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The Miracle of Our Lady of Fatima

By Crane Wilbur

[MUSIC ORCHESTRAL]

[CROWD CHEERING]

Citizens of Portugal!

[CHEERING QUIETS]

Soldiers and sailors
of the revolution,
all that is left
of the king's garrison
has either surrendered
or been killed.

[ALL CHEERING]

Manuel has abdicated
and is on his way to England.

[ALL CHEERING]

We proclaim the birth
of the People's
Socialist Republic!

NARRATOR:

In the Portugal of 1910,
there was
a swift and sudden uprising.
Planned and executed
by a Socialist minority,
its purpose was to overthrow
the government
and establish a police state.
Here was an early pattern
of what was to happen
time and again
in many countries of Europe.
As we have destroyed the power
of the monarchy in Portugal,
so we will destroy
the power of the Church!

[ALL CHEERING]

And march on
to the liberation of the masses
and rule of the proletariat!

NARRATOR:

How often have we heard
those same words since then?

And so began
a savage persecution
of all religious orders.
Priests who opposed
the government
were thrown into prison.
Others caught in a dragnet
by the military police
were photographed and numbered
like common criminals.
But the Portuguese
clung to their faith.
And after seven years
of political upheaval,
churches in remote districts
were permitted to reopen.
So it was in
the mountain village of Ftima,
where a simple people
paid tribute
to the God of their fathers.
Here is Ftima
on Sunday, May 15, 1917.
[ORGAN PLAYING
SOFT, SOLEMN MELODY]
Some wine, Frederico.
Antnio.
Hmm.
Drink.
I'm in bad trouble, Hugo.
You're a tired man, Antnio.
You work very hard
on your land and...
nothing grows.
[SLURRING]
It's enough to drive
a man to drink.
My wife doesn't know
what I suffer.
Aw.
But I do, Antnio.
I can't sleep
for thinking about it.
I say to myself,

"Hugo, you must help
your friend.

"He's trapped
like an animal."

Like an animal.

So I tell you this:

Sell that evil land.

Yes. Yes, yes.

Sell the land?

Sure.

And with the money,
you and I will become partners
in a wonderful enterprise.

We'll buy a boat.

A boat?

Yes.

In the mountains?

Ah, we'll leave
these barren hills behind.

We go away to the sea,
become fishermen.

Fish need no watering,
no planting, nothing.

That's the life, I tell you.

Well?

I'm thinking.

You'll do it, huh?

[ORGAN RESUMES PLAYING
IN DISTANCE]

No.

You refuse?

Mass is over.

My wife is there.

But the land.

The money, the fish, huh?

[ORGAN CONTINUES PLAYING
SOLEMN MELODY]

Now we've got to find
your father.

Not only does he stay out
all night,

but he also misses Mass.

Perhaps he had

an accident, Mama.

Every Saturday night
he has an accident.
A collision
with the wine bottle.
He's probably in jail.
Don't upset yourself, Mama.
Papa will come home.
He always does.
Maybe I'll find him
at the tavern.
Don't wait for me.
Lcia, you take the sheep
to the cova.
Yes, Mama.
[WHISTLING]
Good morning,
Senhora dos Santos.
Where's Antnio?
Antnio?
Bless you, senhora,
I have not seen him in a week.
Lcia! Papa and Mama have gone
to the market at Batalha.
To buy a pig, and Papa told us
to take the sheep
and go with you to the cova.
Mama fixed bread and cheese
for us.
And Hugo
provides the dessert.

ALL:

Oh! Hugo!
Here.
Gently, Francisco, gently.
Ladies first.
Here, my beautiful
little one. Here.
I brought them all the way
from Ourm.
Good, huh? They should be.
They nearly cost me my life.

ALL:

Your life?
I saw them in an orchard
by the roadside.
You stole them.
Stealing? Me?
Aw, Jacinta, how can you
think that about Hugo?
Tsk, tsk.
Oh, no, no.
The orchard belongs
to a friend of mine.
And he had told me
to help myself.
But his men didn't know that.
So they set the dogs on me.
Seven big mastiffs
leaping at my throat
with blood in their eyes.
And there I was, all alone.
And with my bare hands...
I fought them.
Poor dogs.
They'll never leap again.
You killed them?
Mm-hm.
All except the biggest one.
He laid on his back
and cried like a baby--
[ALL GIGGLE]
--so I spared him.
You tell such lovely stories,
Hugo,
but I know they're not true.
You'd better ask Father Ferreira
to forgive you.
Oh, no.
No priest for Hugo.
Why not?
Oh, it's all right
to go to church
and meditate on your sins
and beg forgiveness
and swear that you'll
never commit them again.

That's fine for little girls,
but not for
a big fellow like me.
Don't you believe in God?
Let's say, uh,
that God doesn't believe in me.
Now, go on home.
Goodbye. Bye.
Bye, Hugo.
Bye.

[WHISTLING]

Good morning, Father.
Oh, hello, Hugo.
Oh, Father? I, um...
I have a little business
that takes me to Ourm today.
And I thought perhaps
if you would want me
to get some good wine
for the altar,
I know where I can get it
very cheap.
No, thank you.
Sorry, Father.
Oh, uh...
Just a moment.

You're
an educated man, Hugo.
You come of a good family
in Lisbon, a pious family.
Why don't you come back
to the Church?
I've thought about it,
Father, and I, uh...
I may.
If you'll let me
take up the collections.

[SMACKS LIPS]

[SCOFFS]

[PLAYING LIGHT MELODY]

[BRAYING]

Francisco!
Give me back my apron!

Don't take that
and get it dirty.

FRANCISCO:

Yeah, come on.

Stop him.

Charge me, touro. Try it.

I'll have you--

My apron!

Like Hugo when he fought
the seven bulls.

Come back with it,
do you hear me?

Come back!

[BRAYS]

[LAUGHTER]

[SOBBING]

There, you see

what you've done?

Now, what will Mama say
when I come home without it?

Don't cry, Jacinta.

I'll take all the blame.

Let's eat our lunch.

[SOBBING]

We must say

the rosary first.

All right.

You start, Lcia.

In the name of the Father,
the Son

and the Holy Ghost. Amen.

I believe in God,

the Father Almighty--

No, no. Let's do it

the short way.

And wait for the echoes.

All right.

All together now.

ALL:

Hail Mary!

[ECHOES]

Hail Mary!

Hail Mary!

[THUNDER CRASHES]

What was that?

There must be
a storm coming.

How could it be
with the sky so bright?

I don't know.

But we'd better
head for home.

Hey! Hey! Ya!

Hey! Ya! Ya!

[BRAYING]

[THUNDER CRASHES]

The sun is still out.

Was that lightning?

It must be.

Come on.

Hey! Hey! Hey!

Come on there, hurry up!

FRANCISCO:

Hey, come on. Hurry up.

What are you
looking at?

[BOTH GASP]

What's the matter?

What was it?

What did you see?

Look.

Over there.

FRANCISCO:

I don't see anything.

WOMAN:

Don't be afraid.

I won't hurt you.

Come here to me,
won't you?

Come closer.

There, that's better.

You are not frightened now,
are you?

No.

Where does Your Excellency
come from?

I am from heaven.

Who are you
talking to, Lucia?

