erin thinks for a second, then cracks a mischievous smile.

ERIN
No. We've got something better.

CUT TO:

INT. NEWARK INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT BAGGAGE CLAIM - DAY

Walking shoulder to shoulder past the carousels are Hector and Chuy. They have their carry on bags, and look like they mean business.

Sullivan waits at the sliding exit doors with a cardboard sign that says "Hector & Chuy."

He sees them approaching, smiles, and holds out his hand for them to shake.

The tattooed men stop and give each other an impish look.

EXT. EXIT DOORS - SAME

Through the sliding glass, we can see Hector and Chuy simultaneously bear hugging Sullivan, lifting him up, and tossing him around.

They're greeting their cousin with some rowdy love, and Sullivan looks all kinds of surprised.

INT. ESSEX COUNTY COURTHOUSE - DAY

Erin wears her black suit, and walks to the outer door of a court room, looking at the time on her phone.

Chuy also wears a suit, and stands guard next to Erin, his massive arms crossed.

Rasalan walks up to them, all smiles.

RASALAN

Who's this hunk of man?

ERIN

This is my cousin Chuy, he came up from Tucson. My other cousin Hector is with Joseph right now.

Rasalan extends her hand, and Chuy shakes it.

RASALAN

Anyone looking out for Erin is a friend of mine. There's good news on the Joseph front, I've got an open dorm for him, and a case manager and volunteer lawyer have already been assigned.

ERIN

That's great to hear, I'll let the rest of the family know. So, how's Ivy feeling?

RASALAN

I don't know, she hasn't shown up yet.

ERIN

Wait, what? The trial starts in fifteen minutes. Jesus, and I thought we'd be late.

RASALAN

Apparently she didn't sleep in her room last night. I've got people looking for her, but I fear we'll have to tell the prosecutor that she's a no-show.

Just then, Ivy turns a corner and walks toward them.

She is a mess, her hair tangled, wearing a tight belly shirt, short denim miniskirt, and extremely high heels. Her makeup has run all over her face, and she totters as she moves.

Rasalan and Erin rush over to her, Chuy behind them.

RASALAN (CONT'D)

Oh, sweetie, what did you do last night?

IVY

I had a little fun, is all.

ERIN

Ivy, where's the dress we picked out for you?

IVY

What are you talking about? I look fine!

Rasalan and Erin look at each other, frantic for an idea.

ERIN

Babe, we love you, but no jury will think you're a credible witness like this.

Ivy just snorts in derision at that.

RASALAN

I could try and get us to North Star for a shower and change of clothes.

ERIN

(sighs)

No time. I know what we have to do.

IVY

You don't have to do anything. I'm the one who has to get up there in front of my boyfriend and send him to jail.

ERIN

He's not your boyfriend, girl, he's your pimp.

IVY

Oh, shut up! You don't know what it's like, going in there!

ERIN

(quietly)

I testified against a man who hurt me. I know exactly what it's like.

Ivy quiets down, and looks at Erin quizzically.

ERIN (CONT'D)
Will you let me help you?

IVY
(whispers)
Yes.

INT. COURTROOM - LATER

Rasalan walks into the courtroom, followed by Ivy, who has been cleaned up and is wearing Erin's black pantsuit and flats.

Behind them walks Erin, wearing Ivy's belly shirt and miniskirt, with Chuy's jacket draped over her shoulders. She struggles mightily in Ivy's heels, looking like the most awkward prostitute ever.

Chuy brings up the rear in his shirtsleeves.

All four of them sit behind the prosecutor's table. Rasalan leans over and whispers to Erin.

RASALAN
You could have gone home, you know.

ERIN
I'm not leaving her. Besides, it's not every day I get to practice walking in heels like this...

Rasalan looks like she's about to burst with pride.

EXT. COURTHOUSE BATHROOM - LATER

Rasalan and Chuy stand guard outside of the women's bathroom, while Erin and Ivy are inside.

Chuy tries to hide it, but he is transfixed by Rasalan. She sees him looking at her.

RASALAN
Hey, there. What are you looking at?

Chuy shrugs.

RASALAN (CONT'D)
You don't say much, do you?

