

# "WITNESS"

by

Earl W. Wallace

William Kelley

Pamela Wallace

EXT. LANCASTER COUNTY, PA. COUNTRYSIDE , DAY

TITLE SEQUENCE

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

EXT. COUNTRY LANE , DAY

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

EXT. COUNTRY LANE , DAY

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

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

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

ANOTHER LANE

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

## VALLEY

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

## BARNYARD

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

## EXT. LAPP FARMHOUSE , FRONT PORCH

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

## INT. LAPP FARMHOUSE

The coffin has the upper half open. We see that the corpse has been dressed in white linen, a piece of white linen partially covering the bearded face.

## END TITLE SEQUENCE

## INT. LAPP FARMHOUSE

Partitions have been removed, making the central rooms of the farmhouse a spacious hall. The place is packed, a hundred-fifty or more Amish, all sitting in absolute silence on rows of wooden benches. A wooden coffin rests on a bench in the f.g., and near it the close relatives of the deceased occupy a special Place.

## RACHEL LAPP

A young woman of perhaps twenty-seven. Her face is pale and drawn.

In happier circumstances, although there haven't been too many of late in Rachel's life, we would see a robust, sensual woman of full figure, spirit and intelligence.

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

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

## THE MOURNERS

Their faces...

## CLOCK

As it begins to CHIME nine a.m.

## FAVORING PREACHER

As he removes his hat. As one, the men in the congregation remove their hats also.

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

## SUBTITLES OVER.

### PREACHER

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

## THE FAMILY

Where Rachel, Samuel and Eli are SITTING - SOUNDS of emotion and grief not quite suppressed are heard throughout as:

### PREACHER

...husband of Rachel, father to  
Samuel, son of Eli.

(and)

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

TIGHTENING to the Lapps, and...

EXT. CEMETERY

The mourners have gathered about the grave, standing in silence as four pallbearers are lowering the coffin into the pit. The many buggies are aligned in the b.g.

As the pallbearers begin to shovel soil and gravel into the grave, the Preacher begins to read a hymn in German... a slow atonal litany which seems to hang forever on the frosty air.

RACHEL

TIGHTENING to her as the hymn continues...

CUT TO:

INT. LAPP FARMHOUSE

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

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

RACHEL

Where she sits among women, accepting their condolences.

DANIEL HOCHSTETLER

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

STOLTZFUS

Lapp was a good farmer. None better.

BEILER

But not the man to buy a horse for you.

(and)

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

TOM

(grins)

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

HOCHSTETLER

(amused)

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

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

RACHEL

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

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

HOCHSTETLER

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

RACHEL

I'm sure he does, Daniel.

FIELDS, LAPP FARM , DAY

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

tasks associated with the work in hand.

Daniel works close beside Rachel.

EXT. COUNTRY ROADS, LANCASTER COUNTY , DAY

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

EXT. HIGHWAY, LANCASTER COUNTY , DAY

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

EXT. PLATFORM, LANCASTER STATION , DAY

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

RACHEL

Daniel?

HOCHSTETLER

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

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

HOCHSTETLER

You will come back soon?

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

SAMUEL

Quickly, Mother Quickly!

Rachel embraces Eli.

ELI

You be careful out among them English.

She turns to Hochstetler.

RACHEL

I need time, Daniel.

EXT. CARPARK, LANCASTER STATION , DAY

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

EXT. TRAIN , DAY

The ENGINE gives a WARNING BLAST before creeping slowly forward.

INT. TRAIN (MOVING)

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

SAMUEL

Look, Mama...!

HIS POV THROUGH WINDOW

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

BACK TO SCENE

As Rachel smiles.

RACHEL

I see, darling.

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

EXT. LANCASTER COUNTRYSIDE , DAY

The train moves across a broad panorama of fields, dotted

with dolls'-house-sized farms and the tiny figures of Amish farmers working their horse-drawn equipment.

## SERIES OF CUTS

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

## EXT. PHILADELPHIA SLUMS

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

## INT. TRAIN (MOVING)

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

SAMUEL

Is this where we're going?

RACHEL

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

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

## INT. 30TH ST. STATION, PHILADELPHIA , DAY

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

SAMUEL

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

## ANGLE

As Samuel comes upon a figure garbed in a long black frock coat and flat-brimmed hat... the man's back is turned, could, from appearances, be an Amishman.

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

## SAMUEL

As he reacts.

## BACK TO TICKET COUNTER

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

## RACHEL

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

## TICKET SELLER

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

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

## ANGLE IN MEN'S ROOM

As Samuel enters.

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

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

## HIS POV , TOILETS

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

## BACK TO SCENE

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

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

They advance on the young man with unmistakable menace.

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

## ANGLE IN SAMUEL'S STALL

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

## BACK TO FIGHT

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

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

PARTNER

Jesus...

The young man's hand comes away from his belly covered with blood.

He stares at it, staggers toward the sinks. Finally his bloodied hand reaches to smear at his face in the mirror. Then he collapses to the floor.

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

the dispenser.

#### ANGLE IN SAMUEL'S STALL

As he edges open the stall door a crack. Over his shoulder we can see the black man, his BACK TO US, rifling the backpack. But beyond him, in the mirror on the far wall, we catch sight of the black man's face.

#### SAMUEL

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

#### ANGLE IN STALL

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

#### BLACK MAN

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

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

#### HIS POV , STALLS

All quiet, but...

#### BACK TO SCENE

The black man whips out a .38 caliber revolver, and, starting at the near end, starts pushing open the stall doors.

#### ANGLE IN SAM'S STALL

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

#### BLACK MAN

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

#### ANGLE IN SAM'S STALL

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

BLACK MAN

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

ANGLE IN SAM'S STALL

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

ANGLE

As his partner snaps from the doorway:

PARTNER

Will you come on, for Christ's sakes!

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

BACK TO SAMUEL

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

HIS POW THROUGH DOOR

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

BENCH WAITING ROOM , LOW ANGLE , NIGHT

Samuel sits close to his mother, his face pale, his eyes staring.

Rachel holds his hand tightly in hers as the torsos of various

police and officials pass through foreground, occasionally obscuring the lonely couple. There is considerable ECHOING NOISE as commands and requests mingle with the CRACKLE OF TWO-WAY RADIOS.

CUT TO:

DOOR , MEN'S' ROOM

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

CUT TO:

BENCH

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

BOOK

You found the body?

CUSTODIAN

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

BOOK

What kid?

CUSTODIAN

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

TIGHT SHOT , SAMUEL

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

BOOK'S LEGS , SAMUEL'S POV

Coming in at full stride, then stopping.

SAMUEL

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

ANGLE , BOOK

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

BOOK

Hi, kid.

RACHEL

Immediately alarmed, intervening.

RACHEL

What do you want of my son?

THE SCENE

As Book takes out his wallet, displays his shield.

BOOK

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

RACHEL

Samuel. Samuel Lapp.

(then, quickly)

But what happened here is none of his affair. My sister is expecting me... our train is leaving soon.

BOOK

There'll be another train.

(turns to Samuel)

The man who was killed tonight was a policeman, Sam. It's my job to find out who did it. I want you to tell me everything you saw when you went

in there.

SAMUEL  
(stammers)  
I saw him.

BOOK  
Who'd you see?

Sam looks at his mother.

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

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

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

BOOK  
Anybody know about this?

CARTER  
I didn't even know about it.

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

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

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

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

SAMUEL

Not Zwartich, like him ,

Book frowns, puzzled:

BOOK

Try that one again, Sam ,

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

RACHEL

May I talk to you?

ANGLE

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

RACHEL

Zwartich. It's the way we say...  
dwarf.

(glances at Carter)

Not like him... very big.

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

BOOK'S POV , ONCOMING COPS

It's Capt. TERRY DONAHUE, Chief of Homicide, striding past the crowd of journalists and TV crews... brushing off reporters' questions and snapping orders to the aides he's got in tow:

BACK TO SCENE

AS DONAHUE COMES ON BOOK:

DONAHUE

(to aides)

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

(to Book)

And I want to talk to you, Captain.

ANGLE

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

BOOK

All right, talk.

DONAHUE

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

BOOK

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

(then)

I've got a call into Schaeffer.

RACHEL / SAMUEL

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

SAMUEL

(alarmed)

Momma... are they angry with us.

RACHEL

(reassuring, but hardly in her own mind)

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

Donahue has lost the confrontation; he gives Book a smile:

DONAHUE

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

BOOK

(smiles right back)

I'll buy a dog.

EXT. 30TH ST. STATION , NIGHT

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

BOOK

Go get a cup of coffee, Stan.

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

INT. SEDAN

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

SCHAEFFER

How reliable is this kid?

BOOK

Oh, he's good.

SCHAEFFER

Amish.

BOOK

Yeah.

SCHAEFFER

What have you got?

BOOK

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

SCHAEFFER

So one of them got to him.

BOOK

Maybe.

SCHAEFFER

You know who?

BOOK

Maybe.