A lady.

I don't see her.

Where is she?

Here, on the little tree.

Don't you hear her?

No.

Tell him to say the rosary.

Then he will see me.

She says to say the rosary,
Francisco.

What is it you want of me?

I come to ask you to come here
for six months in succession.

On the 13th day,
at the same hour,
then I will tell you who I am
and what I want.

Shall I go to heaven?

Yes, you will.

And Jacinta?

Also.

And Francisco?

Yes.

But he will have to say
many rosaries.

Lucia,

I can see her now.

I see her plain.

Do you wish to offer
yourself to God?

To endure all the suffering
he may please to send you?

To help atone for the sins
by which he is offended?

And to ask
for the conversion of sinners?

Shall we?

Yes, we do.

Yes, my lady.
Then you will have much
to suffer.
But the grace of God
will be your comfort.
My God, my God.
I love you
in the most blessed sacrament.
Say the rosary every day
to obtain peace for the world
and to end the war.
The beautiful lady
is gone.
But she'll come back.
She said so.
Didn't she, Lucia?
Don't talk.
It's too wonderful.
[WHISTLING CHEERFULLY]
[BRAYING]
Hello there,
little ones.
Hello, Hugo.
Hi, Hugo.
Hey. Hey, wait a minute,
it's Hugo.
Don't you know me?
Have I changed so much
since this morning,
or have you suddenly
become rich,
lost interest
in your poor friend?
No, Hugo, we saw you.
Hey, what's the matter?
Anything wrong?
What happened?
We saw a beautiful lady
in the cova.
Will you please tell me
what a beautiful lady
would be doing in the cova?
It's getting late,
we'd better--

She came from heaven.

[CHUCKLES]

From heaven, huh?

Well, a stranger in these parts.

Maybe, uh...

Maybe she needs somebody

to show her around, huh?

She came in a cloud of light,

standing on a little tree.

Oh, Hugo, she was so pretty...

and so sad...

because the world

is so bad.

And we must pray awful hard

and make God feel better.

What's all this?

Beautiful ladies in trees

making speeches?

[LAUGHS]

You children must have

stayed out in the sun too long.

We did see her, Hugo.

And she was from heaven.

Don't say she wasn't, Hugo,

please.

[SOBBING]

Because we love her,

and if she doesn't come back...

Oh, baby.

I didn't say anything.

But you don't

believe it.

All right.

If you say it,

I believe it.

You saw a lady? Good.

She came from heaven?

Fine, that's fine.

You convinced me of that.

Only, uh...

Let's keep it among ourselves,

huh? A secret.

You'll tell nobody

but Hugo.

Why not?
Because other people
might not understand.
And they might make fun of you,
say ugly things.
Make you
very unhappy.
What do you say
we keep it quiet, huh?
Just don't tell anybody
but Hugo.
Hugo's right.
We won't tell anybody.
Good.
Now, go on home.
Go on, go on.
Goodbye.
Hello.
[INDISTINCT SHOUTING]
Oh, Mama, Papa you're late.
Did you find a good pig?
You're a nice pig, come here.
Nice pig.
Come on, that's it.
[SQUEALING]
[LAUGHING AND SCREAMING]
Did you go to Mass in Batalha?
Yes, at the cathedral.
Such a crowd, such music.
I hope you girls
have supper started.
The soup's nearly ready.
Mama, Mama,
I have something to tell you.
Jacinta, you promised.
We saw a lady at the cova.
A pretty lady
who came down from heaven.
[LAUGHS]
Not now, little one.
I have no time
for your fairy stories.
But you've got to listen
because it's true.

We saw her,
and she talked to us.
And then suddenly
she wasn't there anymore.
Mercy's sake,
what's got into the child?
It's no story.
I saw it too.
But we promised Lcia
we wouldn't tell.
That Lcia,
she put her up to this.
No, she didn't.
The lady was there,
all shining in light.
It blinded our eyes.
Francisco, a boy your age
telling such things.
No, now,
give them a chance.
Something must
have happened.
Don't cry, mimosa.
I'll listen to you.
Where's Lcia?
In the bedroom.
I told her
she had to eat.
Leave her alone.
It's her stomach, not yours.
Lcia?
What's the matter
with the child?
[KNOCKING ON DOOR]
Open the door,
Carolina.
Aunt Olmpia.
Lcia told you
about the vision?

MARIA ROSA:

Lcia? The vision?
What a wonderful thing.
Our children chosen by

the Holy Mother herself.
The Holy Mother?
What vision?
What are you talking about?
Lcia, Jacinta told everything.
They're out there now
talking about it, everybody.
Oh, Francisco,
why didn't you stop her?
I tried to. I couldn't.
Lcia, come out here.
Did you say you saw the Blessed
Virgin in the cova today?
I didn't
say anything, Mama.
But we did see
a lovely lady in a cloud.
Who else could it be?
She didn't say who she was.
A lady in a cloud?
Who's making up
these silly stories?
Jacinta and Francisco
say it's true.
They've never lied to us,
Maria Rosa, but--
They saw
the Mother of God?
In the cova
of all places.
Why should
she come there?
Stories like this can bring
the police to our door.
Mama, Papa, the whole village
is talking about us.
Tell your aunt and uncle you put
this nonsense in Jacinta's head.
But she didn't.
It happened.
Maria Rosa,
give her a chance.
Tell them you saw no lady.
Tell them you lied.

I didn't lie, Mama.
It's the truth.
Truth, huh?
I'll teach you the truth.
[SOBBING]

MARIA ROSA:

God help me.
All I need is that my youngest
should commit a deadly sin.
As if the Blessed Virgin
had nothing better to do
than ride around
in lighted clouds
and talk to silly children.
But, Maria Rosa,
it was the others who said
it was the Blessed Virgin,
not Lucia.
She was always a pious child,
Father,
but she loves stories
of saints and visions
and now she's making them up
herself.
Oh, when I think
of the blasphemy.
Where is this cova
you're talking about?
It's a 10-minute walk
from here.
It's my land, Father,
a place where we graze
the sheep.
I've pleaded with her.
Maria Rosa pleads
with a heavy hand.
Yes,
and I've punished her too.
But still,
she won't admit she lied.
Perhaps she isn't
aware of it.
These so-called visions are,

for the most part,
manifestations
of hysteria.
A little girl's
imagination.
But, Father,
the boy saw it too.
A child influenced by a mind
stronger than his own.
[CHUCKLES]
It's nothing to worry about.
You say, uh...
this lady of theirs
is supposed to appear again?
A month from today.
Why, that's Saint Anthony's
Feast Day.
A day the children love.
[CHUCKLES]
I don't think Lucia
and the others
will want to miss
the fun here in Ftima.
Ignore this thing.
Don't let it be mentioned
in your house.
In a month, they'll forget
all about it.
You'll see I'm right.
Thank you, Father.
Good night, Father.

FRANCISCO:

Papa!

