

# SILENCE

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&  
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1 EXT. UNZEN HOT SPRINGS DAY 1

The faces of FIVE MEN appear out of a thick cloud of mist rising off a seething lake of boiling water. They look like pale phantoms. Terrified.

We HEAR the voice of FATHER CHRISTOVAO FERREIRA. Strong. Resolute.

FERREIRA (V.O.)

(reading)

"Good Friday, 1633. *Pax Christi.*  
*Praised be God.* Although for us there  
is little peace in this land now."

CUT TO:

2 EXT. UNZEN HOT SPRINGS DAY 2

Now we see FERREIRA. He is a Jesuit priest. A missionary. But the look on his face does not match the reflective tone of the voice we are hearing. He is troubled at something he sees. He turns away...

...but two GUARDS, holding him, force him to look back. Vapors of steam make them seem like creatures in a dream.

FERREIRA (V.O.)

(reading)

"I never knew Japan when it was a  
country of light. But I have never  
known it to be as dark as it is now."

On those last words, Ferreira is pulled, through the steam, into close-up. He struggles not to show the pain of what he sees.

CUT TO:

3 EXT. UNZEN HOT SPRINGS DAY 3

The five men are surrounded by SAMURAI and various OFFICIALS. Guards are pushing them forward. The five men are THREE AUGUSTINIAN FRIARS, a FRANCISCAN FRIAR and a JAPANESE JESUIT PRIEST.

FERREIRA(V.O.)

"All our progress has ended in new  
persecution, new repression, new  
suffering.

(MORE)

FERREIRA(V.O.) (cont'd)  
 The governor of Nagasaki first hoped  
 to destroy our Christian faith with  
 ridicule, and by example."

Steam from the hot spring ebbs briefly to reveal the men are  
 Catholic priests. Their hands are tied. The water in front of  
 them is like a cauldron.

FERREIRA (V.O.)  
 "But when the faithful resisted, and  
 refused to renounce God, he became  
 more cruel."

In a grove of trees on a small rise in the near distance, the  
 Guards hold tight to the priest Ferreira, making sure he  
 doesn't miss a thing. They yank Ferreira like a dog on a rope.  
 Closer to the spring.

CUT TO:

4 EXT. UNZEN HOT SPRINGS DAY

4

The five priests tremble at the edge of the scorching spring.

FERREIRA (V.O.)  
 "He took four friars and one of our  
 own Society to Unzen. There are hot  
 springs there. The Japanese call them  
 'hells,' partly I think in mockery,  
 and partly, I must tell you, in  
 truth."

The cold air makes the STEAM rise thickly from the lake.

FERREIRA (V.O.)  
 "The officials told the faithful to  
 abandon God and the gospel of His  
 love. But they not only refused to  
 apostatize. They asked to be tortured,  
 so they could demonstrate the strength  
 of their faith and the presence of God  
 within them."

The water throws scalding spray into the air, burning the face  
 of one of the priests.

Nearby, still guarded by the samurai, Ferreira bites his lip to  
 control himself. His lip bleeds. He watches as...

...the captured priest turns, unbroken, to his captors,  
 refusing to capitulate.

## CAPTURED PRIEST

Praise to you, Lord Jesus Christ!  
 (alt: Soul of Christ, sanctify me!)

Showing no anger, an Official makes an abrupt gesture. Guards tear off the priests' garments then dip long-handled ladles into the boiling water of the spring.

CUT TO:

5 EXT. UNZEN HOT SPRINGS DAY 5

Seen now from a distance, as if on a stage: guards approach the five Christian prisoners, who are tied nearly naked to wooden stakes. The guards DRIP the scalding water onto their bodies.

FERREIRA (V.O.)

"They used ladles filled with holes so the drops would come out slowly, and the pain would be prolonged. Each small splash of the water was like a burning coal."

The crowd surges forward.

FERREIRA

"Some remained on the mountain for 33 days."

CUT TO:

6 EXT. UNZEN HOT SPRINGS DAY 6

A month later. Still from a distance: The five Christians are being untied from the stakes. Their bodies are wracked from the effects of exposure.

FERREIRA (V.O.)

"The story of their courage has become almost legend. They give hope to those of us who remain here, against the shogun's order, to teach the faith. We only grow stronger, in His love."

Near the hot spring, Ferreira collapses to the ground. His guard lets him fall. He hides his face in his arms.

CUT TO:

7 INT. STUDY/MACAO COLLEGE DAY

7

TITLE UP: COLLEGE OF MADRE DE DEUS / MACAO / Spring, 1640. A hand places a letter on a desk and Father Valignano removes his spectacles, reciting the last words of the letter. He knows them well.

VALIGNANO

Ferreira is lost to us.

(looks up)

This was his last letter.

Valignano is a compelling man, the senior Jesuit superior of this mission on the very edge of the known world. He looks across at TWO YOUNG PRIESTS, neither older than thirty, who are seated before him.

One priest, FRANCISCO GARUPE, who has the lean, restless appearance of a hunting animal, looks thoughtful. He is measuring his response...

...when the second priest speaks. He has an aspect of spiritual assurance about him, of untested righteousness, but there is a hungry, haunted look in his eyes, too. He's like a man who has seen his own ghost. His name is SEBASTIÃO RODRIGUES.

RODRIGUES

That was so long ago. It says nothing of him now.

VALIGNANO

This letter came to us when you were traveling from Portugal. It took years to reach us. It was hidden, smuggled, ransomed and finally put into my hand by a Dutch trader. Who had other news as well.

RODRIGUES

That he is alive?

VALIGNANO

That he apostatized.

The young priests are stunned.

VALIGNANO

That he denounced God in public and surrendered the faith and is now living as a Japanese.

GARUPE

That's not possible. (Father Ferreira risked his life to spread our faith all over Japan. We are here today because of him.)

RODRIGUES

He was the strongest of us.

VALIGNANO

He wrote those words during the most sweeping persecution of all. Now things are even worse. Thousands are dead for what we brought them. Thousands more have given up the faith.

GARUPE

You said this trader brought news. But it's not proven, is it? It could be a slander created to further discredit our faith.

VALIGNANO

Given the extent of the persecution in that country...

GARUPE

Yes, Father, respectfully. There must be multitudes there who need us too.

VALIGNANO

(more emphatically now)  
...and the fact there has been no other word of him, and the news brought by the Dutchman...

GARUPE

Rumor, Father, only...

Rodrigues gestures to Garupe to moderate his tone as Valignano fixes him with a look of stern impatience. Garupe lowers his head in apology.

VALIGNANO

...I must conclude it is true.

RODRIGUES

If it is true, Father, what would it mean for the Society? For our faith? For all of Catholic Europe?

(MORE)

RODRIGUES (cont'd)

Father, it seems our mission here is more urgent than ever. We must find Father Ferreira.

VALIGNANO

I cannot allow that.

GARUPE

But you can't allow us to abandon our mission.

VALIGNANO

Your mission was to find word of Ferreira. You have found it. Take this letter with you and return to Portugal.

RODRIGUES

Excuse me, Father, but the letter relates a terrible history. It says nothing about Ferreira himself. Whatever happened to him is still unknown. All we know of his fate is a slander. Permit me, Father Valignano, but I believe our mission still stands.

CUT TO:

8

EXT. STEPS OF A GREAT CATHEDRAL DAY

8

Valignano walks with the young priests down the steps of the cathedral. The great cathedral looms behind them. Fog hangs in the air like clumps of cotton. Outlines of ships in the harbor can be seen in the distance; occasionally a MAST breaks through the fog, swaying with the roll of the tide, then disappearing again.

VALIGNANO

If I permit you to go on to Japan, I'd be condemning you. This Inquisitor... this Inoue...he is terror itself. He may not be the devil, but he is just as cunning. And he was baptized.

(beat)

By me, during my ministry. Do you know how many Christians the authorities executed at Shimabara? Thousands. Tens of thousands. Most beheaded.

RODRIGUES

Each a martyr.

GARUPE

We must honor their memory and ask for their prayers. And we cannot abandon whoever remains.

Valignano is wavering, swayed by the passion and idealism of the young men. And they know that.

VALIGNANO

(a beat; then...)

No, any missionary work in Japan, of any kind, is now out of the question for us. The only European ships permitted to enter port in Japan are Dutch.

GARUPE

Can the Dutch...

VALIGNANO

The Dutch are heretics. Religion is just a business advantage to them. No, it is far too dangerous for you.

RODRIGUES

But how can we neglect a man who nurtured us in the faith? He shaped the world for us. (ALT1: He showed us our calling.)(ALT2: HE formed us as Jesuits.)

GARUPE

And even if this slander should be true, then Father Ferreira is damned.

RODRIGUES

And we have no choice but to save his soul, Father.

VALIGNANO

This is in your hearts, then? Both of you?

RODRIGUES

Yes.

GARUPE

It is. Like our first fervor.(ALT: Like our first fervor we felt in the novitiate. We feel it is a call, Father.)

VALIGNANO

Then I must trust God has put it  
there. He calls you to a great trial.  
From the moment you set foot in that  
country you step into high danger.

(beat)

(MORE)

VALIGNANO (cont'd)  
 You will be the last to go, you know.  
 An army of two.

RODRIGUES  
 Two to find one. "*Satis est, domine, satis est.*" (Our Saint Francis Xavier's own words, Father.) "It is enough."

CUT TO:

9 EXT. MACAO WATERFRONT DAY

9

Rodrigues and Garupe walk briskly past the crowded docks of the island waterfront. A misty rain falls. Junks are so closely moored that their hulls make a scraping, thumping SOUND, like a muffled cadence.

The Europeans take broad strides: the length of their step, and their height, makes the Chinese population clogging the street and congregating around the wharves give way before them. A CHINESE BUSINESSMAN has to almost trot to keep up.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)  
 "May 25, 1640. *Pax Christi*. God be praised. Father Valignano, as I begin these lines I cannot be sure that, when they are done, they will ever reach you."

The Chinese Businessman bustles ahead of the priests and gestures for them to follow him down a narrow alley.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)  
 "But I want to maintain your confidence in our mission, and vindicate your faith in us."

The Chinese Businessman stands at the entrance to a TAVERN, gesturing for the Priests to step inside. Rodrigues enters first, with Garupe close behind him.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)  
 "Today there was wonderful news. Your Mr. Chun got us a boat, with twenty-five Chinese sailors. And he found us a guide. Our first Japanese."

CUT TO:

10 INT. MACAO WATERFRONT TAVERN DAY

10

As the Chinese Businessman hovers in the background, the two priests stoop to fit into this dank, low place. Seamen and traders drink steadily at rough tables. Others pass by with women, who seem to be holding them up as they pass through the shadows. There is a MOAN from the corner of the room.

CHINESE BUSINESSMAN

He is not much. You will see.

There is another MOAN. The Chinese Businessman bolts forward and plunges into this heap of shadows...

...pulling the body of a MAN (KICHIJIRO) into the feeble light. The disbelieving priests stare at the heap of humanity lying before them. He is their age, ragged and rough-skinned.

CHINESE BUSINESSMAN (cont'd)

But after almost two months, he is the only one.

GARUPE

Are you Japanese?

CHINESE BUSINESSMAN

Yes yes. He was drifting on sea. Portuguese bring him.

GARUPE

Are you really Japanese?

RODRIGUES

Where are you from?

Kichijiro crawls back into the comfort of the shadows. The Chinese Businessman stops him with a kick. Kichijiro turns on him, groaning incoherently. The Chinese Businessman takes a prudent step back.

CHINESE BUSINESSMAN

Answer them, you fool! These are padres!

(no response)

Kichijiro! You fool! They will take you home.

GARUPE

Where is your home?

KICHIJIRO

Nagasaki.

GARUPE  
What's your work?

CHINESE BUSINESSMAN  
He will do what you say.

KICHIJIRO  
Fisherman.

GARUPE  
Nagasaki is on Kyushu.  
(Kichijiro eyes him  
suspiciously)  
Can you tell us about Kyushu?

RODRIGUES  
You know our language.

KICHIJIRO  
Little.

RODRIGUES  
You learned it from the Jesuit padres.  
You had to. So you are a Christian.

KICHIJIRO  
No. No Kirishitan.

Kichijiro belches and shrugs.

CHINESE BUSINESSMAN  
Good guide for you. And he is  
Christian too.

KICHIJIRO  
(snarls)  
I am not Kirishitan.

RODRIGUES  
You can tell us.

KICHIJIRO  
Kirishitan die.  
(beat)  
They die in Nagasaki.

RODRIGUES  
(to Kichijiro)  
Listen to me. We have money. Help us  
and we can take you home. We can...

Kichijiro abruptly INTERRUPTS Rodrigues, HURLING himself at the feet of the surprised priests. He grovels, weeping.

KICHIJIRO

I want to go home. Not for money.  
Japan is the country of my family.  
Please! Take me please! I beg you!  
Don't abandon me here!

The Chinese Businessman stares at the abject Kichijiro. Rodrigues nods his head slightly in silent assent and Kichijiro immediately prostrates himself in drunken thanks. The Chinese Businessman helps Kichijiro up to leave.

CHINESE BUSINESSMAN

You see. He will be very good guide.  
He will be good.

As they make their way out, Kichijiro falls drunk onto a table, knocking into a man (Chinese? Portuguese?). The man pushes Kichijiro away. Kichijiro tries to stand up when he is pushed again (attacked?). He cowers and begs. Rodrigues and Garupe react. The Chinese Businessman tries to protect them. Rodrigues and Garupe go to Kichijiro on the floor to stop the violence. They help him up and hand him to the Chinese Businessman.

GARUPE

Our guide. He can't be a Christian.

RODRIGUES

He says he's not but can you believe anything he says?

The Chinese Businessman takes Kichijiro away down the alley, the taverners laugh.

GARUPE

I don't even want to believe he's Japanese.

CHINESE BUSINESSMAN

(shouting back to priests)  
You see. He will be good!

The priests look at Kichijiro.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)

"And he said to them: Go ye into the whole world, and preach the gospel to every creature." Even to one such as this."

As the priests watch him, wondering if they'll regret their decision.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)  
 So our Lord commanded. And as I  
 prepare to do His work, I see His face  
 before me.

CUT TO:

11 INT. RODRIGUES'S ROOM/MACAO MISSIONARY COLLEGE 11  
 Rodrigues lies on his simple bed, staring at the ceiling.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)  
 "His face is fresh in my memory. Just  
 as I saw it the first time as a novice  
 in Evora. He looks as he must have  
 when He commanded Peter, 'Feed my  
 lambs, feed my lambs, feed my sheep.'  
 "

CUT TO:

12 INT. CHAPEL OF THE EVORA NOVITIATE 12  
 CU: The face of Christ in the image that Rodrigues remembers.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)  
 "It's a face filled with vigor and  
 strength. It fascinates me. I feel  
 such great love for it. "

From the face of Christ, we...

CUT TO:

13 EXT. MACAO HARBOR DAY 13  
 ...the face of Valignano, standing on the dock in a misty rain,  
 surreptitiously giving a blessing. A tender boat carrying the  
 two priests, now disguised as Chinese sailors, moves toward a  
 sea-battered Chinese junk waiting beyond the harbor.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)  
 "During the long weeks at sea the gift  
 of God's trust sustained us both. We  
 never doubted His guiding hand. I  
 embraced this journey as I embraced my  
 vocation, with honest apprehension  
 about my own strength, but with joy,  
 too, that God has trusted me with this  
 chance."

On the tender, the priests watch the figure of Valignano recede into the SWIRLING MIST like a daub of paint into a fresco.

CUT TO:

14 OMITTED 14

15 OMITTED 15

15A EXT. JAPAN COAST 15A

THE FIRST SIGHT OF LAND. A dramatic image of land but highly stylized to see the ominous nature of the landscape: a dark outline, as if slashed with a calligrapher's pen against the last light of the sun. Mountains like sawtooths rising to the darkening sky, narrow beaches that look like primeval rock gardens, thick stands of trees blotting out the horizon. A place of threat and trial.

16 EXT. CHINESE JUNK (OR TENDER WITH JUNK IN BACKGROUND) SUNSET 16

TIME CUT: Rodrigues and Garupe on the deck.

RODRIGUES

It looks like the edge of the earth.

A TINY BIRD ALIGHTS on the deck, near where Kichijiro is standing, studying the horizon line. Kichijiro looks out (and smiles?).

KICHIJIRO

...Japan...

17 OMITTED 17

18 EXT. TENDER FROM CHINESE JUNK/NEAR TOMOGI SHORE NIGHT 18

On extreme close-up of Kichijiro's foot SPLASHING INTO the water. He STUMBLES in the shallow water near shore, briefly submerging in the chill current, which is thick with twigs.

Rodrigues and Garupe watch uneasily from the tender as Kichijiro surfaces and LURCHES toward the land.

GARUPE

We have trusted that man with our lives.

RODRIGUES  
Jesus trusted even worse.

And he lowers himself over the side, into the water. Garupe hesitates, then follows and they both make for the shore.

*And now we see where we are.* The tender is near the shore of Tomogi as the Chinese Junk stays at a distance.

CUT TO:

19

EXT. TOMOGI BEACH NIGHT

19

As Garupe and Rodrigues come ashore, Kichijiro GESTURES for them to hurry. They scurry forward toward a hollow rock like animals being pursued by hunters they can only sense. As soon as they reach shelter, Kichijiro is gone. It startles them.

GARUPE  
Kichijiro! Kichijiro! He's gone to  
betray us.

Their fear increases at the SOUND of something moving across the rocky beach. Footsteps. Drawing closer. They huddle together, caked with soggy sand and dirt, a couple of landlocked sea rats.

RODRIGUES  
*"Quod facis, fac citius." "What  
you will do, do quickly."*

Rodrigues and Garupe press themselves deep in the shadows of the rock. Rodrigues is shivering. His teeth are CHATTERING. Garupe reaches for his companion and holds his head against his chest, trying to MUFFLE the sound.

GARUPE  
(fearfully)  
"A band of soldiers went there with  
lanterns and torches and weapons."

The priests duck back behind their meager shelter as...

...a LIGHT FLARES suddenly just in front of them.

The sound of feet, close now. And VOICES. The priests exchange a FRIGHTENED GLANCE, then turn to see...

...the craggy, glowering face of an OLD MAN, looming over them. His very lack of expression is menacing. He studies them for a moment. A long, agonizing moment.

OLD MAN (ICHIZO)

Padre...

The priests are stunned to hear this word in their language. The old man makes the sign of the cross. Tentatively, trembling, Garupe blesses him.

ICHIZO

Hurry. There is no time.

They SCRAMBLE to their feet as a group of a dozen villagers, carrying torches, surround them.

GARUPE

What is this place?

ICHIZO

Tomogi village.

RODRIGUES

Japan?

ICHIZO

(nods agreement)

Please. Be quick. So *gentios* cannot see you.

GARUPE

*Gentios?*

The villagers swarm over the priests, rapidly covering them with field hats and farmers' overgarments. In their midst, Kichijiro smiles at them with servile pride.

RODRIGUES

(looking at Kichijiro)

The way of the Lord surpasses all understanding.

With Kichijiro always near, the villagers form a protective phalanx as they guide them off the beach.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)

"'Padre.' '*Gentios.*' Our own words sounded so foreign here. But they were a sign that the seed of our faith has been sown, and survives with tenacity. Now it is our mission to tend and nurture it, lest it wither and die."

