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Silence

By Martin Scorsese and Jay Cocks

1

1 EXT. UNZEN HOT SPRINGS DAY 1

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

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

FERREIRA (V.O.)

(reading)

"Good Friday, 1633. Pax Christi.

Praised be God. Although for us there is little peace in this land now."

CUT TO:

2 EXT. UNZEN HOT SPRINGS DAY 2

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

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

FERREIRA (V.O.)

(reading)

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

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

CUT TO:

3 EXT. UNZEN HOT SPRINGS DAY 3

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

FERREIRA(V.O.)

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

(MORE)

2

FERREIRA(V.O.) (cont'd)

The governor of Nagasaki first hoped

to destroy our Christian faith with
ridicule, and by example."

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

FERREIRA (V.O.)

"But when the faithful resisted, and
refused to renounce God, he became
more cruel."

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

CUT TO:

4 EXT. UNZEN HOT SPRINGS DAY 4

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

FERREIRA (V.O.)

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

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

FERREIRA (V.O.)

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

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

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

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

3

CAPTURED PRIEST:

Praise to you, Lord Jesus Christ!

(alt:

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

CUT TO:

5 EXT. UNZEN HOT SPRINGS DAY 5

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

FERREIRA (V.O.)

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

The crowd surges forward.

FERREIRA:

"Some remained on the mountain for 33 days."

CUT TO:

6 EXT. UNZEN HOT SPRINGS DAY 6

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

FERREIRA (V.O.)

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

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

CUT TO:

4

7 INT. STUDY/MACAO COLLEGE DAY 7

TITLE UP:

hand places a letter on a desk and Father Valignano removes his spectacles, reciting the last words of the letter. He knows them well.

VALIGNANO :

Ferreira is lost to us.

(looks up)

This was his last letter.

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

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

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

RODRIGUES :

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

VALIGNANO :

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

RODRIGUES :

That he is alive?

VALIGNANO :

That he apostatized.

The young priests are stunned.

VALIGNANO :

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

5

GARUPE :

That's not possible. (Father Ferreira

risked his life to spread our faith all over Japan. We are here today because of him.)

RODRIGUES :

He was the strongest of us.

VALIGNANO :

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

GARUPE :

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

VALIGNANO :

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

GARUPE :

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

VALIGNANO:

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

GARUPE :

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

VALIGNANO :

...I must conclude it is true.

RODRIGUES :

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

(MORE)

6

RODRIGUES (cont'd)

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

VALIGNANO :

I cannot allow that.

GARUPE:

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

VALIGNANO:

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

RODRIGUES:

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

CUT TO:

8 EXT. STEPS OF A GREAT CATHEDRAL DAY 8

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

VALIGNANO:

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

(beat)

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

RODRIGUES :

Each a martyr.

GARUPE :

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

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

VALIGNANO:

(a beat; then...)

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

GARUPE :

Can the Dutch...

VALIGNANO :

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

RODRIGUES :

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

GARUPE :

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

RODRIGUES :

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

VALIGNANO :

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

RODRIGUES :

Yes.

GARUPE :

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

7A

VALIGNANO :

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

(beat)

(MORE)

8

VALIGNANO (cont'd)

You will be the last to go, you know. An army of two.

RODRIGUES:

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

CUT TO:

9 EXT. MACAO WATERFRONT DAY 9

Rodrigues and Garupe walk briskly past the crowded docks of the

island waterfront. A misty rain falls. Junks are so closely moored that their hulls make a scraping, thumping SOUND, like a muffled cadence.

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

RODRIGUES (V.O.)

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

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

RODRIGUES (V.O.)

"But I want to maintain your confidence in our mission, and vindicate your faith in us."

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

RODRIGUES (V.O.)

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

CUT TO:

9

10 INT. MACAO WATERFRONT TAVERN DAY 10

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

CHINESE BUSINESSMAN

He is not much. You will see.

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

...pulling the body of a MAN (KICHIJIRO) into the feeble light.

The disbelieving priests stare at the heap of humanity lying before them. He is their age, ragged and rough-skinned.

CHINESE BUSINESSMAN (cont'd)

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

GARUPE :

Are you Japanese?

CHINESE BUSINESSMAN

Yes yes. He was drifting on sea.

Portuguese bring him.

GARUPE :

Are you really Japanese?

RODRIGUES :

Where are you from?

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

CHINESE BUSINESSMAN

Answer them, you fool! These are padres!

(no response)

Kichijiro! You fool! They will take you home.

GARUPE :

Where is your home?

KICHIJIRO :

Nagasaki.

10

GARUPE :

What's your work?

CHINESE BUSINESSMAN

He will do what you say.

KICHIJIRO :

Fisherman.

GARUPE :

Nagasaki is on Kyushu.

(Kichijiro eyes him suspiciously)

Can you tell us about Kyushu?

RODRIGUES :

You know our language.

KICHIJIRO :

Little.

RODRIGUES:

You learned it from the Jesuit padres.

You had to. So you are a Christian.

KICHIJIRO :

No. No Kirishitan.

Kichijiro belches and shrugs.

CHINESE BUSINESSMAN

Good guide for you. And he is
Christian too.

KICHIJIRO :

(snarls)

I am not Kirishitan.

RODRIGUES :

You can tell us.

KICHIJIRO :

Kirishitan die.

(beat)

They die in Nagasaki.

RODRIGUES:

(to Kichijiro)

Listen to me. We have money. Help us
and we can take you home. We can...

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

11

KICHIJIRO :

I want to go home. Not for money.

Japan is the country of my family.

Please! Take me please! I beg you!

Don't abandon me here!

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

CHINESE BUSINESSMAN

You see. He will be very good guide.

He will be good.

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

GARUPE :

Our guide. He can't be a Christian.

RODRIGUES :

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

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

GARUPE :

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

CHINESE BUSINESSMAN

(shouting back to priests)

You see. He will be good!

The priests look at Kichijiro.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)

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

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

12

RODRIGUES (V.O.)

So our Lord commanded. And as I prepare to do His work, I see His face before me.

CUT TO:

11 INT. RODRIGUES'S ROOM/MACAO MISSIONARY COLLEGE 11

Rodrigues lies on his simple bed, staring at the ceiling.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)

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

"

CUT TO:

12 INT. CHAPEL OF THE EVORA NOVITIATE 12

CU:

RODRIGUES (V.O.)

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

From the face of Christ, we...

CUT TO:

13 EXT. MACAO HARBOR DAY 13

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

RODRIGUES (V.O.)

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

13

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

CUT TO:

14 OMITTED 14

15 OMITTED 15

15A EXT. JAPAN COAST 15A

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

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

TIME CUT:

RODRIGUES :

It looks like the edge of the earth.

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

KICHIJIRO :

...Japan...

17 OMITTED 17

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

On extreme close-up of Kichijiro's foot SPLASHING INTO the water. He STUMBLES in the shallow water near shore, briefly submerging in the chill current, which is thick with twigs. Rodrigues and Garupe watch uneasily from the tender as Kichijiro surfaces and LURCHES toward the land.

GARUPE:

We have trusted that man with our lives.

14

RODRIGUES :

Jesus trusted even worse.

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

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

CUT TO:

19 EXT. TOMOGI BEACH NIGHT 19

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

as they reach shelter, Kichijiro is gone. It startles them.

GARUPE:

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

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

RODRIGUES:

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

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

GARUPE:

(fearfully)

"A band of soldiers went there with
lanterns and torches and weapons."

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

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

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

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

OLD MAN (ICHIZO)

Padre...

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

ICHIZO :

Hurry. There is no time.

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

GARUPE :

What is this place?

ICHIZO :

Tomogi village.

RODRIGUES :

Japan?

ICHIZO:

(nods agreement)

Please. Be quick. So gentios cannot see you.

GARUPE:

Gentios?

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

RODRIGUES :

(looking at Kichijiro)

The way of the Lord surpasses all understanding.

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

RODRIGUES (V.O.)

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

16

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

CUT TO:

20 EXT. TOMOGI PATH/BRUSH NIGHT 20

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

RODRIGUES (V.O.)

"We were hurried to shelter because our Christians feared betrayal by those who had not embraced the faith. Gentiles, they called them. Although

nearly all the two hundred families of Tomogi had been baptized, many fell under fear of the Inquisitor Inoue." A villager hands Kichijiro a bottle of local rice wine (nigorizake), from which he takes liberal swigs.

CUT TO:

21 EXT. TOMOGI WOODS/VILLAGE NIGHT 21

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

ICHIZO:

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

MOKICHI:

If they know we are Kirishitan we will be killed.

GARUPE :

The Lord hears you.

ICHIZO :

(humbly)

Yes. He sent you to us.

17

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

CUT TO:

22 INT. ICHIZO'S HUT NIGHT 22

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

ICHIZO :

We have a little food. If you would like.

RODRIGUES :

Yes, please.

Ichizo nods to her, and she leaves.

MOKICHI :

You'll be safe here until morning.

RODRIGUES :

Thank you. Tell me...

(as he looks around)

...how do you live like this?

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

RODRIGUES :

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

MOKICHI :

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

RODRIGUES :

(trying to say the word)

Jiis -

MOKICHI :

Jiisama. He leads us.

RODRIGUES :

Who is this...

(struggles with the word)

...jiisama?

Mokichi NODS at Ichizo, who bows his head modestly.

18

RODRIGUES :

...he leads you? In your devotions?

MOKICHI :

He prays with us.

22A INT. ICHIZO'S HUT NIGHT 22A

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

MOKICHI (V.O.)

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

22B OMITTED 22B

22C INT. ICHIZO'S HUT NIGHT 22C

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

MOKICHI:

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

RODRIGUES :

I would like to meet the tossama.

ICHIZO:

(nods at Mokichi)

It is a group. And Mokichi is one of them.

Mokichi lowers his eyes modestly.

RODRIGUES:

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

19

The villagers shake their heads. The priests exchange a quick look of disappointment, Suddenly Ichizo's Wife, who has been watching the Westerners eat, LAUGHS at Garupe's way with the food. He smiles at her.

GARUPE :

(smiles, embarrassed)

Did I do something wrong? I'm sorry.

The expression of puzzlement on his face makes her laugh more.

Rodrigues attempts to smooth over the awkwardness.

RODRIGUES :

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

ICHIZO :

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

RODRIGUES :

You don't go?

ICHIZO :

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

MOKICHI :

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

RODRIGUES :

Pieces of silver...

ICHIZO :

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

GARUPE :

(disturbed)

Three hundred? I'm flattered.

RODRIGUES :

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

20

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

RODRIGUES :

(to Ichizo)

You do not eat?

ICHIZO :

It is you who feed us.

Rodrigues is struck by the simplicity and force of the answer.

As he bends over his bowl, his NECKLACE WITH A CRUCIFIX ATTACHED SWINGS FREE across his chest.

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

Rodrigues understands.

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

RODRIGUES (V.O.)

(over series of dissolves)

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

Mokichi KISSES the cross and hangs it around his neck.

