

WITNESS

Screenplay by
EARL W. WALLACE
WILLIAM KELLEY

from a
story by
WILLIAM KELLEY

REVISED DRAFT
APRIL 23, 1984

1 EXT. LANCASTER COUNTY, PA. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

(TITLE SEQUENCE)

The faces of several young children are presented in CLOSEUP, as they walk TOWARD US across a ploughed field. On the SOUND TRACK, the haunting SOUNDS OF A GREGORIAN FUNERAL CHANT. The CAMERA PANS UP to the faces of older brothers and sisters, then to parents and grandparents. These are not familiar faces, but faces from another age, strong and open. All are dressed in the distinctive clothing of the Amish.

2 EXT. COUNTRY LANE - DAY

Through the last traces of early morning mist another group of black-clad figures make their way down a lane.

3 EXT. COUNTRY LANE - DAY

An Amish buggy, black and highwheeled, stark against the landscape, appears, a spirited chestnut in the traces.

Framed in the glass window of the narrow buggy is the stern figure of an Amish man in black topcoat and flatbrimmed hat, his bonneted wife in muted colors, the face of a boy, attired like his father, peering out.

The horse's breath smokes on the frosty air, the buggy CREAKS on its springs, and there's the rhythmic CLIP-CLOP OF HOOVES on the pavement.

4 ANOTHER LANE

Two Amish buggies reach a crossroads, join a procession of three others. They disappear as the lane wends through a leafless thicket of hickory.

5 VALLEY

A BIG SHOT... now the procession numbers almost a dozen buggies... it is headed toward a distant farmhouse.

6 BARNYARD

Where literally dozens of carriages are parked. The horses have been taken from the traces, removed to the shelter of the barn.

7 EXT. LAPP FARMHOUSE - FRONT PORCH

As the black clad mourners begin to move into the house (women and children presumably first).

8 INT. LAPP FARMHOUSE

the coffins the upper half open. We see that the worse has been dressed in white linen, a piece of white linen partially covering the bearded face.
END TITLE SEQUENCE.

9 INT. LAPP FARMHOUSE

Partitions have been removed, making the central rooms of the farmhouse a spacious hall. The place is packed, a hundred-fifty or more Amish, all sitting in absolute silence on rows of wooden benches.

A wooden coffin rests on a bench in the f.g., and near it the close relatives of the deceased occupy a special Place.

RACHEL LAPP

A young woman of perhaps twenty-seven. Her face is pale and drawn. In happier circumstances, although there haven't been too many of late in Rachel's life, we would see a robust, sensual woman of full figure, spirit and intelligence.

Eight-year-old SAMUEL LAPP flits next to his mother; he would appear stunned, possibly not entirely comprehending events.

And the patriarch, ELI LAPP; his stubborn, weathered - yet not unkind - features grief-stricken.

THE MOURNERS
Their faces...

CLOCK
as it begins to CHIME nine a.m.

FAVORING PREACHER

as he removes his hat. As one, the men in the
congre-
gation remove their hats also.

9 CONTINUED:

Then the preacher begins to speak in a formal
German
dialect:
(SUBTITLES OVER)

PREACHER
... a brother has been called home.
God has spoken through the death of
our neighbor, Jacob Lapp...

THE FAMILY
where Rachel, Samuel and Eli are sitting- SOUNDS
of emo-
tion and grief not quite suppressed are heard
throughout as:

PREACHER
... husband of Rachel, father to
Samuel, son of Eli.
(and)
His chair is empty, his bed is
empty, his voice will be heard no
more. He was needed in our
presence, but God needs such men,
too. That one should be taken so
suddenly. Treat sorrow. Still, we
would not wish him back. Rather we
should prepare ourselves to follow him.

TIGHTENING to the Lapps, and...

10 EXT. CEMETERY

The mourners have gathered about the grave,
standing in
silence as four pallbearers are lowering the
coffin
into the pit. The many buggies are aligned in the
b.g.
As the pallbearers begin to shovel soil and gravel
into
the grave, the Preacher begins to read a hymn in
German
... a slow atonal litany which seems to hang
forever on

the frosty air.

RACHEL

TIGHTENING to her as the hymn continues...

CUT TO:

11 INT. LAPP FARMHOUSE 11
where the Amish have gathered for the traditional
post
funeral, midday meals.

11 CONTINUED: 11
Long tables are laden with customary Amish fare
... crocks of soup, hams, fowl, fried boiled eggs
and pickled beets, preserves
and an infinite variety of pies and pastries.

RACHEL

Where she sits among women, accepting their
condolences.

DANIEL HOCHSTETLER

A brawny-armed, ruggedly-handsome, raffish looking
Amishman.
There is something atypical about his face a slightly
sardonic set of
mouth, a bold eye, a prominent set of jaw. Not exactly
what old Jacob
Ammann had in mind, maybe, but a well set-up man
nonetheless, and at
ease among men. He's among a group of men including old
STOLTZFUS,
the local healer, FISHER, BIEILER and Bieiler's stout
young son, Tom.

STOLTZFUS

Lapp was a good farmer.
None better.

BEILER

But not the man to buy a horse
for you.

(and)

Hochstetler, wasn't it your
father
sold him that horse with a
ruptured testicle?

TOM

(grins)
Told him it was a bee sting
made
him limp that way.

HOCHSTETLER

(amused)
That horse had one good ball.
That's all it takes.

The others chuckle. But Hochstetler's attention is still on Rachel.

RACHEL

as Hochstetler looms on the horizon, plants himself like a tree in front of her.

11 CONTINUED: (2)

11

At ease as he was with the men, he's a bit awkward at this.
All the women, very much aware of Hochstetler's availability, tune in as Rachel looks up.

HOCHSTETLER
I was sorry to hear about Jacob.
Let us hope he walks close with God.

RACHEL
I'm sure he does, Daniel.

12 FIELDS, LAPP FARM - DAY

12

It is some time after the funeral and the Lapp family is hard at work breaking ground for the spring ploughing. The death of Jacob has increased the work load on; all three - Samuel maneuvers a four-mule team while Rachel and old Eli work nearby, further breaking up the earth. Rachel looks up from the back-breaking labor as several figures approach - it's Daniel Hochstetler and two of his brothers. Without a word they fall in beside Eli and Rachel and take up various tasks associated with the work in hand. Daniel works close beside Rachel.

12A EXT. COUNTRY ROADS, LANCASTER COUNTY - DAY
12B

A few BRIEF SHOTS of a lone buggy containing the Lapp family take us from the 18th century into the 20th century the reassuring RATTLE OF THE CARRIAGE WHEELS on quiet backroad, to the ROAR OF TRAFFIC as the buggy waits patiently for a chance to cross a busy interstate highway.

12B EXT. HIGHWAY, LANCASTER COUNTY - DAY
12B

A huge tractor trailer rig hovers over the frail buggy as it trots down the interstate. The camera cranes up to reveal a procession of vehicles behind the truck for a chance to overtake it.

13 OMITTED

14 EXT. PLATFORM, LANCASTER STATION - DAY 14

Daniel Hochstetler moves through the crowd on the platform, Rachel turns surprised, as he approaches, a faint color coming to her cheek.

RACHEL
Daniel?

14 CONTINUED: 14

HOCHSTETLER
I...I was at the feed store.
And I saw your horse, so...

There is an embarrassment between them broken by the arrival of the train.

HOCHSTETLER
(continuing)
You will come back soon?

Samuel can barely contain his excitement as he drags at his mother's hand.

SAMUEL
Quickly, Mothers Quickly!

Rachel embraces Eli.

ELI
You be careful out among them
English.

She turns to Hochstetler.

RACHEL
I need time, Daniel.

14A EXT. CARPARK, LANCASTER STATION - DAY
14A

Daniel Hochstetler leaps into the driving seat of his open wagon and with a flick of the reins and a whoop sets his horse off at a fast trot.

14B EXT. TRAIN - DAY 14B

The ENGINE gives a WARNING BLAST before creeping slowly

forward.

15 OMITTED 15

16 INT. TRAIN (MOVING)
16

as Samuel spots something out of the window that causes him to light up.

SAMUEL
Look, Mama...!

17 HIS POV THROUGH WINDOW 17

A road runs parallel to the train track, and Hochstetler in his wagon urges his horse almost to the gallop as he attempts to keep pace with the train.

18 BACK TO SCENE 18

as Rachel smiles.

RACHEL
I see, darling.

And Samuel cranes to look back, waving, for as long as he can.

18A EXT. LANCASTER COUNTRYSIDE - DAY
18A

The train moves across a broad panorama of fields, dotted with dolls'-house-sized farms and the tiny figures of Amish farmers working their horse-drawn equipment.

19 SERIES OF CUTS 19

as the train continues its eastward journey... Samuel stares raptly out of the window at the changing patterns of the countryside. He points in wonder at a brightly colored hot air balloon as it drifts slowly over timbered hills... he looks unsure as the pattern of field and wood gives way to suburbs, bustling shopping centers, restaurants, car lots and fast food outlets.

20 EXT. PHILADELPHIA SLUMS 20

as the train travels past dilapidated row houses, streets choked with cars and the gutters with filth.

21 INT. TRAIN (MOVING) 21

Now Samuel is staring out the window with some confusion, almost apprehension:

SAMUEL

Is this where we're going?

RACHEL

Of course not. We're going to Baltimore. It's much nicer in Baltimore.

21 CONTINUED:

And Rachel draws her son closer, turning her back on the window.

22 OMITTED

22

23 INT. 30 ST. STATION, PHILADELPHIA - DAY

23

Rachel is in a line at one of the counters. The plain dress of the two Amish - particularly Samuel's black coat and hat - are drawing curious stares.

SAMUEL

He's uncomfortably aware of the shy looks and giggles of a little girl about his own age, standing in line with her parents at the next counter. He edges away from his mother...

ANGLE

as Samuel comes upon a figure garbed in a long black frock coat and flat-brimmed hat... the man's back is

turned,

could, from appearances, be an Amishman.

Samuel stares... A beat, the man turns to face Samuel and we discover that he is a Hasidic Jew.

SAMUEL

as he reacts.

BACK TO TICKET COUNTER

as Rachel's turn arrives. The TICKET SELLER glances up and she shows him her ticket.

RACHEL

We have a ticket to Baltimore. Where is that train, please?

TICKET SELLER

Delayed three hours. You'll hear an announcement when it's time to board.

him He starts to go without his hat, but Rachel collars
 and puts it on his head.

25 ANGLE IN MEN'S ROOM

25

as Samuel enters.

It's a long row of sinks, urinals, and stalls...Samuel stops before one of the urinals - a long, trough-like affair with water drizzling down the rear porcelain panel.

It's set a little high for Samuel, and it is making GLUGGING-FLUSHING NOISES that are, at least, intimidating. Samuel stares for a moment, then turns, looks toward the stalls, stoops to see which are empty.

HIS POV - TOILETS

beneath the row of doors we can see no feet visible. Samuel is alone in the restroom.

BACK TO SCENE

as Samuel proceeds along the row of door, finally selects a stall near the end. He enters. As he does so, a heavily bearded youth in a dirty sweatshirt enters. With some urgency, he removes small notebook from his pocket and places it behind a paper towel dispenser. Suddenly he glances up.

Two other men have entered the men's room; one is a large BLACK MAN in a three-piece suit under an expensive, overcoat. His PARTNER is a Caucasian in designer jeans, half boots and a short leather jacket.

They advance on the young man with unmistakable menace.

The young man whirls in terror; his two assailants lunge for him... a savage, wordless struggle ensues in the close confines of the lavatory.

ANGLE IN SAMUEL'S STALL

as the struggling men bounce off the door of his stall... he can see their feet under the edge of the door.

BACK TO FIGHT

as the struggle builds to a climax... ends with the young man stiffening with a grunt, his face draining of color.

The two attackers step away, the blade in the black man's hand bloodstained. His partner stares at what they've accomplished with a stunned expression:

PARTNER

Jesus...

The young man's hand comes away from his belly covered with blood. He stares at it, staggers toward the sinks. Finally his bloodied hand reaches to smear at his face in the mirror. Then he collapses to the floor.

The black man motions for his partner to watch the door, then quickly reaches up and removes the notebook from behind the dispenser.

ANGLE IN SAMUEL'S STALL

as he edges open the stall door a crack. Over his shoulder we can see the black man, his BACK TO US, rifling the backpack. But beyond him, in the mirror on

the

far wall, we catch sight of the black man's face.

SAMUEL

as he stares out the narrow crack. A beat, then he closes the stall door.

ANGLE IN STALL

Samuel tries to make the latch work, but it's warped and won't fall closed.

BLACK MAN

as he checks the notebook before placing it in his pocket. His partner is covering the door, an automatic in his hand.

The black man makes for the exit, then on second thought, glances at the row of stalls.

HIS POV - STALLS

All quiet, but...

BACK TO SCENE

The black man whips out a SR caliber revolver, and, starting at the near end, starts pushing open the stall doors.

25 CONTINUED: (3)

25

ANGLE IN SAM'S STALLS

as the black man approaches, Samuel working desperately on the latch. At the last minute he finally wedges it

in.

BLACK MAN

He elbows Samuel's stall...the door won't open.

ANGLE IN SAM'S STALL

Fighting back panic, Samuel has retreated as far as he can.

BLACK MAN

as he gives the door a kick. It holds. He swears under his breath.

ANGLE IN SAM'S STALL

In desperation, Samuel does the only thing he can think of... he slips under the partition into the neighboring stall the black man just checked out. But he loses his hat in the process. His hand snakes back INTO FRAME to snatch it just as the black man gives the door a ferocious kick that splinters the lock and nearly takes it off its hinges. He's framed there, the big muzzle of the .38 revolver looking down our throats.

ANGLE

as his partner snaps from the doorway:

PARTNER

Will you come on, for Christ's sakes!

A beat, then the black man holsters his weapon, turns to follow the partner out.

BACK TO SAMUEL

as we hear the SOUND OF THE TWO MEN EXITING the lavatory. A long beat, then Samuel opens the stall door a crack.

25 CONTINUED: (4)

25

HIS POW THROUGH DOOR

Samuel's own face reflected in the blood-smeared mirror ... then PANNING DOWN to the still figure of the young man lying in the crimson pool of his own blood on the floor.

26 OMITTED
thru
29

26 thru
29

30 BENCH WAITING ROOM - LOW ANGLE - NIGHT

30

Samuel sits close to his mother, his face pale, his eyes staring. Rachel holds his hand tightly in hers as the torsos of various police and officials pass through foreground, occasionally obscuring the lonely couple. There is considerable ECHOING NOISE as commands and

requests mingle with the CRACKLE OF TWO-WAY RADIOS.

CUT TO:

DOOR - MEN'S' ROOM

The diffused shape of faces behind the frosted glass of the Men's room door, which is pushed open to reveal, JOHN BOOK, who comes striding through to be momentarily lost in the crowd of police, reporters and others. He is about 40, with a rangy, athletic body. Behind him comes CARTER, Book's black partner - about five years younger than Book. Book is wearing a suit, Carter is much more casually - almost disreputably - dressed.

CUT TO:

BENCH

Little Samuel watching Book, back to crowd of police, as Book questions an old black CUSTODIAN.

BOOK

You found the body?

CUSTODIAN

Uh uh. Not me, daddy,
I just reported it. It was
the kid.

BOOK

What kid?

30

CONTINUED:

30

CUSTODIAN

How'n hell do I know what kid?
The kid in the funny black
threads.

TIGHT SHOT - SAMUEL

Worry-eyed, still staring straight ahead. Then his eyes move suddenly to his left.

BOOK'S LEGS - SAMUEL'S POV

coming in at full stride, then stopping.

SAMUEL

He doesn't raise his eyes...just looks at the legs. And, slowly, the legs begin to bend at the knees. We see Book 's belt buckle, then his big pistol in its holster, then his face. He stares at Samuel for a moment, then...

ANGLE - BOOK

as his face breaks into a big grin, and...

BOOK

Hi, kid.

RACHEL

immediately alarmed, intervening.

RACHEL

What do you
want of my son?

THE SCENE

as Book takes out his wallet, displays his shield.

BOOK

I'm a police officer. I'm going
to have to talk to the boy.
What's his name?

RACHEL

Samuel. Samuel Lapp.

30 CONTINUED

RACHEL

then, quickly)
But what happened here is none of
his affair. My sister is expect-
ing me . . . our train is leaving
soon.

BOOK

There'll be another train.
(turns to Samuel)
The man who was killed tonight was a
policeman,
Sam. It's my job to find out who did it.
I want you to tell me everything you
saw when you went in there.

SAMUEL

(stammers)
I saw him.

BOOK

Who'd you see?

Sam looks at his mother.

