

LONG REMEMBER

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Scripted

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EXT. TRAIN PLATFORM HANOVER JUNCTION - DAY

Out of darkness, a point of light, a train headlamp, appears. The light grows until it illuminates a man's bearded profile. This is DANIEL BALE, 25. He is ruggedly handsome, heavily muscled. His clothes are worn from days of hard travel. The light continues to grow to white-out.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. SNOW COVERED PLAINS - DAWN

A swirling blizzard white-out parts to reveal an Indian village across a river.

POV SPLASHING ACROSS RIVER

The silence is shattered by gunfire, shouts and screams. Bullets rip through teepees. Men, women and children attempt to defend or flee.

IN THE CAMP

A brave is shot down as he pulls back his bow string. A squaw carrying a child emerges from a tee-pee, breaks for the river, is felled by a shot in the back. The baby screams until it, too, is silenced by a bullet.

SLOWLY PULLING AWAY FROM SCENE

A chaotic montage of horrific violence. Blood stains the snow and screams echo.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. TRAIN PLATFORM HANOVER JUNCTION -DAY

The screams resolve into a train whistle. A locomotive enters the station, headlamp flooding the platform.

ON DAN

As he lifts his duffel, the STATION AGENT, about Dan's age, missing an arm, approaches. He carries a red signal lantern.

STATION AGENT

Say, you don't need be in any hurry to pick up your luggage, friend. The train won't go for another 20 minutes, the one heading west. This here one goes north.

DAN
 (impulsively)
 I see you're shy one wing.

STATION AGENT
 (defensive)
 My wife don't mind a bit. She didn't have to marry me or nothing when I come back home, dragging this sleeve. Said, 'it's just a chunk of meat.' Said, 'you coulda come back in a box like my brother.' And truth be, when I signed the roll, that's the way I figured it to end.
 (Noting civilian clothes)
 You married, I take it?

Dan wearily pulls a cigarette out of his pocket, lights it, blows smoke.

DAN
 No, I ain't. I'm sorry you lost an arm. And I'm sorry for them that's dead. But I don't intend to go to war, if that's what you mean to ask.

STATION AGENT
 (Taken aback)
 Well, some holds one way, some another. I don't mind saying there are plenty of Copperheads right here in this county.

DAN
 I'm no Copperhead.

STATION AGENT
 Never said you was.

DAN
 I'm no coward, either. Not that courage is what it takes to fire a lead ball into a stranger's face.

STATION AGENT
 We all got our reasons, and I 'spect yours is good as any.
 (conciliatory)
 The next train that pulls in is your'n, friend. Any minute now.

C.U. OF RED LANTERN AS AGENT WALKS AWAY

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. CROWDED PASSENGER TRAIN CABIN -- LATER

The red flair of a match dies at the end of a cigar beneath a white slouch hat.

ON DAN

He approaches past carpet bags, sacks bundled with twine, leather valises and wooden crates. The man in the slouch hat -- wearing a Union officer's coat -- sits beside the lone vacant seat.

DAN

Is this seat taken?

TYLER FANNING, mid-twenties, weary, puffs cigar, looks up. TY and DAN react.

TY

I'm a sucker if you aren't Dan Bale. I recognize you even under that bush you got on your chin.

DAN

Hello Ty. Guess I forgot my razors at home.

TY

(Putting his hand on sword)
Care for a trim?

Dan laughs. Ty smiles tightly.

TY (CONT'D)

How long has it been? I heard you'd left Pennsylvania for good.

DAN

Seven years, and you heard right. Least that was my intention. You haven't been home recently, have you? Got some bad news about my grandfather.

TY

(Eying Dan)
He's been ill for a long while. But I guess news travels slow out west.

Dan grimaces, Ty's face softens.

TY (CONT'D)

Your grandpappy was always good to me when I was a boy. Anyways, his bad turn must have come on since I've been out doing Old Abe's business. This is the first time I'm home in seven months, and I'm only here now because I'm sick. My wife managed it. Had Colonel Baxter send me.

DAN

So you're married, then?

TY

You don't know her. A girl from Philadelphia.

DAN

And you're an officer.

TY

Captain Fanning they call me. Damn hard work, war fighting. Hardest work I've ever done. Caught a piece of shell at Antietam Creek. Ever since I've been sick as a dog. Still can't keep much on my stomach, and now I seem to have caught something on my lungs.

He hacks and spits into a cup.

TY (CONT'D)

How's your health, Bale? We heard you got yourself scalped by some Indians.

DAN

They came close enough.

TY

Indians or rebels, either one. We'd be better off if they were all dead.

Dan sits in uncomfortable silence.

TY (CONT'D)

You always were a queer duck.

A laugh turns into a hacking, painful cough.

TY (CONT'D)

(recovering)

We younger boys followed your every move, but we never did get your measure. Remember the swimming hole by the willows?

DAN

Taught you to swim, as I recall.

TY

More like threw me in for the fun in watching me drown.

DAN

We woulda fished you out in time, Fanning. Just the way older boys do with younger ones.

TY

I still remember the tanning I got from Pa for ruining that velvet jacket.

DAN

Some of the boys were jealous of that jacket and all what else you had.

TY

Not you though, eh Dan?

DAN

No Ty. I didn't begrudge you. You couldn't help being born well off.

Ty starts another coughing fit and coughs up something bloody into the cup. Dan looks away.

TY

Seems I'm not so well off now.

DAN

I'm sorry you're ailing Ty.

TY

And I'm sorry you're hurrying home from the wilderness trying to catch your grandfather before he passes out of this miserable existence. It's a bad bargain all around.

DAN
 (ignoring the
 outburst)
 I know Doc has done all anyone
 can.

TY
 Didn't you see his Missis? She's
 in this carriage. I saw her get on
 at the junction. There she is
 right ahead, Mrs. Duffey.

Dan looks where Ty is pointing.

ON DAN

He picks his way down the cluttered aisle toward an absurdly
 decorated hat. The beam of the hat tilts up to reveal EVA
 DUFFEY.

DAN
 I've been sitting back there
 talking with Tyler Fanning. He
 just now told me you were on the
 train.

Eva squeals softly, drops her knitting and grabs Dan's
 hands.

EVA DUFFEY
 Great heavens to Betsey! It's Dan
 Bale.

EVA DUFFEY (CONT'D)
 We were looking for you Dan, just
 not so soon.

DAN
 You mean grandfather's not . . .

EVA DUFFEY
 I don't know Dan. He was still
 alive yesterday morning when Mealy
 and I left for my cousin Collie's
 daughter's wedding -- she married
 Joe Kohnkopher . . . Heavens, You
 ain't even spoken to Mealy!

Amelia flushes.

DAN

I apologize, Miss Niede. I wouldn't have known you if Mrs. Duffey hadn't told me.

AMELIA

I wouldn't have known you either, Mr. Bale. Why did you grow that beard?

DAN

It comes natural out there, somehow.

AMELIA

What's it like, the West? Did you see any Indians?

DAN

Well I . . .

AMELIA

Listen to me prattling on about savages and such when you are worrying about your grandfather. 'lijah will be waiting at the station for us in the carryall. He'll take you right home, and God willing, in time.

DAN

Elijah? Elijah Huddlestone?

EVA DUFFEY

Why of course you wouldn't know! Elijah is Amelia's young man.

AMELIA

(blushing)

Aunt Evie! . . .

DAN

(appraising)

Well you're a grown woman now. I reckon Hud counts himself a lucky man.

AMELIA

(with pride)

He's been working with Dr. Duffey. Doc says he's got natural sense and a way with the patients.

DAN

Hud's always had a good head on his shoulders. I wanted to ask Fanning about him, but they never got on.

(To EVA)

Has grandfather . . . Has my grandfather been suffering.

EVA DUFFEY

I can't lie to you Daniel, it's been a cruel illness. But Adam says he's lain peaceful the last few days.

DAN

I wish he could have gone quicker. Nothing he hated more than being sick.

EVA DUFFEY

These last years he's been pretty lonely, and Adam says he's eager to go. Pentland Bale has nothing to fear from the Lord.

The train jolts almost making Dan lose his footing.

DAN

I better get back to my seat before I break a limb.

Eva claws at his hand, reluctant to release him.

MOVING UP AISLE

Ty tilts up his hat and squints open his eyes.

TY

You had quite a confabulation with Mrs. Duffey. Who's the young woman with her?

DAN

Amelia Niede.

TY

Ah, yes. She's not bad looking for a German girl. She goes about with young Huddlestone. You remember young Huddlestone?

DAN

Young? He's a year older than you.

TY

Ah, that's right, you were an intimate. Well he has a rupture or some such. And a bad heart. Can't get into the army. Too bad.

Ty drops his cigar on the train floor and crushes it with his boot. He draws the hat over his forehead.

TY (CONT'D)

Plague this train. I could get there quicker walking. Damon will be at the depot if they got my telegram. We'll drop you off at your grandfather's.

DAN

I don't want to be any trouble.

TY

Trouble? If I roll out of bed recklessly, I wake up in your kitchen garden. You can just hop from the carriage as we roll by, if you prefer.

DAN

Dr. Duffey may be at the station with Huddleston.

TY

You oughtn't crowd in on them in that dinky little rig of theirs.
(grimacing)
My stomach feels like the devil!

Ty closes his eyes and slumps back. Dan watches until he begins to snore.

OUT TRAIN WINDOW

Green Pennsylvania countryside rolls past.

C.U.OF AN OLD FARMHOUSE PORCH.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. PENTLAND BALE'S PORCH -- SEVEN YEARS PAST

A much younger Daniel Bale stands on the front walk, slump-shouldered and glaring at PENTLAND BALE, 57 and hard-worn.

PENTLAND

Listen to me for once! I know it wasn't right being raised up by an old man. You needed a mother that lived and a father that didn't leave off. Nothing I could do about that, but I did all I could.

DAN

This isn't about any of that.

PENTLAND

You think its about the nonsense that's in those notebooks you've been filling. You think you'll find your precious philosophy out West. Well you'll find nothing there but defeat and degradation. *This* is home. This is where your blood is. That may seem like just words to you now, but some day it will be the scribbles in those notebooks that seem empty.

DAN

I guess I'll wait for that day to come, then, and I'll be waiting in the West.

PENTLAND

Then you are a fool, boy!

DAN

I'm no fool, old man!

PENTLAND

It's either fool or coward, one. I should have seen it coming, bad seed from a bad tree, running off just like your father.

Dan, is stunned into speechlessness. He grabs up his leather satchel, walks away. Pentland lurches after him, stumbles.

PENTLAND

Daniel!

Dan doesn't look back. Pentland folds at the waist, broken.

INT. TRAIN -LATER

A baby's cry brings Dan out of his reverie. Ty stirs. The train lurches. Brakes hiss, steel screams. The door to the train car blows open and the CONDUCTOR bursts through.

CONDUCTOR
(braying)
All out for Gettysburg!

EXT. DOWNTOWN GETTYSBURG -- DUSK

A small but prosperous town with a business district lined with two and three story buildings. The streets bustle with carts, carriages, and pedestrians -- from men in three-piece business suits and women in elaborate hats and crinolines to farmers in homespun to servants in tatters.

MOVING UP CHAMBERSBURG PIKE

The white cupola of the Seminary rises atop an oak-covered ridge, surrounded by lush summer fields and comfortable two story houses.

DAN'S POV, MOVING UP PATH

A gate in a white fence swings open, leading to a covered porch, recognizable as the spot in Dan's recollection. The front door of the house opens.

INT. BALE HOME

DAN hesitantly approaches the closed doors to the parlor. He stands before them, frozen. Finally, he pulls them open.

INSIDE PARLOR

Laid out on a large table, bracketed by guttering candles, is a corpse, its face covered by a cloth. DAN walks to the head of the table and stares down at the cloth. He pulls it away.

C.U. CORPSE'S FACE

The lower jaw sagging, the top lip curled in a snarl.

DAN
(involuntary)
Grandfather!

Working to collect himself

DAN (CONT'D)
I . . . I'm . . .

C.U. of his HANDS.

Clasped in anxiety, they release as DAN gives up on his speech. He gingerly touches the corpse's face, then gently pushes the jaw into place and re-covers his grandfather's face.

VIEW TOWARD THE PARLOR ENTRANCE

An angel appears in the doorway, holding a vase of roses. IRENE FANNING, a big city beauty in a small town, is mortified at her intrusion.

IRENE
(shrieks)

Oh!

She drops the vase, which explodes on the floor. DAN rushes to help, slicing his hand on the glass. He ignores the wound and hands the flowers to IRENE.

ON IRENE

She drops the flowers to the floor, takes his bleeding, removes a sash from her dress and wraps the wound.

IRENE
Look what I've done!

DAN
(staring)
It's a scratch.

IRENE, flustered, still holds his hand in hers until DAN reacts. Embarrassed, she lets go.

IRENE
Mother Fanning wanted me to bring some roses. She's indisposed and won't be able to attend the funeral.

DAN
It was kind of you. And kind of Mrs. Fanning to remember my grandfather.

IRENE
(regaining
composure)
We are rich in roses.
Forgive me . . . I am Mrs. Tyler Fanning.

DAN
 (bowing)
 Daniel Bale. I just rode up from
 the station with your husband.

IRENE
 Yes, he told me.

DAN
 I hope he is feeling better.

IRENE
 He went straight to bed. He
 suffered a bad wound, and has not
 fully recovered. I wrote to the
 Colonel, a friend of my father's,
 and insisted he send Ty home, if
 only for a few days.

DAN
 Ty married well.

IRENE
 But I am behaving abhorrently. I
 do not mean to disturb your grief.

DAN
 It was kind of you to bring the
 flowers.

IRENE
 (stooping to
 gather them)
 I've made a mess.

Dan touches her shoulder gently.

DAN
 Mrs. Wurke will set things right.

EXT. THE BALE HOUSE -EVENING

IRENE is helped aboard a waiting carriage by DAMON, an
 African American servant.

BACKING INTO A LONG SHOT

The carriage makes the very short trip down Bale's drive, a
 few yards up Chambersburg Pike, then down the much longer
 Fanning drive to the larger and better appointed Fanning
 home.

ON IRENE

She climbs the grand front portico steps. From the lit
 window above her, the sound of retching issues.

EXT. BALE HOUSE - MORNING

Dust rises on the Chambersburg Pike as Dr. Duffy's carry-all approaches. A tall, thin, young man holds the reins while a corpulent, white-haired man with bandaged hands steps out and enters the house.

INT. DAN BALE'S BEDROOM -MORNING

DAN studies himself in the warped mirror above the washstand, still in his dirty clothes.

DAN

Good lord, you're a sight.

He peels off the clothes and tosses them on the bed until he is naked, then plunges his face into the cold water in the washstand.

DAN

(shouting)
Mother of Christ!

The door blows open and in walks Dr. Duffey.

DOC

I'd recognize that gluteus maximus anywhere. And why shouldn't I? Did I not pull it into this world a quarter century ago?

DAN spins around, unselfconscious about his nudity, but surprised.

DAN

Doc! Don't stand on formalities!
Come right in.

DOC

It's good to see you, Daniel. I'm sorry the circumstances are such as they are.

DAN

Good to see you, too, Doc.

DAN reaches for DOC'S bandaged hand and reacts.

DAN (CONT'D)

You've been practicing your wrapping skills, I see.

DOC

A slight mishap with my lamp. I'll have this cotton off in a week, or you can unhang my sign.

DOC grabs a sheet on the bed and throws it at DAN.

DOC

Clothe yourself as a Christian, Daniel. You always did have heathenish tendencies.

DAN wraps the sheet around his hips, gestures to the rumpled clothes on the bed.

DAN

That suit was my best, but it suffered sadly in travel.

DOC

You have no replacement, I take it?

DAN

I travel light, Doc. But Mrs. Wurke says there are some trunks with my old things in the spare room, if I can find them.

DOC

I've come by to attend to that good lady. It hasn't been easy in these last weeks, and she's sorely in need of tonic. You should give her some sort of present, Daniel. She has been a rock.

DAN

I'll see she gets a tidy sum.

DOC

Well my boy, Pentland Bale is gone, may he rest easy. A good man he was, and many a care you gave him.

DAN

Not for the last seven years.

DOC

Don't fizz up so willingly! Where are all your fine philosophies? Still in books, books you never got around to writing, I wager.

DAN

I dreamed about him all night,
Doc.

DOC

It's an unsettled world we're
living in. The ghosts are uneasy
and not to be blamed for it.

DAN

You and your ghosts. Your tales
caused me more than one sleepless
night when I was a boy.

DOC

As a mordern philosopher you may
deride me as you like, but was it
not just this past March 8 I woke
at 2 of the morning, and saw a
vision of young Ike Herriott, the
boy you lured West with you, his
brains spilled on a cabin floor.
There were Indians dancing about,
most dressed like civilized men,
but one with feathers in his
braid, and then they set all to
flame.

DAN

No doubt you read as much in my
letters. Though they were never
sure it was the 8th. I returned on
the 12th, and there was nothing
left but charred stumps.

DOC

Did they ever catch the culprits?

DAN

I joined up to pursue them, Doc, a
"civilian volunteer" it said on
the register. For the price of
some rot-gut, a so-called scout
said he knew where the renegades
that did it were camped. Only we
got there and it turned out to be
the band of an old gent named Two
Horses, abided every treaty we
ever made him sign. Two Horses
came out to greet us in his best
skins, his pipe held out toward
us, ready to smoke. They shot him
where he stood.

DOC

West. East. There's no escape to
the madness.

DOC shuffles, CLEARS THROAT.

DOC (CONT'D)

I won't keep you Daniel, but there
is a matter, a defilement to
mention in the house of death . .

DAN

I know you provided sturdy care,
Doc. What's the tally?

DOC

For you it would not be one penny,
Daniel. But Pentland Bale was a
rich man.

DAN

Middling so.

DOC

I say he was rich. My bill is . .
. fifty dollars gold.

Daniel walks over to the bed, pulls a money belt from
beneath the mattress and begins counting out bills.

DOC

(watching
greedily)

Of course if you need to wait
until the estate is more settled .
. .