...Rodrigues and Garupe exchange a look as they are hurried inland.

CUT TO:

20 EXT. TOMOGI PATH/BRUSH NIGHT 20

Now away from the beach, Ichizo deliberately steps off the main path and thrashes his way through the woods. The others follow. The priests stumble, trying to keep up. The going is hard. The villagers don't give a moment to rest. They press on, hard.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)

"We were hurried to shelter because our Christians feared betrayal by those who had not embraced the faith. Gentiles, they called them. Although nearly all the two hundred families of Tomogi had been baptized, many fell under fear of the Inquisitor Inoue."

A villager hands Kichijiro a bottle of local rice wine (nigorizake), from which he takes liberal swigs.

CUT TO:

21 EXT. TOMOGI WOODS/VILLAGE NIGHT 21

The group comes out of the woods on a plateau just above the village. Like haystacks in a rocky field, huts now loom close before them. They move stealthily along this back way toward the village. A man called MOKICHI draws even with them.

ICHIZO

Tomogi... our village... I'm sorry Padre, for this way... it is difficult. But too dangerous. There are more executions than ever.

MOKICHI

If they know we are Kirishitan we will be killed.

GARUPE

The Lord hears you.

ICHIZO

(humbly)  
Yes. He sent you to us.

They reach a hut, indistinguishable to the priests from the others dotting the ground. Ichizo nods for them to enter.

CUT TO:

22

INT. ICHIZO'S HUT NIGHT

22

ICHIZO'S WIFE comes out of the shadows and kisses Garupe's hand, startling him.

ICHIZO

We have a little food. If you would like.

RODRIGUES

Yes, please.

Ichizo nods to her, and she leaves.

MOKICHI

You'll be safe here until morning.

RODRIGUES

Thank you. Tell me...

(as he looks around)

...how do you live like this?

The villagers look at him blankly. He thinks he may have been misunderstood. Or, worse, may have insulted them.

RODRIGUES

I'm sorry, I mean...how do you live as Christians, when the danger is so great?

MOKICHI

We pray in secret. But we have our *jiisama*...

RODRIGUES

(trying to say the word)

Jiis -

MOKICHI

Jiisama. He leads us.

RODRIGUES

Who is this...

(struggles with the word)

...jiisama?

Mokichi NODS at Ichizo, who bows his head modestly.

RODRIGUES  
 ...he leads you? In your devotions?

MOKICHI  
 He prays with us.

22A INT. ICHIZO'S HUT NIGHT 22A

On that last word, we CUT AWAY to brief images of Ichizo conducting a baptism.

MOKICHI (V.O.)  
 The only sacrament he can perform is baptism. We worship with the *jiisama*. We hide the Kirishitan images but God still sees us, yes? Even though we do not have a priest? Until now.

22B OMITTED 22B

22C INT. ICHIZO'S HUT NIGHT 22C

Ichizo's Wife quietly returns and HANDS each of the priests a small bowl containing a few scrawny vegetables. They start to eat. Mokichi MURMURS A QUICK grace. The priests are surprised. And a little embarrassed to have forgotten the blessing. Rodrigues puts his bowl down.

MOKICHI  
 Every Kirishitan here is part of our secret church. The *tossama* guide us with prayer and teaching. The *mideshi* help the *tossama* to preserve the faith.

RODRIGUES  
 I would like to meet the *tossama*.

ICHIZO  
 (nods at Mokichi)  
 It is a group. And Mokichi is one of them.

Mokichi lowers his eyes modestly.

RODRIGUES  
 There was one of us, a priest, a padre, named Ferreira. Do you know of him?

The villagers shake their heads. The priests exchange a quick look of disappointment,

Suddenly Ichizo's Wife, who has been watching the Westerners eat, LAUGHS at Garupe's way with the food. He smiles at her.

GARUPE

(smiles, embarrassed)

Did I do something wrong? I'm sorry.

The expression of puzzlement on his face makes her laugh more. Rodrigues attempts to smooth over the awkwardness.

RODRIGUES

All this...this faith you have...this courage...is only in Tomogi? What about other villages? Is it the same?

ICHIZO

We do not know about other villages. We never go there.

RODRIGUES

You don't go?

ICHIZO

Other villages are so dangerous. You don't know who to trust. Everyone fears the Inquisitor, Inoue Sama.

MOKICHI

Anyone can expose you to the men of power. Inform on a Kirishitan and they give you one hundred pieces of silver.

RODRIGUES

Pieces of silver...

ICHIZO

Two hundred for a Kirishitan brother. And, for a priest, three hundred.

GARUPE

(disturbed)

Three hundred? I'm flattered.

RODRIGUES

You should go to the other villages, let them know priests are here again. In Japan again. That would be good. You must let them know.

Ichizo nods polite agreement, but Rodrigues can see he hasn't persuaded him. It is as he reaches for his meager bowl of food again that he notices Ichizo has not been eating.

RODRIGUES  
(to Ichizo)  
You do not eat?

ICHIZO  
It is you who feed us.

Rodrigues is struck by the simplicity and force of the answer. As he bends over his bowl, his NECKLACE WITH A CRUCIFIX ATTACHED SWINGS FREE across his chest.

Mokichi sees it. His eyes fill with a flash of emotion and his hands make an involuntary movement toward the crucifix. Rodrigues understands.

SERIES OF QUICK DISSOLVES: TO the crucifix, pressed to the forehead of Mokichi, who is kneeling before Rodrigues; TO Garupe, offering his own crucifix to Ichizo; TO the old man's hands, wrapped around Garupe's; TO Mokichi's hands, as he takes the cross Rodrigues offers.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)  
(over series of dissolves)  
"I was overwhelmed right away by the love I felt from these people, even though their faces couldn't show it. They cannot reveal sorrow or joy. Long years of secrecy have made their faces into masks."

Mokichi KISSES the cross and hangs it around his neck.

CUT TO:

23 EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD & VIEW OF OCEAN FROM TOMOGI VILLAGE DAWN 23

A SERIES OF FACES in the procession, walking and staring straight ahead. Mokichi. Ichizo. Other villagers. Faces seeming to be impassive.

Garupe and Rodrigues, now dressed entirely in peasant clothes, are following them with difficulty over the rough terrain. Patches of thick wet mist swirl and drift all around them.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)  
"They do not dare take us anywhere by the main road. To hide like this must be a terrible burden."  
(MORE)

RODRIGUES (V.O.) (cont'd)  
 Why do they have to suffer so much?  
 Why did God pick them to bear such a  
 burden?

END series of CUs and CUT BACK to the procession...climbing on  
 through the woods...seen now from a distance, a ragged order of  
 small, brittle figures in an engulfing landscape.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)  
 "I pray Garupe and I have the strength  
 to help them."

CUT TO:

24 EXT. CHARCOAL HUT DAY 24

A tumbledown charcoal storage hut near the top of the mountain.  
 The last of the morning mist is just burning off, but the  
 beauty of the landscape only seems to underscore the severity--  
 the desolation--of this pathetic shelter.

MOKICHI  
 This is safest here.

ICHIZO  
 If you are found, we will all be  
 killed. When you hear this sound...

...he makes a WRAPPING SIGNAL on the door.

ICHIZO  
 ...it will be us. If you hear anything  
 else...

On the loud OVERLAPPING SOUND of boards being dropped we...

CUT TO:

25 INT. CHARCOAL HUT DAY 25

Mokichi and two of the other villagers toss slatted boards  
 aside to reveal a deep hole in the ground. Dust and dirt swirl  
 in the air.

ICHIZO  
 Hide.

GARUPE  
 It looks like a grave.

CUT TO:

26 INT. ICHIZO'S HUT NIGHT

26

As Rodrigues teaches a catechism lesson to TOMOGI VILLAGER #2, a VILLAGE WOMAN sinks to her knees before Garupe. Garupe LEANS close to her, then backs off. He checks himself, and stays close as she turns her face up to him. His face betrays traces of distaste that his piety and earnestness cannot quite hide.

WOMAN  
(heavy accent)  
Konhisan, Padre. Please.

GARUPE  
Of course I'll...if I knew...what is it?  
(struggling)  
Kocha? Kosha?

WOMAN  
Konhisan.

The young priest looks at her blankly. She begins on her own.

WOMAN  
"Bless me, Father, for I have sinned..."

And now he understands: confession. He makes a belated blessing as she continues to speak and we hear...

RODRIGUES (V.O.)  
"We quickly settled into a routine. Hearing confession, and forgiving sins, even though we could not always be sure what was being confessed."

A moth flies round and round an oil lamp.

CUT TO:

27 INT. ICHIZO'S HUT NIGHT

27

Another day. Ichizo's hand REACHES for a thin straw mat on the floor, RAISES it as if there is something underneath. There is nothing. But the hand starts to separate the mat.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)  
"Their old faith offered resignation and a road that ended in darkness. Christianity brought love, and life everlasting.

And we see there are two layers of mat, one against the other. As Ichizo separates them we see a hidden paper.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)

"The dignity for the first time of being treated like God's creatures, not animals. And the promise that earthly trial would not end in nothingness, but in salvation."

Ichizo SMOOTHS the wrinkled paper and passes it reverently to Rodrigues, who nods and PASSES it to Garupe. It is a picture of Jesus (or Mary). He places it on a low table against the wall serving as an altar upon which are placed a chalice, paten, missal, water and wine. A light has been lit.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)

"Images of Our Lord and the Blessed Virgin Mary sustain them. So they can see past the image, and find God in their own hearts, we give religious instruction and teach new prayers. Quietly"

Rodrigues TURNS: faithful of the village crowd this hut. The villagers stare at the picture of Jesus (or Mary) in awe and make gestures of great reverence. Rodrigues makes the sign of the cross and begins Mass.

RODRIGUES

In nomine Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti, Amen. Introibo ad altare Dei....

Kichijiro stands in the back, not quite sober, watching.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)

"We offer Mass in the dead of night, just as they did in the Catacombs. But in whispers. And when morning comes we leave the village...quietly...still with no word of Ferreira."

CUT TO:

28

EXT. TOMOGI MOUNTAIN ROAD DAWN

28

Garupe and Rodrigues negotiate the rough path through the forest as Mokichi clears the way just ahead of them.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)

"...and we climb the mountain again. And wait. And hide. These people carry the burden of their faith up this steep road more easily than we do.

(MORE)

RODRIGUES (V.O.) (cont'd)  
 Their trust in us is total, and we  
 have to be careful they do not give us  
 too much. When I asked Ichizo's wife  
 for food that first day, she gave us  
 almost all they had.

They hurry out of the woods toward the sheltering outlines of  
 their hut, visible ahead in billowing clouds of early-morning  
 mist.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)  
 "The love of all these people  
 overwhelms us both."

CUT TO:

29 INT. CHARCOAL HUT DAY

29

Rodrigues is BAPTIZING a baby held by its mother as the father  
 looks on with a mixture of pride and wariness. He holds the  
 only instrument for the ceremony - a broken little peasant's  
 cup used for holy water.

RODRIGUES  
 "Paatere to, Hiiriyo to, Supiritsu  
 Santo no mina o motte soregashi nanji  
 o araitatematsuru. Amen."

WIFE  
 We now? All with God, in paraiso?

GARUPE  
 (frustrated)  
 Paradise? Now? No. But God is there  
 now, and forever. He prepares a place  
 for us all. Even now.

The husband and wife give no sign of comprehending, but they  
 bow and leave, passing Ichizo's Wife standing patiently holding  
 two meager bowls of food.

GARUPE  
 Blessed be God.  
 (beat)  
 Arigataya.

She BOWS and exits. Garupe HANDS Rodrigues a bowl of food.

GARUPE  
 I'm sorry, Sebastião, for my  
 impatience. I'm ashamed of my  
 frustration.

Rodrigues NODS his head in understanding.

RODRIGUES

The child is safe in God's grace.  
That's what's important.

Both priests bow their heads over the food in silent blessing,  
then start to eat.

CUT TO:

30

EXT./INT. CHARCOAL HUT DAY

30

Heavy RAIN pelts the charcoal hut, running off the straw roof  
in great streams and LEAKING inside. Garupe and Rodrigues are  
PICKING lice off their clothes using their fingers as tweezers.  
Garupe mutters something under his breath.

GARUPE

"Joy of my heart."

RODRIGUES

What?

GARUPE

"We shall never find another race to  
equal the Japanese. They are the joy  
of my heart." Our Saint Francis  
Xavier's words. He must not have come  
across any lice. The only way we can  
win against these things is to get out  
of here.

Rodrigues tweezes several small white lice with his fingers.  
Frustrated, Garupe picks up a rock and pounds at them.

GARUPE (cont'd)

(pummeling the lice)

I'm sorry. I know that's weak.

(WHACK!)

But all I feel for these people is  
pity, not love.

RODRIGUES

I know. I feel pity too.

(beat)

Our Saint Francis also told us to  
render an account first to God, then  
to our own conscience. Then we can do  
much good for our neighbors.

GARUPE

Do you think we have? Done good?

RODRIGUES

Yes I do. Of course I do.

GARUPE

Much good?

Rodrigues wipes his hands and passes Garupe a small bowl of roots and pumpkin scraps.

GARUPE

It's just that these people are so frightened. Is fear all they have?

(WHACK!)

And lice?

RODRIGUES

They have us. We comfort them.

GARUPE

How much longer can we do that?

RODRIGUES

We asked for this mission, Francisco. We begged Father Valignano for it. We prayed for it in the Exercises. God heard us then, He hears us still.

GARUPE

Then may He guide us to Ferreira. So we can know the truth.

RODRIGUES

...What?...

GARUPE

The truth.

RODRIGUES

Do you think there's any doubt?

GARUPE

About what?

RODRIGUES

You think his strength gave out and he groveled in front of the Inquisitor Inoue? Went on his knees like a dog?

GARUPE

That's still just a rumor. Even if this Inoue is the devil everyone claims, Ferreira would stand up to him.

RODRIGUES

You don't seem so certain, Francisco.  
(no reply from Garupe)  
One of us has to go to Nagasaki and find him.

GARUPE

It's too dangerous. If we're caught there will be terrible reprisals to the people who shelter us.

RODRIGUES

Then Kichijiro can go and bring back word we can act on.

GARUPE

Are you mad? Where is he? Kichijiro's never sober. You know he can't be trusted.

RODRIGUES

So we stay here like this? No. We must do something to find Father Ferreira.

Garupe bangs his food bowl down on another swarm of lice.

GARUPE

Yes. Of course. But first I have to find all these lice.

The SOUND of the rock echoes through the hut as Garupe continues to attack the lice.

CUT TO:

31 INT. CHARCOAL HUT DAY

31

A few hours later. Beams of straggling SUNLIGHT creep beneath the door.

RODRIGUES

Let's go out. Let's risk it. Just for a moment.

Garupe looks up from making little crosses out of wood splinters and pieces of straw as Rodrigues opens the door.

CUT TO:

32

EXT. CHARCOAL HUT DAY

32

The ground outside the hut is wet with just-fallen rain. Rodrigues sees clear water dripping from bright green leaves. He turns his face to the sunlight piercing the mist. Garupe is seated beside him on a rock.

Rodrigues notices a BIRD, SOARING through the shafts of sunlight over Garupe's shoulder.

RODRIGUES

There. Look. I'm sure it's the same bird.

We see the bird, FLOATING free in the light wind.

RODRIGUES (O.S.)

The one from the ship. It watches over us.

Garupe turns his head to watch the bird...

RODRIGUES (O.S.)

It's God's sign.

...still in flight but nearing the ground, flying past...

...TWO MEN, apparitional figures in the still-thick mist. Standing, staring. Unmoving.

Garupe SEES them first. He reaches for Rodrigues's arm.

GARUPE

Don't move. Someone's here. Watching us.

Rodrigues follows his gaze, SEES the two men shrouded in the distant mist. He doesn't move a muscle. Until...the mist SHIFTS and OBSCURES the figures.

RODRIGUES

Now!

The priests DASH for the safety of the charcoal hut and...

CUT TO:

33 INT. CHARCOAL HUT DAY 33

...their hiding place in the floor. They RIP the floor boards up, squeezing themselves into the deep darkness.

CUT TO:

34 EXT. CHARCOAL HUT NIGHT 34

Hours later. The land looks peaceful under a full moon.

CUT TO:

35 INT. CHARCOAL HUT NIGHT 35

The priests are now coiled tensely in their hiding place. The soft sound of a VOICE pierces the quiet.

GOTO MAN 1 (O.S.)

Padre...

The Priests start to panic.

GOTO MAN 1 (O.S.)

(a little louder now)

Padre.

Rodrigues starts to get out of the hiding place.

GARUPE

No! It's not the signal!

The door creaks...

GOTO MAN 1 (O.S.)

Padre, do not be afraid, it's all right. We won't hurt you. We're Kirishitan, Padre. Kirishitan.

Rodrigues and Garupe wait. They hear footsteps walk away.

Rodrigues wrenches free. He hoists himself out of the hiding place, goes to the door and opens it. He sees TWO MEN prostrating themselves before him on the ground.

GOTO MAN 2

We frightened you. We are sorry.

(As Rodrigues collects himself)

(MORE)

GOTO MAN 2 (cont'd)  
 We want to ask you to come to our  
 village. To Goto. People miss our  
 faith there. Our children need you. We  
 have no Mass, no confession.

The Goto Men watch them eagerly. One of the men has bloody feet  
 from climbing the mountain to the hut.

GOTO MAN 1  
 All we can do is pray.

Rodrigues looks down at the Goto Man's bloody feet.

CUT TO:

36 INT. CHARCOAL HUT NIGHT

36

Rodrigues carefully bathes and bandages the Goto Man's bloody  
 feet as Garupe questions them.

GARUPE  
 How did you know we were here?

The Goto Men lower their eyes.

RODRIGUES  
 It's all right. You can tell us. Was  
 it one of the faithful?

GOTO MAN 2  
 It was a Kirishitan of our village.  
 Kichijiro.

GARUPE  
 (stunned)  
 Kichijiro? Our Kichijiro?

GOTO MAN 1  
 He says he came here with you.

RODRIGUES  
 But he is not a Christian.

GOTO MAN 2  
 Yes he is. It's true, he spoke against  
 God to the Inquisitor, Inoue Sama. But  
 that was eight years ago. His whole  
 family was put to death. He spoke  
 against God. But he still believes.

CUT TO:

37 EXT. A VAST STAND OF REEDS DAY

37

High angle down on the tall green reeds WAVING AND RUSTLING. VOICES raised in intense debate float in the thin air. The men from Goto stand aside respectfully, listening anxiously.

MOKICHI (O.S.)

No, Padre...

RODRIGUES (O.S.)

But we will return here.

ICHIZO (O.S.)

I don't know the people of Goto, so I don't know they can be trusted.

RODRIGUES (O.S.)

They are Christians, just like us.

Garupe and Rodrigues stand among the villagers who have stopped their work. Surrounded by the reeds, they look like creatures at the bottom of a deep dry sea. They are troubled at the news the two priests have just told them.

MOKICHI

Kichijiro told them to come here. I am not sure why. Why does he do anything?

RODRIGUES

Kichijiro brought us to Tomogi.

GARUPE

It will be only for a few days. Deus commands us all to spread the gospel to every living creature.

ICHIZO

(beat)

But one will stay. Here. Please.

MOKICHI

It is safer. There is much danger to travel together.

ICHIZO

And for us, too. Danger for all.