Chuy shakes his head "No".

RASALAN (CONT'D)
And why is that?

Chuy thinks for a moment, then speaks for the first time.

CHUY
Talk is cheap.

Rasalan's eyes light up.

RASALAN
Is there anything else you can say,
tall, dark and mysterious?

Chuy considers, and then looks her right in the eye.

CHUY
I think you're beautiful.

Rasalan melts. Chuy smiles.

EXT. SERVANTES HOUSE - NIGHT

An older blue coupe pulls up in front of the house, and a middle aged African man gets out of the driver's side.

This is KWAKU MENSAH, Akua's husband and another of Joseph's traffickers. Akua can be seen in the passenger seat, watching.

Kwaku holds a liquid-filled bottle in his hand. He pulls a rag out of his back pocket and sticks it into the mouth of the bottle, making a Molotov cocktail, then takes a few strides toward the house.

He pulls out a lighter, looks down and tries to strike it, but all he gets are sparks.

HECTOR (O.S.)
Hola.

Kwaku looks up to find Hector standing between him and the house.

HECTOR (CONT'D)
(amused)
Whatcha doin', homes?

Kwaku tries to light the lighter again.

HECTOR (CONT'D)
You know what I'd do if I were you?
I'd run.

Kwaku gives up and throws the bottle at Hector. Hector effortlessly catches it in one hand, and continues to stand there, smiling.

Kwaku turns and runs back to his car, keys the ignition, and punches the gas pedal.

Hector calmly walks toward the street, and is joined by Chuy.

HECTOR (CONT'D)
(to Chuy)
Did we get 'em?

Chuy raises a ka-bar knife in his hand for Hector to see, and nods "Yes."

EXT. STREET - SAME

The blue coupe's tires start to flatten, and then give out completely. The car inches forward, running on four flats.

A police car speeds head-on toward the coupe, lights on and siren wailing. The coupe stops. Officer Long and another OFFICER hop out of the police car, guns drawn.

EXT. SERVANTES HOUSE - SAME

Hector and Chuy watch as Kwaku and Akua are dragged from the car and handcuffed in the background.

Erin walks over and joins them, followed by Gabriel with a cell phone in his hand, and Sullivan and Colin, both holding HD cameras and filming everything.

SULLIVAN
That was awesome! Tell me you shot
all of that.

COLIN
I sure did.

HECTOR
(to Erin)
Cuz, when you said you wanted us to
come up, I didn't know we'd be
having so much fun.

ERIN
I bet those two thought they were
gangsters. Well, I happen to know
what real gangsters look like.

She points to each member of her family who surrounds her.

Sullivan puffs up his chest, and Colin blushes. Gabriel
shakes his head. Hector laughs heartily and hugs her, and
Chuy musses up her hair.

INT. NORTH STAR PROJECT OFFICE - DAY

Through the window, the day looks bright and summery.

Rasalan sits behind a desk, wrapping up an administrative
meeting. Erin and a handful of other case managers and
volunteers sit or stand, and take notes.

RASALAN
Last thing on our agenda: I'm
looking to expand our art therapy
and job skills programs, so if you
know of anyone who would be great
volunteers, see me. Okay, let's get
to work.

The others file out, but Erin walks up to Rasalan at the
desk.

ERIN
I, uh, think I know some people who
can help out.

RASALAN
Oh yeah?

ERIN
Oh yeah.

DISSOLVE TO:

SERIES OF SHOTS:

Throughout this sequence, Ivy, Yolanda, and Joseph are some of the participants in the classes.

A) At the computers in the drop-in center, Gabriel works with some clients, teaching them how to use Microsoft Excel.

B) In the kitchen of the North Star Project, Hector leads a few clients in a cooking class. He dices up vegetables like a pro.

C) Outside of North Star on the street, Chuy has the hood of Sullivan's Cadillac up. He shows some folks how to gap a spark plug.

Rasalan looks on, and Chuy gives her a wink.

D) In the rec room, Colin and Sullivan work with another group, who all carry flip cameras.

Sullivan shows some of them how to use their index fingers and thumbs to make a rectangular frame, and see the world cinematically through it. Others race around, shooting footage on the cameras.

