**Fatima**

**Written by Lee Hotovy from the Memoirs of Sr.Lucia**

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**Synopsis:** *This rendition of the story of Fatima is taken from the memoirs of Sr. Lucia, the oldest of the three children whom experienced the apparitions of the Blessed Virgin in 1917 in the small Portuguese village of Fatima. Over the course of a year the children were visited by the Angel of Portugal and later by the Blessed Virgin. They were asked primarily to make sacrifices and to pray the rosary for the conversion of sinners. A great miracle took place on the final visit in which thousands of people witnessed. It is recorded in newspapers and history books. It remains a great pilgrimage site to this day and has devotion throughout the world. This play uses Sr. Lucia’s own words and is told by her, depicted as a Carmelite nun, as she reflects on the events. Each of her memories is acted out through dialogue, dance and movement, along with portrayals of the people involved.*

***Staging:*** *A separate smaller stage (SR)with a simple desk and chair. This is used for Sr. Lucia as she writes and tells her story.*

*Props: Ink well, writing paper and binder. (This binder may contain actual script as a means of keeping actress on track).*

***Main stage:*** *A padded area that resembles a rocky hillside alongside a Holm Oak bush (platform for Mary and Angel of Portugal to stand on) Just in front of Holm Oak stand there should be a large hole in stage for hell scene, in which flames will shoot up, representing hell. (fog machine, lighting, and fabric strips tied to a large fan work well for this) Hole should be hidden by mounds of fabric representing hillside. This area is place downstage (SL)*

*Along backside of stage, multiple levels of risers may be used to add height and variation for performers during pilgrim scenes.*

*Simple chairs are used minimally for family scenes.*

*\*Notes for music and choreography will be found throughout script. Suggested music available by contacting playwright.*

***CAST of Characters:***

*Sister Lucia (adult Carmelite Nun)*

*Our Lady of Fatima (Mother Mary figure/dressed in white)*

*Lucia de Jesus Santos (Ten year old shepherdess)*

*Francisco (Nine year old cousin to Lucia)*

*Jacinta (Seven year old cousin to Lucia)*

*Angel of Portugal (may be played by male or female)*

*Mayor of Ourem and Fatima*

*Fr.Feherra—Village Priest (and Voice over of Bishop of Ourem)*

*Maria Rosa de Santos—mother of Lucia*

*Antonio de Santos—father of Lucia*

*Olimpia—mother of Francisco and Lucia*

*Manuel—father of Francisco and Lucia*

*Carolina—older sister of Lucia Our Lady of Dolours (vision)*

*Gloria—older sister of Lucia Our Lady of Carmel with Baby Jesus(vision)*

*Maria Carriera—mother of crippled boy St. Joseph with Baby Jesus (vision)*

*Manuel—crippled boy*

*Angel dancers—(12 young children portraying angels) Several Pilgrims*

*Miracle dancers—(5-6 dancers used to enhance drama of the miracle of the sun) Children portraying sheep(5-8)*

**Fatima**

**Scene 1**

*Stage is empty except for desk and chair and Holm Oak bush area. Bell Tower tolls as Sr. Lucia enters reading letter from Bishop. Bishop’s voice over is heard as she moves downstage and approaches her desk. Dressed as Carmelite nun, she sits and takes out pen and paper and begins to write.*

*BISHOP: Dear Sister, May the peace of Christ be with you. It has come to my attention that there may be some benefit in knowing with more detail the events that took place in Fatima, Portugal in the year 1917. Since you are the remaining visionary, I would like to hear firsthand what you experienced. Many interpretations have been presented, but in order to understand the truth and the meaning behind this miracle, I ask you to write to me everything that you can remember and were impressed with. In so doing, you will assist us in the documentation of this occurrence for future generations. In Christ, The Most Rev. Bishop of Ourem.*

SR.LUCIA (sitting): Your Excellency, I, Sr. Mary Lucia of the Immaculate Heart write to you my memoirs of the events surrounding Fatima, Portugal in the year 1917.

