

"WITNESS"

screenplay by
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&

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from a

story by

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RED
ORIGINAL

1. 1 EXT. LANCASTER COUNTY, PA. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY 1
(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 2
- 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 3
- 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, and 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 4
- 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 5
- A BIG SHOT... now the procession numbers almost a dozen buggies... it is headed toward a distant farmhouse.
- 6 BARNYARD 6
- Where literally dozens of carriages are parked. The horses have been taken from the traces, removed to the shelter of the barn.

7 INT. BARN

7

The horses are stalled or tethered... a long row of men's black overcoats hanging on wall hooks.

8 INT. SCREENED PORCH

8

Where dozens of pairs of overshoes, men's, women's and childrens', have been set in rows.

END TITLE SEQUENCE.

9 INT. LAPP FARMHOUSE

9

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 sits 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 congregation remove their hats also.

(CONTINUED)

9

CONTINUED:

9

Then the preacher begins to speak in a formal German dialect:

(SUBTITLES OVER)

BISHOP TSCHANTZ

... 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 emotion and grief not quite suppressed are heard throughout as:

BISHOP TSCHANTZ

... 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
young is a great sorrow. Still, we
would not wish him back. Rather we
should prepare ourselves to follow him.

TIGHTENING to the Lapps, and...

10

OMITTED

* 10

11

INT. LAPP FARMHOUSE

11

Where the Amish have gathered for the traditional post-funeral, midday meal.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

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

RACHEL

Where she sits among women, accepting their condolences.

DANIEL HOCHSTETLER

A brawny-armed, ruggedly-handsome, somewhat 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, BEILER and Beiler'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.

(CONTINUED)

11 (CONTINUED)

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

12A

A few BRIEF SHOTS of a lone buggy containing the Lapp family take us from the 18th century into the 20th from the reassuring RATTLE OF THE CARRIAGE WHEELS on a 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 waiting for a chance to overtake it.

13 OMITTED

13

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?

(CONTINUED)

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, Mother! 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.

(CONTINUED)

- 21 CONTINUED: 21
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-crowned 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.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

RACHEL
(suddenly confused)
But...

TICKET SELLER
Just have a seat.

Samuel stares about him at the unfamiliar world of the English. Rachel sits on a bench, warns him not to wonder too far.

23A SAMUEL'S ODYSSEY

23A

A SERIES OF CUTS as Samuel examines some of the products of the twentieth century.

He stares long and hard as a man punches the buttons on a pay phone.

He's wide-eyed and a little frightened by an escalator.

He looks up at the gargantuan war memorial statue of an angel holding a dead soldier, which hovers over the bustle of the station.

Rachel takes his hand and gently leads him away, the boy all the while looking back over his shoulder at the face of the angel.

24 INT. STATION - PHILADELPHIA - NIGHT

24

It's now much later and the terminal has practically emptied. We can see the dozing figures of Rachel and Samuel almost alone amid the benches.

RACHEL/SAMUEL

as the boy rouses himself, says something to his mother. She nods...

He starts to go without his hat, but Rachel collars him 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.

(CONTINUED)

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:

(CONTINUED)

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 bpdu. 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 .357 Magnum revolver, and, starting at the near end, starts pushing open the stall doors.

(CONTINUED)

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 .357 looking down our throats.

ANGLE

as his partner snaps from the doorway:

PARTNER

Will you come on, for Christ's sake!

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.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED: (4)

25

HIS POV 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
thru
29

OMITTED

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 - MENS' ROOM

The diffused shape of faces behind the frosted glass of the mens' 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.

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?

(CONTINUED)

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.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RACHEL

(then, quickly)

But what happened here is none of his affair. We're on our way to Baltimore. . . My sister is expecting us. . . 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?

A beat; Sam crosses quickly to Carter, Book's rather slightly built partner.

SAMUEL

(groping, touching his clothes and pointing at Carter)

He was . . . like him.

(CONTINUED)

BOOK

(nods)

Do you mean black? I understand.

SAMUEL

(pointing again at Carter)

But not Schtumpig.

Book frowns, puzzled:

BOOK

Not Schtumpig. What's that?

Rachel intervenes with Book. She glances at Carter who is looking rather uncomfortable.

RACHEL

Schtumpig. . . On the farm, a pig born small like that is a Schtumpig. . . a runt.

BOOK

(looking at Carter)

A runt? So he wasn't a runt he was a big guy.

SAMUEL

(gesturing)

Big guy.

31 OMITTED

31

31A INT. LOBBY-MAIN TERMINAL - NIGHT

*

31A

Captain TERRY DONAHUE, Chief of Homicide, strides past the crowd of journalists and TV crews, ignoring requests for interviews. He's just arrived on the scene and is issuing instructions to a uniformed officer.

DONAHUE

Close it all down. I want the
crime lab vehicle in here now, and
I want to talk to you, Captain.

He indicates Book should follow him, and they move a little away from the crowd. Donahue turns a cold stare on Book.

DONAHUE

What are two undercover cops
doing here minutes after this
guy Zenovitch gets his throat
cut...

BOOK (cutting in)

I want it, Terry.

DONAHUE (continuing)

...Talking to witnesses and
generally acting as if it was their
job!

BOOK

I want it.

DONAHUE

That's not what I asked you.