SCHAEFFER

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

BOOK

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

SCHAEFFER

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

BOOK

The Amish boy saw him, Paul. I'll make it, but Set Donahue and the Homicide Department off my back or they'll blow the whole thing.

SCHAEFFER

When word gets out that Zenovitch was a cop, all hell will break lose. You've got 24 hours. That's all I can give you. 24 hours on your own. After that the case and the witness go back to the Homicide Department.

SCHAEFFER

(shakes his head)

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

BOOK

What's-her-name moved to Buffalo.

SCHAEFFER

(sighs)

Well, anyway, don't get crazy.

(dismisses him)

I'll do something for Zenovich's wife.

INT. BOOK'S CAR (MOVING) PHILADELPHIA , NIGHT

Book drives around 13th Street, a ravaged corridor between neon lit restaurants, bars, porno shops and darkened storefronts.

Carter sits beside him, Rachel and her son in the back seat looking out at the assorted array of desperate characters huddled in doorways or wandering aimlessly about. On the POLICE RADIO a description of the cop killing is BROADCAST EVERY FEW MINUTES.

CARTER

I got there late, John.

BOOK

Let's just find Coalmine.

(beat)

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

,

CARTER

(grimly)

It won't happen again.

RACHEL

Where are you taking us?

BOOK

We're looking for a suspect. We've reason to believe he's still in the area.

RACHEL

You have no right to keep us here.

BOOK

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

RACHEL

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

BOOK

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

RACHEL

It's not a joke.

Book decides to try contrition:

BOOK

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

Samuel shoots a look at Book then mutters something to his mother in German. She responds in the same language. Book frowns.

BOOK

What was that?

RACHEL

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

Book eyes Samuel:

BOOK

Book. John Book

EXT. 13TH ST. STATION , NIGHT

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

INT. BOOK'S CAR , NIGHT

Book lowers the window.

BOOK

Sammy, where's Coalmine?

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

SAMMY

What you got there, the Salvation Army?

BOOK

Coalmine.

SAMMY

Try "Happy Valley".

EXT. HAPPY VALLEY BAR, SOUTH STREET , NIGHT

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

INT. HAPPY VALLEY , NIGHT

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

EXT. HAPPY VALLEY , NIGHT

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

As Book and Carter escort Coalmine out of the bar a police squad car pulls up, its headlights shining into Book's car. An alarmed Rachel holds Samuel close as Book forces Coalmine's face down next to the car window.

BOOK

Put some light on him.

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

BOOK

(continuing; to Samuel)

Look at him.

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

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

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

RACHEL

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

Book sighs, starts the engine and moves off.

EXT. HOTEL , PHILADELPHIA , NIGHT

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

INT. CAR , NIGHT

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

DOORMAN

Ma'am?

RACHEL  
No! We do not stay in hotels.

Book and Carter exchange a glance.

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

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

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

BOOK  
Sorry. It's important.

BACK TO RACHEL

As she glances in a doorway.

HER POV , ELAINE'S KITCHEN

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

BACK TO RACHEL

As she hustles Samuel along.

BOOK / ELAINE

Book frowns:

BOOK  
Where's Timmy and Buck?

ELAINE  
Upstairs, asleep. Where'd you think?

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

ELAINE

That's none of your goddamn business!  
So keep your goddamn holier-than-thou  
mouth shut!

(and)

Anyway, they like Fred.

BOOK

Oh sure, Fred.

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

ELAINE

Who are these orphans, anyway?

BOOK

They're Amish.

ANGLE IN GUEST ROOM

Samuel is asleep in one twin bed in a tiny, cluttered room.

Rachel, in a plain nightgown, is preparing to climb into the other one.

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

ELAINE

Everything okay?

RACHEL

Yes, thank you very much.

ELAINE

(a beat)

John said you're Amish.

RACHEL

Yes.

ELAINE

(blankly)

Oh.

She nods and goes.

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

SAMUEL

I don't want to stay here.

RACHEL

They are English. They don't understand.

SAMUEL

I wish dawdie was with us.

RACHEL

(swallows)

I know. Sleep now, Liebchen.

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

EXT. DRIVE-IN FAST-FOOD JOINT , PHILADELPHIA , DAWN

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

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

EXT. ELAINE'S HOUSE , DAY

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

INT. ELAINE'S HOUSE

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

ANGLE

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

gasps, Fred manages to grunt.

FRED  
Wrong door, kid.

#### ANOTHER ANGLE

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

#### ANGLE IN LIVING ROOM

As Rachel appears in the living room entry. Samuel is sitting on the floor with two boys of about his own age, watching television.

They're eating cold cereal out of a box.

#### RACHEL'S POV , TV SCREEN

Some artless Saturday morning cartoon.

#### BACK TO RACHEL

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

#### ANGLE IN LIVING ROOM

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

#### HER POV , KIDS

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

#### BACK TO ELAINE

As she stares.

#### ANGLE IN KITCHEN

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

Elaine appears.

ELAINE  
(mutters)  
Jesus...

Rachel turns cheerily.

RACHEL  
Good morning.

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

RACHEL  
I wanted to. you were kind to take  
us in last night.  
(and)  
Anyway, I needed something to do. I  
was so angry with your brother. He's  
so... agaanishish!

ELAINE  
Aganishish? Yeah, that sounds like  
John.

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

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

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

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

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

ELAINE

Oh, is that so?

(and)

No offense, lady, but I'm not so sure I like the idea of your coming in here and turning the place upside down!

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

RACHEL

Please, I didn't mean...

Abruptly Elaine rises and snatches the mop from Rachel's hands.

She mops furiously as she Continues:

ELAINE

I know exactly what you meant! Listen, maybe I'm not a world-class housefrau, but maybe I don't have time to polish the goddamn china and keep after the kids!

(and)

It's none of your business, but I don't happen to have a man around here full time. So I sell cosmetics in a goddamn drugstore and sometimes I can even pay the rent on time! So maybe I'm not Mary Poppins, but maybe I don't need to have it jammed down my throat like this.

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

ELAINE

There is that clean enough for you?

Rachel is speechless, Elaine is on the point of bursting into tears. At which point Fred appears at the entry in his undershirt, taking in the sparkling kitchen.

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

Not a politic observation on Fred's part.

ELAINE  
(blurts)  
Go to hell, Fred!

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

FRED  
What's bugging her?

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

INT. ELAINE'S BEDROOM

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

RACHEL  
I brought your coffee.

She takes a seat next to the bed.

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

After a moment, Elaine starts to pull herself together:

ELAINE  
It's okay.  
(and)  
Look, I shouldn't have blown my top.  
It's like... somehow... I've let  
everything get away from me. And you  
sort of made me face it.

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

ELAINE  
What's so funny?

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

ELAINE  
(disparing)  
God, Fred...

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

ELAINE  
No? Why not?

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

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

Rachel smiles.

RACHEL  
Okay.

INT. BOOK'S CAR (MOVING) , DAY

Book glances irritably at Rachel:

BOOK  
Now what's the problem?

RACHEL  
The problem is I don't happen to

think my son should be spending all his time with a man who carried a gun under his coat and goes around whacking people.

Book gives her a look:

BOOK  
Whacking?

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

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

RACHEL  
We do not go into your courts.

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

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

BOOK  
Look, I'm genuinely sorry...

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

much.

BOOK  
They kid a lot.

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

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

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

Book says nothing.

RACHEL  
But not a good tired.

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

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

INT. IDENTIFICATION ROOM , POLICE H.Q. , DAY

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

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

Samuel grins, nods imperceptibly.

ANOTHER ANGLE

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

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

EXT. CITY PARK , DAY

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

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

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

BOOK  
No.

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

Book gives her a look:

BOOK  
Oh? Anything else?

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

Book is staring at her. Rachel nods.

RACHEL  
I think that's what she said.

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

RACHEL  
Good appetite.

CUT TO:

INT. OUTER OFFICE/WAITING ROOM, NARCOTICS DIVISION , DAY

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

Rachel cranes forward trying to peer through a partially open door.

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

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

CUT TO:

JOHN BOOK

Standing in the doorway, holding little Samuel by the hand.

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

INT. SMALL OFFICE, NARCOTICS DIVISION , DAY

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

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

KAMAN

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

Book gets up and moves to the door.

KAMAN

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

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

INT. DETECTIVES ROOM, NARCOTICS DIVISION , DAY

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

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

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

ANGLE THROUGH GLASS CASE

As Samuel moves along, only half interested in what his eyes  
are taking in, not really old enough to comprehend anyway.

Until suddenly he freezes.

SAMUEL'S POV , NEWSPAPER ACCOUNT

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

BACK TO SAMUEL

He stares, transfixed.

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

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

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

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

RACHEL

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

BOOK

(snaps)

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

(eases up)

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

Rachel shakes her head.

RACHEL

But why would they murder...

BOOK

Because , somehow , they knew I was getting close.

(and)

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

(and)

And they can get away with it because they're cops.