CUT TO:

38 EXT. TOMOGI BEACH NIGHT

38

Rodrigues sails from the beach in a boat piloted by a silent BOATMAN. Garupe, Mokichi and Ichizo and a few other villagers watch him move away into the GATHERING FOG. Rodrigues makes the sign of the cross, but he is hardly filled with confidence himself.

The Boatman squints ahead into the fog, shadows from the lantern on the mast making his face look like a ghost mask.

Rodrigues SEES a second boat nearby, carrying the Goto men. One of them looks back at Rodrigues, his face expressionless.

This makes Rodrigues even more uneasy as the second boat is swallowed in the darkness like a ghost ship.

RODRIGUES

Boatman...we're losing them.

The Boatman doesn't acknowledge him. Rodrigues says a silent prayer before his boat, too, vanishes in the gathering fog.

CUT TO:

39 EXT. GOTO BEACH DAWN

39

A face suddenly appears in the fog. Then another.

On the boat, Rodrigues recoils, startled, fearful, as...

...FOUR VILLAGERS WADE into the BREAKING SURF on the beach, surging toward the boat.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)

"Truly, on the journey I was full of fear..never more than when we landed on the island."

Four sets of hands CLUTCH at him. He thinks he is being captured...until one of the villagers makes the sign of the cross. Then another. And then all.

Rodrigues is reassured. He lets himself be helped off the boat, into the surf, towards the beach. The villagers stay close to him in the water, protecting him.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)

"But the joy which greeted me, I finally realized, was almost as great as my own, coming safely to that village. I thanked God for bringing me here."

Another small group of villagers waits anxiously. As Rodrigues makes his way toward them, they part respectfully...

...and Rodrigues sees Kichijiro in their midst, smiling like a hero.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)  
 "Even the sight of Kichijiro was somehow welcome."

Rodrigues regards Kichijiro with a look of relief tempered by wariness. In the distance, a dog HOWLS.

CUT TO:

40 INT./EXT. GOTO CRUMBLING FARMHOUSE DAY 40

In a crumbling farmhouse, with a large congregation of villagers, Rodrigues celebrates Mass under a bright and cloudless sky. It is an occasion of reverence and joy.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)  
 "On that day, the faithful received fresh hope. I was renewed."

As the priest celebrates the Mass, consecrating the host, the faces of the villagers -- even of Kichijiro -- reflect the power of this open demonstration of faith.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)  
 "Their lives here are so hard. They live like beasts and die like beasts."

Outside, villagers bringing the sick, infirm, children and babies to the priests form a broken line going back into the hills.

TIME CUT: Now Rodrigues distributes Holy Communion. He realizes he does not have hosts for the whole congregation and decides to break small particles from his own host to distribute. The Villagers receive it with deep humility. Some even weep quietly.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)  
 "But Christ did not die for the good and beautiful. That is easy enough. The hard thing is to die for the miserable and corrupt. But here I knew I was one of them, and I shared the hunger of their spirit."

TIME CUT: Villagers continue to make their way to the farmhouse - the sick are carried. Rodrigues passes among the faithful with SMALL WOODEN CRUCIFIXES MADE FROM WOOD SPLINTERS; VERONICAS, small pendants with the image of Jesus; and OTHER DEVOTIONAL OBJECTS made of paper. Rodrigues takes his rosary, and unfastening the beads gives one to each until they are gone. The Villagers REACH OUT FOR them eagerly - everyone, that is, but Kichijiro, who shrinks back.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)

"They are desperate for tangible signs of faith, so I provided what I could. I worry they value these poor signs of faith more than faith itself, but how could we deny them?"

TIME CUT: Rodrigues distributes the last of the devotional objects. But the villagers seem to expect more. They don't want to disperse.

GOTO SICK MAN

Padre. Listen to me. Konhisan.

TIME CUT: Rodrigues looks out.

RODRIGUES

Now...will you say with me...the words of this prayer.

He bows his head. The congregation follows.

RODRIGUES

(in rough but determined Japanese)

*"Ten ni mashimasu warera ga on'oya,  
mina o tattomaretamae, miyo  
kitaritamae..."*

The congregation joins him in saying the prayer.

41 EXT. GOTO CRUMBLING FARMHOUSE DAY

41

TIME CUT: After the prayer, Rodrigues walks among the faithful.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)

"And they came to me. I felt God Himself was so near."

He STOPS and speaks with an OLD GOTO MAN.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)

"One prayer was answered on Goto. It was there I learned the first real news of someone who might be Father Ferreira."

RODRIGUES

You've seen him then. A stern man?

GOTO MAN

(shakes his head)

Oh no. Kind. So they say. It's said he made a place for infants and the sick at Shinmachi. But who can know for sure? That was before the trouble.

RODRIGUES

Where is that?

GOTO MAN

Near Nagasaki. But so dangerous to go.

The Old Goto Man slips back into the crowd. Rodrigues' face shows a strange mixture of concern and excitement.

CUT TO:

42

EXT. GOTO CLEARING IN THE WOODS DAY

42

CAMERA TRACKS through dense, quiet woods.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)

"In Goto I baptized over a hundred adults and children, heard confessions without number, gave instruction and celebrated Mass. But it was from Kichijiro that I felt the greatest need."

CAMERA NOW DISCOVERS: Kichijiro on his knees before Rodrigues in a clearing like a small Gethsemane.

KICHIJIRO

I was Kirishitan. I am Kirishitan.

RODRIGUES

You did not take the crucifix.

KICHIJIRO

I did not deserve it.

RODRIGUES  
Because you denied God?

KICHIJIRO  
Yes, but only to live. Peter denied Him three times, and still Peter loved God. My whole family. They...we were betrayed by an informer. The Inquisitor Inoue wanted us to give up our faith. Stamp on Jesus with our foot. Just once, just fast. But they would not.

CUT TO:

43 EXT. GOTO STREET DAY 43

Close up of the fumie. A foot hovers over it, WAVERING. It is a board to which an iconic religious image has been attached--in this case an image on metal of Christ.

KICHIJIRO (V.O.)  
But I did.

Kichijiro's foot COMES DOWN on the fumie as his family watches.

CUT TO:

44 EXT. GOTO CLEARING IN THE WOODS GOTO DAY 44

Kichijiro becomes increasingly distraught as he speaks.

KICHIJIRO  
My brothers and sisters...our parents...were all put in prison. I was released. But I could not abandon them, even if I had abandoned God.

CUT TO:

45 EXT. GOTO BEACH EXECUTION SITE DAY 45

Filled with samurai, guards, officials and the curious: a large crowd has gathered to watch a familiar ritual.

KICHIJIRO (V.O.)  
So I watched them die.

In the center of the surrounding crowd, Kichijiro's whole family--his mother and father, two brothers and two sisters--have been prepared for execution: his sister is bound to a stake, another is tied to a stake, four are bundled in straw sacks and piled on top of each other. They are lit on fire. SMOKE fills the sky and FLAMES CONSUME the bodies of the prisoners, who SCREAM AND CRY to the heavens for mercy.

One of Kichijiro's sisters has long hair, hanging loose. As the flames devour her body, they seem to rush up the hair, quickly surrounding her head with what looks, for a brief, horrible moment, like a CROWN OF FIRE.

In the crowd, Kichijiro, covered with filth and looking like a wild dog, TURNS AWAY from this horror and tries to run. But his legs won't support him. He FALLS to the ground.

KICHIJIRO (V.O.)

Whatever I do, wherever I go, I see the fire and smell the flesh. The one thing more terrible to me than their dying is my shame.

CUT TO:

46 EXT. GOTO CLEARING IN THE WOODS DAY

46

Kichijiro is close to tears.

KICHIJIRO

After I saw you and Padre Garupe for the first time...I thought...I started to believe...that God might take me back. Because in...in my dreams, the fire was no longer so bright.

Rodrigues looks at him very closely: he wants to believe this testament, but he is still skeptical.

RODRIGUES

Jesus said, "Every one therefore that shall confess me before men, I will also confess him before my Father who is in heaven. But he that shall deny me before men, I will also deny him before my Father who is in heaven."

Kichijiro, chastened, lowers his head.

RODRIGUES  
 (beat; then relenting)  
 Do you want me to hear your confession  
 now?

KICHIJIRO  
 (in tears)  
 Bless me, Father, for I have sinned.

CUT TO:

47 EXT. BOAT ON THE WATER NIGHT

47

The Boatman is taking Rodrigues and Kichijiro back to Tomogi.  
 Kichijiro sprawls against the side of the boat.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)  
 "Confession may have been good for  
 Kichijiro's soul, but I admit, Father,  
 it did not do much for his thirst."

Kichijiro salutes Rodrigues with a bottle of rice wine  
 (*doburoku*) as he takes a long gulp.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)  
 "But still those six days at Goto, and  
 Kichijiro's renewal of faith, made me  
 think I could really be of use to  
 people in this country at the ends of  
 the earth...a people and a country I  
 could still never understand."

KICHIJIRO  
 A little strong drink once in a while  
 might do you good, Padre. Have some?

RODRIGUES  
 You have a good heart, Kichijiro. You  
 want to be a good man, all you need is  
 strong faith.

KICHIJIRO  
 I have faith, Padre. And thirst too.

He holds the bottle out to Rodrigues again. Rodrigues  
 considers...and takes a gulp. He looks off the bow and sees  
 they are approaching Tomogi beach.

RODRIGUES  
 We're there.

CUT TO:

48 EXT. TOMOGI BEACH ROCK CAVE NIGHT

48

Following Kichijiro, who has gone ahead, Rodrigues DASHES TO the shelter of some overhanging rocks.

Rodrigues HEARS a noise and, expecting Kichijiro, boldly steps from his shelter.

RODRIGUES

You took so long I thought...

But it's Mokichi, with Kichijiro and a few other village men behind him. They are anxious, and a few are afraid.

MOKICHI

Men. From the Inquisitor. They are in the village. They took Ichizo.

CUT TO:

49 EXT. TOMOGI VILLAGE STREET DAY

49

From far away, and above. Midday sun pierces the sky, shining on a great CLOUD of WHITE DUST, making it almost gleam. The dust cloud obscures the village street.

There is a SOUND, as of distant thunder...and A RIDERLESS HORSE GALLOPS through the cloud of dust and out of the village.

From a hiding place on a hill just above the village, Rodrigues and Garupe watch silently, fearfully.

The dust cloud dissipates, revealing armed samurai moving inexorably forward.

The samurai stare impassively ahead at the entire population of the village, assembled down the length of the dirt street, all trying to hide their fear. Expecting the worst.

And the villagers look up at the sound of another horse...this one moving slowly. It carries the SAMURAI COMMANDER, who looks down at the villagers with level and chilling indifference. Behind him is another rider, an OLD SAMURAI wearing a huge black hat like an umbrella. He smiles at the villagers benevolently.

Behind him, roughneck GUARDS lead a prisoner on foot. The man is tightly bound and pulled along harshly. It is Ichizo.

The Samurai Commander reins in his horse in the middle of the street. The guards bring Ichizo to stand beside him.

SAMURAI COMMANDER

(to the villagers)

We know there are Christians among you, like this poor wretch here. An informer told us.

Mokichi steps forward, a reluctant spokesman.

MOKICHI

But we pay our taxes every year. And do our duty to the State. We worship in the temple like generations before us.

SAMURAI COMMANDER

We know you're all good people. We only want to hear about those who embrace the outlawed faith. And those who hide them. We will know who they are.

The Old Samurai looks benignly around at the terrified villagers. His presence is almost reassuring as his eyes drift over the people.

From their hiding place on the hill, Rodrigues and Garupe watch everything that is happening with increasing unease.

SAMURAI COMMANDER

Think of the price for information. So much silver.

OLD SAMURAI

You have three days.

He slaps the reins easily on the horse's back. The horse takes him slowly down the main street as the people stare at him. The Old Samurai seems to regret the treatment of Ichizo as much as they do. The Samurai Commander NODS once and his men undo Ichizo's bonds.

SAMURAI COMMANDER

We will let this one go. But if we hear nothing in three days, we will take him again, along with three others. Choose them yourselves.

(to Mokichi, casually)

But one of them must be you.

MOKICHI (O.S.)

I am not afraid to die, padres.

CUT TO:

50 INT. CHARCOAL HUT NIGHT

50

The hut is bursting with people from the village, all of them in a state of worried agitation. Rodrigues and Garupe try to calm them a little even as they grapple with their own fears.

MOKICHI (cont'd)

And we will never surrender you.

Rodrigues is shamed by the strength of this simple resolve

RODRIGUES

(quietly)

No one should die.

MOKICHI

No, but we'll be in danger whether you go or stay. So stay. Stay. We will never surrender you.

GARUPE

They'll keep coming back if we stay. They could destroy the entire village and kill you all while we hide.

RODRIGUES

We should give ourselves up. That would draw the danger away from you.

There is a movement at the door: Kichijiro stands there silhouetted against the inky sky and sparkling moonlight.

GARUPE

We can hide on his island.

KICHIJIRO

(taken aback)

There is no difference between there and here. They will come to Goto, they will search, the same thing will happen.

RODRIGUES

And what would the people of Tomogi say if we ran?

MOKICHI

All would say we love God. And you. Even those who think Inoue Sama is trying to protect our country.

RODRIGUES

Protect it from what? Salvation?

VILLAGER 1

No! They would say it would be a good thing if you leave! More of us would be saved!

Garupe and Rodrigues don't understand what is being said, but from the fact that it is spoken in Japanese--and so angrily--they know it does not bode well.

VILLAGER 2

You can't say that! They came to do God's work. We can't just give them up to Inoue's tortures after all they have done for us.

VILLAGER 1

What have they done? They've put us all in danger! We never knew danger like this before they came here!

Slowly Ichizo, who has taken no part in this debate, RAISES A HAND. The room immediately goes quiet.

ICHIZO

The padres stay.

He repeats what he just said for the two priests.

ICHIZO

You will stay.

(a beat of silence)

Now we must pick two more to join us. Who will be a hostage? Who will join me and Mokichi to honor God?

An embarrassed, uneasy silence descends as every man in the room tries to avoid the eyes of the others. Finally one man (HOSTAGE 3) STEPS FORWARD. But after him, no one else moves. Until finally someone POINTS AT KICHIJIRO.

TOMOGI HUSBAND

He's not from here. What about him?

VILLAGER 2

(to Kichijiro)

Yes. For all our sakes. Please consider it. It won't be so hard on you. The officials won't question you so severely. It's the people of Tomogi they want now.

VILLAGER 1

He's not from here, why should we trust him? He could be the one who informed on us.

KICHIJIRO

I'm not an informer! Tell them, Padre.

(looking pleadingly at Rodrigues)

I confessed all my sins.

VILLAGER 2

Then if you've received the Lord's blessing act like it. Honor him with your life. Give us ours.

KICHIJIRO

Honor? What are you talking about?

VILLAGER 2

A real Kirishitan would know!

KICHIJIRO

Does your mother know you?

VILLAGER 2

(overlapping)

You can't say things like that to me. A man from Tomogi doesn't let himself be talked to like that by anyone, much less a drunk from Goto.

KICHIJIRO

(overlapping)

I can say what I want to you, you think I'm afraid of you, I'm not afraid of anyone.

Villager 2 LUNGES angrily for the cowering Kichijiro. Other villagers struggle to hold him back. The hut fills with angry shouting.

RODRIGUES

Stop it!

The Priests struggle to separate Kichijiro and the Villager. As they back away from one another, a VILLAGE WOMAN haltingly moves from the wall and prostrates herself in front of Kichijiro. He can't look at her.

VILLAGE WOMAN

Please. Go in our place.

Silence in the room. Kichijiro looks over to Rodrigues. For guidance? For sympathy? He stares at the priest. Then NODS HIS HEAD--ALMOST IMPERCEPTIBLY--IN ASSENT.

MOKICHI  
So. The four of us.

CUT TO:

51 EXT. CHARCOAL HUT DAY

51

A drizzle softens the summer air as the priests escort the villagers to the head of the trail that leads down the mountain to the village.

MOKICHI  
But if we are told...if they make us  
trample on our Lord... on the  
fumie...if it will save the others...

GARUPE  
You must pray for courage, Mokichi.

MOKICHI  
But if we do not do what they want,  
there can be danger for everyone in  
the village. They can be questioned,  
taken prisoner. Taken away forever.  
What should we do?

The cicadas click relentlessly, their clicking sound carried by the wind in the tall trees.

RODRIGUES  
(impulsively)  
It's alright. Trample. It's alright to  
trample...

Rodrigues stops himself, realizing the full impact of what he's just blurted out. The villagers seem similarly surprised and Garupe looks at Rodrigues in reproachful astonishment.

GARUPE  
What are you saying? You can't...

KICHIJIRO  
Padre, why does Deusu give us such a  
terrible trial? We did not do anything  
wrong.

Rodrigues collects himself and the two priests look at each other. An even harder question with no easy answer. Or no answer at all. Except...

CUT TO:

52 EXT. TRAIL DOWN THE MOUNTAIN DAY

52

Priests and villagers KNEEL TOGETHER as a fine drizzle falls. They are finishing a prayer. Rodrigues feels Mokichi take his hand and PRESS something into it: a small hand-carved cross, lovingly crafted, subtle and distinctive in its power. Rodrigues is deeply moved.

MOKICHI

Please. I made this for the *jiisama*.  
Before you came. It was all we had.  
But now we have so much more. From  
you.

(Rodrigues shakes his head)

I have another. The one you gave me. I  
will always have it. Take this.  
Please. In Jesus' name.

RODRIGUES

Your faith gives me strength, Mokichi.  
I wish I could give as much to you.

MOKICHI

My love for God is strong. Could that  
be the same as faith?

RODRIGUES

(moved)

I think it must be.

Mokichi FOLDS Rodrigues' fingers over the cross as we...

TIME CUT TO:

53 EXT. TOMOGI VILLAGE STREET DAY

53

The SAMURAI COMMANDER, riding down the village street past a sullen, frightened populace. Behind him is Ichizo, tied and being PULLED ALONG by a GUARD on foot.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)

"These people are the most devoted of  
God's creatures on earth. Father  
Valignano, I confess, I began to  
wonder. God sends us trials to test  
us, and everything He does is good.  
And I prayed to undergo trials, like  
his Son. But why must their trial be  
so terrible? And why, when I look in  
my own heart, do the answers I give  
them seem so weak?"

Behind Ichizo we see the three other hostages: Mokichi and Kichijiro and Hostage 3, all tied and pulled along.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)

"They were in prison for three days.  
We prayed for their safe return,  
hoping then we might be safe too."

TIME CUT: The Samurai Commander turns to address the hostages.

SAMURAI COMMANDER

You all know that Christianity is an  
outlawed religion.

MOKICHI

We know that. But we are Buddhists. We  
live according to the teachings of the  
priests at our Temple.

SAMURAI COMMANDER

Is that so? All of you?  
(they nod slowly)  
Then it will be an easy thing to step  
on the image of the Blessed Virgin and  
her child. Fume!

One by one, they begin to obey the order. XCU: of feet and knees, FALLING on the image of Christ.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)

"All of them did as they were  
commanded. But it was not enough."

TIME CUT: The Samurai Commander looks at them with contempt.

SAMURAI COMMANDER

You think we're fooled so easily? We  
saw how you looked as your foot came  
down. You were nervous. Full of fear.

From the hiding place on the hill above the village Rodrigues and Garupe watch the events below with mounting dread.