BOOK

I know.

DONAHUE

What's this about, John?

BOOK

I can't tell you that.

DONAHUE

Well, why for christ's sake
should I turn the case over
to you?

BOOK

I've got a lead on a guy, and
I've got an eye-witness.

DONAHUE

He's not your witness, and
it's not your job.

(CONTINUED)

31A CONTINUED

*

31A

BOOK

So I'll talk to the Deputy
Commissioner. He's on his way.

*

*

DONAHUE

It's still not your job.

*

(pauses)

*

Look John, why don't you
come back to Homicide where
you belong?

*

*

BOOK

Let's just say it's a career
move.

*

DONAHUE

Stick with Internal Affairs and
you're not gonna have any friends
left.

BOOK

I'll buy a dog.

With that he turns and walks off, past the Crime Lab
truck, which is backing in, and the crowd of journalists
and others, and out into the main lobby.

*

*

*

32 EXT. 30ST 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.

(CONTINUED)

iii

SCHAEFFER

How reliable is this kid?

BOOK

Oh, he's good.

SCHAEFFER

Amish.

BOOK

Yeah.

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.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED

34

BOOK

The Amish boy saw him, Paul.
I'll make it, but get 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.

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, Zenovitch 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.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

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 and 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.

(CONTINUED)

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.

(CONTINUED)

36E CONTINUED:

36E

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! I 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
thru
42

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 in the sink, the table littered with empty beer cans.

BACK TO RACHEL

as she hustles Samuel along.

BOOK/ELAINE

Book frowns:

43 CONTINUED:

43

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

44

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.

(CONTINUED)

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
But do we have to stay here?

RACHEL
No, we do not. Just for the night. 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 dough- 44B
nut. Its clear they've worked through the night..

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.

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

46

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

47

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

49

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 brother! He's so...aganishish!

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.

(CONTINUED)

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 goddam 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 five days a week 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.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED: (2)

49

ELAINE

(blurts)

Go to hell, Fred!

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

FRED

What's eating 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.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

50

ELAINE
(despairing)
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.

CUT TO:

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
carries a gun under his coat and
goes around whacking people.

He gives her a look:

BOOK
Whacking?

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

51

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.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

51

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

RACHEL (CONT'D)

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; Book 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?

(CONTINUED)

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 hugh 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 eying her curiously. A sign on the desk reads "Narcotics Division."

Rachel cranes forward trying to peer through a partially 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 assistance.

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
thru
56

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 THOUGH 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.

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED:

57

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
 he's a 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 murder...

BOOK

Because they knew I was getting
 close.

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED:

58

Another beat, then:

RACHEL

I'm afraid. I'm afraid for
Samuel. I want to go home.

BOOK

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

Suddenly Rachel explodes:

RACHEL

Oh yes! Of course! 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
a teenage daughter KATHY is visible. Schaeffer himself
appears and Book is welcomed inside.

INT. SCHAEFFER'S STUDY - NIGHT

Schaeffer passes Book a drink.

(CONTINUED)

59

CONTINUED

59

Book is excited, animated...this is the case that will make his career.

BOOK

It was McElroy, Paul.

Schaeffer gives him a sharp look.

BOOK (CONT'D)

He's one of them anyway.

SCHAEFFER

McElroy? Sergerant in Narotics?

BOOK

Positive I.D. from the kid.

SCHAEFFER

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

BOOK

It fits, Paul . . . Five hundred gallons of P-two-P confiscated four years ago . . . Guess who was in on the collar? McElroy.

(excited, explain-

ing the thing eagerly)

He salted it away somewhere . . . he knew the stuff was potent, but the street chemists didn't know how to process it. Now they do.

(and)

And the stuff is now worth five-grand a pint . . . Figure it out...

SCHAEFFER

Where's McElroy now?

BOOK (smiles)

Florida, vacation.

SCHAEFFER

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

(CONTINUED)

BOOK

More people . . . people from
outside the Department...put some-
one on McElroy...watch and wait.

SCHAEFFER

Right. Maybe the Bureau, or those
bastards at Treasury. I'll take care
of that. I want maximum security on
this. Where's the boy?

BOOK

My sister's place.

SCHAEFFER

We'll have to move him. Who
else knows?

BOOK

Just us.

SCHAEFFER

Let's keep it that way. Now,
what's your first move?

BOOK

(expels a breath)

A hot shower... I haven't changed
clothes in two days.

A60 EXT. PHILADELPHIA STREETS

* A60

Book's car passes by on the way home.

60 INT. UNDERGROUND GARAGE - PHILADELPHIA - NIGHT

60

As Book wheels in, parks in the f.g.

INT. CAR

As Book picks up a folder from the seat next to him,
opens it. Revealed is a photo of McFee and a
personnel file.

He frowns, closes the folder, then opens the door and
starts to get out.

As Book crosses through the car-park he hears the soft
CLICK OF A CLOSING CAR DOOR somewhere behind him. He
is aware of the ECHO OF ANOTHER SET OF SHOES on the
cement floor, steps just out of synch with his own.

LOW ANGLE

A figure some dozen yards behind him; in the hand of
the figure, carried almost casually, a revolver with a
silencer attached.