JACINTA:

Mama, Mama,
where are you going?
To the market at Pedreiras.
This is the day
the lady said
she'd come back
to the cova.
Please stay

and go with us.
No lady appeared to you,
you foolish child.
Don't tell me you tadpoles
are going to miss
the Feast of Saint Anthony
today.
Have you forgotten? There'll be
a band and fireworks.
And dancing,
and the blessed bread
for the poor
and the children.
We told our lady
we'd meet her.
We can't break
our word.
Look out then,
here we go.
Goodbye.
Adeus.
Bye, Mama. Bye, Papa.
Goodbye.
Bye.
Bye, Maria Rosa.
Goodbye.
If you children go
to the cova today,
you'll go without Lcia.
She's going with us
to Saint Anthony's Feast.
Psst. Psst.
I can't help it.
What will we say
to the lady?
Tell her my mother
wouldn't let me come.

MARIA ROSA:

Lcia?
Blow your nose and stop crying.
You're not going to the cova.
[SOBBING]
But, Mama, I promised.

Stop it, I tell you.
Senhor. We're from Carrascos,
senhor.
Can you tell us
where we'll find the field
in which the children
saw the Blessed Virgin?
They heard about it
as far as Carrascos?
And farther, senhor.
Also that the Holy Mother
will appear again today.
If you will direct us
to the field.
Oh, the cova is--
There's no such field.
No vision either.
Don't your children
dream in Carrascos?
Go home.
Or stay for
Saint Anthony's Feast,
and you'll have something
for your crazy journey.
Come on, Antnio,
we'll be late.
You see what your lies
have started.
[FESTIVE DANCE MUSIC PLAYING]
[CROWD CHEERING AND CLAPPING]
Here, here,
you can't eat that.
But I am eating it.
That's Saint Anthony's bread,
and Father Ferreira
hasn't blessed it yet.
Is that bad?
Could be.
Then let him bless me,
because it's right in here.
[ORGAN PLAYING SOLEMN MELODY]
Well, Senhora Carreira,
glad to see you are well again,
able to attend to your duties.

We've missed you.
Thank you, Father.
I'm not
completely well yet.
Should you be here then?
I couldn't miss
Saint Anthony's Feast Day.
Besides, I'm taking
my crippled son to the cova.
I'm sure Our Lady
will be there again today.
You believe that story?
Don't you, Father?
I cannot accept
the unsupported testimony
of three imaginative children.
And if word of this
should reach the authorities,
our church will be in danger.
Don't forget that,
senhora.

[CHILDREN SINGING
GRACEFULLY]

[SPEAKING IN LATIN]

[SPEAKING IN LATIN]

Amen.

There, I told you we'd be late.
Father Ferreira has blessed
the bread.

Go join your Communion class
and try to behave as they do.
Remember, I'm keeping an eye
on you.

Here comes the little saint
who saw the Virgin.

[LAUGHTER]

What's the matter?
Was the vision called off
for today?

MAN:

Her drunken father
put it in her head.

MAN 2:

I don't believe
she ever saw it.
Lcia, look.
There's Our Lady
on the church roof.
She's waving to you.
Fly up, little bird,
and give her a kiss.
[ALL LAUGH]

MAN 3:

Here comes the little thing
who saw the Virgin.
My mother says
you're in danger of hellfire.
Please don't say that,
Manuelita.
I guess my mother knows
a mortal sin when she sees one.
Leave her alone.
You be quiet, Manuelita.
You, priest.
Come here.
Yes, Senhor Administrator.
What can I do for you?
This is Manuel Marques Ferreira.
Parish priest of Ftima,
number 17793,
as you'll see
by my police card.
Senhor Machado Pais
has been appointed
magistrate of Ourm.
It's a pleasure,
senhor.
We're not here for pleasure.
Where are the children?
What children?
You know. You know the children.
The ones you've been using
to stir up people
with reports of a vision.
There, now you'll get it.

I, senhor?
Under the laws
of the republic,
reports of miracles
are a crime.
But I'm not an accessory
to this particular crime.
We'll see about that.
Those little puppets of yours
will tell us
who's pulling the strings.
Where are they?
Point them out.
I know of no children
who have seen
the Blessed Virgin.
You're lying.
What are their names?
Unreported, senhor.
Except that one was
a Lucia somebody-or-other.
These people must know.
They know every child
in the village.
You know the children, senhora?
You, senhor?
You?
You there,
you know the children?
You?
Well, speak up, somebody!
I want to know the children
who say they saw the Virgin.
Don't lie to protect
this priest.
The government's your friend,
not the Church.
Those who help the priest
in this fraud will...
Will go to jail with him.
Well, come on, speak up.
Who are these brats?
My,
you all look

very, very pretty
in your nice
Communion dresses.

Yes.

I'm sure that one of you
smart young ladies
can tell me all about
the children
who saw the miraculous vision
of the Holy Mother?

Mm?

Well, come on, come on.

What's the matter,
have you lost your tongues?

You, little one,
who is Lcia?

I don't know, senhor.

You, where is Lcia?

She--

Which Lcia,
Your Excellency?

We have dozens
of Lcias here.

Dreamers, stargazers,
fanatics
whose flights of fancy
can conjure up
anything from a flock of angels
to a devil on horseback.

[CROWD LAUGHING]

Now, as for me,
I think this latest one
about a lovely lady in a tree
is fascinating.

Personally,
I love climbing trees.

[MEN CHUCKLE]

Quiet, you fool.

My apologies,
Senhor Administrator.

I was only trying to point that
you gentlemen of the government
seem to believe more
in this miracle than we do.

You, senhora, why are you
taking that child away?
Is it because she can tell me
what I want to know?
She won't tell you,
senhor, but I will.
You're right,
my dear.
I was only trying
to shield you.
But he would have found out
sooner or later.
This, senhor, is the Lcia
you are looking for.
I am not.
Now, now.
Your first impulse
was a better one.
Go with the nice administrator
and tell him everything.
Get it off your conscience.
Be a nice girl, Lcia.
[SOBBING]
My name is Manuelita.
Lcia Manuelita de Costa.
No, my name is Manuelita.
Don't be afraid.
Don't be afraid.
I only want you
to face the priest
and tell the truth about it,
that's all.
[MANUELITA WAILS]
You nearly did it that time.
Make yourself scarce.
Take her home, Hugo.
Come on, little one.
[MANUELITA WAILING]
It's home for you,
my little one.
Or to some neighbor's house
until this thing blows over.
Don't take me home,
Hugo.

Take me to the cova.
To the cova? Ha!
Yes, Hugo.
The lady expects me there,
and it's nearly time.
Don't you see?
She must have sent you.
Me? Of all people...
Please, Hugo.
All right, my little one.
To the cova it is.
Stretch your legs,
my gallant Lucifer.
For today, we ride
for love and liberty.
Francisco.
I'm afraid.
Let's run.
It's all right.
I'm here.
But you can't hear her.
She can hear me.

LCIA:

Jacinta.
There's Lcia.
There's the cloud.
It's coming
toward the tree.
I knew it was true.
I knew it.
Are you there,
dear lady?
I know I'm late.
I almost couldn't get here.
Dear lady, dear lady,
I knew you'd come back to us.
I knew it,
I knew it.
You are unhappy,
my daughter.
Only because of my mother,
but not anymore.
You're here.