MOKICHI

We were not. Why should we be? We're  
Buddhists.

SAMURAI COMMANDER

Then let's try one more way.

He holds up a crucifix.

SAMURAI COMMANDER (cont'd)  
Spit on this. And say your so-called  
 Blessed Virgin is a whore.

CU: Ichizo, with a crucifix held close to his face by an outstretched hand. The old man SHAKES HIS HEAD.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)  
 Old Ichizo would not do it.

XCU: an eye, as a TEAR ROLLS down the face of Mokichi.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)  
 Mokichi could not. Neither could the other man. But Kichijiro succeeded where the rest failed.

Kichijiro SPITS on the crucifix. Then he is PULLED roughly to his feet by two guards and shoved away. Kichijiro runs off in shame.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)  
 And so he was released. I must believe he suffered, along with the others.

CUT TO:

54 EXT. TOMOGI BEACH DAY

54

Three trees made into the shape of crosses stand at the water's edge, stark against the sky. Ichizo, Mokichi and Hostage 3 are tied to the crosses by Guards. One offers them some sake to warm themselves.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)  
 "We were told they were given sake, as the Roman soldier offered vinegar to the dying Christ.

Garupe and Rodrigues WATCH from a hiding place in the rocks.

RODRIGUES (V.O.) (Cont'd)  
 "Perhaps they remembered our Lord's suffering and took courage and comfort from it."

CUT TO:

55 EXT. TOMOGI BEACH DAY

55

WAVES BREAK on the beach at the head of an onrushing tide, SWAMPING the crucified Mokichi.

His body is crusted with salt, twisted by the rush of the water. He TWISTS in agony. Next to him is the body of Hostage 3, who has already died.

MOKICHI

*Deusu...Deusu...*

On his right, Ichizo's aged body spasms in pain. He too is dying. He looks over at Mokichi and manages to say one word:

ICHIZO

Pa...paraiso.

And dies. Mokichi averts his eyes and raises them to heaven.

MOKICHI

*Deusu, receive his spirit. Now his suffering is ended, receive him, Lord, in Your glory.*

Another WAVE STRIKES him in the face.

MOKICHI

Please Jesus!

55A EXT. TOMOGI BEACH DAY

55A

HOURS LATER: The waves have subsided. Guards sit on rocks listening to someone singing. It is Mokichi, singing a hymn. Rodrigues and Garupe listen from their hiding place. A moment of grace.

CUT TO:

56 EXT. TOMOGI BEACH DUSK

56

As before: camera sweeps along with an incoming WAVE BREAKING against the shore, the water rushing up the sand toward...

...Mokichi, on the cross. The tide is not quite so high now: it hits him chest level. But his body hangs limp and lifeless from the cross. The pull of the tide has already torn him from the ropes that bind him. His body DANGLES loose.

Another wave buffets Mokichi's body and finally BREAKS IT LOOSE from the cross. His body is TOSSED in the water.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)

"It took Mokichi four days to die. At the end he sang a hymn, so they say. His voice was the only sound.

(MORE)

RODRIGUES (V.O.) (cont'd)  
 The people of the village who were  
 gathered on the beach were always  
 silent."

56A EXT. TOMOGI BEACH NIGHT

56A

Guards GRAB Mokichi's body by his arms and carry him up the beach, under the watchful supervision of the samurai.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)  
 "The people were watched closely, so  
 the bodies could not be given a  
 Christian burial."

CUT TO:

57 EXT. TOMOGI BEACH NIGHT

57

Instructed by the samurai, Guards FLING Mokichi's body onto a pyre made of driftwood.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)  
 "Mokichi's body was so heavy with  
 water it turned the flames to smoke  
 before it finally caught fire. Any  
 bones that remained were scattered in  
 the ocean, so they could not be  
 venerated."

Through the smoking, leaping flames WE SEE: the three crosses, still planted firm in the moonlit sand.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)  
 "I had long read about martyrdom in  
*The Lives of the Saints*, but this was  
 no such glorious thing. Surely God  
 heard their prayers as they died. But  
 did He hear their screams? I prayed  
 that He might reach out to them, but  
 how can I explain His silence to these  
 people who have endured so much? I  
 need all my strength to understand it  
 myself. Humanity is so sad, Lord, and  
 the ocean so blue."

From their hiding place, Rodrigues and Garupe pray silently as the three empty crosses are washed with sea water.

CUT TO:

58 EXT. TOMOGI BEACH NIGHT

58

Rodrigues and Garupe, accompanied by several anxious villagers, HURRY toward two waiting fishing boats.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)

"This may be my last report to you, Father. Today we hear the guards are in the mountains looking for us. So we have decided it will be safer to separate. Father Garupe will make for Hirado, to continue the mission, and I will return to Goto to try to learn more about Shinmachi. The last place Father Ferreira lived, and the place I may still find him. Please believe, Father, that if these are my last words to you I ask forgiveness for my weakness and my doubt, and I beg God for the strength to stand against whatever suffering befalls me if Inoue finds me. And I ask you to remember Father Garupe and me in your Masses and in your prayers. With my life and whole heart, I praise God. Remember us in your holy sacrifices, your obedient son..."

They have to tear their glance away from the crosses, which stand like giant driftwood in the drift of the sea.

GARUPE

Kichijiro was right. If we'd left they might still be alive.

RODRIGUES

We don't know that. And we can't doubt. That will be our death.

GARUPE

Are we giving up? Is that what we're doing? Are we running away?

RODRIGUES

It's more of a test than we thought.

GARUPE

After people have died for us. I feel like a coward.

RODRIGUES

No. Our purpose is the same. We can't fulfill it if we're captured. God will give us strength.

Garupe REACHES inside his clothes and removes his rosary. He offers it to Rodrigues.

GARUPE

Take this. Remember me.

RODRIGUES

Thank you, brother. But I have this.

Rodrigues shows him the carved cross that Mokichi gave him.

RODRIGUES

From one of our blessed martyrs already in heaven.

(Garupe looks doubtful)

Because of us, Francisco. Because of us.

Rodrigues sounds as if he's trying to convince himself of this as well as give Garupe strength. Garupe HOLDS HIS ARMS OUT to Rodrigues and HUGS him quickly.

GARUPE

My prayers go with you.

RODRIGUES

And my love with you.

GARUPE

I pray to be as strong as you.

The priests WADE into the water toward their waiting fishing boats. But Rodrigues TURNS QUICKLY...

RODRIGUES

Stay alive! Promise me. Promise!

GARUPE

I promise.

The priests hoist themselves into the waiting boats which move quickly away from the beach. They are soon lost to each other under the cover of the dense starless night.

CUT TO:

59 EXT. BOAT/SEA NIGHT

59

An oar, CHURNING up the inky sea.

A small boat breasts the waves, cutting through the pitch night. Rodrigues is its only passenger, a single BOATMAN the sole crew. He will not look Rodrigues in the eye. Rodrigues hugs himself for warmth.

RODRIGUES  
Is there any water?  
(no reply)  
Water? I'm very thirsty.

The boatman does not reply. Perhaps he does not understand.  
NOTE: NOW WHEN WE HEAR RODRIGUES V.O., his voice is different: like a whisper, like a man telling secrets to himself. The words are like a fervent prayer, part penitence, part reflection and part stream-of-consciousness struggle.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)  
"Father in Heaven, praised be Thy name. I'm just a foreigner who brought disaster. That's the way they think of me now. But if I'd been an ordinary Christian, and not a priest, wouldn't I have also disgraced our Lord and run like Kichijiro?"

He trails his fingers in the sea and sucks the drops of salt water from his fingers.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)  
"I imagine Your Son, nailed to the cross, and my mouth tastes like vinegar."

CUT TO:

60 EXT. GOTO BEACH AND SEA DAWN

60

The shore, seen from the boat: the sun has not yet burnt away the morning mist. The land looks shrouded, unwelcoming.

RODRIGUES (O.S.)  
Is that Goto?

The boatman TURNS the boat so Rodrigues can disembark. He PUTS HIS HAND OUT TO HELP Rodrigues, who, to the Boatman's surprise, shakes it, then uses it to steady himself as he stands in the boat rocking in the waves...

...and STEPS over the side. The boatman QUICKLY ROWS away as Rodrigues splashes toward shore like a thief in the night.

CUT TO:

61 EXT. GOTO STREET DAY 61

Deserted. Huts in disrepair. Broken plates and cups and bits of furniture strewn in the dust. Doors broken. The only sound is the wind.

He smirks at the absurdity...then stops quickly, spinning at the sound of the MEWING of a cat.

The cat strides by itself. The cat goes past Rodrigues' legs.

Then more cats. And more. Until they are a silent phalanx parading silently, indifferently, past the staring priest.

CUT TO:

62 INT. GOTO VILLAGE HUT DAY 62

Rodrigues SCAVENGES for scraps of food. He DRINKS a bowl of water greedily, SPLASHES what remains on his face, then goes to the doorway. There is nothing outside but desolation.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)

"I sleep standing, like a camel. I dream of mountains, and flight, and Our Saint Francis. What happened to all the glorious possibility he found here?"

A cat walks down the empty street with a field mouse between its jaws. Rodrigues leans against the door jamb. WE SEE HIM from behind: his body goes SLACK. The WIND BLOWS. Swarms of flies fill the air.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)

"What have I done for Christ? What am I doing for Christ? What will I do for Christ?"

CUT TO:

63 EXT. GOTO MOUNTAIN PATH DAY 63

Rodrigues CLIMBS a steep path up a craggy mountain. BLACK CROWS CIRCLE overhead, casting long, slow shadows in the afternoon sun.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)

"One priest remaining in this country is like a single candle burning in the catacombs."

A shadow of a crow CROSSES RODRIGUES' face, startling him.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)

"But everything I see only fills me with unease. And I feel danger. Everywhere."

CUT TO:

64 EXT. GOTO MOUNTAIN HILLTOP DUSK 64

Rodrigues LOOKS DOWN from the top of the mountain on the deserted village of Goto and the implacable sea beyond. Rodrigues takes a cucumber from his bag and BITES into it ravenously.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)

"Saint Francis Xavier. And Cabral. Valignano himself. They crossed the black sea of Japan and were received with love. They didn't have to run away."

CUT TO:

65 OMITTED 65

65A EXT. GOTO HILL OF REEDS DAY

65A

Rodrigues walks amongst tall reeds.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)  
 "Jesus's spirit was forged in the  
 wilderness. Lord, grant me the  
 strength to follow His example. For  
 God so loved the world..."

66 EXT. GOTO MOUNTAIN CAMPFIRE SITE DAWN

66

CU: Rodrigues' hands, with Mokichi's cross between them, locked  
 in morning prayer.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)  
 "I feel so tempted to despair. I'm  
 afraid. I pray, but I'm lost...or are  
 You testing me?"

His forehead PRESSES so hard against the mountain stone it  
 seems his skull might split.

RODRIGUES (CONT'D)  
 "How can I find Ferreira if there is  
 no one to show me the way?"

He gets up to begin his day's journey, pulling his meager  
 clothes close to his body for warmth...then SEES something.

...the ashes of a fire. A faint glow of dying embers, on the  
 far side of a rocky path.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)  
 "Is this Your sign that I am not  
 alone?"

Approaching warily, he reaches down to touch an ember. It is  
 still warm. He pulls his hand away.

CUT TO:

67 EXT. GOTO MOUNTAINTOP TREES DAY

67

From above. A flock of crows hovers on a branch. They watch  
 Rodrigues approaching in the distance. SUDDENLY the CAMERA  
 TAKES OFF like a bird and sails into an EXTREME CU of  
 Rodrigues, flailing at a crow, knocking it away.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)  
 "Or is this Your sign?"

He picks up some stones and throws them at the birds, who fly away in a squawking panic. The sense of the desperation of his situation--the isolation, the danger--overwhelms him.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)

"Or no sign at all? I expected Your silence, but the weight of it is terrible. God, lend me the strength to be worthy of this trial and to remain faithful to Jesus."

A cloud obliterates the last traces of sun.

RODRIGUES

"Despair is the greatest sin, but in the mystery of Your silence, it crowds my heart."

RAIN begins, splashing his face in large drops. He looks for shelter. Leaves are splattered by giant rain drops. The tops of trees sway in the wind like seaweed.

CUT TO:

68 EXT. GOTO POOR MOUNTAIN HUT 1 DAY 68

A poor HUT in the distance. Rodrigues HURRIES toward it as the RAIN FALLS HARDER, soaking him through.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)

"But I will not give in. I pray for Your forgiveness. I will find the man who set the fire. Any man. Even if he brings danger. To help and guide me."

CUT TO:

69 INT. GOTO POOR MOUNTAIN HUT 1 DAY 69

Rodrigues stares into the hut. Water drips through the thatched roof.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)

"I thought, I hoped, that even if there was only one man here I could renew my mission."

The hut is empty. Rodrigues looks disappointed.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)

"But Our Lord urged me on."

CUT TO:

70 EXT. GOTO CREST OF HILL/SLOPE DAY 70

Following day. Rodrigues gazes down on a village below him.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)  
 "To find a place to begin again."

The poor village below shines in the sunlight. It seems like a marvelous place to him.

RODRIGUES (CONT'D)  
 (softly)  
 "How lovely are thy tabernacles, O  
 Lord of hosts!" Everything you have  
 created is good."

Using a stick for a staff, he hurries toward the village.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)  
 "You brought me here to bring the  
 water of life to these poor people."

In his eagerness, he SLIPS on the rocky earth, STUMBLES, loses his balance. The staff drops from his hand. He TUMBLES down the slope, BLOODYING his face...

CUT TO:

71 EXT. GOTO SLOPE DAY 71

...as he HITS the bottom of the slope, CRYING OUT in pain. He rolls over, trying to pick himself up...

...and finds himself FACE TO FACE with KICHIJIRO, who is BRANDISHING the staff like a club. They STARE at each other in astonishment.

Kichijiro HELPS Rodrigues to his feet and hands him his staff.

KICHIJIRO  
 I thought I was being followed.

CUT TO:

72 INT. GOTO MOUNTAIN HUT 2 DAY 72

Kichijiro helps wipe the blood from Rodrigues' face. A small fire SMOKES in the corner. Rain LEAKS from the thatched roof.

KICHIJIRO  
 Why did you come here, Padre? This  
 place is dangerous. Where are you  
 going?

RODRIGUES

Nowhere.

He TAKES Kichijiro's rag and finishes cleaning himself.

KICHIJIRO

We must be careful. There's a price of three hundred pieces of silver for you.

RODRIGUES

Three hundred...Judas got only thirty.

KICHIJIRO

There are Kirishitans in other places. Not far. We can hide there. I will take care of you.

Rodrigues says nothing.

CUT TO:

73

INT. GOTO MOUNTAIN HUT 2 DAY

73

Later. The rain has stopped. Kichijiro is crouched over the fire, chewing on grass and cooking fish.

KICHIJIRO

I hope you are not angry with me, Padre. I was only following your instructions. Faithfully.

(beat)

I was ashamed to step on our Lord's face and now I am an outcast again. Mokichi and my family stayed strong, like roots of a tree. But I'm weak. I'll never grow. No man knows his strength until he is tested.

Kichijiro HOLDS OUT a small piece of fish which he has cooked over the fire.

KICHIJIRO (cont'd)

Take it. Please.

Rodrigues is hungry, but wary too. Kichijiro sets the fish in front of him with a tiny but uncharacteristic flourish.

KICHIJIRO

You must be so hungry.

Rodrigues takes the fish and DEVOURS it in quick bites.

KICHIJIRO

I do not know how Mokichi could be so strong. I am so weak.

RODRIGUES

Are you? You can certainly look after yourself.

KICHIJIRO

Not to be selfish, only to find my way to God. I'm like you. I have nowhere else to go. I was made weak, where is the place for a weak man in a world like this?

Rodrigues looks at Kichijiro with pity.

RODRIGUES

Saint Paul said, "When I am weak, then I am strong." Do you want to confess for Mokichi and Ichizo?

Kichijiro NODS and KNEELS. A lizard scurries across the ground and around his legs. Rodrigues pronounces a blessing.

RODRIGUES

"In nomine Patris et Filii et Spiritus Sancti..."

As the confession continues, we also hear...

RODRIGUES (V.O.)

"Our Lord is crowned with thorns. Our Lord is crucified..."

...and the words of the confession become Rodrigues' whispered prayer.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)

"What you will do, do quickly." Your Son's words to Judas at the Last Supper. Was he angry when He said them? Or did they come from love?"

CUT TO:

74 INT. GOTO MOUNTAIN HUT 2 NIGHT

74

Rodrigues lies on the ground near Kichijiro, who squats near a smoking fire. The priest would appear to be sleeping, but his eyes are wide open.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)  
 "And if Jesus loved Judas, why didn't  
 He stop him?"

Kichijiro looks at Rodrigues, who closes his eyes tight.

KICHIJIRO  
 Padre? Are you asleep?  
 (no response)  
 Padre?

Rodrigues still does not answer. After a moment, his eyes  
 flutter, as if he's waking...

...and looks for Kichijiro. But Kichijiro is gone.

RODRIGUES  
 "What you will do, do quickly."

He LIES DOWN again, resigned to whatever fate Kichijiro may  
 have in store...but Kichijiro WALKS IN FROM THE SHADOWS, arms  
 loaded with twigs which he dumps on the fire.

KICHIJIRO  
 Did you say something, Padre?

RODRIGUES  
 Prayers.

Rodrigues TURNS AWAY from him and, relieved, closes his eyes.

KICHIJIRO  
 Don't you trust me by now? No one  
 trusts me.

CUT TO:

75 EXT. PATH IN THE WOODS DAY

75

Kichijiro's staff PIERCES the body of a snake in the grass at  
 the side of the road. He holds the dying reptile up.

KICHIJIRO  
 Take this. We eat them for medicine.

Rodrigues shakes his head and walks on. Kichijiro pulls the  
 wiggling snake from his staff and throws it into the grass.

CUT TO:

76

EXT. PATH IN THE WOODS DAY

76

A path through a deep wood. SUN SHINES down in shafts through the dense trees. The heat makes WHITE STEAM RISE on the road. Kichijiro WALKS several yards in front of Rodrigues.

KICHIJIRO

We won't reach the village today if we can not walk faster.

(turns)

Are you all right, Padre? You seem tired.

RODRIGUES

Just...no, I'm all right. Just so thirsty. The fish was so salty.

KICHIJIRO

I will find you some water. Keep walking.

Kichijiro takes a water vessel from his pouch.

RODRIGUES

No, that's all right, I...I thirst.

KICHIJIRO

Our Lord said that.

RODRIGUES

Yes. I mean...I ate so much of that fish. You made me.

KICHIJIRO

For strength.

Kichijiro DASHES from the path and into the wood, holding the small water vessel. Rodrigues is alone. He walks a few steps, stops, looks around. He is exhausted and uncertain. He SINKS TO HIS KNEES and prays aloud.

RODRIGUES

Lord, hear me. My foot is on the path, but I don't know where it leads.

As Rodrigues prays, CAMERA MOVES BACK, FURTHER AND FURTHER...

RODRIGUES

Please, Lord, lead me. Give me Your hand...

SUDDEN CUT TO: the water vessel, FALLING AND SMASHING on the ground. Kichijiro stares at Rodrigues.

KICHIJIRO

I am sorry, Padre. I thought something was wrong.

(as Rodrigues gets up)

But never mind. There is a stream just nearby. You can drink as much as you like.