BOOK (CONT'D)

Who'd you see, Sam? The man on
the floor?

SAMUEL

No . . . I saw the man who killed
him.

Book stares at him in surprise, speaks over his shoulder to Carter.

BOOK
Anybody know about this?

CARTER
I didn't even know about it.

BOOK
(back to Sam)
Okay, Sam. Can you tell me what he looked like?

SAMUEL
(groping, touching his clothes and pointing at Carter)
He was . . . like him.

BOOK
(nods)
Black . . . I understand. What else, Sam?

A beat, then Sam crosses quickly to Carter, Book's rather slightly built partner:

SAMUEL
Not Zwartich, like him -

Book frowns, puzzled:

BOOK
Try that one again, Sam -

Samuel gives his mother a helpless look; exasperated, Rachel intervenes with Book. She glances at Carter:

RACHEL
May I talk to you?

ANGLE

As Rachel takes Book aside, and in a low voice:

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Zwartich . . . It's the way we say
. . . dwarf.
(glances at Carter)
Not like him . . . very big.

Book nods, starts to turn back to Sam. Just then a commotion o.s. catches his attention.

31 OMITTED

31A BOOK'S POV - ONCOMING COPS

31A

It's Capt. TERRY DONAHUE, Chief of Homicide, striding

past the crowd of journalists and TV crews . . . brushing off reporters' questions and snapping orders to the aides he's got in tow:

BACK To SCENE

As Donahue comes on Book:

DONAHUE

(to aides)

Close it all down . . . I want a man on every exit . . . I want the lab in

here

now !

(to Book)

And I want to talk to you, Captain.

ANGLE

As Book steps aside with Donahue . . . In the b.g. Rachel moves protectively to Samuel's side.

BOOK

All right, talk.

DONAHUE

This is homicide - not Internal Affairs! So why are you behaving like you own this case?

BOOK

We were running Zenovitch . . . That's all I can tell you. But I want it, Terry.

(then)

I've got a call into Schaeffer.

RACHEL/SAMUEL

They can't help but watch the confrontation between Donahue and Book . . . although they're keeping the volume down, it's obviously intense and angry:

SAMUEL

(alarmed)

Momma . . . are they angry with us .

RACHEL

(reassuring, but

hardly in her own mind)

No . . . No. It is just the English way.

smile:

DONAHUE

You ought to think about coming back to Homicide, Johnny. . . Stick with Internal Affairs and you're not gonna have any friends left.

BOOK

(smiles right back)

I'll buy a dog.

32 EXT. 30th STATION - NIGHT

32

Book emerges from the terminal, looks about Him, then crosses to a big Mercury Sedan which is parked nearby. Two men sit in the front seat. Book crosses to the driver's side and opens the door.

BOOK

Go get a cup of coffee, Stan.

The driver, a uniformed policeman, glances at the man beside him who nods in agreement. He gets out and Book gets in behind the wheel.

33 OMITTED

33

34 INT. SEDAN

34

Book sits next-to SCHAEFFER, a surprisingly kindly looking man of about fifty. Schaeffer is a Deputy Chief.

SCHAEFFER

How reliable is this kid?

BOOK

Oh, he's good.

SCHAEFFER

Amish.

BOOK

Yeah.

34 (CONTINUED)

34

SCHAEFFER

What have you got?

BOOK

Zenovitch was about to deliver a list of names tonight -- street chemists...the guys processing this P2P into speed.

SCHAEFFER

So one of them got to him.

BOOK

Maybe.

SCHAEFFER

You know who?

BOOK

Maybe.

SCHAEFFER

You're still convinced there's a link to the department?

BOOK

If there isn't I've just wasted the last six months.

SCHAEFFER

That's the problem. We need results. The press is driving us crazy over this P2P thing. Calling us the speed capitol of the country'. You know the sort of thing . It's getting

political.

The Commissioner's getting

very

uneasy.

BOOK

The Amish boy saw him, Paul.

I'll make it,

but Set Donahue and the

Homicide Department off

my back or they'll blow the

whole thing.

SCHAEFFER

When word gets out that Zenovitch was a cop, all hell will break lose. You've got 24 hours. That's all I can give you. 24 hours on

your

own. After that the case and the witness go back to the Homicide

Department.

34 CONTINUED:

34

SCHAEFFER

(shakes his head)

Tell you what... why don't you and that blonde - what's-her-name - come over for dinner Sunday. How 'bout that.

BOOK

What's-her-name moved to Buffalo.

SCHAEFFER

(Sighs)

Well, anyway, don't get crazy.

(dismisses him)

I'll do something for Zenovich's wife.

35 OMITTED

35

36 INT. BOOK'S CAR (MOVING) PHILADELPHIA - NIGHT

36

Book drives around 13th Street, a ravaged corridor between neon-lit

restaurants, bars, porno shops and darkened storefronts.

Carter sits beside him, Rachel and her son in the back seat looking out at the

assorted array of desperate characters huddled in doorways or wandering aimlessly about. On the POLICE RADIO a description of the

cop killing is BROADCAST EVERY FEW MINUTES.

CARTER

I got there late, John.

BOOK

Let's just find Coalmine.

(beat)

Listen, Zenovich made a mistake. You didn't let anybody down. It happens --

CARTER

(grimly)

It won't happen again.

RACHEL

Where are you taking us?

BOOK

We're looking for a suspect.

We've reason to believe he's still in the area.

RACHEL

You have no right to keep us here.

BOOK

Yes I do. Your son is a material witness to a homicide.

RACHEL

You don't understand, we have nothing to do with your laws!

BOOK

Doesn't surprise me. I meet a lot of people like that.

RACHEL

It's not a joke.

Book decides to try contrition:

BOOK

You're right. It's not a joke.
Listen, I know a little about the
Amish. I know this has to be an ordeal for you;
and I'm really sorry you an Samuel got involved.

Samuel shoots a look at Book. then mutters something to his
mother in German.

She responds in the same language. Book frowns.

BOOK

What was that?

RACHEL

He wants to know who you are.
Your name. I told him we don't
need to know anything about you.

Book eyes Samuel:

BOOK

Book. John Book

36A EXT. 13TH STATION - NIGHT

36A

Book's car stops ,and from out of the shadows darts a
wizened little MAN. He looks about before crossing to
the driver's side window.

36B INT. BOOK'S CAR - NIGHT
36B

Book lowers the window.

BOOK

Sammy, where's Coalmine?

The little man stares at the weird-looking couple in the back
seat.

36B CONTINUED:

36B

SAMMY

What you got there, the Salvation
Army?

BOOK

Coalmine.

SAMMY

Try "Happy Valley".

36C EXT. HAPPY VALLEY BAR, SOUTH STREET - NIGHT
36C

Book's car pulls up outside the bar and he and Carter get out, and move swiftly inside.

36D INT. HAPPY VALLEY - NIGHT

36D

Sixty Black faces stare as the police enter. A hush falls on the group. Book and Carter spot their man at the bar and move up either side of him. They've moved carefully to this point . . . no mistakes. From the back, the black man they've approached certainly looks like he could be the man who did the killing of Zenovitch. And, as Book and Carter make their move . .

36E EXT. HAPPY VALLEY - NIGHT
36E

As Book and Carter explode through the door of the bar, violently propelling Coalmine along with them. Now we see Coalmine is not the killer.

As Book and Carter escort Coalmine out of the bar a police squad car pulls up, its headlights shining into Book's car.

An alarmed Rachel holds Samuel close as Book forces Coalmine's face down next to the car window.

BOOK

Put some light on him.

A cop pulls out a flashlight, begins to play the beam over Coalmine's face.

36E CONTINUED:

BOOK

(continuing; to Samuel)

Look at him.

Crazy as Rasputin on speed and booze, Coalmine glares at Samuel inside the car:

Samuel, white-faced, finally shakes his head in the negative.

Coalmine tries to twist free of Book's grip. Book snaps, and slams Coalmine's skull into the window edge, finally crushing his face up against the front window. His face takes on a grotesque shape against the glass. Carter restrains his partner and Book cools down. Coalmine is led stumbling away by the uniformed police. This sudden show of violence has horrified and angered Rachel, and she glares at Book as he gets back in the car.

RACHEL

John Book, you listen to me!
will have no further part in this,
nor will my son! As God stands
between us!

Book sighs, starts the engine and moves off.

36F EXT. HOTEL - PHILADELPHIA - NIGHT
36F

Book pulls up outside a hotel entrance as a uniformed
DOORMAN moves to open the rear door.

36G INT. CAR - NIGHT
36G

Rachel and Sam recoil as the Doorman opens the door.
He is puzzled by the sight of the reluctant guests.

DOORMAN

Ma'am?

RACHEL

No! We do not stay in hotels.

Book and Carter exchange a glance.

37 OMITTED
thru
42

37

43 EXT./INT. FRONT DOOR, SUBURBAN HOUSE -
PHILADELPHIA - NIGHT

43

An attractive woman in her early thirties in robe and
slippers stares in disbelief as Rachel and Sam file into
the house. This is ELAINE, BOOK'S sister. She
stops Book as he tries to follow Rachel inside.

ELAINE

How could you do this to me
tonight? I told you I had
company

BOOK

Sorry. It's important.

BACK TO RACHEL

as she glances in a doorway.

HER POV - ELAINE'S KITCHEN

It's a shambles, with dirty supper dishes piled
sink, the table littered with empty beer cans.

BACK TO RACHEL

as she hustles Samuel along.

BOOK/ELAINE

Book frowns:

43 CONTINUED:

BOOK

Where's Timmy and Buck?

ELAINE

Upstairs, asleep. Where'd you think?

BOOK

You've got a man here and the kids are upstairs?

ELAINE

That's none of your goddamn business! So keep your goddamn holier-than-thou mouth shut!
(and)
Anyway, they like Fred.

BOOK

Oh sure, Fred.

Elaine looks like she's going to blow again, then decides it's pointless.

ELAINE

Who are these orphans, anyway?

BOOK

They're Amish.

44 ANGLE IN GUEST ROOM

Samuel is asleep in one twin bed in a tiny, cluttered room. Rachel, in a plain nightgown, is preparing to climb into the other one.

O.S. we hear a DOOR CLOSE, presumably Book leaving. A beat, then Elaine opens the door and looks in.

ELAINE

Everything okay?

RACHEL

Yes, thank you very much.

ELAINE

(a beat)
John said you're Amish.

RACHEL

Yes.

44

CONTINUED:

ELAINE
(blankly)

Oh.

She nods and goes.

Rachel crosses to Samuel, sits on the bed. Samuel looks up at her bleakly.

SAMUEL
I don't want to stay here.

RACHEL
They are English. They don't understand.

SAMUEL
I wish dawdie was with us.

RACHEL
(swallows)
I know. Sleep now, Liebchien.

She puts her hand on his forehead, closes his eyes. she frowns, and...

44a EXT. DRIVE-IN FAST-FOOD JOINT - PHILADELPHIA - DAWN
44A

Carter exits the cafe carrying burgers, donuts and a couple of beers. Book wakes from a brief nap as Carter gets into the car.

44B Book chews into his burger while Carter takes a doughnut. Its clear they've worked through the night. 44B

45 EXT. ELAINE'S HOUSE - DAY 45

Elaine's house is situated on the corner of a row of terraces, which stretch into the distance on both sides of the street.

46 INT. ELAINE'S HOUSE 46

as Samuel comes out of the guest room in his night-shirt, turns up the hall and opens the door to the bathroom.

46 CONTINUED:

ANGLE

But it's not the bathroom; it's Elaine's bedroom. She and FRED are tangled in the sheets, furiously making love. Elaine gasps, Fred manages to grunt.

FRED

Wrong door, kid.

ANOTHER ANGLE

As Samuel quickly shuts the door. A straight-faced beat; then, barely suppressing a giggle, he hurries on...

47 ANGLE IN LIVING ROOM

as Rachel appears in the living room entry. Samuel is sitting on the floor with two boys of about his own age, watching television. They're eating cold cereal out of a box.

RACHEL'S POV - TV SCREEN

Some artless Saturday morning cartoon.

BACK TO RACHEL

as she frowns, watching her son and the other two staring hypnotically. And...

48 ANGLE IN LIVING ROOM

48

It's later in the morning now, as Elaine, a bit blearily, appears in the entryway, stares in groggy disbelief.

HER POV - KIDS

Her oldest boy and Samuel are busily washing the windows while her youngest is pushing a carpet sweeper. The TV is off.

BACK TO ELAINE

as she stares.

49 ANGLE IN KITCHEN

Rachel is standing in the middle of the now immaculate kitchen finishing a brisk mop of the floor. The coffee is perking. Elaine appears.

ELAINE
(mutters)

Jesus...

Rachel turns cheerily.

RACHEL
Good morning.

ELAINE
(helplessly)
You didn't have to...

RACHEL
I wanted to. you were kind to

take us in last night.
(and)
Anyway, I needed something to
do. I was so angry with your
brothers He's so...aaanishish I

ELAINE
Aganishish? Yeah, that sounds
like John.

She takes a seat at the table, still shaking her head.

RACHEL
Just a minute. I'll pour you some coffee.

ELAINE
You're not carrying a bullwhip...
how'd you manage to put my kids to
work?

RACHEL
(smiles)
I made it a contest... the one who
does best gets his cereal back
first.
(and)
Children like to help... they only
need to be kept after a little
bit.

Rachel means no harm by this, but Elaine's eyes begin to storm.

ELAINE
Oh, is that so?
(and)
No offense, lady, but I'm not so
sure I like the idea of your
coming in here and turning the
place upside down!

Rachel's smile fades at Elaine's trembling outburst:

RACHEL
Please, I didn't mean...

Abruptly Elaine rises and snatches the mop from
Rachel's hands. She mops furiously as she continues:

ELAINE
I know exactly what you meant!
Listen, maybe I'm not a world-
class housefrau, but maybe I don't
have time to polish the goddamn
china and keep after the kids!
(and)
It's none of your business, but I
don't happen to have a man around
here full time. So I sell cosmetics
in a goddamn
drugstore and sometimes I can even
pay the rent on time! So maybe I'm

not Mary Poppins, but maybe I don't
need to have it jammed down my
throat like this.

She finishes the floor, hurls the mop aside with a CLATTER:

ELAINE
(continuing)
There is that clean enough for you?

Rachel is speechless, Elaine is on the point of bursting into
tears.

At which point Fred appears at the entry in his undershirt,
taking in the sparkling
kitchen.

FRED
Jesus, Elaine... Somebody die and
leave you a broom?

Not a politic observation on Fred's part.

49 CONTINUED: (2)

ELAINE
(blurts)
Go to hell, Fred!

And, bursting into tears, she flees the kitchen. Fred
stares after her.

FRED
What's bugging her?

Unperturbed, he crosses to the counter and the coffee
pot, letting his eyes take in Rachel's full figure.

50 INT. ELAINE'S BEDROOM

50

as Rachel comes in with Elaine's coffee, closes the
door behind her. Elaine is lying across the bed,
sobbing.

RACHEL
I brought your coffee.

She takes a seat next to the bed.

RACHEL
(continuing)
I'm sorry. I didn't mean it that
way.

After a moment, Elaine starts to pull herself together:

ELAINE
It's okay.
(and)
Look, I shouldn't have blown my
top. It's like... somehow ...
I've let everything get away from

me. And you sort of made me face
it.

She takes the cup, sips the coffee. Rachel smiles at a private
thought.

ELAINE
(continuing)
What's so funny?

RACHEL
Fred. The way he looked when you
screamed at him.

50 CONTINUED

50

ELAINE
(disparing)
God, Fred...

RACHEL
At home you'd never hear a woman
scream at a man that way.

ELAINE
No? Why not?

RACHEL
You just wouldn't. It's not the
Amish way.
(then)
But I think it would have done me
good if I could have screamed at
your brother last night.

ELAINE
Listen, I don't know what's going
on or how you got mixed up with
him, but don't you let that self-
righteous sonofabitch push you
around, okay?

Rachel smiles.

RACHEL
Okay.

51 INT. BOOK'S CAR (MOVING) - DAY

51

Book glances irritably at Rachel:

BOOK
Now what's the problem?

RACHEL
The problem is I don't happen to
think my son should be spending
all his time with a man who
carried a gun under his coat and
goes around whacking people.

Book gives her a look:

BOOK
Whacking?

51 CONTINUED:

RACHEL
(firmly)
Yes. And I also want to leave this
city.

BOOK
Believe me, I'm trying to get this
over with as fast as I can. But
Samuel will probably have to come
back and testify.

RACHEL
We do not go into your courts.

BOOK
People who don't go into our courts
when they're told to sometimes go
directly into our jail.

Rachel glares at him and the ride continues on that
chilly note for a beat.