DAN

. . . sixty, eighty, that's a
hundred in greenbacks. I saw the
New York papers on the train and
greenbacks is 58 cents on the
dollar. So that's 58 dollars for
you, and don't worry, I got plenty
left from my share on the sale of
the mill.

DOC

You sold out? So you won't be
going back West?

DAN

I have no idea what I'm going to do. Now go off and tend to Mrs. Wurke.

DOC

You're a man, Daniel. You'll be needing help with them heavy trunks. I'll send Huddlestone up.

DAN

You've been using Hud as a manservant. Don't see why I can't take a turn.

INT. BALE HOME, SPARE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

DAN, now wearing shorts, is moving some old furniture stacked in front of two trunks in the corner of the room. There is a KNOCK ON THE DOOR. DAN springs up to open it.

DAN

Hud!

HUD

(shaking hands)

You've returned, every bit a mountain man.

DAN

(fingering beard)

This tuft has captured some attention, I admit.

HUD

(sobering)

I'm glad you got home in time to lay your grandfather away. The last few days . . . your grandfather was peaceful. Doc barely left his side.

DAN

It's a mystery how grandfather ever let Doc within three leagues of him. He had a horror of people with spots on their garments.

HUD

Doc is pretty spotty.

HUD pulls keys from his pocket.

HUD

The ones you want is on this ring.
Mrs. Wurke couldn't say which
ones.

DAN

We'll manage. Help me pull out
this trunk, it's heavy as lead.

DAN notices HUD's hesitation.

DAN

Oh, I'm sorry Hud. I forgot.

HUD

It's alright. I got something new
this spring.

HUD pulls the loose fabric of his trousers taught to reveal
the outline of the truss.

HUD

I almost don't notice it now. I
wish I could say the same for old
man Niede.

DAN

Amelia sure turned into a beauty.
So it's serious then?

HUD

I'm going to marry her, Dan.

DAN

What's the father got against you,
aside from the truss? Lots of
prosperous folks have worse than
that.

HUD

That's just it. I'm poor as a
preacher's cat.

DAN

The Doc isn't paying you?

HUD

Oh, he is . . . it's just that. .
well, he owes me the whole amount
to date.

DAN

I just settled accounts, so get your money before he spends it on patent rocking chairs or trinkets for the Mrs.

HUD

I will dunn him within the hour.

They both laugh, then set to work moving aside the stored furniture and heaving out the first chest.

HUD (CONT'D)

Will these still fit? You've grown broad.

DAN

These were always too big for me. Grandfather didn't believe in clothes that wouldn't accept a little growth. There may be some more in that other one.

As they dig it out, HUD comes across an old rifle.

HUD

(excited)

This is a sixty-nine!

DAN

A what?

HUD

Buck-and-ball. She'll load with three buckshot and a ball, or more if you want'em. Shoot the daylights out of anyone at point-blank range.

DAN

She's better off back in the corner, then.

DAN slips on some trousers he's found, and a shirt and vest. Behind him, HUD has gone into martial mode, drilling with the rifle.

HUD

Ready. Take aim. Fire!

HUD trips the trigger and the rifle clicks. DAN puts his hand on the barrel and pushes it down to the floor.

HUD

We've been drilling all spring. Bart McKosh is the drillmaster. He's got regular army. . .was a sergeant till the rebs blew off his leg at Fredericksburg.

DAN

Who's we?

HUD

Oh Charlie Deffenbaugh, Ernie Dryer, old man Klein and some of the Sem boys. You should join us, Dan.

DAN

You ever kill anyone, Hud?

HUD

I'll kill one of them soon enough, if I get the chance.

DAN

You mean "one of them" like Wesley Culp? He was a good hand on a coon hunt and sweet on your sister as I recall. Moved down to Virginia about the time I went West. No doubt he's wearing gray now. Maybe you could have an opportunity to blow his leg off, point blank.

HUD

You don't believe the Union is sacred, worth killing and dying for, if need be? Is anything sacred to you?

DAN

Nothing. Not if something being sacred is what's causing all this hellish foolishness the last two years.

HUD

Sometime we'll have to argue this out. Doc ought to be through with his prescribing by now. I should go down and see.

DAN

Thanks for lending a hand. Please give my respects to your mother.

HUD

She'll be wanting to see you.
We'll be at the funeral tomorrow.

DAN

Pentland Bale hated funerals.
Avoided them with vigor. Now he'll
be compelled to attend one.

HUD

(on way out)

Oh, and we'll be drilling on the
lawn east of Deffenbaugh's place
Thursday night. If you should be
walking out, stop by to watch. We
drill very well.

DAN

I have no hope for you.

They exchange looks, laugh.

C.U. ON RIFLE AS HUD CAREFULLY PLACES IT BACK IN THE CORNER
ON HIS WAY OUT.

EXT. EVER GREEN CEMETERY -- MORNING

A funeral wagon winds up the hill to the cemetery. When it
stops, men with black armbands surround the coffin and
stiffly parade it to an open grave, lower it in. Dr. and
Mrs. Duffey, the Huddlestons, Mrs. Wurke are among the
sizeable group of mourners.

REV. SOLT

Our esteemed brother Pentland Bale
leaves this mortal vale of woe for
everlasting happiness . . .

C.U. ON DAN BALE

He pays no attention to the boilerplate, instead scanning
the crowd as if looking for someone.

EXT. EVER GREEN CEMETERY -LATER

An assortment of mourners pass by Daniel offering
condolences. HUD and MRS. HUDDLESTONE await their turn.

MRS. HUDDLESTONE

You poor boy. Come all this way
and never get to see him.

DAN

I'm glad he's gone.

MRS. HUDDLESTONE

Yes, yes, he's free of pain now,
the dear soul.

HUD

Are you going back to the house?

DAN

I think I'll take a walk, clear
the smell of these funeral flowers
from my nose.

FOLLOWING ON DAN

As he passes the grave, two workers finish filling up the
hole while a supervisor SKETCHLEY, observes.

SKETCHLEY

We'll have it all seen to, Mr.
Bale.

DAN

That's your job.

SKETCHLEY

And I got that Bearman boy coming
back on the train tonight.

DAN

Adolph Bearman? Coming back?

SKETCHLEY

He died after he got hurt in that
Chancellor battle. His dad went on
down to Virginia to pick him up.
We'll bury him tomorrow.

DAN

It's a beautiful morning.
Equally beautiful in Virginia I
imagine. A lot like this. And men
are tearing it to shreds,
blundering about with brass guns.

SKETCHLEY

My boy's down in Virginia.
Benjamin.

DAN

Benjy. I remember. Only as a boy
of course. Must be 17 by now.

SKETCHLEY

Eighteen. You should see him in
his . . .

His hand pats his pocket. He extracts an ambrotype of a
uniformed soldier, chubby, glasses, still a boy.

DAN

I'm sure you're proud. Please
excuse me, I must be on.

FOLLOWING ON DAN

He continues down a path between the stones, reading them,
running his hand along their surface.

SERIES OF C.U. SHOTS OF HEADSTONES

TELITHA F. DEVOTED WIFE OF
PENTLAND

BABY GIRL BALE, REST DARLING

MARY N. BALE, BELOVED WIFE OF

DANIEL S. BALE, MOTHER OF DANIEL

P. BALE

(In the last, a blank space above is reserved for the
missing name of DAN's father)

ON DAN

He removes his coat and vest, folds them and lays them on
the base of this last stone, then continues on. As he passes
out of the cemetery . . .

C.U. OF SIGN

"ALL PERSONS USING FIREARMS IN THESE GROUNDS WILL BE
PROSECUTED WITH THE UTMOST VIGOR OF THE LAW."

ON DAN

He descends from the cemetery ridge onto the Niede farm. Old
man Niede is hammering at some broken down farm equipment.

OLD MAN NIEDE

Ach! It's the young Bale, no hat
mit . . . in dis sun!

DAN

Good day Mr. Niede.

OLD MAN NIEDE

We thought you dead. Scalped.

DAN

No, I have more hair than when I left, as you can see.

OLD MAN NIEDE

Old man, he is die?

DAN

We just buried him up the ridge.

OLD MAN NIEDE

Everyone is dying some time. Better die rich, like old man, *nein*? Maybe you come see little Ameilia?

DAN

Just out walking.

OLD MAN NIEDE

She all grown.

DAN

So I've seen.

OLD MAN NIEDE

(calculating)

You only heir now.

DAN

Yes, and there's not likely to be any more. Good day, Mr. Niede.

ON DAN

He continues into a picturesque peach orchard.

DAN'S POV

Sweeping up past the copse of trees, to the stone peak of Little Round Top looming above.

ON DAN

BARKING interrupts his revery, and CYBO appears wagging tail in greeting.

DAN

Cybo? What are you doing here? You must be lost.

CYBO turns and runs, hopping a stone wall. DAN follows.

EXT. CHERRY ORCHARD -DAY

The Fanning rig is pulled up, horses hobbled, Damon asleep. TY FANNING is sprawled on a blanket, SNORING. Some distance away IRENE is sitting, back against the stone wall.

DAN

Hello Mrs. Fanning.

IRENE

Mr. Bale. This is a pleasant surprise.

DAN

I don't want to disturb your picnic.

IRENE

Oh, forgive me for not offering refreshment. We have nothing to eat. Tyler didn't want to stop, but this place was so pretty I insisted. Anyway, the sleep will do him good. Maybe his spirits will improve when he awakes.

DAN

May I sit down?

IRENE

Do.

As she resettles herself, her shape is clear against the silk dress without any of the usual undergarments. IRENE notices DAN noticing.

IRENE (CONT'D)

Please forgive my appearance. I was being . . . comfortable.

He sits, not too close.

DAN

I wasn't expecting to see anyone either. I left my coat on . . . back in Ever Green.

Reaching into his pocket.

DAN (CONT'D)

But I do have this.

He pulls out the rolled-up sash Irene had used to bandage his hand.

DAN (CONT'D)

I'm afraid Mrs. Wurke couldn't get all the blood out. If you tell me the fabric, I will have a replacement made.

Irene flushes as she takes the sash.

IRENE

Don't think about it another moment! That old dress needed to be ripped up for cleaning rags a season past.

(awkwardly)

Is ... everything over?

DAN

Yes, he's been put away.

(changing
subject)

Ty tells me you're from Philadelphia. How was it you met?

IRENE

His father did business with my father. Ty appeared at a Christian Society ball, so gallant in his uniform it took my breath away. When he paid me courteous attentions, I couldn't believe my fortune -- a handsome captain choosing to share a shred of his shining glory.

(smiling wanly)

I was still a foolish girl in many ways. In many ways, I probably still am, though marriage does mature one.

Dan notices Irene shading her eyes as she speaks.

DAN (CONT'D)

You should sit in the shade, Mrs. Fanning. You are full in the sun.

IRENE

Perhaps you are right. I've been having the strangest thoughts under it's influence. It's hot, but I like to feel it soaking through me. I . . . go away somewhere. Sometimes, when Mrs. Fanning is sleeping, which is quite often, I feel compelled to steal away into the meadow and lie

(MORE)

IRENE (CONT'D)

flat in the long grass and let the sun pound me. The meadow beyond your house . . .It's not genteel. You must tell noone.

DAN

I like that field. Ty and I played there sometimes, when we were boys. After I was older, I'd go out and sit there at night, near the thorn bushes. There's a sheltered place just beyond. Sometimes I'd fall asleep and wake up when the sun rose above Culp Hill.

IRENE

How odd. Your parents didn't worry?

DAN

There was only grandfather, and he slept like the dead.

An awkward pause.

IRENE

You were an orphan?

DAN

My mother died five days after my little sister. I can't remember either of them. My father went mad from the grief of it. He ran off.

IRENE

I'm so very sorry, Mr. Bale. Your pretty house does not look like it contained such tragedy. I can see it from my bedroom window. I've always found the color friendly, reassuring.

DAN

The color of sunrise. Been that way as long as I can remember. It's a very fair picture, that house. I just don't know whether to keep it.

(pointing)

Look! Buzzards. Two of them.

IRENE

(shuddering)

They eat carrion, do they not?

DAN

Yes. I thought all of them were gone from around here. Something's dead, over by Codoris's place. A calf, more'n'likely.

.

IRENE

I don't like those birds. I wish they'd go away. This is too perfect an afternoon.

A GUNSHOT booms out. Then another. Dan and Irene react. Tyler Fanning stands erect just beyond the clearing, a revolver aimed skyward. DAMON, jolts awake in the carriage and tries to calm the horses.

DAMON

Whoa Becky! Whoa Bright! Hol' on.

TY ambles toward IRENE and DAN, blowing smoke from the revolver's barrel.

TY

Did the shots startle you?

DAN

We have considerable shooting out in the territory.

TY

Bale, where'd you drop from?

DAN

I was walking. Mrs. Fanning was kind enough to invite me to sit.

IRENE

We didn't know you were awake.

TY

Didn't see me get up and fetch this piece from the rig? Must have been a pretty absorbing communication. Damn it all Irene, why'd you let me sleep so long? You knew mother was expecting us.

IRENE

It wasn't so long, just a little while. And I don't care if we miss those Harrisburg people altogether. Besides, sleeping in the fresh air is beneficial for your disposition.

TY

The hell it is.
(turns to Dan)
Nice to see you again Bale.

Ty turns and walks back to the carriage, dragging the revolver conspicuously.

TY (CONT'D)

Damon, control that team! Cybo!
Where did that fool dog get to?

Ty starts to hack violently. Dan offers his hand to Irene, she waves it away.

IRENE

Thank you, I can manage. Can we offer you a ride home, Mr. Bale?

DAN

I must walk back through the cemetery and retrieve my garments.

IRENE

Of course. I enjoyed our talk.

DAN

Maybe we'll meet again . . . in another field.

Irene blushes.

ON DAN

Walking back up to the ridge.

PANS SKYWARD

The buzzards circle and soar on the thermals.

INT. BALE HOME PARLOR - DAY

Sitting across from DAN at the table where the body lay, JULIUS ORCUTT, Pentland Bale's lawyer, shuffles through a sheaf of papers.

ORCUTT

He was a good businessman, your grandfather. A shrewd man, and he prospered accordingly.

DAN

(scanning)

You've listed several thousand dollars of uncollectible debt here. This is not the balance sheet of a shrewd man, but a kind one.

ORCUTT

However that may be, your grandfather left you very well off.

DAN

Thank you.

DAN rises from table to leave.

ORCUTT

(flustered)

Naturally I expected to attend to the will, the probate. But these other affairs of business . . . the collections of various moneys, the surveying of properties . . .

DAN

If you assume them all for the present, I should be most grateful. At your usual rates of course. Perhaps you would be willing to assume them permanently?

ORCUTT

Why I . . .

(recovering)

I shall endeavor to serve you, Daniel, as I served your grandfather.

He places a hand paternally on Dan's shoulder. Dan removes it.

ORCUTT (CONT'D)

And in that spirit Daniel, permit me an inquiry. There is a rumor going about, er, well, two rumors . . .

DAN

This is a village. It would be a sorry village if dozens of rumors were not afoot, would it not?

ORCUTT

Uh, yes, well said. But these particular rumors attend to your person. Two camps of rumors, I should say. One camp has it that you are a Secessionist, a Copperhead. The other, which I am happy to join, declares that you have been offered a commission with the Minnesota volunteers, that you indeed are already a hero of the Indian wars . . .

DAN

(harshly)

They are both in error. I am nobody's hero. Please make yourself at ease, Mr. Orcutt. I must be going. I promised my particular friend, Elijah Huddlestone, that I would attend the drill.

ORCUTT

Ah yes, the drill. A handsome legion, I believe you'll find.

(pointedly)

It makes a patriot proud.

Dan salutes sardonically, exits.

EXT. THE GETTYSBURG DIAMOND -AFTERNOON

In the town square, a large crowd festively watches a ragtag group of variously uniformed adolescents and middle-aged men parade with antique weapons and wooden facsimilies to the barked cadence of a one-legged man in a regular army uniform.

ON PERIMETER OF CROWD

Children armed with sticks mimic their elders.

FIRST CHILD

Look out, here come the rebs!

Prompted, the children form into an invading horde, trying out their rebel yells and charging the crowd.

SECOND CHILD

You Yanks better run from us
secesh!

WOMAN IN CROWD

You children are perfectly horrid.
Shoo! Shoo!

ON DAN

DAN is watching from the back when JOHN BURNS approaches and extends his hand. DAN hesitates.

JOHN BURNS

Don't you remember me? John Burns.

Dan takes the hand, notices a badge beneath Burns' vest.

DAN

What's the badge.

JOHN BURNS

I'm constable now. The army made me go home. Said I was too old. I know more about soldiering than that whole kaboodle out there combined. Let's just hope we don't need 'em anytime soon.

The drill ends in a flurry of whistles. A beaming HUD, still gripping his musket, approaches.

HUD

What do you think of it?

DAN

It was a good drill, though I don't know much about drilling.

HUD

I don't think we're so bad. You better think it over, Dan.

DAN

And we better think about getting on over to Doc's porch. I understand we're both invited.

HUD

Mealy and mom are probably already there.

DAN

You run on ahead and buy some ice cream and cakes for the ladies.

DAN reaches for his wallet.

HUD

No, I'll buy it.

DAN fishes out some greenbacks. HUD takes them without resistance.

HUD (CONT'D)

Good of you, Dan. I'll meet you at Doc's.

HUD runs off. As DAN turns to leave, a heavysset man grabs his sleeve

QUAGGER

I'm Elmer Quagger. You remember me. I used to be foreman over at Fanning's shoe factory.

DAN

(warily)

I remember.

QUAGGER

Can I speak privately with you a moment . . . here, over by the bushes.

DAN

Look, friend . . .

QUAGGER

There some folks round here that might like to talk to you, if what I hear is . . . right.

DAN

I don't know what you mean.

QUAGGER

You ain't in the army. We sort of wondered how you feel about the war, and all. You ain't the only one, maybe, who is a true friend of liberty.

DAN

I . . . you mean . . . are you
talking about Copperheads?

QUAGGER

That isn't a word folks like to
hear, Bale. But if you are a true
friend of liberty, if you believe
in freedom and fairplay and the
downfall of tyranny . . .