RACHEL

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

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

She says nothing.

Another beat, then:

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

He glances at her, but she continues ahead.

BOOK  
I mean it. You will be safe.

Suddenly Rachel explodes:

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

CUT TO:

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

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

INT. SCHAEFFER'S STUDY , NIGHT

Schaeffer passes Book a drink.

Book is excited, animated... the hunter, after a long chase,

closing on his quarry:

BOOK

It was McElroy, Paul.

Schaeffer gives him a sharp look:

BOOK

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

SCHAEFFER

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

BOOK

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

(and)

It fits, Paul... Fifty-five gallons of P2P confiscated four years ago... Guess who was in on the collar? Mac.

(excited, explaining the thing eagerly)

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

(and)

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

SCHAEFFER

(beat)

Who else knows?

BOOK

Just us.

SCHAEFFER

(shakes his head)

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

BOOK

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

SCHAEFFER

(nods)

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

(then)

I hate this shit, Johnny. You cut their balls off for me. I'm counting on you.

Schaeffer pours himself another drink.

SCHAEFFER

What's your first move?

BOOK

(expels a breath)

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

EXT. PARKING LOT , PHILADELPHIA , NIGHT

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

WHAT HE SEES

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

BACK TO BOOK

Freezing, eyes widening. Utterly surprised and caught.

MCELROY

Still smiling, he brings up his right hand out of a shopping bag (which he appeared to be carrying) , letting the shopping bag fall away as he does so , revealing a five-inch barrel

Smith and Wesson .357 blue finish revolver with a silencer. Without hesitating, coming right on, still smiling, he FIRES once.

BOOK

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

MCELROY

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

BOOK

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

MCELROY

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

He smiles at them.

BOOK

Down, muttering CURSES.

THE SCENE

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

BOOK

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

SCHAEFFER (V.O.)

Who else knows?

BOOK (V.O.)

Just us.

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

## ANGLE

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

MAN

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

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

## BOOK'S WOUND

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

## THE SCENE

As the man stares:

MAN

Goddamn, buddy. You better get to a hospital!

(and)

Here; I'll give you a hand.

He starts to approach, but Book shoves him away.

BOOK

No! No hospital!

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

WIFE

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

But the man is not content:

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

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

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

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

MAN  
Shit!

WIFE  
(quavering)  
I told you, Henry!

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

EXT. STREET , PHILADELPHIA , NIGHT

As Book's car wheels somewhat erratically through traffic.

INT. BOOK'S CAR (MOVING)

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

INT. CARTER'S APARTMENT , BEDROOM , NIGHT

As he's awakened by the RINGING bedside telephone. He snaps on a lamp... He's instantly awake, not unused to such rousing in the wee hours. A woman sleeps beside him.

CARTER

Yeah...

INTERCUT BOOK

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

BOOK

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

CARTER

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

BOOK

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

CARTER

(alarmed)

Johnny, what the fuck?

BOOK

(hard)

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

There's a stunned silence at the other end.

BOOK

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

CARTER

(beat)

I hear you.

BOOK

(nods)

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

INT. GUEST ROOM, ELAINE'S HOUSE , NIGHT

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

ELAINE

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

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

EXT. BATHROOM DOOR

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

BOOK (V.O.)

Put my car in the garage and close  
the door.

ELAINE

John, I don't understand any of this.

BOOK (V.O.)

(snaps)

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

ELAINE

John, why?...

BOOK

(shouts)

Just do it!

INT. BATHROOM

Book looks at himself in the mirror, his face is pale and  
drawn.

He examines the wound, a cleanly drilled hole through his right side, just under the rib cage. The wound continues to bleed as he binds a towel tightly about him, before putting his shirt back on.

He then carefully wipes away any traces of blood on basin with tissues which he flushes down the toilet.

INT. BOOK'S CAR (MOVING)

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

RACHEL

Where are you taking us now?

BOOK

Home.

RACHEL

You couldn't wait until morning?

Book gives her a look.

RACHEL

(insistent)

What happened?

But Book, glancing in his rearview mirror, tenses.

HIS POV , MIRROR

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

BACK TO SCENE

Rachel eyes Book warily.

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

RACHEL

You said we would be safe in Philadelphia.

BOOK  
I was wrong.

Rachel looks away, speaks almost sarcastically, MUTTERING.

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

INT. PHILADELPHIA POLICE HEADQUARTERS , BOOK'S OFFICE ,  
NIGHT

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

INSERT

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

BACK TO SCENE

ANGLE

A couple of plainclothesmen have paused outside the door to  
give him a look. Meets their eyes. They move on.

Carter shakes it off, goes. And...

CUT TO:

INT. CAR (MOVING)

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

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

EXT. LAPP FARM

HIS POV , BOOK'S CAR

Coming up the long drive.

BACK TO SCENE

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

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

ANGLE AT CAR

As Rachel steps out of the passenger's side, Book remains seated.

He lets his eyes travel around the farm.

RACHEL

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

BOOK

I can't.

RACHEL

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

Book starts the engine:

BOOK

(grimly)

There isn't going to be one.

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

ANGLE

As Eli crosses to Rachel, his arm around Samuel.

ELI

Who was that man?

RACHEL

His name is John Book.

Eli is about to inquire further when Samuel cries:

SAMUEL  
Momma , look.

They glance in the direction Samuel is looking.

THEIR POV , BOOK'S CAR

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

BACK TO RACHEL

She stares...

CUT TO:

EXT. FIELD , DAY

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

EXT. STABLES , DAY

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

ANGLE AT BOOK'S CAR

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

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

BOOK  
No, no doctor...

RACHEL  
(bewildered)  
But why?

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

RACHEL  
But ,

Book reaches up to grip her arm fiercely:

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

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

She reaches out, touches him gently.

But the moment is broken by...

ANOTHER ANGLE

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

ELI  
Is the English dead?

RACHEL  
No...

ELI  
Looks dead...

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

INT. LAMP FARMHOUSE

Where Eli is looking out a window.

HIS POV , BUGGY

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

#### ANGLE IN BEDROOM

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

Eli appears in the doorway.

ELI  
Stoltzfus is coming.

Rachel looks at him, nods.

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

ELI  
That has no place in this house.

RACHEL  
I know.

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

RACHEL  
It will go when he goes.

#### INT. LIVING ROOM

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

RACHEL  
Thank you for coming, Stoltzfus.

Stoltzfus's eyes have gone to the bed:

STOLTZFUS  
That's the English is it?

#### INT. SICKROOM , TIGHT

As Stoltzfus runs his fingers lightly over the vicinity of

Book's wound:

STOLTZFUS (O.S.)

I feel... burning.

WIDER

As Stoltzfus, in his shirt sleeves and concentrating mightily, moistens his fingertips with saliva, continues the examination.

Finally he steps back.

STOLTZFUS

This man should be treated in town.

(indicates)

The bullet entered there... and came out there. But there is the danger of infection, and he has lost a great deal of blood.

Rachel looks at Stoltzfus, then turns away, torn by her dilemma.

Her eyes fall on Samuel. Gently she ushers him from the room:

RACHEL

Go help Levi with the car, Samuel.

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

RACHEL

No, he must stay here.

Stoltzfus gives Eli a puzzled look. And:

ELI

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

RACHEL

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

ELI

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

RACHEL

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

(then)

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

Rachel beseeches them helplessly:

RACHEL

What else can we do?

EXT. LAPP DRIVE

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

RACHEL

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

INT. LAPP FARMHOUSE LIVING ROOM

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

STOLTZFUS

Make a poultice... three parts milk, two parts linseed oil... for the infection.

I'll send Mary by with some teas I will brew myself.

RACHEL

Thank you.

Stoltzfus turns to Eli:

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

ELI  
(nods)  
As you see fit, Stoltzfus.

CUT TO:

INT. SICKROOM , LAPS FARM , NIGHT

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

Book's brow is beaded with sweat.

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

She begins to apply the poultice.

ANGLE

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

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

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

RACHEL  
(soothingly)  
Yes, much better...

ANGLE

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

She finds herself wondering about this man lying before her,

so suddenly a part of her life. She notices details; bruises, scars, the knuckles are hard, grazed, a tattoo on one shoulder. While lost in this reverie, the delirious Philadelphia policeman begins to mutter. Incoherently at first, then the words take shape , swear words; curses; fuck this and that; shit; etc. Rachel rises abruptly, her cheeks coloring, as the barrage of language pours from his mouth. She beats a hasty retreat closing the door swiftly behind her.

INT. SCHAEFFER'S OFFICE , DAY

He's on the phone:

SCHAEFFER

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

INT. LANCASTER COUNTY SHERIFF'S OFFICE , DAY

Where an UNDERSHERIFF is on the phone:

UNDERSHERIFF

...want to help any way we can, Chief, but you got to understand we've got upwards of seven thousand Amish over here.

And that's just Lancaster County.

INTERCUT SCHAEFFER

Who is trying to control his impatience:

SCHAEFFER

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

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

UNDERSHERIFF

How about an address?