BOOK (CONT'D)
Look, I'm genuinely sorry. . .

RACHEL
(snaps)
No you' re not -
(off his look)
You're glad, because now you've
got a witness.
(and)
I heard the other police talking
last night.
(and)
They don't seem to like you very
much.

BOOK
They kid a lot.

RACHEL
(glances at him)
I would not be too sure.

51 CONTINUED:

Samuel has been glancing at Book; finally he says
something to his mother in German. Book gives her
an inquiring look.

RACHEL

51

He says you look very tired.
I thought the same thing.

Book says nothing.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
But not a good tired.

BOOK
What's a 'good' tired. Tired is tired.

She doesn't bother to explain; 800k settles even deeper into his funk as Samuel glares at him with hostility.

51A INT. IDENTIFICATION ROOM - POLICE H.Q. - DAY
51A

Samuel sits with Book at a desk, Rachel just behind. They are looking at a police line-up of known black drug-dealers. Samuel shakes his head - another negative.

Book winks, slyly reaches into a pocket, produces a yellow gumball. He surreptitiously shows it to Samuel, gives him an inquiring look. It's a peace offering.

Samuel grins, nods imperceptibly.

ANOTHER ANGLE

as Book rolls the gumball down the table to Samuel. But just as Samuel is about to cover it with his hand, Rachel reaches over and plucks it off the table. She shakes her head at Samuel.

BOOK
(to Rachel)
Just wanted to see if you were on your toes.

52 OMITTED

52

52B EXT. CITY PARK - DAY
52B

Book, Sam and Rachel sit on a park bench eating a lunch of hot dogs heaped with kraut.

Book watches with amusement as Samuel wolfs down his lunch. Rachel eyes him a beat. then:

RACHEL
Your sister said you don't have a family?

BOOK
No.

RACHEL
She thinks you should get married

and have children of your own.
Instead of trying to be a father
to hers. Except she thinks you're
afraid of the responsibility.

Book gives her a look:

BOOK

Oh? Anything else?

52B

CONTINUED:

52B

RACHEL

Oh yes. she thinks you like
policing because you think you're
right about everything. And
you're the only one who can do
anything. And that when you drink
a lot of beer you say things like
none of the other police would
know a crook from a... um... bag
of elbows.

Book is staring at her. Rachel nods.

RACHEL

(continuing)

I think that's what she said.

Just then Samuel belches with huge satisfaction,
drawing looks from Book and a couple of passersby.
Rachel smiles proudly.

RACHEL

(continuing)

Good appetite.

CUT TO:

52C

INT. OUTER OFFICE/WAITING ROOM, NARCOTICS DIVISION-52C
DAY

Rachel sits uneasily in the outer office, one or two
police clerks eyeing her curiously. A sign on the desk
reads "Narcotics Division."

Rachel cranes forward trying to peer through a par-
tially open door.

52D

INT. DETECTIVES ROOM, NARCOTICS DIVISION, POLICE H.Q.

52D

DAY

A group of Narcotics Detectives are interrupted in mid-
conversation by the opening of the main office door.
They stare in considerable surprise.

CUT TO:

John Book standing in the doorway, holding little Samuel by the hand.

BOOK

Afternoon, gentlemen. I'd like you to meet Samuel Lapp. We'd like a little help.

52E INT. SMALL OFFICE, NARCOTICS DIVISION - DAY
52E

A Narcotics Detective enters the room laden with several volumes of mug shots. He puts them on the desk beside a similar book which Samuel is intently studying. Sam sits on the chair cushions in a big swivel rocker.

The Detective, Sgt. KAMAN, eyes Book a little suspiciously - internal affairs officers are not greeted warmly by the working policemen in any department.

KAMAN

There's a Sgt. Carter on the phone for you.

Book gets up and moves to the door.

KAMAN

(continuing)

And, Captain, don't want to rush you, but I'm gonna need these files back in a half hour. We got a lot of work to do round here.

The two men leave. Samuel looks about before hopping off his perch and following the direction taken by Book.

53 OMITTED
thru
56

53

57 INT. DETECTIVES ROOM, NARCOTICS DIVISION - DAY

57

Through glass partitions we can see Book on the telephone in a cubicle of an office.

Samuel has drifted out of the office and is idling amid the bustle of the squadroom.

He crosses to a glass case which holds a collection of plaques and framed newspaper accounts which denote instances of outstanding duty and achievement.

ANGLE THROUGH GLASS CASE

as Samuel moves along, only half interested in what his

eyes are taking in, not really old enough to comprehend anyway.

Until suddenly he freezes.

SAMUEL'S POV - NEWSPAPER ACCOUNT

Enlarged, prominently displayed. The headline reads: Division Chief McElroy Honored For Youth Project. Accompanying the item is a large sidebar mug-shot of McElroy - clearly the black man who murdered the young cop in the train station men's room.

BACK TO SAMUEL

He stares, transfixed.

A long beat, then Book, lowering himself to one knee next to Samuel, ENTERS FRAME.

He's watching Samuel, knowing from the boy's expression that they've found their man. Samuel slowly raises his hand to point at the photograph. Book gently takes the boy's small hand in his, concealing the accusation from watchful eyes. He smiles gently at the boy.

58

INT. BOOK'S CAR (MOVING) - PHILADELPHIA - DUSK

58

Rachel is curled tight in her corner of the front seat holding Samuel close. Book glances at her:

RACHEL

Why don't you arrest that man?
Are you protecting him because
policeman?

BOOK

(snaps)

Listen, I'm the cop that polices
the police. I'm not in the
business of protecting crooked
cops .

(eases up)

I'll make an arrest when I know
everybody involved.

Rachel shakes her head.

RACHEL

But why would they murders..

58

CONTINUED

BOOK

Because - somehow - they knew
I was getting close.

(and)

Look, it's narcotics . . . They
make dope out of chemicals . . . they
sell it on the street for millions

of dollars. They'll do anything.
(and)
And they can get away with it because
they're cops.

RACHEL
(beat, then)
I'm afraid. I'm afraid for
Samuel. I want to go home.

BOOK
You'll be safe. you don't have to
worry.

She says nothing.

Another beat, then:

BOOK
(continuing)
Look, they're thinking as long as
they keep the killer out of Samuel's
way, we can't make an I.D. There's
no way they can know Samuel saw that
photograph, so he's safe.

He glances at her, but she continues ahead.

BOOK
(continuing)
I mean it. you will be safe.

Suddenly Rachel explodes:

RACHEL
Oh yes! Of Courses Why shouldn't
we feel safe in a city where the
police are so busy killing each
other!

CUT TO:

59 EXT./INT. SCHAEFFER HOME, PHILADELPHIA SUBURBS - NIGHT 59

The front door of Schaeffer's upper-middle class home is opened by his wife MARILYN. She knows Book and is surprised and delighted to see him. In the background daughter KATHY is visible. Schaeffer himself appears and Book is welcomed inside.

INT. SCHAEFFER'S STUDY - NIGHT

Schaeffer passes Book a drink.

59 CONTINUED

59

Book is excited, animated . . . the hunter, after a long chase, closing on his quarry:

BOOK

It was McElroy, Paul.

Schaeffer gives him a sharp look:

BOOK

Last guys would have figured.
But he's part of it.

SCHAEFFER

I hope you don't have any doubts
about that.

BOOK

If I did, I'd have kept my
mouth shut . . .

(and)

It fits, Paul . . . Fifty-five
gallons of P-two-P confiscated
four years ago . . . Guess who
was in on the collar? Mac.

(excited, explain-
ing the thing eagerly)

He salts it away somewhere . . . he
knows the stuff is potent, but
the street chemists haven't figured
out how to process it. But they
do now.

(and)

And now the stuff is worth five-
grand a pint and there are
a lot of pints in a fifty-five
gallon drum.

SCHAEFFER

(beat)

Who else knows?

BOOK

Just us.

SCHAEFFER

(shakes his head)

Okay, what are you going to need
to clean it up

BOOK

More people . . . Gotta pick up
where Zenovich left off. People
from outside the department.

SCHAEFFER

(nods)

Maybe the Bureau. Or those bastards
at Treasury. I'll take care of
it.

(then)

I hate this shit, Johnny. You

cut their balls off for me. I'm
counting on you .

Schaeffer pours himself another drink.

SCHAEFFER (CONT'D)
What's your first move?

BOOK
(expels a breath)
A hot shower . . . I haven't changed
clothes in two days.

60 EXT. PARKING LOT - PHILADELPHIA - NIGHT

60

Book slams the front door of his car, checks it for being locked, glances at a roiled newspaper in his hand (the sports section of the Inquirer), starts across the parking lot toward his apartment, walking as he keeps glancing down at the sports section. He comes to a sort of crosswalk, stops, reads, starts to take a step...and looks up.

WHAT HE SEES

McElroy, smiling nicely, starting across toward him from the other side of the parking lot crosswalk

BACK To BOOK

Freezing, eyes widening. utterly surprised and caught.

McELROY

Still smiling, he brings up his right hand out of a shopping bag (which he appeared to be carrying) - letting the shopping bag fall away as he does so - revealing a five-inch barrel Smith and Wesson .357 blue finish revolver with a silencer. Without hesitating, coming right on, still smiling, he FIRES once.

60 CONTINUED

60

BOOK

Already starting to leap away to one side, he is hit, driven into a half-turn. He clutches at the wound, as:

McELROY

Coming right on, FIRING again...the pistol's report a WHOOSHING, like the opening of a bottle of cheap champagne. And McElroy still smiling as:

BOOK

Hit...a grazing near-miss this time, but enough to send Book down hard and grasping.

McELROY

Lowering the pistol alongside his leg, as two MEN, barely taking notice of anything, cross with their backs to Book toward McElroy. He smiles at them.

BOOK

Down, muttering CURSES.

THE SCENE

As McElroy walks past Book, drops the pistol to the pavement, keeps on going ..and is gone.

BOOK

GROANING in pain, beginning to try to crawl crab-like. And we HEAR - from the agonized recesses of Book's Dream.

SCHAEFFER (V.O.)
Who else knows?

BOOK (V.O.)
Just us.

As the lights of an oncoming car - going very slowly, on its way to a parking space - sweep over him and we HEAR it come to a sudden, squealing stop. Book is already trying to get to his feet...now succeeds, lurching into a swaying stance, using an adjacent car for support. O.S. we HEAR a car door slam, and foot-steps hurrying in our direction, accompanied by excited voices. Book HEARS, turns to face the oncomers,

60

CONTINUED

60

ANGLE

A fat, middle-aged MAN has approached to within some feet of Book, looks on edgily:

MAN
Hey, buddy, what's the score?
Little too much to drink?

Book stares at him, then looks down at his belly.

BOOK'S WOUND

As Book removes his hand we can see one of the bullets struck him low in the side, just below the ribcage... the other just above it (but this one inflicting only minor damage).

THE SCENE

As the man stares:

MAN
Goddamn, buddy. You better get
to a hospital!

(and)
Here; I'll give you a hand.

He starts to approach, but Book shoves him away.

BOOK
No! No hospital!

By now the man's WIFE is hovering at a safe distance:

WIFE
Let him alone, Henry! If he wants
to die in the street, that's his
business!

But the man is not content:

MAN
Shut up, Romona! Will ya look
at that blood?

Book has tried to lurch toward his car; the man
tries to intercept him:

MAN (CONT.)
Come on, buddy...you're gonna
bleed to death!

Book whirls on him, his service revolver in his hand
pointed squarely at the fat man's face:

MAN
Shit!

WIFE
(quavering)
I told you, Henry!

Book doesn't trust himself to speak, but the .38 is
sufficiently eloquent for the circumstances, He
stares at the fat man another beat, then hesitates,
turns, starts back toward his car.

EXT. STREET - PHILADELPHIA - NIGHT

As Book's car wheels somewhat erratically through
traffic.

INT. BOOK'S CAR (MOVING)

Book has a gym bag open on the seat next to him, is
stuffing a t-shirt under his belt to staunch the
blood. And...

61 OMITTED
thru
62

61

63 INT. CARTER'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

63

as he's awakened by the RINGING bedside telephone. he

snaps on a lamp , . . He's instantly awake, not unused to such rousing in the wee hours. A woman sleeps beside him.

CARTER

Yeah...

64 INTERCUT BOOK

He's at an n.d. pay phone.

BOOK

Listen carefully, I wrote the Amish woman's name and address on my desk calendar, I want you to lose it for me, Now. Tonight.

CARTER

What the hell are you talking about? What's happening,

64 CONTIUED

BOOK

Nothing. I'm not going to be around for a while. I'll call you when I can.

CARTER

(alarmed)

Johnny, what the fuck - ?

BOOK

(hard)

Listen to me - Schaeffer's part of it. Maybe at the top of it.

There's a stunned silence at the other end.

BOOK (CONT'D)

Yeah ... I can put it all together when I get back, 'Til then, you know nothing, understand? Business as usual...

CARTER

(beat)

I hear you.

BOOK

(nods)

Good. Take care of that woman's name for me. And watch your ass.

64 CONTINUED:

64

65 OMITTED

65

66 INT. GUEST ROOM, ELAINE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

66

as the door opens and Elaine switches on the light, rousing Rachel. Elaine looks haggard.

ELAINE

It's John. He says you have to leave now. He says it's urgent.

She leaves the room as Rachel instantly awake, moves quickly to rouse Samuel.

66A EXT. BATHROOM DOOR
66A

Elaine is outside the bathroom listening to instructions from her brother. From inside we hear the SOUND OF RUNNING WATER. Elaine is puzzled but also senses the urgency.

BOOK (V.O.)

Put my car in the garage and close the door.

ELAINE

John, I don't understand any of this.

BOOK (V.O.)

(snaps)

You don't know anything borrowed your car. Didn't say why. And you never heard of that woman and her boy.

66A CONTINUED:

66A

ELAINE

John, why?...

BOOK

(shouts)

Just do its

66B INT. BATHROOM

66B

Book looks at himself in the mirror, his face is pale and drawn. He examines the wound, a cleanly drilled hole through his right side, just under the rib cage. The wound continues to bleed as he binds a towel tightly about him, before putting his shirt back on. He then carefully wipes away any traces of blood on basin with tissues which he flushes down the toilet.

67 OMITTED

67

INT . BOOK'S CAR (MOVING)

as he drives across town. Samuel is curled up asleep, his head on Rachel's lap.

RACHEL
Where are you taking us now?

BOOK
Home.

RACHEL
You couldn't wait until morning?

Book gives her a look.

RACHEL
(continuing; insistent)
What happened?

But Book, glancing in his rearview mirror, tenses.

HIS POV - MIRROR

In it we can see a police car coming on fast, with lights and SIREN.

BACK TO SCENE

Rachel eyes Book warily.

68 CONTINUED:

A beat, then the police car WAILS past. Book expels a breath.

RACHEL
You said we would be safe in Philadelphia.

BOOK
I was wrong.

Rachel looks away, speaks almost sarcastically, MUTTERING,

RACHEL
Kinner un Narre...
["Kinner un Narre saage die Waahret" - "Children and fools say the truth." - Amish expressions]

69 INT. PHILADELPHIA POLICE HEADQUARTERS - BOOK'S OFFICE - NIGHT

69

ANGLE PAST Book's desk calendar. Carter enters in the b.g., crosses quickly to the desk. He snaps on a light, thumbs a page of the calendar. frowns.

INSERT

Rachel's name and address scribbled on a page of the calendar.

BACK TO SCENE

ANGLE

A couple of plainclothesmen have paused outside the door to give him a look.

_ meets their eyes. They move on.

Carter shakes it off, goes. And...

CUT TO:

70 OMITTED 70

71 INT. CAR (MOVING) 71

As light colors the eastern horizon, Book is crossing into Lancaster County.

Book glances at Rachel; she's asleep. He coughs wrackingly, hurting . . . cinches the belt of his overcoat even tighter. And . . .

72 EXT. LAPP FARM 72

HIS POV - BOOK'S CAR
coming up the long drive.

BACK TO SCENE

as the car pulls up in the barnyard and Eli crosses to it.

Suddenly the car door flies open and Samuel jumps out, races across the barnyard to hurl himself into the old

ANGLE AT CAR

As Rachel steps out of the passenger's side, Book remains seated. He lets his eyes travel around the farm.

RACHEL
Stay for awhile. Rest. I'll make
coffee and breakfast.

BOOK
I can't.

RACHEL
What about Samuel? Will you come
back to take him to trial?

Book starts the engine:

72 CONTINUED: 72

BOOK
(grimly)
There isn't going to

Rachel stares at him, not sure what he means. Then backs away, closing the door. Book begins to turn the

car around in the barnyard.

ANGLE

as Eli crosses to Rachel, his arm around Samuel.

ELI

Who was that man?