(CONTINUED)

ANGLE

On Book as he turns, sees McElroy strolling toward him. McElroy is smiling, almost friendly. The moment is elongated, dream-like. Book hears Schaeffer's voice in some inner recess of his brain --

SCHAEFFER (V.O.)

Who else knows?

BOOK (V.O.)

Just us.

And, McElroy is raising his weapon. The mood is broken as Book yells, swears, leaps to one side, the DULL THUD of McElroy's PISTOL. Book rolls, draws his .38 FIRES BACK, the SOUND OF THE SHOT ECHOING around the car-park.

(CONTINUED)

60

CONTINUED:

60

McElroy SPRAYS SHOTS in Book's direction. At this moment the lift door opens to reveal a middle-aged couple, shocked to realize they've arrived in the middle of a gun battle. The woman screams, as Book who is quite near the lift, FIRES again. McElroy is running back toward his car. Book shouts for the couple to go back up, as McElroy, TIRES SCREAMING, accelerates up the exit ramp.

The lift disappears with the white-faced couple almost at the same moment as McElroy -- leaving Book in the suddenly silent car park.

He leans heavily on the hood of a car and opens his jacket. He's been hit in the side and his shirt is soaked with blood. Painfully he scoops up his files from the floor, and makes his way toward his own vehicle.

CUT TO:

61
&
62

OMITTED

61
&
62

63

INT. CARTER'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

63

as he's awakened by the RINGING bedside TELEPHONE. He snaps on a lamp, manages to focus on the bedside clock and the atrocious hour.

CARTER

Good fucking morning.

64

INTERCUT BOOK

64

He's an at n.d. pay phone. Rachel and Samuel sit in * Elaine's car in the B.G.

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

(confused)

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

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED:

64

BOOK

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

CARTER

(alarmed)

Johnny, what the fuck -- !

BOOK

Just take care of the name for me,
and watch your back. My old
friend and mentor, Paul Schaeffer,
is dirty, stinking fucking dirty.

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 instruc-
tions 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! I
borrowed your car. Didn't say
why. And you never heard of that
woman and her boy.

(CONTINUED)

66A CONTINUED:

66A

ELAINE

John, why?...

BOOK (V.O.)

(shouts)

Just do it!

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 the basin with tissues which he flushes down the toilet.

67 OMITTED

67

68 EXT. PHILADELPHIA STREETS

* 68

As Book drives Elaine's car out of the city.

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

Carter rips out the page, crumples it and drops it in
his pocket.

He starts to go...

ANGLE

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

Carter meets their eyes. They move on.

Carter shakes it off, goes. And...

CUT TO:

70 OMITTED

70

71 INT. CAR (MOVING)

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

as Eli emerges from the barn... pauses to stare O.S.

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 man's arms.

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.

BOOK

I can't.

RACHEL

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

Book starts the engine:

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED:

72

BOOK

(grimly)

There isn't going to be a trial.

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

Mamma --

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

John, my God, why didn't you go to a hospital?

Book tries to rise but Rachel restrains him:

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. LAPP FARMHOUSE

74

Where Eli is looking out a window.

75 HIS POV -- BUGGY

75

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 teenaged 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.

(CONTINUED)

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 - LAPP 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

I'ts all right... You've 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 details; 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 barrage of language pours like vomit from his mouth. She beats a hasty retreat closing the door swiftly behind her.

81 OMITTED

81

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.
Over in Kaiser --

84 INTERCUT SCHAEFFER

84

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.

(CONTINUED)

SCHAEFFER

(rising frustration)

That's very interesting, Sheriff, but this matter is very important. It involves the murder of a police officer. Now there must be a directory of these people somewhere.

UNDERSHERIFF

Sure. Tax rolls. Voter registration. But I'll tell you right now I don't have the manpower to send a deputy out to every Lapp farm in Lancaster County to see if they've got your Rachel.

SCHAEFFER

(icy)

Maybe, Sheriff, you could do some telephoning.

UNDERSHERIFF

(amused)

I could, sure. But since the Amish don't have any telephones, I wouldn't know who to call.

Stony silence on Schaeffer's end. The Undersheriff is starting to enjoy himself.

UNDERSHERIFF

Now I might get something on local radio and tee-vee for you. Like you know -- alert the public.

(then)

Of course, the Amish don't have radios and tee-vees either.

SCHAEFFER

(angrily)

Are you telling me there's no way we can locate this woman? Sheriff, we're talking about Twentieth Century law enforcement!

UNDERSHERIFF

Now there's your problem, Chief. Your Amishman doesn't live in the Twentieth Century. Doesn't think Twentieth Century either.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

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...

CUT TO:

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

86

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.

(CONTINUED)

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?

(CONTINUED)

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 tea. Lots 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.

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED: (2)

86

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

87

as the rather worrisome Hershberger frowns:

HERSHBERGER

... But a gunshot wound. Very
serious.

TSCHANTZ

It is not our place to ask how he
came to us. He is afflicted.
That is enough.

. ERB

Still, he should be among his own
people.

Rachel enters on this last.

RACHEL

He'll leave as soon as he's 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.

CUT TO:

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

88

Schaeffer is knocking at the front door.

(CONTINUED)

A beat, then Elaine opens it cautiously, peers out, recognizing her caller:

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 (CONT'D)

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

SAMUEL

(grins)

Okay, Mr. Book.