SCHAEFFER

Ah... no.

UNDERSHERIFF

(frowns)

Maybe a road or route number?

SCHAEFFER

Sorry.

The Undersheriff is not impressed.

UNDERSHERIFF

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

(and)

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

ANGLE

Schaeffer is tight-lipped with contained fury:

SCHAEFFER

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

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

ANOTHER ANGLE

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

CUT TO:

EXT. LAPP FARM , DAY

A bright, sunny afternoon.

SAMUEL

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

Visitors.

## ANGLE IN SICKROOM

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

## BOOK'S POV , CLERGY

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

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

## ANGLE

Another moment of silence, then Book opens his eyes.

Tschantz rumbles in German.

## SUBTITLES OVER.

### TSCHANTZ

Well, Stoltzfus, another Lazarus to your credit.

### STOLTZFUS

He was touched by God's hand.

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

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

### RACHEL

Hello.

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

### BOOK

(closing his eyes)

Who are they?

RACHEL

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

BOOK

Can I have something to drink?

Rachel brings him tea.

BOOK

Does anybody know I'm here?

RACHEL

Only the elders.

BOOK

How long?

RACHEL

What?

BOOK

How long have I been here?

RACHEL

Two days.

BOOK

(a beat)

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

RACHEL

(frowns)

But you can't.

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

RACHEL

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

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

STOLTZFUS

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

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

BOOK

Tell him his tea stinks.

RACHEL

(smiles)

You tell him. When you're able.

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

RACHEL

(from the door)

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

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

INT. LAPP LIVING ROOM , DAY

As the rather worrisome Hershberger frowns:

HERSHBERGER

...but a gunshot wound. Very serious.

TSCHANTZ

It is not the first time we have done this. In the Engischer war of the revolution, old Elmer Miller's

grandfather took in gunshot English  
soldiers.

(a tad of pride)  
Saved them, too.

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

ERB

Still, he should be among his own  
people.

Rachel enters on this last.

RACHEL

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

Hershberger gives her a gloomy look, turns to Stoltzfus:

HERSHBERGER

How long will that be, Stoltzfus?

STOLTZFUS

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

EXT. BOOK'S SISTER'S HOUSE , PHILADELPHIA , DAY

Schaeffer is knocking at the front doors. A beat, then Elaine  
opens it cautiously, peers out.

ELAINE

(half fearfully)  
Did you find him?

SCHAEFFER

Not yet.

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

ELAINE

Then go away, you bastard.

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

SCHAEFFER

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

ELAINE

(bitterly)

He accused John of taking kickbacks. And you know , anybody who knows John , knows that's a goddamn lie!

SCHAEFFER

(smoothly)

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

ELAINE

(cuts in)

Better you should get off my front porch before I get my mace!

SCHAEFFER

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

ELAINE

(clipped)

I don't know where he is.

SCHAEFFER

But... if you had to guess?

ANOTHER ANGLE , SCHAEFFER'S CAR

McElroy watching.

THEIR POV , FRONT DOOR

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

INT. SCHAEFFER'S CAR

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

MCELROY  
She say where he is?

SCHAEFFER  
I don't think she knows.

Schaeffer is staring grimly ahead.

SCHAEFFER  
What about Carter?

MCELROY  
Tight. But I'm working on him.

SCHAEFFER  
Lean on him.

EXT. LAPP FARM , LANCASTER COUNTY , NIGHT

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

INT. SICKROOM

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

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

ANGLE

Book's big .38 revolver lies holstered atop his folded clothes.

Fascinated, Samuel picks it up, admiring the heavy burled pistol grips. Unable to resist, he starts to remove the weapon from the holster, then pauses to steal a look. OFF SCREEN...

BOOK

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

BOOK

Give me that.

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

BOOK

Come here.

The boy edges closer.

BOOK

You ever handle a pistol like this, Samuel?

SAMUEL

(swallows)

No pistol. Ever.

BOOK

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

SAMUEL

(grins)

Okay, Mr. Book.

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

He finally hands it over to Samuel, butt first.

BOOK

Call me John.

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

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

BOOK

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

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

RACHEL

(snaps)  
Samuel!

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

RACHEL

Wait for me downstairs.

Samuel quickly exits, and Rachel angrily advances on Book.

RACHEL

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

BOOK

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

RACHEL

It's not the gun. Don't you  
understand... It's you. What you  
stand for.

(and)

That is not for Samuel.

Book looks at her thoughtfully.

Rachel softens a bit:

RACHEL

Please, it has nothing to do with you personally.

He hands her the holstered gun and the loose bullets.

BOOK

Put it up someplace Samuel can't get it.

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

BOOK

Friends?

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

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN , LAPP FARMHOUSE , NIGHT

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

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

ELI

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

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

ELI

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

A beat, then Samuel musters some defiance.

SAMUEL

I would only kill a bad man.

ELI

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

SAMUEL

I can see what they do.

Now he meets Eli's eyes:

SAMUEL

I have seen it.

Eli expels a deep sigh; then:

ELI

And having seen, you would become one of them?

(intent... gesturing)

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

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

ELI

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

ELI

(indicating pistol;  
continuing from  
Corinthians 6:17)

"And touch not the unclean thing!"

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

EXT. WASHHOUSE , NEAR KITCHEN , NIGHT

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

EXT. BARN , LAPP FARM , DAY

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

INT. BOOK'S BEDROOM , DAY

Book stands at the window in a worn robe. Below, through the window, we can see Samuel and Eli in the barnyard. A beat, then Book crosses impatiently back to his bed, sits down, picks up a dog-eared copy of *The American Dairyman*. There's a stack of well-thumbed farm magazines and copies of *The Budget* (the Amish newspaper) on the bedside table.

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

RACHEL

Enjoying your reading?

BOOK

Very interesting. I'm learning a lot about manure.

(eyes the clothing)

What's that?

RACHEL

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

She passes the clothes to Book.

BOOK

Your husband's?

RACHEL

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

She continues, cheerfully.

RACHEL

I should tell you these do not have buttons.

(shows him)

See? Hooks and eyes.

BOOK

Something wrong with buttons?

RACHEL

Buttons are Hochmut.

BOOK

Hochmut?

RACHEL

Vain. Proud. Such a person is Hochmutsnarr. He is not plain.

BOOK

(nodding)

Anything against zippers?

RACHEL

(almost blushing)

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

BOOK

Quaint? Can't imagine why.

She smiles.

BOOK

Where's the nearest telephone?

RACHEL

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

BOOK

No. I'd want a public phone.

Rachel's face clouds.

RACHEL

Well... the store at Salzburg...

(then briskly)

But you won't be going to Salzburg for a while.

BOOK

I'm going this morning.

RACHEL

But Stoltzfus said...

BOOK

(cutting in)

I know what he said.

RACHEL

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

Rachel turns to leave when Book calls her back.

BOOK

Rachel.

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

BOOK

Thanks.

She smiles and leaves.

EXT. FARMHOUSE , DAY

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

ELI

Hurry up now, John Book!

INT. KITCHEN , DAY

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

Book looks self-conscious, even a little sheepish.

Outside another SHOUT from Eli.

RACHEL

You'd better go.

Book looks embarrassed.

BOOK

My... eh... gun?

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

BOOK

The... bullets?

RACHEL

Oh. The bullets.

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

BOOK

(attempting a joke)

Not much good without them.

INT. BUGGY , COUNTRY ROAD , DAY

Samuel sits between Eli and Book. Both men stare straight ahead.

Eli looks particularly stern. It's pretty clear he doesn't like this Englishman wearing the clothes of his faith.

EXT. AMISH ONE-TEACHER-SCHOOL , DAY

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

INT. STORE , SALTZBURG

Book on the telephone waiting for his call to be answered. He looks about him , several Amish and Dithers mingle in the shop.

Book has gotten a coke from a machine, seems a bit self-conscious so he sips at it surreptitiously... A voice comes on the line; it's that of Book's partner.

CARTER

Yeah?

A silence.

BOOK

It's me.

CARTER

Johnny! Where the hell have you been?

BOOK

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

CARTER

(low, urgent)

Too hot. Don't do it. Don't come in.

BOOK

I'm coming.

CARTER

Listen, Johnny, don't do anything

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

A beat as Book considers that.

CARTER  
(edgily)  
You hear me?

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

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

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

BOOK  
Where I'm at is maybe 1890.

CARTER  
(uncomprehending)  
Say again?

BOOK  
Make that 1790.

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

INT. BARN , DAY

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

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

ELI

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

Book is genuinely apologetic.

BOOK

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

ELI

Maybe milking.

BOOK

(eyes Eli)  
Milking?

ELI

Cows. You know, cows?

BOOK

I've seen pictures.

ELI

Good, you start tomorrow.

INT. BOOK'S ROOM , LAPP FARM , NIGHT

Where Book lies asleep. A beat, then Eli comes in carrying a lamp.

