

HANNAH GRAY
& 2 of 2

f 12.
11

11

HANNAH

Hannah.

ERIC RUDOLPH

Thank you, Hannah. Northeast.

Hannah considers him. Then she and her dogs walk off.

12

EXT. THE WOODS - DOWN THE SLOPE (D19)

12

As she goes, we see on her face: she's thinking about the interaction. Chewing on it.

She keeps glancing back.

And then she crouches down by the dogs. Watching behind her, to see if she was followed. She wasn't. Then she talks to the dogs.

HANNAH

What do you think, guys? Can you be really quiet? Huh?

She puts out a few treats. Then ties the dogs to a tree. And then silently STALKS UP INTO THE WOODS.

Hannah circles around by a different path. Sneaking back toward the clearing.

13

EXT. THE WOODS - SECLUDED CLEARING (D19)

13

Hannah circles around, getting behind where Eric was before.

She silently steps closer, her curiosity getting the better of her.

And she's stunned to see --

Eric, kneeling, his head bowed in prayer. He's praying out loud, though she can't hear what he's saying.

She watches him a long moment. We can see she's processing not just this, but *everything*.

Then she moves and Eric quickly turns, scared. He sees it's her and relaxes.

HANNAH

START →

It's me! It's Hannah. I'm sorry.

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(CONTINUED)

ERIC RUDOLPH

Phew. You just startled me. The
FBI patrols have got me all jumpy.

He stands up. Embarrassed that she caught him in a private
moment.

Hannah studies him. Feeling him out.

HANNAH

Why are you here, exactly? Why are
you in Nantahala?

ERIC RUDOLPH

God's country. Filled with God's
people. Plus, it's home. I grew
up here.

HANNAH

Did you? Nobody in town seems to
know you.

ERIC RUDOLPH

You ask Misses Corcoran down at
Cherokee Valley Elementary, I'm
sure she remembers me! I gave her
a mess of trouble. She wasn't
exactly open to a Christian view of
history and science.

HANNAH

She's still there.

ERIC RUDOLPH

Still getting kids expelled for
speaking the truth? That's partly
why my mom pulled us out, then down
to Florida.

HANNAH

Where'd you all live? Growing up.

ERIC RUDOLPH

Right next door to Paul Brigham.

HANNAH

You knew old Paul?

ERIC RUDOLPH

He was like a dad to me. He's the
one brought us Rudolfs to Christ.

HANNAH

Paul was a friend of my husband's.
A man you could rely on when it all
hit the fan.

Eric nods solemnly.

ERIC RUDOLPH

I'd like to think he'd say the same
about me. If he was still with us.

Hannah inspects Eric closely.

HANNAH

I read your letters.

Eric nods. Hannah steps closer -- watching Eric's face, his
reactions, trying to get to the truth.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Is it true? Is all of that stuff
true?

Eric looks at her. Super-sincere. And nods, yes.

Hannah reacts, trying to hide her admiration, failing.

ERIC RUDOLPH

I'm shivering in the woods,
starving half the time, running
from FBI patrols day and night...
But it's all worth it. And I'd do
it all over again if I had the
choice.

(beat)

~~At my lowest moments, I imagine
some little baby... who would've
been torn apart, limb by limb, in
its mother's womb... I imagine
that baby all peaceful and growing
up and running around laughing, and
I think: If I have to suffer like
this, so that one baby can live?
By God, let me suffer.~~

It's utterly sincere and moving. Hannah's been probing for
cracks in Eric's armor. But it's all air-tight.

HANNAH

It's not right the way they're
treating you. The FBI would be
happy to put a bullet in your back
and call it justice.

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(CONTINUED)

ERIC RUDOLPH
I don't want to complain. This is
the path I chose, for the Glory of
God.

HANNAH
I want to help you, sir.

ERIC RUDOLPH
Well, I appreciate that, but--

HANNAH
I want to help keep you safe. What
can I do?

He shakes his head, but Hannah insists:

HANNAH (CONT'D)
You don't know me, but I have
connections here. Me and my
husband, we have a lot of "reliable
friends." Friends like Paul
Brigham. You tell me what you
need, how we can help, and I'll see
it through.

END →

Eric is touched. He sighs. Relenting.

ERIC RUDOLPH
I don't mind the hardship... But
if I had a little more breathing
room. These FBI patrols, I can
never let my guard down, never
rest...

But then he stops himself -- he shouldn't complain.

ERIC RUDOLPH (CONT'D)
No. Instead of "me, me, me," "what
I want"... Let's ask God what His
Will is.
(off her look)
Will you pray with me?

Hannah, needless to say, is delighted to.

They join hands. Bow their heads. And pray in silence
together, there in the cathedral of the woods.

We hold on this image a long time.

END ACT ONE.

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