Book smiles. Then he gives the boy a playful, John Wayne-tough guy wink as he cocks and uncocks 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.

(CONTINUED)

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.

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED:

93

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'D)

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'D)

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'D)

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

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED (2)

93

ELI (CONT'D)
 (indicating pistol;
 continuing from
 Corinthians 6:17)

"And touch not the unclean thing!"

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

93A OMITTED

*

93A

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 learn-
 ing 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.

if

(CONTINUED)

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'D)

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 per-
son 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'D)

Where's the nearest telephone?

(CONTINUED)

93C CONTINUED (2)

93C

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 Saltzburg... *

(then briskly)
But you won't be going to
Saltzburg 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.

(CONTINUED)

93C CONTINUED: (2)

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!

93E INT. KITCHEN - DAY

93E

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. Of course.

(CONTINUED)

93E CONTINUED:

93E

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, GROFFDALE - DAY

93H

Book on the telephone waiting for his call to be answered. He looks about him -- several Amish and English mingle in the shop. When he's sure no one is watching, he sneaks a swig on his beer bottle, which is concealed in a brown paper bag. A voice comes on the line; it's that of Book's partner.

CARTER

Yeah?

BOOK

It's me.

A silence.

CARTER

Jesus, where the fuck 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. They're looking for you.

BOOK

I'll bet they are.

(CONTINUED)

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 you can come in.

A beat as Book considers that.

CARTER

(continuing; edgily)

You hear me?

BOOK

(finally)

I hear you. I'll stay in touch.

Carter expels a sigh of relief.

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.

(CONTINUED)

93-I CONTINUED:

93-I

Book is genuinely apologetic.

BOOK

Sure, I'm sorry. Hope you don't mind... battery... trying to get a charge. 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 ouf! 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, nonplussed.

(CONTINUED)

274-1716
Chen

93K CONTINUED:

93K

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.

ELI

Good, firm twist and pull, eh?
See?

(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...

SAMUEL

as he pours a pailful 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.

(CONTINUED)

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. Rachel calls them to breakfast from the house. She smiles and waves to Book.

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 likeable 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.

(CONTINUED)

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.

93O BACK TO BOOK

*

93O

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

Fig.

94 OMITTED
thru
98

94
thru
98

99 INT. CARPENTRY SHOP, LAPP FARM - DAY

99

Book works on repairing the broken birdhouse when Rachel enters.

BOOK

Eli said I could use his tools.

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.

(CONTINUED)

RACHEL

(smiles)

I never suspected.

(and)

Can you do anything else?

BOOK

(really annoyed)

Anything else? 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)

And 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.

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED

100

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

*

100A

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 he enters:

BOOK
Hi . . .

*

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

RACHEL
(beat)
When will you be going?

*

(CONTINUED)

111

100A CONTINUED

100A

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 to. 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-eyes, without discernible alarm. Book, looking a bit sheepish, goes over, turns off the radio, as: *

(CONTINUED)

ELI (CONT'D)
(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.

(CONTINUED)

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.

101 OMITTED
thru
104

101
thru
104

105 INT. SCHAEFFER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

105

Carter sits. Schaeffer prowls. He's at his most charming and most sinister as he walks and talks during this interview.

SCHAEFFER

I just want to talk to him. Talk some sense into him. You know we go way back. You know the story -- we were a team once, as you two are now. I trained him. He's a fine policeman, but... I know he's with the Amish. God, I'd give anything to see him now...

(he laughs)

... can you see John at a prayer meeting?

He chuckles at the thought, then he moves close to Carter, sits on the edge of the desk. He alters his voice to a "sincere" tone.

SCHAEFFER

(continuing)

We're like the Amish, we're a cult too, a club, with our own rules. John's broken those rules, as you are breaking them now. We have our own code, Carter.

CARTER

He's going to take you out, Paul.

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.

(CONTINUED)

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?

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED: (2)

106

BOOK

(gives him a look)

Pretty much.

Hochstetler nods with satisfaction:

HOCHSTETLER

Good. Then you can go home.

DISSOLVE TO:

107 CUTS

107

As the morning progresses:

... Book and Hochstetler sawing and augering 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 -- without 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 sheafs 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...

(CONTINUED)

... 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.

WOMENS' 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.

(CONTINUED)

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

DISSOLVE TO:

108 BIG SHOT

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 around him, says nothing, doesn't even look at Book. From below, someone TELLS them to hurry up. Hochstetler replies that they're just finishing a tie:

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 INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - PHILADELPHIA -DAY *

109

A damp evil place, full of shadows. A hand places a cheap transistor radio on an old table, turns the volume up loud, the music filling the air.

A bag is opened--inside a number of police nightsticks. Hands reach in and take them out one by one.

Carter is surrounded by four men, each holding a stick. We recognize McFee, Fergie, and the plainclothes-men that spotted Carter in Book's office. Carter wheels and feints as one or other of his assailants move on him. The attackers are tense, warily looking for their shot. Suddenly McFee lunges for Carter and whacks him on the shin. A pause, then another strikes, Carter doing his best to parry the blows. The music on the radio rises and swells as the torture continues.

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.

111. INT. PHILADELPHIA WAREHOUSE -- EVENING

111. *

The sound of the Amish prayer drifts through the dim, dust-filtered light, and drifts over Carter's broken body lying face down on the warehouse floor.
Dead.