He pauses a moment to peer at the sleeping figure with undisguised anticipation. Then he gives him a jarring thump:

ELI

(briskly)  
Veck oufl. Time for milking.

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

INSERT WATCHFACE

It reads 4:30 a.m.

BACK TO BOOK

As he stares at it in disbelief.

INT. BARN

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

SAMUEL

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

BOOK, ELI

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

ELI

Good, firm twist and pull, eh?

(and)

Right. Now you try it.

Book gives him a look, takes over the milking stool. The cow shoots him a rather skeptical look over her shoulder. Book bends to his task.

ELI

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

BOOK

(grimly)

Not one this big.

Eli unexpectedly finds this hilarious, cackles, gives Book a comradely, man-of-the-world thump on the shoulder that jars him.

Then he moves off. Book bends to his task, and...

ANGLE , RACHEL

Grinning, giggling, covering her mouth with one hand.

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

EXT. BARN

As the milk herd is released back into the pasture. Book crosses into the f.g., stares OFF SCREEN.

BOOK'S POV , HORIZON

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

BACK TO BOOK

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

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

EXT. LAPP FARMHOUSE , DAY

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

ANGLE , THE BARN

Eli and Book standing in one of the open doorways, looking in.

INT. THE BARN

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

But he allows Samuel to lead him out.

BOOK, ELI

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

off his feet.

BOOK  
(alarmed)  
Careful, son ,

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

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

ANGLE

Samuel gives the shaken Book a look:

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

BOOK  
(still shaken)  
You don't say.

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

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

CUT TO:

EXT. FIELD NEAR FARMHOUSE , DAY

Book collects the pieces of the birdhouse which his car knocked down the day of his attempted departure. He pauses as a figure approaches. We recognize Daniel Hochstetler, Rachel's would-be suitor. He heads for Book with an outgoing smile and outstretched hand. Here's a likable man who likes people.

HOCHSTETLER

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

BOOK

I thought I was the English.

HOCHSTETLER

English, Yankee. It's the same. My name is Daniel. Daniel Hochstetler.

(sizes up his clothes)

You look plain, Book.

(grinning)

Very plain.

Book is not particularly amused.

HOCHSTETLER

I came to see Rachel Lapp.

BOOK

Try the house.

Hochstetler gives Book a powerful clap on the shoulder.

HOCHSTETLER

(genially)

You bet. you take care of yourself.

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

ANGLE

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

And Hochstetler doesn't miss it either.

Then she gives her suitor a genuine smile of welcome.

HOG PENS

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

## HIS POV , THE BACK PORCH

Where Rachel and Hochstetler are sitting in a porch swing, sharing a pitcher of lemonade.

## BACK TO BOOK

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

## BOOK

Pigs.

## INT. CARPENTRY SHOP, LAPP FARM , DAY

Book works on repairing the broken birdhouse when Rachel enters.

## BOOK

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

## RACHEL

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

## BOOK

Oh?

(and)

What happened to Hochstetler?

## RACHEL

We had some lemonade and he left.

## BOOK

A real fireball.

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

## RACHEL

You know carpentry?

BOOK

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

RACHEL

What else can you do?

BOOK

(really annoyed)

I can whack people. I'm hell at whacking.

RACHEL

Whacking is not of much use on a farm.

BOOK

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

RACHEL

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

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

RACHEL

Tonight I'll let out those trousers for you.

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

CUT TO:

INT. LAPP FARMHOUSE , DINING ROOM

Eli is seated at the head of the table, Book opposite Samuel and Rachel. The table is piled high with an incredible amount of food.

Eli eyes Book cagily, waves his fork at him:

ELI

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

BOOK

Guess I'm not used to so much.

ELI

(snorts)

Not used to hard work. That's what makes an appetite.

Book swallows that one. With difficulty. Rachel intervenes:

RACHEL

Eli, John is a carpenter.

(conciliatory  
afterthought)

As well as being a fine policeman.

ELI

Eh? Well then, maybe he can go to Zook's barn-raising, eh? See how good a carpenter.

Book can't refuse the challenge.

BOOK

Sure.

RACHEL

But... You may not be well enough.

BOOK

I'll drink some more of Stoltzfus' tea.

EXT. / INT. BARN , NIGHT

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

He glances up as she enters:

BOOK

Hi...

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

RACHEL

(beat)

When will you be going?

BOOK

Not long... A few days.

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

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

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

BOOK

You like it... Don't you?

Rachel, confused, protests:

RACHEL

No... You just stop ,

But she doesn't really want to. Book grins:

BOOK

(mock alarm)

Next thing you know you'll be off drinking beer and racing motorcycles.

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

ANGLE , THE BARN DOOR

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

ELI  
Rachel!

## THE SCENE

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

ELI  
(in the dialect)  
What is this? This Myusick?

Book hesitates, then starts to say something:

BOOK  
It's not her fault. I ,

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

ELI  
(in the dialect)  
How can this be? How can you do such a thing? Is this plain? Is this the ordnung?

RACHEL  
I have done nothing against the ordnung.

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

RACHEL  
I have committed no sin.

ELI

(in English)

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

(tone softening... in  
the dialect)

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

RACHEL

That is idle talk.

ELI

(in English, pleading)

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

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

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

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

RACHEL

I am not a child.

ELI

(suddenly stern again)

You are acting like one!

RACHEL

I will be the judge of that.

ELI

(fierce as a prophet)

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

RACHEL  
(blinking a tear now,  
but meeting his gaze)  
You shame yourself.

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

INT. SCHAEFFER'S OFFICE , NIGHT

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

SCHAEFFER  
You know where he is.

CARTER  
Wrong.

SCHAEFFER  
You'd lie to protect him.

CARTER  
(cool)  
Probably.

Schaeffer snaps around, glares at him.

SCHAEFFER  
You admit you're lying?

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

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

CARTER  
(sighing)  
He's got my number.

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

CHUCKLES as he begins:

SCHAEFFER

It's funny. I know he's hiding  
somewhere with the Amish, I know it.

(a quick glance at  
Carter)

Can you imagine John Book at a prayer  
meeting? Our John Book?

Schaeffer CHUCKLES again, looks hopefully again at Carter.

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

SCHAEFFER

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

(he nods his head, as)

Tell me what you know...

CARTER

What I know, Paul, is...

(nodding his head)

He's going to take you out...

EXT. LAPP FARM , LANCASTER COUNTY , DAY

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

HIS POV , BUGGY

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

BACK TO BOOK , INT. / EXT. BARN

As he goes into the barn.

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

Book starts to talk gently to the animal:

BOOK

All right, you nasty son of a bitch,  
we're going to be friends whether  
you like it or not.

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

ANGLE

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

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

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

ANOTHER ANGLE

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

RACHEL  
(surprised)  
Well...

Book turns, grins with some pride of accomplishment!

BOOK  
Won him over just like that.

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

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

BOOK  
Later.

And we...

EXT. ZOOK FARM , LANCASTER COUNTY , DAY

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

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

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

LAPP BUGGY

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

ELI

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

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

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

HOCHSTETLER

Book! Good to see you!

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

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

And Book realizes it as well.

HOCHSTETLER

Eli says you're a carpenter, Book.

BOOK

It's been a while.

HOCHSTETLER

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

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

RACHEL

Good luck.

BOOK / HOCHSTETLER

As they move off.

HOCHSTETLER

Your hole is healed, then?

BOOK

(gives him a look)

Pretty much.

Hochstetler nods with satisfaction:

HOCHSTETLER

Good. Then you can go home.

DISSOLVE TO:

CUTS

As the morning progresses:

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

...or, indeed, by Rachel; in fact, she seems , without leaning on it too heavily , to be measuring the two men as the morning progresses, and she occasionally passes within proximity of them.

...Eli and a couple of other elders prowling the job with

sheaves of hand-drawn sketches under their arms, supervising the construction. All around them the structure is rising with remarkable rapidity.

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

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

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

Until...

## BIG SHOT

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

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

## WOMEN'S AREA

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

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

MRS. YODER

Everyone has an idea about you and the English.

RACHEL

All of them charitable, I'm sure.

MRS. YODER  
Hardly any of them.

ANGLE , THE ROOFBEAM

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

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

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

Book stares at Hochstetler with nothing short of awe.

Hochstetler, straining and grinning, looks to Book:

HOCHSTETLER  
Nail it!

BOOK  
Yes, sir.

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

DISSOLVE TO:

BIG SHOT

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

ANGLE ON BOOK

He hesitates. His face is pale and covered with sweat. The exertion of the day has taken its toll. He's in danger of fainting and is some forty feet above the ground. But he's determined it won't happen, determined that he won't fall, nor will he humiliate himself by calling for help. Hochstetler

guesses the situation. He moves beside Book, claps an arm about him, says nothing, doesn't even look at Book. From below, someone TELLS them to hurry up.

Hochstetler shouts:

HOCHSTETLER  
We admire our work!