CUT TO:

23 EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD & VIEW OF OCEAN FROM TOMOGI VILLAGE DAWN 23
A SERIES OF FACES in the procession, walking and staring straight ahead. Mokichi. Ichizo. Other villagers. Faces seeming to be impassive.

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

RODRIGUES (V.O.)

"They do not dare take us anywhere by the main road. To hide like this must be a terrible burden.

(MORE)

21

RODRIGUES (V.O.) (cont'd)

Why do they have to suffer so much?

Why did God pick them to bear such a burden?

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

RODRIGUES (V.O.)

"I pray Garupe and I have the strength to help them."

CUT TO:

24 EXT. CHARCOAL HUT DAY 24

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

MOKICHI :

This is safest here.

ICHIZO:

If you are found, we will all be killed. When you hear this sound...
...he makes a WRAPPING SIGNAL on the door.

ICHIZO:

...it will be us. If you hear anything else...
On the loud OVERLAPPING SOUND of boards being dropped we...

CUT TO:

25 INT. CHARCOAL HUT DAY 25

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

ICHIZO :

Hide.

GARUPE :

It looks like a grave.

CUT TO:

22

26 INT. ICHIZO'S HUT NIGHT 26

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

WOMAN :

(heavy accent)

Konhisan, Padre. Please.

GARUPE :

Of course I'll...if I knew...what is it?

(struggling)

Kocha? Kosha?

WOMAN :

Konhisan.

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

WOMAN :

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

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

RODRIGUES (V.O.)

"We quickly settled into a routine.

Hearing confession, and forgiving sins, even though we could not always be sure what was being confessed."

A moth flies round and round an oil lamp.

CUT TO:

27 INT. ICHIZO'S HUT NIGHT 27

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

RODRIGUES (V.O.)

"Their old faith offered resignation and a road that ended in darkness.

Christianity brought love, and life everlasting.

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

RODRIGUES (V.O.)

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

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

RODRIGUES (V.O.)

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

Rodrigues TURNS:

villagers stare at the picture of Jesus (or Mary) in awe and make gestures of great reverence. Rodrigues makes the sign of the cross and begins Mass.

RODRIGUES:

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

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

RODRIGUES (V.O.)

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

CUT TO:

28 EXT. TOMOGI MOUNTAIN ROAD DAWN 28

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

RODRIGUES (V.O.)

"...and we climb the mountain again. And wait. And hide. These people carry

the burden of their faith up this
steep road more easily than we do.

(MORE)

24

RODRIGUES (V.O.) (cont'd)

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

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

RODRIGUES (V.O.)

"The love of all these people
overwhelms us both.""

CUT TO:

29 INT. CHARCOAL HUT DAY 29

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

RODRIGUES:

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

WIFE :

We now? All with God, in paraiso?

GARUPE:

(frustrated)

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

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

GARUPE:

Blessed be God.

(beat)

Arigataya.

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

GARUPE:

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

25

Rodrigues NODS his head in understanding.

RODRIGUES:

The child is safe in God's grace.

That's what's important.

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

CUT TO:

30 EXT./INT. CHARCOAL HUT DAY 30

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

GARUPE :

"Joy of my heart."

RODRIGUES :

What?

GARUPE:

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

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

GARUPE (cont'd)

(pummeling the lice)

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

(WHACK!)

But all I feel for these people is

pity, not love.

RODRIGUES :

I know. I feel pity too.

(beat)

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

GARUPE :

Do you think we have? Done good?

RODRIGUES :

Yes I do. Of course I do.

GARUPE :

Much good?

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

GARUPE :

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

(WHACK!)

And lice?

RODRIGUES :

They have us. We comfort them.

GARUPE :

How much longer can we do that?

RODRIGUES :

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

GARUPE :

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

RODRIGUES :

...What?...

GARUPE :

The truth.

RODRIGUES :

Do you think there's any doubt?

GARUPE :

About what?

RODRIGUES :

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

27

GARUPE :

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

RODRIGUES :

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

GARUPE :

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

RODRIGUES :

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

GARUPE :

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

RODRIGUES :

So we stay here like this? No. We must do something to find Father Ferreira.
Garupe bangs his food bowl down on another swarm of lice.

GARUPE :

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

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

CUT TO:

31 INT. CHARCOAL HUT DAY 31

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

RODRIGUES :

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

28

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

CUT TO:

32 EXT. CHARCOAL HUT DAY 32

The ground outside the hut is wet with just-fallen rain. Rodrigues sees clear water dripping from bright green leaves. He turns his face to the sunlight piercing the mist. Garupe is seated beside him on a rock. Rodrigues notices a BIRD, SOARING through the shafts of sunlight over Garupe's shoulder.

RODRIGUES:

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

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

RODRIGUES (O.S.)

The one from the ship. It watches over us.

Garupe turns his head to watch the bird...

RODRIGUES (O.S.)

It's God's sign.

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

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

Standing, staring. Unmoving.

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

GARUPE:

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

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

RODRIGUES :

Now!

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

CUT TO:

29

33 INT. CHARCOAL HUT DAY 33

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

CUT TO:

34 EXT. CHARCOAL HUT NIGHT 34

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

CUT TO:

35 INT. CHARCOAL HUT NIGHT 35

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

GOTO MAN 1 (O.S.)

Padre...

The Priests start to panic.

GOTO MAN 1 (O.S.)

(a little louder now)

Padre.

Rodrigues starts to get out of the hiding place.

GARUPE :

No! It's not the signal!

The door creaks...

GOTO MAN 1 (O.S.)

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

Rodrigues and Garupe wait. They hear footsteps walk away.

Rodrigues wrenches free. He hoists himself out of the hiding

place, goes to the door and opens it. He sees TWO MEN prostrating themselves before him on the ground.

GOTO MAN 2

We frightened you. We are sorry.

(As Rodrigues collects himself)

(MORE)

30

GOTO MAN 2 (cont'd)

We want to ask you to come to our village. To Goto. People miss our faith there. Our children need you. We have no Mass, no confession.

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

GOTO MAN 1

All we can do is pray.

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

CUT TO:

36 INT. CHARCOAL HUT NIGHT 36

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

GARUPE :

How did you know we were here?

The Goto Men lower their eyes.

RODRIGUES :

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

GOTO MAN 2

It was a Kirishitan of our village.

Kichijiro.

GARUPE :

(stunned)

Kichijiro? Our Kichijiro?

GOTO MAN 1

He says he came here with you.

RODRIGUES :

But he is not a Christian.

GOTO MAN 2

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

CUT TO:

31

37 EXT. A VAST STAND OF REEDS DAY 37

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

MOKICHI (O.S.)

No, Padre...

RODRIGUES (O.S.)

But we will return here.

ICHIZO (O.S.)

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

RODRIGUES (O.S.)

They are Christians, just like us.

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

MOKICHI :

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

RODRIGUES :

Kichijiro brought us to Tomogi.

GARUPE :

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

ICHIZO :

(beat)

But one will stay. Here. Please.

MOKICHI :

It is safer. There is much danger to

travel together.

ICHIZO :

And for us, too. Danger for all.

CUT TO:

32

38 EXT. TOMOGI BEACH NIGHT 38

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

The Boatman squints ahead into the fog, shadows from the lantern on the mast making his face look like a ghost mask. Rodrigues SEES a second boat nearby, carrying the Goto men. One of them looks back at Rodrigues, his face expressionless. This makes Rodrigues even more uneasy as the second boat is swallowed in the darkness like a ghost ship.

RODRIGUES :

Boatman...we're losing them.

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

CUT TO:

39 EXT. GOTO BEACH DAWN 39

A face suddenly appears in the fog. Then another.

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

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

RODRIGUES (V.O.)

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

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

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

RODRIGUES (V.O.)

"But the joy which greeted me, I finally realized, was almost as great

as my own, coming safely to that village. I thanked God for bringing me here."

33

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

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

RODRIGUES (V.O.)

"Even the sight of Kichijiro was somehow welcome."

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

CUT TO:

40 INT./EXT. GOTO CRUMBLING FARMHOUSE DAY 40

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

RODRIGUES (V.O.)

"On that day, the faithful received fresh hope. I was renewed."

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

RODRIGUES (V.O.)

"Their lives here are so hard. They live like beasts and die like beasts."

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

TIME CUT:

he does not have hosts for the whole congregation and decides to break small particles from his own host to distribute. The Villagers receive it with deep humility. Some even weep quietly.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)

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

TIME CUT:

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

RODRIGUES (V.O.)

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

TIME CUT:

objects. But the villagers seem to expect more. They don't want to disperse.

GOTO SICK MAN :

Padre. Listen to me. Konhisan.

TIME CUT:**RODRIGUES:**

Now...will you say with me...the words of this prayer.
He bows his head. The congregation follows.

RODRIGUES :

(in rough but determined Japanese)

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

The congregation joins him in saying the prayer.

41 EXT. GOTO CRUMBLING FARMHOUSE DAY 41

TIME CUT:

RODRIGUES (V.O.)

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

He STOPS and speaks with an OLD GOTO MAN.

35

RODRIGUES (V.O.)

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

RODRIGUES :

You've seen him then. A stern man?

GOTO MAN:

(shakes his head)

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

RODRIGUES :

Where is that?

GOTO MAN :

Near Nagasaki. But so dangerous to go.

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

CUT TO:

42 EXT. GOTO CLEARING IN THE WOODS DAY 42

CAMERA TRACKS through dense, quiet woods.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)

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

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

KICHIJIRO :

I was Kirishitan. I am Kirishitan.

RODRIGUES :

You did not take the crucifix.

KICHIJIRO :

I did not deserve it.

36

RODRIGUES :

Because you denied God?

KICHIJIRO:

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

CUT TO:

43 EXT. GOTO STREET DAY 43

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

KICHIJIRO (V.O.)

But I did.

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

CUT TO:

44 EXT. GOTO CLEARING IN THE WOODS GOTO DAY 44

Kichijiro becomes increasingly distraught as he speaks.

KICHIJIRO:

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

CUT TO:

45 EXT. GOTO BEACH EXECUTION SITE DAY 45

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

KICHIJIRO (V.O.)

So I watched them die.

37

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

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

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

KICHIJIRO (V.O.)

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

CUT TO:

46 EXT. GOTO CLEARING IN THE WOODS DAY 46
Kichijiro is close to tears.

KICHIJIRO:

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

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

RODRIGUES:

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

Kichijiro, chastened, lowers his head.

38

RODRIGUES:

(beat; then relenting)

Do you want me to hear your confession now?

KICHIJIRO :

(in tears)

Bless me, Father, for I have sinned.

CUT TO:

47 EXT. BOAT ON THE WATER NIGHT 47

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

RODRIGUES (V.O.)

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

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

RODRIGUES (V.O.)

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

KICHIJIRO:

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

RODRIGUES:

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

KICHIJIRO :

I have faith, Padre. And thirst too.

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

RODRIGUES :

We're there.

CUT TO:

39

48 EXT. TOMOGI BEACH ROCK CAVE NIGHT 48

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

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

RODRIGUES :

You took so long I thought...