I know your Excellency does not expect a well written account from me, for you know how incapapble and inadequate I am, yet out of obedience I will write what I remember.

Our Lord blessed my parents with five girls and one boy, of whom I was the youngest, and I remember how they used to squabble, because they all wanted to hold me in their arms. On such occasions my used to take me away from them altogether. If she was too busy to hold me, she would give me to my father, and he also would fondle me and cover me with caresses.

I happily spent the first six years of my life surrounded by my family, and playing with neighborhood children, and attending events such as weddings and festivals. Mother didn’t take to these events much, and preferred to read scripture and study the saints. She was always so serious, and I never knew anyone to say a disrespectful word in her presence or show her any lack of consideration.

(stands) In view of the fact that I knew my catechism at the age of six, my mother thought that I could now make my first Communion. The eve of the great day arrived, but to my disappointment the priest said that I should wait a year. On hearing this I burst into tears and laid my head on his knees and sobbed. It happened that another priest saw me, and took me along to the sacristy. He examined me on the catechism and the mystery of the Eucharist. He took me back to Fr. Pena, saying: “You can let this child go to Communion. She understands what she’s doing better than many of the others.” And so with great joy I prepared for my First Communion.

On that great day, the priest had no sooner placed the Divine Host on my tongue than I felt an unalterable serenity and peace. I felt myself bathed in such a supernatural atmosphere. It seemed from the depths of my heart, our dear Lord distinctly spoke these words to me:

 “The grace granted to you this day will remain living in your soul, producing fruits of eternal life.”

This was how things were until I was seven years old. My mother decided that I should take over the care of the sheep. And so I became a shepherdess, joining my cousins Francisco and Jacinta on the eastern slope of the hill known as Cabeco, in the Spring of 1916. (sits)

**Scene 2**

*Music Notes: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_*

*Sheep enter main stage dancing and skipping to music/three Fatima children with staffs enter and herd sheep to corner of stage.*

*Lucia and Jacinta move to CS while Francisco stands near sheep.*

JACINTA: Lucia, I want to go to Communion like you and the other children.

LUCIA: The Prior won’t let you until you are ten.

JACINTA: But you aren’t ten and you receive?

LUCIA: That is because I learned the doctrine before I was six. You don’t know the doctrine.

JACINTA: Then teach me!

LUCIA: Oh…all right. I’ll try.

FRANCISCO: Look! It’s beginning to rain. Let’s hurry to the cave!

*Children “herd” sheep off stage and move to Holm Oak area and sit. Music ends.*

LUCIA: Why don’t we eat lunch while we wait?

JACINTA: Mama says we should pray our rosary before we eat.

FRANCISCO: All right, but let’s do it the short way…I’m starving!

CHILDREN chant/shout together/waiting for echo: Hail Mary! Hail Mary! Hail Mary!

*Suddenly music is heard*

*MUSIC NOTES:\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_(How Beautiful)*

LUCIA: Wait! Look!

*Angel dancers appear holding flowers (Spring) and move to main stage. They are followed by Angel Of Portugal who stands on bush.*

*Music plays as background throughout scene.*

ANGEL: Do not be afraid. I am the Angel of Peace. Pray with me.

Children prostrate themselves along with angel dancers and pray:

ANGEL: My God, I believe, I adore, I trust, and I love thee! I ask pardon for those who do not believe, do not adore, do not trust, and do not love Thee.

CHILDREN repeat line with Angel two times: My God, I believe, I adore, I trust, and I love thee! I ask pardon for those who do not believe, do not adore, do not trust, and do not love Thee.

ANGEL: Pray thus, the hearts of Jesus and Mary are attentive to the voice of your supplications.

*Angel and dancers move off stage. Children remain prostrate.*

SR.LUCIA: His words engraved themselves so deeply on our minds that we could never forget them. From then on we used to spend long periods of time, prostrate like the Angel, repeating his words until we became exhausted. Some time passed and summer came.