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

EXT. ZOOK FARM , LANCASTER COUNTY , EVENING

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

CONGREGATION

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

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

CUT TO:

EXT. LAPP FARM , NIGHT

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

EXT. PORCH , TARP FARMHOUSE , NIGHT

Book takes a seat in a chair, SIGHS, looks toward the night sky.

There is a SOUND, but it's a moment before he turns his eyes toward the door.

ANGLE , THE DOOR

Samuel standing there in his nightshirt.

BACK TO SCENE

As Book leans forward in his chair.

BOOK

Hey, Sam...

SAMUEL

...I want to say a thing.

BOOK

(sitting up)

What's that, Sam?

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

ANGLE , BOOK

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

BOOK

Same to you, Sam.

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

ANOTHER ANGLE , BOOK

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

BOOK

Sam?

No answer. Book steps inside, pulls the door shut behind

him, moves down-the corridor toward the kitchen.

INT. LAPP WASHHOUSE , NIGHT

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

She replaces the pail on the stove, turns and slips out of her camisole. Naked, she folds the garment across the back of a chair.

Then she pauses, containing a startled intake of breath.

RACHEL'S POV , FRYING PAN

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

BACK TO SCENE

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

Slowly she turns, to face him, without shame, meeting his eyes.

And for a moment she attempts something: a look, a flash of eye... a lovely, heartbreakingly innocent effort to become, for an instant, a woman of Book's world.

BOOK

As he stands in the doorway, willing himself to leave, unable to make it happen.

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

BOOK

TIGHTENING to him, and...

CUT TO:

EXT. LAPP FARM , DAWN

REESTABLISHING...

ANGLE , HEN YARD

Where Rachel is scattering feed to the chickens.

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

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

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

BOOK

Last night.

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

BOOK

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

She lowers her head slightly, but remains turned away from him.

Book continues to stare at her.

EXT. RURAL ROAD , LANCASTER COUNTY , DAY

The Lapp carriage on a winding lane.

INT. BUGGY (MOVING)

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

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

Rachel stares straight ahead. Book glances at her.

BOOK

Maybe I ought to learn to drive this thing.

Rachel says nothing.

BOOK  
(beat)  
Pick myself up another useful skill.

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

EXT. ANGLE

We can see the Lapp buggy approaching a rural intersection, another buggy approaching at right angles.

INT. LAPP BUGGY

As Rachel eyes the other buggy through the windshield.

RACHEL  
Samuel, who is that?

Samuel checks out the buggy.

SAMUEL  
It looks like Hochstetler's mare.

EXT. ANGLE

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

INT. LAPP BUGGY

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

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

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

## RACE MONTAGE

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

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

## EXT. SALZBURGSTORE, DAY

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

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

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

TOURIST LADY

Could I... ah, you know?

BOOK

(smiling)

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

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

## INT. STORE

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

as the shopping.

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

BOOK

Lieutenant Elton Carter, please.

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

VOICE

Are you a member of the family?

BOOK

What? I'm a friend of his.

VOICE

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

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

INT. HALLWAY, SCHAEFFER'S HOME , DAY

Schaeffer's wife answers the phone; she is momentarily shocked.

She calls for her husband, then makes polite conversation.

MRS. SCHAEFFER

How are you, John?

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

MRS. SCHAEFFER

(covering mouthpiece)

John Book!

SCHAEFFER

I'll take it in the study.

INT. STUDY / STORE , DAY

Schaeffer takes the phone.

SCHAEFFER

You can hang up, dear.

We HEAR the click of the other phone,

BOOK

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

SCHAEFFER

(beat)

How bad did Mac get you? We figured pretty bad.

BOOK

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

SCHAEFFER

(quickly)

Johnny ,

BOOK

You might want to pass it along to Mac.

SCHAEFFER

(urgently)

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

BOOK

I've already got something worked out.

(and)

Be seeing you.

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

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

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

INT. BUGGY , MAIN STREET , SALTZBURG , DAY

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

EXT. NARROW SIDE STREET , SALTZBURG , DAY

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

INT. LAPP BUGGY , DAY

As Rachel approaches the scene, slowing down and finally stopping.

Rachel is at first puzzled, then makes a small face, looks at Book.

Rachel puts a restraining hand on Book's arm.

RACHEL

Do nothing. This happens from time to time.

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

RACHEL

It's not our way, John. We'll have

nothing to do with violence! John!

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

EXT. HOCHSTETLER'S BUGGY , DAY

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

YOUTH

Here comes another one!

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

BOOK

(quietly)

You're making a mistake.

Hochstetler calls from his buggy.

HOCHSTETLER

Everything is all right, John.

BOOK

(to the youth)

Pick up the hat.

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

The kid never knew what hit him or where it came from, he hits the road surface already unconscious. A second youth grabs Book from behind. A mistake. Book is smashing into him, spatters of blood from his nose flying in all directions. He's hitting too hard, too often. It's Schaeffer he's hitting. Hochstetler is pulling him away, Rachel is there too. A crowd is gathering, but as suddenly as it began it's over. Book shakes Hochstetler off him, straightens his hat, and in a

kind of daze, begins walking past the scene in the direction of the Lapp farm.

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

LOCAL MAN

Never seen anything like that in all my years.

RACHEL

(covering)

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

LOCAL MAN

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

(addresses a gathering crowd)

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

RACHEL

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

LOCAL MAN

(to Rachel)

You're Rachel Lapp, aren't you?

RACHEL

Yes. Samuel! We're going.

A second man calls from the pickup.

SECOND MAN

Kid's nose is broken!

LOCAL MAN

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

(he shouts after her)

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

cousin!

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

EXT. BARN / CARPENTER'S SHOP , DUSK

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

Rachel is shepherding the milking cows toward the barn.

RACHEL

You should not bother with that birdhouse.

(a beat)

If you're leaving tomorrow.

BOOK

I'm leaving tonight.

(and)

I'm going to need my clothes. And my gun.

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

RACHEL

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

BOOK

(hesitating... then)

There was.

RACHEL

There was a time when I would have welcomed it.

BOOK

(after a beat)

I know.

RACHEL

(asking)  
I was being foolish?

BOOK

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

RACHEL

You're so sure of that?

BOOK

Aren't you? After today?

RACHEL

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

BOOK

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

RACHEL

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

BOOK

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

RACHEL

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

BOOK

That's your way, not mine.

RACHEL

That's God's way!

BOOK

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

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

RACHEL

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

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

She turns, moves away a few steps, stops, looks back at him. she holds for a moment, blinking tears, then speaks with some difficulty, emotion welling in her words.

RACHEL

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

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

I am sorry... that I did not.

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

BOOK

Looking after her. A face full of loss.

INT. KITCHEN , DUSK

Eli is lighting the lamps. Samuel reads a book at the kitchen table. Rachel moves slowly to the sink and begins washing a few dishes. She looks out the window.

CLOSE on her face, a strange expression.

INT. / EXT RACHEL'S POV , DUSK

The distant figure of Book working on the birdhouse.

INT. KITCHEN

CLOSE on Rachel's hands, lifting items slowly up and of the water to the draining board, where she places them carefully down. She shakes the water off her hands.

CLOSE on her face, still staring fixedly out the window. She speaks without turning around.

RACHEL

Eli, would you see Samuel to bed?

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

EXT. DRIVEWAY , DUSK

In the rapidly fading light, Rachel walks slowly toward Book.

CLOSE on her face, staring straight ahead toward Book.

ANGLE on Book, CLOSE. He turns and watches Rachel's approach.

BIG WIDE ANGLE

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

EXT. FIELD BY ROAD , NIGHT

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

EXT. SOUDERSBURG CAFE , LANCASTER COUNTY , NIGHT

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

TIGHTENING to the bleakly lighted windows.

INT. CARE

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

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

SHERIFF

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

SCHAEFFER

Got it. We owe you one, Sheriff.

SHERIFF

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

SCHAEFFER

Undersheriff Holmes and I have talked on the phone.

(nods at Holmes)

Good work.

UNDERSHERIFF

Sure you don't want us to post some backup units?

SCHAEFFER

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

EXT. CAFE PORCH , DAY

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

HOLMES

Maybe I'll take a drive over that way.

SHERIFF

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

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

EXT. RURAL LANE , LANCASTER COUNTY , DAWN

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

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

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

ANGLE

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

MCELROY

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

SCHAEFFER

They don't have any shit.

INT. KITCHEN , DAWN

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

INT. BARN , DAWN

Book and Samuel are starting the morning milking...

INT. KITCHEN , DAWN

Eli is preparing to extinguish the lamp when suddenly the kitchen door is kicked open and McElroy and Fergie weapons leveled, burst in. Eli reacts with angry shock as Schaeffer enters: Rachel is, for a moment, terrified.

SCHAEFFER

(to Fergie)

Outside ,

(to Mac)

Check out the rest of the house.

He turns to Eli, who is standing in the middle of the room.

Schaeffer flashes his badge:

SCHAEFFER

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

ELI

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

SCHAEFFER

You speak English. Good. Now listen

,

RACHEL

(recovering)

No, you listen. Get out!