CUT TO:

112 EXT. LAPP FARM - NIGHT

112

Book sits on the porch, 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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

112 CONTINUED

112

ANGLE - BOOK

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

BOOK
Same to you, Sam.

113 INT. BOOK'S ROOM - NIGHT

*

113

He is lying in bed, awake, troubled, the ceiling pretty well memorized. He gets up and moves to the window--

ANGLE - BOOK'S POV

*

A faint light coming from the kitchen window.

113A INT. CORRIDOR/STAIRCASE - NIGHT

*

113A

Book moves through the gloom down the stairs 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.

(CONTINUED)

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 with pride. She's not offering herself. He'll have to take her.

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.

(CONTINUED)

116 CONTINUED:

116

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

117 OMITTED

* 117

118 EXT. STRASEURG 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 Eli get out of the buggy. A huge tourist bus billowing smoke pulls up nearby.

Eli waits by the buggy 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 -- ?

(CONTINUED)

Rev. 6/12/84

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 EXT. STORE

119 *

Book is standing at a wall pay phone on the veranda.
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 but Sergeant Carter
was killed last night 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?

(CONTINUED)

119A CONTINUED:

119A

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
Hello, Paul.

SCHAEFFER
(laughing)
I like your style John, you always had a lot of style. Boy oh boy, calling me at home, I can't run a trace on the call, that's what I call "style."

He's talking fast and laughing a lot but the sound of John Book's voice is like a voice from the grave, and it's thrown him into a panic which he's only just managing to control. He's afraid for the first time in many years.

BOOK
Lost the meaning did you, Paul?

SCHAEFFER
What?

BOOK
Isn't that what you used to say about dirty cops? Somewhere along the way they lost the meaning.

SCHAEFFER
Come in, John. Don't make it difficult. We're close. We know where you are, we're about...

(CONTINUED)

119B CONTINUED:

119B

BOOK

(cutting in)

No! You got it wrong. I'm coming after you. I'm going to cut your throat like you did to Zenovitch and whatever you did to Carter. I'm going to do that too, I'm going to fucking...

The line goes dead. Book registers this.

BOOK

(continuing)

I'm going to...

Book has gripped the phone so tightly it takes a second to unclench his fist, then it takes something to resist his fist impulse, which is to smash something. Training. Get it under control. Deal rationally with the situation. He straightens his jacket, wipes the sweat/tears from his eyes, turns and walks stiffly away from the Groffdale General Store.

120 OMITTED
121

120
121

122 INT. BUGGY, MAIN STREET, STRASBURG - DAY

122

Eli wonders at Book's changed mood but knows that it's not for him to ask about it. He stares straight ahead, seems oblivious to the surroundings of the street crawling with tourist and traffic.

122A EXT. NARROW SIDE STREET, STRASBURG - 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 also stopped, facing the buggy.

122B INT. LAPP BUGGY - DAY

122B

as Eli approaches the scene, slowing down and finally stopping. He is puzzled -- then it is suddenly apparent what is going on. It happens from time to time to the Amish. Three youths have stopped the buggy and are having a bit of "fun" with the nonviolent Amish in the buggy, indulging in a little mockery. The buggy is that of Daniel Hochleitner.

(CONTINUED)

122B CONTINUED:

122B

Eli puts a restraining hand on Book's arm.

ELI

Do nothing. This happens from
time to time.

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

ELI

(continuing)

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

Book shakes free, gets out and slowly walks toward the
scene.

122C EXT. HOCHLEITNER'S BUGGY - DAY

122C

Hochleitner 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
scools about with the horse causing it to shy. A third
notices the slow, sure, approach of John Book.

YOUTH

Here comes another Penguin!

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

BOOK

(quietly)

You're making a mistake.

Hochleitner calls from his buggy.

HOCHLEITNER

Everything is alright, 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, crum-
ples it, stamps on it, and puts it back at a crazy
angle on Book's head. A pause, then Book explodes.

(CONTINUED)

122C CONTINUED:

122C

The kid never knew what 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. Hochleitner is pulling him away, Eli is there too. A crowd is gathering, but as suddenly as it began it's over. Book shakes Hochleitner off him, straightens his hat, and in a kind of daze, Eli leads him back to the buggy. *

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 it in all my years!

HOCHLEITNER

(covering)

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

LOCAL MAN

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

(addresses a gathering crowd)

Around here the Brethren don't have anything like that kind of fight in them.

HOCHLEITNER

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

LOCAL MAN

That's Eli Lapp, isn't it? *

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, Mr. Lapp. *

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

122C CONTINUED

122C

LOCAL MAN (CONT'D)

(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 OMITTED

124

125 INT. KITCHEN - LATE AFTERNOON

125

Samuel plays with a wooden toy 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.

(ADDED DIALOGUE TO FOLLOW)

126 INT./EXT. RACHEL'S POV - LATE AFTERNOON

126

The distant figure of Book and Eli working on the
birdhouse. Eli walks toward the house.

127 INT. KITCHEN - A LITTLE LATER

127

Rachel lights the lamps. Eli enters.

RACHEL

He's leaving, isn't he?

ELI

Yes. Tomorrow morning. He'll
need his city clothes.

RACHEL

But why? What's he going back
to? Nothing.