RACHEL

His name is John Book.

Eli is about to inquire further when Samuel cries:

SAMUEL

Momma - look.

They glance in the direction Samuel is looking.

THEIR POV - BOOK'S CAR

The car has failed to take a bend in the road and is now bouncing across an adjoining ploughed field. It's knocked over a tall birdhouse by the roadside. The car finally comes to rest against a bank of earth.

BACK TO RACHEL

She stares...

CUT TO:

73 EXT. FIELD - DAY

73

as Samuel races for all he's worth across the field, negotiates the creek via a fallen log - Rachel, now, also running toward the car.

73A EXT. STABLES - DAY

73A

Eli works fast harnessing his mules to an open wagon. He hops up to the front seat and urges them to trot.

73B ANGLE AT BOOK'S CAR

73B

We see that Rachel has made Book as comfortable as possible in the front seat of the car and is packing the wound under his trenchcoat with material ripped from her apron. Momentarily he comes awake:

RACHEL

But John.....why didn't you go to a hospital?

BOOK

No, no doctor...

RACHEL

(bewildered)

But why?

BOOK

Gunshot... they'll file reports...
they'll find me.

RACHEL

But -

Book reaches up to grip her arm fiercely:

BOOK

And when they find me, they'll
find your boy!

He slips under again. Rachel stares at him, realizing
the price he's paid in returning them to safety.

She reaches out, touches him gently.

But the moment is broken by...

ANOTHER ANGLE

as Eli reins up in the springwagon. He climbs down,
crosses to glance into the car.

ELI

Is the English dead?

RACHEL

No...

ELI

Looks dead...

And together they begin to lift Book from the car and
place him in the back of the springwagon. And...

74 INT. LAMP FARMHOUSE

Where Eli is looking out a window.

75 HIS POV - BUGGY

An Amish buggy coming up the drive, past Book's car.

ANGLE IN BEDROOM

Where Book lies on a bed. Rachel is bathing his wound
with warm water from a pan.

Eli appears in the doorway.

ELI

Stoltzfus is coming.

Rachel looks at him, nods.

Eli frowns at Book's holstered pistol lying atop his
neatly folded clothes on a chair near the bed.

ELI

(continuing)
That has no place in this house.

RACHEL
I know.

She picks up the pile of clothes and the pistol and places them in a chest.

RACHEL
(continuing)
It will go when he goes.

76 INT. LIVING ROOM

76

as Samuel comes in with old Stoltzfus and Stoltzfus's teenage son, LEVI.

RACHEL
Thank you for coming, Stoltzfus.

Stoltzfus's eyes have gone to the bed:

STOLTZFUS
That's the English is it?

77 INT. SICKROOM - TIGHT

77

as Stoltzfus runs his fingers lightly over the vicinity of Book's wound:

STOLTZFUS (O.S.)
I feel... burning.

WIDER

as Stoltzfus, in his shirtsleeves and concentrating mightily, moistens his fingertips with saliva, continues the examination. Finally he steps back.

STOLTZFUS
This man should be treated in town.
(indicates)
The bullet entered there... and came out there. But there is the danger of infection, and he has lost a great deal of blood.

Rachel looks at Stoltzfus, then turns away, torn by her dilemma. Her eyes fall on Samuel. Gently she ushers him from the room:

RACHEL
Go help Levi with the car, Samuel.

She closes the door after him, then turns to face Eli and Stoltzfus:

RACHEL
(continuing)

No, he must stay here.

Stoltzfus gives Eli a puzzled look. And:

ELI

Didn't you hear Stoltzfus? What if he dies? Then the sheriff will come. They'll say we broke their laws -

RACHEL

We'll pray that he doesn't die! But if he does, then we'll find a way so no one knows!

ELI

Rachel, this is a man's life, we hold it in our hands.

77 CONTINUED: (2)

77

RACHEL

I know God help me, I know that, Eli.

(then)

But I tell you that if he's found here, the people who did this to him will come for Samuel.

Rachel beseeches them helplessly:

RACHEL

(continuing)

What else can we do?

78 EXT. LAPP DRIVE

78

Levi has hitched Eli's mules to the rear of Book's car and is towing it up the drive toward the barn, with Samuel catching a ride on the bumper.

RACHEL

Where she's waiting with the big barn doors thrown open. As the mules tow the car in, she closes the doors.

79 INT. LAPP FARMHOUSE LIVING ROOM

79

As Stoltzfus and Levi are about to go: Stoltzfus turns to Rachel:

STOLTZFUS

Make a poultice... three parts milk, two parts linseed oil... for the infection. I'll send Mary by with some teas I will brew myself.

RACHEL

Thank you.

Stoltzfus turns to Eli:

STOLTZFUS
Lapp, I'll have to speak with the
diener on this matter.

ELI
(nods)
As you see fit, Stoltzfus.

CUT TO:

80 INT. SICKROOM - LAPS FARM - NIGHT

80

as Rachel enters, turns up a kerosene lamp which is
burning low at bedside. She's carrying the poultice
Stoltzfus ordered.

Book's brow is beaded with sweat.

Rachel seats herself next to the bed, strips away the
sweat-soaked sheet. Her eyes take in his bare torso,
and we should get the feeling that there's rather more
male animal on display here just now than she's quite
comfortable with.

She begins to apply the poultice.

ANGLE

As Book rouses to semi-consciousness, in his delirium
he recoils with alarm.

RACHEL
It's all right...! You have got to
lie still.

Book stares up at her without recognition, but some of
what she says seems to penetrate. He quiets.

RACHEL
(continuing; soothingly)
Yes, much better...

ANGLE

as Book lapses back into sleep. Rachel hasn't removed
her hand from his chest. Abruptly she does so.

She finds herself wondering about this man lying before
her, so suddenly a part of her life. she notices de-
tails; bruises, scars, the knuckles are hard, grazed, a
tattoo on one shoulder. While lost in this reverie,
the delirious Philadelphia policeman begins to mutter.
Incoherently at first, then the words take shape -
swear words; curses; fuck this and that; shit; etc.
Rachel rises abruptly, her cheeks coloring, as the bar-
rage of language pours from his mouth. She beats a

hasty

retreat closing the door swiftly behind her.

81 OMITTED

82 INT. SCHAEFFER'S OFFICE - DAY

82

He's on the phone:

SCHAEFFER
Looks like we're going to need
some help from you folks down
there.

83 INT. LANCASTER COUNTY SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

83

Where an UNDERSHERIFF is on the phone:

UNDERSHERIFF
... want to help any way we can,
Chief, but you got to understand
we've got upwards of seven
thousand Amish over here. And
that's just Lancaster County.

84 INTERCUT SCHAEFFER

who is trying to control his impatience:

SCHAEFFER
I've got the woman's name, Sheriff.
Lapp. Rachel Lapp. That should
simplify your work.

The Undersheriff frowns. He doesn't like being talked
down to.

UNDERSHERIFF
How about an address?

SCHAEFFER
Ah... no.

UNDERSHERIFF
(frowns)
Maybe a road or route number?

SCHAEFFER
Sorry.

The Undersheriff is not impressed.

UNDERSHERIFF
Problem is, Chief, 'bout every
third Amishman around here is
named Lapp. That or Yoder. Or
Hochstetler.

84 CONTINUED: (2)

84

UNDERSHERIFF (CONT'D)
(and)

Chief, if the Amish have taken your man in, I wouldn't want to hang from a rope until you find him.

ANGLE

Schaeffer is tight-lipped with contained fury:

SCHAEFFER
Thank you, Sheriff. It's been an education.

He hangs up. A beat; the man is a study in frustration. Then he glances up.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Standing in his doorway are the two plainclothesmen who spotted Carter in Book's office in the earlier scene. And...

85 EXT. LAPP FARM - DAY

85

A bright, sunny afternoon.

SAMUEL

Where he's leading a team of horses to the barn. In the b.g. three buggies are parked in the barnyard, traces empty. Visitors.

86 ANGLE IN SICKROOM

Where Book lies in the bed. His fever seems to have subsided. He's coming awake, tries to focus on the room.

BOOK'S POV - CLERGY

PANNING the four men in Amish black who are standing around the bed looking down at Book, muttering among themselves in German.

86 CONTINUED:

86

These include TSCHANTZ, the district bishop, a hawk-nosed, stern-eyed old fellow; Stoltzfus, a deacon as well as a healer; and two preachers, ERB and HERSHBERGER. Eli stands somewhat apart.

ANGLE

Another moment of silence, then Book opens his eyes.

Tschantz rumbles in German. (SUBTITLES OVER)

TSCHANTZ

Well, Stoltzfus, another Lazarus
to your credit.

STOLTZFUS

He was touched by God's hand.

Tschantz grunts, motions, for the other clergy aside
with him.

Rachel enters briskly with a steaming pot of tea and a
cup, smiles.

RACHEL

Hello.

Book stares at her, then at the old bearded gentlemen.

BOOK

(closing his eyes)

Who are they?

RACHEL

The leadership of our district...
the diener. Bishop Tschantz is
the one with no hair on top. They
decided to come and see you for
themselves. Except Stoltzfus, of
course. He came the first day. I
think he saved your life.

BOOK

Can I have something to drink?

Rachel brings him tea.

BOOK

(continuing)

Does anybody know I'm here?

86 CONTINUED (2)

86

RACHEL

Only the elders.

BOOK

How long?

RACHEL

What?

BOOK

How long have I been here?

RACHEL

Two days.

BOOK

(a beat)

Listen, thank you. Thanks for
everything. But I've got to go.

RACHEL

(frowns)

But you can't.

He tries to rise, falls back faint. Rachel rearranges the sheet.

RACHEL

(continuing)

See. Anyway, you don't have any clothes on. And besides that, Bishop Tschantz wants to talk to you when you feel better.

The elders appear to have concluded their conference, and are filing out. Stoltzfus pauses at bedside.

STOLTZFUS

Rest, Mr. Book. That's the ticket. And drink my of my tea.

He goes. Book is still fending off the dizziness. Rachel puts the teacup to his lips.

BOOK

Tell him his tea stinks.

RACHEL

(smiles)

You tell him. When you're able.

He looks like he's about to drop off again. Rachel rises.

RACHEL

(from the door)

We're all very happy that you're going to live, John Book. We didn't quite know what we were going to do with you if you died.

That penetrates for a moment just before Book slips into sleep again.

87 INT. LAPP LIVING ROOM - DAY

87

as the rather worrisome Hershberger frowns:

HERSHBERGER

...but a gunshot wound. Very serious.

TSCHANTZ

It is not the first time we have done this. In the Englischer war of the revolution, old Elmer Miller's grandfather took in gunshot English soldiers.

(a tad of pride)
Saved them, too.

They all nod. What Tschantz says is well known. Then:

ERB
Still, he should be among his own
people.

Rachel enters on this last.

RACHEL
He'll leave as soon as he is able.
He already wants to go.

Hershberger gives her a gloomy look, turns to
Stoltzfus:

HERSHBERGER
How long will that be, Stoltzfus?

STOLTZFUS
(shrugs)
A month. Maybe less. With God's
healing love.

88 EXT. BOOK'S SISTER'S HOUSE - PHILADELPHIA - DAY

Schaeffer is knocking at the front doors

A beat, then Elaine opens it cautiously, peers out.

ELAINE
(half fearfully)
Did you find him?

SCHAEFFER
Not yet.

Suddenly her eyes blaze, she starts to close the door:

ELAINE
Then go away, you bastard.

Schaeffer quickly - but gently - prevents her from
shutting it.

SCHAEFFER
Elaine, I've come to apologize for
Lt. McElroy. He overstated the
department's position.

ELAINE
(bitterly)
He accused John of taking
kickbacks And you know -
anybody who knows John - knows
that's a goddamn lie!

SCHAEFFER
(smoothly)

Of course, Elaine. But as long as there's any question, better Johnny should come back and clear his name.

ELAINE
(cuts in)
Better you should get off my front porch before I get my mace --!

SCHAEFFER
Elaine, I don't want to have to take you in for questioning. You've got his car, you were the last to see him --

ELAINE
(clipped)
I don't know where he is.

SCHAEFFER
But... if you had to guess?

89 ANOTHER ANGLE - SCHAEFFER'S CAR
89

McElroy watching.

THEIR POV - FRONT DOOR

We see a final exchange between Elaine and Schaeffer. Elaine forces the door shut. Schaeffer turns, walks slowly to his car.

INT. SCHAEFFER'S CAR

as Schaeffer opens the door, climbs in, sinks wearily into the seat, beside McElroy.

McELROY
She say where he is?

SCHAEFFER
I don't think she knows.

Schaeffer is staring grimly ahead.

SCHAEFFER
What about Carter?

McELROY
Tight. But I'm working on him.

SCHAEFFER
Lean on him.

90 OMITTED
90

91 EXT. LAPP FARM - LANCASTER COUNTY - NIGHT

91

REESTABLISHING, and TIGHTENING to the upstairs sickroom window where a lamp dimly burns.

92 INT. SICKROOM

92

as Samuel comes in with a fresh bedpan. Book is lying asleep on the bed.

Samuel puts the bedpan down, checks to make sure Book is indeed asleep, then quietly crosses to the foot of the bed and opens the clothes chest.

ANGLE

Book's big .38 revolver lies holstered atop his folded clothes. Fascinated, Samuel picks it up, admiring the heavy burlled pistol grips. Unable to resist, he starts to remove the weapon from the holster, then pauses to steal a look. O.S...

BOOK

His eyes are open and watching Samuel icily, which gives the boy something of a jolt.

BOOK

Give me that.

Mutely, Samuel hands Book the pistol from arm's length. He looks on as Book takes the pistol out of the holster, shoots the boy another look, then snaps open the cylinder and shakes out the heavy, copper-jacketed bullets into his palm. He snaps the cylinder closed again, then nods to Samuel.

BOOK

(continuing)

Come here.

The boy edges closer.

BOOK

(continuing)

You ever handle a pistol like this, Samuel?

SAMUEL

(swallows)

No pistol. Ever.

BOOK

Tell you what - I'm going to let you handle this one. But only if you promise not to say anything to your momma. I've got a feeling she wouldn't understand.

92 CONTINUED:

92

SAMUEL

(grins)

Okay, Mr. Book.

Book smiles. Then he gives the boy a playful, John Wayne-tough guy wink as he cocks and uncorks the pistol, demonstrating the action. He finally hands it over to Samuel, butt first.

BOOK

Call me John.

The boy tries to imitate Book's one-handed expertise, but his hands are too small. Book smiles.

Samuel finally manages to get the thing cocked, using two hands, and Book reaches over to guide the muzzle away so that it's not pointed at him.

BOOK

(continuing)

You don't want to point that at people you just started calling by their first name.

Samuel levels the pistol at the door and, just as he snaps the trigger, Rachel enters, pulls up short in some dismay to find her son has a gun pointed at her. Samuel blanches and Book winces, knowing there's heavy weather ahead.

RACHEL.

(snaps)

Samuel -- !

Samuel quickly hands the pistol back to Book, who holsters it:

RACHEL

(continuing)

Wait for me downstairs.

Samuel quickly exits, and Rachel angrily advances on Book.

RACHEL

(continuing)

John Book, I would appreciate it if, during the time you are with us, you would have as little to do with Samuel as possible.

92 CONTINUED: (2)

92

BOOK

Nobody meant any harm. The boy was Curious. I unloaded the gun -

RACHEL

It's not the gun. Don't you

understand... It's you. What you
stand for.

(and)

That is not for Samuel.

Book looks at her thoughtfully.

Rachel softens a bit:

RACHEL

Please, it has nothing to do with
you personally.

He hands her the holstered gun and the loose bullets.

BOOK

Put it up someplace Samuel can't
get it.

A beat, then Rachel, takes the pistol and starts to go.
Book stops her:

BOOK

(continuing)

Friends?

Rachel glances back at him, smiles and nods. And...

CUT TO:

93 INT. KITCHEN - LAPP FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

93

Book's holstered gun and bullets at center table. Eli
sits on one side, a chastened Samuel on the other.
Rachel looks on from the b.g.

Eli knows that this is as important a dialogue as he
will ever have with his grandson: at issue is one of
the central pillars of the Amish way.

ELI

The gun - that gun of the hand -
is for the taking of human life.
Would you kill another man? Eh?

Samuel stares at it, not meeting his grandfather's
eyes. Eli leans
forward, extends his hands ceremonially.

ELI (CONT.)

What you take into your hands, you
take into your heart.

A beat, then Samuel musters some defiance.

SAMUEL

I would only kill a bad man.

ELI

Only a bad man. I see. And you know these bad men on sight? You are able to look into their hearts and see this badness?

SAMUEL

I can see what they do.

Now he meets Eli's eyes:

SAMUEL (CONT.)