Rodrigues resignedly FOLLOWS Kichijiro off the path.

CUT TO:

77

EXT. STREAM DAY

77

Rodrigues' face, REFLECTED in the water as he kneels by the bank. As he stares at it, the gentle current shifts, creating RIPPLES that change the reflection to the image of...

...Jesus: much the same image as in the Evora chapel.

Rodrigues LAUGHS and PLUNGES his face into the water, BREAKING the image. He DRINKS deeply from the river, then raises his head. He SEES his reflection again. He SCOOPS up a handful of water, rubs it on his face. When he lowers his arm, HE SEES...

...THE SAMURAI COMMANDER. Frightened, Rodrigues JUMPS to his feet and backs into the stream.

...but SEES: a HALF-DOZEN SAMURAI and GUARDS.

Rodrigues knows he is trapped. He tries to hide his panic.

The Samurai Commander SIGNALS his men. They quickly cross the stream and seize Rodrigues firmly but not forcibly. Rodrigues' bag falls from him and the contents spill out (his chalice, paten, pyx with hosts, wine flask, missal, crucifix, and notebook.) Then the Samurai Commander inclines his head in the direction of...

...Kichijiro, who is watching from a large rock a few yards away. The Samurai Commander THROWS A HANDFUL OF TINY SILVER PIECES at him. Kichijiro lets them lie where they fell as he watches Rodrigues being LED OFF through the thick brush.

KICHIJIRO

Padre, forgive me! I am weak. I told you I am weak. God knows I am weak but will He still love me? Isn't that what you promised? Does God still love me?

The Samurai Commander stares at Kichijiro impassively.

KICHIJIRO

I pray for God's forgiveness. Will He  
hear me?

Rodrigues TURNS to look at Kichijiro, who stares after him, getting smaller and smaller as Rodrigues is pulled away.

KICHIJIRO

Even me? Will He forgive even me?

CUT TO:

78

EXT. WOODS AND CLEARING DAY

78

The SUN is merciless. HEAT WAVES rise from the earth. Rodrigues, PULLED by his captors, stumbles along the path, swallowing dust. PEASANTS and VILLAGERS on the route stare at him. Rodrigues tries to smile at a boy who looks at him wide-eyed, but his cracked lips only make his mouth wrinkle.

RODRIGUES(V.O.)

"And the word was with God, and the word was God."

The procession, with Rodrigues in the middle, leaves the path for a field. FIVE PEASANTS, BOUND, STARE in amazement as...

...Rodrigues approaches. Guards nonchalantly place the priest in the midst of the peasants who BOW as he settles on the ground. He notices a tiny twig HUT in the near distance. The whole scene is unexpectedly peaceful.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)

So quiet. Like a day of peace and prayer, not a day of sacrifice. I won't be a martyr today. "The Lord is near to the brokenhearted and saves the crushed in spirit." Thank you, Father. "Everything is Yours, do with it what You will. Give me only Your love and Your grace. That is enough for me."

A PEASANT WOMAN (MONICA) reaches into her blouse and retrieves a cucumber, which she offers to Rodrigues. The sound of flies humming.

RODRIGUES

Blessed be God. *Arigataya*...what is your name?

MONICA

Monica.

RODRIGUES

Like the mother of Augustine.

MONICA

My baptism name. That man is Juan.

She pronounces it "Ju-wan," which is the way everyone pronounces it throughout. Rodrigues nods at the man, whose eyelid lies lifeless over his left eye. The taste of the cucumber is foul in his mouth, as bitter as the fear he tries to suppress. But he's ravenous. He keeps eating.

MONICA (cont'd)

He wanted his name to be like our priest who died at Unzen.

RODRIGUES

(unguarded)

There will be many more joining him.

They look at him blankly. A sudden desperation escapes him. His temper flares.

RODRIGUES

Why are you looking like that? Why are you so calm? Don't you understand? We're all going to die like that. Soon.

They look at him with growing astonishment and he immediately begins to feel remorse for his outburst. He forces down the last bite of cucumber.

RODRIGUES

Thank you...for the food.

MONICA

*Arigataya*. But Padre...our father...Padre Juan...said if we die we will go to *paraiso*.

RODRIGUES

Paradise, yes...

MONICA

Isn't it good to die? *Paraiso* is so much better than here. No one hungry, never sick. No taxes, no hard work.

RODRIGUES

(conciliatory)

Padre Juan was right. There's no work in *paraiso*. No taxes, no hunger. Nothing can be stolen from you. And there's no pain....

(MORE)

RODRIGUES (cont'd)

(beat)

Were there other priests?

MONICA

Only Padre Juan.

RODRIGUES

Was there a Padre Ferreira?

(as Monica struggles to  
pronounce the name)

Ferreira? Did you ever hear of him?

Monica shakes her head. Rodrigues LOOKS AWAY toward the OLD SAMURAI approaching with two peasants. He seems to be stepping straight out of the broiling sun. He DEFTLY WIELDS A FAN to ward off FLIES that buzz perpetually in the steaming air and SQUATS on the ground.

OLD SAMURAI

You all, I wish you would stop causing me so much trouble - please - in this heat, and the dust. They are especially bad this year. We shouldn't be traveling so far at our age. And it's all so unnecessary. Just make a little effort to understand our point of view. We don't hate you. There's no real reason for this trouble. You've brought it on yourself. And you can rid yourself of it too.

They keep their eyes on the ground, not looking at him.

OLD SAMURAI

No need to feel lost. I'll give you time to think it over. Then you can give me a reasonable answer. Go on now.

He gestures them away and they RISE. Rodrigues gets up with them but the Old Samurai SNAPS OUT...

OLD SAMURAI

Not you!

(beat)

You stay.

Rodrigues, startled, sits back down on the ground. The Old Samurai stands, sips from a cup of water.

OLD SAMURAI (cont'd)

You understood what I was saying to them? Your Japanese is good enough?

RODRIGUES

I saw your eyes.

OLD SAMURAI

And what did you think you saw there?  
 (Rodrigues does not answer)  
 They're fools, those peasants.

Rodrigues GLANCES AT the prisoners being led away.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)

Lord spare them suffering and keep  
 them safe in Your hand.

OLD SAMURAI

They can talk among themselves without  
 end and decide nothing. Not one can  
 think for himself. But you understand,  
 don't you?

RODRIGUES

Just say what you mean.

OLD SAMURAI

That it all depends on you whether  
 they are set free. Your Kirishitan God  
 is sensible, at least in some things.  
 Let him tell you to deny your faith.

RODRIGUES

And if I refuse you'll kill me? "The  
 blood of martyrs is the seed of the  
 church." Like the priests in Omura and  
 Nagasaki.

The Old Samurai looks at him sharply.

OLD SAMURAI

Been thinking about this, have you?  
 Killing the peasants makes it worse.  
 If they can die for their Deusu they  
 think it only makes them stronger.

RODRIGUES

If you have to do it, punish me alone.

OLD SAMURAI

(angry)  
 You do not speak like a good priest.  
 (MORE)

OLD SAMURAI (cont'd)  
 If you are a real man, a truly good  
 priest, you should feel pity for the  
 Kirishitan. Isn't that so, Padre?  
 Isn't that so?

He gets up. Rodrigues does not respond.

OLD SAMURAI (cont'd)  
 The price for your glory is their  
 suffering.

CUT TO:

79

INT. TINY HUT OF TWIGS DAY

79

This is the hut that Rodrigues glimpsed in the distance in the previous scene. Guards PUSH him inside. He loses his balance and falls to the dirt. The guards laugh and leave.

He tries to pray. He recites the Pater Noster and the Ave Maria, but the words are dry in his mouth.

A BURST OF LIGHT hits him. The INTERPRETER is silhouetted against the outside light. Rodrigues' face remains in full light that is sometimes so strong he has to BLINK.

INTERPRETER

Padre?  
 (continues in heavy accent)  
*Louvado seja Deus, nosso Pai.*

RODRIGUES

(replies, smiling slightly)  
 Praise be to Him.

INTERPRETER

The Portuguese language was a gift of your Father Cabral. I've been asked to interpret on your behalf.

RODRIGUES

Behalf?

INTERPRETER

(continuing)  
 There was concern that we might miss certain subtleties in your testimony...

RODRIGUES

Testimony...

INTERPRETER

(still continuing on)

...if you were confined to Japanese. We wanted to be fair. And we do have a better grasp of your language than you do of ours. Cabral could never manage much more than *arigataya*. All the time he lived here he taught but would not learn. He despised our language, our food, our customs.

RODRIGUES

I'm not like Cabral.

INTERPRETER

Really?

(pause)

Would you like to go outside? We do not think you'll run.

RODRIGUES

Are you sure? I'm not a saint and I'm afraid of death.

INTERPRETER

I admire your honesty, Padre. Courage can so often be blind. But that is the kind of courage that does violence to us and causes us endless trouble.

RODRIGUES

Is that all you think we brought you? Violence and endless trouble?

INTERPRETER

We have our own religion, Padre. Pity you did not notice it.

RODRIGUES

We think a different way.

INTERPRETER

True. You say our Buddhas are all men.

RODRIGUES

A Buddha dies too. Like all men. He is different from the Creator.

INTERPRETER

You are ignorant, Padre. Only a Christian would see Buddhas simply as men. Our Buddha is a being which man can become.

(MORE)

INTERPRETER (cont'd)

Something greater than himself, if he can overcome all his illusions. But you cling to your illusions and call them faith.

(Rodrigues does not reply)

Your Creator is all loving and all merciful, so you believe. Then why does he give people so much suffering on the way to heaven?

RODRIGUES

You don't understand. If any man observes God's commandments, he...

INTERPRETER

(interrupting)

I do understand, Padre. It's perfectly simple. *Korobu*. Do you know this word? You should know it. It means fall down. Surrender. Give up the faith. Apostatize, as you say. Do it or your dear peasants will enjoy one of those trials that come so often from your God. They will see the world from His vantage. From above. But they will be upside down, hanging over a pit. Things start to look very different from there. They did to Fathers Porro and Cassola. Have you heard of them? There was one called Pedro, too. And Ferreira of course.

RODRIGUES

Ferreira?

INTERPRETER

Did you know him?

RODRIGUES

I've heard of him.

INTERPRETER

No doubt. He's well known all over Japan now. The priest with the Japanese name. And the Japanese wife.

RODRIGUES

(stunned)

I don't believe you.

INTERPRETER

You can ask anyone. People in Nagasaki point him out and marvel.

Rodrigues SHAKES HIS HEAD, trying to deny what he's heard. The Interpreter sees that his information has made an impact.

INTERPRETER

He's held in great esteem now. Which, I believe, is why he came here in the first place.

The Interpreter STEPS OUT.

CUT TO:

80 EXT. TINY HUT OF TWIGS DAY 80

The Interpreter looks casually at the guards.

INTERPRETER

Arrogant. Like all of them. But he'll fall.

CUT TO:

81 INT. TINY HUT OF TWIGS DAY 81

Rodrigues is praying fervently now, in contrast to his prayers of only minutes before. He has been shaken by the news of Ferreira.

RODRIGUES

Lord, forgive me for my pride. Give me the strength Father Ferreira did not have. If he could not stand up to the test, how can I? I thought martyrdom would be my salvation. Dear God, do not let it be my shame.

CUT TO

82 OMITTED 82

83 EXT. JAPANESE PRISON BOAT NIGHT 83

Rodrigues rests his head against the side of the boat which moves forward under full sail. We think at first he is praying. But his eyes are wide open, and his lips are still.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)

Lord, I feel the weight of their fate. Those who have died. Those who will die. Like the weight of Your silence.

Rodrigues raises his head as he hears a SOUND: the choppy, rhythmic dip of a distant oar in the water. In the shadows, The Interpreter notices Rodrigues staring into the night.

BOATMAN

Is anyone there?

RODRIGUES

Someone's following.

INTERPRETER

Someone night fishing. Leave him alone.

CUT TO:

84

EXT. NAGASAKI STREET DAY

84

A JAPANESE WORKER drops his shovel and RUSHES TOWARD THE CAMERA, As he comes closer, he is joined by a dozen others, all gaping toward...

...Rodrigues, on an aged horse. He attracts more attention this way. He is MUTTERING a psalm.

RODRIGUES

"The Lord is my refuge and my deliverer. My God is my helper, and in Him will I put my trust."

A WOMAN APPROACHES, holding two CHILDREN by the sleeve.

CHILD

Look how big he is.

A small band of STROLLING MINSTRELS (wearing *hakama*) LAUGH and provide musical accompaniment to Rodrigues' halting progress.

RODRIGUES

"Of the blood all price exceeding,  
shed by our Immortal King, destined,  
for the world's redemption..."

NOW WE SEE: Rodrigues is among a group of other prisoners and guards. All prisoners but Rodrigues are bound and being PULLED along. Black clothed BUDDHIST PRIESTS point at Rodrigues.

RODRIGUES

"We adore you, O Christ, and we bless  
you ..."

Travelers with hats huge as umbrellas and straw coats GAPE. A MAN in the crowd THROWS DIRT.

RODRIGUES (cont'd)  
 "...because by your holy cross you  
 have redeemed the world."

Rodrigues turns toward the man who threw the dirt at him, and the crowd responds with further jeering. And in their midst now Rodrigues SEES...

...Kichijiro, staring at him in pity, fear and shame.

RODRIGUES  
 (calling to him)  
 Was it you last night?

Kichijiro slinks back into the crowd. Beyond him, in the near distance, WE SEE...

...Nagasaki. It's a city still under construction. SOUNDS OF BUILDING accompany the procession as it moves steadily toward the city and a hill on which stands a...

CUT TO:

85 EXT. NEW PRISON DAY 85

The PROCESSION ENTERS the prison gate. Rodrigues looks at this new place of confinement, trying to mask his emotion.

CUT TO:

86 INT. NEW PRISON RODRIGUES' CELL DAY 86

Light STREAMS THROUGH a small window. SOUNDS of the city being built up drift from outside: CRIES of working men; sounds of trees being SAWED and nails being DRIVEN.

CU on Rodrigues: he is MAKING A ROSARY from bits of paper and string. His beard and hair have grown. The SOUND of the NAILS being pounded makes him reflective.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)  
 Thank you, Lord, for the gentle days  
 here, and I pray...I hope...I have  
 found the strength for whatever awaits  
 me at their end.

86A INT. NEW PRISON CHRISTIAN CELL DAY

86A

In A QUICK SERIES OF TIME CUTS, WE SEE: Rodrigues, ministering to the other prisoners, including Monica and her husband Juan; reciting passages from Scripture; hearing confession by pressing his ear to the hole through which food is passed as other prisoners huddle in the cell corner.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)

Even the guards here have been touched by Your hand. My ministry to the other prisoners is a precious gift to me and, I hope, a help to them.

WE INTERCUT the glimpses of Rodrigues and the prisoners with SHOTS of him fashioning the rosary from paper and string.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)

I feel so close to you now, Father. I see the life of Your Son so clearly, almost like my own. And His face. It takes all fear from me. It's the face I remember from childhood, the face I saw at Evora.

86B INT. NEW PRISON RODRIGUES' CELL DAY

86B

Rodrigues stares at the dirt floor of his cell AND IMAGINES the face of Christ from the Evora chapel looking back at him.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)

Speaking to me. I'm sure of it. Promising "I will not abandon you."

Rodrigues stares at the image of Christ and REPEATS ALOUD...

RODRIGUES

"I will not abandon you...will not abandon..."

Suddenly an untidy package of clothes falls across the image of Christ like a great blot. Rodrigues looks up startled. A GUARD stands at the door.

GUARD

Put those on. Hurry up, or we won't let you have any more paper and string for your toys.

(as Rodrigues hesitates)

(MORE)

GUARD (cont'd)  
*Jittoku*. You should be honored. It's  
 what our priests wear.

CUT TO:

87 EXT. NEW PRISON YARD DAY

87

FIVE SAMURAI are seated formally in the yard, the Old Samurai in the middle, the Interpreter next to him. They all hold fans, which they SWISH in the stifling air.

Rodrigues, wearing the clothes of the Buddhist priest, SQUINTS at the hot sun. Then GLANCING to his left, he SEES...

...Monica, Juan and the other prisoners watching through their small cell window as he seats himself on the ground. He is very aware of his responsibility to be strong for them.

SAMURAI 1

Father Rodrigues? From Portugal, yes?  
 I am sorry, Padre, for my speaking. My  
 language is not so good. But His  
 Lordship the Governor of Chikugo is  
 anxious about your comfort...comfort?

INTERPRETER

Perhaps "discomfort."

SAMURAI 1

Discomfort, yes. About why you are  
 here. And...

He looks to the Interpreter, who nods.

SAMURAI 1 (cont'd)

...if you are not at ease, please say  
 so.

(Rodrigues BOWS his head)

You also have...have...moved on the  
 water...

Unsatisfied with the way he's expressing himself, he looks to the Interpreter again, then BEGINS SPEAKING RAPIDLY IN JAPANESE. The Interpreter translates swiftly.

SAMURAI 1

(in Japanese)

Your trip was long. There were many dangers. The power of your determination touches us greatly. We know you have also suffered greatly. We do not wish to add to your suffering.

INTERPRETER

(translating as Samurai 1 speaks)

"Your trip was long. There were many dangers. The power of your determination touches us greatly. We know you have also suffered greatly. We do not wish to add to your suffering."

These words pierce Rodrigues' heart. They are gently spoken, but he senses the threat that lurks beneath them.

SAMURAI 1

And the thought that we might do so is painful for us too.

INTERPRETER (cont'd)

"And the thought that we might do so is painful for us too."

RODRIGUES

Thank you.

SAMURAI 1

Father, the doctrine you bring with you may be true in Spain and Portugal. But we have studied it carefully...thought about it over much time...and find it's of no use and no value in Japan. We have concluded that it is a danger.

INTERPRETER

"Father, the doctrine you bring with you may be true in Spain and Portugal. But we have studied it carefully...thought about it over much time...and find it is of no use and no value in Japan. We have concluded that it is a danger."

The Old Samurai watches Rodrigues formulate his reply with great interest. Samurai 1 occasionally whispers a translation to the Old Samurai.

RODRIGUES

But we believe we brought you the truth, and the truth is universal. It's common to all countries at all times, that's why we call it the truth. If a doctrine weren't as true in Japan as it is in Portugal, we couldn't call it the truth.

The Old Samurai nods his head in agreement. Rodrigues feels encouraged. He has one ally in this severe tribunal.

SAMURAI 1

I see you do not work with your hands, Father. But everyone knows a tree which flourishes in one kind of earth may decay and die in another. It is the same with the tree of Christianity. The leaves decay here. The buds die.

INTERPRETER

"I see you do not work with your hands, Father. But everyone knows a tree which flourishes in one kind of earth may decay and die in another. It is the same with the tree of Christianity. The leaves decay here. The buds die."

RODRIGUES

(heated)

It is not the soil that has killed the buds. There were three hundred thousand Christians in Japan before the soil was...

SAMURAI 1

Yes?

RODRIGUES

Poisoned.

Samurai 1 has to restrain his anger over this response. Only the OLD SAMURAI seems to understand what Rodrigues means, and even sympathize with it. The priest is encouraged by the Old Samurai's response. He GLANCES BRIEFLY over at the prisoners watching from their cell window, and continues boldly...