ELI

He's going back to his world.
It's where he belongs -- he
knows that ... and you know it.

A128 INT./EXT. RACHEL'S POV - DUSK

A128

As Book works on the birdhouse.

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 OMITTED

*130

131 EXT. RURAL LANE/LAPP DRIVE - DAWN

*131

A large green sedan approaches along a lane, turns into the Lapp driveway and stops on a ridge overlooking the farmhouse. Three men get out of the car and survey the scene. All is still and quiet.

The car is backed up out of sight. From the truck McFee and Fergie take out short-barrelled 12 gauge shotguns. The two spread out as they begin the long walk down the driveway...figures of ominous intent striding through the misty dawn.

132 INT. LAPP KITCHEN - DAWN

* 132

Rachel is alone, preparing breakfast when the door is kicked open and McFee and Fergie enter. She turns, is about to scream, when Schaeffer enters.

SCHAEFFER

Not a sound! It's Book we want...
we won't harm your boy.

(He turns to Fergie)

Check out the rest of the house.

(He turns back to Rachel)

Where is he?

RACHEL

I...what...do you...

She is shaking so much she can hardly get the words out. Schaeffer smiles kindly.

SCHAEFFER

It's alright. Come on, sit down.
There we are.

He leads her to a chair. Her face is drained of blood, her eyes staring at Schaeffer.

133 EXT. HOUSE - DAWN

* 133

Eli approaches the kitchen from the direction of the barn, a pail of milk in each hand.

134 INT. KITCHEN - DAWN

* 134

Schaeffer has spotted Eli. He turns to Rachel.

SCHAEFFER

Is he in the barn?

135 EXT. HOUSE - DAWN

* 135

Eli stops as McFee steps out of the front door of the house. Eli looks toward the kitchen where he sees Schaeffer framed in the doorway. He turns toward the barn and shouts.

ELI

Book!

McFee is too late, and the old man has uttered his cry of warning just before the blow strikes him. He staggers, drops the milk, blood streaming from a head wound.

(Continued)

132 OMITTED

* 132

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, and McFee 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.

134 INT. KITCHEN - DAWN

134

Eli works in the kitchen preparing a hearty Amish breakfast.

135 INT. BARN - DAWN

135

Rachel, Bock and Samuel are finishing up the morning milking.

136 INT. KITCHEN - DAWN

136

The kitchen door is kicked open and McFee and Schaeffer, guns down, burst in. Eli stares at them in a state of complete shock.

SCHAEFFER

Check out the rest of the house.

He holsters his weapon, turns to Eli who still stands in the middle of the room, holding a plate of scrapple.

(CONTINUED)

- 140 INT. BARN, UPPER LEVEL - DAY * 140
Book attempts to start Elaine's car but it refuses to come to life. He swears under his breath as he tries again.
- 141 EXT. BARN, OUTSIDE UPPER LEVEL - DAY * 141
Fergie moves along the side of the barn.
- 142 EXT. BARN, LOWER LEVEL - DAY * 142
McFee walks around the outside of the lower level, looking for an entrance. He is treading carefully, anxious not to get any muck on his very shiny shoes.
- 143 INT. BARN, UPPER LEVEL - DAY * 143
Book again tries to start the car.
- 144 EXT. BARN, UPPER LEVEL - DAY * 144
Fergie hears the sound of the starter motor and runs toward a door to the upper level.
- 145 INT. UPPER LEVEL - DAY * 145
Fergie approaches the car, his gun levelled. He peers into the car, no sign of Book.
- 146 INT. TRAP DOOR, UPPER LEVEL - DAY * 146
At the rear of the car not ten feet from where Fergie stands, a trapdoor hatch settles back into place.
- 147 INT. BARN, LOWER LEVEL - DAY * 147
Book opens a number of cattle pens, quietly prodding the cows out into the walkway. He looks about him, desperately trying to work out his next move.

148 INT. BARN, UPPER LEVEL - DAY

* 148

Fergie finds a trapdoor and after looking carefully below, he slowly descends.

149 INT. LOWER LEVEL - DAY

* 149

Fergie climbs down, his eyes peering about him in the gloom. A goat stares at him, then a cow moves behind him and Fergie swings around, his gun at the ready. He moves toward the workshop, pushes the door open--no Book. He then pushes his way past a cow toward the western end of the barn. He hears an echoing sound, seemingly from behind him. He walks back toward a grain silo near the eastern end.

150 INT. DOOR OF GRAIN SILO, LOWER LEVEL BARN

* 150

Fergie pauses outside the hatch leading into the silo. It is a low and narrow opening. The door is open part-way. Fergie carefully pushes it open.

151 INT. SHAFT, SILO

* 151

Book is near the top of a metal ladder concealed in a long shaft, attached to the outside of the silo. His face is covered with sweat and dust as he looks down below him.

152 BOOK'S P.O.V.

* 152

Below him, the top of Fergie's head and shoulders. Should he look up, Book will die like a rat in a trap. He watches, tense, as Fergie steps inside the silo.

153 INT. SILO

* 153

Fergie enters, looks up. He sees a trap door in a wooden floor, far above him. He turns to leave.

154 INT. SHAFT

* 154

Book can also see Fergie over the inner edge of the shaft. He sweeps a few grains of wheat off a ledge as he reaches into the silo.