*Music continues as children rise to play, then kneel as angels enter. Angels are carrying grapes (summer). Angel of Portugal returns to stand.*

SR. LUCIA: We were playing on the stone slabs of the well down at the bottom of the garden. Suddenly we saw before us the same figure.

ANGEL: What are you doing? Pray! Pray a great deal! The hearts of Jesus and Mary have designs of mercy for you. Offer up prayers and sacrifices constantly to the Most High.

LUCIA: How are we to make sacrifices?

ANGEL: Make everything you do a sacrifice, and offer it to God as an act of reparation for the sins by which He is offended, and in supplication for the conversion of sinners. Bring peace to your country in this way. I am the Angel Guardian, the Angel of Portugal. Above all, accept and bear with submission the sufferings sent you by Our Lord.

*Music rises as angels exit. Children remain kneeling.*

SR.LUCIA: We found it exhausting to speak of and instead chose to think about the beautiful angel. Over the following weeks, we gave up little pleasures, and spent hours saying the prayer the angel had taught us. We remained a long time in that position, repeating the words over and over again.

*Music rises as angel enter holding leaves (fall). Angel of P. enters holding chalice and host and moves to stand.*

ANGEL: O Most Holy Trinity, Son and Holy Spirit, I adore Thee profoundly. I offer Thee the Most Precious Body, Blood, Soul, and Divinity of Jesus Christ, present in all the tabernacles of the world, in reparation for the outrages, sacrileges, and indifference by which He is offended. By the infinite merits of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and the Immaculate Heart of Mary, I beg the conversion of poor sinners.

*Angel moves to children and offers host to Lucia and cup to Francisco and Jacinta*

ANGEL: Take and drink the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ, horribly insulted by ungrateful men. Make reparation for their crime and console your God.

*Angel returns to platform and slowly raises chalice and host to music. Angels raise arms with autumn leaves in veneration. Children remain kneeling with eyes on Eucharist. Finale’ to music. Performers freeze slightly. Angels exit with Lucia on applause.*

**Scene 3**

*Large cubes/stones are brought out for Jacinta and Francisco to sit and stand on. On is placed downstage (CS) and the other is placed upstage L. Francisco sits downstage holding flute, while Jacinta poses on back cube looking away from audience in anticipation of Lucia.*

SR. LUCIA: So here I am your Excellency, at the end of my three years as a shepherdess, from the time I was seven until I was ten years old. During those three years our home and parish underwent many changes. Father Pena was no longer our priest; my two oldest sisters were married; my father had fallen into bad company, and let this get the better of him. When my mother realized our means of livelihood were diminishing, she sent my sisters, Gloria and Carolina, out to work as servants. At home there remained my brother to look after our few remaining fields, my mother to look after the house, and myself to look after the sheep. My poor mother seemed drowned in distress. Seeing her so miserable, I felt my heart breaking. Although I was only a child, I understood perfectly the situation we were in. Then I remembered the Angel’s words: “Above all, accept with submission the sufferings that the Lord will send you.” I would retreat to the stone slabs near our well, kneeling, my tears mingled with the waters below, and I offered my sufferings to God. This is how things were when the 13th of May, 1917 arrived.

*MUSIC NOTES:\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_*

 *Francisco sits atop cube/stone playing flute. Jacinta (with rose petals in hand or pocket) moves off cubes and runs to Francisco downstage.*

JACINTA: Francisco, Lucia is coming! Let’s shower her with rose petals!

FRANCISCO: All right, stand on top of the rock with me Jacinta! Hurry!

*Lucia enters with staff.*

LUCIA: Francisco, Jacinta…what are you doing?

FRANCISCO: We are awaiting your return great lady of the flocks!

JACINTA giggling: Yes! Will you dance with us?