I have seen it.

Eli expels a deep sigh; then:

ELI

And having seen, you would become one of them?

(intent...gesturing)

Don't you see...? The hand leads the arm leads the shoulder leads the head...leads the heart. The one goes into the other into the other into the other....And you have changed, and gone amongst them ...

He breaks off, bows his head for a moment. Then he fixes the boy with a stern eye and, driving he heel of his palm firmly into the tabletop with enormous intensity:

ELI (CONT.)

"Wherefore come out from among them and be ye separate, saith the Lord!"

93 CONTINUED (2)

93

ELI (CONT.)

(indicating pistol;
continuing from
Corinthians 6:17)

"And touch not the unclean thing!"

His intensity tinged with righteous anger, he is hugely impressive.

93A WASHHOUSE - NEAR KITCHEN - NIGHT
93A

Book stands near the door to the kitchen, and has heard most or all of Eli's words. He turns, and painfully makes his way into the washhouse, moving quietly, hoping no one will come out from the kitchen.

93B EXT. BARN - LAPP FARM - DAY
93B

Samuel harnesses up the family mare, and backs her into the traces of the buggy.

93C INT. BOOK'S BEDROOM - DAY
93C

Book stands at the window in a worn robe. Below, through the window, we can see Samuel and Eli in the barnyard

A beat, then Book crosses impatiently back to his bed, sits down, picks up a dog-eared copy of The American Dairyman. There's a stack of well-thumbed farm magazines and copies of The Budget (the Amish newspaper) on the bedside table.

There's a knock. Rachel enters carrying a pile of clothing. She smiles.

RACHEL
Enjoying your reading?

BOOK
Very interesting. I'm learning a lot about manure.
(eyes the clothing)
What's that?

RACHEL
Your shirt and jacket are still stained with blood. I have them soaking. You can wear these.

She passes the clothes to Book

93C CONTINUED
93C

BOOK
Your husband's?

RACHEL
Yes. It's good that someone can have the use of them. Besides, in your clothes you'd stand out to strangers.

She continues, cheerfully.

RACHEL (CONT.)
I should tell you these do not have buttons.
(shows him)
See? Hooks and eyes.

BOOK
Something wrong with buttons?

RACHEL
Buttons are hochmut.

BOOK
Hochmut?

RACHEL
Vain. Proud. Such a person is hochmutsnarr. He is not plain.

BOOK
(nodding)
Anything against zippers?

RACHEL
(almost blushing)
You make fun of me. Like the tourists. Driving by all the time. Some even come into the yard. Very rude. They seem to think we are quaint.

BOOK
Quaint? Can't imagine why.
She smiles.

BOOK (CONT.)
Where's the nearest telephone?

RACHEL
Telephone? The Gunthers across the valley. They're Mennonite. They have cars and refrigerators and telephones in the houses even.

BOOK
No. I'd want a public phone.
Rachel's face clouds.

RACHEL
Well...the store at Salzburg....
(then briskly)
But you won't be going to Salzburg for a while.

BOOK
I'm going this morning.

RACHEL
But Stoltzfus said...

BOOK
(cutting in)
I know what he said.

RACHEL
You can go with Eli He's taking Samuel to school. But you'll have to hurry.

Rachel turns to leave when Book calls her back.

93C CONTINUED: (3)
93C

BOOK
Rachel.

She turns to look at him. It's the first time he's used her name.

BOOK
(continuing)
Thanks.
She smiles and leaves.

93D EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY
93D

Eli calls impatiently from the buggy. Samuel sits beside him.

ELI
Hurry up now, John Book!

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Rachel washing dishes turns on hearing Book enter. She laughs out loud at the sight of him in his Amish gear, and rightly so - the pants are highwater, the hat low-rise, the jacket ill-fitting. Book looks self-conscious, even a little sheepish.

Outside another SHOUT from Eli.

RACHEL
You'd better go.

Book looks embarrassed.

BOOK
My... eh... gun?

The smile fades from Rachel's face as she reaches up into a cupboard. She passes the gun in its holster to Book. He fastens it about him. The contradiction of an "Armed Amishman" increases the awkwardness between them. Book turns his back to her and checks the weapon. He turns back to her smiling in an odd way.

BOOK
The... bullets?

RACHEL
Oh. The bullets.

She takes them out of a disused coffee jar, passes them to Book.

BOOK
(attempting a joke)
Not much good without them.

93F INT. BUGGY - COUNTRY ROAD - DAY
93F

Samuel sits between Eli and Book. Both men stare straight ahead. Eli looks particularly stern. It's pretty clear he doesn't like this Englishman wearing the clothes of his faith.

93G EXT. AMISH ONE-TEACHER-SCHOOL - DAY
93G

With a wave Samuel runs into the schoolyard to join his friends. A teacher begins ringing a bell.

93H INT. STORE, - SALTZBURG
93H

Book on the telephone waiting for his call to be answered. He looks about him - several Amish and Dithers mingle in the shop. Book-has gotten a coke from a machine, seems a bit self-conscious shout it sips at it surreptitiously.... A voice comes on the line; it's that of Book's partner.

CARTER
Yeah?

A silence.

BOOK
It's me.

CARTER
Johnny! Where the hell have you been?

BOOK
Never mind. I'm coming in to take care of business. How hot am I?

CARTER
(low, urgent)
Too hot. Don't do it. Don't come in.

BOOK
I'm coming.

93H CONTINUED:
93H

CARTER
Listen, Johnny, don't do anything stupid. You couldn't get within a mile of Schaeffer right now. So stay put... Stay in touch - I'll let you know when maybe it makes sense.

A beat as Book considers that.

CARTER
(continuing; edgily)
You hear me?

BOOK
(finally)
I hear you. I'll stay in touch.

CARTER
That's more like it.
(and)
Where are you at, anyway?

Book allows himself a small smile, regarding his Amish image reflected in the window of the store.

BOOK
Where I'm at is maybe 1890.

CARTER
(uncomprehending)
Say again?

BOOK
Make that 1790

He hangs up. A beat, then he stares toward the door of the store.

93-I INT. BARN - DAY
93-I

Book works on his car. The battery has gone flat and he's trying to charge it up by running wires to a battery mounted under the front seat of the Lapp buggy.

Eli stands at the barn door staring at him, again the disapproving look.

ELI
If you are well enough to do that thing, you can do work for me.

93-I CONTINUED:
93-I

Book is genuinely apologetic.

BOOK
Sure, I'm sorry. Hope you don't mind me plugging in to your battery
Mine's
dead.... How can I help? What can I do?

ELI
Maybe milking.

BOOK
(eyes Eli)
Milking?

ELI
Cows. You know, cows?

BOOK
I've seen pictures.

ELI
Good, you start tomorrow.

93J INT. BOOK'S ROOM - LAPP FARM - NIGHT
93J

Where Book lies asleep. A beat, then Eli comes in carrying a lamp. He pauses a moment to peer at the sleeping figure with undisguised anticipation. Then he gives him a jarring thump:

ELI
(briskly)
Veck oufl Time for milking.

Book comes groggily awake as Eli exits. He gropes for his watch.

INSERT WATCHFACE

It reads 4:30 a.m.

BACK TO BOOK

as he stares at it in disbelief.

93K INT. BARN
93K

as the milk herd of half dozen or so cows ambles in with Samuel prodding them along, headed for the milking stalls. Book looks on in the lamplight, nonplused.

SAMUEL
Where he's pitching hay into the
cow's feed-troughs.

BOOK, ELI

Where the old man is showing Book how to milk a cow by hand. We see Rachel watching from the milkhouse door (steam from scalding milk cans rising behind her).

ELI
Good, firm twist and pull, eh?
(and)
Right. Now you try it.

Book gives him a look, takes over the milking stool.

The cow shoots him a rather skeptical look over her shoulder. Book bends to his task.

ELI

{continuing)
Didn't you hear me, Book? Pull!
You never had your hands on a teat
before?

BOOK

(grimly)
Not one this big.

Eli unexpectedly finds this hilarious, cackles, gives Book a comradely, man-of-the-world thump on the shoulder that jars him. Then he moves off. Book bends to his task, and...

ANGLE - RACHEL

Grinning,, giggling, covering her mouth with one hand.

as he pours a pail full of milk into a large, stainless steel milk can.

EXT. BARN

as the milk herd is released back into the pasture.
Book crosses
into the f.g., stares O.S.

BOOK'S POV - HORIZON

And dawnfire etching the hilltops- The BELLHOUSE
behind the house, the sun reflecting from the heavy
bell beneath its small roof.

93K CONTINUED

93K

BACK TO BOOK

Something in him can't help but respond to the beauty.

A beat, then he blows on his hands, rubs them briskly
together against the morning chill, and turns back to
the barn.

93L EXT. LAPP FARMHOUSE - DAY

93L

It is later in the morning. Rachel comes out onto the
porch, tosses a pan of dirty dishwater off onto the
grass, looks toward the barn.

ANGLE - THE BARN

Eli and Book standing in one of the open doorways, look-
ing in.

INT. THE BARN

ANGLE FAVORING Luke, one of Eli's team of fine mules as Samuel opens the stall gate. The beast is skittish, obviously afflicted with something of a behavioral problem.

But he allows Samuel to lead him out.

BOOK, ELI

As Samuel brings Luke out. Eli is now harnessing the other mule of the team to a large manure-spreader.
But as
Luke nears Book, his eyes widen and he shies, almost hauling
Samuel off his feet.

BOOK
(alarmed)
Careful, son -

Book moves to Samuel's aid; a gesture which proves a serious mistake. Luke erupts into a SCREAMING, bucking cyclone. Samuel - who no doubt has been here before - dives nimbly for cover as a flying hoof nearly takes Book's head off.

Then Eli hustles into the fray, pushing Book aside as he BELLOWS belligerently in German at the rearing animal. Finally he gives Luke a swat upside the head that seems, somehow, to have the effect of quieting the beast instantly.

ANGLE

Samuel gives the shaken Book a look:

SAMUEL
That's Luke. He doesn't like
strangers.

BOOK
(still shaken)
You don't say.

Eli leads the pacified mule back to the traces, grunting at Book.

ELI
Have to teach you mules, too,
I guess.

CUT TO:
93L EXT. FIELD NEAR FARMHOUSE - DAY
93L

Book collects the pieces of the birdhouse which his car knocked down the day of his attempted departure. He pauses as a figure approaches. We recognize Daniel Hochstetler, Rachel's would-be suitor. He heads for

Book with an outgoing smile and outstretched hand.
Here's a likable man who likes people.

HOCHSTETLER
Good morning. Book, is it? You
are the Yankee they talk about?

BOOK
I thought I was the English.

HOCHSTETLER
English, Yankee. It's the same.
My name is Daniel. Daniel
Hochstetler.
(sizes up his clothes)
You look plain, Book.
(grinning)
Very plain.

Book is not particularly amused.

HOCHSTETLER
(continuing)
I came to see Rachel Lapp.

BOOK
Try the house.

Hochstetler gives Book a powerful clap on the shoulder.

HOCHSTETLER
(genially)
You bet. you take care of
yourself.

Hochstetler heads for the house. Book stares after him
with some interest.

93L CONTINUED
93L

ANGLE

As Rachel emerges from the house to greet him. she
also catches sight of Book and she pauses, a shadow
of confusion crossing her expression for an instant.

And Hochstetler doesn't miss it either.

Then she gives her suitor a genuine smile of welcome.

93M HOG PENS 93M

Book, having gathered up the pieces of the bird house,
is headed toward the outbuildings, passing by hogpens.
He glances toward the house:

93N HIS POV - THE BACK PORCH
93N

Where Rachel and Hochstetler are sitting in a porch

swing, sharing a pitcher of lemonade.

930 BACK TO BOOK
930

Thoughtful . . . He glances at the hog pen as a huge
sow SQUEALS and angrily noses her young ones away from the
trough so she can feed.

BOOK
Pigs

94 OMITTED
94
thru thru
98 98

99 INT. CARPENTRY SHOP, LAPP FARM - DAY
99

Book works on repairing the broken birdhouse when
Rachel enters.

BOOK

He uses a drawknife on a piece of 2x4, with some
obvious expertise.

RACHEL
Eli is a fine carpenter. Best in
the district. He and his father
built the big house themselves
forty years ago.

BOOK
Oh?
(and)
What happened to Hochstetler?

RACHEL
We had some lemonade and he left.

BOOK
A real fireball.

Rachel smiles. Book crosses to a workbench and selects
another tool.

RACHEL
You know carpentry?

BOOK
I did some carpentry summers when
I was going to school.

RACHEL
What else can you do?

BOOK

(really annoyed)
I can whack people.
I'm hell at whacking.

RACHEL
Whacking is not of much use on a farm.

BOOK
Now hold on. There's a lot of people who think being a cop is a legitimate job.

RACHEL
I'm sorry. I'm sure it is.

She turns, starts to go. Then turns back, eyeing his makeshift garb:

RACHEL
(continuing)
Tonight I'll let out those trousers for you.

Stifling a smile, she goes. HOLD on Book a beat, then...

CUT TO:

100 INT. LAPP FARMHOUSE - DINING ROOM
100

Eli is seated at the head of the table, Book opposite Samuel and Rachel. The table is piled high with an incredible amount of food. Eli eyes Book cagily, waves his fork at him:

ELI
Eat up, Book. What's the matter with your appetite?

BOOK
Guess I'm not used to so much.

ELI
(snorts)
Not used to hard work. That's what makes an appetite.

Book swallows that one. With difficulty. Rachel intervenes:

RACHEL
Eli, John is a carpenter.
(conciliatory after-thought)
As well as being a fine policeman.

ELI
Eh? Well then, maybe he can go to Zook's barn-raising, eh? See

how good a carpenter.

Book can't refuse the challenge.

BOOK
Sure.

RACHEL
But . . . You may not be well enough.

BOOK
I'll drink some more of Stoltzfus'
tea.

100A EXT./INT BARN - NIGHT
101A

As Rachel, lamp in hand, walks up to the barn She looks in to find Book tinkering with the battery hookup to the Lapp buggy.

He glances up as she enters:

BOOK
Hi . . .

As she sets her lamp down near the one he's using.

RACHEL
(beat)
When will you be going?

BOOK
Not long . . . A few days.

Another beat as Rachel watches him . . . Book, checking out the battery power, hits the radio - and suddenly from the Twentieth Century comes the sound of one of its major inventions - rock and roll.

It fills the barn, but Book turns up the volume a click more even and, eyeing Rachel, starts moving with the beat. It's his culture, coming through loud and clear, as incongruous as it all might seem with the tough Philly cop decked out in Amish.

Rachel can't help but laugh . . . Sensing her response, Book sweeps her up and they boogie in the lamplight, Rachel alternately protesting and laughing.

BOOK (CONT'D)
You like it . . . Don't you?

Rachel, confused, protests:

RACHEL
No . . . You just stop -

But she doesn't really want too Book grins:

BOOK

(mock alarm)

Next thing you know you'll be off
drinking beer and racing motor-
cycles.

And it goes on . . . Rachel alternately protesting and
laughing.

ANGLE - THE BARN DOOR

As Eli suddenly appears. He glowers for an instant,
thunderstruck, then BELLOWS:

ELI

Rachel -- !

THE SCENE

As Book and Rachel's dancing comes to a sudden halt.
Both turn, look at Eli. Rachel regards him level-
eyed, without discernible alarm. Book, looking a
bit sheepish, goes over, turns off the radio, as:

ELI (CONT.)

(in the dialect)

What is this? This Myusick?

Book hesitates, then starts to say something:

BOOK

It's not her fault. I --

But he gets such a look from Eli that he turns, goes
out.

ELI

(in the dialect)

How can this be? How can you do
such a thing? Is this plain?
Is this the ordnung?

RACHEL

I have done nothing against
the ordnung.

ELI

(in the dialect)

Eh? Nothing? Rachel, you
bring this man to our house.
With his gun of the hand. you
bring fear to this house. Fear
of English with guns coming
after. You bring blood and
whispers of more blood. Now
English music...and you are
dancing to English music! And
you call this nothing?

RACHEL

I have committed no sin.

ELI

(in English)

No sin? Maybe. Not yet.
But, Rachel, it does not look.
(tone softening...

in the

dialect)

Don't you know there has been
talk? Talk about you, not him.
Talk about going to the Bishop.
About having you...shunned!

RACHEL

That is idle talk.

ELI

(in English, pleading)

Do not make light of it, Rachel.
They can do it...quick! Like that!
And then...then I can not sit at
table with you. I can not take
a thing from your hand. I...I
can not go with you to meeting!

(the old man almost
breaks down as, in
the dialect)

Rachel, good Rachel, you must
not go too far! Dear child!