DAN

(trembling)

You . . . God . . . damn

QUAGGER

Go easy mister! If I'm wrong, I'm
wrong, but go easy on me. I have a
knife here.

Quagger hikes shirt to show a long blade gripped in his hand.
In one move, Dan disarms Quagger and knocks him off his feet
into the bushes. He turns his back on the man and walks back
into the square, which has erupted in commotion.

ON MAN RUNNING WITH NEWSPAPER

Barney Endsor, Justice of the Peace, bursts into the center
of the square.

BARNEY

News! Big news, folks!

The almost dissipated crowd quickly reforms.

FIRST CROWD MEMBER

Louder, Barney!

DAN

(to boy beside
him)

What's this all about?

BOY

A battle. A big battle! Barney
here's got a Philadelphia paper.

BARNEY

(reading)

Our troops victorious. Now it
appears . . .

Barney pauses to spit a long stream of brown juice.

BARNEY (CONT'D)

. . . that the timely advent of the Nationals has prevented the rebels from embarking on a raid north of the Potomac.

The crowd murmurs, seizes on a young soldier, MILO, just home on leave.

SECOND CROWD MEMBER

Milo! What will happen if Lee comes on up into Pennsylvania?

MILO

Why, us boys will just kick the poop out of 'em.

The CROWD LAUGHS and CHEERS. Hud with his basket of goodies finds DAN in the crowd.

DAN

It's just Endsor with a paper says there was a big fight somewhere down South, that's all.

He takes the basket from HUD.

DAN (CONT'D)

Let's get on before this melts. The ladies won't treasure it if it's too soft.

HUD is reluctant to leave, as Barney continues to read in background.

DAN (CONT'D)

What's holding you Hud? That was way down in Virginia, and it happened last Tuesday.

HUD

Yeah, you're right. It was probably just some little skirmish.

INT. FANNING'S BEDROOM --NIGHT

TY and IRENE are in bed, turned away from each other. Irene stairs out window.

IRENE POV

A lush wistaria vine winds itself around a trellis outside the window

ON IRENE AND TY

TY coughs violently and starts to retch. IRENE lays her hand on his shoulder. TY pushes it away violently.

TY
I can't stand to be touched!
(coughing
again)

IRENE
I . . . I only . . .

Ty catches his breath with effort.

TY
I'm sorry. I'm sick to death of
being sick.

Irene sits up.

IRENE
Anyone can see you are too ill to
return tomorrow. It's insanity
itself.

TY
I'm not half as ill as some who
never left. I'm afraid my comrades
in arms will look on this whole
escapade as a desertion, of sorts.

IRENE
No one who hears you cough like
that could have such a cruel and
unjust thought.

TY
I have my orders, dear. It's not a
matter of opinion at this
juncture.

A pregnant pause.

IRENE
You've never said how it happened.

TY
It wasn't heroic, if that's what
you expect.

IRENE
No . . . no . . . I just . . can't
imagine it. I try, but I can't.

TY

We were near a place called Sharpsburg, nothing but open ground between us and the rebs. I was coming back from Second Brigade on that horse I told you about -- the Arabian -- I called him Coal. He was at a cantor and I thought he ran me into an iron pipe stretched across the road. That's exactly what it felt like, like running into an immovable object at speed. I was on my back staring up at some clouds, clutching these prickly weeds in both hands. I have no idea where they came from or why I was clutching them. Coal was down beside me, his neck at the strangest angle. Hatchworth, a big fat corporal, appeared in front of the clouds I was watching, almost as if he were floating there. He asked me if I was dead -- just like that: "You dead?" I must have denied it, or maybe I just moaned, because I noticed the world flip upside down and I was hanging over his shoulder looking down at a surprising number of pebbles on the road. Felt like something big, hot and wet was blowing up in my gut. There was this noise all around us, coming from nowhere, and everywhere. "Damn secesh," Hatchworth kept saying, over and over. "Why don't they jest shet up." But they wouldn't shut up.

IRENE

It must have been horrible.

TY

Well, I survived it, mostly. And now I'm here, ruining your beauty rest. Go on back to sleep, my dear. We'll sort out the horrors of war when the sun comes up.

IRENE

I wasn't asleep.

TY

What were you doing, then?

IRENE

I was looking out at the wistaria.
It's so wild and unruly, growing
every which way, wherever the sun
strikes it, throwing out such
reckless, beautiful blossoms.

TY

It needs cutting back. I'll talk
to Damon about it before I leave
tomorrow. This house is going to
hell without me to ride herd. Go
on now and give a soldier some
rest.

INT. FANNING HOME, ENTRANCE HALL

MOTHER FANNING is fussing about, pacing, calling for her
servant.

MOTHER FANNING

Gretel! Gret-EL! Where did that
girl get off to?

TY comes down the stairway in uniform, evades his mother's
embrace.

TY

I need to pack.

TY pulls his backpack from a closet and fills it with items
pushed on him by the hovering MOTHER FANNING.

MOTHER FANNING

The doctor said to be sure to take
the magnesia powder before each
meal. You will remember to do
that, won't you honey boy?

Irene looks down from the upper balcony, reluctant to enter.

IRENE

Did you get those socks off the
bureau?

TY

Just the wool. I don't have room
for them all.

IRENE

You didn't want the writing paper?

TY

They supply all I need at camp. No use lugging any more of the damn stuff with me.

MOTHER FANNING

Honey boy, you never got those other medicines Doc left you.

TY

They're already in here.

MOTHER FANNING

Has Gretel brought the grape conserve? A curse on that girl. Gretel!

TY

For God's sake!

IRENE

He didn't care for it Mother Fanning. And the doctor said he shouldn't eat anything with nuts.

MOTHER FANNING

My baby boy! I have a notion to write to Col. Baxter myself. I don't know what that man is thinking of. You aren't fit to leave this house. . .

TY

I know exactly what he's thinking. In fact, I have it here, in his own hand.

TY waves his orders.

TY (CONT'D)

No doubt I'm as well off down there as here, where my chances of smotheration by maternal fussing nearly equal the danger of Confederate lead.

MOTHER FANNING

Oh how could you say such a thing.

She tries to hug him again, he pulls away. Irene descends.

IRENE

Damon's ready with the rig. I hear the wheels.

MOTHER FANNING

Call father. Oh, call f-f-father.

INT. FANNING LIBRARY

IRENE enters. FATHER FANNING is at his desk, reading the paper.

FANNING

It says here in the press, June
the 12th

(quoting)

"Thus with fortitude and bravery a
timely intervention has thwarted
intentions that, left to mature,
may have proved disastrous to our
cause."

Looking to IRENE

FANNING (CONT'D)

I don't see why there's such
urgent need for Ty now that the
rebs have been sent packing. There
can be no invasion now.

IRENE

Well he's leaving in any case, so
you must hurry if you are to ride
to the station with him.

As FATHER FANNING EXITS

FANNING (O.C.)

Says here in the Press, June the
12th . . .

The door swings shut. Irene collapses at the desk, puts her
face in her hands.

TY

Irene!

INT. FANNING HOME, ENTRANCE HALL -MOMENTS LATER

As IRENE emerges from the library, MOTHER FANNING is
clinging to TY, rubbing her cheek on his shoulder.

MOTHER FANNING

Oh your poor little wife! She
can't bear to see you go. Just
look at her!

TY pushes her off again.

TY
I can't stand a lot of slop.

TY picks up knapsack and heads to the door, pausing.

TY (CONT'D)
Coming Irene?

IRENE
Yes. I'll get my hat and parasol.

EXT. FANNING DRIVE--MOMENTS LATER

TY is helping IRENE into the carriage. DAMON and FATHER FANNING are already seated. MOTHER FANNING staggers onto the porch crying, waving her hanky madly.

FANNING
It's our boy's duty, my dear. His place is at the front, with his regiment, suffering the fortunes of war for good or ill. We shall pray for good.

DAMON
Amens to that.

TY
Shut up Damon. You don't need to start in too. It's enough to make
. . .

Ty starts in on another COUGHING fit. MOTHER FANNING WAILS anew.

FANNING
There will be no invasion, Mother, the Press says . . .

TY
Get up!

The horses start and the carriage rolls. FATHER FANNING'S reassurance is lost in the wind.

EXT. ON LANE LEADING TO CHAMBERSBURG PIKE

FANNING
(to Ty)
Your mother's lot is not an easy one. We watchers at the hearthside
. . .

TY

She doesn't have to act like an old fool!

CYBO is chasing the carriage, BARKING madly.

TY (CONT'D)

Cybo! Get home before you tangle with these wheels!

FANNING

Look over there! They're cutting down the trees on Round Top. See?

The carriage turns right on the Pike, passing the Bale home.

FANNING (CONT'D)

It seems difficult to realize that Pentland Bale is gone. I wonder if his boy will keep the old house and live there.

TY

No doubt he will, especially since he doesn't seem inclined to risk his precious neck down South.

IRENE

You said that he didn't believe in war. That it was a matter of philosophy.

TY

A very convenient philosophy, when lead is flying.

IRENE

It might be sincere belief.

TY

Perhaps he persuaded you on your little picnic.

IRENE

We didn't speak of such things.

TY

Well then, what were you speaking of?

IRENE

That white smoke in the distance. Is that your train?

TY

Put some rein in the team, Damon,
we're running late.

EXT. GETTYSBURG TRAIN STATION-MOMENTS LATER

TY climbs down from the carriage, buttons his coat to the top, strides off to the platform to speak to a soot-covered worker.

TY

You there. Is that the train to
Hanover Junction?

WORKER

She is that, your honor. Will you
be riding with her? Maybe you'll
be in General Vincent's army. It's
me own brother that's with General
Vincent. Patrick Callahan is the
name, your honor . . .

Tyler turns his back on the man and returns to the carriage.

FANNING

If the new connection were
complete, you'd have no more than
half the journey.

TY

(lighting
cigar)

It's taking them a deuce of a long
time to finish it.

FATHER FANNING

Labor's at a premium and materials
scarce.

TY

So I've heard. At least it will
save General Lee the trouble of
destroying it if he comes up this
way.

FATHER FANNING

If Lee so much as steps foot in
Pennsylvania, a hundred thousand
men will rise up.

TY

I can damn well tell you what
General Lee did to a hundred
thousand of us last month.

FANNING

Your wife, son! Save that language
for the camp and the barracks.

TY

Oh Irene is accustomed to my
little blasphemies.

IRENE

Yes, why should I object to that?
Things are different nowadays
Father Fanning.

DAMON

She coming Mistah Ty.

TY tosses away his cigar and lifts IRENE from the carriage.

TY

At least you don't slop all over
me, lady. I have a better
soldier's wife than most.

Irene throws her arms around his neck.

IRENE

You deserve a good wife. I fear I
fall woefully short

TY

(whispering)

Maybe we should have a child.
Don't laugh, as you well might
based on my recent performance.
I've been too damn sick and tired,
that's all. A little sucker
kicking and crying might give you
something to think about, other
than the miserable husband you're
stuck with. This war is wearing me
down, my darling. Just the same,
I'm glad I'm going. Mother would
reduce me to a baying lunatic in
another week. Give us a kiss.

They kiss.

IRENE

Come back to me.

TY

(studying her)

Show a care what you wish for, my
darling.

Ty pulls the knapsack from the rig, salutes his father, bows

to Irene, and walks off to the platform as the train steams into the station.

ON IRENE

Miserable, conflicted.

INT. FANNING HOME, ENTRANCE HALL --NIGHT

MOTHER FANNING

Oh he is gone. My child is gone. Mrs. Knouse says the only true consolation is in the eternal Rock. I am trying to find solace in prayer, but poor honey boy wasn't himself. He wouldn't take any grape conserve.

MOTHER FANNING turns on IRENE.

MOTHER FANNING (CONT'D)

YOU wouldn't let him.

FANNING (O.S.)

(from the library)

Mother, now Mother! We must not give way to grief. Our poor daughter carries her own burdens.

IRENE

I do think I shall retire now. It has been a trying day.

MOTHER FANNING

She says she's going to retire Pa!

IRENE

Goodnight now. Don't worry, please. Ty will be all right. Goodnight now, my ... dear parents.

ON IRENE

She climbs the stairs, closes and locks her bedroom door, rests her forehead against it. She unhooks and unbuttons her complicated and constricting clothes and undergarments and slips on her nightgown, then stares at her image in the vanity mirror.

IRENE

(whispering)

Show a care what you wish for.

She unpins her hair and lets it fall. As she reaches for her

brush, her hand brushes against the blood-stained sash. She recoils, but is drawn back. She holds it to her cheek, then begins to caress herself. Her arm falls as she traces the curves of her body with the fine material. She begins to sob and falls on the bed. The sobs turn to moans.

INT. FANNING'S BEDROOM -LATER

A BARKING DOG can be heard through the window. Irene stirs.

IRENE
(half awake)

Cybo?

She goes to the window.

IRENE
Cybo! Hush!

IRENE'S POV OUT WINDOW

In the dark distance, a match flares, illuminating DAN's face. IRENE recoils. CYBO continues to BARK. IRENE, conflicted/compelled, wraps herself in a housecoat.

ON IRENE

Sneaking down the back steps, tip-toeing past the bedroom where MR. FANNING SNORES, and out the back door.

EXT. FANNING'S BACK YARD-NIGHT

As IRENE emerges, CYBO runs to her barking excitedly.

IRENE
Cybo, go away . . . lie down. Lie
down.

CYBO quiets

IRENE
Stay!

IRENE walks toward where the match flared, stopping short when she hears TWO VOICES in conversation. She ducks behind a bush and scrapes her wrist on a thorn, then puts her wrist to her mouth to stifle a yell, listening.

ON IRENE

As she listens.

HUD

No, I'm sure it's correct. McKosh is positive. That's what I came to tell you. He had word direct from Harrisburg.

DAN

Harrisburg, the font of all rumor.

EXT. THE OTHER SIDE OF THE THORN BUSH -NIGHT

DAN is smoking. HUD is still in his drill uniform. HUD LAUGHS at his friend's obstinate refusal to believe.

HUD

I never would have thought it possible, Bale, but you've grown even more pig-headed than when you left home. You'll have to close your eyes pretty tight to miss this though. They're going to organize a full-size army. Army of the Susquehanna.

DAN

What good will it do anyone?

HUD

What good? Christ almighty, Dan, it's your country too.

DAN

The *whole business* is our country! And that Virginia haberdasher you're dreaming of splitting in two with a mini-ball is your countryman.

HUD

Nobody can talk to you.

DAN

This dream of yours, Elijah, it's a boy's dream. Been dreaming it ever since we ran this very ground screaming, "I got you redcoat!" You were always going to be a soldier, just like I was always going to be a philosopher -- Plato, Spinoza and Bale. I was going to find some brand new philosophy in the untamed West. You know what I found?

HUD

I expect you're going to tell me.

DAN

I found a man wearing that uniform you're so eager to put on, drunk on swill they cooked up in the barracks, telling me to march into a sleeping village and slaughter women and children. I said, "But lieutenant, we have orders not to harm non-combatants." And he said, "Son, nits make lice. Kill 'em all."

HUD

Christ. I'm sorry Dan. But if those butternuts get up this way, it's *our* sleepy little village they'll be slaughtering. You gonna tell me you wouldn't raise a gun to save old Doc, or my Mom, or Amelia?

DAN

Our village? What, you think the rebs just can't wait to get their hands on Pock's store and your house, and mine? I suppose they'd throw away their lives to capture the seminary, or Codoris's farm or
(looking
around)
the high ground on Little Round Top over there? Don't be a fool, Hud. If they come north, it will be Philadelphia or Baltimore or Washington they're after.

HUD

Looks like you know all about it.

DAN

Well.

Thunder rolls in the distance.

HUD

I best be off before I get wet, or fried up. What good would I be to the Army of the Susquehanna charred like that bacon you used to make me.

DAN and HUD LAUGH.

DAN
Go on home then, Captain
Huddleston.

HUD
Think about it Dan. We could both
be captains if we bring enough men
in with us. It's a handsome
opportunity.

DAN
I'll think about little else.

HUD swings over a split rail fence and runs off.

EXT. BEHIND THORN BUSH - MOMENTS LATER

Irene listens as Hud's FOOTSTEPS diminish. She springs up
stealthily to return home and runs into the thorn bush.

IRENE
(screams)

A match flares beside her.

DAN
Why it's . . . you!

IRENE
I'm caught.

DAN
Don't pull! That's a blackberry
bush you've encountered, Mrs.
Fanning. The fruit is tart and the
barbs vicious. The more you
struggle, the deeper they set.

He lights another match.

DAN
Hold this please, and I'll try to
untangle . . . Do keep still.

His hands work deftly to free her.

IRENE
I am here because . . . I've been
here . . . It was difficult to
sleep. I hoped a walk might make
me drowsy.

DAN

I'm afraid you've been cut by those briars. One spot in particular . . .

IRENE

I heard voices and . . .

DAN

Huddlestone and I were talkig. Here, this won't stop bleeding. I must fix it for you.

IRENE

I didn't mean to . . . Mr. Bale, I must go. It's not serious.

IRENE pulls away, but wobbles. Dan sweeps her up in his arms.

DAN

You patched me up. I guess I can return the favor.

He carries her toward his house.

IRENE

That woman . . . the old lady who works for you.

DAN

Mrs. Wurke. She's gone to family in Mummasburg for a few days.

IRENE

No, no, Mr. Bale. It is not seemly. I came out to . . . walk. The Fannings . . .

DAN, ignoring her, steps onto his porch.

IRENE (CONT'D)

Mr. Bale, I would rather not.

INT. BALE HOME, KITCHEN -MOMENTS LATER

Dan lights a kerosene lamp and fills a basin with water. IRENE sits at a kitchen table with her wounded arm stretched out.

DAN

It seems we attract bloodshed.

He gently washes the wound with a cloth.

IRENE

The cut is deeper than I thought.

DAN

I have some salve.

Dan holds her arm with both hands. He leans toward her. For a moment, it seems he is about to kiss her, but he abruptly leaps from the table to the window.

IRENE

What is it? Was there . . .
someone?

Dan closes the inner shutter and takes her hand again.