Tell us what you'd have us do.
Jesus wishes to use you
to make me known and loved.
He wishes to establish
throughout the world
devotion to me.
So you must learn
to read and write
in order that you may
convey his message.
Do you hear
a lady's voice?
I hear a buzzing sound,
like a bee in a bottle.
A bee in a bonnet.
Thou Mother of Divine Grace.
Thou purest Mother.
Pray for us.
Senhora Carreira is here
with a crippled boy.
She asked us to speak
to the lady.
Will you cure him, dear lady?
Her prayers shall be answered
within a year.
When will you take us to heaven?
I will take Jacinta
and Francisco soon.
But you must remain here
sometime longer.
You're going to take them?
You mean they're going to--?
Have no fear for them.
But why must they go? Why?
What will I do without them?
Please, dear lady.
Don't you see?
We've been together
since we were babies.
They're like my sister
and my brother.
I took care of Jacinta
when she was just
a little thing.

Beside my mother, I love them
more than anyone in the world.

[SOBBING]

Don't cry.

If God takes us soon,
we'll spend all our time
telling him about you.

Forgive me, my lady.

I'll do anything.

Let me suffer for them,
and I'll be glad.

But don't take them.

Don't leave me here alone.

Dear child,

I'll be with you always.

All right, my lady.

I promised I'd do
what you told me.

And I will...

all my life.

I will never abandon you.

My immaculate heart
will be your refuge
and the path

that leads you to God.

[WEEPING]

[SOBBING]

[CROWD MURMURING]

Please don't cry,

Lcia.

JACINTA:

We'll pray to the lady.

Baby, baby,

what's the matter, huh?

What's the matter? Did you hear
something that hurt you?

The lady said she's gonna take
Jacinta and Francisco.

We're going

to heaven.

And I don't want them to go.

[CHUCKLES]

Maybe you misunderstood

the lady.

No, I didn't.

Well, she might change
her mind.

Ladies do, you know.

Did I ever tell you the time
I was walking through
a beautiful forest
when all of a sudden,
a great big dragon
came roaring out of a cave
breathing fire and smoke
with his tongue sticking out?
And there I was, all alone,
with nothing but my bare hands.

Don't you want to know
what happened?

[CHUCKLES]

Oh...

All right, we'll save it
for some other time, huh?

[SOBS]

[SMACKS LIPS]

Maria Rosa, I'll--

I'll wait here.

What's happening,

Antnio?

Trouble,

nothing but trouble.

The priest has sent

for the children.

He wants

to question them.

Father Ferreira too?

What's the matter?

Has everybody gone crazy?

You people have hounded

those children

ever since their story

of the vision leaked out.

You saw what came

of their story.

[SCOFFS]

And who was

responsible for it?
It was your own babbling tongues
that blew that fairy tale
into the big ears
of our precious administrator.
Hugo...
it may be true
what they saw.
Antnio,
you're a grown man.
There are many grown men
and women who believe it.
Even in the market
at Lisbon,
in spite of the police spies
being around,
it's all
they talk about.
The 13th of next month,
you will see thousands here
in Ftima.
Ha.
Thousands of ignorant,
superstitious fools
following a will-o'-the-wisp.
Sure of a free ride
in a fiery chariot
straight through
the pearly gates.
Do you really think
there will be thousands?
A multitude of people,
senhor.
They will descend on Ftima
like a plague of locusts.
Hmm.
You may be right.
And who am I to argue
against the belief of thousands?
There may be something in this
after all.
Antnio.
Here is
a heaven-sent opportunity.

You own the cova,
and I'm your best friend,
your partner.
You heard
what that peddler said?
Thousands.
Now, why couldn't we charge
each and every one
a small fee to see
the Virgin, hm?
We'll be doing
a good deed,
and we'll be rewarded
with manna from heaven.
No.
Antnio, be sensible.
You-- You would try
and cheat God himself.
Ah, but he has such a big world,
and we have so little of it.
Now, look,
the first thing we do,
we'll build a fence
on one side--
Hugo da Silva?
I have a warrant here
for your arrest
signed by
the Administrator of Ourm.
That's not possible.
The administrator
is a good friend of mine.
Go away.
Your friend charges you
with obstructing
a police investigation
on St. Anthony's Day
with conspiracy to defeat
the ends of justice.
Come along.
Ah, this is nothing,
Antnio, nothing.
You start building
the fence,

and I'll make some posters
while I'm in jail.
Antnio, we got
a bigger attraction here
than all the bullfights
in Seville during Easter.
We'll be rich, man, rich.
Come on.
Take care
of my little donkey, eh?
Yes, yes.
Let's go.
The lady told us
the way would be hard.
I didn't know
what she meant then,
but I do now.
I thought
you'd believe us, Father.
In such matters,
the Church moves slowly,
neither believing
nor disbelieving,
until all the facts
are examined.
Have you told me
all the facts, Lcia?
I can't tell you any more.
Why do you hold back, child?
What else did
the Blessed Mother say?
I didn't say
she was the Blessed Mother.
But she was.
Jacinta.
Perhaps you can tell us
what else the lady said,
Jacinta?
Oh, yes, Father.
She said we're going
to die soon.
Not Lcia,
just Francisco and me.
Going to die?

Lcia,
you told them that?
Father, you see what
terrible things she's doing?
There's no end to this.
Lcia didn't tell us.
It was the lady.
What are you
crying for, Mama?
We're going
to heaven.
[TEARFULLY]
Stop saying
such things.
Lcia...
did you make up
this story?
If you're lying,
I implore you to tell me.
It would be so easy
to tell you that I am.
Then all I'd get
would be a whipping.
But I'm not, Father.
Look, child,
do you want the soldiers
to take your priest away,
close the doors
of your church?
Oh, no, Father.
Then tell me
the truth, child.
The truth.
I've told you the truth.
I swear it.
I believe you, Lcia.
That-- That they
saw the Virgin?
I believe they saw
something unnatural
in the cova.
Good or evil...
...I cannot say.
Evil?

It could be something
out of hell instead of heaven.
The devil comes to us
in many forms.
Oh, no, Father.
Not the lady.
I don't know.
I don't say it for certain.
But only evil has come
from these visions so far.
If they continue,
they may bring disaster
on us all.
Well, I will forward
this information to my bishop.
And until we hear
from him...
I don't want you to go
to the cova anymore.
Now, take them home.
Let us all pray for God
to enlighten us.
Good night,
Father.
Thank you,
Father.
What's the matter, Lcia?
Are you sick?
[SNIFFLES]
No, Mama.
You're crying, huh?
I couldn't sleep,
Mama.
Come.
[SNIFFLES]
[SOBS]
Shh.
There now.
Tell Mama all about it.
Father Ferreira
said that the lady
might be the devil.
I can't stop thinking
about it.

She couldn't be that,
could she, Mama?
Father Ferreira knows more
about such things than we do.
Surely the devil would want
the church closed.
And he'd want to see
Father Ferreira in jail too,
wouldn't he?
Yes, Mama.
But if you could only
have seen her as I did,
if you could only have heard
her dear voice...
I can't stop thinking
about her.
Are you going to begin
all that again?
No, Mama,
don't be mad at me.
Oh, I love you.
Even though
I promised her to come...
...I'm never going
to see her anymore.
Never.
I don't want you
to hate me.
There now.
[CROWD CLAMORING]

MAN:

Open the church!

GUARD:

Get out of here!

MAN 2:

Shame on you!