*MUSIC rises/children dance in folk dance manner. Lucia pulls away dejected, followed by Jacinta.*

JACINTA: Lucia, you seem a bit sad? What’s wrong?

LUCIA: Oh, it’s Mother. She is not feeling well. It makes me want to cry.

*Jacinta motions to Francisco to kneel down.*

JACINTA: Let’s pray for her.

CHILDREN: My God, we offer you all these sufferings and sacrifices. As an act of reparation for the conversion of sinners.

*Pause*

FRANCISCO: Let’s play something!

*Maria Rosa takes Lucia by arm and moves her downstage CS to meet up with Fr. Feherra who has entered SR and moved down to CS.*

JACINTA: No! Can’t you see Lucia doesn’t feel like it?

*Francisco pulls Jacinta’s scarf off and teases her. Children chase each other.*

*Jacinta screams and whines.*

LUCIA: Francisco! Give Jacinta her kerchief back!

JACINTA: Francisco! Please!

*Chase ends*

FRANCISCO: All right…I was only trying to lighten you two up!

*Lucia helps Jacinta put scarf back on*

LUCIA: It’s all right Jacinta. Francisco was only trying to have fun.

*Suddenly there is a flash of lightning and sound of thunder (SOUND NOTES:\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_)*

FRANCISCO: Did you see that?

LUCIA: Yes, perhaps a storm is coming!

JACINTA: It’s strange though…the sky is so blue?

LUCIA: Let’s get the sheep home!

*Second flash followed by Music: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_(Amber)*

*Two angel dancers escort Our Lady of Fatima in from SL. Angels kneel in front of bush as Mary moves to stand.*

*Children slowly move to padded hill area and kneel before Mary.*

MARY: Do not fear. I will not harm you.

LUCIA: Where do you come from?

MARY: I come from Heaven.

LUCIA: And what do you want of me?

MARY: I have come to ask you to come here six months in succession, on the 13th, at the same time. Then I will tell you who I am and what I want. I will come back a seventh time.

LUCIA: Am I going to Heaven too?

MARY: Yes you are.

LUCIA: And Jacinta?

MARY: She too.

LUCIA: And Francisco?

MARY: He too, but he must pray many Rosaries.

LUCIA: Is Maria das Neves already in Heaven?

MARY: Yes, she is.

LUCIA: And Amelia?

MARY: She will be in Purgatory until the end of the world. Do you want to offer yourselves to God to bear all the sufferings which He wants to send you, as an act of reparation for the sins which offend Him and as pleas for the conversion of sinners?

LUCIA: Yes we do.

MARY: You will have a lot to suffer then, but God’s grace will be your comfort.

*Mary opens hands holding rosary*

MARY: Pray the Rosary every day to obtain peace for the world and the end of the war.

*Mary exits with angels and music*

*Children slowly rise*

FRANCISCO: I saw the Lady, but I didn’t understand her. What did she say?

JACINTA: She said, we are all going to heaven!

LUCIA: Yes, but I think we must remain quiet about this. We should do what the Lady asked, but let’s not tell anyone else.

JACINTA: But why?

FRANCISCO: Because they may not understand.

*Children exit SL*

*Pause*

SR. LUCIA: But Jacinta could not contain herself.

**Scene 5**

MAYOR: Well where are those shepherd children?

OFFICER: They are to arrive sometime today. It is a long walk from Fatima.

MAYOR: Well, I’ll put an end to this nonsense. Crazy people…

*Knock at door. Officer meets Manuel, Antonio, and Lucia SR and escorts them downstage.*

MAYOR (menacingly): Senor Santos, these events your daughter has alluded to are rubbish. I would think a good father would put a stop to it immediately, but instead you have allowed it to spread like wild fire to the ignorant masses. The same could be said of you Senor Marto. And you little girl…in order to make things easier for you and your family, I suggest that you tell me everything that this “lady” has told you. It isn’t good to keep secrets.

LUCIA: I cannot. I promised the Lady I would not.