RODRIGUES (cont'd)

You have no reply? Why should you? You're never going to change my mind and I'm not going to change yours. If you really want to test my faith, give me a real challenge. Take me to the Inquisitor. Bring me to Inoue Sama.

There is a lingering moment of BAFFLED SILENCE. Then...

...LAUGHTER. Even a BENIGN SMILE from the Old Samurai.

RODRIGUES

I'm sorry, I didn't think I was here for your amusement.

(as laughter continues)

What are you laughing at?

The laughter dies after a few moments.

INTERPRETER  
Because, Padre...

The Old Samurai INTERRUPTS with a FLICK of his fan.

OLD SAMURAI  
 Because I am the Governor of Chikugo,  
 Padre. I am the Inquisitor. I am  
 Inoue.

Rodrigues is STUNNED. The Old Samurai RISES and walks out of the yard. The other samurai follow.

From behind him, Rodrigues hears the prisoners singing a HYMN. As the Guards take him back to his cell, he sees all their faces there, singing, and he feels he has done well.

CUT TO:

88

EXT./INT. NEW PRISON YARD & CELL DAY

88

HOLES IN THE GROUND, being dug by prisoners as RAIN POURS DOWN and Rodrigues WATCHES from his cell window. A Guard WALKS BY and the priest calls to him.

RODRIGUES  
 How long will they have to work in  
 this rain?

PRISON GUARD  
 (heavy accent)  
 Until finished.

RODRIGUES  
 What are the holes for?

PRISON GUARD  
 (casually)  
 Privies.

The Guard walks on...and Rodrigues SEES, near the prison entrance, a MAN IN A CAPE standing, unmoving, in the rain. A Guard CHASES him away with threatening gestures. The man retreats. The Guard walks on...

...and the Man STEALS BACK, and stands there. Looking at the prisoners. Looking toward Rodrigues.

TIME CUT: the Man in the Cape stands close to the window now...close enough for Rodrigues to recognize him.

KICHIJIRO  
 (calling out)  
 Padre! Padre! Please listen to me!

His pleas DRAW GUARDS, who RUSH at him with sticks. He looks afraid, takes a step back, but then stands his ground.

KICHIJIRO (cont'd)  
I was forced to step on our Lord's  
face! God made me weak then asks me to  
be strong. That's not fair.

The Guards are GRAPPLING with him now, but he keeps calling out to Rodrigues, who COVERS HIS EARS.

KICHIJIRO  
They threatened me! The  
officials...but I never took their  
money! I didn't betray you for money!

PRISON GUARD  
Get out of here now or we will hurt  
you worse.

KICHIJIRO  
Go ahead! I am a Kirishitan! Put me in  
prison! I am a Kirishitan!

The Guards are happy to oblige. They drag Kichijiro through the mud and rain past Rodrigues' window. Kichijiro looks at him pleadingly. Rodrigues reaches out his hand in blessing...but STOPS.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)  
Did Jesus pray for Judas?

He watches from the shadows as Kichijiro is DRAGGED AWAY.

CUT TO:

89 INT. NEW PRISON CHRISTIAN CELL DAY

89

Rodrigues STEPS INTO the cell, SEES: the Christian prisoners seated together in a group, some speaking among themselves, others praying. Seeing the priest, Monica glances toward a corner of the cell and WE PAN to REVEAL: Kichijiro, crouching in the shadow, separated from the others. Shivering.

MONICA  
Be careful of him, Padre. Maybe Inoue  
Sama pays him to make us trample.

KICHIJIRO  
No! He did not! Padre...Padre, let me  
confess. Please, Padre.

The other prisoners watch as Rodrigues--reluctantly; warily-- goes to Kichijiro and kneels beside him. Kichijiro is filthy, and smells foul, and instinctively Rodrigues moves back.

KICHIJIRO

I know I smell. I smell of sin. I know. I want to confess again, so the Lord can wash me clean.

RODRIGUES

Why did you come here? Is it for absolution? Do you understand what absolution is?

KICHIJIRO

(quietly, almost casually)  
Do you understand what I've been saying? Yes, Padre, I denied. I'm an apostate. Years ago. I could have died a good Kirishitan. There was no persecution. Why was I born now? This is so unfair...I'm sorry...

The Prisoners watch and listen with great interest.

RODRIGUES

But do you still believe?

Kichijiro looks down. He can't answer. As Rodrigues makes the blessing and Kichijiro begins his confession:

RODRIGUES

In nómine Patris et Fílii et Spíritus Sancti.

KICHIJIRO

I am sorry - for being so weak. I am sorry this has happened. I am sorry for what I did to you. Please, help me take away the sin. I will try again to be strong.

TIME CUT:

RODRIGUES

(giving absolution)  
Dóminus noster Jesus Christus te absólvat; et ego auctoritáte ipsius te absólvo ab omni vinculo excommunicatiónis et interdicti in quantum possum et tu indiges.

(MORE)

RODRIGUES (cont'd)  
[making the sign of the cross]:  
Deínde, ego te absólvo a peccáti  
tuis in nómine Patris, et Fílii, et  
Spíritus Sancti. Amen.

As Rodrigues utters the words of absolution, WE HEAR...

RODRIGUES (V.O.)  
Father, how could Jesus love a wretch  
like this? There is evil all around in  
this place. I sense its strength. Even  
its beauty. But there is none of that  
in this man. He is not worthy to be  
called evil.

Rodrigues FINISHES the absolution, then follows with the  
customary conclusion...

RODRIGUES  
(whispering)  
Go in peace.

CUT TO:

90

INT. NEW PRISON RODRIGUES' CELL DAY

90

He stares at the floor, miserable about his failure of spirit.  
Jesus's face--the face from the Evora chapel--is before him.

CUT TO: The eyes of Jesus, tight shot. They seem to look down into Rodrigues' very soul.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)

As I feel...I fear...Jesus forgive me...I may not be worthy of You.

Rodrigues hangs his head in shame.

CUT TO:

91

EXT. NEW PRISON YARD DAY

91

BURNING SUNLIGHT at midday. A row of five stools, and FIVE OFFICIALS settle themselves on them. They stare indifferently at FOUR CHRISTIAN PRISONERS on the ground in front of them.

Rodrigues WATCHES from his cell window. The whole scene is played out from his POV, through the bars on the window.

Sounds of CICADAS and the SWISH of a fan or RUSTLE of a fine robe worn by an official punctuate the weary routine of the day. OFFICIAL # 1 almost sounds bored when he speaks up...

OFFICIAL # 1

This is just a formality, really. Just one step, that's all. We're not asking you to do it sincerely. It's only for appearances. Just putting your foot on the thing won't betray your faith, whatever it is. Truthfully, I'm not interested. The sooner you get it over with the sooner we can all get out of the sun.

Rodrigues can tell the Official is trying to disarm the prisoners, and he can't be sure how they will react.

OFFICIAL # 1 (cont'd)

Put your foot on it and nobody will care what you believe. Just rest it...brush it...lightly, if you like...however you like, it's not important...and you'll be free. Immediately.

Guards come forward carrying the fumie. The Christians stare at the face of Christ on the fumie. Rodrigues SEES IT TOO, and in his cell mutters a prayer.

RODRIGUES

Lord, give them strength. Lord give me strength.

The Official begins the formal ceremony by calling out for Juan by his Japanese name...

OFFICIAL # 1

Chokichi...

The Guards urge Monica's one-eyed husband forward when he does not respond. He stands with his head bowed.

OFFICIAL # 1

Go ahead. Stamp on it.

(Juan does not move)

It's only a picture. Crush it. Do it!

Juan can not, will not, obey. One of the Guards SWATS HIM impassively with a club, pulls his head back by the hair. Looking straight at Official # 1, Juan SHAKES HIS HEAD again.

In a SERIES OF QUICK CUTS, Juan's FACE is replaced by the FACE OF MONICA...and then by the face of each of the other prisoners in the yard...EACH SHAKING THEIR HEADS in refusal.

Official # 1 SIGHS, almost inaudibly, then RISES. The others FOLLOW HIM into a hut at the far side of the yard. The tension has dissipated. The Prisoners relax a little.

Suddenly the VOICE of Official # 1 CALLS across the yard.

OFFICIAL # 1

Take them all back. But that one...

(points to Juan)

...he stays.

The Guards take three of the four prisoners to the hut. Only Juan remains behind, continuing a conversation with the Guard.

GUARD (O.S.)

It seems a pity to throw it away so lightly.

JUAN (O.S.)

Well, it's not lightly. But it does seem a pity.

It sounds as if they're talking about nothing more serious than a corn husk. Relieved, Rodrigues draws away from the window and rests his head against the cell wall.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)  
Thank you, Lord, for hearing my  
prayer.

FLIES BUZZ around his face. He SHOOS them away with his hand, then HEARS the SOUND of someone RUNNING ACROSS the prison yard. Then a kind of STEELY WHOOSHING SOUND...

...and then ANOTHER SOUND. A dull CLAP OF IMPACT. Curious, Rodrigues RETURNS to the window in time to see Juan's severed head coming ROLLING past him in the dust.

Rodrigues RECOILS. Official #1 and the Guard watch as Juan's headless body drops to the ground. There are SCREAMS from the hut as the Guard DRAGS Juan's headless body to the RECENTLY DUG HOLES in the yard and DUMPS it in. Rodrigues SHUDDERS at the sight.

Official # 1 stands in the doorway of the hut, speaking loudly now, for all to hear.

OFFICIAL # 1  
You've seen an example of what can happen. Now here is a perfect example of how to avoid that fate. Bring him out here.

Guards HAUL Kichijiro to the fumie.

OFFICIAL # 1  
Go ahead. Just put your foot there. See how easy it is for him? I admit, he's had practice. But look how simple the movement is.

Kichijiro, dressed only in a loincloth, puts his foot on the face of Christ.

OFFICIAL # 1 (cont'd)  
It's not even as hard as bowing. Is it? Is it?

Kichijiro NODS his head.

OFFICIAL # 1  
Or running. Now go! Get out of here! You see...

He addresses the Prisoners now as Kichijiro DASHES for the prison gate...through the long RIBBON OF BLOOD on the ground from Juan's body.

OFFICIAL # 1

He lived up to his obligation. We  
stand by ours.

Kichijiro vanishes into the busy street outside.

The Officials leave the hut. Guards take the prisoners back to their cell. The ordinary quiet of the yard is restored. Rodrigues stares into the bright stillness as if searching for something.

RODRIGUES

*"Eternal Lord of all things, I make my offering with Your favor and help. For Your greater service and praise, I wish and desire to imitate you in bearing all injuries and offenses..."*

The words turn to dust in his mouth. His LIPS move but no sound comes out.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)

Martyrdom. Holy martyrdom. Is that what this is?...

ON THESE LAST WORDS, CUT TO: the trail of Juan's blood in the dust of the prison yard. Then back to..

RODRIGUES (V.O.)

...what I've been preparing for? Praying for? But when I pray now I feel I'm blaspheming. And You answer with all I deserve. With silence.

His VOICE fades out, until only the SOUND of the cicadas is heard. And all that's left in the yard are the shifting shadows of the passing Guards.

CUT TO:

92

INT. INQUISITOR'S OFFICE DUSK

92

A BOWL OF HOT WATER is set in front of Inoue, who NODS in a comradely fashion to Rodrigues, seated across from him.

The Interpreter hands the priest ANOTHER BOWL OF WATER, which is HOT to the touch. Rodrigues places it on the ground. He is distracted, uneasy. Unsettled by the violence he's witnessed.

INOUE

I'm sorry I've neglected you for some days now, Padre, but I had business in Hirado. I hope you'll get to go there yourself sometime.

RODRIGUES

It must be very beautiful.

INOUE

Well, maybe more interesting than beautiful. There is an interesting story about the daimyo who ruled there. You could say life had overwhelmed him with generosity. He had four concubines. Four. They were all beautiful, but they...I'm sorry, maybe this is not a story for a celibate priest.

RODRIGUES

Please go on.

INOUE

In any case, they were beautiful, but they were all jealous, and they fought and fought without end. So the daimyo of Hirado drove them away from his castle and peace came into his life again.

(beat)

Do you think this story has a lesson?

RODRIGUES

Yes. That this was a wise man as well as a great one.

INOUE

I'm glad you see it that way because it means you see as I do. The daimyo is like Japan. And these women are Spain, Portugal, Holland, England, each whispering bad, bad lies about the other into his ear. Each trying to gain the advantage against the other and destroy the house in the process. If you think this man is wise, then you must understand why we must outlaw the Kirishitan.

RODRIGUES

Our church teaches monogamy. What if Japan were to choose one lawful wife from the four?

INOUE

You mean Portugal.

RODRIGUES

I mean the holy church.

INOUE

(laughs lightly)

Don't you think it would be better for the man to forget about foreign women and choose one of his own?

RODRIGUES

Nationality is not so important in a marriage. What matters is love and fidelity.

INOUE

Love? Padre, there are men who are plagued by the persistent love of an ugly woman.

RODRIGUES

That's what you think missionary work is?

INOUE

Well, from my point of view...our point of view...yes. What is the word for a woman who cannot bear children?

INTERPRETER

Barren.

INOUE

A barren woman cannot be a true wife.

RODRIGUES

If the Gospel has lost its way here, it's not the fault of the church. It's the fault of those who tear the faithful from their faith like a husband from a wife.

INOUE

(Quietly)

You mean me.

Rodrigues lets the question hang. Inoue doesn't seem angry.

INOUE

Padre, you missionaries do not seem to know Japan.

RODRIGUES

And you, honorable Inquisitor, do not seem to know Christianity.

Silence. They have checkmated one another. For the moment.

INOUE

Padre, there are those...there are many...who think of your religion as a curse. I do not. I see it in another way. But still dangerous.

(he rises)

I'd like you to think about the persistent love of an ugly woman. And about how a barren woman should never be a wife.

Inoue leaves, the Interpreter BOWING as he passes.

There is the sound of MOSQUITOS SWARMING just outside the door. Somewhere nearby a HORSE NEIGHS. The Interpreter looks at Rodrigues with a mixture of disbelief--that someone should have spoken to Inoue in such a way--and pity--at the prospect of the results of such talk.

Rodrigues RETURNS HIS LOOK without comment. But, finally, TAKES THE BOWL OF HOT WATER in his hands and sips from it.

CUT TO:

93 EXT. NAGASAKI STREET NIGHT 93

A procession of CHILDREN wends spiritedly down a narrow street, SINGING A SONG and CARRYING LANTERNS to various homes along the route. There is an air of celebration in the town.

CUT TO:

94 INT. NEW PRISON RODRIGUES' CELL NIGHT 94

A Guard enters the cell carrying two fresh thin straw mats. The Interpreter is with him. Rodrigues hands the Guard a bowl of uneaten fish and rice.

RODRIGUES

Give it to the others. I don't need to be fattened for the slaughter.

INTERPRETER

Why do you say that? Inoue Sama sent the extra food especially for you. It's for strength. You need strength.

RODRIGUES

Not your kind.  
(nods at new mats)  
You can take those too.

The Guard disregards him and GATHERS UP the old straw mats, replacing them with the new ones. The SOUND of CHILDREN'S VOICES singing the Urabon song drifts in from the outside.

INTERPRETER

You understand the singing, Padre?

RODRIGUES

Yes a little.

INTERPRETER

It is a song for the festival, Urabon. It is a night when everyone hangs lanterns and lights candles for our ancestors.

RODRIGUES

All Souls' Day.

INTERPRETER

What?

RODRIGUES

A feast day in the West.

INTERPRETER

Oh. Well, I hope you'll continue to be comfortable.

CUT TO:

95 EXT./INT. NEW PRISON YARD & RODRIGUES' CELL DAY 95

The woman Monica is DRAGGED BY GUARDS past Rodrigues' window.

MONICA

Padre...Padre, can you help...

At the window, Rodrigues REACHES his fingers through the small opening and TOUCHES the fingers of the terrified Monica as she is dragged toward other prisoners in the yard.

The cell door opens and the Guard deposits a fresh set of clothing on the floor.

GUARD

You make a journey today.

TIME CUT: Rodrigues carefully hides the cross Mokichi gave him in his underclothes pants.

CUT TO:

96

EXT. NAGASAKI BEACH DAY

96

RODRIGUES, bound, is helped from his horse by two Guards.

Standing stiffly, HE SEES: a GROVE OF PINES near the water. There are FIVE SAMURAI squatting by baskets and eating. A WHITE CURTAIN has been set up, strung between two of the tallest trees. Several stools are placed in front of it.

SAMURAI

Sit down. Go ahead. Better for you than a saddle, I think.

Rodrigues sits. In the distance, he can just make out the OUTLINE OF PEOPLE coming haltingly toward the pine grove.

INTERPRETER

Padre, how are you feeling today? I am sure the air must feel good, even though you are in our newest prison. It is new. It is not so bad. The old prison was very tough on the padres. Rain. Wind. Very bad.

RODRIGUES

When will Inoue Sama be here?

INTERPRETER

Oh he's not coming today. Do you miss him?

RODRIGUES

He treats me kindly. Three meals a day. Extra bedding. All so my body will betray my heart.

(MORE)

RODRIGUES (cont'd)  
That is your plan, isn't it? That's  
what you're waiting for?

INTERPRETER  
Not at all. But we are waiting for  
someone today, that's true. Inoue Sama  
wants you to meet him. He'll be here  
any moment. He's Portuguese, like  
yourself. You should have a lot to  
talk about.

RODRIGUES  
Ferreira...

The Interpreter smiles. The distant group of figures has come  
much closer. Rodrigues can just make them out: TWO SAMURAI. And  
THREE OTHERS. They are the three Christian prisoners. Monica is  
in the lead. And, STRAGGLING BEHIND THEM ALL...

...IS GARUPE. Haggard, wearing peasant clothing. Rodrigues  
struggles to contain himself.

INTERPRETER  
Is it who you expected?

RODRIGUES  
I want to talk to him.

INTERPRETER  
No hurry. It is early. Plenty of time.  
(fans himself)  
So tell me, Padre, this mercy  
Christians always talk about...what is  
it?

The procession of prisoners and their guards HALTS. GUARDS  
UNLOAD piles of straw mats from the pack animals.

RODRIGUES  
(agitated)  
Tell me where Garupe was captured.

INTERPRETER  
Oh I cannot. I must not speak about  
the business of the Inquisitor's  
office. But I can tell you...  
(leans closer)  
He knows you're alive. Because we told  
him you apostatized.

The Interpreter observes Rodrigues' shock with satisfaction.

INTERPRETER

Now...do you know what they use those mats for?

Guards WRAP the straw mats around the bodies of the three prisoners..but NOT GARUPE. One of the officials is talking seriously to him.

INTERPRETER

What could he be saying? Maybe this..." If you are a priest with true Christian charity, you must pity them. You will not let them die because you want your heaven."

Rodrigues is torn between desperation and fury as the Interpreter continues...

INTERPRETER (cont'd)

The Inquisitor promises that if Father Garupe apostatizes the three will be free. They did deny the faith in his office the other day anyway. They found it was not so difficult to take a small step onto the fumie.

RODRIGUES

If they did it, then why are you still doing this? They did what you wanted and...

INTERPRETER

(interrupting)

Oh we do not want them. Three? Remember, there are still hundreds of Christian peasants on the islands off the coast. We want the Padre to deny and be an example to them, that is all. Then all this will be over.

RODRIGUES

(praying)

*Vitam praesta puram, iter para tutum...*

INTERPRETER

Well, I hope Father Garupe's answer won't be in Latin. I wonder what he will say. Oh look...