- 155 INT. SILO * 155
Fergie hesitates as something falls beside him. He looks up to see Book's arm stretching out from his hiding place toward some unseen object inside the top of the silo. He raises his gun to fire.
- 156 INT. SHAFT/SILO * 156
Book grabs hold of a lever and presses it down.
- 157 INT. SILO * 157
Fergie fires at the same moment as the trap door opens on the platform above him, and grain rushes into the silo with a great roaring sound. A golden shower falls onto Fergie, momentarily blinding him, then knocking him off his feet. He staggers back up, firing wildly. The deadly grain continues to fall, filling the lower silo with a fine dust.
- 158 INT. KITCHEN - DAY * 158
Schaeffer, sweating, stares toward the barn and the strange echoing sound of Fergie's shots.
- 159 EXT. FIELDS - DAY * 159
Samuel too has heard the blasts and he stops, turns, and looks back down toward the farm.
- 160 INT. BARN, UPPER LEVEL * 160
McFee running into the barn past Book's car. He finds the trap door and descends.
- 161 INT. SILO * 161
Fergie gasps and coughs as he struggles to open the small door by which he entered, but the falling wheat has sealed it.
- 162 INT. LADDER, SILO * 162
Close on Book, the wheat moving in a shower past his face.

163 INT. SILO

* 163

Fergie is being buried alive in the wheat which is now up to his shoulders. He struggles to keep his head above the rising tide, but every move he makes only causes him to sink deeper.

164 INT. BARN, LOWER LEVEL

* 164

McFee forcing his way past alarmed cattle toward the silo.

165 INT. SILO

* 165

Fergie's arm is all that can be seen, as it waves about, a few seconds before it too is buried. The wheat fall slows to a trickle and suddenly all is silent.

166 EXT. SILO

* 166

McFee arrives at the silo door, he looks up to the shaft above him.

167 MCFEE'S P.O.V.

* 167

The shaft is empty.

168 INT./EXT. KITCHEN - DAY

* 168

Schaeffer crosses the kitchen to the door, and steps outside. He moves several paces from the kitchen and shouts for McFee. Rachel watches him then moves from the table watched by Eli. She crosses to a kitchen cupboard, and with a glance in Schaeffer's direction opens the cupboard and takes out Book's revolver. Her trembling hands take the bullets from their hiding place. She drops several as she attempts to load it. Eli stares at her in horror. He moves rapidly to her side, his face pleading.

ELI

No, Rachel.

Rachel struggles with the gun trying to find a way to open and load it.

169 EXT. KITCHEN - DAY

* 169

Schaeffer glances back toward the kitchen but apart from seeing Rachel and Eli near the kitchen cupboard, realizes nothing of what is happening. He looks back toward the barn.

170 INT. KITCHEN

* 170

Rachel manages to unlock the chamber of the weapon and begins inserting the bullets. Eli places his hands gently on her shoulders.

ELI (whispers)
We must find another way.

Rachel looks up at him.

RACHEL
What other way?

She looks down at the gun, then out toward Schaeffer, or rather his back which offers a tempting target.

171 EXT. KITCHEN

* 171

Schaeffer still looks toward the barn. Again the calls for McFee. The lower door to the barn opens and McFee steps out. High above on the ridge of the barn roof, Book appears momentarily silhouetted against the sky line. Schaeffer shouts and McFee runs back, gets away a blast but Book has gone. McFee hurries back inside the barn.

172 INT. KITCHEN

* 172

Rachel looks again to the gun in her hand, before slowly laying it down on the edge of the kitchen sink. Eli folds her into his arms, when softly a voice calls.

SAM o/s
Papa.

Eli, still holding Rachel, looks toward the spring room. There, in the shadows stands Samuel. Rachel turns, is about to cry out when Eli covers her mouth. He motions for Samuel to stay where he is. Schaeffer comes back to the kitchen door and orders them outside. Trying not to look in Samuel's direction they move toward the kitchen door. Rachel follows Schaeffer outside, Eli hesitates at the door his attention caught by the sight of the bell-rope hanging outside the kitchen window. He looks back to the spring room.

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- 172 Samuel is there, watching. As Schaeffer calls again 172
to him, Eli points the rope out to Samuel and mimes
pulling it. Then he steps quickly out to join Rachel
and Schaeffer, who has now drawn his own service pistol.
- 173 EXT. KITCHEN * 173
Schaeffer walks behind his hostages toward the
barn.
- 174 INT. KITCHEN * 174
Samuel slowly walks toward the window, and stares at
the swaying bell-rope. Then he sees the gun on the
edge of the sink. He moves toward it.
- 175 INT. KITCHEN * 175
Close on the gun, as Samuel approaches.
- 176 INT. BARN UPPER LEVEL * 176
Book moving among the rafters. McFee spots him.
Before he can fire Book drops down behind a buggy.
McFee fires into the buggy virtually demolishing
it. He moves forward to see if he hit his man.
He sees yet another open trap door through which
Book has escaped.
- 177 INT. WOODWORK SHOP, BARN - DAY * 177
Book grabs a hammer from the workshop bench and
hurries out.
- 178 EXT. SILO DOOR, BARN - DAY * 178
Book bashes at the hinge of the silo door.
- 179 INT. UPPER BARN - DAY * 179
McFee hears the sound, hurries down the ladder.