MAYOR sternly: Will you tell me the secret?

LUCIA: No.

MAYOR to Antonio: You there. Do you believe these things over in Fatima?

ANTONIO nervously: Woman’s tales.

MAYOR to Manuel: And you?

MANUEL: Yes Sir. I believe what they say.

MAYOR: Enough! (to officer) Take these ‘Christians’ away! They make me sick.

*Officer escorts three off stage SL*

MAYOR calling after Lucia: If you don’t tell me the secret, it will cost you your life!

*Mayor storms offstage right*

SR. LUCIA: In the intimacy of my own home, there were fresh troubles. The pilgrims were trampling my family’s one piece of fertile land, the Cova. My mother bewailed the loss, and resorted to beating me with a broom handle in order to force me to confess. By some special grace of God, I never experienced the slightest thought of resentment towards her. The love, esteem, and respect which I owed her, went on as though I were most dearly cherished. Meanwhile, the 13th of August dawned. Crowds were pouring in from all parts of the country. Including the Mayor of Ourem.

*Two families with children enter SR as Mayor enters SL.*

MAYOR: Senors, Senoras, I have come from Ourem. I too am a believer. Your children are very convincing.

MANUEL: Well Senor Mayor, we are just leaving to go to the Cova.

MAYOR: Good. Since we are all going there, I’ll take the children with me in the carriage. Seeing is believing! Then the crowds won’t bother them so, Si?

LUCIA: It isn’t necessary, we’re used to walking.

MAYOR to children: Nonsense, it’s better in the carriage, because we’ll be there in no time and nobody will bother you on the way.

MAYOR to parents: I’ll take them to Fatima and stop at the priest’s house. He can ride along with us while we ask some questions of the children. Come now…look at these crowds of pilgrims!

MARIA ROSA: Yes, it will be better…then we won’t be trampled to death.

ANTONIO: Very well.

*Families exit SR as Mayor circles stage with children taking them to his office instead. Priest enters SL.*

FR.FEHERRA: Lucia, who taught you to say the things you are going about saying?

LUCIA: The Lady whom I saw at Cova da Iria.

FR. FEHERRA: Anyone who goes about spreading such lies, will go to hell. Many are being deceived by you.

LUCIA: If liars go to Hell, I will not go, because I do not lie. I only say what I have seen and what the Lady has told me. As for people who go to the Cova, they only go because they want to. We do not ask anyone.

FR.FEHERRA: Is it true that the Lady told you a secret?

LUCIA: Yes, but I can’t tell it. If Your Reverence wants to know it, I will ask the Lady, and if she allows I will tell you.

MAYOR impatiently: Rubbish…these “Supernatural” things. Let’s get on.

*Priest exits SL as Mayor circles stage again with children placing them downstage to right. Officer enters and stands upstage.*

MAYOR: I’m going to keep you here in jail, away from your parents, until you tell me the secret!

*Children remain silent.*

MAYOR: Won’t talk eh? Well, if I were to offer you gold would you talk then? Your families are very poor, and your parish priest could use a new church. You could pay for it with this gold and make everyone happy.

*Children remain silent*

MAYOR: Still not talking! That’s it then. Officer!

OFFICER: Si Senor?

MAYOR: Is the oil good and hot?

OFFICER: Si, Senor Administrator!

MAYOR: Boiling?

OFFICER: Si!

MAYOR: Good! Vamos! Take these two!

*Mayor pushes Jacinta and Francisco towards officer/officer takes children off SR*

LUCIA: Be brave Jacinta and Francisco! Remember it’s for the Lady!

JAC. AND FRAN.: We will!

*Lucia pulls out Rosary to pray. Mayor snatches rosary away.*

MAYOR: Come now…tell me the secret and you can still save your cousins.

LUCIA shakes her head: No.

*Mayor pulls on Rosary to break (he fails) and he tosses it away.*

MAYOR: You stubborn ….Fine! Officer!