On the beach, the prisoners have been tied securely in the straw mats and are being PRODDED WITH LANCES to board a boat that waits in the shallow water.

## INTERPRETER

Since you say mercy is the most important thing in Christianity, I hope Father Garupe agrees.

Garupe RUNS to the water's edge and SHOUTS something. An official in the boat shouts back to him.

## RODRIGUES (V.O.)

(praying; agonized)

Oh God, please. Please. Let him deny...deny...for their sake...

On the beach, Garupe TURNS AND SHOUTS toward the pine grove.

## GARUPE

Stop this! Help them!

Rodrigues tenses at the sound of his voice.

## RODRIGUES (V.O.)

Dear Lord, don't leave this to us. This responsibility You must bear.

One of the guards on the boat STICKS a prisoner with his lance, sending him into the water. The sea SOAKS the straw quickly. The man is PULLED DOWN under the waves, drowned.

## GARUPE

"Lord, have mercy! Christ, have mercy!"

And Garupe PLUNGES into the surf toward the boat.

Guards PUSH another prisoner off the boat. The prisoner SINKS like a stone. Garupe SWIMS like a man possessed of holy fury.

The guards PROD Monica over the side. She hits the water and Garupe GRABS HER. He starts to splutter a prayer, but the weight of the straw DRAGS them both down. He will not let go.

## GARUPE

Help me, God! Forgive me - !

The boat turns, deliberately BEARING DOWN as Garupe and Monica STRUGGLE to the surface...and are SMASHED by the bow of the boat. Their bodies SINK.

On shore, Rodrigues keeps staring at the water. He has risen to his feet. Tears stream down his cheeks.

The Interpreter STANDS suddenly, disgusted and angry.

INTERPRETER

This is a terrible business. Terrible!  
No matter how many times you see it.  
(MORE)

INTERPRETER (cont'd)

Think about the suffering you have inflicted on these people just because of your selfish dream of a Christian Japan. Your Deus punishes Japan. Through you. Innocent blood is flowing again. At least Garupe was clean. But you. Your spirit is weak. You have no will. You do not deserve to be called a priest.

Rodrigues stares at the relentless sea.

CUT TO:

97 EXT. NEW PRISON RODRIGUES' CELL DAY 97

The Interpreter, looking through the window of the cell door, SEES: Rodrigues, in the corner of the cell, half in shadow.

INTERPRETER

How is he today?

GUARD

Same as yesterday. Same as five days ago. No change.

INTERPRETER

Let me know.

CU: on the back of Rodrigues' head as he stares at the wall.

CUT TO:

98 EXT./INT. TIME MONTAGE NEW PRISON YARD DAY 98

The first day of August - Hassaku. From his cell, Rodrigues can see that the prison guards have opened the gate to watch a procession of VILLAGE OFFICIALS, some wearing white katabira, walk in formation down the street on their way to present themselves before the daikan. One of the officials carries a ceremonial rice offering.

99 INT. NEW PRISON RODRIGUES' CELL NIGHT 99

Rodrigues' cell, isolated in darkness--it occupies only a small portion of the wide frame, matted. It looks like a small compartment in infinity. Rodrigues, sitting on the floor of the cell, looks tiny.

CUT TO:

100 INT. NEW PRISON RODRIGUES' CELL NIGHT 100  
 Rodrigues, face in profile, as SOUNDS OF CELEBRATION drift in from outside.

CUT TO:

101 EXT. NEW PRISON YARD NIGHT 101  
 August 15th, the night of Imomeigetú, a time when people ceremonially offer their harvest to the moon. The prison guards have decorated their hut with pampas grass and are noisily enjoying some alcohol. A guard carries a table of offerings (rice cakes and vegetables) for the moon from the guard hut and places it on the ground. He and the other guards look up toward the moon. The celebration continues.

CUT TO:

102 INT. NEW PRISON RODRIGUES' CELL NIGHT 102  
 The BACK of Rodrigues' head as he MUTTERS...

RODRIGUES

His sweat became like drops of blood,  
*Eloi, Eloi, lama sabacthani...* why have  
 you forsaken me. Your Son's prayer on  
 the cross.

CUT TO:

103 INT. FACE OF CHRIST DAY 103  
 THE FACE OF CHRIST in the Evora chapel.

RODRIGUES

A cry of fear and despair. You were  
 silent. Even to Him.

CUT TO:

104 INT. NEW PRISON RODRIGUES' CELL NIGHT 104  
 Rodrigues, FULL FACE NOW.

RODRIGUES  
Why? Why have you forsaken us?  
(whispering aloud)  
Stupid. Ludicrous.

CUT TO:

105 EXT. NEW PRISON YARD DAY 105

FLASHBACK: JUAN'S BODY BEING DRAGGED by one leg through the prison courtyard, leaving a trail of blood in the dust.

105A INT. NEW PRISON RODRIGUES' CELL - NIGHT 105A

RODRIGUES  
(whispering)  
Ludicrous...you're so ludicrous

CUT TO:

106 EXT. NAGASAKI BEACH DAY 106

FLASHBACK: GARUPE, DROWNING, calling out to heaven.

GARUPE  
Lord, have mercy!

106A INT. NEW PRISON RODRIGUES' CELL NIGHT 106A

RODRIGUES  
He's not going to answer. He's not.  
Rodrigues BREAKS DOWN and laughs.

107 INT./EXT. NEW PRISON RODRIGUES' CELL NIGHT 107

At the door of his cell, watching, is the Interpreter.

GUARD  
Do you want me to let you in?

INTERPRETER  
In time.

In the cell, Rodrigues' laughter dies as it echoes in his ears. He can't understand what's happening to him, to the one thing on which he relied all his life...his faith.

CUT TO:

108 INT. NEW PRISON RODRIGUES' CELL DAY 108

WEEKS LATER: Rodrigues' hair and beard are longer. The door BURSTS open, and the Interpreter peers in at him.

INTERPRETER  
Padre, we're going.

CUT TO:

109 INT./EXT. NAGASAKI ROAD/PALANQUIN DAY 109

Rodrigues is being conveyed in a curtained palanquin. The Interpreter rides along outside.

INTERPRETER (O.S.)  
Today you'll meet someone different.

The Interpreter PARTS THE CURTAINS.

INTERPRETER  
Not the officials. Not Inoue Sama, who continues to be concerned for your well being. Someone else. Someone Inoue Sama thought might help you. Someone I think you will want to meet.

The Interpreter CLOSES the curtains again. Rodrigues HEARS children playing nearby; bells being rung by the bonzes; more SOUNDS of sawing and hammering.

CUT TO:

110 EXT. NAGASKAI ROAD/PALANQUIN DAY 110

The palanquin, with a small escort of guards, moves through the growing city toward a new temple in the near distance.

CUT TO:

111 EXT. NAGASAKI TEMPLE ENTRANCE DAY 111

As the PALANQUIN ENTERS THE FRAME. It stops and the Interpreter's HAND comes in and OPENS the curtains.

INTERPRETER  
Come along, Padre.

Rodrigues is helped from the palanquin. A Buddhist priest from the Temple of the True Pure Land sect walks past and gives him a hostile look.

INTERPRETER

The bonzes do not like you priests.  
Nevermind.

CUT TO:

112 INT./EXT. NAGASAKI TEMPLE COURTYARD SUNSET 112

The Interpreter and Rodrigues are seated comfortably. Rodrigues is wary.

INTERPRETER

What is it Padre? The incense? The  
smell of meat? Perhaps there will be  
some for you to share.

Rodrigues HEARS the SOUND OF DISTANT FOOTSTEPS. The Interpreter watches him closely.

INTERPRETER

Have you had any meat since you came  
to Japan? I don't much like the smell  
myself...

He watches the priest, amused. He knows what's coming...or,  
more precisely, who.

INTERPRETER

Have you guessed yet?

Rodrigues doesn't seem to hear him.

INTERPRETER

Have you guessed who's coming?  
(Rodrigues' face stiffens)  
This is Inoue Sama's command. And the  
other's wish...

RODRIGUES

The other?

Rodrigues looks down the long corridor off the garden, SEES: an  
old Buddhist priest. And behind him, a tall man in a black  
kimono. His eyes are down...

...until he sits in the dimming afternoon sunlight. Then he  
looks up. His expression is enigmatic. But his eyes are deep  
and dark, like coals that once glowed bright but now are burnt  
out.

RODRIGUES  
(after a silence)  
Father...I'd given up...Father  
Ferreira...

The Old Priest is on Ferreira's right, the Interpreter between them. He whispers a translation of the two priests' conversation to the Old Priest.

RODRIGUES  
Father, so long since we have met...  
Please... say...something.

FERREIRA  
What can I say to you on such an  
occasion?

RODRIGUES  
If you have pity for me... please...  
say something.

Ferreira does not reply.

RODRIGUES  
Have you been living here for long?

FERREIRA  
About a year I suppose.

RODRIGUES  
What is this place?

FERREIRA  
A temple called Saishoji. Where I  
study.

Rodrigues looks steadily at the older priest.

RODRIGUES  
I also am in a prison somewhere in  
Nagasaki. Where precisely it is I do  
not know myself.

FERREIRA  
I know it.

RODRIGUES  
(quietly)  
You were my teacher. You were my  
confessor...

FERREIRA  
I am much the same.

CUT TO:

113 EXT. INQUISITOR'S OLD PRISON YARD NIGHT 113

1633. A pale face in a vast darkness: Ferreira. Covered in sweat. His blazing blue eyes showing signs of pain and terrible struggle.

What little is visible of his body seems rigid, and not just with fear. It seems to be in conflict with gravity itself. At war outside itself as well as within.

And this is why.

The ANGLE of the scene seems to PIVOT. Ferreira's world seems literally to turn UPSIDE DOWN. But the world is not out of balance. It is Ferreira himself.

He is bound and SUSPENDED UPSIDE DOWN over a pit just visible in GLIMMERS of light at the edges of this foul place.

A TEAR RUNS from his eye...down his CHEEK...where it JOINS a thin TRICKLE OF BLOOD from the side of his head.

A O.S. VOICE belonging to the INQUISITOR INOUE speaks softly.  
WE DO NOT SEE HIS FACE.

INOUE  
I am only asking you to take the path  
of mercy. Abandon yourself. Do a  
single, simple thing.

Ferreira's head moves slightly. Perhaps a nod of assent.

INOUE  
(continuing)  
Once you understand. Completely.  
Beyond a doubt. You will agree. It is  
the only way. Tell me then, Padre.  
Tell me you agree.

Yes. Ferreira NODS his head: yes.

INOUE  
Good. You take this unnecessary burden  
from us both.

CUT TO:

114 EXT. INQUISITOR'S OLD PRISON YARD NIGHT 114

A HAND comes into frame, placing a fumie with a sacred image on metal on the dusty ground.

Ferreira, TREMBLING, stands over it.

INOUE

Now show me. With only a step.

Ferreira hesitates.

INOUE

Not because your body is weak. Show me how strong you are. Show me your new heart. With just one step. Step on your Jesus.

Ferreira RAISES his right foot, then brings it down on the fumie. Ferreira collapses on the ground on top of the fumie, shuddering as if his soul has abandoned him.

CUT TO:

115 EXT. NAGASAKI TEMPLE COURTYARD SUNSET 115

Back to the present. Ferreira looks at the younger priest solicitously.

FERREIRA

Do I really seem so different?

INTERPRETER

The honorable Sawano spends his day writing. About astronomy.

FERREIRA

At Inoue Sama's order. There is great knowledge here, but in medicine and astronomy much remains to be taught. I'm happy to help. I'd like to show you the lenses and telescope the physician Albrecht just brought us. They're very beautiful.

Rodrigues stares at him incredulously.

FERREIRA (cont'd)

It's fulfilling to finally be of use in this country.

Rodrigues notices that Ferreira is SPEAKING so that the Interpreter and the Old Priest CAN HEAR.

RODRIGUES  
Then you are happy, Father?

FERREIRA  
I said so.

The Old Priest looks IRRITABLE AND IMPATIENT at the course of this conversation. The Interpreter intervenes.

INTERPRETER  
(interrupting)  
Mention the other book you're writing.

Rodrigues notices that Ferreira HESITATES.

INTERPRETER (cont'd)  
It is called *Kengiroku*. It shows the errors of Christianity and refutes the teachings of Deus. Do you understand the title?

Rodrigues searches Ferreira's face for some sense of shame...even embarrassment. Ferreira lowers his eyes.

INTERPRETER  
Tell him.

FERREIRA  
(quietly)  
It means *Deceit Disclosed*. Or *Unmasked*, if you prefer a more florid reading. His Lordship the Inquisitor has read the manuscript. He praises it. He says it is well done.

Rodrigues is stunned. He SHAKES HIS HEAD in denial.

INTERPRETER  
It's the truth.

RODRIGUES  
You use the truth like poison.

INTERPRETER  
What a funny thing for a priest to say.

Rodrigues LOOKS AGAIN at Ferreira, who CAN'T MEET HIS EYES.

RODRIGUES

It's cruel, worse than any torture.  
To twist a man's soul this way.

Ferreira TURNS HIS FACE AWAY from Rodrigues...but Rodrigues thinks he glimpsed the trace of a tear in Ferreira's eye. Perhaps this man he revered above all others has not changed so thoroughly after all. The Old Priest continues to look on everyone like a stone Buddha.

INTERPRETER

I think you must be speaking of  
yourself, Padre. Not of Sawano Chuan.

RODRIGUES

Who?

INTERPRETER

Him. He is Ferreira only to you. He is Sawano Chuan now. A man who has found peace. Let him guide you along his path. The path of mercy. That means only that you abandon self. No one should interfere with another man's spirit. To help others is the way of the Buddha and your way too. The two religions are the same in this. It's not necessary to win anyone over to one side or another when there is so much to share.

(to Ferreira)

Go on.

FERREIRA

I've been told to get you to abandon  
the faith.

He turns his head so Rodrigues can SEE a scar behind his ear.

FERREIRA

This is from the pit. You are tied so  
you can't move then hung upside down  
and the incision is made. You feel the  
blood running down your cheek drop by  
drop. So it doesn't run to your head  
and you won't die too soon.

INTERPRETER

It was Inoue Sama's idea. It's  
practiced from Nagasaki all the way to  
Edo. You're the last priest left here  
now, Padre. I'm sure Inoue Sama would  
be pleased to put an end to the pit.

(MORE)

INTERPRETER (cont'd)

He is only a practical man, Padre, he is not a cruel one.

Ferreira leans in. He still speaks quietly, but his tone is becoming increasingly emphatic.

FERREIRA

I have been in this temple for a year. I have labored in this country for fifteen years. I know it better than you. Our religion does not take root in this country.

RODRIGUES

Because the roots have been torn up!

FERREIRA

No!

Ferreira's tone has changed. He speaks now with resolution, almost with vehemence. There is no trace of the tear Rodrigues thought he saw only moments before. The light has returned to his eyes.

FERREIRA (cont'd)

Because this country is a swamp. Nothing grows here. Plant a sapling here and the roots rot.

RODRIGUES

There was a time when Christianity grew. And flourished.

FERREIRA

When?

RODRIGUES

In your time, Father. Before you became like...

FERREIRA

Like who? Like them? Rodrigues, please listen. The Japanese only believe in their *distortion* of our gospel. So they did not believe at all. They never believed.

RODRIGUES

How can you say this? From the time of Saint Francis Xavier, through your own time, there were hundreds of thousands of converts here.

FERREIRA

Converts? Francis Xavier came here to teach the Japanese about the son of God. But first he had to ask how to refer to God. "Dainichi" he was told. And shall I show you their Dainichi.

He POINTS to the sky...to the setting sun.

FERREIRA

(softly)

Behold...there is the sun of God. God's only begotten sun. In the scriptures Jesus rose on the third day. In Japan, the sun of God rises daily. The Japanese cannot think of an existence beyond the realm of nature. For them, nothing transcends the human. They can't conceive of our idea of the Christian God.

RODRIGUES

You're wrong! They worship God Our Lord. They praise the name of Deus!

FERREIRA

That's just another word for a god they never knew.

RODRIGUES

I saw men die for Deus! They were on fire with their faith!

FERREIRA

Faith in the wrong god! Their god, not ours! And where does our church...your church...consign believers in the wrong God? Your martyrs may have been on fire, Father, but it was not with faith.

RODRIGUES

No! I saw them die! Those people did not die for nothing!

FERREIRA

Indeed not. They're dying for you.

RODRIGUES

And how many did you save when you crushed the image of Our Lord? How many beside yourself?

FERREIRA

I don't know. Certainly not as many as you may help.

In the background, there is the SOUND of bells and the priests chanting sutras.

RODRIGUES

You're only trying to justify your own weakness. God have mercy on you.

FERREIRA

Which god? Which one?. We say...  
"Mountains and rivers..."

(stops)

I'm sorry. You haven't learned the language thoroughly, have you. There's a saying here. "Mountains and rivers can be moved. But man's nature cannot be moved." It's very wise, like so much here. We find our original nature in Japan, Rodrigues. Perhaps it's what's meant by finding God.

RODRIGUES

You are a disgrace, Father. I can't even call you that any more.

FERREIRA

Good. I have a Japanese name now. And wife. And children. I inherited them all from an executed man.

He gets up and WALKS INTO THE LENGTHENING SHADOWS of early evening. The Old Priest follows him. Rodrigues watches him go with a growing sense of helplessness. If Ferreira gave up his faith, what hope can there be for him?

The Interpreter STARES at him with such fixity that he seems to be reading his mind.

CUT TO:

116

INT./EXT. NAGASAKI TEMPLE HALL/COURTYARD SUNSET

116

As Rodrigues and the Interpreter walk back toward the waiting palanquin. The Interpreter gives Rodrigues time to weigh the experience of seeing and hearing Ferreira.

INTERPRETER

Well? How do you feel? He has shown you the path of mercy.

(MORE)

INTERPRETER (cont'd)

I hope you take it. Just a single step  
can set you on your way.

RODRIGUES

Why don't you just hang me in the pit?

INTERPRETER

The Inquisitor feels it is better to have you accept our teaching...our country...our life...on your own. It's better if you see reason for yourself.

RODRIGUES

Well, it can't be helped then.

CUT TO:

117 INT. NEW PRISON RODRIGUES' CELL DAY 117

The door OPENS, revealing Rodrigues huddled on the floor. Morning light shines in from the outside, illuminating the figure of a LARGE MAN, naked to the waist. The sight of him fills Rodrigues with a sharp sense of dread.

The LARGE MAN deftly TIES Rodrigues' hands behind his back. The knots cut.

LARGE MAN

You're an animal. You stink like animal flesh.

He YANKS the priest to his feet.

CUT TO:

118 EXT. NAGASAKI CROWDED STREET DAY 118

Rodrigues is seated with hands tied in the saddle of a spindly horse. He is in the midst of a small procession moving through a crowd.

RODRIGUES

Where are you taking me now?

INTERPRETER

To the Inquisitor's office.

Once the people in the crowd were curious. Contemptuous. Now they are openly hostile. They PRESS FORWARD. Guards have to HOLD THEM BACK.

INTERPRETER

So, Father, you see how they respect you.

(MORE)

INTERPRETER (cont'd)

You came here for them, and they all  
hate you. You're useless, completely  
useless.

RODRIGUES

There are some here who may be praying  
in the silence of their hearts.