MAN 3:

Give us back our church!
No. In the name
of all we hold sacred,

I forbid you to interfere.
This thing is in God's hands.
He is our refuge
and our strength.
Now, go back to your homes.
[CROWD MURMURING]
Arturo dos Santos,
I assisted at your baptism,
gave you your First Communion
here in Ourm.
Don't blame me for that.
[LAUGHS]
I knew no better then.
But you've known me
all your life,
and you haven't
found me stupid.
Why should I plot a thing
that would bring trouble
to my parish?
Perhaps your bishop
ordered a miracle in Ftima.
Senhor,
in the revolution
of 1910,
the Socialists
kept my bishop
in a prison cell
partly filled with water,
an ordeal from which
he has never fully recovered.
He would endure it again,
but not for an imaginative story
told by three children.
Then your bishop
does not sanction
these reports
of a miracle?
It is you who sanction it.
Can't you see that
by closing our church,
you've made the people believe
that these stories
of the visions must be true?

Why don't you tell them
they're not true?
But I've advised them
not to go to the cova,
not to talk
about miracles.
More than that,
I cannot do.
Hasn't it been reported
that the Virgin
will appear again
next month?
I give you my word
that the priest
of every parish in the diocese
will tell his people not to come
to Ftima on that day.
Then we'll see how well
you can control them.
If there is no crowd there
on the 13th of July,
you will be permitted
to reopen your church.
It is now
in your hands.
Good day.
This is the house
where the youngest one lives.
Let us see
the children!
Jacinta, Francisco,
show yourselves.
Bring out
the children!
Yeah.

CROWD:

Yeah!
[ALL CLAMORING]
Why can't we
see the children?
They've been taken
to Valinhos.

WOMAN:

Will they be
at the cova tomorrow?
Oh, yes,
they'll be there.

MAN:

Why do you hide them?
Are they monsters?
No. Indeed,
they're very handsome.
Very like their father.
[CLAMORING CONTINUES]
Antnio, let us in.
It's Marto and Olmpia.
[DOORKNOB RATTLING]

MAN 2:

WOMAN 2:

Let us see Lcia.
No, no, no.
I never thought
we'd get here.
Listen to
the fools.
We have all
our doors locked,
and Francisco and Jacinta
are hiding under their beds.
You should see the crowds
pouring into Ftima.
I know. There'll be thousands
at the cova tomorrow.
Father Ferreira
told us
that every parish priest
warned the people to stay home
so our church
could be opened again,
and still they come.
Has the whole country
gone mad?
Perhaps the Blessed Virgin

wants them here, Maria Rosa.
That, I will never believe.
Neither does Lucia
believe it now.
She won't stir out
of the house tomorrow.
No, Uncle Manuel.
I think you're making
a great mistake.
I also believe
as you do, but--
Father Ferreira has said
the children shouldn't go.

MANUEL:

They saw the lady,
the priest did not.
I believe
what they tell me.
[SOBBING]
[DOOR CLOSES]
Can't you see what you're doing
to the child?
She will keep
her promise to me.
I know.
And what about
the closed church?
Keeping the church closed
won't turn us away from God.
The government
has tried that,
and our faith is stronger
than it ever was.
Do what you want.
My children and I
go to the cova tomorrow.
Oh, my lady, help me.
You know I love you.
And I think I'll die
if I don't see you again.
But I love my mother too.
Won't you please tell me
how I can keep my promise to you

without hurting her?
Oh, please.
Give me one little sign
so I'll know what to do.
Won't you let me hear
your voice?
Show me your face.
Or only the light
that shines around you.

[SOBBING]

Oh, good morning,
Papa.

Good morning.

Is Lucia up yet?

Oh, let her sleep.

The more she sleeps,
the less she'll think
of the cova.

But, Mama,
she is up.

She's not
in her bed,
and her clothes
are gone.

I thought you sent her
out for something.

Then maybe she went
to water the sheep.

Go see.

[CROWD CHATTERING
INDISTINCTLY]

WOMAN:

There's the mother of Lucia.

WOMAN 2:

The little girl
who saw the Virgin.

MAN:

Where is Lucia?
Is she coming out?

WOMAN 3:

Have her bless my child.

MAN 2:

Please let Lcia
come out.

MAN 3:

Come out, Lcia.

WOMAN 4:

Come on, Lcia. Come outside.
[CROWD CHATTERING]

MAN 4:

Lcia...
She's nowhere in sight.
She's not out there.
She's not with her cousins,
either.
I called on Marto, and he said
he hasn't seen her this morning.
If she's out somewhere
in that crowd
and they find out
who she is...
Gloria, Carolina,
you go to the neighbors.
Ask at every house.
Maria dos Santos,
you wait here.
If she comes back,
don't let her leave.
Lock the doors
and keep everybody out.
I'd better go look for her
down at the square, Maria Rosa.
The crowd is thick as--
Yes, I know.
And you'll end up in the tavern.
You keep away from the square.
Go to Marto.
He'll help you look for her.
[CROWD CHATTERING]
This is the right way

to the cova, isn't it?
Yes.
At what time
are the visions seen?
Mostly at noon.
You can put the arch here,
on this side of the little tree.
Two uprights
and a crosspiece, senhora?
Yes, like we had in the church
on last Assumption Day.
Look here, senhora.

MAN:

Who is she?
Who is she?
Has she been hurt?
Poor little soul.
It's Lcia dos Santos.

MEN:

Lcia dos Santos?
Lcia, wake up,
my dear.
Are you all right?
Senhora Carreira.
What happened?
It's Lcia, the child
who sees the Blessed Virgin.

MAN:

Let me touch her.
[CROWD CLAMORING]

WOMAN:

Oh, I want to cure my pain.
Why did you crush my child?
Keep back, you fools. Keep back.
Please, stay back
a minute.

MAN:

Leave her alone.
Oh, my darling.

Oh, my darling,
why did you run away from us?
I didn't, Mama.
I meant to come home,
but I must have cried myself
to sleep.
I'm so sorry.
Forgive me.
It's all right.
It's all right.
Leave her--
Let her go through, please.
Don't touch her anymore.
Let her pass.
Have you seen
the apparitions, Father?

MAN:

Is it true the Holy Mother
appears here?
You believe the children,
don't you, Father?
I'm Alvarez from Lisbon daily,
O Seculo.
How do you explain
these so-called miracles?
I know no more about them
than you do.
Your pastors warned you
not to come here today.
You saw what happened
to the church in Ftima.
I beg of you,
go back to your homes.
But, Father, my family and I
came all the way from Santarm.
We were told we'd see
the Blessed Virgin.
You've been deceived.
You will not find
the Holy Mother here.
You offend her by believing
she would show herself
to a crowd in a field.

Go home and beg her forgiveness.
I warned you, priest.
Now you'll pay
for your stubbornness.
Senhor, we did all we could
to prevent this.
Yeah, your lies
won't help you now.
We'll see to it that
this disgraceful swindle
doesn't happen again.
Arrest him.

MAN:

They're arresting
the priest.

WOMAN:

Father Ferreira.

MAN 2:

What have they done?
[CROWD CHATTERING]

WOMAN 2:

He has done nothing.

MAN 2:

This is preposterous.

