"WITNESS"

by

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EXT. LANCASTER COUNTY, PA. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

TITLE SEQUENCE

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

EXT. COUNTRY LANE - DAY

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

EXT. COUNTRY LANE - DAY

An Amish buggy, black and highwheeled, stark against
landscape, appears, a spirited chestnut in the traces.
Framed in the glass window of the narrow buggy is the
figure of an Amish man in black topcoat and flatbrimmed
his bonneted wife in muted colors, the face of a boy,
like his father, peering out.
The horse's breath smokes on the frosty air, the buggy
on its springs, and there's the rhythmic CLIP-CLOP OF

ANOTHER LANE

Two Amish buggies reach a crossroads, join a procession

three others. They disappear as the lane wends through

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

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 or more Amish, all sitting in absolute silence on

rows of wooden benches. A wooden coffin rests on a bench in

f.g., and near it the close relatives of the deceased
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 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, BIEILER and Bieiler's stout young son, Tom.

STOLTZFUS
Lapp was a good farmer. None better.

BEILER
But not the man to buy a horse for you.

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 looks up 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 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 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, 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, 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 just checked out. But he loses his hat in the process. His hand snakes back INTO FRAME to snatch it 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, 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 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 belt buckle, then his big pistol in its holster, then 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.
I'm a police officer. I'm going to have to talk to the boy. What's his name?

Samuel. Samuel Lapp.

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

There'll be another train.

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.

I saw him.

Who'd you see?

Sam looks at his mother.

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

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

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

Anybody know about this?

I didn't even know about it.

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
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
and Book... although they're keeping the volume down,
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 an Samuel got involved.

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

BOOK
What was that?

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

Book eyes Samuel:

BOOK
Book. John Book

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 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 crushing 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
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

couple into
doughnut.

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

terraces,
street.

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 nightshirt, 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 Elaine 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... aganisish!

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:
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.

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

Not a politic observation on Fred's part.

(blurts)

Go to hell, Fred!

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

What's bugging her?

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

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

I brought your coffee.

She takes a seat next to the bed.

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

After a moment, Elaine starts to pull herself together:

It's okay.

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,
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.

CUT TO:

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 THOUGH GLASS CASE

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

Until suddenly he freezes.

SAMUEL'S POV – NEWSPAPER ACCOUNT

"Division Chief McElroy Honored For Youth Project". Accompanying the

Enlarged, prominently displayed. The headline reads:
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
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, 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 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.
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 to a sudden, squealing stop. Book is already trying to get his feet... now succeeds, lurching into a swaying stance, using an adjacent car for support. OFF SCREEN we HEAR a 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 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 whips 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 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?

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 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 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...
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 first, then the words take shape - swear words; curses; 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, sterneyed old fellow; Stoltzfus, a deacon as well as a
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 Englischer war of the revolution, old Elmer Miller's grandfather took in gunshot English soldiers.
(a tad of pride)
Saved them, too.

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

ERB
Still, he should be among his own people.

Rachel enters on this last.

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

Hershberger gives her a gloomy look, turns to Stoltzfus:

HERSBERGER
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, 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 he 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 – LAPPE FARM – DAY**

Samuel harnesses up the family mare, and backs her into 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-earred 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 Saltzburg...
(then briskly)
But you won't be going to Saltzburg for a while.

BOOK
I'm going this morning.

RACHEL
But Stoltzfus said...

BOOK
(cutting in)
I know what he said.

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

Rachel turns to leave when Book calls her back.

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 so - the pants are highwater, the hat low-rise, the 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; he sips 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 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 comradely, man-of-the-world thump on the shoulder that jar... 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 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, 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 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 - 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

BOOK
 stil 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,
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 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 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.
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?


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 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, and others sawing, hammering, drilling, joining, planing 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 of 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 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!


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
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 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 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
across to Book, wraps his arms around him, hugs him tightly... then breaks away, turns and runs back into the house, leaving the door open behind him.

**ANGLE – BOOK**

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

**BOOK**

Same to you, Sam.

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

**ANOTHER ANGLE – BOOK**

From the lighted/shadowed area outside the door. He comes to the door, starts to close it, then hesitates, looks 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
**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 eve... a lovely, heartbreakingly innocent effort to become, for an instant, a woman of Book's world.

**BOOK**

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

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

**BOOK**

TIGHTENING to him, and...

**CUT TO:**

**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.

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 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
race, until Daniel can contain his excitement no longer
gives his horse a couple of whoops. The buggies are
neck, and the older people are not protesting loudly.
It's all Book can do to refrain from grabbing the reins
Rachel, but she's something of a horsewoman and finally
gains the edge and pulls ahead of Hochstetler, to the
of Samuel and Book.