DAN

Just the wind coming up. The
storm's about to cut loose. But it
occurred to me that I had better
close those shutters.

IRENE

Oh . . .yes. . . Someone might ...

Dan continues to wind the bandage.

IRENE

There's no need to wind it so
thickly, Mr. Bale.

DAN

Most certainly, it must be kept
clean and . . . protected.

A CRACK OF THUNDER booms out. IRENE reacts.

DAN

Artillery must sound like that.

IRENE

(standing)

You have been far too kind. I am a
terrible imposition.

The skies open and rain slams against the window.

DAN

You can't go yet.

IRENE

I must.

Dan pushes the kitchen door closed.

IRENE

Mr. Bale!

Irene puts her hands to her temples and averts her eyes.

DAN

I've been out in that field every night, and not for Huddleston's sake. He just happened by. I've been waiting, hoping you might . . . that you would.

His fingers curl around her hand.

IRENE

Don't kiss me! Don't kiss me Mr. Bale. I shall go mad if you do.

He kisses her. She melts. A gust of wind blows out the kerosene lamp. He unwraps her robe and lays it, and then Irene, on the table.

INT. DR. DUFFEY'S HOUSE, PARLOR -DAWN

HUD is sleeping on a sofa too small for him. There is a KNOCK. HUD looks around, groggy. The KNOCK comes again.

ON HUD

HUD winces with pain as he rises. He hastily puts on his truss then opens the door to a little girl, about 9, disheveled and tear-streaked, MARTA Kaufman.

MARTA

Pa's sick bad. Real bad.

HUD

I'll get Doc.

DOC is already hustling to the door. He peers out to see an old farm horse sweating and snorting.

DOC

You come all this way by yourself?

MARTA

It's pa, Doc!

Marta sobs.

DOC

You get on home Marta. We'll be right behind you.

EXT. CHAMBERSBURG PIKE -DAWN

HUD drives the caryall hard. DOC bounces beside him, sorting through his bag.

POV FROM CARRYALL

An careening farm wagon hits a rut, spilling its overloaded contents. An old man his wife scramble down to retrieve the goods.

ON CARRYALL

HUD pulls up beside them.

DOC
You folks all right?

FARMER
Rebels!

HUD
Rebels? Where are there rebels?

FARMER
To Jambersburg they come at night.
Millions! They take my colt. They
kill my kelder!

FARMER'S WIFE
And jickens they kill! Maybe they
burn our house down once . . .

FARMER
We ran. We don't know. They pushed
filthy brown papers at me. Said is
money. We ran.

DOC and HUD scan the horizon, still dark but glowing a sickly orange.

HUD
We're invaded, Doc! I might ought
to get to town.

DOC
Calm down, son. It's most likely
just a skirmish. Meanwhile, we
have a sick man to tend.
(to couple)
Can you folks manage?

FARMER

Go. Go on. But watch out voor dese
rebels, ja?

HUD spurs the team on.

EXT. KAUFMAN FARM -- SUNRISE

The carryall skids to a halt, DOC jumps down. The door
springs open and MARTA bursts out, wailing.

MARTA

He's gone! Pa's gone! Oh God, Pa
is gone.

Doc kneels and takes the girl in his arms.

INT. BALE HOME, DAN'S BEDROOM -MORNING

Three church bells and a fire bell make a non-stop
cacophony, shaking DAN awake. DAN splashes his face in the
washbasin, pulls on trousers and runs outside.

EXT. BALE HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The bells continue to toll. DAN's neighbor, MRS. KNOUSE is
on her porch wringing her hands.

MRS. KNOUSE

Daniel! Daniel!

DAN

What is it?

MRS. KNOUSE

Is it a fire, Daniel?

DAN

If it is, it's no ordinary fire.

DAN runs to town. The Duffey caryall rockets up the road,
HUD slows the carriage and DOC gives DAN a hand on.

ON CARRIAGE

HUD

(triumphantly)

It's not a lot of talk anymore.
They've come up through
Chambersburg.

The carry-all approaches the town square, which is filled
with agitated citizens. As HUD stops, a Union officer on a
dusty horse halts in the middle of the crowd.

MAJOR HALLER

(to all)

Major Haller, acting under the orders of General Crouch. I understand you have a militia in this town, correct?

The bells continue, drowning him out.

MAJOR HALLER

What is that infernal noise?

TOWNSMAN

It is a fire bell. John Burns is ringing it.

MAJOR HALLER

I wish to heaven John Burns would stop it.

ORCUTT

It's to call people out. The whole rebel army is in Chambersburg!

MAJOR HALLER

The whole rebel army would sooner be in my saddlebag! That was Jenkins cavalry on a raid. They're probably back down in Maryland by now. However, that is neither here nor there. I need to talk to the leaders of this militia of yours.

HUD jumps off the carryall, approaching Haller.

HUD

I'm with the militia!

(to DOC)

You go on without me. I'll be needed here.

DAN

(shouting)

Refrain from doing anything too precipitous.

The bells suddenly fall silent.

On DAN and DOC

DOC

Hand me them reins. Looks like I'll have to be driving my own fool self from here on out.

DOC grabs up the reins and slaps the horses into motion.

DOC (CONT'D)

Look! My hands are coming back to me. Not much pain at all.

As they roll through town, they pass by the hulking figure of ELMER QUAGGER. QUAGGER turns and gives DAN a dark look.

DOC

Elmer Quagger. Said to be a Copperhead.

DAN

He is one. That's what people are saying about me, no doubt.

DAN looks back. QUAGGER is still staring malignantly.

DOC

(noticing)

What is it?

DAN

Nothing. Quagger . . . that look. It reminded me of something.

DOC

Reminded you?

DAN

Yes. I don't know what. It doesn't matter.

(pausing)

Doc, the rupture. Can Hud survive soldiering with what he's got?

DOC

Jesus. It will kill him completely if he tries to be a soldier. He won't listen to a word of it. But God knows the war's killed plenty before him.

EXT. BALE HOUSE

In the field where he met IRENE, DAN smokes, staring at the Fanning house, where nothing stirs. He throws his cigarette down in disgust and goes back to his house. MRS. KNOUSE is digging madly in her garden.

MRS. KNOUSE

If they come here they'll never find my Tulpen!

DAN

They?

MRS. KNOUSE

My bulbs are the most beautiful in town. Those rebels won't find them, not in my basement, not in the coal bin.

DAN

(weakly)

I don't think it's that serious.

Dan leaves her digging. HUD is waiting on the porch.

HUD

I'm going Dan.

DAN

Going? Where?

HUD

Harrisburg. We'll be mustered tomorrow by Major Haller.

DAN

Let me understand this correctly. You are entering federal service? They'll actually take . . . you?

HUD

The hell? I thought you were my friend.

DAN

Doc says your rupture could be fatal in the field.

HUD

The major says there lots of ruptures in the army nowadays. I know a lot about fighting, Hud. I've been studying on it in Doc's books. Haller says they'll likely make me a corporal or sergeant right off.

DAN

Do you actually believe you'll see fighting, Hud?

HUD
 Of course I do!
 (calming)
 Look Dan, the reason I came by,
 there's still time. They think the
 rebels will come through
 Harrisburg. We'll head them off.
 Just drop everything now. It isn't
 too late. Come with us.

DAN
 (spitting it)
 Not for you, not for anyone!

HUD
 They're invading us! Don't you
 understand what that means? A man
 who won't fight for his home is .
 . .

Dan raises his hand in fury, then droops.

DAN
 I'm sorry, Hud. I know you don't
 understand. Why would you? You
 asked me if I held anything
 sacred? Truth is, I made a sacred
 oath, to myself, that I'd never
 take another life, no matter what
 occurred.

HUD
 But those were *Indians!* They
 attacked first. They killed Ike!
 They beat his brains out!

DAN
 Yes, but those weren't the Indians
 we killed back on. And even if the
 braves weren't totally innocent,
 which I believe they were, I told
 you they ordered us to kill the
 women and children. What I didn't
 say was . . .

(choking on it)
 I followed those orders. Someone
 burst out of the teepee and I
 fired. My gun . . . just went off.
 It was a young squaw, carrying a
 bundle. She went down without a
 sound and lay there, her eyes just
 frozen open, staring at the sky.
 The bundle started wiggling and
 wailing. I realized then what it
 was, and I started toward it. I

(MORE)

DAN (CONT'D)

guess I intended to pick it up. A rifle shot off right beside me. Damn near blew off my ear. I couldn't hear the wailing anymore, I couldn't hear anything. But I could see. I saw the bundle stop roiling, and I saw the blood spread across it, like a flower opening in Hell. Every day, every night since, I haven't been able to stop seeing that spreading hell flower in my mind. Over and over. It ruined me, Hud. I'm ruined. I don't want to see you ruined.

Hud sits, stunned. With effort, he collects himself.

HUD

Well, you didn't mean to shoot a squaw. You was in the heat of battle. Like you said, the rifle just went off . . . Any rate, there won't be no women or children coming up through Harrisburg. It's a regular army Dan, and they ain't no question 'bout their intentions.

DAN

I wish you'd reconsider.

HUD

I'm a soldier now. There's no reconsidering to be done.

DAN

How about Amelia Niede? Does she know you're going?

HUD's resolve waivers.

HUD

I saw her this morning for a moment. . . . I'd like to talk to her some more before I go. If I had any money to spare, I'd hire a turn-out and take her for a drive.

DAN pulls out a wad of cash. HUD recoils. DAN grabs his wrist, as if to force the money into his palm. HUD lashes out with the other hand. DAN catches it easily, now holding both of HUD's wrists in one big hand. HUD's writhing is no match for DAN's strength.

DAN
Are we friends, or are we not?

He drops HUD's wrists.

HUD
(sullen)
I didn't tell you that because I
wanted your money.

DAN
I know that. I want you to have
it.

HUD
How much is that?

DAN
I have no idea.

HUD
(laughs)
All right, then. It's a loan.
Until I come back.

He takes the money.

HUD (CONT'D)
(pausing)
Will I see you tomorrow, Dan?

DAN
Doubtless.

HUD gives DAN an elaborately correct salute, leaves.

INT. BALE HOME, KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

DAN roots about the kitchen, pulls a whiskey bottle from a cupboard. He passes the kitchen table, studies it, then longingly runs his palm across its surface. He pulls a chair to the window, looks out over the still-silent Fanning place, and drinks.

DAN'S POV OUT THE WINDOW

The Fanning place is quiet. Chickens gabble about the side yard. Cybo chases a squirrel. A servant comes out on the back porch and empties a pail of slops.

ON DAN

DAN takes another drink, stares grimly.

DAN'S POV

DAMON appears, carrying a saddle toward the stable.

ON DAN

DAN bolts up, knocking the whiskey bottle over. He runs out.

EXT. FANNING STABLE - MOMENTS LATER

DAN is outside stable when DAMON emerges leading a saddled horse.

DAN

Damon!

DAMON

How you, Mistuh Dan?

DAN

Well, thank you. I wanted to ask after the Fannings, to see how they were faring with all this . . . upset.

DAMON

Well, Mr. Dan, da missus, she taken to bed. Says she be havin' one of her spells and she be taken dat turp'tine agin. Da mistuh, he out at da shoe factory gathering up papehs and sech before dem rebs can git hands on em. An don' you worry bout ol' Damon, Mistuh Dan. Dose rebs can't take ol' Damon back into slabery, cause I gots these papehs heah.

DAMON pats the horse.

DAMON (CONT'D)

You be quiet now, Lady, while I shows dis gent'man my freedom papeh.

DAMON pulls out an ancient parchment.

DAMON

I puts em in my pocket so's I hab em iff'n dey come. Dese my freedom papeh, Mr. Dan. Ol' Man Cappel gave em over in Marylan'. Say I done paid fo' my freedom, and dem damn rebels cayn't make me slabery no mo'.

DAN

I still don't think any rebel soldiers will be marching up Chambersburg Pike, soon or ever, but even if they do, they'll have other things on their minds besides you. You put those papers somewhere safe.

(pausing)

And the young Mrs? You haven't said how she fares.

DAMON

Why you think I be leadin' dis gentl' ol' mare for, Mistuh Dan? Miss Irene, she like to ride Lady sometime when da missus take to dat turp'tine.

DAN

Where does she ride?

DAMON

Oh, all over, Mistuh Dan. Think she said sumptin 'bout over to Lil Roun' Top.

EXT. TANEYTOWN RD. -LATER

DAN, a rucksack on his shoulder, walks along a ridge overlooking the peach orchard where he and IRENE chatted. He sits on a boulder and pulls out a piece of bread and a bottle, and waits.

DAN'S POV ON THE BEAUTIFUL VALLEY BELOW

The orchard and the cows grazing are a picture of peace.

ON DAN

He picks his way down the slope, washes in a creek, comes through trees. IRENE, riding a sweaty LADY, emerges.

DAN

It's a good day to ride.

LADY sidesteps away, but IRENE reins her back.

IRENE

(coldly)

I do not know what to say to you. Please do not tell me that it's a good day to ride.

DAN

If you'll get down, we might walk a bit. You can tie Lady, or lead her. She needs a rest.

DAN reaches for the bridle. IRENE puts her hand on his shoulder and slides down.

IRENE

She'll behave tied, if the flies don't annoy her too much. I'd be obliged if you put her over in the shade.

DAN ties LADY to a sapling

DAN

She can get her head down if she wants to chew some grass.

DAN offers IRENE his arm. She takes it stiffly.

DAN

You despise me. Probably it's natural that you should.

IRENE

Natural?

DAN

Maybe you're right too. I was the aggressor. Whatever wrong has been managed, you can charge against me.

IRENE

I have tried to charge you with a great many things. It does no good. I am so hopelessly mixed up in body and soul.

DAN

Would it help if I tell you what I feel?

IRENE

(laughs
bitterly)

Mr. Bale, are you going to profess your love for me?

DAN

It may be that. I don't know.
You've been in my mind ever since,
every moment, and before.

IRENE

You tried to fling me out of your
mind and you failed. That is a
greater compliment than I could
have expected. If you are a
Christian, you may consider us
both damned, and hate me for it.

DAN

That's absurd.

IRENE

I wonder.

The RUMBLE OF WHEELS rises just out of sight.

IRENE (CONT'D)

We must not be seen, Mr. Bale!

DAN

They'll see the horse.

IRENE

I could have left him tied . . .
and gone for a walk.

DAN

In here.

DAN takes IRENE's hand and leads her off the trail into a
tunnel through thick shrubs. The wagon is on them.

DAN (CONT'D)

Down!

DAN ducks into a leaf-covered depression, pulling IRENE with
him. They hear the carriage stop, then go on.

IRENE

We must . . .

She tries to stand. Dan fastens his arms around her and
pulls her to him. He presses against her and kisses her
roughly. She kisses him back, hard, then sobs.

IRENE (CONT'D)

Oh, I'm mad!

DAN

This is love.

IRENE

Not . . . Not . . .

DAN

I know it is. I've never known anything else, but I know this.

IRENE

I must go . . . Lady . . . she's fractious. She'll break loose! And here we . . . like this . . .

DAN rolls on top of her on the bed of leaves. IRENE yields, responds.

IRENE

Oh darling! Oh God, I feel like a strumpet. The world will kill us for this!

DAN

(in a passion)

You'll divorce Fanning! You don't love him! You couldn't! We'll go West at once. Tonight! No one can stop us.

IRENE

You don't know me. Only this sin we've done . . .

DAN

Call it a sin. God knows it is beautiful.

IRENE pulls him to her.

IRENE

Oh I'm shameless. But I desire you, desire you, *desire* you . . .

They kiss and begin to grind. IRENE strikes against his chest.

IRENE (CONT'D)

We can't! Not now! Not here! We must go at once!

IRENE pushes DAN off her and springs up, brushing herself off.

DAN

(desperate)

Tonight! Meet me in the field.

IRENE

It's too terrible . . . that way. Because I leave the house with both of them there. I feel like a thief, a murderer, or . . . Since Sunday I've lain in my room pretending to read, trying to think. But that's just it. I can't think, I can only desire.

DAN

Listen, my darling, can't you just listen? I'll buy a good team today. We'll go away - tonight. I can draw a thousand dollars from the bank. We need not come back, ever. Everything can be settled later.

IRENE

(shaking head)

If you just stop a moment and listen to yourself, that is childish. And I would never do that to Tyler and his parents, no matter how little love I bear them. They have done me no wrong. It is I who made the decisions that put me in that house. We must consider what to do, not hastily, but for a long time.

DAN

You doubt me? You think . . .

IRENE

I doubt myself, Dan.

DAN and IRENE both react to the use of his first name. DAN helps IRENE remount the mare, but still holds the reins.

DAN

Tonight . . .

IRENE takes the reins from DAN.

IRENE

I don't know, I must think. We must think.

DAN

Irene!

IRENE

Goodbye . . . Dan.

IRENE turns LADY and they trot away.

EXT. ON ROAD BACK TO TOWN - LATER

DAN approaches town as a cloud of dust appears behind him. The cloud resolves into a lacquered buggy driven by HUD with AMELIA beside him. HUD reins the horse to a stop.

HUD

Climb in with us.

DAN

No. I'll walk home across the fields. I've been picnicking in solitary contentment.

AMELIA

I must say it agrees with you. You do have a pleasant flush on your features.

AMELIA links her arm with HUD's

AMELIA (CONT'D)

(bursting)

Elijah's been made acting sergeant.

HUD

Temporary sergeant. But it's all the same to the boys. Dan, the rebels are pouring into Maryland like flies! Some folks say it's only rumors, but I don't believe it. I'm hustling back to town. The Major says we're apt to be leaving for Harrisburg any minute.

DAN

Roll on to your war, Hud. Just don't be heroic if it seems likely to get you killed.

Hud leans across the carriage and grasps DAN's hand, then lashes the horse into a gallop.

EXT. BALE HOUSE -DAY

DAN walks up to his house as DAMON is brushing LADY down outside the Fanning stable. A note is on his door.

C.U. ON NOTE

(HANDWRITING)

My mother stille not so well, and
I must stay Mummasburg until know
what Army will do. Respy, H. Wurke

INT. BALE HOME-MOMENTS LATER

DAN picks up the spilled whiskey bottle and sees some left. He considers, then puts it up in the cupboard. He drops down in the chair by the window.