SCHAEFFER

Lady, I'm here to help you. This man is very dangerous. An armed criminal.

(ingratiating)

He's got a gun, hasn't he?

RACHEL

You have no right here!

McElroy re-enters.

MCELROY

He's not in this building.

SCHAEFFER

(to Eli)

All right, where is he?

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

ELI

John Book!

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

INT. BARN , DAY

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

BOOK'S POV , FERGIE

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

INT. BARN , DAY

As Book REACTS.

INT. KITCHEN , DAY

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

SCHAEFFER

He'll live.

RACHEL

You might have killed him!

SCHAEFFER

(to McElroy)

Find Fergie, check the barns. I'll watch these two.

McElroy nods, moves outside, turns toward the barns.

INT. BARN , DAY

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

SAMUEL  
Is it them?

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

SAMUEL  
(interrupting)  
Are they going to kill you?

BOOK  
Listen to me, Sam! I want you to go  
across the new corn to Stoltzfus'.  
Run as fast as you can. And stay  
there!

SAMUEL  
What are you going to do?

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

He takes Samuel by the hand, leads him to the side door. He bends, holds the boy close.

SAMUEL  
Don't let them hurt you.

BOOK  
(rising, pushing Samuel

toward door)  
I won't. Now run.  
(as Sam looks back)  
Fast as you can!

Sam turns, takes off.

EXT. REAR DOOR , DAY

Samuel running.

EXT. BARN , DAY

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

INT. BARN , DAY

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

EXT. BARN , DAY

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

INT. BARN , ANGLE PAST BOOK

Beyond Book, now at the top of the ladder, we see Fergie easing into the barn. Book pulls himself up, crawls behind the wall of the mule stalls, opens gate, eases in beside Luke, urgently whispering and patting the animal to calm him. He gets to the animal's head, crouches, strokes Luke's nose. The mule's huge flanks quiver, his nostril's and eyes widen, but he makes no untoward sound. Book closes the gate.

BACK TO FERGIE

He comes on warily, muzzle first, eyes darting.

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

BOOK

As he listens, tenses, hearing Fergie's feet in the fresh straw.

Book eases back alongside Luke, waits.

BACK TO FERGIE

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

BOOK , FLASH CUT

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

FERGIE

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

BOOK

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

FERGIE

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

EXT. BARN , DAY

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

SCHAEFFER

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

EXT. FIELD , DAY

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

SAMUEL  
(stricken)  
Mr. Book?

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

EXT. / INT. KITCHEN PORCH , DAY

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

SCHAEFFER  
Get back in there.

RACHEL  
My son is out there!

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

EXT. BARN , DAY

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

INT. BARN , DAY

McElroy flattens himself against the wall, looks around fearfully.

MCELROY  
(softly)  
Fergie?

Only silence.

EXT. FRONT PORCH , DAY

Schaeffer staring toward the barn, SHOUTS:

SCHAEFFER  
What the hell happened?

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

INT. KITCHEN , DAY

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

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

EXT. FIELD , DAY

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

INT. BARN , DAY

McElroy, moving very cautiously, comes around the mule stalls, stops short, stares off screen.

HIS POV , FERGIE

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

BACK TO MCELROY

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

BOOK

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

HIS POV , MCELROY

Moving toward the center of the barn.

BOOK

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

up.

## HIS POV , THE ROPE

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

## BACK TO BOOK

Keeping one eye on McElroy, he carefully begins to un-tie the trip rope.

## MCELROY

Moving out toward the center of the barn, almost under the suspended hay fork. He stops short, listens. Then, either spotting a moving shadow or hearing a SOUND, he FIRES. His shot rattles off the side of a manure spreader. He SHOUTS:

### MCELROY

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

## EXT. BARNYARD , DAY

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

## SCHAEFFER

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

## INT. BARN , DAY

Book watches as McElroy starts to move again looking back

toward the SOUNDING of the bell.

HIGH ANGLE , HAY FORK

Looking down we can see McElroy almost directly beneath the hay fork. The bell SOUNDING throughout. BOOK Waiting... trip rope in hand. Then:

BOOK  
(shouting)  
Hey, Mac!

And he lets go the trip rope.

MCELROY

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

HAY FORK

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

MCELROY

Eyes darting wildly, looking up.

HIS POV , HAY FORK

Plunging straight for him.

MCELROY

Diving to one side.

ANGLE , HAY FORK

THUDDING into the barn floor like a great trident fork.

Quivering there, not a foot from McElroy's head.

MCELROY

Staring at the fork pop-eyed.

BOOK

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

MCELROY

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

BOOK

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

MCELROY

FIRING AGAIN, then again. Emptying the gun, cursing as he begins to reload, gets to his feet, starts toward the ladder. The BELL still SOUNDING outside. The hood of the car SLOWLY POPS UP.

ANGLE

As McElroy wheels at the movement of the car's hood, FIRES twice.

MCELROY'S POV , LAPP BUGGY

The buckshot virtually blows the dashboard off.

EXT. BARNYARD , DAY

Samuel RINGING the bell. The bell rope is short, and so is Samuel and his feet go off the ground with every swing of the rockerarm.

He hangs on grimly, his black hat clinging to the back of his head, his face set against the tears that move down his cheeks.

SCHAEFFER

Comes hesitantly down the path toward the barn, looking toward the sound of the bell, but also looking back in glances toward the house to make sure Rachel and Eli stay where they are. He still can't see Samuel.

HIS POV , THE PORCH

As Rachel starts off the porch, takes a few steps.

SCHAEFFER

Turning, SHOUTING:

SCHAEFFER  
You stay put!

RACHEL

She stops. She is also unable to see Samuel.

SCHAEFFER

Moving out toward the barn, rounding a corner... and there is Samuel at the bellrope. He starts toward him.

EXT. FIELDS , DAY

Beyond Samuel, well out in the fields of the Stoltzfus farm, Stoltzfus and others , including Hochstetler and his brothers , are baling the first cutting of June hay.

But the operation has come to a halt. All are looking in toward the Lapp farm, hearing the RINGING OF THE BELL (the Amish cry for help), wondering, hesitating.

But now, as we watch, led by Hochstetler, they start in toward Samuel.

EXT. BARNYARD , DAY

As Schaeffer reaches Samuel, SHOUTS:

SCHAEFFER  
Cut that out!

Samuel looks at him, keeps on pulling.

Schaeffer quickly crosses to him, grabs him by the back of the neck, tries to pull him off the bell rope. Samuel hangs on grimly.

Schaeffer yanks hard, succeeds in yanking Samuel free, shoves him roughly aside. Then Schaeffer turns, FIRES a shotgun blast into the top of the bellrope. It still hangs by several threads, so he FIRES again.

The rope drops to the ground. Schaeffer reloads, turns to look at Samuel, just getting to his feet. A moment... when Schaeffer, recognizing Samuel as the Amish kid who saw McElroy kill Zenovich, perhaps thinks of disposing of the witness right then and there.

But a glance toward the oncoming Amish gives him pause. He SNARLS at Sam:

SCHAEFFER

Get down to the house and stay there!

Samuel gets to his feet, turns, trots off.

RACHEL

Already halfway out to the barn, running to gather Sam in her arms... then to lead him back toward the house.

SCHAEFFER

Turning, starting very slowly toward the barn.

INT. BARN , DAY

McElroy at the top of the ladder, looking down. Then easing over, placing his feet on the rungs.

BOOK

He stands below in a cowpen, using the cows for cover. The cows stare balefully at him. A large goat nuzzles him, hooks at him with its horns. Book waits, watches.

HIS POV , MCELROY

Visible to his knees as he eases down the ladder. He stops at every rung to scrape his shoes free of the cowshit covering the rungs.

## BACK TO BOOK

He turns now to a door at the back of the pen. He un-hooks it, pulls it open, moves inside.

## ANOTHER ANGLE , BOOK

He is now in a small passageway giving on to the entrance to a nearly-empty silo. Above the entrance, a ladder (interior) rises to the top of the structure.

Book looks in, and up. We should get the impression that Book's been here before, expects what he sees.

## WHAT HE SEES

Forty feet up, a patch of blue sky through an open hatch.

## BACK TO BOOK

He steps through to the base of the ladder, then ducks beyond it into the silo. There is about two feet of old silage covering the floor. He turns, looks up the white walls.

## HIS POV , INSIDE SILO

An inside ladder runs to the top.

## HIS POV , KICKBOARD

Standing against the wall next to the entrance... . obviously to be inserted as the silo is filled.

## BOOK

Now, quickly, he ducks back out through the entrance, crosses to the door to the cowpen, very cautiously peers out..

## WHAT HE SEES

McElroy at the bottom of the ladder, looking in the other direction (toward the milkhouse).

## BACK TO BOOK

Very carefully he shoves the cowpen door (which opens outward

into the cowpen). It begins to swing very slowly open. Book immediately turns, darts back into the silo.