Rachel is annoyed - also touched, no doubt, by the old
man's plea - but irked by his condescending tone.

RACHEL

I am not a child.

ELI

(suddenly stern again)

You are acting like one!

RACHEL

I will be the judge of that.

ELI

(fierce as a prophet)

No! They will be the judge of
that! And so will I...if you
shame me!

RACHEL

(blinking a tear now,
but meeting his gaze)

You shame yourself.

And shaken - but proud and erect - she turns and
walks out.

105 INT. SCHAEFFER'S OFFICE - - NIGHT
105

Carter sits, Schaeffer prowls...slowly, letting silences grow before he strikes again with another softly-snarled question or statement.

SCHAEFFER
You know where he is.

CARTER
Wrong.

SCHAEFFER
You'd lie to protect him.

CARTER
(cool)
Probably.

Schaeffer snaps around, glares at him.

SCHAEFFER
You admit you're lying?

CARTER
(shakes head)
I admit I don't know where he is.

SCHAEFFER
You're the first one he'll contact.

CARTER
(sighing)
He's got my number.

Schaeffer stops, stands in front of Carter, takes a deep breath...suddenly smiles. And is abruptly (as he is capable of being) the man of charm and gentlemanly reason. He even CHUCKLES as he begins:

SCHAEFFER
It's funny. I know he's hiding somewhere with the Amish, I know it.
(a quick glance at Carter)
Can you imagine John Book at a prayer meeting? Our John Book?

Schaeffer CHUCKLES again, looks hopefully again at Carter.

Carter looks back, stony-eyed. Schaeffer makes another abrupt shift in form...but still speaks softly.

SCHAEFFER
Either you're a member of the club or you aren't, Elton.

(he nods his head, as)
Tell me what you know....

CARTER
What I know, Paul, is...
(nodding his head)
He's going to take you out....

105A EXT. LAPP FARM - LANCASTER COUNTY - DAY
105A

As Book pauses by the barn door, glances over his shoulder.

105B HIS POV - BUGGY
105B

With trace horse harnessed...Samuel and Eli loading provisions into the buggy, standing down by the house.

105C BACK TO BOOK - - INT./EXT. BARN
105C

As he goes into the barn.

Book approaches Luke's stall warily.... and as he does so the temperamental mule, reacting to form, starts to skitter, his hooves CRACKING against the walls of the stall. Book flinches.

Book starts to talk gently to the animal:

BOOK
All right, you nasty sonofabitch,
we're going to be friends whether
you like it or not.

Then, summoning his resolve, he carefully opens the stall gate.

ANGLE

As Luke eyes him balefully, Book reaches into his pocket, brings out some lumps of sugar.

BOOK (CONT'D)
See . . . Sugar. You like
sugar, don't you for Christ's
sake?

Finally, keeping a mistrustful eye on Book, Luke condescends to eat. Book nods with satisfaction.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Rachel has entered the barn, is watching Book with a puzzled expression.

RACHEL
(surprised)
Well....

Book turns, grins with some pride of accomplishment!

BOOK
Won him over just like that.

RACHEL
I see.
(and)
But I hope you have a lot of
sugar.
(then, going)
Eli is ready to go to Zook's.

Just then Luke skitters impatiently . . . Book gives
him
a nervous look; one last tentative pat as Luke eyes him
skeptically, then closes the stall gate and turns to
go:

BOOK
Later.

And we . . .

106 EXT. ZOOK FARM - LANCASTER COUNTY - DAY
106

BIG SHOT . . . it's early morning as the Amish buggies
are arriving at the Zook farm for a barn-raising.

In the b,g. we can see big stacks of lumber all around
the
construction site where a couple of dozen men have
begun
raising the main supports on the already laid
foundation.

Elsewhere, long tables have been set up and women are
spreading them with cloths, setting out big tanks of
hot coffee and cold lemonade for the men,

LAPP BUGGY

As Eli, Book, Rachel and Samuel step down, Book eyes
the construction site.

ELI
Wait here 'til I find a gang you
can work with.

He goes. Book glances around as even more buggies
arrive and more workmen and their families climb out.

Eli appears with Hochstetler in tow. Hochstetler's
broad face breaks into a grin:

HOCHSTETLER

Book! Good to see you!

He pumps Book's hand with his usual vigor, smiling a greeting and pleasantries to Rachel. She looks on, amused.

Hochstetler gives Rachel a look, and we realize that his showing up just now to appropriate Book was no happenstance.

And Book realizes it as well.

HOCHSTETLER
(continuing)
Eli says you're a carpenter, Book.

BOOK
It's been a while.

HOCHSTETLER
No matter. Come with me. We can
always use a good carpenter.

With that he throws a huge arm around Book's shoulder and ushers him away. Rachel calls after them:

RACHEL
Good luck.

BOOK/HOCHSTETLER
as they move off.

HOCHSTETLER
Your hole is healed, then?

106 CONTINUED: (2)
106

BOOK
(gives him a look)
Pretty much.

Hochstetler nods with satisfaction:

HOCHSTETLER
Good. Then you can go home.

107 CUTS
DISSOLVE TO:
107

As the morning progresses:

... Book and Hochstetler sawing and auguring out heavy timbers on big sawhorses. There's an unmistakable atmosphere of competition between the two men, which doesn't go entirely unnoticed by the half-dozen or so other young men on the gang.

... or, indeed, by Rachel; in fact, she seems - with-

out leaning on it too heavily - to be measuring the two men as the morning progresses, and she occasionally passes within proximity of them.

... Eli and a couple of other elders prowling the job with sheaves of hand-drawn sketches under their arms, supervising the construction. All around them the structure is rising with remarkable rapidity.

... Rachel, where she's helping the women set out the huge noon meal. Other women are sitting on benches in the b.g., knitting or doing quiltwork.

... Samuel, where he's banging away with a hammer, with a group of boys his own age. Elsewhere we see little girls "botching" (a hand-clapping game played to German rhymes).

... The very elderly; sitting on the grass or in wheelchairs in the sunlight, looking on - the old men kibitzing in German, the women gossiping.

Until...

BIG SHOT

of the barn-raising with the noon sun high overhead... at least a hundred and fifty men are swarming over and about the barn framework...

107 CONTINUED:
107

... some aid the rafters, some hauling lumber to the job, others sawing, hammering, drilling, joining, planing and what-all... so many that the barn seems almost to be rearing up before our very eyes. And there isn't a power tool in sight.

WOMEN'S AREA

As Rachel crosses near the benches... we can see other women eyeing her, whispering among themselves, some tittering. Rachel ignores them.

She joins the stoutly amiable Mrs. Yoder from the funeral sequence earlier. The older woman is emptying a big pan of fried chicken into serving platters. She smiles, obviously liking Rachel.

MRS. YODER
Everyone has an idea about you and the English.

RACHEL
All of them charitable, I'm sure.

MRS. YODER
Hardly any of them.

ANGLE - THE ROOFBEAM

Book and Hochstetler astride the roofbeam studs, holding them together prior to nailing them to the roofbeam. They are, therefore, crotch to the mast and facing one another, way out at the far end of the roof.

Suddenly, as Hochstetler raises his hammer, the studs start to part, threatening to de-ball the both of them.

Hochstetler drops his hammer, grabs both sides of the roof with incredible brute strength, and, literally, pulls it back together.

Book stares at Hochstetler with nothing short of awe.

Hochstetler, straining and grinning, looks to Book:

HOCHSTETLER
Nail it - !

BOOK
Yes, sir.

107 CONTINUED: (2)
107

And he does nail it while Hochstetler, grinning and holding, looks on.

108 BIG SHOT DISSOLVE TO:
108

The barn is done, the workmen climbing down from the rafters. It's late afternoon.

ANGLE ON BOOK

He hesitates. His face is pale and covered with sweat. The exertion of the day has taken its toll. He's in danger of fainting and is some forty feet above the ground. But he's determined it won't happen, determined that he won't fall, nor will he humiliate himself by calling for help. Hochstetler guesses the situation. He moves beside Book, claps an arm about him,
says nothing, doesn't even look at Book. From below, someone TELLS them to hurry up. Hochstetler SHOUTS:

HOCHSTETLER
We admire our work!

The moment passes for Book, and he's okay. Hochstetler removes his supporting arm. Book looks him in the eye, nods his appreciation almost imperceptibly. Hochstetler wants no thanks, and Book knows it. Hochstetler gives him a resounding SLAP on the back, and starts climbing down. Book follows.

109 (OMITTED)
109

110 EXT. ZOOK FARM - LANCASTER COUNTY - EVENING
110

The gathering has congregated to hear Bishop Tschantz offer up a blessing on the new barn.

CONGREGATION

PANNING the faces as they listen to the heavy German words rolling out over the still evening air.

Book stands a little to one side of the Amish. The prayers he cannot share with them. Rachel is aware of this, feels something of his emotion. She looks toward him, then she too closes her eyes and drifts away from him, into the soothing prayer.

CUT TO:

112 EXT. LAPP FARM - NIGHT
112

Book stands outside, listening to the NIGHT SOUNDS. He turns, walks up toward the porch.

113 EXT. PORCH - TARP FARMHOUSE - NIGHT
113

Book takes a seat in a chair, SIGHS, looks toward the night sky. There is a SOUND, but it's a moment before he turns his eyes toward the door.

ANGLE - THE DOOR

Samuel standing there in his nightshirt.

BACK TO SCENE

as Book leans forward in his chair.

BOOK
Hey, Sam....

SAMUEL
... I want to say a thing.

113 CONTINUED:
113

BOOK
(sitting up)
What's that, Sam?

The boy hesitates, holds for a time, then suddenly darts across to Book wraps his arms around him, hugs him tightly... then breaks away, turns and runs back into the house, leaving the door open behind him.

ANGLE - BOOK

looking after the boy, genuinely moved. After a moment, he speaks softly:

BOOK

Same to you, Sam.

After another moment, he gets up, moves to close the door that Samuel has left open behind him.

ANOTHER ANGLE - BOOK

From the lighted/shadowed area outside the door. He comes to the door, starts to close it, then hesitates, looks in to see where the light is coming from. He looks down the corridor. The light is obviously coming from the kitchen. He speaks softly:

BOOK

Sam?

No answer. Book steps inside, pulls the door shut behind him, moves down-the corridor toward the kitchen.

114 INT. LAPP WASHHOUSE - NIGHT
114

Where Rachel, dressed only in a plain cotton camisole, is pouring a pail of steaming water into a tub.

She replaces the pail on the stove, turns and slips out of her camisole. Naked, she folds the garment across the back of a chair. Then she pauses, containing a startled intake of breath.

RACHEL'S POV - FRYING PAN

The gleaming bottom of a large copper skillet hanging over the stove with other cookware, we can see Book's image reflected there, framed in the kitchen doorway.

114 CONTINUED:
114

BACK TO SCENE

Rachel hesitates for a moment - and in that moment she makes a choice.

Slowly she turns, to face him, without shame, meeting his eyes. And for a moment she attempts something: a look, a flash of eve... a lovely, heartbreakingly innocent effort to become, for an instant, a woman of Book's world.

BOOK

as he stands in the doorway, willing himself to leave,

unable to make it happen.

And suddenly the moment has passed. Rachel lowers her eyes, picks up the camisole, covers herself with it without putting it on, looks away.

BOOK

TIGHTENING to him, and...

CUT TO:

115 EXT. LAPP FARM - DAWN
115

REESTABLISHING...

116 ANGLE - HEN YARD
116

where Rachel is scattering feed to the chickens.

A beat, then Book approaches from behind her. A moment, as she senses his presence.

Book watches as Rachel begins to gather the eggs, placing them in the fold of her apron.

When he speaks, he speaks softly, and she pauses in her work.

BOOK

Last night.

She goes very still, but keeps her back to him.

BOOK

(continuing)

If... we'd made love, then, I
couldn't leave.

She lowers her head slightly, but remains turned away from him. Book continues to stare at her.

117 EXT. RURAL ROAD - LANCASTER COUNTY - DAY
117

The Lapp carriage on a winding lane.

INT. BUGGY (MOVING)

Rachel is driving, Book sitting next to her. Samuel is in the back, looking out the rear window and not paying any attention to the adults.

A beat, then a large produce truck roars past them. It's all Book can do to keep from flinching.

Rachel stares straight ahead. Book glances at her.

BOOK

Maybe I ought to learn to drive
this thing.

Rachel says nothing.

BOOK
(continuing; beat)
Pick myself up another useful
skill.

Now Rachel can't help but smile. She looks at him.
And...

EXT. ANGLE

We can see the Lapp buggy approaching a rural intersec-
tion, another buggy approaching at right angles.

INT. LAPP BUGGY

as Rachel eyes the other buggy through the windshield.

RACHEL
Samuel, who is that?

Samuel checks out the buggy.

SAMUEL
It looks like Hochstetler's mare.

117 CONTINUED:
117

EXT. ANGLE

as the Lapp buggy passes the intersection and the
Hochstetler buggy swings in behind them. Then the
Hochstetler buggy, coming on at a faster clip, starts
to pass the Lapp buggy.

INT. LAPP BUGGY

as Rachel waves at the occupants of the other buggy;
Daniel returns her greeting:

BOOK
(teasing her)
Uh oh, they're leaving us behind.

Rachel gives him a look, and... gives the reins a flick
- the race is on.

RACE MONTAGE

Hochstetler has a couple of older folk on board, to-
gether with his young sister - at first they're not
aware of the race, until Daniel can contain his excite-
ment no longer and gives his horse a couple of whoops.
The buggies are neck and neck, and the older people are
not protesting loudly.

It's all Book can do to refrain from grabbing the reins off Rachel, but she's something of a horsewoman and finally she gains the edge and pulls ahead of Hochstetler, to the cheers of Samuel and Book.

118 EXT. SALZBURG STORE - DAY
118

It's a Saturday afternoon in the tourist season, and they're everywhere - taking shots of anything Amish. There's a ROWDY YOUNG ELEMENT amongst them who are making their presence fast, and generally making a nuisance of themselves.

Book and Rachel get out of the buggy. Samuel stays inside; the crowds make him nervous. A huge tourist bus billowing smoke pulls up nearby.

Rachel enters the store, but before Book can follow he's stopped by a TOURIST LADY with an instamatic camera... She waggles the camera at him...

TOURIST LADY
Could I ... ah, you know - ?

118 CONTINUED:
118

BOOK
(smiling)
Lady, if you take my picture, I'll rip your brassiere off and strangle you with it.

The Tourist Lady stares at him in stunned disbelief, her grin frozen on her face. Then she begins to scuttle back from whence she came.

119 INT. STORE
119

Rachel is browsing among the stocked shelves in the company of a young Amish woman, Ellie Beiler. Rachel is carrying Ellie's tiny baby, and the infant is getting as much attention as the shopping.

Book is standing at a wall pay phone in the b.g. We TIGHTEN to him, and...

BOOK
Lieutenant Elton Carter, please.

A beat, then we hear the FILTERED VOICE of the Philadelphia Police Department switchboard:

VOICE
Are you a member of the family?

BOOK
What? I'm a friend of his.

VOICE

I'm sorry. Last night
Sergeant Carter was killed
in the line of duty...

Book hangs up. His breathing is thrown out by the shock of the news and he takes a couple of deep breaths to regain control. He hesitates, unsure of his next move. He makes to move away, then he turns back, finds more coins and dials a second number.

119A INT. HALLWAY, SCHAEFFER'S HOME - DAY
119A

Schaeffer's wife answers the phone; she is momentarily shocked. She calls for her husband, then makes polite conversation.

MRS. SCHAEFFER
How are you, John?

Paul Schaeffer appears, slightly irritated at being called away from the Saturday afternoon game.

MRS. SCHAEFFER
(covering mouthpiece)
John Book!

SCHAEFFER
I'll take it in the study.

119B. INT. STUDY/STORE - DAY
119B

Schaeffer takes the phone.

SCHAEFFER
You can hang up, dear.

We HEAR the click of the other phone,

BOOK
You made a mistake, Paul.
You shouldn't have taken Elton
out.

SCHAEFFER
(beat)
How bad did Mac get you? We
figured pretty bad.

BOOK
I'm fine. I'm going to live
a long time. That's what I
called to tell you.

SCHAEFFER
(quickly)
Johnny --

BOOK
You might want to pass it along

to Mac.

SCHAEFFER

(urgently)

Listen to me, Johnny. Come in!
You're out there all alone . . .
We're getting close . . . real
close . . . Maybe if you listen
to me for a minute we can work
something out so you can come in -

BOOK

I've already got something worked
out.

(and)

Be seeing you.

Book hangs up the phone and the dead CLICK registers
on Schaeffer.