At that moment a clod of mud STRIKES Rodrigues on the back.

INTERPRETER

And there is the answer to their prayers. There may be people in this crowd who were Christians once. But are there any now?

RODRIGUES

Christian martyrs died for these people. Father Ferreira never mentioned *them*. He's weak, and he's trying to make me weak.

INTERPRETER

He's done fine, don't you think?

RODRIGUES

We'll see.

INTERPRETER

Are you really looking forward to it, Father? I hear doubt in your words of defiance.

RODRIGUES

Insult me all you want. You'll only give me more courage.

INTERPRETER

You'll need it. Tonight. You'll apostatize tonight. You're a good man, Padre, and you cannot stand suffering. Your own. Or others.

CUT TO:

119 INT. INQUISITOR'S OLD PRISON CELL NIGHT 119

And two words: LAUDATE EUM. Rodrigues' fingers moves across the Latin words cut directly into the wall of this new cell, a place so hellishly filthy it makes his previous cells seem like fine inns.

His hands stay on the crude letters. They are shaking. A tear rolls down his cheek. He is terrified. Of what he is sure awaits him. And of how he may act when the inevitable finally comes to him. He prays for strength--and out of despair.

RODRIGUES

God help me, Jesus help me, I hear no voice but Ferreira. He knows what I fear.

(MORE)

RODRIGUES (cont'd)

In the garden, You said "My soul is sorrowful even unto death," and the drops of sweat on Your brow were like blood. I would bleed for You. I would die for You, if I knew You. Are You here?

There are SOUNDS from the nearby cells.

RODRIGUES

You were the joy of my life. Now I am afraid of You. What can I do to feel your love for me again?

The sounds from nearby cells continue. They unsettle Rodrigues even more, although they are strange, hard to identify: sometimes they sound like groans, other times like snores and, still at other times, like animal sounds.

He covers his ears...but now, along with the other sounds, is the NOISE of a SCUFFLE in the hall. And SHOUTING. This is a voice he knows, and does not want to hear. Kichijiro.

120 EXT. INQUISITOR'S OLD PRISON YARD NIGHT 120

OUTSIDE THE CELL: GUARDS ARE PUSHING KICHIJIRO AWAY.

KICHIJIRO

I'm a Christian! I'm a Christian!

GUARD

Liar! You're just like us!

KICHIJIRO

Hit me! I don't care!

GUARD

Get out of here I said!

KICHIJIRO

(in English now)

Padre! Forgive me! I came to make confession!

The Guards advance on Kichijiro.

121 INT. INQUISITOR'S OLD PRISON CELL NIGHT 121

INSIDE THE CELL: Rodrigues can plainly hear Kichijiro being beaten and pulled away as he cries out...

KICHIJIRO (O.S.)

Forgive me! Forgive me, Padre!

Slowly...even reluctantly...Rodrigues pulls his hands away from his ears. He silently utters the words of absolution and makes the sign of the cross.

The strange NOISES grow even louder, more emphatic.

Rodrigues is near breaking. He starts to BEAT ON THE WALL with the flat of his hand.

RODRIGUES

Stop it! Stop that noise! Help!

The Interpreter comes to the door of the cell.

RODRIGUES

No! Down there! There's a man in agony and the guard's sound asleep and snoring like a wild dog.

INTERPRETER

You think that noise is the guard?

He turns to Ferreira, who stands behind him half in shadow.

INTERPRETER

Incredible. Sawano...tell him. Say what it is.

Ferreira steps into the cell almost like an apparition.

FERREIRA

It's not the guard. And it's not snoring. It's moaning. It's Christians. Five of them in fact. All hanging in the pit.

Rodrigues is stunned. The sounds seem to be even louder now, piercing his soul.

FERREIRA (cont'd)

Have you found the words on the wall? "*Laudate Eum.*" "Praise him." I cut them there with a stone. When I was in this cell, like you. Do you think you are the only one who doubted? The only one who called on God's help and love and got only silence in return?

RODRIGUES

Be quiet! You have no right to speak to me!

FERREIRA

I do because you are just like me. You see Jesus in Gethsemane and believe your trial is the same as His. Those five in the pit are suffering too, just like Jesus, but they don't have your pride. They would never compare themselves to Jesus. Do you have the right to make them suffer? I heard the cries of suffering in this same cell. And I acted.

RODRIGUES

Don't try to excuse yourself! That is the spirit of darkness disguised as light!

FERREIRA

What would you do for them? Pray? And get what in return? Only more suffering. A suffering only you can end. Not God.

RODRIGUES

Go away from me!

FERREIRA

I prayed too. It doesn't help. Go on. Pray.

Two Guards enter the cell and yank Rodrigues to his feet.

FERREIRA (cont'd)

But pray with your eyes open.

Rodrigues is handled roughly, and CRIES OUT in pain. His cry is MIXED WITH the sounds from outside, which are...

CUT TO:

122 EXT. INQUISITOR'S OLD PRISON YARD NIGHT (PRE-DAWN) 122

...the AGONIES of FIVE CHRISTIANS strung up, upside down, over a gaping pit of offal and filth. Blood drips slowly from behind their ears. They moan in pain and desperation.

The Interpreter and Ferreira stand on either side of the stunned Rodrigues. He has never been so close to their suffering, and the sight of it is like a mortal wound.

FERREIRA

You can spare them. They call out for help, just as you call to God. He is silent. But you do not have to be.

RODRIGUES

God help me, they should apostatize...  
(yelling at them)  
Apostatize! *Korobu! Korobe!*

FERREIRA

But they have apostatized. Many times over. They are here for you, Rodrigues. As long as you don't apostatize they cannot be saved.

RODRIGUES

(desperate)  
They are suffering now but they will receive their reward in heaven.

FERREIRA

Don't make a mockery of those beautiful words. You're only trying to hide your fear. Do you really believe what you said?

RODRIGUES

I believe!

FERREIRA

You believe in yourself! You set yourself above them. It's your salvation that obsesses you, not theirs. You dread to be the dregs of the church, like me. Is that your way of love? A priest should act in imitation of Christ. If Christ were here...

He quiets for a moment, calming himself. The MOANS from the pit continue. Ferreira resumes in a strong, rational voice.

FERREIRA (cont'd)

If Christ were here He would have acted. Apostatized. For their sake. Christ would certainly have done at least that to help men.

RODRIGUES

(covering his face with his hands)

(MORE)

RODRIGUES (cont'd)  
No, no....Christ is here. I just can't  
hear Him.

FERREIRA  
Can you love? Can you love as God  
commands?

Rodrigues cannot answer.

FERREIRA  
Show God you love Him. Save the lives  
of the people He loves.

The Interpreter steps forward CARRYING THE FUMIE, which he  
places on the ground before Rodrigues.

FERREIRA  
There is something more important than  
the judgement of the church....you  
will never do anything more important  
than this...

Ferreira puts his arms around Rodrigues.

FERREIRA  
You are now going to fulfill the most  
painful act of love that has ever been  
performed.

Rodrigues stands over the fumie. The image of Christ stares up  
at him.

FERREIRA  
(a voice of quiet command)  
Courage.

Ferreira moves aside.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)  
"Let this cup pass from me."

Rodrigues leans down and picks up the fumie, holding it close  
to his face.

The fumie is sticky with dirt and blood, the image of Christ  
grimy with the marks of many feet. But the picture is familiar.  
Rodrigues looks upon it.

He presses the fumie to his face, then places it back on the  
floor. From somewhere nearby he HEARS...

INTERPRETER

(gently)

It's only a formality. Just a formality.

Rodrigues now has his foot over the fumie.

As Rodrigues looks down, the face of Christ CHANGES TO: his beloved IMAGE OF CHRIST FROM THE EVORA CHAPEL.

CUT TO: Rodrigues' face, also CHANGING. Is this a sign? The sign he has been waiting for? He HEARS JESUS, speaking to him-- at last--with gentle understanding.

VOICE OF JESUS (V.O.)

Come ahead now. It's all right. Step on Me. I understand your pain. I was born into this world to share men's pain. I carried this cross for your pain. Step.

RODRIGUES

(in a whisper)

Oh Jesus....

VOICE OF JESUS

Your life is with Me now. Show Me your love.

And his foot touches the fumie...the beautiful face he loved from the Evora chapel...the face he loved most in the world.

His foot seems to sink through the picture, into the ground, pulling Rodrigues down, absorbing him, subsuming him....

...past his ankle...past his leg...until he is on his knees, on top of the picture of Christ. On the unyielding ground.

He is sobbing. The ground is solid.

Ferreira, the Interpreter and the guards all watch silently.

At the window of the Inquisitor's office across the courtyard, Inoue TURNS AWAY, satisfied.

After a moment, the Interpreter SIGNALS and the Guards start to remove the Five Christians from the pit.

Only the CROWING of a rooster at the approaching dawn breaks the silence.

FADE TO:

123 EXT. NAGASAKI RODRIGUES' STREET AND HOUSE NIGHT 123

ONE YEAR LATER. It is the festival of URABON again. And, once again, children dash through the streets, swinging LANTERNS in the slowly falling darkness, singing the holiday song.

From the window of a small house, Rodrigues watches them play. He is DRESSED IN A KIMONO. His hair is pulled back and tied. Some of the children shout to him in Japanese "Apostate Paul". He can't hear it. He smiles. The smile is sad. But all the tension has gone from his face. The pain has vanished.

FERREIRA (O.S.)  
Christian. Not Christian.

RODRIGUES (O.S.)  
Christian, obviously.

CUT TO:

124 INT. NAGASAKI INQUISITOR'S OFFICE DAY 124

Rodrigues sits at the end of a long table opposite Ferreira. They sift through an assortment of objects raided from Japanese homes. Japanese OFFICIALS supervise closely. \*

And passing over each of them is the watchful, sardonic eye of Inoue.

FERREIRA  
Not Christian.

Rodrigues takes a framed picture from Ferreira and PEELS AWAY \*  
the fine ink drawing to reveal an ICONIC IMAGE of St. Lawrence. \*  
Over this we hear the voice of a physician and author, DIETER  
ALBRECHT.

DIETER ALBRECHT (V.O.)  
TBD

Rodrigues hands him back the picture without further comment.

DIETER ALBRECHT (V.O.)  
TBD

The priests continue to sift through the objects on the table.

DIETER ALBRECHT (V.O.)

TBD

They look up from their work only occasionally and always avoid each other's eyes.

DIETER ALBRECHT (V.O.)

"The Inquisitor Inoue's authorities would raid homes and seize objects of possible Christian significance. The two priests were required to examine these things and verify their use."

CUT TO:

125

EXT. DEJIMA DUTCH WAREHOUSE DAY

125

A yard bustling with commercial activity. Clerks scribble in ledgers as goods are presented for their review. In a corner of the yard, two burly workers are weighing sugar, pepper and exotic skins on huge scales. In the midst of all this, Ferreira and Rodrigues, under the usual close supervision, are seated like two bureaucrats opposite one another at a long table, examining more objects for signs of devotional value. Watching all this himself is a man in his early 30s, almost exactly Rodrigues' age, in European dress, making careful notes and sketches in a diary.

DIETER ALBRECHT (V.O.)

TBD

This is DIETER ALBRECHT. He has bright, worldly eyes and an expression of continuous, consuming fascination with everything around him.

DIETER ALBRECHT (V.O.)

"Our ships were searched to warrant we were not smuggling religious objects. Even my surgical knives and bleeding bowl were closely examined. Neither foreign coins nor anything bearing the images of the cross, a saint, or rosary could pass.

DIETER ALBRECHT continues to watch carefully and makes his notes as the priests continue their work.

CUT TO:

126 EXT. DEJIMA DUTCH WAREHOUSE DAY

126

Same day. Albrecht hovers watchfully in the background. Under a \* broad blue-striped canopy, Rodrigues turns out the pockets of a pair of sailor's trousers, feels something in the pocket lining: he removes a cross. Ferreira holds out his hand and Rodrigues hands it over. Other CLERKS regard them with bemused contempt. Rodrigues looks away from them as the Japanese scornfully dispose of the cross.

DIETER ALBRECHT (V.O.)

TBD

FERREIRA

We were taught to love those who scorn us.

RODRIGUES

I feel nothing for them.

FERREIRA  
 (shrugs)  
 Only Our Lord can judge your heart.

Ferreira turns away, a guard staying close behind him.

RODRIGUES  
 You said "Our" Lord.

FERREIRA  
 I doubt it.

Ferreira walks away, not looking back.

DIETER ALBRECHT (V.O.)  
 "When Sawano Chuan died, the other  
 priest assumed his duties and  
 performed them with distinction."

Ferreira passes Dieter Albrecht, who catches his eye.  
 Ferreira's expression gives nothing away. And then he is gone.

DIETER ALBRECHT (V.O.)  
 "By this time, I observed he had  
 acquired considerable skill with the  
 language, and seemed, I must tell you,  
 to be at peace with his situation."

CUT TO:

127 INT. INQUISITOR'S OFFICE DAY 127

LATE AUTUMN. Rodrigues before Inoue, who treats him with  
 scrupulous politeness as he warms his hands over a brazier.

INOUE  
 I have good news. A man has died in  
 Edo. Okada San'emon. You will take his  
 name just as it is.

RODRIGUES  
 Thank you.

INOUE  
 He had a household. And a wife. You  
 can take her as your wife. A man works  
 best when he is not alone.

RODRIGUES  
 Of course.

INOUE

(beat)

You know, Okada...does that sound strange to you?

RODRIGUES

Not as much as I thought.

INOUE

(faint smile)

On Ikitsuki and Goto there are still many farmers who think themselves Kirishitan. Do you like that? They can continue to do so. You may take some satisfaction in that.

(Rodrigues bows his head)

The roots are cut.

RODRIGUES

Nothing grows in a swamp.

INOUE

(nods; beat)

Japan is that kind of country. It can not be helped. The religion of the Kirishitan you brought us has become a strange thing. It's changed. You were not defeated by me. You were defeated by this swamp of Japan.

CUT TO:

A127 EXT. EDO RODRIGUES' HOUSE IN CHRISTIAN RESIDENCE DAY A127

Daily activity at the Christian Residence compound.

128 INT. EDO RODRIGUES' HOUSE IN CHRISTIAN RESIDENCE DAY 128

Rodrigues, ten years older, sits cross-legged on the floor, working at a writing table. He is closely observed by an official. The room is small and spare--an area that would be close and crowded when his entire household is present. It's almost like a large cell without bars. His wife sews quietly nearby.

DIETER ALBRECHT (V.O.)

Okada San'emon lived in Edo for the remaining years of his life....

(TBD)

CUT TO:

129 INT. EDO RODRIGUES' HOUSE IN CHRISTIAN RESIDENCE DUSK 129

Rodrigues accepts a cup of tea with a nod of thanks to...Kichijiro, who waits while Rodrigues sips the tea.

KICHIJIRO

I heard the Inquisitor sent his men for you. Was there trouble? \*

RODRIGUES

They were only here to make sure I wrote the *korobi shomon*. My latest oath of renunciation. Thank you. \*

KICHIJIRO

You have nothing to thank me for.

RODRIGUES

For being here with me.

KICHIJIRO

(carefully)  
Padre...

RODRIGUES

No no. Not any more. I'm a fallen priest.

KICHIJIRO

But you're the last priest left. You could still hear my confession.

RODRIGUES

No. I can't.

KICHIJIRO

I still suffer for what I did, Padre. I betrayed you, I betrayed my family. I betrayed our Lord. Please....hear my confession...

As Rodrigues WATCHES him with sympathy, WE HEAR...

RODRIGUES (V.O.)

Lord, I fought against Your silence.

CUT TO: Kichijiro, BOWING his head.

CUT TO: Rodrigues, LOOKING at him.

CUT TO: Kichijiro, head still bowed as Rodrigues believes HE HEARS HIM SAY...

VOICE OF JESUS (V.O.)

I suffered beside you. I was never silent.

Kichijiro's lips have not moved. His head remains bowed.

Cut back to: Rodrigues, REACHING OUT his hand and resting it gently on top of Kichijiro's head. When he speaks it is to answer the voice he is sure he has heard.

RODRIGUES

I know. But even if God had been silent, my life...to this very day...everything I do...everything I've done...speaks of Him. It was in the silence that I heard Your voice.

And he begins the words of the sacrament as WE HEAR...

DIETER ALBRECHT (V.O.)

"The Inquisitor continued to insist on periodic examinations of all suspected Christians."

CUT TO:

130 EXT. EDO RODRIGUES' HOUSE IN CHRISTIAN RESIDENCE YARD DAY 130

Rodrigues, in his fifties, his adopted wife and household, as well as Kichijiro, are lined up before officials and guards. A fumie lies before them on the ground. One by one, the members of the household step forward and stamp upon it.

DIETER ALBRECHT (V.O.)

TBD

Guards RIP an amulet from around Kichijiro's neck as other members of the house look on in mute terror.

DIETER ALBRECHT (V.O.)

"In the year sixteen hundred and sixty-seven a religious image was discovered inside an amulet belonging to a servant called Kichijiro."

CLOSE ON: the amulet, as a guard opens it. Inside is a picture of Saint Paul and, on its reverse side, the image of Saint Francis Xavier and an angel.

DIETER ALBRECHT

"The servant said he had won it gambling, had never looked inside, and could never have gotten the amulet from Okada San'emon since he was always under guard. The servant Kichijiro was never seen again."

Rodrigues' lips move silently. No one but Kichijiro notices.

DIETER ALBRECHT (V.O.)

"After that, Okada San'emon himself was carefully watched. But I must relate to you, Fathers, that he never acknowledged the Christian God. Not by word or symbol. He never spoke of Him and never prayed. Not even when he died."

CUT TO:

131 INT. EDO RODRIGUES' HOUSE IN CHRISTIAN RESIDENCE/BEDCHAMBER 131

Rodrigues is dead at 71. His wife is watched by guards. His wife approaches. Rodrigues' body is in a coffin shaped much like a barrel.

DIETER ALBRECHT (V.O.)

"Three guards stood watch over the coffin until it could be taken away. Just to be certain. Only his wife was briefly allowed to view the body. There was no indication that she wept."

The wife folds Rodrigues' hands carefully across his chest, as if she is concerned something will fall from between them.

CUT TO:

132 EXT. EDO RODRIGUES' HOUSE IN CHRISTIAN RESIDENCE DAY 132

As Rodrigues' body is carried from the house in the coffin.

CAMERA follows the coffin on a bier (kandai) forward, coming close as we hear...

DIETER ALBRECHT (V.O.)

"The body was treated in the Buddhist  
manner."

...and we...

DISSOLVE TO:

133 EXT. BURIAL SITE/CREMATION DAY

133

...CAMERA still moving with the coffin as it slides into the flames of a crematory fire....

...through the flames... CAMERA still moving...

...revealing Rodrigues' body, immaculately arranged, hands across his chest. CAMERA moves up toward his hands as the flames burn and start to consume the body.

DIETER ALBRECHT (V.O.)

"And he was given a posthumous Buddhist name. I believe you will have to accept, Fathers, that he was lost to God."

As the flames rise, CAMERA CLOSES on Rodrigues' hands...

DIETER ALBRECHT (V.O.)

"But as to that, only God can answer."

...revealing Mokichi's beautiful hand-carved cross from Goto clutched between them. The flames are fierce. We are very close to the cross and hands now. And the cross bursts into flame.

Its light fills the screen.

END