WOMAN 3:

How dare they.
Look, say,
the children are coming.
[CROWD CLAMORING]

MAN 4:

The children are coming.

MAN:

Please cure my little girl.

WOMAN:

Little girl, bless this man.

WOMAN 2:

Please let me touch you.
Drive those fools
off the field.
But we didn't expect
that many.
Ride them down
if you have to.
Round up those children
and bring them here to me.
Spread out and start
the crowd moving.

MAN:

MAN 2:

[CROWD YELLING]

MAN:

Pull the fool from his horse!
Senhor Administrator,
my men are being mobbed.
All right. Call them off.
Are you there,
dear lady?
We're in terrible trouble.
You are enduring
these hardships
for the conversion of sinners
as atonement for sins
committed against God.
If the people do not
cease to offend him,
another and worse war
will break out.
When you see a night
with a strange light
in the sky,
you will know it is a sign
that the world is about
to be punished for its crimes.
In Russia
there is an evil scheme

to destroy the peace
of the earth.
To prevent this,
I ask that she'll be
consecrated to the Virgin Mary.
If this is done,
she will be converted.
If not, she will cause wars
and persecutions.
Good people will be martyred.
Many nations will be destroyed.
If what I say is heeded,
many souls will be saved.
And there will be peace.
It is necessary
that people amend their lives.
Let them offend
our Lord God no more.
He is already much offended.
Marto,
do you hear anything?
Only a sound
like wind in the trees.
There is no wind.
The whole earth is still.
My lady, these people can't see
you or hear you as we do.
Many of them don't believe
you appear to us.
In October,
I will give them a sign
that will make them believe.
[SINGING "REGINA COELI"]
[ALL SINGING "REGINA COELI"]
"Stupid, obviously.
"Impossible, of course.
"Yet despite the feeble
opposition
"of the administrator
of the province,
"hordes of superstitious
peasants and sundry morons
"will again clog the roads
to Ftima on August 13th

"to witness
the outrageous theatricals
of three
half-witted children."
I did my best, Excellency.
Your best
wasn't good enough.
What's all that babble
in O Seculo about Russia?
Oh, apparently,
O Seculo's reporter
got to the eldest
of the children
who told them
that the lady predicted
that danger to the world
would come out of Russia.
[CHUCKLES]
The lady's not much
of a prophet.
How do you propose
to put a stop to this?
Give me a regiment of soldiers.
I'll stop it.
With 40,000 of our troops
fighting on the western front?
We haven't even
a company to spare.
Otherwise, I'd close
every church in your province.
It's brains you must use,
not guns.
Next month...
when they're ready to begin
another performance
of their little comedy,
you'll...
[INDISTINCT CHATTER]
Not very happy to see me,
are you?
Well,
I don't blame you.
[CHUCKLES]
I think that'll change when

you learn what I'm here for.
I doubt it, senhor.
Aren't you the same man
who jailed our priest?
Oh, didn't you hear?
Your priest has been released,
he's returned to his home.
Father Ferreira is back?
Oh, yes.
When did this happen?
This morning.
Why, your neighbors
will tell you.
I've just come
from his house.
You know who's there?
The bishop.
The bishop?
The bishop, yes.
His Excellency
would like to speak
to the children before
they go to the cova.
It's his express desire
that the children
be brought to him
immediately.
So I-- Well, I offered
to come and get them.
But we can take them.
Oh, fine, fine.
Come on, children,
let's go.
Oh, uh...
senhora, if, uh, the bishop
is to speak to them
before they go
to the cova,
there isn't much time.
I have my car here.
You do want your church
reopened, don't you?
Of course we do.
Well, if the bishop will

sanction these miracles,
and if he agrees to accept
all responsibility
for whatever happens,
why the government has ordered
me to lift the ban
and to give your church
back to you.

Oh, well, that's
what we want, isn't it?
Everything will be
just as it was.
We'll have to let them go,
Maria Rosa.
Of course,
of course.
Go with the administrator.
Oh, you'll really enjoy
driving in my automobile.

MAN:

Where is he taking them?
Will they be
at the cova today?
Why do you let him
take them?
It's all right.
It's all right.
The bishop
sent for them.
Oh.
You'll bring them to the cova
as soon as you can, senhor?
Just as soon as I can.

MAN 2:

We wanna know.
We'll meet you there.

FRANCISCO:

JACINTA:

Bye.
Bye.

Senhor, this is not the way
to Father Ferreira's house.
Please turn back.
You're going
the wrong way.
Please, senhor.
Where are the children?
Yes, where are
the children?
What happened
to them?
Were they afraid
to come here today?
It's near the time
they said Our Lady would appear.
No sign of them.
Where are
the children?

MAN:

Where are
the children?
Where are
the children?

MAN 2:

Where are the kids?

WOMAN:

Where are the children?
Yes, come in, come in, come in.
I'll tell the good Father.
Oh, Father, Father,
come quickly.
Father,
the administrator came
and got the children--
That the bishop sent--
Just a moment, please.
One at a time.
Where's the bishop, Father?
The bishop?
Has he been here?
No.

But the administrator said--
He took the children
to see the bishop.
The administrator
lied to you.
Lied?
Oh, what can we do?
There are thousands at the cova
calling for the children.
A crowd of them
followed us here.
[PEOPLE CLAMORING]
Where are the children?
It's the near the time
they said Our Lady will appear.
What happened to them?
Were they afraid
to come to the cova today?
Why have you come
to Ftima today
when you were told
to stay at home?
This is a punishment
for your disobedience.
Perhaps you can tell us
what happened to the children.

CROWD:

Yeah!
I'm the mother of Lcia,
and I'll tell you
where the children are.
The administrator
of the province tricked us
and took them away
to Ourm.
You helped them.
Father Ferreira
would die
before he'd let them
be hurt.
If you have faith
in your hearts,
you'll beg the Blessed Mother

to keep them safe.
We'll do more than that.
We'll go with you to Ourm.

CROWD:

Yeah!
You have perjured yourselves
and incited people
to violence and riot.
And for those crimes
against the state,
you may be taken away
from your homes
and be kept for a long term
in prison.
What have you to say
about it?
Huh?
Well,
answer the magistrate.
We're awfully sorry,
senhors.
It would be a terrible thing
to send children to prison.
Perhaps never to see
your mothers again.
We don't want
to do that,
and you can help us
not to do it.
Simply confess
that your priest told you
to spread these silly stories
about a lady from heaven,
and we'll let you go.
But he didn't.
He said it was the devil.
And we did see a lady.
And she did talk to us.
And she said
we would suffer for it.
Suppose that...
instead of locking you
in prisons cells,

we were to take you
to the shops here in Ourm
and buy you
fine new clothes,
pretty ribbons
and wonderful toys,
all the sweets you can eat,
and plenty
to take home with you.

Now,
wouldn't that be nice?
You don't have to pay us
to tell you the truth.

We do it
for nothing.

Now, you listen to me.
Sometimes when people don't
answer the way they should,
the police have ways
of making them.

How would you like
to be put in a big kettle
filled with boiling oil,
lowered in an inch
at a time,
and have the flesh
cooked off of your bones?

Hm?

I don't think
we'd like that, senhor.

You don't think
you'd like it, eh?