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

MOKICHI:

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

CUT TO:

49 EXT. TOMOGI VILLAGE STREET DAY 49

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

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

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

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

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

And the villagers look up at the sound of another horse...this one moving slowly. It carries the SAMURAI COMMANDER, who looks down at the villagers with level and chilling indifference.

Behind him is another rider, an OLD SAMURAI wearing a huge black hat like an umbrella. He smiles at the villagers benevolently.

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

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

40

SAMURAI COMMANDER

(to the villagers)

We know there are Christians among you, like this poor wretch here. An informer told us.
Mokichi steps forward, a reluctant spokesman.

MOKICHI:

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

SAMURAI COMMANDER

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

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

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

SAMURAI COMMANDER

Think of the price for information. So much silver.

OLD SAMURAI:

You have three days.

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

SAMURAI COMMANDER

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

(to Mokichi, casually)

But one of them must be you.

MOKICHI (O.S.)

I am not afraid to die, padres.

CUT TO:

41

50 INT. CHARCOAL HUT NIGHT 50

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

MOKICHI (cont'd)

And we will never surrender you.

Rodrigues is shamed by the strength of this simple resolve

RODRIGUES :

(quietly)

No one should die.

MOKICHI :

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

GARUPE :

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

RODRIGUES :

We should give ourselves up. That would draw the danger away from you. There is a movement at the door: Kichijiro stands there silhouetted against the inky sky and sparkling moonlight.

GARUPE :

We can hide on his island.

KICHIJIRO:

(taken aback)

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

RODRIGUES :

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

MOKICHI :

All would say we love God. And you.

Even those who think Inoue Sama is trying to protect our country.

RODRIGUES :

Protect it from what? Salvation?

VILLAGER 1

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

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

VILLAGER 2

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

VILLAGER 1

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

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

ICHIZO:

The padres stay.

He repeats what he just said for the two priests.

ICHIZO :

You will stay.

(a beat of silence)

Now we must pick two more to join us.

Who will be a hostage? Who will join me and Mokichi to honor God?

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

TOMOGI HUSBAND:

He's not from here. What about him?

VILLAGER 2

(to Kichijiro)

Yes. For all our sakes. Please

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

43

VILLAGER 1

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

KICHIJIRO :

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

(looking pleadingly at
Rodrigues)

I confessed all my sins.

VILLAGER 2

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

KICHIJIRO:

Honor? What are you talking about?

VILLAGER 2

A real Kirishitan would know!

KICHIJIRO:

Does your mother know you?

VILLAGER 2 KICHIJIRO

(overlapping)(overlapping)

You can't say things like I can say what I want to you, that to me. A man from Tomogi you think I'm afraid of you, doesn't let himself be talked I'm not afraid of anyone.

to like that by anyone, much less a drunk from Goto.

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

RODRIGUES :

Stop it!

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

VILLAGE WOMAN:

Please. Go in our place.

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

44

MOKICHI :

So. The four of us.

CUT TO:

51 EXT. CHARCOAL HUT DAY 51

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

MOKICHI :

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

GARUPE :

You must pray for courage, Mokichi.

MOKICHI :

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

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

RODRIGUES:

(impulsively)

It's alright. Trample. It's alright to trample...

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

GARUPE :

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

KICHIJIRO :

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

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

CUT TO:

45

52 EXT. TRAIL DOWN THE MOUNTAIN DAY 52

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

MOKICHI:

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

(Rodrigues shakes his head)

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

RODRIGUES:

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

MOKICHI:

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

RODRIGUES :

(moved)

I think it must be.

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

TIME CUT TO:

53 EXT. TOMOGI VILLAGE STREET DAY 53

The SAMURAI COMMANDER, riding down the village street past a

sullen, frightened populace. Behind him is Ichizo, tied and being PULLED ALONG by a GUARD on foot.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)

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

46

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

RODRIGUES (V.O.)

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

TIME CUT:

SAMURAI COMMANDER

You all know that Christianity is an outlawed religion.

MOKICHI:

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

SAMURAI COMMANDER

Is that so? All of you?

(they nod slowly)

Then it will be an easy thing to step on the image of the Blessed Virgin and her child. Fume!

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

RODRIGUES (V.O.)

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

TIME CUT:

SAMURAI COMMANDER

You think we're fooled so easily? We saw how you looked as your foot came down. You were nervous. Full of fear. From the hiding place on the hill above the village Rodrigues and Garupe watch the events below with mounting dread.

MOKICHI:

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

SAMURAI COMMANDER

Then let's try one more way.

He holds up a crucifix.

47

SAMURAI COMMANDER (cont'd)

Spit on this. And say your so-called Blessed Virgin is a whore.

CU:

outstretched hand. The old man SHAKES HIS HEAD.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)

Old Ichizo would not do it.

XCU:

RODRIGUES (V.O.)

Mokichi could not. Neither could the other man. But Kichijiro succeeded where the rest failed.

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

RODRIGUES (V.O.)

And so he was released. I must believe he suffered, along with the others.

CUT TO:

54 EXT. TOMOGI BEACH DAY 54

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

RODRIGUES (V.O.)

"We were told they were given sake, as the Roman soldier offered vinegar to the dying Christ.

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

RODRIGUES (V.O.) (Cont'd)

"Perhaps they remembered our Lord's suffering and took courage and comfort from it."

CUT TO:

55 EXT. TOMOGI BEACH DAY 55

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

48

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

MOKICHI:

Deusu...Deusu...

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

ICHIZO :

Pa...paraiso.

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

MOKICHI:

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

Another WAVE STRIKES him in the face.

MOKICHI :

Please Jesus!

55A EXT. TOMOGI BEACH DAY 55A

HOURS LATER:

listening to someone singing. It is Mokichi, singing a hymn. Rodrigues and Garupe listen from their hiding place. A moment of grace.

CUT TO:

56 EXT. TOMOGI BEACH DUSK 56

As before:

against the shore, the water rushing up the sand toward...

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

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

RODRIGUES (V.O.)

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

(MORE)

49

RODRIGUES (V.O.) (cont'd)

The people of the village who were gathered on the beach were always silent."

56A EXT. TOMOGI BEACH NIGHT 56A

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

RODRIGUES (V.O.)

"The people were watched closely, so the bodies could not be given a Christian burial."

CUT TO:

57 EXT. TOMOGI BEACH NIGHT 57

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

RODRIGUES (V.O.)

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

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

RODRIGUES (V.O.)

"I had long read about martyrdom in The Lives of the Saints, but this was no such glorious thing. Surely God heard their prayers as they died. But did He hear their screams? I prayed that He might reach out to them, but

how can I explain His silence to these people who have endured so much? I need all my strength to understand it myself. Humanity is so sad, Lord, and the ocean so blue."

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

CUT TO:

50

58 EXT. TOMOGI BEACH NIGHT 58

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

RODRIGUES (V.O.)

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

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

GARUPE:

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

RODRIGUES:

We don't know that. And we can't

doubt. That will be our death.

GARUPE:

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

RODRIGUES :

It's more of a test than we thought.

GARUPE:

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

51

RODRIGUES :

No. Our purpose is the same. We can't fulfill it if we're captured.

God will give us strength.

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

GARUPE :

Take this. Remember me.

RODRIGUES :

Thank you, brother. But I have this.

Rodrigues shows him the carved cross that Mokichi gave him.

RODRIGUES:

From one of our blessed martyrs already in heaven.

(Garupe looks doubtful)

Because of us, Francisco. Because of us.

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

GARUPE :

My prayers go with you.

RODRIGUES :

And my love with you.

GARUPE :

I pray to be as strong as you.

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

RODRIGUES :

Stay alive! Promise me. Promise!

GARUPE :

I promise.

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

CUT TO:

52

59 EXT. BOAT/SEA NIGHT 59

An oar, CHURNING up the inky sea.

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

RODRIGUES :

Is there any water?

(no reply)

Water? I'm very thirsty.

The boatman does not reply. Perhaps he does not understand.

NOTE:

like a whisper, like a man telling secrets to himself. The words are like a fervent prayer, part penitence, part reflection and part stream-of-consciousness struggle.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)

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

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

RODRIGUES (V.O.)

"I imagine Your Son, nailed to the cross, and my mouth tastes like vinegar."

CUT TO:

60 EXT. GOTO BEACH AND SEA DAWN 60

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

RODRIGUES (O.S.)

Is that Goto?

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

53

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

CUT TO:

61 EXT. GOTO STREET DAY 61

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

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

The cat strides by itself. The cat goes past Rodrigues' legs. Then more cats. And more. Until they are a silent phalanx parading silently, indifferently, past the staring priest.

CUT TO:

62 INT. GOTO VILLAGE HUT DAY 62

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

RODRIGUES (V.O.)

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

A cat walks down the empty street with a field mouse between its jaws. Rodrigues leans against the door jamb. WE SEE HIM

from behind:

flies fill the air.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)

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

CUT TO:

54

63 EXT. GOTO MOUNTAIN PATH DAY 63

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

RODRIGUES (V.O.)

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

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

RODRIGUES (V.O.)

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

CUT TO:

64 EXT. GOTO MOUNTAIN HILLTOP DUSK 64

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

RODRIGUES (V.O.)

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

CUT TO:

65 OMITTED 65

55

65A EXT. GOTO HILL OF REEDS DAY 65A

Rodrigues walks amongst tall reeds.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)

"Jesus's spirit was forged in the wilderness. Lord, grant me the strength to follow His example. For

God so loved the world..."

66 EXT. GOTO MOUNTAIN CAMPFIRE SITE DAWN 66

CU:

in morning prayer.

RODRIGUES (V.O)

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

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

RODRIGUES (CONT'D)

"How can I find Ferreira if there is no one to show me the way?"

He gets up to begin his day's journey, pulling his meager clothes close to his body for warmth...then SEES something. ...the ashes of a fire. A faint glow of dying embers, on the far side of a rocky path.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)

"Is this Your sign that I am not alone?"

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

CUT TO:

67 EXT. GOTO MOUNTAINTOP TREES DAY 67

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

RODRIGUES (V.O.)

"Or is this Your sign?

55A

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

56

RODRIGUES (V.O.)

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

A cloud obliterates the last traces of sun.

RODRIGUES :

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

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

CUT TO:

68 EXT. GOTO POOR MOUNTAIN HUT 1 DAY 68

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

RODRIGUES (V.O.)

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

CUT TO:

69 INT. GOTO POOR MOUNTAIN HUT 1 DAY 69

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

RODRIGUES (V.O.)

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

The hut is empty. Rodrigues looks disappointed.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)

"But Our Lord urged me on."

CUT TO:

57

70 EXT. GOTO CREST OF HILL/SLOPE DAY 70

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

RODRIGUES (V.O.)

"To find a place to begin again."

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

RODRIGUES (CONT'D)

(softly)

"How lovely are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts!" Everything you have created is good."

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

RODRIGUES (V.O.)

"You brought me here to bring the water of life to these poor people."