EXT. SALZBURGSTORE - DAY

It's a Saturday afternoon in the tourist season, and
everywhere – taking shots of anything Amish. There's a
ROWDY ELEMENT amongst them who are making their
fast, and generally making a nuisance of themselves.
Book and Rachel get out of the buggy. Samuel stays
the crowds make him nervous. A huge tourist bus
smoke pulls up nearby.

Rachel enters the store, but before Book can follow
stopped by a TOURIST LADY with an instamatic camera...
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
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 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 Saltzburg 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,
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, on it, and puts it back at a crazy angle on Book's pause, then Book explodes.

The kid never knew what hit him or where it came from, hits the road surface already unconscious. A second youth grabs Book from behind. A mistake. Book is smashing 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 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 crow)

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 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 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
table. Rachel moves slowly to the sink and begins
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
water to the draining board, where she places them
down. She shakes the water off her hands.

CLOSE on her face, still staring fixedly out the
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 – 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?

**SCHAFFER**

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.

**SCHAFFER**

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

UNDER SHERIFF
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 CAMERA, spreading out as they turn up the long 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 Schaeffer 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
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 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.


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
the lethal hooves of a twelve-hundred pound beast. backwards, he SCREAMS, FIRES again, the load striking mule in its heaving chest as a flailing hoof smashes Fergie's head and the other hoof snaps his shotgun in 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 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 stops dead in his tracks... the sound of the shots 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
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, 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.
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, spotting a moving shadow or hearing a SOUND, he FIRES. His shot rattles off the side of a manure spreader. He

**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 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 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...

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,
The shot smashes the windshield of the car.

BOOK

Diving, rolling, slamming into the top of the ladder,
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
The BELL still SOUNDING outside. The hood of the car
POPS UP.

ANGLE

As McElroy wheels at the movement of the car's hood,
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
Samuel and his feet go off the ground with every swing
the rockerarm.
He hangs on grimly, his black hat clinging to the back
his head, his face set against the tears that move down
cheeks.

SCHAEFFER

 Comes hesitantly down the path toward the barn, looking
the sound of the bell, but also looking back in glances
the house to make sure Rachel and Eli stay where they
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, Stotlzfu 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
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...

Schaeffer, recognizing Samuel as the Amish kid who saw McElroy kill Zenovich, perhaps thinks of disposing of the 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.
cows stare balefully at him. A large goat nuzzles him, 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 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 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, 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. 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 close the pistol and it CLATTERS to the floor. She release the pistol and it CLATTERS to the floor. She closes her eyes.

Samuel, who has gotten up, moved to a window, watches 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 direction of the silo.

He enters the passage way, looks in toward the silo entrance, base. He hesitates. Another slight noise. He steps in to the 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, 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, 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 come look at the shot-shattered bellrope. Rachel and Eli 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, the muzzle against the kickboard, clicks off the safety.

BOOK
We HEAR with him the thump of the muzzle, the CLICK... with marvelous speed, Book pulls the kickboard and to the floor.

McELROY – FLASH CUT Staring in, stun-eyed, already forward (having leaned his weight on the shotgun) as seizes the shotgun by the barrel, pulls inward.

ANOTHER ANGLE

As McElroy pitches forward through the opening, SCREAMS GRABS as he plunges past Book. The shotgun FIRES as manages to hold onto Book, and both men plunge thirty 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 bounds off the white brick wall about five feet up... falls in a heap, blood gushing from his head, as...

TIGHT ON BOOK

Blinking, groaning, just beginning to stir... and, into the frame comes a hand with a pistol in it. The is placed firmly against Book's temple.

WIDER

Schaeffer holding the pistol. He cocks the pistol, if to FIRE (and he is actually about to)... when there 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 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 at the inert McElroy) follow and...

**EXT. BARN – DAY**

As first Stoltzfus and Samuel, then Book and Schaeffer emerge pistol into the barnyard. Schaeffer has the muzzle of his 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

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 leveled - eyes turns until he is facing Schaeffer... the gun now and almost pressing against - Book's chest. Book locks 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 wrist, twists viciously, Schaeffer SCREAMS in pain, the falls out of his hand, he starts to his knees under the of Book's grip.

**ANOTHER ANGLE**

As Book bends, picks up the pistol, releases Schaeffer, him away. Schaeffer staggers against Hochstetler, who - 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 nod... holds Schaeffer as:

**BOOK**

Turning, looking into the crowd, finding Rachel. Their meet, hold for a long MOMENT. In the eyes of both we resignation... whatever there was between them has been terribly damaged. It is almost certainly over for them,

**EXT. BARN - DAY**

HIGH SHOT holding the moment.

**EXT. LAPP FARM - LATE AFTERNOON**

The door opens and Book steps out, looking somehow in his working suit. He looks about him, sees Samuel 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 – LAPF 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