INT. BALE HOME, DAN'S BEDROOM - MORNING

A sound like DISTANT THUNDER wakes DAN, still in the same clothes as the day before. DAN pulls open the shutters. The sunrise makes clear there is no storm. The THUNDER SOUND comes again.

ON DAN

DAN walks into the kitchen and begins to stoke the fire when he hears a NOISE coming from the pantry.

HUD (O.S.)

(hoarse
whisper)

Dan . . . Dan!

DAN throws open the pantry. HUD is lying on the floor, his uniform dirty and torn. Another young man in the same condition stands in the corner, a musket in his hands.

DAN

Christ!

HUD

(whispering)

Are they here yet?

DAN

What are you talking about?

HUD

We just scooted here a minute ago.
We've been running like hell
through the woods. We think they
were chasing us, the rebels. Did
you see them out there?

DAN
No. You're safe.

DAN drops to his knees.

DAN (CONT'D)
You're wounded? Hurt?

HUD
I've just got an awful gut-ache
from running so hard . . . This
here's Fisher. He's from the
college. We got cut off.

HUD tries to sit up and winces in pain.

HUD (CONT'D)
Ran into them just three or four
miles out. God, Dan, you should
see them! We haven't got any
soldiers like those!

DAN
Is anyone killed?

FISHER
Guess so. It all happened so
quick. The regiment retreated up
towards Whitmer's farm, with most
of the rebs on their heels. Those
gray sum bitches swallowed up most
of Company B. The boys were
yelling, "I surrender! Don't
shoot!" It was terrible.
Huddlestone and I ran off behind
some bushes and they passed us by.

HUD
We laid low, and then we saw our
chance and we cut out for here.
Didn't stop tell we got to the
door. You didn't answer, so we
came in the side way. I guess
nobody saw us, but all those other
boys . . . they'll be cut to
pieces.

DAN
Get out of those uniforms, right
away. I'll get you some civilian
clothes. The rebels won't know, if
they come . . .

HUD shakes his head, pulls himself up painfully.

HUD
 If they're not in sight, we still
 have a chance.

DAN
 (incredulous)
 A chance? To do what?

HUD
 We'll get along south, towards
 Maryland. Our main body is down
 southeast of here somewheres.
 Maybe we can find them.

DAN
 Be sensible. You'll die if you
 keep running around the country
 this way.

HUD
 I should have known you wouldn't
 understand.
 (to Fisher)
 Come on, Tom.

HUD pulls the door. Dan shuts it.

DAN
 Hold on a minute. You'll never get
 to Maryland on foot, not if
 there's as many Confederates as
 you say on the loose.

HUD pulls away.

HUD
 I'm all right. Let me alone, damn
 it!

DAN puts his arm around HUD, hoisting him out the door,
 followed by Fisher, holding the two muskets.

EXT. FANNING BACKYARD -MOMENTS LATER

DAN
 Here, you two wait in the cobb
 shed until I come get you.

Dan leaps up on the Fanning's back porch, KNOCKS.

DAN (CONT'D)
 Mrs. Fanning!

IRENE (O.S.)
She's resting!

IRENE appears at the door, shocked to see Dan.

IRENE
Oh, come in - quickly! Everyone's gone except Mother Fanning.

They embrace.

DAN
The world's gone mad. The militia's been scattered and the rebels are close behind, coming along the Pike. Elijah Huddleston and another fellow are hiding out in your barn. There's a chance for them to avoid capture by hustling south at once. Will Mrs. Fanning let them take a horse and any sort of rig and try to escape? I'll pay for it if they are unsuccessful.

IRENE
Of course! There's a Jenny Lind in the barn. The top is broken but it rolls nicely still. And
(hesitating)
. . . take Lady. She's broken to harness.

DAN
(softly)
Are you sure?

IRENE
The rebels will take her if they come, will they not?

DAN
And more. You should find someplace to hide your valuables.

IRENE
Is this our "terrible swift judgment?"

DAN
You can't believe that! This is man's doing, not God's. It's war, that's all, and that's plenty enough to concern us.

EXT. FANNING BACKYARD-MOMENTS LATER

DAN and FISHER help HUD onto the rig. As fisher hops on DAN gives Fisher the reins.

DAN

Hold on southeast. Take care to stay out of sight in the trees until you're well out of town. Don't drive her too hard, but keep a steady pace.

HUD

Dan, I'll get myself some of those devils yet. Chase us around the country this way . . .

DAN slaps LADY on the rump and the broken-down rig rolls out the back gate into the orchard.

BALE HOUSE, FRONT YARD -MOMENTS LATER

Dan crosses the yard to his front gate, looking up toward Culp's hill.

DAN'S POV

A troop of cavalrymen in profile against the rising sun loom at the hill's crest. An officer's SHOUTED COMMAND sends them moving down the long slope.

ON DAN

He watches them come. Behind him Mrs. Knouse cries out and slams her front door, sliding the bolt.

EXT. FANNING DRIVE -MOMENTS LATER

DAMON steers a carriage up the drive. MR. FANNING jumps out. IRENE is running from the house with a carpet bag filled with valuables tied with a long cord.

FANNING

The rebels are . . .

IRENE

(breathless)

Yes, yes! Any moment, we know . .

FANNING

I had been assured by the most knowledgeable authorities the rebels would not come . . .
Where is Mother?

IRENE

Upstairs. She's having a spell . .
 . I'm trying to find a place to
 hide this . . .

FANNING

And I have this my dear. There is
 at least \$700 in specie, and
 contracts worth much more.

IRENE

Give it to me. I will hide it.

FANNING pulls a large package from his coat and IRENE stuffs
 it in her bag. IRENE runs across the drive to an old well,
 covered over with rotten boards. Her foot falls through.
 IRENE SCREAMS, recovers.

IRENE

They've come too soon!

She drops the bag down, knots it to a board. FANNING appears
 in a window.

IRENE

It's done. I've hidden it in the
 well, tied with a sash. Where's
 the team?

FANNING

Damon took them to the barn.

IRENE

Damon! Damon! Let the team be.
 Come into the house.

DAMON

(emerging)

Cayn't fetch me back to Marylan'
 Miss Irene. I got muh freedom
 papeh heah.

A rebel horseman leaps the fence and trots up to them.

RAIDER

Shut yo' mouth, nig!

(to Irene)

Quattahmastah's odduz! Have y'awl
 got any speh hosses, ma'am?

Three other rebels come through the garden, grabbing carrots
 as they go. CYBO YAPS at their heels and one of them swings
 at the dog with his musket.

IRENE

Cybo! No!

She grabs Cybo and pulls him away.

FIRST REBEL

(eyes on Irene)

Them Yanks grow em pretty, don't
they Lacey?

LACY

Pretty ripe, I'd say. Makes a man
want to pluck one.

IRENE shrinks away, holding the still YAPPING CYBO.

FANNING

(from window)

I have no horses to spare, sir!

RAIDER

Lacy, look in the bahn.

DAMON stands in front of the barn door, but the soldiers shove him out of the way and come back leading the two horses.

RAIDER

(to Fanning)

Sorry to have inconvenienced you,
suh. All sech items shall be
recorded, and repaid at a time
subsequent to the establishment of
of the complete and undisputed
independence of the Confederate
States of America.

FANNING

No, no! I will never see that day!
Take the horses, but please do not
harm my household or my . . .

RAIDER

(angrily)

We hahm no civilians!

He doffs his hat and turns his horse.

RAIDER (CONT'D)

Fetch along them horses, Lacy.

They join the flood of soldiers, on horse and foot, all moving toward Chambersburg.

DAMON

(keening)

Dem damn rebels take Bright and
Becky to slabery. Dem cayn't take
Damon, but take my fine team . . .

FANNING

Daughter, there's no help for it.
Let us be thankful they did not
set everything alight. Come into
the house at once. These are
soldiers . . . enemies.

IRENE

I know all that! There are more
soldiers over there in the road,
past the Bale house. I'm . . . I'm
going over there and ask Mr. Bale
if . . . what to do . . . about
the horses.

IRENE runs toward Bale's house.

FANNING

Daughter! Daughter! Come back at
once!

BALE HOUSE, FRONT YARD. -MOMENTS LATER

IRENE runs onto the porch as DAN is coming out. They
embrace.

IRENE

I couldn't stay there another
second!

DAN

I shouldn't have left you, not
even for a minute.

He pulls her back into the door.

DAN (CONT'D)

We shouldn't let them . . . see ..
Come into the house.

Mr. Fanning comes running. DAN and IRENE split apart.

FANNING

Thank heaven you are safe, girl!
Daniel, why didn't you bring Mrs.
Fanning home?

DAN

I . . . She ran over . . . she was
upset about the horses . . .

A GREAT ROLLING THUNDER is heard. FANNING goes to the
window.

FANNING

Wagons! Wagons by the score! They
must have looted Hagerstown of
every last thing. And I have six
thousand dollars worth of boots
and leather in the factory at this
very moment! If only Tyler were .

(patting his
pockets)

Forgive me daughter! I have this
from the post.

He hands her a letter.

FANNING (CONT'D)

It's from Tyler.

IRENE

I feel so strange.

She begins to swoon. Daniel sweeps her up and carries her to
the couch.

DAN

(to Fanning)

There's some sherry on the top
shelf of the cupboard. Perhaps
you'll bring Mrs. Fanning a glass.

He whispers fiercely to IRENE.

DAN (CONT'D)

Darling, you cannot do this. Not
now.

IRENE

(whispered)

The letter . . . I never loved
him, not one second, but I'm
sorry, sorry, sorry . . .

FANNING brings the sherry. DAN supports IRENE as she sips.

DAN

Mr. Fanning, perhaps you'd be so
good as to stay here with your
daughter-in-law until she
recovers. I must go into town and
(MORE)

DAN (CONT'D)
get some supplies . . . for all of
us.

FATHER FANNING
But the soldiers!

DAN looks out the window.

DAN
They've left town by now. The
stragglers are just coming past
here. They're heading north. We'll
be safe for a time.

BALE HOUSE, FRONT YARD. --NIGHT

DAN approaches the porch with packages, notices the front
door open.

INT. BALE HOME PARLOR--MOMENTS LATER

Irene is sitting by the window in the dark. Dan lights a
match.

IRENE
I've been waiting. I went out just
as . . . before. They were asleep,
and I snuck out like a thief.

DAN
Something's wrong.

IRENE
(bitter laugh)
Everything is wrong.

DAN
The rebels have gone.

DAN lights a lamp.

IRENE
I'd tell you to close the
shutters, but it hardly matters
now.

DAN moves to put a hand on IRENE's shoulder, she pulls away.

DAN
What is it?

IRENE
The letter.

DAN

Yes.

IRENE unclenches her fist to reveal a crumpled letter.

IRENE

Please allow me to read it through without exclamation, as painful as it may be to listen.

Irene reads in a tremulous, but steady voice.

IRENE (CONT'D)

(reading)

Dear wife, No doubt you will be surprised to hear from me in this vein, but there is a matter concerning which I feel impelled to address you. Word has been sent to me by a certain party, making a strong accusation of infidelity against you in concordance with Dan Bale. Write to me at once if you can clear yourself. For the present time I will do my duty and expect to continue such unless killed, which might relieve the situation for you. This sudden blow and the disgrace of it is overwhelming. Your reply awaited with utmost eagerness. Deeply wronged, but still your husband, Capt. Tyler Fanning. 72 P.V.

DAN

This is no common infidelity! How can you be faithful to a faith that never existed?

IRENE

Maybe it existed for Tyler, and I didn't recognize it in him.

DAN

Do you love him? I ask you this for the first time. When you were hysterical, you told me you never loved him. Now you must tell me again.

IRENE

I have never felt toward Tyler as I feel toward you. I don't yearn for him as I yearn for you . . . Please, do not make me go on.

DAN

The windows!

IRENE looks toward the windows, but the shutters are closed.

IRENE

Oh, you mean . . . that night in the kitchen?

DAN

It was a face, a blur. Later I thought I recognized it. A man in town named Quagger.

IRENE

He's worked at the Fanning's factory for years! I've often heard him mentioned. Mr. Fanning said he was a good man, a church man, but a sympathizer with the South, so he was discharged. But why would he be at the window?

DAN

Like most of the dolts in this village, he could not understand why I refused to go in the army unless I felt as he did. He approached me in town and I laid hands on him. He may have followed me out here.

IRENE

Well now he has his revenge, on both of us.

Dan takes IRENE's shoulders in his hands.

DAN

We owe Quagger thanks. He made things clear. We'll go tonight. You must never enter that house again. I've money here, in a belt. Write to Tyler. We can post the letter once we're gone.

IRENE

The country is swarming with rebels!

DAN

They'd let us through.

IRENE
They're destroying the railroads!
If we had horses, they'd take
them.

IRENE puts her hand on his cheek.

IRENE (CONT'D)
You go Dan. Leave me. Get free of
this.

DAN
You actually wish me to go?

IRENE
Yes! Yes! Dan . . .

DAN
God! Oh God! I wouldn't leave if .
. .

Dan crushes her in his arms, kissing her harshly,
passionately, grinding against her. IRENE responds with
equal passion. They make love desperately.

DAN
I love you. I love you. You're the
only truth I have ever known.

IRENE
Never stop. Make our wickedness
pure.

EXT. BALE HOUSE-DAY

DAN is hacking down weeds with a scythe. DOC rolls up in the
carryall.

DOC
Come over and pump me a drink. It
will be easier than scything
weeds. This is no day for needless
ambition.

DAN
I thought to take down all the
weeds in the back lot. There'll be
goldenrod later if I don't. Mrs.
Knouse suffers from hay fever.

DOC
Sure, and not a bit the fault of
your weed patch. I have found a
man can find excuses enough to
drive his body to torment if his
soul is in the same place.

DAN stops pumping the well.

DAN

What is it you mean to say?

DOC

You've been bothered near to death. Anyone can see that.

DAN

I'll thank them not too. Let it be, Doc.

DOC

Go on. Draw me a bit of a drink.

Dan hands him a tin cup full. Doc drinks, splashes some on his head.

DOC (CONT'D)

That's good! I can't be saying as much for the rest of the day. Katie Huffmaster. She was throwed, you may have heard.

DAN

Her horse was frightened by a locomotive.

DOC

A young horse. A bad one. A girl should never have been placed on that horse, poor child. . . Her right femur is shattered. I'm fearing she will be a cripple for life, even if I save the leg, of which I am by no means certain . . .

DAN

What's that?

DOC spins. A long dust cloud is pushing toward them from the south.

DOC

Sakes! It's the rebels come back again.

DAN

But they didn't go south.

DOC

This is them, you can wager on it.

DAN
(pointing)
Look at that!

Figures on horseback bursts out of the general cloud.

DAN (CONT'D)
They're in blue Doc! I can see it.

DOC
You're right by God! And I am
doubly happy it is so. I was
thinking of Elijah.

DAN
Yes. If there are Nationals south
of here, perhaps he hasn't yet
been gobbled up.

DOC
These men don't have the look of
foragers, like the rebels. They
are crisp in their saddles, like
they expect battle any minute.

DAN looks to the Fanning house, where nothing stirs.

DOC (CONT'D)
I wonder if these might be Tyler
Fanning's men.

DAN
What nonsense, Doc! Fanning's
infantry.

DOC
You're fizzing again, Daniel, but
I forgive you. This is a fizzy
situation. I best be driving out
before Old Salt refuses to lift a
hoof. I have a tumor to attend to.

DAN
Good day, Doc. Remember, you
aren't invincible.

DOC
Get on Salt!

The carryall rolls away. MRS. KNOUSE calls from her balcony
over the FRANTIC YELPING of every dog in the neighborhood.

MRS. KNOUSE

Daniel! Did I hear you and Doc
aright? These here are Union ones?
Maybe I can out my bulb-roots.

DAN

Wait just a bit. Things are likely
to be changeable.

The dust cloud engulfs him as the ROAR AND CLATTER of moving
troops drowns out all else.

ON TROOPS

A knot of horse soldiers sweeps down the lane. Filthy,
exhausted horses and men halt. One of the horses WHINNIES
loudly and collapses. The rider leaps clear. An officer
MAJOR GLENN, trots over.

MAJ. GLEN

What's the matter Bryce?

BRYCE

Too damn hot, sir.

MAJ. GLEN and BRYCE inspect the horse, quivering, foaming.

DAN

Do you want some water?

MAJ. GLEN

Yuh. If you've got an old cloth
handy . . .

ON DAN

Dan brings them a bucket and a quilt.

DAN

If you soak this old quilt and lay
it over his head . . .

Before Dan can finish, BRYCE draws the carbine from the
saddle and shoots the horse in the head.

BRYCE

He was done for. I'll have to
ketch a remount.

A bottleneck has formed behind them.

CAVALARYMAN

Get that critter out of the road!

MAJ. GLENN, BRYCE, DAN and another cavalryman each take a
limb and heave the horse into a ditch by DAN's gate.

DAN

There's a pump around back. You're welcome to some water.

BRYCE

Thankee.

INT. BALE HOME - MOMENTS LATER

DAN comes through door, filthy, exhausted. He drinks from a water jug. There is a LOUD KNOCK on the door.

MAJ. GLEN

Sorry to disturb you again, my friend. I make bold to ask your momentary kindness, sir, if I shall not disturb your family.

DAN

I'm alone.

MAJ. GLEN

Glen's the name. Major Titus Glen. I've got an old wound that's bothering me. It's the very nuisance in this heat. If you will be so kind . . .

DAN

You're welcome to anything I can offer.

MAJ. GLEN unbuckles his sword.

MAJ. GLEN

I shan't trouble you for long. If you'll just give me a basin of water, I need to dress the wound.

DAN

God.

MAJ. GLEN

It's downright handsome now, compared to before. A musket ball. I was fortunate.

MAJ.GLEN replaces the drain and dressing.

MAJ. GLEN (CONT'D)

It is Christian forbearance on your part, Mr. . . . forgive me.

DAN

Bale.