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

CUT TO:

71 EXT. GOTO SLOPE DAY 71

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

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

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

KICHIJIRO :

I thought I was being followed.

CUT TO:

72 INT. GOTO MOUNTAIN HUT 2 DAY 72

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

KICHIJIRO :

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

58

RODRIGUES :

Nowhere.

He TAKES Kichijiro's rag and finishes cleaning himself.

KICHIJIRO :

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

RODRIGUES :

Three hundred...Judas got only thirty.

KICHIJIRO :

There are Kirishitans in other places.
Not far. We can hide there. I will
take care of you.
Rodrigues says nothing.

CUT TO:

73 INT. GOTO MOUNTAIN HUT 2 DAY 73

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

KICHIJIRO :

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

(beat)

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

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

KICHIJIRO (cont'd)

Take it. Please.

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

KICHIJIRO :

You must be so hungry.

Rodrigues takes the fish and DEVOURS it in quick bites.

59

KICHIJIRO :

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

RODRIGUES :

Are you? You can certainly look after
yourself.

KICHIJIRO :

Not to be selfish, only to find my way
to God. I'm like you. I have nowhere

else to go. I was made weak, where is
the place for a weak man in a world
like this?
Rodrigues looks at Kichijiro with pity.

RODRIGUES :

Saint Paul said, "When I am weak, then
I am strong." Do you want to confess
for Mokichi and Ichizo?
Kichijiro NODS and KNEELS. A lizard scurries across the ground
and around his legs. Rodrigues pronounces a blessing.

RODRIGUES :

"In nomine Patris et Filii et Spiritus
Sancti..."
As the confession continues, we also hear...
RODRIGUES (V.O.)
"Our Lord is crowned with thorns. Our
Lord is crucified..."
...and the words of the confession become Rodrigues' whispered
prayer.
RODRIGUES (V.O.)
"What you will do, do quickly." Your
Son's words to Judas at the Last
Supper. Was he angry when He said
them? Or did they come from love?"

CUT TO:

74 INT. GOTO MOUNTAIN HUT 2 NIGHT 74
Rodrigues lies on the ground near Kichijiro, who squats near a
smoking fire. The priest would appear to be sleeping, but his
eyes are wide open.
60
RODRIGUES (V.O.)
"And if Jesus loved Judas, why didn't
He stop him?"
Kichijiro looks at Rodrigues, who closes his eyes tight.

KICHIJIRO :

Padre? Are you asleep?
(no response)
Padre?
Rodrigues still does not answer. After a moment, his eyes
flutter, as if he's waking...

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

RODRIGUES :

"What you will do, do quickly."

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

KICHIJIRO :

Did you say something, Padre?

RODRIGUES :

Prayers.

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

KICHIJIRO :

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

CUT TO:

75 EXT. PATH IN THE WOODS DAY 75

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

KICHIJIRO :

Take this. We eat them for medicine.

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

CUT TO:

61

76 EXT. PATH IN THE WOODS DAY 76

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

KICHIJIRO :

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

(turns)

Are you all right, Padre? You seem tired.

RODRIGUES :

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

KICHIJIRO :

I will find you some water. Keep walking.

Kichijiro takes a water vessel from his pouch.

RODRIGUES :

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

KICHIJIRO :

Our Lord said that.

RODRIGUES :

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

KICHIJIRO :

For strength.

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

RODRIGUES :

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

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

RODRIGUES :

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

SUDDEN CUT TO:

ground. Kichijiro stares at Rodrigues.

62

KICHIJIRO:

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

(as Rodrigues gets up)

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

like.

Rodrigues resignedly FOLLOWS Kichijiro off the path.

CUT TO:

77 EXT. STREAM DAY 77

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

...Jesus:

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

...but SEES:

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

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

KICHIJIRO:

Padre, forgive me! I am weak. I told you I am weak. God knows I am weak but will He still love me? Isn't that what you promised? Does God still love me?
The Samurai Commander stares at Kichijiro impassively.

62A

KICHIJIRO :

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

63

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

KICHIJIRO :

Even me? Will He forgive even me?

CUT TO:

78 EXT. WOODS AND CLEARING DAY 78

The SUN is merciless. HEAT WAVES rise from the earth.

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

RODRIGUES(V.O.)

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

The procession, with Rodrigues in the middle, leaves the path for a field. FIVE PEASANTS, BOUND, STARE in amazement as...
...Rodrigues approaches. Guards nonchalantly place the priest in the midst of the peasants who BOW as he settles on the ground. He notices a tiny twig HUT in the near distance. The whole scene is unexpectedly peaceful.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)

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

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

RODRIGUES :

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

MONICA :

Monica.

RODRIGUES :

Like the mother of Augustine.

64

MONICA :

My baptism name. That man is Juan.

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

MONICA (cont'd)

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

RODRIGUES :

(unguarded)

There will be many more joining him.

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

RODRIGUES :

Why are you looking like that? Why are you so calm? Don't you understand?

We're all going to die like that.

Soon.

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

RODRIGUES :

Thank you...for the food.

MONICA :

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

RODRIGUES :

Paradise, yes...

MONICA :

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

RODRIGUES :

(conciliatory)

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

(MORE)

65

RODRIGUES (cont'd)

(beat)

Were there other priests?

MONICA :

Only Padre Juan.

RODRIGUES :

Was there a Padre Ferreira?

(as Monica struggles to
pronounce the name)

Ferreira? Did you ever hear of him?

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

OLD SAMURAI :

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

OLD SAMURAI :

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

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

OLD SAMURAI :

Not you!

(beat)

You stay.

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

OLD SAMURAI (cont'd)

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

RODRIGUES :

I saw your eyes.

OLD SAMURAI :

And what did you think you saw there?

(Rodrigues does not answer)

They're fools, those peasants.

Rodrigues GLANCES AT the prisoners being led away.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)

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

OLD SAMURAI :

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

RODRIGUES :

Just say what you mean.

OLD SAMURAI :

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

RODRIGUES :

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

Nagasaki.

The Old Samurai looks at him sharply.

OLD SAMURAI :

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

RODRIGUES :

If you have to do it, punish me alone.

OLD SAMURAI :

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

67

OLD SAMURAI (cont'd)

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

Isn't that so?

He gets up. Rodrigues does not respond.

OLD SAMURAI (cont'd)

The price for your glory is their
suffering.

CUT TO:

79 INT. TINY HUT OF TWIGS DAY 79

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

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

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

INTERPRETER :

Padre?

(continues in heavy accent)

Louvado seja Deus, nosso Pai.

RODRIGUES :

(replies, smiling slightly)

Praise be to Him.

INTERPRETER :

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

RODRIGUES :

Behalf?

INTERPRETER:

(continuing)

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

RODRIGUES :

Testimony...

INTERPRETER:

(still continuing on)

...if you were confined to Japanese.

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

RODRIGUES :

I'm not like Cabral.

INTERPRETER :

Really?

(pause)

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

RODRIGUES :

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

INTERPRETER :

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

RODRIGUES :

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

INTERPRETER :

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

RODRIGUES :

We think a different way.

INTERPRETER :

True. You say our Buddhas are all men.

RODRIGUES :

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

INTERPRETER :

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

(MORE)

INTERPRETER (cont'd)

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

(Rodrigues does not reply)

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

RODRIGUES :

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

INTERPRETER :

(interrupting)

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

RODRIGUES :

Ferreira?

INTERPRETER :

Did you know him?

RODRIGUES :

I've heard of him.

INTERPRETER :

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

RODRIGUES :

(stunned)

I don't believe you.

INTERPRETER :

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

70

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

INTERPRETER:

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

The Interpreter STEPS OUT.

CUT TO:

80 EXT. TINY HUT OF TWIGS DAY 80

The Interpreter looks casually at the guards.

INTERPRETER:

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

CUT TO:

81 INT. TINY HUT OF TWIGS DAY 81

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

RODRIGUES:

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

CUT TO:

82 OMITTED 82

83 EXT. JAPANESE PRISON BOAT NIGHT 83

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

RODRIGUES (V.O.)

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

71

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

BOATMAN :

Is anyone there?

RODRIGUES :

Someone's following.

INTERPRETER:

Someone night fishing. Leave him alone.

CUT TO:

84 EXT. NAGASAKI STREET DAY 84

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

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

RODRIGUES:

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

A WOMAN APPROACHES, holding two CHILDREN by the sleeve.

CHILD :

Look how big he is.

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

RODRIGUES:

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

NOW WE SEE:

guards. All prisoners but Rodrigues are bound and being PULLED along. Black clothed BUDDHIST PRIESTS point at Rodrigues.

RODRIGUES:

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

72

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

RODRIGUES (cont'd)

"...because by your holy cross you
have redeemed the world."

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

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

RODRIGUES :

(calling to him)

Was it you last night?

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

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

CUT TO:

85 EXT. NEW PRISON DAY 85

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

CUT TO:

86 INT. NEW PRISON RODRIGUES' CELL DAY 86

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

CU on Rodrigues:

string. His beard and hair have grown. The SOUND of the NAILS
being pounded makes him reflective.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)

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

73

86A INT. NEW PRISON CHRISTIAN CELL DAY 86A

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

RODRIGUES (V.O.)

Even the guards here have been touched

by Your hand. My ministry to the other prisoners is a precious gift to me and, I hope, a help to them.

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

RODRIGUES (V.O.)

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

86B INT. NEW PRISON RODRIGUES' CELL DAY 86B

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

RODRIGUES (V.O.)

Speaking to me. I'm sure of it.

Promising "I will not abandon you."

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

RODRIGUES:

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

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

GUARD:

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

(as Rodrigues hesitates)

(MORE)

74

GUARD (cont'd)

Jittoku. You should be honored. It's what our priests wear.

CUT TO:

87 EXT. NEW PRISON YARD DAY 87

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

Rodrigues, wearing the clothes of the Buddhist priest, SQUINTS

at the hot sun. Then GLANCING to his left, he SEES...

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

SAMURAI 1

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

INTERPRETER :

Perhaps "discomfort."

SAMURAI 1

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

He looks to the Interpreter, who nods.

SAMURAI 1 (cont'd)

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

(Rodrigues BOWS his head)

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

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

SAMURAI 1 INTERPRETER

(in Japanese)

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

(translating as Samurai 1 speaks)

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

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

SAMURAI 1

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

RODRIGUES :

Thank you.

SAMURAI 1

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

INTERPRETER (cont'd)

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

INTERPRETER :

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

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

RODRIGUES :

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

couldn't call it the truth.

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

SAMURAI 1 INTERPRETER

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

RODRIGUES :

(heated)

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

SAMURAI 1

Yes?

RODRIGUES :

Poisoned.

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

RODRIGUES (cont'd)

You have no reply? Why should you?

You're never going to change my mind and I'm not going to change yours. If you really want to test my faith, give me a real challenge.

Take me to the Inquisitor. Bring me to Inoue Sama.

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

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

RODRIGUES :

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

(as laughter continues)

What are you laughing at?

The laughter dies after a few moments.

76A

INTERPRETER :

Because, Padre...