Sullivan looks around, excited, having the time of his life. Filmmaking is still in his blood.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. NORTH STAR REC ROOM - LATER

Erin, in yoga pants and a tank top, stands next to little Yolanda on the dance floor. They both wear ballet toe shoes.

ERIN

(near-perfect Spanish)

<I have to warn you, I haven't
taken a ballet class since I was
ten.>

YOLANDA

<That's okay, you still know more
than me. Show me.>

Erin smiles at her, then assumes a ballet position. Yolanda studies her, then assumes the same position perfectly. Erin moves, and Yolanda copies her.

A phone rings.

ERIN
<Oh, crap, I'm sorry, I meant to
turn that off.>

Erin rushes over to a wall where her bookbag lays.

POV - Yolanda:

Yolanda watches her from across the room. Erin rummages and pulls out her phone, glances at the screen, and then takes the call.

We can hear Erin mumbling as she speaks into the phone, but the words are indistinct. Erin hangs up, then rejoins Yolanda, sitting down on the floor and looking sad.

BACK TO SCENE:

YOLANDA
<Who was that?>

ERIN
<A detective friend of mine. Do you
remember when I left to go testify?
Well, the man just got sentenced.
Four years in prison, and he'll
probably be out on parole in two.>

YOLANDA
<Do you hate this man?>

Erin thinks for a moment, then smiles at Yolanda.

ERIN
No.

YOLANDA
<Good. Now, are we going to dance,
or what?>

Erin gets up, and they take their positions, continuing to awkwardly but joyfully dance.

CUT TO BLACK

INSERT TITLE: Three Years Later.

FADE IN:

EXT. ST. ANTHONY'S CHURCH - DAY

The church bells ring in celebration. Many PEOPLE in suits and nice dresses line both sides of the stairs leading to the front doors, looking cheerful.

Erin, Oswaldo, Gabriel, Sullivan, Colin and Hector are all dressed to the nines.

Chuy and Rasalan come out of the front doors and walk down the stairs, dressed in finery, newly man and wife.

Everyone erupts in applause. Erin and Rasalan embrace, as happy as human beings can be.

Slowly, a single female voice rises above all of the other noise, singing a hauntingly beautiful version of "Amazing Grace" in English.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BRIGHTLY LIT ROOM - DAY

The female voice is that of Yolanda, sitting in close up, singing her little heart out. She finishes the song, all smiles.

CUT TO:

INT. UNIVERSITY COMMUNICATIONS SCHOOL AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

We finally see that the shots of the brightly lit room have been footage from a documentary film all along.

It is currently being shown to a nearly-full auditorium. Yolanda's face fills the silver screen.

The camera pans along one of the front aisles, where we can see our players, all older and mostly wiser: Yolanda, Ivy, Joseph, Oswaldo, Gabriel, Hector, Chuy, Rasalan, Colin and, of course, Erin. She sits right next to her twin brother Sullivan.

They are all enrapt, their faces glowing from the flickering light.

Back on the screen, the scene changes. It is now a medium close up of Erin in the Servantes living room.

INT. AUDITORIUM SCREEN - SAME

From the point-of-view of the HD video camera, Erin is sitting on an ottoman, Saint Patrick hanging over her shoulder.

She picks up a sheet of paper.

SULLIVAN (O.S.)

What's that?

ERIN

It's an anonymous poem I've grown to like.

SULLIVAN (O.S.)

Will you say it for us?

ERIN

(laughs)

Well, yeah, you asked me to. Here goes: "Lord, may I be an abolitionist, oppression's deadly foe. In God's great strength will I resist, and lay the monster low. In God's great name do I demand, to all be freedom given. That peace and joy may fill the land, and songs go up to heaven."

She puts the paper down, and smiles at the camera with humble kindness.

The scene cuts to black, and then a title appears.

INSERT TITLE:

"If you are a victim of human trafficking, or you suspect someone else is, call the National Human Trafficking Resource Hotline at 1-800-373-7888, or text BeFree (233733)."