Well, that's exactly
what's gonna happen to you
unless you confess
that you lied!

Think it over.

It'll save you
a lot of pain.

[GASPS]

Your time is up.

Got anything more
to tell us?

No, senhor.

Very well then.
Captain.
Speak up,
this is your last chance.
Very well,
take the little one first.
Have you anything to tell us
before you go?
[QUIETLY]
No.

BOTH:

Holy Mary,
Mother of God,
pray for us sinners, now,
and at the hour of our death.
What kind
of a boy are you
to let your sister
go to such a death?
Hail Mary, full of grace,
the Lord is with thee.
Blessed art thou
among women--
[JACINTA SCREAMS]
It's all over,
Senhor Administrator.
Take the boy next.
I'm not afraid, Lcia.
I'm not afraid.
I'll pray to the lady,
and that will make me strong!
[DOOR SLAMS]
It was the priest who plotted
this little comedy, wasn't it?
No, senhor.
Well, possibly
it wasn't the priest.
Might have been someone
trying to put a value
on his land.
It was your father,
wasn't it?
No, senhor.

Wouldn't it be a lot easier
to say it was your father
than suffer like your friend?
It wasn't my father.
You know, if you say it was
your father, we'll let you go.
He'd be glad
to confess it himself
rather than to see you die
such an awful death.

All right,
you stubborn little donkey,
if you insist
on sacrificing yourself,
I'll teach you a lesson.
Come on. I'm gonna give you
the full treatment.

Do you know
what that means?
Will you confess
that you lied?!

[CRYING]

No.

I wanna be
with Francisco and Jacinta.

Ow.

Jacinta, Francisco.

Lcia.

Lcia.

Lock them up.

Ow.

[MEN YELLING & LAUGHING]

[LAUGHING]

What are you in for,
tadpoles?

What did you do,
rob a bank?

MAN:

I'll bet they slit
the watchman's throat.

I know, I know.

They're in
for treason.

Enemies of
the republic.
Wait a minute now.
Shut up.
What do you wanna do,
scare them to death?
Now, what crime
did you commit?
A lady from heaven came
and talked to us.
What?
A lady from heaven?
Some stray angel, I suppose.
How did she get here?
She came in a cloud.
[MEN LAUGH]
They're touched in the head.

MAN 2:

Oh, I get it, I get it.
These are the children
everybody is talking about.
The children from Ftima.
Ftima?
Oh, Ftima.
Welcome, comrades.
You are in good company.
I am Sidonio, the bandit.
You've heard of me.
Here is Leote,
my pal.
[CHUCKLES]
This is Anselmo.
Watch him,
or he'll steal the teeth
right out of your head.
[MEN LAUGHING]
Here,
come with me.
This hairy brute
is Pedro,
who eases his boredom
by beating his wife.
Paulo is of no account,

just a common drunk.
Yes, Paulo.
Feliciano, well,
we don't mention his
profession in polite society.
Meet Jos,
accused of manslaughter.
Innocent he says he is.
And this clever fellow bribes
our jailer with promises
and keeps himself pickled
in wine.

[SNORING]

Wake up, man,
meet our new comrades
in crime.

Wake up.

[SNORES]

Who did that?

It was you Sidonio?

[GRUNTS]

Stop.

CHILDREN:

Hugo.

Oh, Hugo.

How did you get here, huh?

The administrator
brought us.

He's going to keep us
in prison for life.

First, he was going
to boil us in oil.

Boil you in oil?

Did he say that?

Yes, Hugo,

but he didn't do it.

And this is the day
the lady from heaven is to come.

And now the lady will think
we didn't keep our promise.

Oh.

[SOBBING]

And we'll never get

to see her again.

Now, now.

Oh, baby.

Baby, don't cry, baby.

What do you want, huh?

Tell me what you want,
and I'll do it for you.

I wanna go home
to my mother.

[MEN LAUGHING]

Well, that's one thing
I cannot do now.

But anything else you want,
tell me.

I want to say the rosary
so the lady will know
why we weren't at the cova.
Will you hang this up
on the wall?

Why, sure, baby.

Sure,

I'll hang it over here.

Right here.

Where everybody can see it.
There.

If you men will help us
say the rosary,
maybe the lady
will better understand.

[MEN LAUGHING]

They'll help you.

Gentlemen...

we are going to pray.

What?

Pray, or I'll beat
your brains out.

Pray what?

The rosary.

I never prayed
in my life.

You'll pray now,
brother.

All right,

so I'll pray.

Take off your hats!
And it's much better,
if you'd get on your knees.
That's going a little too far.
On your knees, I say.

CHILDREN:

In the name
of the Father,
of the Son,
of the Holy Ghost. Amen.
I believe in God...

ALL:

The Father Almighty,
Creator of heaven and earth,
and in Jesus Christ,
his only son, our Lord,
who was conceived
by the Holy Ghost,
born of the Virgin Mary,
suffered under Pontius Pilate,
was crucified,
died and was buried.
He descended into hell.
On the third day,
He arose again from the dead.
He ascended into heaven,
and is seated at the right hand
of God, the Father Almighty.
From thence He shall come
to judge
the living and the dead.
I believe in the Holy Ghost...

ALL:

Our Father, who art in heaven,
hallowed be thy name.
Thy kingdom come,
thy will be done
on earth
as it is in heaven.
Gives us this day
our daily bread

and forgive us
our trespasses...
That praying mob.
I know, praying is no more
than wishful thinking.
But if enough people think
the same thing,
they can cause
a lot of trouble.
Ah, a volley over their heads
will shut up their prayers.
Then we'll have a riot
on our hands.
Yes.

CROWD:

Blessed art thou
amongst women,
and blessed is the fruit
of thy womb, Jesus.
Well,
what do you propose?
Let the children go.
No. Not until
they've confessed.
You'll never get them
to do that.
The credibility of their story
depends upon a miracle.
That's guaranteed
to convince everybody.
There will be no miracle,
and the whole thing
will blow up in their faces.
Hm.

CROWD:

Blessed is the fruit
of thy womb, Jesus. Holy Mary...
You propose that I should go out
and say to this angry mob,
"Now, look, look,
people, the--
"The jailing

of these--
These brats was--
Was just a joke"?
Release them, and release
their friend Hugo da Silva.
Give them enough rope,
and they'll hang themselves.
All right,
take them off my hands.
Hail Mary, full of grace,
the Lord is with thee.
Blessed art thou
amongst women
and blessed is the fruit
of thy womb, Jesus.

JACINTA:

Mama!

Mama!

[ALL SINGING SWEETLY]

Why don't you sing,

Hugo?

[CHUCKLES]

I don't remember

the words.

But I used to sing

that when I was a little boy.

You did?

Mm-hm.

I was an altar boy

in a big cathedral in Lisbon.

Were you, Hugo?

Mm-hm.

I was the fellow who rang

the little bell.

Hugo?

What?

When the lady does the miracle

to make the people believe,

would you believe too?

But, baby,

I believe you.

No, you don't.