77

The Old Samurai INTERRUPTS with a FLICK of his fan.

OLD SAMURAI:

Because I am the Governor of Chikugo,

Padre. I am the Inquisitor. I am

Inoue.

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

From behind him, Rodrigues hears the prisoners singing a HYMN.

As the Guards take him back to his cell, he sees all their faces there, singing, and he feels he has done well.

CUT TO:

88 EXT./INT. NEW PRISON YARD & CELL DAY 88

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

RODRIGUES:

How long will they have to work in this rain?

PRISON GUARD :

(heavy accent)

Until finished.

RODRIGUES :

What are the holes for?

PRISON GUARD :

(casually)

Privies.

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

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

TIME CUT:

now...close enough for Rodrigues to recognize him.

KICHIJIRO :

(calling out)

Padre! Padre! Please listen to me!

78

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

KICHIJIRO (cont'd)

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

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

KICHIJIRO:

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

PRISON GUARD:

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

KICHIJIRO:

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

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

RODRIGUES (V.O.)

Did Jesus pray for Judas?

He watches from the shadows as Kichijiro is DRAGGED AWAY.

CUT TO:

89 INT. NEW PRISON CHRISTIAN CELL DAY 89

Rodrigues STEPS INTO the cell, SEES: the Christian prisoners seated together in a group, some speaking among themselves, others praying. Seeing the priest, Monica glances toward a

corner of the cell and WE PAN to REVEAL: Kichijiro, crouching in the shadow, separated from the others. Shivering.

MONICA:

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

KICHIJIRO:

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

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

KICHIJIRO :

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

RODRIGUES :

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

KICHIJIRO:

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

RODRIGUES :

But do you still believe?
Kichijiro looks down. He can't answer. As Rodrigues makes the blessing and Kichijiro begins his confession:

RODRIGUES :

In n.mine Patris et F.lii et
Sp.ritus Sancti.

KICHIJIRO :

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

TIME CUT:

RODRIGUES:

(giving absolution)

D.minus noster Jesus Christus te abs.lvat; et ego auctorit.te ipsius te abs.lvo ab omni vinculo excommunicati.nis et interdicti in quantum possum et tu indiges.

(MORE)

79A

RODRIGUES (cont'd)

[making the sign of the cross]:

De.nde, ego te abs.lvo a pecc.tis tuis in n.mine Patris, et F.lii, et Sp.ritus Sancti. Amen.

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

RODRIGUES (V.O.)

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

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

RODRIGUES :

(whispering)

Go in peace.

CUT TO:

90 INT. NEW PRISON RODRIGUES' CELL DAY 90

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

80

CUT TO:

into Rodrigues' very soul.
RODRIGUES (V.O.)
As I feel...I fear...Jesus forgive
me...I may not be worthy of You.
Rodrigues hangs his head in shame.

CUT TO:

91 EXT. NEW PRISON YARD DAY 91

BURNING SUNLIGHT at midday. A row of five stools, and FIVE OFFICIALS settle themselves on them. They stare indifferently at FOUR CHRISTIAN PRISONERS on the ground in front of them. Rodrigues WATCHES from his cell window. The whole scene is played out from his POV, through the bars on the window. Sounds of CICADAS and the SWISH of a fan or RUSTLE of a fine robe worn by an official punctuate the weary routine of the day. OFFICIAL # 1 almost sounds bored when he speaks up...

OFFICIAL # 1

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

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

OFFICIAL # 1 (cont'd)

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

Immediately.

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

81

RODRIGUES :

Lord, give them strength. Lord give me strength.

The Official begins the formal ceremony by calling out for Juan

by his Japanese name...

OFFICIAL # 1

Chokichi...

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

OFFICIAL # 1

Go ahead. Stamp on it.

(Juan does not move)

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

Juan can not, will not, obey. One of the Guards SWATS HIM impassively with a club, pulls his head back by the hair.

Looking straight at Official # 1, Juan SHAKES HIS HEAD again.

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

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

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

OFFICIAL # 1

Take them all back. But that one...

(points to Juan)

...he stays.

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

GUARD (O.S.)

It seems a pity to throw it away so lightly.

JUAN (O.S.)

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

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

82

RODRIGUES (V.O.)

Thank you, Lord, for hearing my prayer.

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

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

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

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

OFFICIAL # 1

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

Guards HAUL Kichijiro to the fumie.

OFFICIAL # 1

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

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

OFFICIAL # 1 (cont'd)

It's not even as hard as bowing. Is it? Is it?

Kichijiro NODS his head.

OFFICIAL # 1

Or running. Now go! Get out of here!

You see...

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

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OFFICIAL # 1

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

Kichijiro vanishes into the busy street outside.

The Officials leave the hut. Guards take the prisoners back to their cell. The ordinary quiet of the yard is restored.

Rodrigues stares into the bright stillness as if searching for something.

RODRIGUES:

"Eternal Lord of all things, I make my offering with Your favor and help. For Your greater service and praise, I

wish and desire to imitate you in bearing all injuries and offenses..."

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

RODRIGUES (V.O.)

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

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

RODRIGUES (V.O.)

...what I've been preparing for?

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

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

CUT TO:

92 INT. INQUISITOR'S OFFICE DUSK 92

A BOWL OF HOT WATER is set in front of Inoue, who NODS in a comradely fashion to Rodrigues, seated across from him. The Interpreter hands the priest ANOTHER BOWL OF WATER, which is HOT to the touch. Rodrigues places it on the ground. He is distracted, uneasy. Unsettled by the violence he's witnessed.

INOUE :

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

RODRIGUES :

It must be very beautiful.

INOUE :

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

celibate priest.

RODRIGUES :

Please go on.

INOUE :

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

(beat)

Do you think this story has a lesson?

RODRIGUES :

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

INOUE :

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

RODRIGUES :

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

INOUE :

You mean Portugal.

RODRIGUES :

I mean the holy church.

INOUE:

(laughs lightly)

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

RODRIGUES :

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

INOUE :

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

RODRIGUES :

That's what you think missionary work is?

INOUE :

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

INTERPRETER :

Barren.

INOUE :

A barren woman cannot be a true wife.

RODRIGUES :

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

INOUE :

(Quietly)

You mean me.

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

INOUE :

Padre, you missionaries do not seem to know Japan.

RODRIGUES :

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

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

INOUE :

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

(he rises)

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

Inoue leaves, the Interpreter BOWING as he passes.

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

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

CUT TO:

93 EXT. NAGASAKI STREET NIGHT 93

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

CUT TO:

94 INT. NEW PRISON RODRIGUES' CELL NIGHT 94

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

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RODRIGUES :

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

INTERPRETER :

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

RODRIGUES :

Not your kind.

(nods at new mats)

You can take those too.

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

INTERPRETER :

You understand the singing, Padre?

RODRIGUES :

Yes a little.

INTERPRETER :

It is a song for the festival, Urabon.

It is a night when everyone hangs lanterns and lights candles for our ancestors.

RODRIGUES :

All Souls' Day.

INTERPRETER :

What?

RODRIGUES :

A feast day in the West.

INTERPRETER :

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

CUT TO:

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

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

MONICA :

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

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

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

GUARD :

You make a journey today.

TIME CUT:

in his underclothes pants.

CUT TO:

96 EXT. NAGASAKI BEACH DAY 96

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

SAMURAI :

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

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

INTERPRETER :

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

RODRIGUES :

When will Inoue Sama be here?

INTERPRETER :

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

RODRIGUES :

He treats me kindly. Three meals a

day. Extra bedding. All so my body
will betray my heart.

(MORE)

89

RODRIGUES (cont'd)

That is your plan, isn't it? That's
what you're waiting for?

INTERPRETER :

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

RODRIGUES :

Ferreira...

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

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

INTERPRETER :

Is it who you expected?

RODRIGUES :

I want to talk to him.

INTERPRETER :

No hurry. It is early. Plenty of time.

(fans himself)

So tell me, Padre, this mercy
Christians always talk about...what is
it?

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

RODRIGUES :

(agitated)

Tell me where Garupe was captured.

INTERPRETER :

Oh I cannot. I must not speak about the business of the Inquisitor's office. But I can tell you...

(leans closer)

He knows you're alive. Because we told him you apostatized.

The Interpreter observes Rodrigues' shock with satisfaction.

INTERPRETER :

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

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

INTERPRETER :

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

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

INTERPRETER (cont'd)

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

RODRIGUES :

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

INTERPRETER:

(interrupting)

Oh we do not want them. Three?

Remember, there are still hundreds of Christian peasants on the islands off the coast. We want the Padre to deny and be an example to them, that is

all. Then all this will be over.

RODRIGUES :

(praying)

Vitam praesta puram, iter para
tutum...

INTERPRETER :

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

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

91

INTERPRETER :

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

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

RODRIGUES (V.O.)

(praying; agonized)

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

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

GARUPE :

Stop this! Help them!

Rodrigues tenses at the sound of his voice.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)

Dear Lord, don't leave this to us.

This responsibility You must bear.

One of the guards on the boat STICKS a prisoner with his lance,
sending him into the water. The sea SOAKS the straw quickly.

The man is PULLED DOWN under the waves, drowned.

GARUPE :

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

And Garupe PLUNGES into the surf toward the boat.

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

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

GARUPE :

Help me, God! Forgive me - !

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

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

The Interpreter STANDS suddenly, disgusted and angry.

91A

INTERPRETER :

This is a terrible business. Terrible!

No matter how many times you see it.

(MORE)

92

INTERPRETER (cont'd)

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

Rodrigues stares at the relentless sea.

CUT TO:

97 EXT. NEW PRISON RODRIGUES' CELL DAY 97

The Interpreter, looking through the window of the cell door,

SEES:

INTERPRETER:

How is he today?

GUARD:

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

INTERPRETER:

Let me know.

CU:

CUT TO:

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

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

99 INT. NEW PRISON RODRIGUES' CELL NIGHT 99

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

CUT TO:

93

100 INT. NEW PRISON RODRIGUES' CELL NIGHT 100

Rodrigues, face in profile, as SOUNDS OF CELEBRATION drift in from outside.

CUT TO:

101 EXT. NEW PRISON YARD NIGHT 101

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

CUT TO:

102 INT. NEW PRISON RODRIGUES' CELL NIGHT 102

The BACK of Rodrigues' head as he MUTTERS...

RODRIGUES:

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

CUT TO:

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

RODRIGUES:

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

CUT TO:

104 INT. NEW PRISON RODRIGUES' CELL NIGHT 104
Rodrigues, FULL FACE NOW.
93A

RODRIGUES :

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

CUT TO:

94
105 EXT. NEW PRISON YARD DAY 105

FLASHBACK:

prison courtyard, leaving a trail of blood in the dust.
105A INT. NEW PRISON RODRIGUES' CELL - NIGHT 105A

RODRIGUES :

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

CUT TO:

106 EXT. NAGASAKI BEACH DAY 106

FLASHBACK:

GARUPE :

Lord, have mercy!
106A INT. NEW PRISON RODRIGUES' CELL NIGHT 106A

RODRIGUES :

He's not going to answer. He's not.
Rodrigues BREAKS DOWN and laughs.
107 INT./EXT. NEW PRISON RODRIGUES' CELL NIGHT 107

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

GUARD:

Do you want me to let you in?