MAJ. GLEN

Mr. Bale. You're a Union Man, I take it?

DAN

Pennsylvanian by birth.

MAJ. GLEN

The father of many children, no doubt?

DAN

No, I'm not married.

MAJ. GLENN reacts.

DAN

I'm not in the army as a matter of conscience. I'm unalterably opposed to war.

MAJ. GLEN

Ah!

The front door SLAMS. A young cavalryman enters.

BILLY

(saluting)

Major!

MAJ. GLEN

Yes Billy?

BILLY

Colonel Clendenin was wondering after you, Pa.

MAJ. GLEN pulls his sword belt tight, puts on his hat. He bows to DAN.

MAJ. GLEN

This is my son, Mr. Bale. Lieutenant Billy Glen, also of the Eighth Illinois, Gamble's brigade.

Billy nods.

MAJ. GLEN

We've dirtied up your house, I'm afraid.

DAN
That's all right.

EXT. BALE HOUSE, FRONT YARD--MOMENTS LATER

The soldiers exit, followed by DAN. Two horses chew grass in the yard. BILLY mounts one and rears it, then jumps the fence, leaving large divots.

MAJ. GLEN
Now Billy's dug up your yard, Mr. Bale.

DAN
It doesn't matter. You're fortunate to have your son with you in the same regiment.

MAJ. GLEN mounts his horse.

MAJ. GLEN
I did have three.

He tips his hat, jumps the fence. More divots.

EXT. BALE HOUSE - DUSK

DAN watches as rowdy soldiers swarm his yard. He locks his doors, strides through the throng. As he approaches the Fanning house, IRENE appears in the doorway.

IRENE
Come in, Mr. Bale.

DAN
How are you standing all this?

IRENE
Quite well, but for Mr. Fanning, who has taken ill . . .

DAN
Even if we were strangers, I could not leave you alone in this.

IRENE
There's Damon, and Gretel . . .
We're . . .

MOTHER FANNING (O.S.)
Daughter, who's there?

IRENE
It's Mr. Bale, mother.

MOTHER FANNING (O.S.)
Have him chase those soldiers away
from the well. They bother father.

DAN
I will talk to them. I will stay
here.

IRENE
Very well.

Dan takes her hands. She turns from him.

DAN
You don't want me to stay.

IRENE
You know what I want. Just . . .
not . . . here.

DAN
It's different this time. I don't
think these soldiers are just
passing through. I want to be
close at hand. Oh, I should have
taken you away last Friday.

DAN pulls her to him, without resistance.

IRENE
It was my fault. If I had only
sent Tyler a letter . . . Now I .

MOTHER FANNING (O.S.)
Daughter, would you impose on Mr.
Bale to sleep in the parlor where
he will hear if any of those
soldiers attempt to enter?

IRENE
Mr. Bale has already offered,
mother.
(to Dan)
Of course you cannot expect . . .

DAN
I will be fine down here. Go up
and rest. It may become a scarce
commodity.

EXT. BALE HOUSE-NIGHT

The moon rises over the pike, revealing a transformed landscape.

SLOW ZOOM

On the horse, dead in the ditch.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. BALE HOUSE -MORNING

The dead horse is now covered in flies and beginning to balloon horribly.

INT. FANNING HOME, ENTRANCE HALL -MORNING

DAN awakes on the couch, still dressed.

DAN'S POV FROM PARLOR INTO KITCHEN

NOISE is coming from behind closed kitchen doors. They open to reveal a table filled with Union officers. FATHER FANNING is at the head of the table.

FANNING

Can I get you more coffee general?

DAN enters, everyone looks up.

FANNING (CONT'D)

General Buford, my neighbor, Mr. Bale.

(to staff)

Are you gentleman getting sufficient . . .

STAFF OFFICER

We're coming first rate.

GEN. BUFORD

A night in the saddle can make even middling coffee superior. But this is well more than middling coffee, sir.

FANNING

I had been ill . . . but felt well enough this morning to make a pot. When you passed through the yard. I . . .

GEN. BUFORD

We are much obliged. We shouldn't levy off you.

FANNING

It is an honor, general. My only son is a captain in the army. Capt. Tyler Fanning, 72nd Pennsylvania Volunteers. Perhaps you know him?

Several staff officers SNICKER until GEN. BUFORD freezes them with a glare.

GEN. BUFORD

I don't believe I have had the great pleasure.

GEN. BUFORD looks at FANNING then BALE.

GEN. BUFORD (CONT'D)

Have either of you gentleman noticed any rebels about?

FANNING

Rebels?

DAN

I was out in my yard most of the forenoon. I didn't see any.

FANNING

Rebels?

GEN. BUFORD

They were here. At least a scouting party. They were seen up by the seminary, but they cut for it when our men rode up.

BUFORD drains the last of his coffee, stands.

GEN. BUFORD (CONT'D)

Well gentlemen, that hit the spot. Is your family here?

FANNING

Certainly. My wife and my . . .

GEN. BUFORD

Get them in the cellar as soon as you hear any firing.

FANNING

Firing? Do you expect . . .

GEN. BUFORD

It will be fought at this point.
My fear is it will commence before
the infantry can get up.

EXT. FANNING DRIVE-MOMENTS LATER

GEN. BUFORD and his staff ride toward the seminary.

EXT. FANNING BACKYARD- LATER

IRENE is picking through the ruined kitchen garden. DAN emerges from the house.

DAN

You should be inside . . .

IRENE

Look what they did to my garden! I
must save what I can.

DAN

I have to check on my house. I'll
be back if anything . . .

IRENE

The lettuce is ruined!

DAN puts his hand on her shoulder. IRENE, tearful, doesn't look up from the lettuce. DAN walks to his house.

INT. BALE HOME -- MOMENTS LATER

DAN straightens, collects preserves in a satchel. Freezes at the SOUND OF FIRECRACKERS.

EXT. BALE HOME DRIVE -MOMENTS LATER

MRS. KNOUSE is hanging a sign on her fence;
NO TRESPASS

DAN

Do you hear shooting?

MRS. KNOUSE

Is there going to be a battle by
the seminary?

DAN

Get down in your basement. Hurry!

Mrs. Knouse scurries off.

DAN'S POV

Soldiers on foot and horse are scurrying in the distance. A BOOM shakes the ground. Many more SHOTS RING OUT. Wagons come racing by and one topples and crashes. Soldiers scramble out to cut the harness. BUGLES SOUND in the distance. Men are SHOUTING. A strange KEENING WHINE rises afar. A team of horses gallops by dragging a cannon.

EXT. FANNING BACKYARD-MOMENTS LATER

IRENE is still fussing in the garden as DAN jumps the fence.

DAN

This is a battle. A real one. You need to get inside.

WHIZZING BULLETS snap through the air. DAN wraps his arm around IRENE and hustles her to the door. An EXPLOSION nearby is followed by a piercing SCREAM.

IRENE

That scream! Oh heaven, what . . .

DAN

A horse. Don't stop. Run!

Mr. Fanning opens the door for them.

FANNING

I believe that we had better take refuge in the cellar. Gretel is already there. Mother! Mother! come down instantly!

MOTHER FANNING struggles down the stairs blubbering and FANNING helps her into the basement.

DAN

Where's Damon?

IRENE

He was out trying to get the mare into the barn. Cybo!, I haven't seen him!

DAN

I'll go get Damon and look for the dog. Go on down. You better take some food and water. If the shooting comes near, the kitchen won't be safe.

IRENE
You aren't coming?

DAN
There's too many already. I have a
stone house and cellar. When it
dies down, I'll come back.

IRENE
I have brought this down on us. I
have! My selfishness . . .

DAN
Oh stop saying that!

IRENE throws down the supplies and embraces DAN.

IRENE
Kiss me goodbye.

A lingering kiss.

MOTHER FANNING (O.S.)
(from cellar)
Daughter! Please come. I'm feeling
so awful sickish.

IRENE gathers up supplies and disappears into the cellar.

EXT. FANNING STABLE-MOMENTS LATER

DAMON is trying to get the mare in the barn.

DAN
Damon! Go on into the house.

DAMON
I got get Pansy. She all riled.

DAN
I'll get her. Mr. Fanning needs
you. Hurry.

DAN pushes DAMON toward the house, then corrals the mare,
steering it in with well-aimed dirt clods.

DAN
Cybo! Cybo!

CYBO BARKS, but runs off. DAN follows. CYBO disappears.

EXT. SEMINARY RIDGE -MOMENTS LATER

Smoke and chaos cover the ridge as the battle rages. As Dan looks up the hill, a boy soldier in a bloody uniform, KENNETH, scrambles toward him.

KENNETH
Water! For God's sake!

DAN leads him to the well and begins to pump.

KENNETH (CONT'D)
Ma said to look out for each
other! Ma said to look out! Jesus!
Hurry up with that water!

He snatches the pail and runs. DAN follows. They stop by the seminary fence where another soldier, his jaw shot away, gurgles and dances spasmodically on the ground.

KENNETH
Ike! Oh my god! Do something,
mister! This here's my brother.

Ike makes a gurgling sound and the spasms subside.

KENNETH
Our father who art in Heaven,
hallowed be they name. . . Oh look
at him! Oh my god, look at him.

A final red bubble appears in Ike's pulpy face. He falls limp and staring.

KENNETH
Oh he's dead! God oh God.

Up the seminary campus another wounded man calls out.

FIRST WOUNDED MAN
Hey, how about some of that water
up here?

DAN
Right away!

Dan brings the bucket, helps him drink. Another man approaches, crawling on one knee, his leg a bloody mass. BULLETS ZIP past. DAN reaches out a hand.

SECOND WOUNDED MAN
No! I can make it easy. This isn't
the first time for me.

He crawls past, then turns.

SECOND WOUNDED MAN (CONT'D)

If you're dead set on it, there's plenty wounded worse ahead that need help. But I'd advise you to retire. No place for townies.

DAN

What is that sound?

SECOND WOUNDED MAN

Sound? . . . Yelling noise?

DAN

I thought it must be the wounded, but . . .

SECOND WOUNDED MAN

(smiling)

Rebels! They always do that.

He crawled on. A bald officer watches.

BALD OFFICER

Hey! Civilian! Want to get killed? Get back out of this.

Bullets and cannonballs whiz and burst all around. The BALD OFFICER and DAN take cover.

BALD OFFICER (CONT'D)

It passes understanding. If I were out of this, I would not tempt Providence.

DAN

Will they come this far?

BALD OFFICER

You'll be a mite safer in, say, Philadelphia.

The KEENING REBEL YELL grows. Dan retreats, but as he passes the crawling man, he lifts him up.

SECOND WOUNDED MAN

Set me down against a good brick wall. I don't want a case shot in my hind end.

SECOND WOUNDED MAN

I'll wait right here until a beautiful lady comes by with a dish of brandy peaches. Take care!

A man sitting against a tree calls out.

FIRST WOUNDED MAN

Hey! Hain't you the feller who was here with water a spell ago? You might cover this boy's face so it don't get et by flies. I'd want my face covered in this sitchi-ation. I tried to toss this here coat over him, but my aim's lacking.

DAN picks up the coat and lays it over IKE's face.

DAN

Where's his brother?

FIRST WOUNDED MAN

That boy? He went off to pick him some butternuts.

A fat man in a hat, carrying a bag, climbs toward them.

DAN

Doc!

DOC scrambles over the downed seminary fence.

DAN (CONT'D)

You'd better turn around. They've ordered me out of here.

DOC

I thought I'd come up this way and visit the invalids.

DOC looks over the FIRST WOUNDED MAN.

DOC

That's one bad hit, I judge. What have you been letting them do to you, friend?

FIRST WOUNDED MAN

Do something fer me. I've got a ball in my body.

DOC

Then you're at least half a man. That's a start. Dan, get me some water. Don't prepare for glory yet, good sir. The Lord may have something more to teach you.

ON DAN

He pumps water, returns. The wounded man is resting his head on a bundle of grass, newly bandaged.

DOC

Give our patient a drink, and come along.

As they climb the hill, they are hailed.

ANGRY OFFICER

Wait where you are!

(approaching)

Who are you, and who told you to attend that man.

DOC

Old Abe sent me a telegram.

ANGRY OFFICER

You're absurd sir. We can't have country doctors fiddling around with our wounded.

DOC

Come Dan Bale. I see a poor man lying beside the school, and nobody caring for him.

ANGRY OFFICER

I'll summon the Provost and have you carted out of here in two shakes.

DOC

One shake will do.

The officer stalks off. DOC stoops over the wounded man and peels off his boot. It's a puddle of blood.

DOC

You'll be losing this.

SECOND WOUNDED MAN

I thought as much. Well I don't tend bar with my feet. I reckon I can set on a chair and pour whiskey. You gonna take it now?

DOC

Not here.

He bandages the wound. The man SCREAMS in agony.

DOC (CONT'D)

(to Dan)

Look in the bag for the sulphate of morphia.

SECOND WOUNDED MAN

Will it stop the pain, sir? For
God's sake!

DOC

(giving dose)

Easy. Easy. Here we are, lad.

DAN hands the man the pail. He drinks, then lies back, drug
taking effect.

SECOND WOUNDED MAN

Come into Patrick O'Carra's Family
Resort, if you're ever by Chicago.
You can have all the whiskey you
like and never spend a copper.

DOC

Don't invite me too reckless. I'm
old, but my name is still Duffey.

Dan's attention is caught by commotion down the hill.

POV DOWN HILL

A parade of blue soldiers snakes up through the fields to
the south of the seminary.

ON DAN AND DOC

DAN

That must be the infantry Doc.
General Buford said they might be
tardy.

DOC

Maybe they've arrived in time to
keep the war out of your garden,
Daniel.

The infantry soldiers flood past at a run, officers shouting
commands and soldiers yelling.

OFFICER

Step fast men! Shoot low when we
go in. Keep your fire low.

SOLDIER

There's plenty secesh down by that
crick, don't care who they hit!

DAN and DOC are inundated as the charge begins and the
shouts and commands multiply, merging into a COMMUNAL SHOUT,
FOORWOOOORD! as the REBEL YELL rises in the near distance
with the first EARSPLITTING VOLLEYS, CANNONBALL EXPLOSIONS
and the ZIP OF BULLETS. Battle sounds continue throughout.

DOC

(screaming)

Get this man down to your kitchen.
I'm going to see how many of these
other unfortunates I can herd
along. Nobody is lifting a finger
for them here.

DOC sets off with his bag. Teams of horses dragging cannons
POUND past, soldiers whipping them. DAN lifts the now-
delirious foot case over his shoulders.

SECOND WOUNDED MAN

Iz O'Carna Family Rezor, friend.
Doan you forgeh.

As DAN runs the obstacle course, he passes an older man
trying to staunch blood from a head wound with a kerchief.
DAN pauses.

BLEEDING MAN

Haven't you seen blood before,
sonny? Go on up there and see how
you like it.

DAN

Can you walk?

BLEEDING MAN

Ever since I was a sucker.

DAN

Get on down over that fence to the
brick house, where I'm going. A
doctor there will look after you.

DAN continues. BLEEDING MAN stumbles after him. As he is
climbing over the fence, the man over his shoulder vomits.

INT. BALE HOME, KITCHEN-LATER

DAN enters with the SECOND WOUNDED MAN. DOC is at work,
arranging instruments, laying a sheet over the table.

DOC

Lay him down, poor soul.

The BLEEDING MAN stumbles in.

DO (CONT'D)

And I see you got me another
patient, too.

DOC inspects the head wound.

DOC

Not bad, not bad at all. You set down and wait your turn.

(to DAN)

Now you'll see me for the butcher I am. Go get my other bag, it's on the front porch. I have a spot of ether. And some of Pentland Bale's whiskey, if you please.

DOC unwraps the foot bandage. The man vomits again.

DOC

(chiding)

Now, my boy.

SECOND WOUNDED MAN

My foot hurts! It goddamn hurts!

INT. BALE HOUSE, FRONT YARD

As DAN picks up DOC's bag a spectral man on a black horse, arm hanging limply, appears at the fence.

DAN

Major Glenn! Major, come in and...

MAJ. GLEN

Billy.

DAN

Billy?

MAJ. GLEN

I did have three.

The horse heads off, MAJOR GLEN, swaying in the saddle.

INT. BALE HOME, KITCHEN -HOURS LATER

Blood and groaning men are everywhere. Two corpses are covered in a corner. DOC and DAN slave over surgery, delirious with fatigue. BULLETS SMASH through the wall, spraying plaster.

DOC

Help me move this table!

They push the table behind a stone wall and the patient SCREAMS. The DOOR BURSTS OPEN. An ARMY SURGEON enters.

SURGEON

These men are to be evacuated immediately.

DOC

That boy has had a half-dose of ether. The left arm needs to come off before the elbow.

SURGEON

I'll judge that, sir.

More men enter to cart off the post-op wounded.

DOC

Judge it quickly, then, before the ether wears down.

SURGEON

You are the town doctor?

DOC

I am, if there's any town left. Which reminds me of my duty. I have patients to attend to.

DAN

Doc! You're asleep afoot! You need to have something to eat and rest.

DOC

I don't relish catching a bullet while I sleep. I'll just take another pull on Pentland's whiskey and drive Old Salt along.

SURGEON

That buggy out by the barn? You'll want to ride low, then. And fast, though I doubt that's possible. But I won't stop you. I have more pressing concerns than dementia.

The SURGEON exits. DAN fetches the whiskey. DOC mutters.

DOC

The damn ball made a mess of the left humerus, but there was more awaiting . . .

DAN

(gives Doc cup)

You'll be of little solace to anyone like this.

DOC

I believe I may yet be better than nothing.

DOC stands. DAN follows him out.

EXT. BALE HOME DRIVE -MOMENTS LATER

Soldiers and cavalry are retreating in disarray under fire through the fields to all sides. DOC shakes DAN's hand.

DAN

Stay, Doc.

DOC

You know me better than that, Daniel. I regret leaving you with a mess, but I praise the Maker that your grandfather did not live to see his kitchen serve as abattoir.

DOC rides off, lost in streaming throngs. A HORSE SOLDIER thunders up to DAN.

HORSE SOLDIER

Where's that old fool bent for?
Doesn't he know this is a fight?
If he were my father . . .