CUT TO:

INT. UNIVERSITY COMMUNICATIONS SCHOOL AUDITORIUM - SAME

The film ends, and the credits begin. The first credit says: "Directed by Sullivan Servantes."

The audience in the auditorium applauds. Not polite applause, mind you, the people seem to genuinely like Sullivan's documentary.

CLOSE UP:

Sullivan's smile is as wide as the ocean.

CUT TO:

INT. SERVANTES LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Erin and Sullivan stand side-by-side where we saw them at ten-years-old, in front of the portrait of Saint Patrick.

They look at the portrait, and at their brother and mother's ashes on the mantel.

SULLIVAN

So, the police academy, huh?

ERIN

Yep, that's where a degree in criminal justice is taking me. So many cops have helped me, I figure I can do the same for others. What about you, knucklehead?

SULLIVAN

I'll be moving to the city, seeing what kind of trouble I can get up to with a camera.

ERIN

Don't sell yourself short. Your documentary was beautiful, Sullivan.

SULLIVAN

Ah, you're just saying that because you're in it.

ERIN

No, you did good. Mom would have loved it.

SULLIVAN

Thanks. You know who else would have loved to see you in it?

He points to the portrait of Saint Patrick.

ERIN
Get out of here.

Sullivan holds his index fingers and thumbs up to make a rectangle.

POV - SULLIVAN:

He moves his hands back and forth between Patrick and Erin, looking through his fingers, framing them both just the same.

BACK TO SCENE:

He then drops his hands, shrugs, and flashes Erin a goofy smile.

Colin walks in, now fifteen, taller and becoming a very handsome young man. He holds a digital still camera.

COLIN
Come on, you two, you're missing
your own graduation party.

SULLIVAN
All right, little britches, let's
go take us a family portrait.

Colin smiles, and Sullivan leads him out of the room.

Erin stays for a moment.

She grasps her Saint Patrick medallion to her chest, places her hand on her mother's memorial box, and closes her eyes.

CUT TO BLACK

INSERT TITLE: Five Years Later.

FADE IN:

INT. TUCSON CONVENTION CENTER BACKSTAGE - DAY

At the edge of a huge stage, Erin stands with her eyes closed, wearing a nicely tailored suit. She looks every bit like the commanding twenty-seven-year-old professional that she has become.

She opens her eyes, holding her Saint Patrick medallion in her hand. She then lets it drop against her chest.

She has returned to where she was abducted. She has gone back.

INT. TUCSON CONVENTION CENTER STAGE - SAME

The enormous auditorium is full of LAW ENFORCEMENT PERSONNEL, waiting for Erin's presentation.

Banners abound, announcing that this is the "Arizona Enforcement Expo."

Erin walks out, and stands behind a podium. She smiles at the older and still rumpled Detective Ponte, who sits with other DETECTIVES on an adjacent row of chairs.

Erin's voice is amplified for the hundreds of attendees to hear.

ERIN

Good afternoon. I'm Detective Erin Servantes, of the Tucson Human Trafficking Investigations Unit. As I speak, there are tens of thousands of people living in bondage in our own country. I am here to guide you, so that we can collaborate in identifying victims, and supporting them in every way. Ladies and gentlemen, we have a great deal of work to do.

CLOSE UP:

She looks out at her audience, and smiles. Erin looks just as strong and kind as the portrait of Saint Patrick ever did.

ERIN (CONT'D)

Let's begin.

CUT TO BLACK

THE END

VITA

Full name: William Lyman Bradley

Place and date of birth: Fulda, West Germany July 23, 1978

Parents Name: William Linford Bradley, Sandra Jean Bradley

Educational Institutions:

	<u>School</u>	<u>Place</u>	<u>Degree</u>	<u>Date</u>
Secondary:	Tioga Central High School	Tioga Center, New York	Regents Diploma	June, 1996
Collegiate:	Ithaca College	Ithaca, New York	Bachelor of Science	May, 2000
Graduate:	Binghamton University	Binghamton, New York	Master of Arts in Teaching	Dec, 2001
	Drew University	Madison, New Jersey	Doctor of Letters	May, 2014

I understand that the Drew University Library may have this dissertation reproduced by microphotography and made available by sale to scholars and other libraries.