INTERPRETER:

In time.

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

CUT TO:

108 INT. NEW PRISON RODRIGUES' CELL DAY 108

WEEKS LATER:

BURSTS open, and the Interpreter peers in at him.

95

INTERPRETER :

Padre, we're going.

CUT TO:

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

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

INTERPRETER (O.S.)

Today you'll meet someone different.

The Interpreter PARTS THE CURTAINS.

INTERPRETER:

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

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

CUT TO:

110 EXT. NAGASKAI ROAD/PALANQUIN DAY 110

The palanquin, with a small escort of guards, moves through the growing city toward a new temple in the near distance.

CUT TO:

111 EXT. NAGASAKI TEMPLE ENTRANCE DAY 111

As the PALANQUIN ENTERS THE FRAME. It stops and the Interpreter's HAND comes in and OPENS the curtains.

INTERPRETER :

Come along, Padre.

Rodrigues is helped from the palanquin. A Buddhist priest from the Temple of the True Pure Land sect walks past and gives him a hostile look.

96

INTERPRETER :

The bonzes do not like you priests.
Nevermind.

CUT TO:

112 INT./EXT. NAGASAKI TEMPLE COURTYARD SUNSET 112

The Interpreter and Rodrigues are seated comfortably. Rodrigues is wary.

INTERPRETER :

What is it Padre? The incense? The smell of meat? Perhaps there will be some for you to share.

Rodrigues HEARS the SOUND OF DISTANT FOOTSTEPS. The Interpreter watches him closely.

INTERPRETER :

Have you had any meat since you came to Japan? I don't much like the smell myself...

He watches the priest, amused. He knows what's coming...or, more precisely, who.

INTERPRETER :

Have you guessed yet?
Rodrigues doesn't seem to hear him.

INTERPRETER :

Have you guessed who's coming?
(Rodrigues' face stiffens)
This is Inoue Sama's command. And the other's wish...

RODRIGUES :

The other?

Rodrigues looks down the long corridor off the garden, SEES: an old Buddhist priest. And behind him, a tall man in a black kimono. His eyes are down...

...until he sits in the dimming afternoon sunlight. Then he looks up. His expression is enigmatic. But his eyes are deep and dark, like coals that once glowed bright but now are burnt out.

97

RODRIGUES:

(after a silence)

Father...I'd given up...Father
Ferreira...

The Old Priest is on Ferreira's right, the Interpreter between them. He whispers a translation of the two priests' conversation to the Old Priest.

RODRIGUES :

Father, so long since we have met...
Please... say...something.

FERREIRA :

What can I say to you on such an
occasion?

RODRIGUES :

If you have pity for me... please...
say something.
Ferreira does not reply.

RODRIGUES :

Have you been living here for long?

FERREIRA :

About a year I suppose.

RODRIGUES :

What is this place?

FERREIRA :

A temple called Saishoji. Where I

study.

Rodrigues looks steadily at the older priest.

RODRIGUES :

I also am in a prison somewhere in Nagasaki. Where precisely it is I do not know myself.

FERREIRA :

I know it.

RODRIGUES:

(quietly)

You were my teacher. You were my confessor...

98

FERREIRA :

I am much the same.

CUT TO:

113 EXT. INQUISITOR'S OLD PRISON YARD NIGHT 113

1633. A pale face in a vast darkness: Ferreira. Covered in sweat. His blazing blue eyes showing signs of pain and terrible struggle.

What little is visible of his body seems rigid, and not just with fear. It seems to be in conflict with gravity itself. At war outside itself as well as within.

And this is why.

The ANGLE of the scene seems to PIVOT. Ferreira's world seems literally to turn UPSIDE DOWN. But the world is not out of balance. It is Ferreira himself.

He is bound and SUSPENDED UPSIDE DOWN over a pit just visible in GLIMMERS of light at the edges of this foul place.

A TEAR RUNS from his eye...down his CHEEK...where it JOINS a thin TRICKLE OF BLOOD from the side of his head.

A O.S. VOICE belonging to the INQUISITOR INOUE speaks softly. WE DO NOT SEE HIS FACE.

INOUE:

I am only asking you to take the path of mercy. Abandon yourself. Do a single, simple thing.

Ferreira's head moves slightly. Perhaps a nod of assent.

INOUE:

(continuing)

Once you understand. Completely.
Beyond a doubt. You will agree. It is
the only way. Tell me then, Padre.
Tell me you agree.
Yes. Ferreira NODS his head: yes.

INOUE:

Good. You take this unnecessary burden
from us both.

CUT TO:

99

114 EXT. INQUISITOR'S OLD PRISON YARD NIGHT 114
A HAND comes into frame, placing a fumie with a sacred image on
metal on the dusty ground.
Ferreira, TREMBLING, stands over it.

INOUE :

Now show me. With only a step.
Ferreira hesitates.

INOUE :

Not because your body is weak. Show me
how strong you are. Show me your new
heart. With just one step. Step on
your Jesus.
Ferreira RAISES his right foot, then brings it down on the
fumie. Ferreira collapses on the ground on top of the fumie,
shuddering as if his soul has abandoned him.

CUT TO:

115 EXT. NAGASAKI TEMPLE COURTYARD SUNSET 115
Back to the present. Ferreira looks at the younger priest
solicitously.

FERREIRA :

Do I really seem so different?

INTERPRETER :

The honorable Sawano spends his day
writing. About astronomy.

FERREIRA :

At Inoue Sama's order. There is great knowledge here, but in medicine and astronomy much remains to be taught.

I'm happy to help. I'd like to show you the lenses and telescope the physician Albrecht just brought us.

They're very beautiful.

Rodrigues stares at him incredulously.

FERREIRA (cont'd)

It's fulfilling to finally be of use in this country.

100

Rodrigues notices that Ferreira is SPEAKING so that the Interpreter and the Old Priest CAN HEAR.

RODRIGUES :

Then you are happy, Father?

FERREIRA :

I said so.

The Old Priest looks IRRITABLE AND IMPATIENT at the course of this conversation. The Interpreter intervenes.

INTERPRETER :

(interrupting)

Mention the other book you're writing.

Rodrigues notices that Ferreira HESITATES.

INTERPRETER (cont'd)

It is called Kengi-roku. It shows the errors of Christianity and refutes the teachings of Deus. Do you understand the title?

Rodrigues searches Ferreira's face for some sense of shame...even embarrassment. Ferreira lowers his eyes.

INTERPRETER :

Tell him.

FERREIRA:

(quietly)

It means Deceit Disclosed. Or Unmasked, if you prefer a more florid

reading. His Lordship the Inquisitor has read the manuscript. He praises it. He says it is well done. Rodrigues is stunned. He SHAKES HIS HEAD in denial.

INTERPRETER :

It's the truth.

RODRIGUES :

You use the truth like poison.

INTERPRETER :

What a funny thing for a priest to say.

Rodrigues LOOKS AGAIN at Ferreira, who CAN'T MEET HIS EYES.

101

RODRIGUES :

It's cruel, worse than any torture.

To twist a man's soul this way.

Ferreira TURNS HIS FACE AWAY from Rodrigues...but Rodrigues

thinks he glimpsed the trace of a tear in Ferreira's eye.

Perhaps this man he revered above all others has not changed so thoroughly after all. The Old Priest continues to look on everyone like a stone Buddha.

INTERPRETER :

I think you must be speaking of yourself, Padre. Not of Sawano Chuan.

RODRIGUES :

Who?

INTERPRETER :

Him. He is Ferreira only to you. He is Sawano Chuan now. A man who has found peace. Let him guide you along his path. The path of mercy. That means only that you abandon self. No one should interfere with another man's spirit. To help others is the way of the Buddha and your way too. The two religions are the same in this. It's not necessary to win anyone over to

one side or another when there is so much to share.

(to Ferreira)

Go on.

FERREIRA :

I've been told to get you to abandon the faith.

He turns his head so Rodrigues can SEE a scar behind his ear.

FERREIRA :

This is from the pit. You are tied so you can't move then hung upside down and the incision is made. You feel the blood running down your cheek drop by drop. So it doesn't run to your head and you won't die too soon.

INTERPRETER :

It was Inoue Sama's idea. It's practiced from Nagasaki all the way to Edo. You're the last priest left here now, Padre. I'm sure Inoue Sama would be pleased to put an end to the pit.

(MORE)

102

INTERPRETER (cont'd)

He is only a practical man, Padre, he is not a cruel one.

Ferreira leans in. He still speaks quietly, but his tone is becoming increasingly emphatic.

FERREIRA :

I have been in this temple for a year. I have labored in this country for fifteen years. I know it better than you. Our religion does not take root in this country.

RODRIGUES :

Because the roots have been torn up!

FERREIRA :

No!

Ferreira's tone has changed. He speaks now with resolution, almost with vehemence. There is no trace of the tear Rodrigues thought he saw only moments before. The light has returned to his eyes.

FERREIRA (cont'd)

Because this country is a swamp.
Nothing grows here. Plant a sapling
here and the roots rot.

RODRIGUES :

There was a time when Christianity
grew. And flourished.

FERREIRA :

When?

RODRIGUES :

In your time, Father. Before you
became like...

FERREIRA :

Like who? Like them? Rodrigues, please
listen. The Japanese only believe in
their distortion of our gospel. So
they did not believe at all. They
never believed.

RODRIGUES :

How can you say this? From the time of
Saint Francis Xavier, through your own
time, there were hundreds of thousands
of converts here.

FERREIRA :

Converts? Francis Xavier came here to
teach the Japanese about the son of
God. But first he had to ask how to
refer to God. "Dainichi" he was told.
And shall I show you their Dainichi.
He POINTS to the sky...to the setting sun.

FERREIRA:

(softly)

Behold...there is the sun of God.

God's only begotten sun. In the scriptures Jesus rose on the third day. In Japan, the sun of God rises daily. The Japanese cannot think of an existence beyond the realm of nature. For them, nothing transcends the human. They can't conceive of our idea of the Christian God.

RODRIGUES :

You're wrong! They worship God Our Lord. They praise the name of Deus!

FERREIRA :

That's just another word for a god they never knew.

RODRIGUES :

I saw men die for Deus! They were on fire with their faith!

FERREIRA :

Faith in the wrong god! Their god, not ours! And where does our church...your church...consign believers in the wrong God? Your martyrs may have been on fire, Father, but it was not with faith.

RODRIGUES :

No! I saw them die! Those people did not die for nothing!

FERREIRA :

Indeed not. They're dying for you.

RODRIGUES :

And how many did you save when you crushed the image of Our Lord? How many beside yourself?

104

FERREIRA :

I don't know. Certainly not as many as

you may help.

In the background, there is the SOUND of bells and the priests chanting sutras.