HE spurs his horse and races off.

ON DAN

He stumbles to his back door and moves the dead from the kitchen to a patch of ground. It is gruesome work. He finds a pick and savagely beats the earth until he's carved out shallow graves. DAN spreads dirt on the dead, then lurches into the field, falls to his knees in a swoon. Now the battle is on top of him. Panicked soldiers flee through Fanning's field raising a dust cloud.

ON DUST CLOUD

A YAPPING rises above the din. The dust thins to reveal CYBO nipping furiously at a fleeing soldier's heels.

ON DAN

DAN

Cybo? Cybo!

Dan wills himself to stand.

ON SOLDIER

The dog persists. The soldier kicks, curses, aims his revolver, squeezes the trigger. DAN makes a lunging tackle from offscreen. The gun fires. CYBO YIPS in pain, runs home. DAN follows. The soldier takes a wild shot in DAN's direction, then throws his revolver and continues to flee.

EXT. FANNING HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

IRENE opens the door. CYBO whining, leaps into her arms.

IRENE
What have they done to you?

IRENE looks up. DAN stands before her.

DAN
Irene, I . . .

He moves toward her

MR. FANNING appears at the door.

FANNING
Daughter, you are in mortal peril!
(noticing)
Daniel? Are you wounded?

DAN
I . . . I've been with Doc.

FANNING
Come, both of you, to safety.

IRENE
Cybo has come home. He is
bleeding.

DAN comes to IRENE, their eyes lock. He puts his hand on the now quieted dog in her arms.

DAN
It was a soldier. I . . . He's
just nicked.

FANNING
Bring the dog to the cellar.

DAN
The shooting's stopped for now. I
best get back to my house. I
expect the rebel's will be
visiting again.
(looking at
Irene)
Call me, if you have need.

INT. FANNING HOUSE--MOMENTS LATER

FANNING takes CYBO from IRENE and starts downstairs. IRENE hesitates.

FANNING
Come, Daughter.

IRENE
I can't . . . bear it.

She breaks upstairs to her bedroom, falls on her bed, puts her face in her hands, SCREAMS.

MATCH CUT TO

INT. BALE HOME, DAN'S BEDROOM -- MORNING

DAN on his bed, still in bloody clothes. The SOUND of CLATTERING PLATES, CONVERSATION, rise from downstairs. DAN reacts. He goes to the basin, finds no water.

INT. BALE HOME, KITCHEN -- MOMENTS LATER

The blood has been scrubbed. Confederate officers crowd the table, served by black stewards. As DAN enters, an officer rises, extends his hand.

CAMPBELL
Howdy-do? We've taken possession,
as you see.

DAN
I expected you. Excuse me, I need
to go to the pump.

CAMPBELL
No use, I'm most sorry to say. It
is dry, my dear felleh. The niggah
had to fetch water from some
place, God knows wheh. But he has
managed to contrive some excellent
coffee. I shall be most happy . .
. this is most awkwahd . . . your
own kitchen, eh? Do join me at
breakfast. I am Captain Aubrey
Campbell, aide de camp to General
Duncan. Pleased to make your
acquaintance.

A steward pulls up a chair.

DAN

Thank you, captain, but if you'll forgive me, I must see to my neighbors.

CAMPBELL

Of course. Feel free to come and go as you please. Ours is but a temporary occupation, no doubt.

EXT. BALE HOUSE, FRONT YARD -MOMENTS LATER

DAN'S POV

The dead horse is in horrific decay. The rebel army spreads in all directions. A burial detail dispatches a heap of bodies in a nearby field. DAN's well is abandoned, his yard ruined. A crowd of soldiers surrounds Mrs. Knouse's well.

EXT. KNOUSE HOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

Dan climbs the fence and KNOCKS on her door.

DAN

Mrs. Knouse! Mrs. Knouse!

DAN runs to cellar door, pounds on it.

DAN (CONT'D)

Mrs. Knouse!

Two soldiers approach the fence.

SOLDIER AT FENCE

Who all's down theh?

DAN

My neighbor, a widow.

The SOLDIERS help DAN splinter the door. DAN emerges from the dark hole carrying a limp MRS. KNOUSE into her trampled garden beside the "No Trespass" sign, hanging and shredded.

DAN

Water.

One of the soldiers fetches water. She won't come to. The first soldier pulls out a flask.

SOLDIER AT FENCE

This here's Maryland liquor. It's scarcely fit to drink.

DAN pours liquor down MRS. KNOUSE's throat. She GAGS, COUGHS, begins to move in DAN's arms.

SOLDIER AT FENCE
I'd say she was coming around.

DAN
If she'd lain there much longer...

MRS. KNOUSE
(hoarsely)
Rebels

DAN gives her more liquor.

SOLDIER AT FENCE
Yore awright now, ma.

MRS. KNOUSE
(whispers)
Who are these critters?

DAN
Just soldiers.

IRENE runs to the fence. The soldiers remove their hats.

IRENE
What has happened?

DAN
Mrs. Knouse was too long in her
cellar.

IRENE
Bring her to our house. We will
care for her.

MRS. KNOUSE
They will steal my bulbs!

SOLDIER AT FENCE
Y'all come visit with me a spell,
maam, while yore neighbor gets
himself t'other side o' that
fence.

INT. FANNING HOUSE-MOMENTS LATER

IRENE enters followed by DAN carrying MRS. KNOUSE. The house is chaotic, rebels tromping throughout. The doors to the library open then close, giving a glimpse of the horrors of an impromptu field hospital.

IRENE

Not in there! I can't even tell you the things that are happening in that room. Bring her up the back stairway.

ON DAN AND IRENE

They climb to second floor.

IRENE

This is the spare room.

DAN lays MRS. KNOUSE on the bed.

MRS. KNOUSE

Mr. Johnson!

DAN

I'm Daniel Bale, Mrs. Knouse.

MRS. KNOUSE

No! Mr. Johnson! My canary! He's in the cellar.

DAN

I'll fetch him.

IRENE

I'll fix you some tea.

DAN and IRENE go out together.

ON DAN AND IRENE

IRENE

I want to see you. But not here.

DAN

(taking hand)

Oh, darling I . . .

IRENE

(pulling away)

Oh, don't talk about that now! It's about Tyler.

DAN

About Tyler?

IRENE

But I have things I must do. Will you come later?

DAN
 (coldly)
 If you wish.

INT. FANNING HOME, ENTRANCE HALL-MOMENTS LATER

As Dan exits, moaning, then screaming issues from the library.

PATIENT (O.S.)
 (delirious)
 Lucille! Lucille!

EXT. BALE HOUSE, FRONT YARD -MOMENTS LATER

Soldiers line the front fence. They doff hats as horsemen ride by. An officer on a big, pale horse touches his pearl-colored hat and nods to an officer on DAN's porch. This is GEN. LEE.

LEE
 I shall want you in about an hour,
 General, at General Hill's
 headquarters.

As LEE spurs his horse and the rest follow, the men cheer.

EXT. KNOUSE HOUSE -MOMENTS LATER

DAN ducks into the cellar, emerging with the caged bird.

ON DAN

IRENE is waiting at the fence. She has changed into a fresh dress and done her hair.

IRENE
 Damon! Damon!

DAMON comes over from the stable and takes the cage.

IRENE
 Please bring this to Mrs. Knouse.

DAMON
 Yes'm.

DAN
 It's beautiful. I haven't seen you
 wear that.

IRENE
 You forget, we are strangers.

IRENE
Is it another battle?

DAN
May be. It's far off, down south
of town.

IRENE
Can we walk for a moment. Away
from the house. Anywhere.

DAN
They've cleaned up some close by
but . . .

IRENE
I have camphor on my kerchief.

DAN
There wasn't much fighting in that
stand of oaks, not that I saw.

IRENE takes his arm as they pass shallow graves and other
evidence of war.

EXT. OAK GROVE -- MOMENTS LATER

DAN spreads his handkerchief on a boulder. IRENE sits.

DAN
May I see your wrist?

IRENE obliges. DAN examines the scar.

DAN
It's not so red now. It will fade
altogether, until you won't even
remember the cause.

IRENE
I won't forget. I . . .can't.

IRENE pulls her arm away.

IRENE (CONT'D)
He's going to be killed.

DAN
Who?

IRENE
Tyler. I have known it for some
time.

DAN
You really believe . . .

IRENE
Before, I didn't care.

DAN
And now you do?

IRENE
I do not love Tyler. I never have.
But I am his wife, and not a good
one.

DAN
You were a foolish girl. You said
so yourself.

IRENE
I saw him struck down. Not in a
dream, exactly. I suppose you
could call it a vision. I saw it.
(touching him)
I am forever damned if he dies,
believing as he does. He's been at
war for two years. Before this, I
had no conception of what that
meant. Now I have a notion. He
helped to keep this away from us,
to keep all these men from dying
in our field and our library, to
keep them dying somewhere far
away, where we couldn't see, or
hear them.

DAN
Do you know how you are talking?

IRENE
Oh yes. Mad. But I am quite sane,
I assure you. Sane enough to know
that he deserved better than I
gave him.

DAN
God, you loved him the whole time.

IRENE
No. What I feel for you is real.

DAN
If it was . . .

IRENE

We have a confederate general at our house. He was struck in the head. The surgeon, a colonel Pell, says the ball was spent when it hit him, and it was no worse than being hit by a rock. But he's still unconscious.

DAN

What does this have to do with us?

IRENE

His officers keep coming to see if he has his senses back. I hear them talk. They say that's our whole army over there, by the cemetery.

DAN

That just means there will be more fighting, in someone else's field. What of it?

IRENE

Tyler's there. I want you go go to him. Tell them that you and I . . . that nothing happened between us.

DAN

My god.

IRENE

He'd believe you.

DAN

I'd be the last . . .

IRENE

No, he would. I think he resents you, but he admires you.

DAN

This is lunacy! What makes you think he's even there?

IRENE

He must be. Those officers mentioned the Second Corps. They had some prisoners. You need to find him before . . .

DAN

He dies? If he dies, what does it matter what he believes?

IRENE

It is cruelty, wantonness, to let him think that when . . . If he dies, like that, we could never be happy together. I could never be happy. God would not forgive me.

DAN

I doubt you truly believe in God.

IRENE

I would never forgive myself.

IRENE takes DAN's hands.

IRENE (CONT'D)

My darling, I have been yours since birth. I just didn't know it. I made a terrible, foolish error, marrying a man I did not care for, then being too weak to deny myself love when it came. If you return these feelings, as you declare, you must help me set this sin right. Do this for me, I beg you. For us.

IRENE leans in as if for a kiss. DAN stands.

DAN

All right. You want me to go over there and lie to your husband so he can die undisturbed, and I will do it, no matter what cost. It will not be easy to slip through -- there will be no such thing as a pass. But in the dark, I may . . .

A groan issues from behind the boulder. They startle. DAN leaps to the other side.

DAN (CONT'D)

It's a federal. Bad wounded.

ON WOUNDED SOLDIER

One arm is blown up like a balloon, crusted with blood.

IRENE
Can you carry him?

DAN lifts the man. He SCREAMS. The wound opens to reveal a squirming knot of maggots. IRENE SCREAMS and turns away. DAN struggles to keep from retching.

DAN
Go back to the house and rouse
your friend the colonel. I'll
follow. Perhaps he'll tend a Yank.

INT. FANNING LIBRARY -LATER

DAN and COL.PELL stand over the wounded union soldier laid out on a blood-stained sheet stretched over Fanning's desk.

COL. PELL
It would have been wiser to leave
him. When they have the worms,
it's not worth a wager. There's
another nest inside, no doubt,
worse. Maggots by the wagon load.

DAN
He's in pain.

COL. PELL
We have no more opiates, suh, even
for our own. But I shall endeavuh
to do whateveh I can for his ease.

INT. FANNING HOME, ENTRANCE HALL-MOMENTS LATER

DAMON scrubs blood from the floor. DAN enters.

DAN
Have you seen Mrs, Fan
Mrs. Tyler Fanning?

DAMON
She retire, Mistuh Dan. She look a
fright, like a horse seen a snake.
What happen, Mistuh Dan?

DAN
The war happened.

EXT. DOWNTOWN GETTYSBURG -LATER

Rebels man barricades at town's edge. Skirmishers trade fire with unseen yanks. DAN falls behind a marching column.

SENTRY

You theh! Halt!

DAN

I live here. I'm just trying to get home.

SENTRY

You hard-a-hearin'? There some right smart Yankee sha'pshooters up on that ridge yonder.

DAN

My house is just over there.

SENTRY

Well, if you ain't got sense enuf to keep out'n harm's way, go along then.

EXT. SLOPE BETWEEN TOWN AND CEMETERY RIDGE -MOMENTS LATER

DAN climbs toward the cemetery, keeping low against walls and fences. The shooting intensifies. He dives for cover, startling a one-legged BART MCKOSH.

MCKOSH

What the . . . Bale?

DAN

What are you doing here McKosh?

MCKOSH

I was fixin' to ask you the same. I just came out to get a look at the war.

DAN

You're getting more of a look than you imagined.

MCKOSH

You haven't said why you was here.

DAN

I have to find Tyler Fanning. He's up in Ever Green, somewhere.

MCKOSH

Must be urgent business, under
sech conditions. Them soldiers up
on the ridge won't be too
welcoming, what with you dressed
in drab.

DAN looks at his brown vest and trousers.

DAN

I'll get on, somehow. I got two
legs to spare. If you treasure the
one you have left, you might
consider withdrawing.

MCKOSH

You might be right, though you a
fine one to be dispensin' advice.

DAN

I'll grant you that, McKosh. I
must be on my way.

The rebels form into lines all around, with SHOUTS of "FORM
UP!" And "THOSE LOOS-ANA BOYS GO FUST!" "NO SMOKING!" "FIX
BAYONETS." DAN sprints across a road and dives under a
fence, right into a bloated union corpse.

DAN

Eyah!

He forces himself to pull the trousers from the bloated
corpse, stuffs them in his shirt.

UNSEEN OFFICER

Fire at will!

The troops begin their whining battle cry as they surge
forward in heavy smoke and confusion. DAN follows diving for
cover every few steps. A shadowy soldier ahead of him turns
to yell.

SHADOWY SOLDIER

Close up! Close up the line!

DAN follows the man until an explosion flings the soldier
back on top of him. DAN stunned, gasping, tries to push the
man off, sees he's dead, one arm a bloody stump. He runs
forward. Something hits his head. He slumps to the ground.

FADE TO BLACK

EXT.CEMETERY RIDGE -- NIGHT

In total SILENCE, the smoke and moving figures come back into moonlit focus. Gradually, the SOUNDS OF BATTLE return.

ON DAN

He touches the swelling lump on his head.

DAN'S POV

The rebels have retreated, leaving DAN in no man's land. Bodies and debris litter the slope. Wounded MOAN and CRY. DAN pats himself, feeling for blood, finds the uniform pants still tucked in his shirt. He struggles into them, then runs toward the federal line. A fresh volley drives him behind a boulder. He cowers in terror.

EXT. CEMETERY RIDGE -DAWN

The western sky turns from gray to blue. A brilliant sun rises. DAN looks into the sun and screams, a primal sound.

DAN

(at the sky)

I swore I'd do this, and I'm going to do it. Go ahead and kill me, if that's what you intend. No doubt I deserve it.

He surges forward. A burst of bullets erupts around him.

DAN'S POV

An officer stands behind the breastworks and waves his arms.

BREASTWORKS OFFICER

Take care! He's blue!

EXT. UNION POSITION ON CEMETERY RIDGE-LATER

A union soldier, looking about 15, motions with his musket.

SCHMIDT

Come on then.

DAN follows over tangles of men and equipment to an older man lying by the cemetery fence.

SCHMIDT

(saluting)

Colonel Yotes, Lieutenant Schmidt reporting, sir.

YOTE

Yes Schmidt?

SCHMIDT

This man just entered our lines.
Says he's a civilian, sir.

YOTE pulls himself up, looks DAN over.

DAN

Name's Bale. I live in town. I had
to come inside the Union lines and
this was the only way I could.

YOTE

Why did you have to come?

DAN

I have to find one of your
officers.

YOTE

My . . . officers?

SCHMIDT

He says he's looking for the 72nd
Pennsylvania, sir.

YOTE

They're not in this corps, my man.
What ails your forehead?

DAN touches the wound.

DAN

Must have been a rock.

YOTE

Bullets flying like a swarm of
black flies, and a stone brings
you down? Why are you wearing
those pants?

DAN

I thought it would make it easier.
Your men nearly shot me down as it
was.

YOTE turns away, revealing a bloody sleeve.

YOTE

Deliver him to the Provost,
Schmidt. Perhaps he is a spy.

EXT. EVER GREEN CEMETERY-MOMENTS LATER

SCHMIDT pushes DAN at bayonet point through the cemetery. Batteries of cannons loom. Soldiers use the grave stones to tether horses, stow gear. Some are shattered.

CU ON SHATTERED STONE

The fragment reads: "BABY REST DARLING"

ON SCHMIDT

He looks over his shoulder, back at Bale.

SCHMIDT

(laughs)

His congressman got this regiment
for him three weeks ago. Spy!
Provost! Good luck, Bale.

SCHMIDT shoulders his musket and walks away.

ON DAN

DAN turns to a soldier shoeing a horse.

DAN

Where's Second Corps?

SMITH

You're a long way from home,
fella. Second Corps is way over
left, and forward.

Other soldiers pay attention.

FIRST CURIOUS SOLDIER

He ain't no soldier.

SECOND CURIOUS SOLDIER

Must be a sutler.

FIRST CURIOUS SOLDIER

Sutler, you got a wagon back
there?

SECOND CURIOUS SOLDIER

What's the chances you got you
some bacon . . .

ON DAN

DAN walks through the cemetery, barely recognizable. He stops and gapes at the intact warning: "ALL PERSONS FOUND USING FIREARMS IN THESE GROUNDS SHALL BE PROSECUTED . . . ", walks on until he is stopped by the point of a bayonet.

BAYONET SOLDIER

For Christ sake, don't step on the
Captain. He wakes up he'll kick
the stuffin' out'n you.