Book has gripped the phone so tightly that it takes
a second to unclench his fist. Then it takes something
else to resist his first impulse, which is to smash
out
at something . . . Training. Get it under control.
Deal
rationally with the situation.

119B CONTINUED
119B

He straightens his jacket, wipes the sweat/tears
from his eyes, turns and walks stiffly out of the
Saltzburg General Store.

120 OMITTED 120
thru thru
121 121

122 INT. BUGGY - MAIN STREET - SALTZBURG - DAY
122

Book, as Rachel eyes him. she has noticed his changed
mood, but doesn't ask about it. He stares straight
ahead, oblivious to the surroundings of the street,
now crawling with tourists and traffic.

122A EXT. NARROW SIDE STREET - SALTZBURG - DAY
122A

The buggy turns into the side street. Some hundred
yards ahead another buggy is stopped in the middle
of the road - several youths gathered about it.
A pickup truck is stopped, facing the buggy.

122B INT. LAPP BUGGY - DAY
122B

as Rachel approaches the scene, slowing down and
finally stopping. Rachel is at first puzzled, then
makes a small face, looks at Book.

Rachel puts a restraining hand on Book's arm.

RACHEL

Do nothing. This happens
from time to time.

She senses him about to get out, grips his arm tightly.

RACHEL

(continuing)

It's not our way, John. We'll
have nothing to do with violence!
John!

Book shakes free, gets out and slowly walks toward the

122C EXT. HOCHSTETLER'S BUGGY - DAY

122C

Hochstetler and his family sit, impassive, ignoring various jeers and taunts from the English lads - various jokes about them being dirty etc. one jabs an ice cream cone into Hochstetler's forehead, which leaves a curious white circle on his forehead. Another fools about with the horse causing it to shy. A third notices the slow, sure, approach of John Book.

YOUTH

Here comes another one!

Book stops, his path blocked by the third youth. The youth flicks off Book's hat.

BOOK

(quietly)

You're making a mistake.

Hochstetler calls from his buggy.

HOCHSTETLER

Everything is all right, John.

BOOK

(to the youth)

Pick up the hat.

The youth momentarily unsure - something about Book's tone of voice. The youth does pick up the hat, crumples it, stamps on it, and puts it back at a crazy angle on Book's head. A pause, then Book explodes.

122C CONTINUED:

122C

The kid never knew what hit him or where it came from,
he

hits the road surface already unconscious. A second youth grabs Book from behind. A mistake. Book is smashing into him, spatters of blood from his nose flying in all directions. He's hitting too hard, too often. It's Schaeffer he's hitting. Hochstetler is

pulling him away, Rachel is there too. A crowd is gathering, but as suddenly as it began it's over. Book shakes Hochstetler off him, straightens his hat, and in a kind of daze, begins walking past the scene in the direction of the Lapp farm.

The youths are picking up their wounded, helping them back to their truck, aided by none other than Hochstetler. An OLD LOCAL addresses Rachel.

LOCAL MAN

Never seen anything like that in all my years.

RACHEL

(covering)

He's from...Ohio... My cousin.

LOCAL MAN

We'll, them Ohio Amish sure must be different.

(addresses a gathering crowd)

Our Lancaster brethren, they just don't have that kind of fight in them.

RACHEL

John, lost control of himself. He... will be repentant.

LOCAL MAN

(to Rachel)

You're Rachel Lapp, aren't you?

RACHEL

Yes. Samuel! We're going.

A second man calls from the pickup.

SECOND MAN

Kid's nose is broken!

LOCAL MAN

We'll take him up the hospital. Good-day to you, Mrs. Lapp.

122C CONTINUED

122C

LOCAL MAN (CONT.)

(he shouts after her)

This ain't good for the tourist trade, you know! You tell that to your Ohio cousin!

But Rachel is already steering past the scene and following the by now distant figure of John Book.

123 OMITTED

123

124 EXT. BARN/CARPENTER'S SHOP - DUSK

124

Book comes out of the carpenter's shop carrying the repaired birdhouse on its pole in one hand, a shovel in the other.

Rachel is shepherding the milking cows toward the barn.

RACHEL
You should not bother with that
birdhouse.
(a beat)
If you're leaving tomorrow.

BOOK
I'm leaving tonight.
(and)
I'm going to need my
clothes. And my gun.

She nods, looks away...looks back at him twice in glances. There is a moment when it appears she might either bark at him or begin to weep. He waits. When she does turn to him, she speaks softly:

RACHEL
There was a time when I thought
you might have stayed.

BOOK
(hesitating...then)
There was.

RACHEL
There was a time when I would
have welcomed it.

BOOK
(after a beat)
I know.

124 CONTINUED

RACHEL
(asking)
I was being foolish?

BOOK
No.
(and)
I was being unrealistic. Even
thinking about living this life.

RACHEL
You're so sure of that?

BOOK
Aren't you? After today?

RACHEL
(almost conceding it,

but...her voice rising a bit, annoyed)
I'm not so sure of anything as you are, John Book. You could live this life if you wanted to bad enough.
(a beat)
Just as I could live yours!

BOOK
(almost groaning)
Oh, come on, Rachel. No way.

RACHEL
There is always a way! But you are such a...a Glotzkopp you cannot see! You'd rather go back to that city! To nothing! No woman! No children! No land!

BOOK
(now getting annoyed)
Land! Are you crazy? I'm no Amishman and I'm no farmer! I'm a cop. That's what I know and that's what I do!

RACHEL
What you do is take vengeance!
Which is a sin against heaven!

BOOK
That's your way, not mine.

124 CONTINUED (2)
124

RACHEL
That's God's way!

BOOK
Well in the City of Philadelphia, God needs a little help!

He has offended her, immediately knows it, but can't bring himself to make an instant apology. But he's chewing on it when she takes the moment unto herself. She pulls herself up, speaks with great dignity:

RACHEL
I could never love a man
who was so...little.

He looks at her, sad-eyed, his anger ebbing and gone, realizing that he'll never meet a finer woman... never even get close to such an one. He appears to start to speak, but then does not.

She turns, moves away a few steps, stops, looks back at him. she holds for a moment, blinking tears, then

speaks with some difficulty, emotion welling in her words.

RACHEL (CONT.)

The other night...when you saw me after my bath... I... I tried to look as I thought you would want a woman to look.

(sadly...but with a slight, proud lift of chin)

I am sorry...that I did not.

She holds for an instant, then turns and walks off.

BOOK

Looking after her. A face full of loss.

125 INT. KITCHEN - DUSK
125

Eli is lighting the lamps. Samuel reads a book at the kitchen table. Rachel moves slowly to the sink and begins washing a few dishes. She looks out the window. CLOSE on her face, a strange expression.

126 INT./EXT RACHEL'S POV - DUSK
126

The distant figure of Book working on the birdhouse.

127 INT. KITCHEN
127

CLOSE on Rachel's hands, lifting items slowly up and of the water to the draining board, where she places them carefully down. she shakes the water off her hands. CLOSE on her face, still staring fixedly out the window. She speaks without turning around.

RACHEL
Eli, would you see Samuel to bed?

The old man glances at her; this is not their routine.

128 EXT. DRIVEWAY - DUSK
128

In the rapidly fading light, Rachel walks slowly toward Book. CLOSE on her face, staring straight ahead toward Book. ANGLE on Book, CLOSE. He turns and watches Rachel's approach.

BIG WIDE ANGLE

The light now nearly gone, the NIGHT SOUNDS beginning, as Rachel reaches Book and they embrace.

129 EXT. FIELD BY ROAD - NIGHT

129

Book and Rachel in a passionate embrace, sink to the still warm earth and make love.

130 EXT. SOUDERSBURG CAFE - LANCASTER COUNTY - NIGHT
130

ESTABLISHING an all-night cafe in the early hours of the morning.

TIGHTENING to the bleakly lighted windows.

131 INT. CARE
131

A booth, where Schaeffer and McElroy and Fergie, a Lancaster County Undersheriff and his SHERIFF - an expansive politician type - are seated.

The Undersheriff eyes Schaeffer narrowly. The Sheriff has a county map spread out on the table, amid breakfast dishes, pointing directions to Schaeffer:

SHERIFF
There... White Oak Road a couple of miles before it ties into twenty-two. Got it?

SCHAEFFER
Got it. We owe you one, Sheriff.

SHERIFF
My man Holmes here put it together. Fine officer, Chief. He spoke to the doctor at the hospital.

SCHAEFFER
Undersheriff Holmes and I have talked on the phone.
(nods at Holmes)
Good work.

UNDERSHERIFF
Sure you don't want us to post some back-up units?

SCHAEFFER
If we need any help, we'll give you a shout. I'd like to slip in there quiet, then get out before we attract any attention.

132. EXT. CAFE PORCH - DAY
132

As Schaeffer and his men are climbing into their car. Holmes and the Sheriff watch after them.

HOLMES

Maybe I'll take a drive over
that way.

SHERIFF

Let 'em be. It's their dirty
laundry.

But Holmes pauses to watch Schaeffer's car pull out.

133 EXT. RURAL LANE - LANCASTER COUNTY - DAWN
133

With the first light of dawn on the eastern horizon,
Schaeffer's car approaches along the lane, pulls into
the Lapp driveway and comes to a halt.

In the b.g. we can make out the farmhouse and
outbuildings.

HOLD as Schaeffer, McElroy and Fergie step out of the
car.

They break out short-barreled twelve-gauge pumps,
start TOWARD CAMERA, spreading out as they turn up the
long driveway . . . figures of ominous intent striding
through the misty dawn.

133A ANGLE
133A

GOING WITH the trio of gunmen . . . McElroy, breath
smoking in the chill, eyes the terrain:

McELROY

Weird, man. No fuckin' electricity.
What do you figure they plug all
their shit into?

SCHAEFFER

They don't have any shit.

134 INT. KITCHEN - DAWN
134

Where Eli is getting into a heavy coat, preparing to
go out . . . the remains of the hearty morning break-
fast are on the table. Rachel is beginning the
dishes.

135 INT. BARN - DAWN
135

Book and Samuel are starting the morning milking . . .

136 INT. KITCHEN - DAWN
136

Eli is preparing to extinguish the lamp when suddenly
the kitchen door is kicked open and McElroy and Fergie
weapons leveled, burst in. Eli reacts with angry
shock

as Schaeffer enters: Rachel is, for a moment,
terrified.

SCHAEFFER
(to Fergie)
Outside -
(to Mac)
Check out the rest of the house.

He turns to Eli, who is standing in the middle of
the room. Schaeffer flashes his badge:

136 CONTINUED

136

SCHAEFFER (CONT.)
We're police officers. We're
looking for a fugitive, John
Book. He's living here?

ELI
I have nothing to say to you.
Get out of my house!

SCHAEFFER
You speak English. Good.
Now listen --

RACHEL
(recovering)
No, you listen. Get out!

SCHAEFFER
Lady, I'm here to help you.
This man is very dangerous.
An armed criminal.
(ingratiating)
He's got a gun, hasn't he?

RACHEL
You have no right here!

McElroy re-enters.

McELROY
He's not in this building.

SCHAEFFER
(to Eli)
All right, where is he?

Suddenly Eli SHOUTS: it's deafening. Probably the
loudest noise Eli has ever made:

ELI
John Book!

McElroy whips around, smashes Eli on the temple with
the butt of his shotgun. Eli crumples to the floor.
Rachel SCREAMS, runs to Eli.

137 INT. BARN - DAY

137

Book and Samuel in the milkhouse. They've heard Eli's outcry. Book moves to the window, looks out.

137A BOOK'S POV - FERGIE
137A

About halfway between the barn and the house. He turns from glancing back toward the house (having heard Eli's shout) and starts again toward the barn. gun at the ready.

137B INT. BARN - DAY
137B

As Book REACTS.

138 INT. KITCHEN - DAY
138

Rachel kneeling next to Eli, wiping at his bruise with a damp cloth. Schaeffer looks on.

SCHAEFFER
He'll live.

RACHEL
You might have killed him!

SCHAEFFER
(to McElroy)
Find Fergie, check the barns.
I'll watch these two.

McElroy nods, moves outside, turns toward the barns.

139 INT. BARN - DAY
139

Book still at the window, Samuel now beside him, trying to get a look.

SAMUEL
Is it them?

BOOK
(turning, mind racing)
It's them, Sam.
(he bends to the boy,
takes him by the shoulders)
Now, Sam, listen to me and
listen to me carefully. Listen
to me as you never listened before.

SAMUEL
(interrupting)
Are they going to kill you?

BOOK
Listen to me, Sam! I want

you to go across the new corn
to Stoltzfus'. Run as fast as
you can. And stay there!

139 CONTINUED

139

SAMUEL
What are you going to do?

BOOK
I'll be all right. You just
do as I say.

He takes Samuel by the hand, leads him to the side
door.

He bends, holds the boy close.

SAMUEL
Don't let them hurt you.

BOOK
(rising, pushing
Samuel toward door)
I won't. Now run.
(as Sam looks back)
Fast as you can!

Sam turns, takes off.

140 EXT. REAR DOOR - DAY
140

Samuel running.

141 EXT. BARN - DAY
141

Fergie almost to the upper barn, McElroy - well back
and moving slowly, circumspectly - headed toward the
lower barn.

141A. INT. BARN - DAY
141A

Book, at another window in the lower barn, sees
McElroy heading for the milkhouse door. He can't
see Fergie. He turns, crosses the cowpen area,
climbs an inner ladder leading to the upper barn.

141B. EXT. BARN - DAY
141B

Fergie at the door to the upper barn, moving very
cautiously, gun up. He eases around the doorpost,
looks within.

141C. INT. BARN - ANGLE PAST BOOK
141C

Beyond Book, now at the top of the ladder, we see
Fergie easing into the barn. Book pulls himself

up, crawls behind the wall of the mule stalls, opens gate,
eases in beside Luke, urgently whispering and patting the animal to calm him. He gets to the animal's head, crouches, strokes Luke's nose. The mule's huge flanks quiver, his nostril's and eyes widen, but he makes no untoward sound. Book closes the gate.

BACK TO FERGIE

He comes on warily, muzzle first, eyes darting.

DOLLYING WITH him as he reaches the first mule's stall, opens the gate. An edgy mule turns, eyes him, shuffles nervously. Fergie backs off, moves on.

BOOK

As he listens, tenses, hearing Fergie's feet in the fresh straw. Book eases back alongside Luke, waits.

BACK TO FERGIE

As he approaches Luke's stall, reaches for the gate-latch.

BOOK - - FLASH CUT

As the gate swings open, Book shouts and gives Luke a whack on the barrel. The mule's pent-up nerves and feral energy explode in an horrendous SCREAM.

FERGIE

Bowled backwards by the rearing animal as the gate flies open, involuntarily FIRING, suddenly finding himself under the lethal hooves of a twelve-hundred pound beast. Staggering backwards, he SCREAMS, FIRES again, the load striking the mule in its heaving chest as a flailing hoof smashes into Fergie's head and the other hoof snaps his shotgun in half like a matchstick.

BOOK

As he slips out of the stall, ducks toward the rear of the barn.

FERGIE

Fallen, skull smashed...and now the dying Luke's legs buckle and he collapses atop Fergie.

141D. EXT. BARN - DAY
141D

McElroy standing still, shock-eyed, looking toward the sound of the shots. Then starting slowly forward.

SCHAEFFER

On the porch of the house, looking toward the barn.

141E. EXT. FIELD - DAY

141E

Some distance from the barn, Samuel's hearing the shots, stops dead in his tracks.... the sound of the shots still REVERBERATING across the quiet fields.

SAMUEL
(stricken)
Mr. Book?

He hesitates, then turns, starts trotting back toward the barns.

141F.EXT/INT. KITCHEN PORCH - DAY

141F.

Rachel has moved into the open kitchen door, glances anxiously toward the barns. starts out. Schaeffer pushes her back.

SCHAEFFER
Get back in there

RACHEL
My son is out there!

SCHAEFFER
Nobody's going to hurt your son....

141F. EXT. BARN - DAY

141F

As McElroy, checking the safety on his twelve-gauge, steps into the barn.

141G. INT. BARN - DAY

141G

McElroy flattens himself against the wall, looks around fearfully.

McELROY
(softly)
Fergie?
Only silence.

141H. EXT. FRONT PORCH - DAY

141H

Schaeffer staring toward the barn, SHOUTS:

SCHAEFFER
What the hell happened?

He listens, hears nothing, snorts, starts toward the barn checking his gun, not hurrying.

141I. INT. KITCHEN - DAY

141I

Eli now seated at the table, holding a cloth to his head.

Rachel at a window, peering out. Schaeffer on the porch

141J. EXT. FIELD - DAY

141J

Samuel running as fast as he can trips as he crosses a small muddy stream, falls full length, scrambles up, runs on.