- 180 EXT. BARN - DAY * 180
Schaeffer, Eli and Rachel approach the upper barn.
- 181 EXT./INT. SILO DOOR * 181
Book has got the door off its hinges and is frantically digging in the wheat for Fergie's weapon. He exposes part of the body, then continues digging.
- 182 INT. LOWER BARN - DAY * 182
McFee moves toward the silo.
- 183 EXT./INT. SILO - DAY * 183
Book finds Fergie's shotgun, opens it to find it empty. He searches the pockets of the corpse to find extra shells which he slams in the breach. He turns, and begins moving as McFee approaches. It's momentarily like the old west as the two men approach each other. They both raise their weapons but Book is faster and the charge from the shotgun blows McFee back six-feet before he crashes to the barn floor. Book moves toward the body. He looks up to see Rachel and Eli, Schaeffer behind them, a gun to Rachel's head.
- SCHAEFFER
Put it down, Book.
Easy.
- It is at this moment they hear it, the lonely sound of a tolling bell.
- 184 EXT. KITCHEN - DAY * 184
Sam tugs at the bell-rope with all his strength.
- 185 EXT. BELL-TOWER - DAY * 185
The bell sways rhythmically back and forth.
- 186 INT. BARN, LOWER LEVEL - DAY * 186
Schaeffer turns to Eli.

(CONTINUED)

186 CONTINUED

186

SCHAEFFER

Go and get the boy.

He cocks the gun at Rachel's head. Eli hurries out.

187 EXT. KITCHEN - DAY

* 187

Samuel still tugging at the rope as his grandfather comes up behind him. He sweeps him into his arms and turns around, his eyes raised toward the hills.

188 EXT. FARM - DAY

* 188

Running figures on the skyline, on the driveway and coming across the fields -- black clad figures, running, answering the bell, the Amish cry for help. We can make out the Hochleitners, the Stoltzfus family and others.

189 INT. BARN, LOWER LEVEL - DAY

* 189

Schaeffer leads his prisoners toward the barn door.

190 EXT./INT. BARN - DAY

* 190

As Schaeffer pushes them out onto the driveway, they stop and stare at the approaching Amish. They number close to thirty, mostly men but with a sprinkling of women and children. They move toward Schaeffer and his hostages.

SCHAEFFER

I'm a police officer. This man is wanted for murder, stand well back.

Eli and Samuel join the edge of the group.

SCHAEFFER (to Book)

We leave quietly and calmy, and nothing will happen to them.

Book begins to move ahead of Schaeffer, the gun now at his head. He looks to the faces of the Amish. His eyes rest on Daniel Hochleitner, powerless as he watches. Eli makes a move, stands in front of Book, blocking their path. Daniel and his brother join him. Schaeffer hesitates his brain racing to work out the best move. He waives his gun at them.

(CONTINUED)

SCHAEFFER
Move! Or I'll shoot.

ELI
You can't kill us all.

Other Amish close in, now a tight circle about them. Book turns on his captor, reaches out for the gun levelled at his head.

BOOK
Enough.

He reaches toward the gun and wrenches it from Schaeffer's hand.

190A EXT./INT. KITCHEN WINDOW - LATER

190A *

Sam appears at the window, stares out. Rachel's VOICE OS calls him away. He takes a last look, then leaves.

190B SAMUEL'S POV - FULL SHOT - WE SEE:

190B *

Two Lancaster County police cars, an unmarked detective's car and a paramedic wagon parked in the drive. Several detectives and four uniformed officers confer with Book, who is still in Amish clothing. Schaeffer sits in the rear of the squad car. In the background the paramedics wheel a gurney holding a body bag to their wagon. (NOTE: NO AMISH are to be seen.)

191 INT. HALLWAY/BOOK'S BEDROOM, LAPP FARM - DAY

191

(Time Lapse)

Seen from the hallway the room is apparently empty until from the end of the room Book steps into frame. He's dressed in his city suit. He stands alone, looking about the room before hastily leaving, closing the door behind him.

192 EXT. LAPP FARM - LATE AFTERNOON

192

The door opens and Book steps out, looking awkward in his city clothes. He looks about him, sees Samuel down by the pond.

193 EXT. POND

193

He sits beside Samuel. They both stare into the pond.

SAMUEL

You're not ever coming back,
are you?

BOOK

No, Sam.

A long silence between them.

SAMUEL

Have you got your gun on
now?

BOOK (Laughs)

Yes, I have.

The boy smiles, and they embrace.

194 EXT. HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

194

Book opens the door of his car, turns to stare
back at Eli and Rachel. As he turns to get in,
Eli shouts:

ELI

You be careful out among
them English!

Eli moves inside leaving Book and Rachel. A long look,
a shared smile, and then Book gets quickly into his car.

195 INT./EXT. DRIVE, LAPP FARM - LATE AFTERNOON

195

As Book drives, he sees an open buggy coming down the
hill toward the farm. He slows as he passes. It's
Daniel Hochleitner. A long beat, and as they pass,
Hochleitner gives Book the briefest tip of his hat.

196 INT. BOOK'S CAR

196

Book turns to look back at his rival, a doubt in
his eyes. Freeze frame.

FADE OUT:

END