DAN

I need to find Second Corps.

BAYONET SOLDIER

This here's the 94th New York.
Christ sake, you want the Second,
go on down past that road into
those trees. But you might want to
think on it. They've had it hot
that way.

EXT. THE COPSE--LATER

Men lie flat in the woods behind rocks and fence rails as
bullets buzz above them. DAN scrambles forward.

COL. TAYLOR

Halt!

Dan freezes.

COL. TAYLOR

Well get down! Damn!

DAN jumps beside him.

COL. TAYLOR (CONT'D)

What's your regiment?

DAN

I'm a citizen. It's urgent I find
a captain in Second Corps. Captain
Tyler Fanning.

COL. TAYLOR

That's Webb's brigade you want. I
know them well. Wait here.

COL. TAYLOR crawls away to another cluster of soldiers.

COL. TAYLOR

I'm sick of this, Gibson! Take
some skirmishers, a company
anyhow, and clean out that barn
over there. Take Company D, that
ought to be enough. I'll answer
for it.

The soldiers move out. COL. TAYLOR returns to DAN.

COL. TAYLOR (CONT'D)
 That will stop 'em, perhaps.
 They've been raising sin with us
 since before dawn.

DAN
 That's the Bliss farm. I've
 picnicked in their orchard.

COL. TAYLOR
 Not recently, I wager. You look
 wan, have you breakfasted?

DAN
 I . . .

COL. TAYLOR
 Well I'm finished with this. Help
 yourself.

DAN eats.

DAN
 God!

COL. TAYLOR
 Army food tastes like dung, but it
 comes regular. A parting word of
 advice: If you're going to get
 yourself shot at, you might as
 well get greenbacks for it. Now if
 you'll excuse me, I've a war to
 fight.

DAN
 The Second Corps?

COL. TAYLOR
 This *IS* the Second Corps.

EXT. PEACH ORCHARD-LATER

A soldier escorts DAN to a man looking into binoculars.

GRIMES
 Captain Ballou, sir . . .

BALLOU
 It can wait, private!

After a minute, BALLOU lets the glasses hang on his neck.

BALLOU
 Well Grimes?

GRIMES

He wants the Fire Zouaves, sir.

DAN

It's imperative that I communicate with Captain Tyler Fanning. I've been through a lot to find him.

BALLOU

I can see that. Who planted that egg on your head?

DAN

I was caught in a fight last evening.

BALLOU

(appraising)

Hmmm. You know Fanning? I pray you have no bad tidings about his children.

DAN

He has none.

BALLOU

And his father's legal practice? Has it collapsed?

DAN

It's a shoe factory. The rebs looted it.

BALLOU

I needed to be sure you knew him. But I'm sorry to say the 72nd has been detached from this position for the moment. They'll be up presently.

DAN

I'll go . . .

BALLOU

You shall go nowhere. In deference to Capt. Fanning, I will allow you to wait. Private, see that Mr. . .

DAN

Bale.

BALLOU

See that Mr. Bale stays low by that wall.

DAN looks where BALLOU is pointing, reacts: This is where he

and IRENE discussed vultures. He sits by the wall, lined for yards by soldiers in the battle's lull.

DAN'S POV

The sun rises higher in the sky, radiating heat.

ON DAN

He leans against the wall as the sun pounds him. Sleeps.

EXT. PEACH ORCHARD--LATER

A soldier beside DAN nudges him awake. BALLOU waits impatiently.

BALLOU

You'll have to come with me to headquarters. I've been talking to Colonel Taylor about it. We can't have a civilian sitting at the line with us; I have orders to evacuate you to the rear.

DAN

I must see Fanning.

BALLOU

You should be thankful I permitted you to sleep, sir. Now you shall come along, of your own will, or with some assistance.

(over shoulder)

Grimes. Lennihan.

Two soldiers move behind DAN.

DAN folds his arms, glares. A PERCUSSIVE BANG is followed by a WHISTLE, then an EXPLOSION not far behind them. All dive behind the wall. The ridge opposite them ERUPTS in flames and smoke. An artillery barrage pounds all around them. BALLOU races to the nearby battery.

BALLOU

Ready! By piece! At will! Fire.

Their own artillery ERUPT in return, even as they are being blown apart by enemy fire. In the chaos, a horseman gallops by, waving his hat. Men stand and CHEER, scream "HANCOCK!" Some are cut down as they cheer. The bombardment continues, a hellish chaos of noise and destruction.

ON DAN

DAN cowers by wall.

DAN'S POV

The bombardment slackens. SOLDIERS load their muskets. In the lull, SCREAMS OF WOUNDED can be heard. At an exploded caisson, DOC is tending a screamer.

ON DAN

DAN hurtles bodies and debris.

DAN

Doc!

DOC looks at DAN blankly.

DOC

This man has been shot to bits. I thought I might do something for him, but I can do nothing for bits.

DAN

Doc, what are you doing here?

DOC

(dazed)

They have all been sliced to pieces.

DAN

Doc!

DAN takes Doc's shoulders, shakes him. DOC recognizes him.

DOC

Cut off. I was cut off that day. I don't know how long . . . I've been here . . . since.

A troop of cavalry pulling cannons nearly run them down. DAN pushes DOC out of the way. The cannon wheels crush some wounded soldiers. A REBEL YELL rises.

DAN

Look!

A wave of rebels moves up the hill toward the wall.

DOC

Why are you here, Daniel Bale?

DAN

I had to . . .

His words are drowned by the firing battery.

DOC
Come with me. I have men to see
after, back there by the barn.

DAN
I can't. I've got to wait here . .
. The 72nd . . .

DOC drifts toward the barn, stooping over wounded as he goes. DAN, frozen, watches rebels swarm toward him.

BALLOU
(appearing)
Great God in Heaven, now I know
you're crazy! Get to the rear, man,
while you have a chance!

DAN
(in fog)
They ate in my kitchen.

BALLOU picks up a fallen musket, thrusts it at DAN.

BALLOU
Take this, for the good it will do
you.

BALLOU pulls his sword and runs to the wall, shouting orders.

BALLOU
Steady men! Fire!

As the rebels reach the wall, the musket fire is all encompassing. Men drop around DAN fighting hand to hand. DAN slips on a bloody corpse and falls.

DAN'S POV

A soldier nearby looks up the hill and yells.

SOLDIER
Here come the Fire Zouaves!

A rush of reinforcements crash into the rebels. One of them is coughing as he runs. TY.

ON DAN

DAN
Ty!

A rebel thrusts his bayonet at DAN, still prone. DAN parries with his musket, then smashes the rebel with the butt. Another rebel levels his musket at him. DAN fires, and the rebel drops. The reinforcements continue to stream in. After

fierce close combat, the rebels retreat.

DAN
(searching)
Fanning! Fanning!

DAN finds TY sprawled against a wagon wheel, retching. TY looks at DAN, confused.

TY
What the devil?

DAN
I came through to tell you . . . I
had to tell you . . .

TY
What are you doing in the army,
ahhhh!

TY convulses with pain. He lifts his hand from his thigh, drenched in blood. TY begins to swoon.

DAN
Don't die you damn dirty son of a
bitch! I killed a man just to tell
you!

DAN shakes TY.

TY
What did you have to tell me?
Bluh!

He vomits.

DAN
It's not true! Not a word of it.
What Quagger said about me and . .
. your wife.

TY looks foggily at DAN.

TY
Ah. Ah, that.

DAN
Do you believe me?

TY
What? Ah, yes of course, I . . .
CHRIST! My leg!

INT. RUINS OF CODORI BARN -- LATER

In a makeshift field hospital, a catalog of uncountable horrors, DOC and DAN work alongside military surgeons. DOC stops only to take a swig from a flask of whiskey. DOC whips a tarp off a supply cache, heavily depleted.

DOC

(soused)

Only one box left. Daniel, can you get this open, I can't seem . . .

DAN pries a board loose, revealing crumbling crackers.

DAN

Christ Doc, these are rotten!

DOC

They smell of mice, granted, and they were probably packed during the Mexican War. But these poor souls need something to keep what's left of them alive. Can you pass them around? One piece each, no more.

DAN takes the crackers to the conscious. Around him the sounds of hell:

FIRST PATIENT

I'm dying! I'm dying! I don't want to die!

SECOND PATIENT

You won't die as long as you can yell like that!

EXT. OUTSIDE FIELD HOSPITAL -MOMENTS LATER

DAN distributes biscuits by lantern light. Lightning crashes and the skies open. TY, drenched, sits against a tree.

TY

God's washing his hands of the whole stinking mess of us.

DAN

I need to get you inside.

TY

No. No special treatment.

DAN

Doc says you have to keep your
dressing dry.

DAN puts TY's arm around his shoulder and drags him into the
barn.

DAN (CONT'D)

Do you feel like eating a cracker?

TY

Feel like?

DAN

Wish I had some brandy, but here's
a cracker if you want one.

DAN wraps a blanket around TY. Nearby, a man with bandaged
eyes begins banging his head against the ground. DAN rushes
to him and holds his bleeding, drooling head.

DAN

Look here, fellow!

FISHER

I can't look! Never see again!
They haven't told me, but I guess
I know. It just looked like a lot
of milk spilled over everything,
milk that was boiling hot. It put
'em out for sure.

DAN

(tentative)

I . . . think I know you.

FISHER

Voice sounds . . . who are you?

DAN

Bale. I live in town.

FISHER

Oh. Hid in your pantry.

DAN

Pantry. Jesus Christ! What became
of Huddlestone?

FISHER

Left the horse . . . those folks'
horse . . . a farmer named Crawley
. . . hell of a name . . . right near
Uniontown in Maryland. You see if
we didn't.

DAN
Can't you remember about
Huddlestone, Elijah Huddlestone?

FISHER
We was in the wheat.

DAN
Where? Where was the wheat?

Two men carry a stretcher past them. Both DAN and FISHER react to the stench.

FISHER
Gangrene!

DAN
Fisher, listen to me. Was Hud with
you in the wheat.

FISHER
Had a picnic there oncet. A girl
brought tamarinds. It was by that
rocky hill. We climbed up out of
the wheat. They was all by the
fence, just a firing and firing.
It was like milk, hot milk, then
it got dark . . .

DAN
Little Round Top? Is that it?

FISHER
They just kept firing in the dark.

DAN hurriedly finds DOC.

DAN
Doc, I think I know where Hud is.

DOC
Surely he is where we all are
headed soon enough.

DAN
I have to look for him.

DOC
Your chances of finding him are
vanishing small, I'm afraid.
Nonexistent in the dark.

DAN

We have to get TY away from this place. Get him home where he can be looked after.

DOC

They aren't letting anyone through town.

DAN

I got through the rebel line and over the wall. I think I can get a stretcher through town.

DOC

Good luck to you, son.

DAN

You aren't coming? How long do you think you can go on no sleep and too much whiskey?

DOC

We shall see, my boy, we shall see.

EXT. FANNING DRIVE -- DAY

DAN drives up in an old farm cart with TY on a stretcher in the back. FANNING comes from the house to greet him.

DAN

I have your son.

FANNING

Mother! Mother! It's our son, Mother!

MOTHER FANNING comes waddling. Both bend over TY with grateful tears.

MOTHER FANNING

Oh honey boy, what has happened honey boy?

DAN

I'll need some help. Where do you want him put?

MOTHER FANNING AND FANNING continue fawning, wiping TY's brow, murmuring.

FANNING

You are at home my son, home.
Gracious God, you are home!

TY

(annoyed)

For Christ sake, say where you
want me!

ON IRENE

She has emerged unnoticed during the fuss.

IRENE

Upstairs. In our bedroom. Damon,
please help Mr. Bale with this
liter.

DAN and DAMON carry TY upstairs and put him on the bed.
IRENE tends to him.

ON DAN

He watches as IRENE holds TY's head so he can sip water. He
turns to leave. IRENE doesn't notice. His hand is on the
front door when IRENE appears at the top of the stairs.

IRENE

You went there.

DAN

Wasn't that what you wanted me to
do?

IRENE

Please. Not so loud.

IRENE comes down the stairs.

DAN

You insisted that I go, didn't
you? You demanded it. I killed a
man.

IRENE

I am going mad with this! I cannot
talk to you now. You should see
that! He's suffering so hideously.
Oh, why won't you understand?

DAN

Yes, I should understand. I shall
endeavor to understand.

IRENE takes DAN's hand.

IRENE
We can talk . . . later?

DAN (CONT'D)
Goodbye, Irene.

DAN exits. IRENE sobs.

EXT. LITTLE ROUND TOP -LATER

DAN picks his way up the steep hill still littered with decomposing bodies. Holding a kerchief to his face, he stoops to look at each. A wagon driven by a man in overalls and a straw hat stops at a distance. Two men in black suits and top hats lift something into the back.

DAN
(calling)
Mr. Niede?

The men freeze. MR. NIEDE holds the reins.

OLD MAN NIEDE
Well, Dan Bale.

DAN
What are you about?

OLD MAN NIEDE
No law iz breaking. Iz doktors.

DAN races toward the cart. One of the men reaches for a stave.

FIRST DOCTOR
Take care!

DAN pulls a tarp off the back. The cart is stacked with bodies.

SECOND DOCTOR
Look here, my good man! This is
for the advancement of medical
science!

DAN decks him. The FIRST DOCTOR swings the stave. DAN catches it in his hand. Disarmed, he runs off.

OLD MAN NIEDE
(pleading)
They spoiled my wheat already. I
guess I got to live, ja? Who else
clean up these mess?

DAN ignores him, inspecting each horrific body on the cart.

DAN'S POV

One body rolls away, revealing a barely recognizable HUD.

ON DAN AND NIEDE

DAN

How much they pay you?

OLD MAN NIEDE

Three dollars a piece is all I
get. My roof ruined. Fifty
dollars, no less.

DAN climbs on the wagon and pushes NIEDE off. He drives away
to NIEDE's outrage.

EXT. EVER GREEN CEMETERY-- MOMENTS LATER

Soldiers are digging graves as DAN approaches.

DAN

This cart is full.

GRAVE DIGGER

We'll get to 'em I reckon. We'll
be digging for a spell. More will
be digging after us. Digging for
weeks, least.

DAN gets out, pulls HUD's body out, carries him toward a
humble monument that says HUDDLESTONE.

GRAVE DIGGER

What's the idea?

DAN

I'll bury this one myself. Lend me
a shovel.

EXT. EVER GREEN CEMETERY-LATER

Covered in sweat and dirt, DAN bows his head by the fresh
mound.

DAN

Guess you got what you wanted,
Hud. That's more than what most
folks get.

As he walks away, the GRAVE DIGGER tugs his sleeve.

GRAVE DIGGER

We mark it with the name, usual,
if we git hol' of it.

DAN

I'll take care of it.

GRAVE DIGGER

We're sposed to keep a note of it
in this here book, name, regiment
and such like.

DAN

It was a temporary regiment. I
don't . . . Write this: "Elijah
Huddleston, Union soldier."

EXT. CHAMBERSBURG PIKE-LATER

LONG SHOT

DAN walks along the side of the road, a rucksack on his
shoulder. A farmer in a wagon rolls slowly by, momentarily
obscuring DAN from view. When the cart passes, the road is
empty.

EXT. DOWNTOWN GETTYSBURG - SIX YEARS LATER

A bustling town scene reveals no scars of war.

INT. ORCUTT'S LAW OFFICE -LATER

JULIUS ORCUTT is signing papers at his well-appointed desk
in an expensive suit. A CLERK toils in an outer office.
There is a KNOCK at the door. The CLERK answers. An older,
heavily bearded, roughly dressed DAN enters.

DAN

I'm here to see Julius Orcutt.

CLERK

Have you an appointment?

DAN

He'll see me.

CLERK

I'm afraid he's quite busy, Mr. .
.

ORCUTT appears in the door.

ORCUTT

Daniel? Daniel Bale?

DAN
I won't take much of your time.

INT. ORCUTT'S LAW OFFICE--MOMENTS LATER

DAN and ORCUTT sit at his desk.

ORCUTT
I'm afraid I haven't prepared any
. . . I received your occasional
correspondences, of course, but if
I had known . . .

DAN
No need to fuss. I want to
liquidate. You have the address
and the account in Minnesota.

ORCUTT
Liquidate? Total liquidation?

DAN
That's right.

ORCUTT
And your grandfather's house? It
has suffered, some in six years --
unfathomable it has been so
long! -- but it is still a sound .
. .

DAN has gotten up during ORCUTT's speech and is already half
out the door.

DAN
Sell it, Mr Orcutt. Good day to
you.

EXT. GETTYSBURG TRAIN STATION

DAN stands alone on a platform as a train rolls in,
obscuring him from view. The Train rolls out, and the
platform is empty.

EXT. CHAMBERSBURG PIKE

On foot, DAN turns off the pike into the drive to his
grandfather's house.

DAN'S POV

The house is boarded up, needs repair.

ON DAN

DAN skirts the house and walks to the field. He stands

looking out at the Fanning house. BARKING emerges from the tall weeds.

DAN
(disbelieving)
Cybo?

CYBO, grey muzzled, limping, shoots out of the weeds to DAN's feet. DAN bends to pet him, then looks up to see a little boy, about 5, come running into the clearing, chortling and carrying a stick like a musket.

BOY
I got you, you dirty reb . . .

The boy freezes when he sees DAN.

DAN
(standing)
I don't bite anymore than that old dog.

The boy pouts uncertainly.

DAN
What's your name, son?

BOY
Tyler. Tyler Fanning.

DAN
I knew your father, and your mother.

The boy looks at his feet.

BOY
I don't remember them.

DAN is stunned into a long silence.

DAN
(struggling)
I'm . . . sorry. Who cares for you?

BOY
Grandfather. And Gretel, mostly. I have to go now.

DAN
Goodbye.

The boy runs off. DAN walks onto his porch, considering the boarded door. He rips off the board and goes in.

EXT. BALE HOUSE, FRONT YARD -LATER

DAN emerges in an old, but clean shirt. His beard is gone, hair brushed. He pulls a broken rocking chair to the edge of the porch and sits in it, watching over the field, waiting for the boy to come again.

END