141K. INT. BARN - DAY

141K

McElroy, moving very cautiously, comes around the mule stalls, stops short, stares o.s.

HIS POV - FERGIE

Where he lies half buried beneath the huge bulk of the mule, his head crushed like an eggshell,

BACK TO McELROY

As he moves on around Fergie and the dead mule, planting each foot as if he were walking in a mine field;

BOOK

Standing in shadow at the back of the barn next to a hay mow.

HIS POV - McELROY

Moving toward the center of the barn.

BOOK

As he starts to move even further back, he nudges into a rope fastened to the wall behind him, He looks at it,
looks up,

HIS POV - THE ROPE

It runs from where it is fastened to the wall straight up to the center roofbeam of the barn to a trolley fixed

to a track that runs the length of the roofbeam. Attached to this trolley is a big hayfork (Paul Krantz has one), U-shaped, sharply-pointed at each end of the U. the points hanging toward the floor. The thing weighs about eighty pounds, and is suspended in place by the rope anchored at the wall next to Book.

BACK TO BOOK

Keeping one eye on McElroy, he carefully begins to untie the trip rope.

McELROY

Moving out toward the center of the barn, almost under the suspended hay fork. He stops short, listens.

Then, either spotting a moving shadow or hearing a SOUND, he FIRES. His shot rattles off the side of a manure spreader. He SHOUTS:

McELROY

Book, you sneaky bastard, I know you're hot! Come out and fight!

141L EXT. BARNYARD - DAY

141L

Samuel, at the top of the barnyard, stops at the SOUND OF THE SHOT, wide-eyed. He listens for an-instant, starts a step toward the barn, then stops again, looks to a large bell suspended in a cupola by one of the outbuildings. He moves quickly to the bell, seizes the rope, pulls. The bell CLANGS loudly, Sonorously

SCHAEFFER

On the front porch, looking around for the location of the sounding bell. He takes a step toward the barn, the stops, looks back toward the house...frustrated.

141M. INT. BARN - DAY

141M

Book watches as McElroy starts to move again looking back toward the SOUNDING of the bell

HIGH ANGLE - HAY FORK

Looking down we can see McElroy almost directly beneath the hay fork. The bell SOUNDING throughout

BOOK

Waiting...trip rope in hand. Then:

BOOK

(SHOUTING)

Hey, Mac!

And he lets go the trip rope.

McELROY

As he turns toward the SOUND of Book's voice.

HAY FORK

As it plummets down, causing a RATCHETING SOUND that fills the barn, even drowns out the SOUND of the bell.

McELROY

Eyes darting wildly, looking up.

HIS POV - HAY FORK

Plunging straight for him.

McELROY

Diving to one side.

ANGLE - HAY FORK

THUDDING into the barn floor like a great trident fork. Quivering there, not a foot from McElroy's head.

McELROY

Staring at the fork pop-eyed.

BOOK

Sprinting toward a ladder thrust up through an opening in the barn floor just in front of his parked car.

McELROY

Spotting Book, coming up to one knee, quick-aiming, FIRING. The shot smashes the windshield of the car.

BOOK

Diving, rolling, slamming into the top of the ladder, flailing down out of sight.

McELROY

FIRING AGAIN, then again. Emptying the gun, cursing as he begins to reload, gets to his feet, starts toward the ladder. The BELL still SOUNDING outside. The hood of the car SLOWLY POPS UP.

ANGLE

As McElroy wheels at the movement of the car's hood, FIRES twice.

McELROY'S POV - LAPP BUGGY

The buckshot virtually blows the dashboard Off

141N EXT. BARNYARD - DAY

141N

Samuel RINGING the bell. The bell rope is short, and so is Samuel and his feet go off the ground with every swing of the rockerarm. He hangs on grimly, his black hat clinging to the back of his head, his face set against the tears that move down his cheeks.

SCHAEFFER

Comes hesitantly down the path toward the barn, looking toward the sound of the bell, but also looking back in glances toward the house to make sure Rachel and El stay where they are. He still can't see Samuel.

HIS POV - THE PORCH

As Rachel starts off the porch, takes a few steps.

SCHAEFFER

Turning, SHOUTING:

SCHAEFFER

You stay put!

RACHEL

She stops. She is also unable to see Samuel.

SCHAEFFER

Moving out toward the barn, rounding a corner...and there is Samuel at the bellrope. He starts toward him.

1410 EXT. FIELDS - DAY

1410

Beyond Samuel, well out in the fields of the Stoltzfus farm, Stotlzfus and others - including Hochstetler and his brothers - are baling the first cutting of June hay.

But the operation has come to a halt. All are looking in toward the Lapp farm, hearing the RINGING OF THE BELL (the Amish cry for help), wondering, hesitating. But now, as we watch, led by Hochstetler, they start in toward Samuel.

141P EXT. BARNYARD - DAY

141P

As Schaeffer reaches Samuel, SHOUTS:

SCHAEFFER

Cut that out!

Samuel looks at him, keeps on pulling. Schaeffer quickly crosses to him, grabs him by the back of the neck, tries to pull him off the bell rope. Samuel hangs on grimly. Schaeffer yanks hard, succeeds in yanking Samuel free, Shoves him roughly aside. Then Schaeffer turns, FIRES a shotgun blast into the top of the bellrope. It still hangs by several threads, so he FIRES again. The rope drops to the ground. Schaeffer reloads, turns to look at Samuel, just getting to his feet. A moment...when Schaeffer, recognizing Samuel as the Amish kid who saw McElroy kill Zenovich, perhaps thinks of disposing of

the witness right then and there. But a glance toward the oncoming Amish gives him pause. He SNARLS at Sam:

SCHAEFFER

Get down to the house and stay there!

Samuel gets to his feet, turns, trots off.

RACHEL

Already halfway out to the barn, running to gather Sam in her arms...then to lead him back toward the house.

SCHAEFFER

Turning, starting very slowly toward the barn.

141Q INT. BARN - DAY

141Q

McElroy at the top of the ladder, looking down. Then easing over, placing his feet on the rungs.

BOOK

He stands below in a cowpen, using the cows for cover. The cows stare balefully at him. A large goat nuzzles him, hooks at him with its horns. Book waits, watches.

HIS POV - McELROY

Visible to his knees as he eases down the ladder. He stops at every rung to scrape his shoes free of the cowshit covering the rungs.

BACK TO BOOK

He turns now to a door at the back of the pen. He un-hooks it, pulls it open, moves inside.

ANOTHER ANGLE - BOOK

He is now in a small passageway giving on to the entrance to a nearly-empty silo. Above the entrance, a ladder (interior) rises to the top of the structure. Book looks in, and up. We should get the impression that Book's been here before, expects what he sees.

WHAT HE SEES

Forty feet up, a patch of blue sky through an open hatch.

BACK TO BOOK

He steps through to the base of the ladder, then ducks beyond it into the silo. There is about two feet of old silage covering the floor. He turns, looks up the white walls.

HIS POV - INSIDE SILO

An inside ladder runs to the top.

HIS POV - KICKBOARD

Standing against the wall next to the entrance.... obviously to be inserted as the silo is filled.

BOOK

Now, quickly, he ducks back out through the entrance, crosses to the door to the cowpen, very cautiously peers out,

WHAT HE SEES

McElroy at the bottom of the ladder, looking in the other direction (toward the milkhouse).

BACK TO BOOK

Very carefully he shoves the cowpen door (which opens outward into the cowpen). It begins to swing very slowly open. Book immediately turns, darts back into the silo.

McELROY

Turning slowly toward the cowpen...then FIRES twice as his eye catches the motion of the swinging door. His shots blow half a row of Eli's precious tools off an adjacent wall. McElroy reloads, starts across toward the door.

141R INT. KITCHEN

141R

Old Eli, at the sight of Samuel, rises from the table.

ELI

Praise Gott!

Rachel stands aside as the old man embraces Samuel long and hard. she watches as he turns to the cupboard, takes down the big family Bible. He crosses to the table, sets the book down, places his hand on its pulls Samuel to the table beside him. Rachel holds Another beat as she stares at the old man helplessly, then she rushes to where she hid Book's gun, takes it down . . . her trembling hands take the bullets out of the coffee jar. she drops several as she tries to figure out how to open the chamber to load it.

In the b.g., Eli glances up, sees what she is about . . . he rises and crosses to her. Samuel watches from the table.

ELI
(fiercely)
No, Rachel. . .

RACHEL
I have to help him!

Rachel somehow manages to open the chamber and begins to try to load the bullets. Eli's callused hand closes over hers, halting the action:

ELI
It is not our way!

Bullets are already CLATTERING to the floor from her trembling fingers as she raises her eyes to Eli's.

A long beat as Rachel looks at him . . . Finally her fingers release the pistol and it CLATTERS to the floor. She closes her eyes. Samuel, who has gotten up, moved to a window, watches Eli and Rachel silently.

Eli leads her to the table, places her hands on the Bible beneath his. They stand there and they pray.

141S. INT. SILO - DAY
141S

Book finishes putting the kickboard into the entrance.

McELROY

Moving among the cows, stepping cautiously between the cowflops. The goat nudges him once, then butts him rather firmly. McElroy swats at him with the gun butt, moves to the door. As he arrives, he HEARS a noise - very slight - from the direction of the silo. He enters the passage way, looks in toward the silo entrance, He hesitates. Another slight noise. He steps in to the base of the inner ladder, looks up.

HIS POV - THE HATCH

The patch of blue sky, forty feet up.

BACK TO McELROY

He frowns, reaches out, grabs a rung.

141T. INT. BARN - DAY
141T

Schaeffer, easing toward the mule stalls, MUTTERS, CURSES under his breath. Then he rounds the corner of the first stall...and there is Fergie with Luke the mule on top of him. Schaeffer stares, blinks... moves on spotting a spent shotgun shell near the hayfork....

141U. INT. SILO - DAY
141U

Book listening at the kickboard. SOUNDS of feet, shotgun rattling against metal rungs, Book moves to the ladder on his side, starts silently up.

McELROY

Climbing with difficulty, shotgun clutched in one hand

BOOK

He climbs up to the second kickboard, pauses, checks the distance to the floor, starts upward again,

141V. BARNYARD DAY
141V

The Amish beginning to arrive. Sam comes running, pulls Stoltzfus toward the door of the milkhouse as the other Amish look at the shot-shattered bellrope.

Rachel

and Eli come rapidly up the path toward the group.

141W. INT. BARN - DAY
141W

Schaeffer finds another spent shotgun shell, crosses to the ladder, looks down. He sets his shotgun down, takes out his service revolver, starts down.

141X. INT. SILO - DAY
141X

Book has reaches the third kickboard, about thirty feet from the ground. He checks it, turns the thumb-screws that hold it in place, places his hand on the handle, moves to one side as best he can...hangs there, listening.

McELROY

Rattling up the other ladder, approaching the third kickboard.

BOOK

Listening tensely, hearing McElroy arrive on the other side of the kickboard. Then, deliberately, Book makes a fist, raps on the board smartly once.

McELROY

Startled, REACTING. He sets his feet, leans back against the back wall of the ladder well, brings the shotgun up, puts the muzzle against the kickboard, clicks off the safety.

BOOK

We HEAR with him the thump of the muzzle, the CLICK... and, with marvelous speed, Book pulls the kickboard and drops it to the floor.

McELROY - FLASH CUT

Staring in, stun-eyed, already falling forward (having leaned his weight on the shotgun)...as Book seizes the shotgun by the barrel, pulls inward.

ANOTHER ANGLE

As McElroy pitches forward through the opening, SCREAMS and GRABS as he plunges past Book. The shotgun FIRES as McElroy manages to hold onto Book, and both men plunge thirty feet to the bottom of the silo.

BOOK

He falls almost straight down, lands on his back, lies stunned.

McELROY

His forward motion has carried him across the silo. His head bounds off the white brick wall about five feet up... and he falls in a heap, blood gushing from his head, as...

TIGHT ON BOOK

Blinking, groaning, just beginning to stir...and, suddenly, into the frame comes a hand with a pistol in it. The muzzle is placed firmly against Book's temple.

WIDER

Schaeffer holding the pistol. He cocks the pistol, tenses as if to FIRE (and he is actually about to)... when there is a SOUND behind him. He snaps around

WHAT HE SEES

Old Stoltzfus and Samuel standing in the kickboard opening (Schaeffer having kicked the kickboard in when he heard the shot from within the silo). They stand solemnly, looking on as:

SCHAEFFER

He eases the hammer down on this pistol, speaks softly:

SCHAEFFER
Okay, Johnny. On your feet.

THE SCENE

As Book struggles to his feet - Schaeffer holding the pistol tight to Book's head. Book turns, sees Samuel and Stoltzfus, blinks. Schaeffer shoves Book toward the opening. As Book moves toward Samuel, he speaks quietly:

BOOK
It's okay, Sam.

ANOTHER ANGLE

As Book and McElroy move out of the silo, down the passageway toward the milkhouse, Stoltzfus and Sam (after a glance in at the inert McElroy) follow And

..

141Y EXT. BARN - DAY
141Y

As first Stoltzfus and Samuel, then Book and Schaeffer emerge into the barnyard. Schaeffer has the muzzle of his pistol pressed firmly against Book's throat, just below his jaw.

Schaeffer pulls up, frowning:

SCHAEFFER
Hold it.

WHAT HE SEES

The Amishmen gathered - the Stoltzfus family, the Hochstetler brothers, et alia. All staring hard at Schaeffer and Book.

142 OMITTED
142
thru
155
155

thru

156 EXT. BARN/DRIVE - DAY
156

From a high wide angle the final scene is played out. Schaeffer and Book, now moving again slowly up the drive, the Amish following along closely on both sides.

157 CLOSE ON BOOK 157

as Schaeffer prods Book forward, warily eyeing the Amish.

SCHAEFFER
Get back, you people!
(prodding)
Keep moving, Johnny....

Book takes a couple of steps further, then abruptly stops. The Amish stand about close, staring, no one moving. Book now slowly turns his head, looks at

Schaeffer.

BOOK

You're going to have to do it
right here, Schaeffer.

SCHAEFFER

Don't try me, Johnny!

Eli steps forward, bloody cloth held to his head.

ELI

So...will you kill us all,

then?

ANGLE

As Schaeffer's eyes waver between Book and Eli, Book slowly turns until he is facing Schaeffer... the gun now leveled - and almost pressing against - Book's chest. Book locks eyes with Schaeffer. Quietly:

BOOK

It's all over, Paul.

SCHAEFFER

Move! Or you die right here!

Book's right hand snakes out, grabs Schaeffer by the gunhand wrist, twists viciously, Schaeffer SCREAMS in pain, the gun falls out of his hand, he starts to his knees under the force of Book's grip.

ANOTHER ANGLE

As Book bends, picks up the pistol, releases Schaeffer, pushes him away. Schaeffer staggers against Hochstetler, who - partly to keep him from falling, and partly (it appears) to congratulate him on his surrender - wraps one brawny arm around Schaeffer's shoulders, gives him a short approving nod...holds Schaeffer as:

BOOK

Turning, looking into the crowd, finding Rachel. Their gazes meet, hold for a long MOMENT. In the eyes of both we read resignation...whatever there was between them has been terribly damaged. It is almost certainly over for them, too.

158 OMITTED

158

159 EXT. BARN - DAY

159

HIGH SHOT holding the moment.

160 EXT. LAPP FARM - LATE AFTERNOON

160

DISSOLVE TO:

The door opens and Book steps out, looking somehow strange in his working suit. He looks about him, sees Samuel down by the pond.

161 EXT. POND

161

He eases down beside Samuel. They both stare into the pond.

SAMUEL

Are you really ever coming back?

BOOK

Got to, Sam. You and I are going to a courthouse together, put some people behind bars.

SAMUEL

Have you got your gun on now?

BOOK

Sure have, Sam.

Sam grins. Book takes him in his arms, holds him.

162 EXT. HOUSE - DAY

162

Book opens the door of the car, turns to find Rachel standing there with his Amish hat in hand.

RACHEL

I want you to take this...to remember by.

BOOK

Where's my baggy pants?

RACHEL

Here. Whenever you want them.

He wants to kiss her, but does not. Their eyes say it all. Eli has a final word, SHOUTING from the porch.

ELI

You be careful, John Book! Out among them English!

Book gets quickly into the car.

163 INT./EXT. DRIVEWAY - LAPP FARM - DAY

163

As Book drives, he sees an open buggy coming down the hill toward the farm, He slows as he passes, It's Daniel Hochstetler. A long beat, and as they pass, Hochstetler gives Book an expansive tip of his hat.

164 INT. BOOK'S CAR
164

Book turns to look back at his rival, a doubt in his eyes. FREEZE FRAME.

FADE OUT:

THE END