Ah, what kind of a miracle

is the lady going to make?
She didn't say
what kind.
Oh.
Did she say when?
Yeah,
on October the 13th.
You just wait.
Everybody will be surprised.
Will you believe then?
Well, uh...
Now, that part I remember.
La da da...
This way to the cova.
This way.
Tomorrow,
October the 13th,
is the day
of the promised miracle.
So buy yourselves
a new rosary.
My rosaries are guaranteed
to work, or your money back.
There are no rosaries sold
at the cova.
No rosaries
sold at the cova,
so buy now,
while you have a chance.
My rosaries are guaranteed
to work, or your money back.
Do you know that there are
many thousands here tonight
because of your claim?
I didn't ask them
to come.
Didn't you say Our Lady
wanted them to come?
No, Senhor Bishop.
But, my child,
you don't seem to realize
how difficult it is
for those thousands to get here.
A desolate place

on top of a mountain.
Bad roads, and no place to sleep
except out-of-doors in the rain.
Many bring their sick,
hoping to have them
healed by the Merciful One.
Mothers come
with their prayers
for their sons
fighting in the war.
For many, there is no way
to get here but to walk.
The poor
will be hungry,
and there are no loaves
or fishes here to feed them.
Some may even die
on their way.
And for all this,
you're responsible.
Did Our Lady ask for that?
No, Senhor Bishop.
You have said the Mother of God
predicts another great war.
And still more wars.
I only know
what she told me.
You see what nonsense this is?
But you have said
that the lady promised
to show the people
a sign.
Yes, senhor.
There will be a multitude
at the cova tomorrow.
There are thousands there now
without shelter from the rain.
If there is a miracle,
they'll know
there's hope for the world,
and they'll give thanks
on their knees.
The lady will keep her word.
But if it should fail,

if that great crowd has cause
to feel that you've lied,
it will become an angry mob.
And then,
God help you all.
Even now,
it may not be too late.
They might forgive a child
if she confessed her sin.
[CRYING]
I haven't sinned.
I haven't.
It's no use.
Now, now, little one.
It's all right.
They don't believe me, Mama.
They don't believe me.
Well, we believe you,
don't we, Antnio?
Well, of course,
of course.
We'll go with you
to the cova tomorrow.
And if there is no miracle,
the mob will have to walk on me
before they get to you.
Shh.
There now, don't cry.
Look, look.
Beautiful, brand-new rosaries
at cost prices.
Blessed by the Holy Father
himself.
Relic of the most miraculous
visions.
Branches from the holy tree
that held Our Lady.
Take one home with you.
Plant it in your own backyard,
enjoy your own visions
A hundred centavos, senhora.
Lcia.
Lcia.
Jacinta, Francisco.

Lcia.
The sun is out again.
I knew it would be.
A weather prophet.
Isn't it wonderful, Papa?
Yes, my child, yes.
And the lady will think
you're beautiful.
You too, Maria Rosa.
Manuel, look, look.
She's wearing the dress
we were married in.
It's lasted longer
than your promises.
Maria Rosa, you know
where my heart is.
Yes, I know.
You're a good man,
even if you are a weak one.
We'd better get started.
We'll run on ahead.
Oh, no, you don't.
Stick close to us.
Those pilgrims will grab you
for souvenirs.
You have been using the same
rosary for 30 years?
Yes.
You have worn off
all the blessings.
Now, look,
these new beads were
recently blessed by a bishop
who is a secretary
to the secretary
of the Holy Father himself.
A hundred centavos, senhor.
Hello!
Hugo.
Uncle Hugo.
There go the children
on their way to the cova.
Oh, the children.
The children

are my friends.
I was the first one
they told about the vision.
In fact,
I had visions of my own.
Last opportunity.
Last opportunity,
I'm closing shop.
Vision starts any minute.
The sun is gone.
It will come back.
But, Lucia,
if it rains--
It doesn't matter,
Jacinta.
Do you think
it rains in heaven?
No, but if it does--
Well, heaven
is where Our Lady is,
and she'll come to meet us
no matter what happens.
[CROWD CLAMORING]

WOMAN:

Oh, let them pass.
Don't push, just let them pass.

MAN:

Make way.
Make way for the children.
What time is this lady of yours
supposed to appear?
She comes to us
at noon, Father.
Why should the Blessed Virgin
choose a day like this
to appear on earth?
[CROWD MURMURING]
It's past noon already.
Nothing is going to happen.
I want you
to leave this place now.
I can't go,

Father,
because the lady said
she'd be here.
You've done harm enough.
Do as I tell you.
This is my property,
Father.
You have no right to order
my daughter away from here.
[CROWD CHATTERING]

MAN 2:

Where is the miracle
that was promised?
They said there'd be
a sign from heaven.
This is the sign,
a flood of rain.
No, wait, Our Lady was there.
I didn't see her, but I know it.
Ah, three crazy children.

WOMAN 2:

We were cheated.

MAN 3:

The sign.
Show us the sign.
Listen to them.
[CROWD CLAMORING]

HUGO:

Why don't you leave them alone?
They're only children.
Go on, go away.
Go on.
Show us a sign!
We knew you'd come to us,
dear lady.
What do you want?
I want to tell you
that the war
is going to end soon,
and the soldiers

will return to their homes.
Do not fear.
In the end,
God will triumph.
You said you'd tell us
who you are.
I am the Lady
of the Rosary.
Queen
of the Most Holy Rosary.
Where's Our Lady?
We haven't seen her.
A child talked
to the empty air.

MAN 4:

We saw nothing,
heard nothing.
[CROWD CLAMORING]
They better pull some sort
of miracle out of their hat,
or this farce
will become a tragedy.
Well, they can't say
we didn't try to stop it.
We've been cheated.
We've been lied to.
Nobody touches
the children.
Holy Mother, you promised
to give us a miracle
so the people
will believe us.
Look at the sun.

MAN 5:

MAN 6:

MAN 7:

The sun. Look at the sun,
it's-- It's falling.
[SCREAMING]
[CROWD SCREAMING]

MAN 8:

It's the end of the world.
Vincente,
what's happening?
It's the end
of the world.
No, it can't be.
But I can see again.
I can see.
I can see.
Mother!
It's a miracle.
A miracle.

GIRL:

A miracle!
He walks! He walks!
Mother of God,
pray for us.
Look, the sun
is turning back!
The sign.
The sign.
[ALL SPEAKING INDISTINCTLY]
The lady kept
her promise.

MAN:

Our clothes are dry.
The earth is dry.

MAN 2:

MAN 3:

My clothes are dry.
Mama, look.
So are ours.
Only the fool sayeth...
there is no God.

NARRATOR:

Where the people of Ftima
in 1917

erected this simple arch,
there now stands
a magnificent basilica.
And on October 13th, 1951,
a million people
from all over the world
gathered here to do homage
to Our Lady of Ftima.
[CHOIR SINGING "GLORIA PATRI"]
The white square of Ftima
is alive with a million white
handkerchiefs
waving an affectionate greeting
to the White Lady of Peace.
As night falls,
a million candles send
a million prayers to heaven.
Inside the basilica,
Francisco and Jacinta
lie in their eternal sleep.
Through the years,
Lcia has devoted
her life to holy service.
Are you happy,
Lcia?
More than I can tell you.
To think that the faith
of you three children
has brought these millions
to Ftima.
It is their own faith
that brought them, Hugo,
their yearning
for peace on earth.
If the people of the world
will pray
as Our Lady asked them to,
God will send us peace.