RODRIGUES :

You're only trying to justify your own weakness. God have mercy on you.

FERREIRA :

Which god? Which one?. We say...

"Mountains and rivers..."

(stops)

I'm sorry. You haven't learned the language thoroughly, have you. There's a saying here. "Mountains and rivers can be moved. But man's nature cannot be moved." It's very wise, like so much here. We find our original nature in Japan, Rodrigues. Perhaps it's what's meant by finding God.

RODRIGUES :

You are a disgrace, Father. I can't even call you that any more.

FERREIRA :

Good. I have a Japanese name now. And wife. And children. I inherited them all from an executed man.

He gets up and WALKS INTO THE LENGTHENING SHADOWS of early evening. The Old Priest follows him. Rodrigues watches him go with a growing sense of helplessness. If Ferreira gave up his faith, what hope can there be for him?

The Interpreter STARES at him with such fixity that he seems to be reading his mind.

CUT TO:

116 INT./EXT. NAGASAKI TEMPLE HALL/COURTYARD SUNSET 116

As Rodrigues and the Interpreter walk back toward the waiting palanquin. The Interpreter gives Rodrigues time to weigh the experience of seeing and hearing Ferreira.

INTERPRETER :

Well? How do you feel? He has shown

you the path of mercy.

(MORE)

104A

INTERPRETER (cont'd)

I hope you take it. Just a single step
can set you on your way.

105

RODRIGUES :

Why don't you just hang me in the pit?

INTERPRETER :

The Inquisitor feels it is better to
have you accept our teaching...our
country...our life...on your own. It's
better if you see reason for yourself.

RODRIGUES :

Well, it can't be helped then.

CUT TO:

117 INT. NEW PRISON RODRIGUES' CELL DAY 117

The door OPENS, revealing Rodrigues huddled on the floor.

Morning light shines in from the outside, illuminating the
figure of a LARGE MAN, naked to the waist. The sight of him
fills Rodrigues with a sharp sense of dread.

The LARGE MAN deftly TIES Rodrigues' hands behind his back. The
knots cut.

LARGE MAN:

You're an animal. You stink like
animal flesh.

He YANKS the priest to his feet.

CUT TO:

118 EXT. NAGASAKI CROWDED STREET DAY 118

Rodrigues is seated with hands tied in the saddle of a spindly
horse. He is in the midst of a small procession moving through
a crowd.

RODRIGUES :

Where are you taking me now?

INTERPRETER :

To the Inquisitor's office.

Once the people in the crowd were curious. Contemptuous. Now they are openly hostile. They PRESS FORWARD. Guards have to HOLD THEM BACK.

INTERPRETER :

So, Father, you see how they respect you.

(MORE)

105A

INTERPRETER (cont'd)

You came here for them, and they all hate you. You're useless, completely useless.

RODRIGUES :

There are some here who may be praying in the silence of their hearts.

At that moment a clod of mud STRIKES Rodrigues on the back.

106

INTERPRETER :

And there is the answer to their prayers. There may be people in this crowd who were Christians once. But are there any now?

RODRIGUES :

Christian martyrs died for these people. Father Ferreira never mentioned them. He's weak, and he's trying to make me weak.

INTERPRETER :

He's done fine, don't you think?

RODRIGUES :

We'll see.

INTERPRETER :

Are you really looking forward to it, Father? I hear doubt in your words of defiance.

RODRIGUES :

Insult me all you want. You'll only give me more courage.

INTERPRETER :

You'll need it. Tonight. You'll apostatize tonight. You're a good man, Padre, and you cannot stand suffering. Your own. Or others.

CUT TO:

119 INT. INQUISITOR'S OLD PRISON CELL NIGHT 119

And two words:

Latin words cut directly into the wall of this new cell, a place so hellishly filthy it makes his previous cells seem like fine inns.

His hands stay on the crude letters. They are shaking. A tear rolls down his cheek. He is terrified. Of what he is sure awaits him. And of how he may act when the inevitable finally comes to him. He prays for strength--and out of despair.

RODRIGUES :

God help me, Jesus help me, I hear no voice but Ferreira. He knows what I fear.

(MORE)

107

RODRIGUES (cont'd)

In the garden, You said "My soul is sorrowful even unto death," and the drops of sweat on Your brow were like blood. I would bleed for You. I would die for You, if I knew You. Are You here?

There are SOUNDS from the nearby cells.

RODRIGUES:

You were the joy of my life. Now I am afraid of You. What can I do to feel your love for me again?

The sounds from nearby cells continue. They unsettle Rodrigues even more, although they are strange, hard to identify: sometimes they sound like groans, other times like snores and,

still at other times, like animal sounds.
He covers his ears...but now, along with the other sounds, is
the NOISE of a SCUFFLE in the hall. And SHOUTING. This is a
voice he knows, and does not want to hear. Kichijiro.
120 EXT. INQUISITOR'S OLD PRISON YARD NIGHT 120
OUTSIDE THE CELL: GUARDS ARE PUSHING KICHIJIRO AWAY.

KICHIJIRO GUARD:

I'm a Christian! I'm a Liar! You're just like us!
Christian!

KICHIJIRO GUARD:

Hit me! I don't care! Get out of here I said!

KICHIJIRO:

(in English now)

Padre! Forgive me! I came to make
confession!

The Guards advance on Kichijiro.

121 INT. INQUISITOR'S OLD PRISON CELL NIGHT 121

INSIDE THE CELL:

beaten and pulled away as he cries out...

KICHIJIRO (O.S.)

Forgive me! Forgive me, Padre!

108

Slowly...even reluctantly...Rodrigues pulls his hands away from
his ears. He silently utters the words of absolution and makes
the sign of the cross.

The strange NOISES grow even louder, more emphatic.

Rodrigues is near breaking. He starts to BEAT ON THE WALL with
the flat of his hand.

RODRIGUES :

Stop it! Stop that noise! Help!

The Interpreter comes to the door of the cell.

RODRIGUES :

No! Down there! There's a man in
agony and the guard's sound asleep and
snoring like a wild dog.

INTERPRETER :

You think that noise is the guard?

He turns to Ferreira, who stands behind him half in shadow.

INTERPRETER :

Incredible. Sawano...tell him. Say what it is.

Ferreira steps into the cell almost like an apparition.

FERREIRA :

It's not the guard. And it's not snoring. It's moaning. It's Christians. Five of them in fact. All hanging in the pit.

Rodrigues is stunned. The sounds seem to be even louder now, piercing his soul.

FERREIRA (cont'd)

Have you found the words on the wall?

"Laudate Eum." "Praise him." I cut them there with a stone. When I was in this cell, like you. Do you think you are the only one who doubted? The only one who called on God's help and love and got only silence in return?

RODRIGUES :

Be quiet! You have no right to speak to me!

109

FERREIRA:

I do because you are just like me. You see Jesus in Gethsemane and believe your trial is the same as His. Those five in the pit are suffering too, just like Jesus, but they don't have your pride. They would never compare themselves to Jesus. Do you have the right to make them suffer? I heard the cries of suffering in this same cell. And I acted.

RODRIGUES:

Don't try to excuse yourself! That is the spirit of darkness disguised as light!

FERREIRA:

What would you do for them? Pray? And get what in return? Only more suffering. A suffering only you can end. Not God.

RODRIGUES :

Go away from me!

FERREIRA:

I prayed too. It doesn't help. Go on. Pray.

Two Guards enter the cell and yank Rodrigues to his feet.

FERREIRA (cont'd)

But pray with your eyes open.

Rodrigues is handled roughly, and CRIES OUT in pain. His cry is MIXED WITH the sounds from outside, which are...

CUT TO:

122 EXT. INQUISITOR'S OLD PRISON YARD NIGHT (PRE-DAWN) 122

...the AGONIES of FIVE CHRISTIANS strung up, upside down, over a gaping pit of offal and filth. Blood drips slowly from behind their ears. They moan in pain and desperation.

The Interpreter and Ferreira stand on either side of the stunned Rodrigues. He has never been so close to their suffering, and the sight of it is like a mortal wound.

110

FERREIRA :

You can spare them. They call out for help, just as you call to God. He is silent. But you do not have to be.

RODRIGUES :

God help me, they should apostatize...
(yelling at them)
Apostatize! Korobu! Korobe!

FERREIRA :

But they have apostatized. Many times over. They are here for you, Rodrigues. As long as you don't apostatize they cannot be saved.

RODRIGUES :

(desperate)

They are suffering now but they will receive their reward in heaven.

FERREIRA :

Don't make a mockery of those beautiful words. You're only trying to hide your fear. Do you really believe what you said?

RODRIGUES :

I believe!

FERREIRA :

You believe in yourself! You set yourself above them. It's your salvation that obsesses you, not theirs. You dread to be the dregs of the church, like me. Is that your way of love? A priest should act in imitation of Christ. If Christ were here...

He quiets for a moment, calming himself. The MOANS from the pit continue. Ferreira resumes in a strong, rational voice.

FERREIRA (cont'd)

If Christ were here He would have acted. Apostatized. For their sake. Christ would certainly have done at least that to help men.

RODRIGUES :

(covering his face with his hands)

(MORE)

111

RODRIGUES (cont'd)

No, no....Christ is here. I just can't hear Him.

FERREIRA :

Can you love? Can you love as God commands?

Rodrigues cannot answer.

FERREIRA :

Show God you love Him. Save the lives
of the people He loves.

The Interpreter steps forward CARRYING THE FUMIE, which he
places on the ground before Rodrigues.

FERREIRA :

There is something more important than
the judgement of the church....you
will never do anything more important
than this...

Ferreira puts his arms around Rodrigues.

FERREIRA :

You are now going to fulfill the most
painful act of love that has ever been
performed.

Rodrigues stands over the fumie. The image of Christ stares up
at him.

FERREIRA :

(a voice of quiet command)

Courage.

Ferreira moves aside.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)

"Let this cup pass from me."

Rodrigues leans down and picks up the fumie, holding it close
to his face.

The fumie is sticky with dirt and blood, the image of Christ
grimy with the marks of many feet. But the picture is familiar.
Rodrigues looks upon it.

He presses the fumie to his face, then places it back on the
floor. From somewhere nearby he HEARS...

112

INTERPRETER:

(gently)

It's only a formality. Just a
formality.

Rodrigues now has his foot over the fumie.

As Rodrigues looks down, the face of Christ CHANGES TO: his
beloved IMAGE OF CHRIST FROM THE EVORA CHAPEL.

CUT TO:

sign he has been waiting for? He HEARS JESUS, speaking to him-at last--with gentle understanding.

VOICE OF JESUS (V.O.)

Come ahead now. It's all right. Step on Me. I understand your pain. I was born into this world to share men's pain. I carried this cross for your pain. Step.

RODRIGUES :

(in a whisper)

Oh Jesus....

VOICE OF JESUS :

Your life is with Me now. Show Me your love.

And his foot touches the fumie...the beautiful face he loved from the Evora chapel...the face he loved most in the world. His foot seems to sink through the picture, into the ground, pulling Rodrigues down, absorbing him, subsuming him....