MCELROY

Turning slowly toward the cowpen... then FIRES twice as his eye catches the motion of the swinging door. His shots blow half a row of Eli's precious tools off an adjacent wall. McElroy reloads, starts across toward the door.

INT. KITCHEN

Old Eli, at the sight of Samuel, rises from the table.

ELI  
Praise Gott!

Rachel stands aside as the old man embraces Samuel long and hard.

She watches as he turns to the cupboard, takes down the big family Bible. He crosses to the table, sets the book down, places his hand on its pulls Samuel to the table beside him.

Rachel holds another beat as she stares at the old man helplessly, then she rushes to where she hid Book's gun, takes it down... her trembling hands take the bullets out of the coffee jar. She drops several as she tries to figure out how to open the chamber to load it.

In the b.g., Eli glances up, sees what she is about... he rises and crosses to her. Samuel watches from the table.

ELI  
(fiercely)  
No, Rachel...

RACHEL  
I have to help him!

Rachel somehow manages to open the chamber and begins to try to load the bullets. Eli's callused hand closes over hers, halting the action:

ELI  
It is not our way!

Bullets are already CLATTERING to the floor from her trembling fingers as she raises her eyes to Eli's.

A long beat as Rachel looks at him... Finally her fingers release the pistol and it CLATTERS to the floor. She closes her eyes.

Samuel, who has gotten up, moved to a window, watches Eli and Rachel silently.

Eli leads her to the table, places her hands on the Bible beneath his. They stand there and they pray.

INT. SILO , DAY

Book finishes putting the kickboard into the entrance.

MCELROY

Moving among the cows, stepping cautiously between the cowflops.

The goat nudges him once, then butts him rather firmly. McElroy swats at him with the gun butt, moves to the door. As he arrives, he HEARS a noise , very slight , from the direction of the silo.

He enters the passage way, looks in toward the silo entrance, He hesitates. Another slight noise. He steps in to the base of the inner ladder, looks up.

HIS POV , THE HATCH

The patch of blue sky, forty feet up.

BACK TO MCELROY

He frowns, reaches out, grabs a rung.

INT. BARN , DAY

Schaeffer, easing toward the mule stalls, MUTTERS, CURSES under his breath. Then he rounds the corner of the first stall... and there is Fergie with Luke the mule on top of him. Schaeffer stares, blinks... moves on spotting a spent

shotgun shell near the hayfork...

INT. SILO , DAY

Book listening at the kickboard. SOUNDS of feet, shotgun rattling against metal rungs, Book moves to the ladder on his side, starts silently up.

MCELROY

Climbing with difficulty, shotgun clutched in one hand.

BOOK

He climbs up to the second kickboard, pauses, checks the distance to the floor, starts upward again.

BARN YARD , DAY

The Amish beginning to arrive. Sam comes running, pulls Stoltzfus toward the door of the milkhouse as the other Amish look at the shot-shattered bellrope. Rachel and Eli come rapidly up the path toward the group.

INT. BARN , DAY

Schaeffer finds another spent shotgun shell, crosses to the ladder, looks down. He sets his shotgun down, takes out his service revolver, starts down.

INT. SILO , DAY

Book has reaches the third kickboard, about thirty feet from the ground. He checks it, turns the thumb-screws that hold it in place, places his hand on the handle, moves to one side as best he can... hangs there, listening.

MCELROY

Rattling up the other ladder, approaching the third kickboard.

BOOK

Listening tensely, hearing McElroy arrive on the other side of the kickboard. Then, deliberately, Book makes a fist, raps on the board smartly once.

MCELROY

Startled, REACTING. He sets his feet, leans back against the back wall of the ladder well, brings the shotgun up, puts the muzzle against the kickboard, clicks off the safety.

BOOK

We HEAR with him the thump of the muzzle, the CLICK... and, with marvelous speed, Book pulls the kickboard and drops it to the floor.

McELROY , FLASH CUT Staring in, stun-eyed, already falling forward (having leaned his weight on the shotgun) as Book seizes the shotgun by the barrel, pulls inward.

ANOTHER ANGLE

As McElroy pitches forward through the opening, SCREAMS and GRABS as he plunges past Book. The shotgun FIRES as McElroy manages to hold onto Book, and both men plunge thirty feet to the bottom of the silo.

BOOK

He falls almost straight down, lands on his back, lies stunned.

MCELROY

His forward motion has carried him across the silo. His head bounds off the white brick wall about five feet up... and he falls in a heap, blood gushing from his head, as...

TIGHT ON BOOK

Blinking, groaning, just beginning to stir... and, suddenly, into the frame comes a hand with a pistol in it. The muzzle is placed firmly against Book's temple.

WIDER

Schaeffer holding the pistol. He cocks the pistol, tenses as if to FIRE (and he is actually about to)... when there is a SOUND behind him. He snaps around.

## WHAT HE SEES

Old Stoltzfus and Samuel standing in the kickboard opening (Schaeffer having kicked the kickboard in when he heard the shot from within the silo). They stand solemnly, looking on as:

## SCHAEFFER

He eases the hammer down on this pistol, speaks softly:

SCHAEFFER

Okay, Johnny. On your feet.

## THE SCENE

As Book struggles to his feet , Schaeffer holding the pistol tight to Book's head. Book turns, sees Samuel and Stoltzfus, blinks.

Schaeffer shoves Book toward the opening. As Book moves toward Samuel, he speaks quietly:

BOOK

It's okay, Sam.

## ANOTHER ANGLE

As Book and McElroy move out of the silo, down the passageway toward the milkhouse, Stoltzfus and Sam (after a glance in at the inert McElroy) follow and...

## EXT. BARN , DAY

As first Stoltzfus and Samuel, then Book and Schaeffer emerge into the barnyard. Schaeffer has the muzzle of his pistol pressed firmly against Book's throat, just below his jaw.

Schaeffer pulls up, frowning:

SCHAEFFER

Hold it.

## WHAT HE SEES

The Amishmen gathered , the Stoltzfus family, the Hochstetler brothers, et al. All staring hard at Schaeffer and Book.

EXT. BARN / DRIVE , DAY

From a high wide angle the final scene is played out. Schaeffer and Book, now moving again slowly up the drive, the Amish following along closely on both sides.

CLOSE ON BOOK

As Schaeffer prods Book forward, warily eyeing the Amish.

SCHAEFFER

Get back, you people!

(prodding)

Keep moving, Johnny...

Book takes a couple of steps further, then abruptly stops. The Amish stand about close, staring, no one moving. Book now slowly turns his head, looks at Schaeffer.

BOOK

You're going to have to do it right here, Schaeffer.

SCHAEFFER

Don't try me, Johnny!

Eli steps forward, bloody cloth held to his head.

ELI

So... will you kill us all, then?

ANGLE

As Schaeffer's eyes waver between Book and Eli, Book slowly turns until he is facing Schaeffer... the gun now leveled , and almost pressing against , Book's chest. Book locks eyes with Schaeffer.

Quietly:

BOOK

It's all over, Paul.

SCHAEFFER  
Move! Or you die right here!

Book's right hand snakes out, grabs Schaeffer by the gunhand wrist, twists viciously, Schaeffer SCREAMS in pain, the gun falls out of his hand, he starts to his knees under the force of Book's grip.

ANOTHER ANGLE

As Book bends, picks up the pistol, releases Schaeffer, pushes him away. Schaeffer staggers against Hochstetler, who , partly to keep him from falling, and partly (it appears) to congratulate him on his surrender , wraps one brawny arm around Schaeffer's shoulders, gives him a short approving nod... holds Schaeffer as:

BOOK

Turning, looking into the crowd, finding Rachel. Their gazes meet, hold for a long MOMENT. In the eyes of both we read resignation... whatever there was between them has been terribly damaged. It is almost certainly over for them, too.

EXT. BARN , DAY

HIGH SHOT holding the moment.

EXT. LAPP FARM , LATE AFTERNOON

The door opens and Book steps out, looking somehow strange in his working suit. He looks about him, sees Samuel down by the pond.

EXT. POND

He eases down beside Samuel. They both stare into the pond.

SAMUEL  
Are you really ever coming back?

BOOK  
Got to, Sam. You and I are going to a courthouse together, put some people behind bars.

SAMUEL

Have you got your gun on now?

BOOK

Sure have, Sam.

Sam grins. Book takes him in his arms, holds him.

EXT. HOUSE , DAY

Book opens the door of the car, turns to find Rachel standing there with his Amish hat in hand.

RACHEL

I want you to take this... to remember by.

BOOK

Where's my baggy pants?

RACHEL

Here. Whenever you want them.

He wants to kiss her, but does not. Their eyes say it all. Eli has a final word, SHOUTING from the porch.

ELI

You be careful, John Book! Out among them English!

Book gets quickly into the car.

INT. /EXT. DRIVEWAY , LAPP FARM , DAY

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

INT. BOOK'S CAR

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

FREEZE FRAME.

FADE OUT

THE END