...past his ankle...past his leg...until he is on his knees, on top of the picture of Christ. On the unyielding ground.

He is sobbing. The ground is solid.

Ferreira, the Interpreter and the guards all watch silently.

At the window of the Inquisitor's office across the courtyard, Inoue TURNS AWAY, satisfied.

After a moment, the Interpreter SIGNALS and the Guards start to remove the Five Christians from the pit.

Only the CROWING of a rooster at the approaching dawn breaks the silence.

FADE TO:

113

123 EXT. NAGASAKI RODRIGUES' STREET AND HOUSE NIGHT 123

ONE YEAR LATER. It is the festival of URABON again. And, once again, children dash through the streets, swinging LANTERNS in the slowly falling darkness, singing the holiday song.

From the window of a small house, Rodrigues watches them play.

He is DRESSED IN A KIMONO. His hair is pulled back and tied.

Some of the children shout to him in Japanese "Apostate Paul".

He can't hear it. He smiles. The smile is sad. But all the tension has gone from his face. The pain has vanished.

FERREIRA (O.S.)

Christian. Not Christian.

RODRIGUES (O.S.)

Christian, obviously.

CUT TO:

124 INT. NAGASAKI INQUISITOR'S OFFICE DAY 124

Rodrigues sits at the end of a long table opposite Ferreira. They sift through an assortment of objects raided from Japanese homes. Japanese OFFICIALS supervise closely. *
And passing over each of them is the watchful, sardonic eye of Inoue.

FERREIRA :

Not Christian.

Rodrigues takes a framed picture from Ferreira and PEELS AWAY * the fine ink drawing to reveal an ICONIC IMAGE of St. Lawrence. *
Over this we hear the voice of a physician and author, DIETER ALBRECHT.

DIETER ALBRECHT (V.O.)

TBD:

Rodrigues hands him back the picture without further comment.
DIETER ALBRECHT (V.O.)

TBD:

114

The priests continue to sift through the objects on the table.
DIETER ALBRECHT (V.O.)

TBD:

They look up from their work only occasionally and always avoid each other's eyes.

DIETER ALBRECHT (V.O.)

"The Inquisitor Inoue's authorities would raid homes and seize objects of possible Christian significance. The two priests were required to examine these things and verify their use."

CUT TO:

125 EXT. DEJIMA DUTCH WAREHOUSE DAY 125

A yard bustling with commercial activity. Clerks scribble in ledgers as goods are presented for their review. In a corner of

the yard, two burly workers are weighing sugar, pepper and exotic skins on huge scales. In the midst of all this, Ferreira and Rodrigues, under the usual close supervision, are seated like two bureaucrats opposite one another at a long table, examining more objects for signs of devotional value. Watching all this himself is a man in his early 30s, almost exactly Rodrigues' age, in European dress, making careful notes and sketches in a diary.

DIETER ALBRECHT (V.O.)

TBD:

This is DIETER ALBRECHT. He has bright, worldly eyes and an expression of continuous, consuming fascination with everything around him.

DIETER ALBRECHT (V.O.)

"Our ships were searched to warrant we were not smuggling religious objects. Even my surgical knives and bleeding bowl were closely examined. Neither foreign coins nor anything bearing the images of the cross, a saint, or rosary could pass.

DIETER ALBRECHT continues to watch carefully and makes his notes as the priests continue their work.

CUT TO:

114A

126 EXT. DEJIMA DUTCH WAREHOUSE DAY 126

Same day. Albrecht hovers watchfully in the background. Under a * broad blue-striped canopy, Rodrigues turns out the pockets of a pair of sailor's trousers, feels something in the pocket

lining:

Rodrigues hands it over. Other CLERKS regard them with bemused contempt. Rodrigues looks away from them as the Japanese scornfully dispose of the cross.

DIETER ALBRECHT (V.O.)

TBD:

FERREIRA :

We were taught to love those who scorn us.

RODRIGUES :

I feel nothing for them.

115

FERREIRA :

(shrugs)

Only Our Lord can judge your heart.

Ferreira turns away, a guard staying close behind him.

RODRIGUES :

You said "Our" Lord.

FERREIRA :

I doubt it.

Ferreira walks away, not looking back.

DIETER ALBRECHT (V.O.)

"When Sawano Chuan died, the other priest assumed his duties and performed them with distinction."

Ferreira passes Dieter Albrecht, who catches his eye.

Ferreira's expression gives nothing away. And then he is gone.

DIETER ALBRECHT (V.O.)

"By this time, I observed he had acquired considerable skill with the language, and seemed, I must tell you, to be at peace with his situation."

CUT TO:

127 INT. INQUISITOR'S OFFICE DAY 127

LATE AUTUMN. Rodrigues before Inoue, who treats him with scrupulous politeness as he warms his hands over a brazier.

INOUE :

I have good news. A man has died in Edo. Okada San'emon. You will take his name just as it is.

RODRIGUES :

Thank you.

INOUE :

He had a household. And a wife. You can take her as your wife. A man works best when he is not alone.

RODRIGUES :

Of course.

116

INOUE:

(beat)

You know, Okada...does that sound strange to you?

RODRIGUES :

Not as much as I thought.

INOUE:

(faint smile)

On Ikitsuki and Goto there are still many farmers who think themselves Kirishitan. Do you like that? They can continue to do so. You may take some satisfaction in that.

(Rodrigues bows his head)

The roots are cut.

RODRIGUES :

Nothing grows in a swamp.

INOUE:

(nods; beat)

Japan is that kind of country. It can not be helped. The religion of the Kirishitan you brought us has become a strange thing. It's changed. You were not defeated by me. You were defeated by this swamp of Japan.

CUT TO:

A127 EXT. EDO RODRIGUES' HOUSE IN CHRISTIAN RESIDENCE DAY A127
Daily activity at the Christian Residence compound.

128 INT. EDO RODRIGUES' HOUSE IN CHRISTIAN RESIDENCE DAY 128
Rodrigues, ten years older, sits cross-legged on the floor, working at a writing table. He is closely observed by an official. The room is small and spare--an area that would be close and crowded when his entire household is present. It's almost like a large cell without bars. His wife sews quietly

nearby.

DIETER ALBRECHT (V.O.)

Okada San'emon lived in Edo for the remaining years of his life....

(TBD)

117

CUT TO:

129 INT. EDO RODRIGUES' HOUSE IN CHRISTIAN RESIDENCE DUSK 129

Rodrigues accepts a cup of tea with a nod of thanks...Kichijiro, who waits while Rodrigues sips the tea.

KICHIJIRO :

I heard the Inquisitor sent his men for you. Was there trouble?

*

RODRIGUES :

They were only here to make sure I wrote the korobi shomon. My latest oath of renunciation. Thank you.

*

KICHIJIRO :

You have nothing to thank me for.

RODRIGUES :

For being here with me.

KICHIJIRO :

(carefully)

Padre...

RODRIGUES :

No no. Not any more. I'm a fallen priest.

KICHIJIRO :

But you're the last priest left. You could still hear my confession.

RODRIGUES :

No. I can't.

KICHIJIRO :

I still suffer for what I did, Padre.

I betrayed you, I betrayed my family.

I betrayed our Lord. Please....hear my confession...

As Rodrigues WATCHES him with sympathy, WE HEAR...

RODRIGUES (V.O.)

Lord, I fought against Your silence.

118

CUT TO:

CUT TO:

CUT TO:

HEARS HIM SAY...

VOICE OF JESUS (V.O.)

I suffered beside you. I was never silent.

Kichijiro's lips have not moved. His head remains bowed.

Cut back to:

gently on top of Kichijiro's head. When he speaks it is to answer the voice he is sure he has heard.

RODRIGUES:

I know. But even if God had been

silent, my life...to this very

day...everything I do...everything

I've done...speaks of Him. It was in

the silence that I heard Your voice.

And he begins the words of the sacrament as WE HEAR...

DIETER ALBRECHT (V.O.)

"The Inquisitor continued to insist on periodic examinations of all suspected Christians."

CUT TO:

130 EXT. EDO RODRIGUES' HOUSE IN CHRISTIAN RESIDENCE YARD DAY 130

Rodrigues, in his fifties, his adopted wife and household, as well as Kichijiro, are lined up before officials and guards. A fumie lies before them on the ground. One by one, the members of the household step forward and stamp upon it.

DIETER ALBRECHT (V.O.)

TBD:

Guards RIP an amulet from around Kichijiro's neck as other

members of the house look on in mute terror.

DIETER ALBRECHT (V.O.)

"In the year sixteen hundred and sixty-seven a religious image was discovered inside an amulet belonging to a servant called Kichijiro."

119

CLOSE ON:

of Saint Paul and, on its reverse side, the image of Saint Francis Xavier and an angel.

DIETER ALBRECHT:

"The servant said he had won it gambling, had never looked inside, and could never have gotten the amulet from Okada San'emon since he was always under guard. The servant Kichijiro was never seen again."

Rodrigues' lips move silently. No one but Kichijiro notices.

DIETER ALBRECHT (V.O.)

"After that, Okada San'emon himself was carefully watched. But I must relate to you, Fathers, that he never acknowledged the Christian God. Not by word or symbol. He never spoke of Him and never prayed. Not even when he died."

CUT TO:

131 INT. EDO RODRIGUES' HOUSE IN CHRISTIAN RESIDENCE/BEDCHAMBER 131
Rodrigues is dead at 71. His wife is watched by guards. His wife approaches. Rodrigues' body is in a coffin shaped much like a barrel.

DIETER ALBRECHT (V.O.)

"Three guards stood watch over the coffin until it could be taken away. Just to be certain. Only his wife was briefly allowed to view the body. There was no indication that she wept."

The wife folds Rodrigues' hands carefully across his chest, as if she is concerned something will fall from between them.

CUT TO:

132 EXT. EDO RODRIGUES' HOUSE IN CHRISTIAN RESIDENCE DAY 132
As Rodrigues' body is carried from the house in the coffin.
CAMERA follows the coffin on a bier (kandai) forward, coming
close as we hear...

119A

DIETER ALBRECHT (V.O.)

"The body was treated in the Buddhist
manner."

120

...and we...

DISSOLVE TO:

133 EXT. BURIAL SITE/CREMATION DAY 133

...CAMERA still moving with the coffin as it slides into the
flames of a crematory fire....

...through the flames... CAMERA still moving...

...revealing Rodrigues' body, immaculately arranged, hands
across his chest. CAMERA moves up toward his hands as the
flames burn and start to consume the body.

DIETER ALBRECHT (V.O.)

"And he was given a posthumous
Buddhist name. I believe you will have
to accept, Fathers, that he was lost
to God."

As the flames rise, CAMERA CLOSES on Rodrigues' hands...

DIETER ALBRECHT (V.O.)

"But as to that, only God can answer."

...revealing Mokichi's beautiful hand-carved cross from Goto
clutched between them. The flames are fierce. We are very close
to the cross and hands now. And the cross bursts into flame.
Its light fills the screen.

END: