THE CONFLICT AT PITTSBURG LANDING

A Television Drama

By

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honors Project, 1972

Approved by

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INTRODUCTION

This project, a two hour television drama about the battle of Shiloh, is designed not to investigate one particular aspect of the battle or what was said about it after it had been fought, but rather to illustrate what it might have been like to be a participant in the events of April 6, 1862. In the project I have investigated numerous first-person accounts of that first day of fighting, and the events that led to the attack that morning. Each character mentioned by name was a real person and a participant in the events of the battle in which he is described. Of necessity in some cases, more characters were needed to complement the non-fictional ones, and these extra people are referred to as "Soldier I" or "Soldier II", etc. Each scene containing a non-fictional character is depicted as he himself described it, or as described by his superiors in Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies. Quotation marks within the dialogue indicate a direct quotation from the source indicated in the footnote below.

There have been many areas of controversy and concern related with Shiloh, or Pittsburg Landing. Among them is the question of whether or not Grant was surprised at the attack and if so, to what degree. Also there is question about his conduct: reports following the battle indicated that he was drunk, or that he had acted with negligence. Great importance is attached to the heroic stand of Prentiss and his division at the Hornet's Nest, and most of the battle scenes in the play are related in some way to that stand. Another heroic stand was made by the men of the 55th Illinois and the 54th Ohio who with only 600 men held off two brigades on the Union left for almost four hours.

I have also spent a good deal of time concerning the events and conditions that led up to the battle itself, because these I feel are so important that they cannot be divorced from the events that follow.

My purpose in preparing this project is that a television audience, after having spent two hours watching this drama, might leave with a better understanding of the battle, why it was fought, why it was important to the people who fought it and more than that--
that they might come to realize that history was made by real people, not unlike any of us today. The battle of Shiloh was not fought by names and figures, but by real people who felt very deeply about what they were doing and why they were there, and because Shiloh is a drama about real people with real problems it and all of history has a significant importance to each of us.
EXPLANATION OF SCRIPT FORM

In writing for radio and television there are several special script forms which may be used. These aid in production and understanding of what is to happen at which time. Television script form is used first of all because it is the most functional way to present a script both visually and verbally.

Each page is divided into two columns: in this paper the left side represents all visual activity and everything is printed in capital letters; the right side is audio in which everything is in capitals except that which is spoken by the characters. The two columns run simultaneously down the page.

Where a type of camera shot used affects the story or mood of the scene, I have included camera shots. Where camera technique may be routine, depending on sets and blocking, I have omitted such designations. Abbreviations are often used when indicating camera shots and angles. Some of those used in this paper are:

CU -- close up
MS -- medium shot (head and shoulders)
FS -- full shot (entire body)
LS -- covers large area or distance - long shot
WS -- wide shot (covers wide area)
2-S -- two shot (may be combined with any of the above---includes two people)
3-S -- three shot (same as above with three people)
E -- extreme (may be combined with any of above to cause ECU--extreme close-up; EWS, etc.)

In some cases, activity will be presented in the visual column, but will not be accompanied by dialogue or camera shots.

Other visual terms used include:

DISOLVE: indicate change of time or place; slow fade from one picture to another.

PAN: the act of moving the camera to the right or to the left

CUT: abrupt change of camera shot, usually within the same period of time or place.
ACT I

EVENTS OF APRIL 2, 3, 4, and 5, 1862.
OPENING SHOT: XS OF CEMETARY AT SHILOH. APPROACH BY AIR OVER TOPS OF TREES.

MOVE IN CLOSER AS SOUND BUILDS QUICK TAKES: CU OF SPECIFIC TOMBSTONES, SPECIFIC AREAS OF THE BATTLE FIELD--HERETIC'S KEST, LANDING, ETC.

LIGHT GETS DIMMER...PROGRESS FROM MORNING TO AFTERNOON TO EVENING.

CAMERAS FAR FROM TOMBSTONES UP THE POLE TO THE AMERICAN FLAG IN THE CEMETARY...LOOK IN THE DISTANCE.

CUT TO LONG LS OF BATTLE FIELDS...THEN TO EXTRA LONG SHOT OF CEMETARY.

SUPER OVER LS OF CEMETARY "THE CONFLICT AT PITTSBURG LANDING"

CUT TO WIDE PANNING THE UNION CAMP...TENTS, ETC.

LS OF TROOPS ARRIVING AT THE LANDING

LS OF CHURCH WITH UNION TROOPS MILITING ABOUT. SHIP TENTS IN ROWS IN BACKGROUND.

SOUND: (COMES IN VERY SLOWLY) REVETE, THEN PICKET FIR, FIRE SHOOTING, BATTLE NOISES, EQUIPMENT, ETC., CANNON BOOMING (THESE SOUNDS BECOME LOUDER AND LOUDER.)

NOISES REACH FULL BATTLE INTENSITY.

AS LIGHT BEGINS TO DIM ALL SOUNDS FADE OUT EXCEPT THE LOW DISTANT BOOMING OF CANNON......

MUSIC: FADE IN UNDER CANNON WITH "WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME"...VERY HUSHED, BUILD SIGNIFICANTLY TO LAST CHORUS.

SOUND: CANNON FADE OUT UNDER MUSIC.

MUSIC: FADE OUT LAST CHORUS ON WORDS "AND WE'LL ALL FEEL GAY THEN.....

.........JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME......

FADE OUT.

SOUND: NIGHT SOUNDS, CRICKETS, ETC.

NARRATOR: (INTRODUCTION) APRIL 6 AND 7, 1862 SAW THE OCCURRENCE OF ONE OF THE MOST SIGNIFICANT BATTLES OF THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR. THE CONFEDERATES KNEW IT AS PITTSBURG LANDING, A BOAT LANDING ON THE TENNESSEE RIVER.

THE UNION ARMS KNEW IT AS SHILOH, AFTER A SMALL MEETING HOUSE IN THE HEART OF THE BATTLEFIELD.
In April, 1862, the American Civil War had been in progress for nearly a year. The eastern front had seen some activity, but for the most part Lincoln waited for McClellan to do something aggressive.

The western front was a little different. Grant had just brought the North its first victories at Forts Henry and Donelson, earning for himself the name "Unconditional Surrender Grant." These same two victories had opened the important rivers, Tennessee and the Cumberland, for the Union and driven the Confederates farther south.

For this reason, twenty miles south of a place on the Tennessee known as Pittsburg Landing, which was the


ON MAP SHOW HOW CORINTH WAS IMPORTANT--POSITION, RAILROADS, ETC.

SUPER OVER FOLLOWING INTRODUCTORY SHOTS:

APRIL 2, 1862
CORINTH, MISSISSIPPI

COVER SHOT: STREET, VERY LATE AT NIGHT, MOST MIDNIGHT. A FEW SOLDIERS AND FORCES AROUND BUT NOT MANY. UNIFORMED MAN LEAVES BUILDING MARKED TELEGRAPH OFFICE AND WALKS DOWN THE STREET TO THE HOTEL. CAMERA FOLLOWS HIM INSIDE, UPSTAIRS.

HE KNOCKS ON DOOR.

MAN ENTERS AND SALUTES.

GEN. BRAGG IS SITTING AT HIS DESK. HE STANDS, SAYS NOTHING, TAKES THE ENVELOPE AND OPENS AND READS. LOOKS WORRIED, YET DISGUSTED.

SITS DOWN AND WRITES SOMETHING AT THE BOTTOM OF THE PAPER.

SOLDIER TAKES NOTE, SALUTES, TURNS AND LEAVES.

NARRATOR: (CONT.) Union position at that time. Confederate forces gathered for the defense of the territory. By spring, all available Confederate troops were concentrated in a line on the northern edge of Mississippi from Memphis to Corinth--20 miles south of Pittsburg Landing. Corinth was important as a railroad junction with lines running from Memphis to Chattanooga to the Atlantic. The Confederates knew they had to protect this supply line, and Grant knew that he had to take it!

The table was set for one of the most important games of war ever played.

SOUND: STREET NOISES, NIGHT SOUNDS. SALON PIANO IN BACKGROUND. FOOTSTEPS OF SOLDIER ON WOODEN STICK WALK.

VOICE: Come in.

SOLDIER: Excuse me, Sir. A telegram from Bethel, Sir. It's urgent.

BRAGG: (HANDING THE NOTE TO THE SOLDIER)
Take this note across the street to General Johnston, immediately.

Clifford Dowday, The Land They Fought For, the Story of the South as the Confederacy (Garden City, New York: Doubleday and Co., 1955), p. 165.
RUNS ACROSS THE STREET
TO BOARDING HOUSE, INSIDE, UP STAIRS, AND KNOCKS ON DOOR.

JOHNSTON'S AIDE, WILLIAM, PRESTON OPENS THE DOOR.

SOLDIER ENTERS AND JOHNSTON COMES FORWARD, TAKES THE LETTER AND READS.

SOLDIER TURNS AND LEAVES. JOHNSTON TURNS TO PRESTON AND GOVERNOR HARRELS OF TENNESSEE, HIS OTHER AIDE, DE CAMP.

VOICE: Yes?

SOLDIER: It's a telegram from Bethel, Sir; General Bragg wants General Johnston to see it, immediately!

PRESTON: Come in.

JOHNSTON: Well, let's see it....

(To SOLDIER) That will be all.

Gentlemen, it seems that Lew Wallace is maneuvering up toward Bethel. General Bragg seems to think this indicates a full scale attack.

GOV. HARRELS: How soon?

JOHNSTON: Immediately. General Bragg wants to advance now, and strike Pittsburg Landing.

I'm going over to Staff Headquarters. Get General Rosecrans over there right away.


5 Ibid.

JOHNSON ENTERS THE ROOM

BRAGG LOOKS UP

MOVES TO MAP OF AREA ON THE WALL

BEAUREGARD ENTERS. JOHNSTON TURNS TO HIM

JOHNSTON: It seems, General, that we have a bit of a problem. I just read your telegram. So Low Wallace is maneuvering his Yankee army about 20 miles north of us?.....It is my understanding that the rest of the Yankee force is only at Pittsburg Landing...which is about here?

BRAGG: Yes, Sir. And Wallace is here....

General Beauregard agrees with me that this is an indication of a full-scale attack about to be waged on our position.

JOHNSTON: So you know of this telegram?

BEAUREGARD: I was at the telegraph office when it arrived, Sir.

I feel there is every indication of an attack being imminent. The Yankees have been building forces at Pittsburg Landing for weeks now. This is the first movement they've made, and I believe they're moving on us--on the last defense line we have to protect our communications. I say we must attack them before they strike us!

BRAGG: I agree whole-heartedly! Buell is on his way from Nashville, and if he joins his forces with Grant's at Pittsburg, we'll be hopelessly outnumbered!

JOHNSTON: I realize this, Gentlemen, however, our troops are raw--some have never fired their weapons--some don't have weapons yet! Besides that, our rations are low. We would be much better prepared for an offensive if we wait until Van Dorn arrives with troops and supplies. In that time, our men will have had time to drill and make ready for battle.

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7 Ibid.

8 Ibid.
BEAUREGARD BEGINS TO PACE THE ROOM

BEAUREGARD: (FORCEFULLY) General Johnston!
I don NOT see how you can ignore
Wallace's maneuvers!

JOHNSTON: I am more concerned with Buell and
an entire army than with a brand
new general and one division.
And that is where my concern will
remain as long as there is no more
movement than we have at the present
time.
I am well aware of Buell's approach.
But surprise is absolutely necessary--
and difficult for untrained troops to
manage. The question in my mind is
this: How long do we have to prepare
our men before Buell arrives?

BEAUREGARD: Beggin' your pardon, Sir, I can
see only an immediate threat to our
position here. If Corinth could fall--
our supplies and communications would be
inalterably hampered. This railroad
is the strongest east-west artery we have.

BRAGG: (TERRITATED) My troops, Sir, have been
drilling for weeks! They may not have
seen battle, but they will handle them-
selves well. They know how to obey
orders!

BEAUREGARD: I cannot see risking everything
for two or three days' drilling! We
can wait for Van Dorn and have both
Grant and Buell to handle! Buell gets
closer every day, and if he joins Grant,
the Union force will number more than
60,000 to our 40,000!

General! It has to be now or never!

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9Ibid., p. 324.

10Ibid., p. 325.

11Catton, Terrible Swift Sword, p. 290.

12Clifford Dowday, The Land They Fought For, The Story of the South
As the Confederacy (Garden City, New York: Doubleday and Co., 1955), p. 166.

13Ibid., pp. 166-167.
JOHNSTON: Very well, you have made your point well. General Beauregard, you will perfect the preliminary battle plans so that our troops may be deployed for battle by no later than midmorning 3rd Friday.

BEAUREGARD: Yes, sir!

JOHNSTON: General Bragg, prepare the men for march and see that orders are sent out for the four corps commanders to "hold their commands in hand, ready to advance upon the enemy in the morning by 6 a.m., with three days cooked rations in hay sacks, 100 rounds of ammunition for small arms and 200 rounds for field pieces."

BRAGG: Yes, sir!

JOHNSTON: Morgan's cavalry will keep us posted on Buell's position. I have plenty of scouts; I figured to be moving soon, anyway. But I have tried unsuccessfully to get civilians to replace some of our cooks and staff to allow more men in the field...

"Those people have given their sons freely enough; it is folly to talk to them about a negro or a mule. I regret this disappointment: a single brigade may determine the fate of a battle. These people do not know how valueless would be their negroes were we beaten." 17

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17 Ibid., p. 365.
Bragg and Beauregard Prepare To Leave. Johnston Calls to Aide Who Enters from Next Room

Brewster Takes Down Johnston's Message

Brewster Leaves. Johnston Looks Once Again at the Map on the Wall, Picks Up His Hat, Strides Out of the Room.

Dissolve

Sup'r: April 3, 1862
Corinth, Mississippi

Over Following.
Staff H.Q. Outer Office

One Aide Is Working at Desk as Second Aide Enters

Aide #2: Is Beauregard still in there? (Indicates Next Office)

Aide #1: He's been up most of the night working on those marching orders.

Aide #2: All right? They must really be something! Too bad we just can't march right over there and whip those Yanks, turn around and march right back!

AIDE #1: That is too bad. (LAUGHS)
I worry about the general sometimes.
He's not been well at all, and he should get some rest with a battle comin' up.

AIDE #2: I don't understand something....
If Johnston is still in command here,
why is Beauregard drawing up all of the marching orders? I'd think Johnston would want to do that himself?

AIDE #1: Search me...but I hear this battle is mostly Beauregard and Bragg's idea.
I don't think Johnston planned to have it right now...maybe he figures it's their battle, so they can stay up all night!

DOOR OPENS AND BEAUREGARD COMES OUT, HANDING AIDE SCRAPS OF PAPER CONTAINING HIS NOTES

BEAUREGARD: These are the marching orders.
Get them done as soon as possible.
Get Generals Bragg, Polk, Hardee, and Breckinridge over here so I can brief them until the written orders are available.

AIDE #2: Yes, sir.

AIDE #2 SALUTES AND LEAVES
BEAUREGARD POURS HIMSELF A DRINK FROM A CUT GLASS DECANTER AND SINKS WEARY INTO A CHAIR.

AIDE GOES TO WINDOW, CLOUDY

AIDE #1: Is there anything I can get you, Sir?

BEAUREGARD: (SIGHS) An end to this war--in our favor!

AIDE #1: Looks like rain...do you think it will complicate things very much, Sir?

BEAUREGARD: I should hope not...if we get a little sun to dry the roads. I don't expect it to cause a problem.

AIDE #1: General, you don't look well; you're sure there is nothing I can get you?

BEAUREGARD: No..Nothing, thank you.

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19 Catton, Terrible Swift Sword, p. 226.
20 Foote, The Civil War, I, 325.
BEAUREGARD: (CONT.) Let's clean off this table and get some light over here, and get the map from my desk....

AIDE: Yes, sir.

BEAUREGARD: Gentlemen....

HARDEE: Good morning, General.

BEAUREGARD: I have finished, the marching instructions. We will leave at 6 a.m. this morning and be in line of battle by noon tomorrow. (TO AIDE #1) How long will it take you to complete the written orders?

AIDE #1: It will take a while, Sir. All I have here is your notes... I'll put them together and get them ready as fast as humanly possible.

BEAUREGARD: (TO GENERALS) You'll have written marching orders later in the day.... by mid-morning, I hope.

Here, these two roads right here will be the ones we use—they look like a string of leaning sideways....

We're here at one end and Grant is here at the other. From one point to the other it's about 20 miles, but if we move now, quickly, our troops can complete the march by not later than mid-morning Friday -- and we strike!

BRAGG: Have you learned anything from the cavalry we sent out?

BEAUREGARD: Yes, Grant's camps are here—quite loosely arranged on this high ground near Pittsburg. There are swamps on the north and swamps on

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Ibid., p. 325-326.
BEAUREGARD: (CONT.) the south ... here!
He's spread out over a three mile area--just waiting to be hit! Just waiting!

HARDEE: Drive them into the river, then?

BEAUREGARD: Not quite. There are Union gunboats along there which would give us a lot of problems. So we separate them from their gunboats, break their left and drive them into the Owl Creek Swamp!

General Hardee, your troops will move first, taking this northern road. March for about 17 miles and then bivouac four miles or so away from Yankee lines. General Polk will follow you.

General Breckinridge will take the Southern road and take the left fork at Monterey--here. That will take you to a place called Mickey's Farmhouse where we will meet. Breckinridge will follow you on the south road.

Before dawn on April 4, we'll have a line of battle covering the Union front with Polk and Breckinridge in a second line behind the first. We'll take those Yanks in their tents, by job!!

They won't know what hit 'em till they find themselves up to their ears in Owl Creek Swamp!

Do you Gentlemen have any questions?

BRAGG: General, I'm sure my troops can manage this march without difficulty, but what of the other divisions? They have had no experience what-so-ever.

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\textsuperscript{22} Catton, \textit{Terrible Swift Sword}, n. 226.

\textsuperscript{23} Poole, \textit{Civil War}, I, 326.

\textsuperscript{24} Catton, \textit{Terrible Swift Sword}, p. 226.
BEAUREGARD: I'll admit, our army is hardly composed of veterans.

HARDEE: If the General will excuse me, but veterans! Only a handful of Polk's division has ever fired a shot in anger! Forrest's troopers are the only ones who've faced Grant before, and not with success, if you may recall! Grant means business, and I'd say at least two thirds of his forces have seen battle in the Donelson-Henry campaign. They beat us, sir; they beat us badly, and I imagine they at least have some idea of how to go about startin' to do it again! Puttin' boys and farmers who never fired a shot before against seasoned veterans is risky—if not outright askin' for trouble—especially after a rushed and complicated march like this!

BEAUREGARD: Agreed, General Hardee, however, if I had "seasoned veterans", I'd use them. I don't have them, so I'll have to use what I've got! That's why surprise is the key—if we lose that, we're in trouble. That's why our march must be as I've stated.

BRAGG: Disciplining raw troops—especially on a march—is not going to be easy. They don't know what they're doin' or why they're doin' it....

BEAUREGARD: All they have to do is obey orders—provide you give them.

We're running late—it's 7:00 A.M. and we should have been started long ago. General Hardee, you take you division out of Corinth by this road.....

26 Ibid.

27 Foote, The Civil War, I, 324.
APRIL 3, 1862, PITTSBURG
LANDING.

OPENING SHOT: GRANT'S BOAT
STEAMS UP TO LANDING. SHOW
BUSTLE OF CAMP IN LS. LS
OF OTHER BOATS UNLOADING
TROOPS. OFFICER ON DOCK
CHECKING LIST AND MAKING
ASSIGNMENTS OF NEW TROOPS.
GRANT AND RAWLINGS GET OFF
THE BOAT.

55TH ILLINOIS FOLLOWS MALMBOG
UP THE HILL. GRANT WALKS BY
JUST AS THEY MOVE OUT. LT.
LAWRENCE OF THE 55TH TURNS TO
WEBSTER.

LAWRENCE MOVES AWAY AS
GRANT APPROACHES WEBSTER

COL. WEBSTER: (TO UNIT COMMANDER) You're
assigned to Sherman's division. His
headquarters are over near Shiloh
meeting house; check with the officer
at the top of the bank there, and he'll
show you which road to take.

LT. COL. MALMBOG: (WITH SWEDISH ACCENT)
Yes, Sir.

LAWRENCE: Excuse me, Sir, but which General
is that?

WEBSTER: Why, that's General U.S. Grant,
himself, Lieutenant. You'll see more
of him before you're finished here!

LAWRENCE: I imagine so. Thank you, Sir.

GRANT: Morning, Webster!

LAWRENCE: Morning, General! (TO RAWLING)
Jim! This about the last of the troops
brought from Savannah, isn't it, Sir?

GRANT: Just about.

WEBSTER: How soon can we expect Buell's
Army?

GRANT: Probably Sunday or Monday—possibly
an advance guard tomorrow. As soon as
Buell arrives, I'll move my headquarters
from Savannah to here.

26 Neil Bradford (ed.), Battles and Leaders of the Civil War (New
York: Appleton-Centry-Crofts, 1956), p. 84.
WEBSTER: Any word from Halleck?

GRANT: Not much. He reported Buell forty miles from here near Waynesborough—he wants us to stay clear of any trouble—get fortified and wait orders,²⁷ he says.

WEBSTER: That sounds like Halleck......

RAWLINS: Especially the part about "wait orders."

GRANT: All we can do now is wait till Buell gets here and then launch an attack.

WEBSTER: Well at least the weather's decent. After all that snow before Donelson, I hope it stays the way it is. A little rain doesn't bother me at all!

RAWLINS: Corporal Davis says it's going to rain again tonight—says his bunion's acting up! (LAUGHS).

GRANT: I wouldn't laugh too hard—that bunion hasn't been wrong yet!

WEBSTER: I'm glad we're not going to be doing any long marching. Road'd be plain awful.

RAWLINS: You're forgetting about Buell, J.D.

WEBSTER: Then I'm glad I'm here and he's marching—I don't envy him.

GRANT: J.D., when you're finished here, get the division commanders down to the boat. We have a few things to discuss.

WEBSTER: I'm just about, Sir. I'll take care of that right away.

GRANT: Good. I'm going to ride up to see Prentiss. We'll plan the staff meeting for around 2 o'clock.

WEBSTER: Yes, Sir.

GRANT AND RAWLINS GO UP THE HILL. DISSOLVE.

²⁷Foote, The Civil War, I. 323.
SHERMAN'S DIVISION. 55TH ILLINOIS, CAMPED AT JUNCTION OF HAMBURG AND PURDY ROADS ON THE UNION LEFT. THE TERRAIN IS RUGGED, NEAR THE TENNESSEE RIVER BOTTOMS. NEAR THE PEACH ORCHARD WITH RUGGED BLUFFS, TREES AND MUCH FOLLAGE.

Malmberg rides up pompously

Malmborg: (on horseback) Well, here we are! Make camp and be ready for inspection according to company immediately!

Crooker shakes his head, obvious expression of dislike on his face

Captain Lucien Crooker: (to Lt. Lawrence) I wish for once, he'd just shut up! Blasted Swede! Thinks he knows everythin' about everything!

Lt. Lawrence: Correction, Sir. Just about the army!

Crooker turns to men, shouts

Crooker: Make Camp!

Lawrence: Where did Col. Malmborg learn all this stuff anyway?

Crooker: I heard him tell Col. Smith once that he was a graduate of the Swedish Military Academy.

Lawrence: Academy, huh?

Crooker: (shouting) Hey! Straighten those lines down there! (to Lawrence) Yup! Then served eight years in the Swedish army. That makes him qualified? What do Swedes know about American fighting anyway? But I guess he's got the right to boss us around, making stupid squares---aahh! How many wars has Sweden won lately anyway? Why that man loves the army! Imagine that if you can! The only reason he came to the United States was to fight in the Mexican War!

They are watching Malmborg who is approaching on horseback.

Malmborg reaches them.

As Malmborg speaks, Sherman rides by. (Sherman is red-haired, gaunt, with sunken temples, a grizzled short cropped beard).

They ride off.

Lawrence: What'd he do that for? What did he do in that war, anyway?

Crooker: Get this—our beloved Lt. Col. Oscar Malmborg was a private!

Lawrence: Seems hard to picture him takin' orders instead of givin' them.

Crooker: Well, I guess everybody's got to be a private sometime. Some of us just don't get as far as others.

Malmborg: Assemble your men as soon as they're finished here. Col. Stuart has a few things to say to them.

Sherman: Col., where is Col. Stuart's headquarters?

Malmborg: I'll show you, Sir.

Lawrence: Was that Sherman?

Crooker: Yup, that was Sherman all right!

Lawrence: I didn't expect him to look like that—so wild-eyed. Why he doesn't even look healthy!

Crooker: He don't have to! He is though. I saw him in Paducah once before. I guess he always looks like that—at least he did then.

Lawrence: Does he always look so gaunt?... So hungry?

Crooker: I reckon. I thought the first time I saw him, and I think so now—he must look more like Lazarus risen from the dead than any man on earth!

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29 Ibid., p. 196.

30 Foote, The Civil War, I, 321.
Sergeant comes running.

Sergeant turns and has men obey the orders. Heads for parade ground.

SOUND: Bugle

CROOKER: (SHOUTS) Sergeant! Have the men assemble at the parade ground!

Sergeant: Yes, Sir! (Turns and Shouts)
Company! Assemble at Parade Ground!
On the double!!

LAWRENCE: I wonder what Stuart has to say?

CROOKER: I'll be damned if I know....

LAWRENCE: We're bound to have a fight soon. First one this regiment's been in. I suppose it might be about that.

CROOKER: Probably. I just hope he keeps Malmborg quiet. I'm in no mood for that Swede this afternoon!

LAWRENCE: What do you know about David Stuart anyway?

CROOKER: Not a whole lot. I heard his father was an Indian trader--went with Louis and Clark back in 1803 or somewhere around there as a scout. Did well enough to send Stuart to law school. Oh, let's see, he went to congress--'55, I think, and moved to Chicago. Made it big as a criminal lawyer--popular he was--high society, money--the whole thing. Ol' Stuart was doing fine until he got messed up with somebody else's wife and was named in a divorce case. That shot his reputation and his popularity to pieces! That's why he started this regiment--to win a little favor back--on the field of glory, I'd guess you'd say.

LAWRENCE: Strange reason to finance a regiment.

CROOKER: Oh, you'd be surprised how half of these regiments are financed. I hear tell he financed the 42nd Ohio too. I guess that makes us number two!

LAWRENCE: Well, this is a tough regiment.
LAWRENCE: (CONT.) I knew that from the first day at Camp Douglas.

CROOKER: Yeah, most of these men are from the Galina Lead mines—they're tough alright! "Hard" might be the better word.

LAWRENCE: Well, has Stuart had any military training?

CROOKER: Not that I know of. Maybe that's why he depends so heavily on Malmborg and his drills.

STUART: (SHOUTS TO BE HEARD) Men! (ENORMOUS VOICE, VERY POWERFUL)

SOUND: MEN QUIET IMMEDIATELY.

STUART: I need your attention.

LAWRENCE He may not have military training, but that man has one heck of a voice!

CROOKER: Some people'd call it a big mouth!

STUART: (TO ALL) I don't have a great deal to say, men, but I do want you to hear this and listen well. It's no secret that Rebs are in this neighborhood, and it'll come as no surprise that since they're here--sooner or later we'll fight them.

SOUND: MEN CHEER.

STUART: When the time comes, it will be your first engagement with the enemy. I want the people up north—in your home towns to know that the 55th Illinois is the best blasted regiment anybody ever saw! More important, I want you to know it—and fight like it!

"I am a man of somewhat damaged reputation, as you all know, and I came to the army solely to retrieve that reputation, and I depend upon this regiment to do it!"


32 Ibid., p. 198.
ROWLEY: He seems to think a lot of you.

RAWLINS: He asked me right away to be on his staff. I couldn't come as soon as he'd like though... my wife... After she died, I came down and took this position. I really haven't been here very long at all, I suppose.

(PAUSE)

GRANT: Well, looks like we're ready. Anybody else here yet?

ROWLEY: (STANDING BY DOOR) I think they're coming now, Sir.

GRANT: Gentlemen...

OTHERS: General Grant.

SHERMAN: (SALUTING) Sir.

GRANT: Is something wrong, General? You seem bothered...

SHERMAN: (SHORT TEMPERED) My whole division is made up of perfectly raw troops! They're disorganized---they don't know...

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35Catton, Grant Moves South, p. 67.
SOUND: CHEERS OF REGIMENT.

STUART ACCEPTS CHEERS, LEAVES, SOLDIERS ARE DISMISSED. CROOKER AND LAWRENCE HEAD BACK FOR THEIR CAMP.

CROOKER: Well, I guess we'd better get organized.

LAWRENCE: Sounds like fun....

DISOLVE.

GRANT'S OFFICERS' CONFERENCE: ABOARD THE TIGRESS

TWO MEMBERS OF GRANT'S STAFF ARE PREPARING FOR THE CONFERENCE.

CAPT. ROWLEY: What time are all the division commanders coming?

RAWLINGS: Any time now. Grant is in the next room going over his maps again.

ROWLEY: I don't know how he does it. Every spare minute he's in there with those maps of his... making plans I guess... No wonder he wins! But I can't see how he keeps at it.

RAWLINGS: He's been that way ever since I've known him. I guess you have to understand Grant to understand that. You see, his work is fight. It's his trade-- the only one he's been any good at or able to earn a living by. He wants-- he has to do it well, and he wants to do it right away.

ROWLEY: You know him pretty well, don't you, John?

RAWLINGS: For a long time. We both come from Galena, Illinois. We've been friends for a long time.

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33 Bruce Catton, Grant Moves South (Boston: Little, Brown and Co., 1960), p. 27.

34 Foote, The Civil War, I, 322.
SHERMAN: (CONT.) what combination is!
None of them have been under heavy
fire--camp is chaos now--what will
happen when they're thrown into battle?

GRANT: They'll be fine, Sherman, give them
a taste of a fight and know what it means
to follow orders!

SHERMAN: I don't trust raw troops. You can
never tell what they're going to do--
I could see them all break and run the first time they saw an enemy line.

GRANT: Not if they feel they have the advantage.

   Not if we attack the Confederates!

   Sherman, you recommended Pittsburg as
   a camp site. There has been some
   controversy concerning whether or not
   entrenchments are needed. I'd like
   your opinion on the matter.

SHERMAN: This is a perfect place for camping
and drilling--there are deep gullies
around most of the camps, swamps on
one side, a river on the other, and a
good sized creek on the other. I don't
see how entrenchments are going to help
any more than these natural barriers.

GRANT: We know the enemy is fortifying at
Corinth, and we will move to attack as
soon as Buell arrives with the army of
the Ohio. The question is: in the mean-
time are we in too great a danger--
and could entrenchments alleviate
that danger?

36 Ibid., p. 91.
37 Ibid., p. 27.
38 Foote, The Civil War, I, 321.
39 Otto Einschiml and Ralph Newman (eds.), Eyewitness: The Civil War
As We Lived It (New York: Grosset and Dunlap, 1956), p. 170.
HURLEBUT: It seems to me that we're awfully exposed on the south end of the camp. Considering the inexperience of our troops, we could find ourselves in serious trouble if the Confederates attack.

MCCLERNAND: But will they attack? Do they have the strength--or the inclination?

GRANT: Personally, I feel the Rebels are too demoralized to constitute much of a danger, and I told General Halleck just that. In my opinion "the temper of the Confederate troops is such that there is but little doubt that Corinth will fall more easily than Donelson did when we do move. All accounts agree that the great mass of the rank and file are heartily tired."

SHERMAN: I don't quite agree that the Confederates are that tired, Sir. Tired, yes, but they still constitute a certain amount of danger....

McPHERSON: Excuse me, Generals.

GRANT: Col. McPherson. You have finished the report?

McPHERSON: Yes, Sir. I have.

GRANT: Then with Gen. Sherman's permission please report to us your findings.

SHERMAN: Of course.

McPHERSON: I have here the engineering report you desired. My investigation has proved positively that unfavorable circumstances exist for entrenchments. The only possible place we could make them would be to the rear of the camp, which would do us no good unless camp were moved behind the trenches.

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40 Foote, The Civil War, I, 323.
MC PHerson: (Cont.) The new line we'd have to make would be nearer to the river but would cut us off from our water supply. If the enemy did attack, they'd have possession of the water supply.

I therefore conclude that for our present position, entrenchments are simply not applicable or practical.

Hurlbut: Well, I guess that settles that!

Grant: I guess it does. Does anyone have any questions for Col. McPherson?

(Silence)

If not, thank you, Colonel.

Now, General Sherman, we seemed to have interrupted you. You felt that the Confederates do constitute a serious danger?

Sherman: Perhaps not grave or serious, Sir, but they do exist. I was going to go on to say that I have always felt that ours was an offensive maneuver, and not a defensive one. We won't be here long enough to have all the trenches dug— even if they were practical!

Grant: Quite true. I'm not saying that the Rebels won't attack. My reports have 80,000 men under Johnston at Corinth, and it's only logic to expect some kind of clash in the future. However, I'm not expecting it here. As a matter of fact, I'm much more concerned about Crump's Landing than Pittsburg.

Mc Clelland: That would be the logical place for an attack to come.

Grant: Lew, have you had any trouble at Crumps?

Wallace, Lew: Just skirmishing, snipers— that sort of thing. We could stand a few more men and large guns, though.

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42 Catton, Grant Moves South, p. 224.
GRANT: Keep me posted on any new developments. I don't like us scattered all over the area like this, but I don't have much choice. I have to keep my headquarters at Savannah—that's where orders have been sent for all new troops to check in first and where I am to meet Buell. I will move my permanent headquarters up here as soon as he arrives. I am going to stay at Shiloh camp each day until I'm sure everything is secure for the night, so if you need to get in touch with me, you will probably be able to reach me here first.

SHERMAN: I don't think it would be good for the morale of the men to speak too much about entrenchments, Sir. It seems to admit defeat in some way; right now they're all fired up—even the green ones, because they feel a part of a winning army. Somehow, digging trenches seems to admit—if not defeat—at least something to be afraid of.

GRANT: You have a valid point, Sherman. Very valid indeed. So I think all things considered, we'll just leave things as they are for now, and keep our eyes open. We'll meet again tomorrow if anything new turns up.

W.H.L. WALLACE: How soon do we move, Sir?

GRANT: General Halleck insists we do nothing until we are strong enough to admit no doubt of the result—that means until Buell comes....probably the first of next week.

Any further questions or comments? If not then, I'll see you all tomorrow. Sherman, can I speak with you a moment?

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43 Grant, Memoirs, p. 34.
44 Foote, The Civil War, I, 323.
THE OTHERS LEAVE, SHERMAN REMAINS

SHERMAN TAKES CIGAR

GRANT: You're uneasy here?

SHERMAN: No, not too bad. Just the usual I guess.

GRANT: Cigar?

SHERMAN: Thanks. When did you start smokin' these things anyway?

GRANT: Well, after Donelson, the reporters wrote that during the battle, I had a cigar clamped in my teeth the whole afternoon. When the story got out folks from all over sent boxes of cigars. Some of the stuff was especially good tobacco. Well I was accustomed to smoking a pipe—I don't even remember why I had that cigar that afternoon—but I'm not much of a person to waste things. So I put away my pipe, and started smoking 45 cigars.

SHERMAN: (INDICATING CIGAR) You're right.... it is good tobacco.

GRANT: Are you really concerned about our position here?

SHERMAN: I believe we're in great danger. If I were Johnston, the logical thing for me to do would be to hit you before Buell got here and you hit me!

GRANT: Then what do you suggest? I'm bound by Halleck's orders.

SHERMAN: McPherson's report showed that entrenchments would do no good, so I don't see what choice we have but to sit and wait and hope that the Rebs are as demoralized as you seem to think they are. Wait and see what happens 'till Buell gets here.

GRANT: I know what happens when Buell gets here—we march on Corinth!!

SHERMAN: I'll feel safer when Buell does arrive—I'll say that much! Even

Ibid., p. 322.
SHERMAN: (CONT.) with inexperienced men, there's safety in numbers.

GRANT: If you were this concerned, why didn't you say anything at the conference?

SHERMAN: They'd just say I was crazy again.

GRANT: I doubt that! Not after the way you've been handling yourself. Your men have every confidence in you, and I trust their opinion. Halleck has confidence in you, and so do I, so don't worry about it.

SHERMAN: Well, perhaps, but I'm still uneasy here.

GRANT: Oh, there'll be a battle soon enough. But I don't think they'll strike us--not yet anyway. I've given up being afraid of battles--I figure the other guy has just as much to fear as I have.

SHERMAN: And what does Halleck say of all this?

GRANT: Keep your head, keep quiet, wait for Buell, and wait for orders.

SHERMAN: Sounds like him.

GRANT: Yes, yes it does.

SHERMAN MOVES TOWARD THE DOOR

GRANT: Of course.

SHERMAN: Thanks for the cigar....

GRANT: Any time, any time....

SHERMAN: Good night!

GRANT: Good night!

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46 Ibid.

47 Catton, Grant Moves South, p. 13.
GRANT GOES BACK INSIDE AND GOES TO HIS DESK.
HE BEGINS TO RUMMAGE THROUGH SOME PAPERS AND FINDS A LETTER

GRANT: What? (TO HIMSELF) I thought this was mailed a month ago..... I'll send it anyway, I guess.

CU OF LETTER:
"DEAR JULIA,
A BIG FIGHT MAY BE LOCKED FOR BEFORE A GREAT WHILE, WHICH IT APPEARS TO ME WILL BE THE LAST IN THE WEST. THIS IS ALL THE TIME SUPPOSING THAT WE WILL BE SUCCESSFUL, WHICH I NEVER DOUBT FOR A MOMENT"

PUTS LETTER IN ENVELOPE, AND THEN IN HIS POCKET. RISES FROM CHAIR AND GOES OUT TO DECK.

DISSOLVE

CORINTH, EARLY EVENING. STRTS ARE FILLED WITH WAGONS, HORSES, SOLDIERS, TREMENDOUS TRAFFIC JAM.

MS OF TWO INFANTRY MEN, 6TH ARKANSAS

H.M. STANLEY: I don't recall ever seeing so many people going absolutely nowhere in my entire life! We've been trying for three hours just to get out of town!

PARKER: I'd be pretty embarrassed if I was the rascal that drew these orders!

STONE: By golly, they don't seem to be working too well at that, now do they?

LT. MASON RIDES BY

MASON TURNS

STANLEY: Lt. Mason! What seems to be the trouble now, Sir?

MASON: A supply wagon's hung up at the corner, but we've got to get Cleburne's division out of the next street so the wagon train can get in there.

MASON RIDES OFF.

---

THERE UNIT IS PRACTICALLY STANDING STILL.

THE MAN ARE WAITING IN LINE OF MARCH

STANLEY: Well, boys, looks like an interesting march ahead....

PARKER: Sure looks that way.

STOREY: I heard Lt. Mason say that orders weren't very clear, and that's why we're all messed up!

PARKER: Could be Ol' Fancy-Pants Beauregard just out-fancied himself!

(LAUGH)

STANLEY: You mean Johnston didn't write the orders?

STOREY: Nope! Not what I heard---Beauregard did it all himself!

STANLEY: That's strange....Anyway, we sure are in a mess.

PARKER: I'm hungry. Anybody want some hardtack?

STOREY: You must be hungry to eat that stuff! No thanks!

PARKER: Henry?

STANLEY: No thanks, I've got a hunch you'll be needing it later. Thanks, anyway.

PARKER: All right! I'll eat by myself, then.

STOREY: Hey! We're movin'! We may get out of town yet!

STANLEY: Possibly....with a great deal of luck!

LINE BEGINS TO MOVE.

DISSOLVE.

LATE AT NIGHT, CONFEDERATE FORCES STALLED ALONG THE ROAD. 1ST TENNESSEE.

STANLEY: Possibly....with a great deal of luck!

PARKER: I'll eat by myself, then.

STOREY: Hey! We're movin'! We may get out of town yet!

STANLEY: Possibly....with a great deal of luck!

49 Catton, Terrible Swift Sword, p. 225.
WEBSTER: (CONT.) we'll go tonight?

SAM: I don't know, but I'm ready to stop.

WEBSTER: Me too.

SAM: Just think, tomorrow or the next day we'll be in our first big battle.

WEBSTER: It's kind of scary, ain't it?

SAM: Looks like rain....

WEBSTER: Lord! I hope it don't! We'll be forever! There's no way to get out of it either!

SAM: Powder'll get wet. Then we will be in a mess.

WEBSTER: You know, Sam, this'll be the first big battle we've ever been in.

SAM: That's just what I said a minute ago.

WEBSTER: I know, but it's just now soakin' in....I ain't ever killed nobody before.

SAM: Me neither...

WEBSTER: Wonder what it's like...killin' somebody.

SAM: I don't recon you'd know for sure if you killed a man or not. From what I hear, the whole place is so smoky you just sort of point in a general direction and fire. If a man falls, how you to know if it was your bullet that hit him?

WEBSTER: At times, I guess that's so, but what if...there's times, when you pick a person and shoot....if he falls--gets his head blown off, you'd pretty well know it was you that done it, right?

SAM: Somebody else could a picked him too....

WEBSTER: But so did you....

SAM: (PAUSE3) I'd recon you could have a pretty good idea if you killed him then.
WEBSTER: Sam, I ain't ever pointed a gun at a man before...I don't know if I could kill a person.

SAM: You could, I'd bet, if he was tryin' to kill you...Don't you think?

WEBSTER: I guess I'll find out soon enough. I'm findin' out a lot of things lately.

SAM: I'm findin' out I don't like marchin'.

WEBSTER: I don't think I like the army, Period!

SAM: You just findin' that out?

WEBSTER: Yeah. ....Boy, I sure hope it don't rain.....

Dissolve:

April 4, 1862 Camp Shiloh

Sherman rides into camp and dismounts in front of his tent. Looks very worried. Met outside by his aide, Lt. John Taylor.

LT. TAYLOR: Is something wrong, Sir?

SHERMAN: We've got a lot of picket fire going on out there...

TAYLOR: Yes, Sir, but isn't that normal--I mean with so many Confederates around?

SHERMAN: Yes! Especially with so many Confederates around! That's just what worries me, Lieutenant!

TAYLOR: Yes, Sir. If you're alarmed, perhaps we should notify General Grant.

---

SHERMAN: I intend to notify General Grant of our present situation; I do not intend to notify him of my alarm.

TAYLOR: But, Sir.....

SHERMAN: Lieutenant, it is no great secret that I'm just returned to command--am I correct?

TAYLOR: Yes, Sir.

SHERMAN: Then I suppose you as well as everyone else have heard why I was removed from command in Kentucky?

TAYLOR: Well, I....I've heard rumors, Sir.

SHERMAN: I was relieved of my command because last fall I mistakenly considered Johnston's army much more numerous, much more aggressive and much more of a threat than it turned out to be. They said I was crazy--worried myself into a nervous breakdown--so they said. I don't intend for a minute to start shouting the same thing I yelled six months ago. Do you understand?

TAYLOR: But, Sir, do you think Johnston is preparing for an attack?

SHERMAN: I doubt it--in fact I don't believe he'd do that at this moment.

TAYLOR: Begging your pardon, Sir, but you don't sound very convincing.

SHERMAN: I don't, eh? Take this note to General Grant: "Good deal of shooting on our picket lines. However, I do not apprehend anything like an attack on our position."

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51 Catton, Terrible Swift Sword, p. 229.

52 Ibid.
WALKS OUT OF TENT.
DISSOLVE.
CONFEDERATE TROOPS MARCHING.
6TH ARKANSAS

STANLEY: I don't believe this! Ever since we left Corinth, it's been one traffic jam after another!
PARKER: Yeah, but at least we're on our way to some action.

STANLEY: I just hope things are better organized when we get ready for the battle. A man could get killed!!
PARKER: You sure are a cheerful person.

STANLEY: I guess this is the place we're all supposed to meet—Mickey's farm? 53
PARKER: How do you know?

STANLEY: Oh, I don't remember. Heard somebody say so...
PARKER: Hey, Henry! Isn't that Johnston himself?

STANLEY: By Jove—it is!

STANLEY: I don't envy him right now.
PARKER: Johnston? Why not? He's as good a general as the South ever saw!

STANLEY: Going into a battle like this—I mean a really important battle, and have everythin' sort of fall apart. You know Johnston didn't plan it like this...
PARKER: (NUMBERS) No, but Beauregard sure did!

STANLEY: It's a lot of responsibility—that's all I'm trying to say.

53Foote, The Civil War, I, 328.
ALL THE MEN START SHOUTING AND CHEERING AS THE DEER BOUNDS DOWN THE LINE OF TROOPS.

BEAUREGARD RIDES UP

BEAUREGARD: (FURIOUS) QUIET! WE'RE TRYIN' TO SURPRISE THE YANKEE! NOT TELL 'EM WE'RE HERE! DON'T YOU MEN HAVE ANY SENSE AT ALL? NOW KEEP THE NOISE DOWN!!

PARKER: (LOOKING AFTER BEAUREGARD) YOU KNOW, HENRY, I DON'T THINK I'D LIKE TO BE IN HIS SHOES EITHER.

MASON: HURRY UP, MEN! YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE TWO MILES UP THE ROAD BY NOW. MOVE IT UP! COME ON!

STANLEY: WELL, LET'S GO, "MEN"....IT NEVER CHANGES--HURRY UP, MEN; YOU'RE RUNNING LATE, MEN. LET'S GO, MEN! TRAMP, TRAMP...

PARKER: YEAH, I KNOW. LOOKS LIKE THAT RAIN YOU PREDICTED.....

STANLEY: LOOKS LIKE IT.....

MARCH OFF.

DISOLVE.

LARGE ARTILLERY PIECE AXLE-DEEP IN THE MUD.
SAM WATKINS AND BILL WEBSTER ARE TRYING TO GET IT OUT. POURING DOWN RAIN.

WAGON DOESN'T BUDGE.

COL. MANEY RIDES UP.

MEN COME AND GET BEHIND THE CANNON. MANEY GOES TO THE FRONT OF THE TEAM AND TAKES THE HORSES BRIDLE.

PARKER: I RECON--HEY! LOOK! IT'S A DEER!

BEAUREGARD: (FURIOUS) QUIET! WE'RE TRYIN' TO SURPRISE THE YANKEE! NOT TELL 'EM WE'RE HERE! DON'T YOU MEN HAVE ANY SENSE AT ALL? NOW KEEP THE NOISE DOWN!!

PARKER: (LOOKING AFTER BEAUREGARD) YOU KNOW, HENRY, I DON'T THINK I'D LIKE TO BE IN HIS SHOES EITHER.

MASON: HURRY UP, MEN! YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE TWO MILES UP THE ROAD BY NOW. MOVE IT UP! COME ON!

STANLEY: WELL, LET'S GO, "MEN"....IT NEVER CHANGES--HURRY UP, MEN; YOU'RE RUNNING LATE, MEN. LET'S GO, MEN! TRAMP, TRAMP...

PARKER: YEAH, I KNOW. LOOKS LIKE THAT RAIN YOU PREDICTED.....

STANLEY: LOOKS LIKE IT.....

MARCH OFF.

DISOLVE.

LARGE ARTILLERY PIECE AXLE-DEEP IN THE MUD.
SAM WATKINS AND BILL WEBSTER ARE TRYING TO GET IT OUT. POURING DOWN RAIN.

WAGON DOESN'T BUDGE.

COL. MANEY RIDES UP.

MEN COME AND GET BEHIND THE CANNON. MANEY GOES TO THE FRONT OF THE TEAM AND TAKES THE HORSES BRIDLE.
CANNON MOVES SLIGHTLY

CANNON JUMPS FORWARD IN A LURCH, BILLY WEBSTER LOSES HIS FOOTING AND FALLS FACE FIRST INTO THE MUD....OTHERS KEEP BEHIND THE WAGON, CHEERING WITH MANY AS CANNON IS PULLED BACK ONTO THE ROAD. 54

MANEY NODS AT BILLY WHO IS EMERGING FROM THE MUD COVERED FROM HEAD TO FOOT.

MANEY RIDES OFF. OTHERS TURN TO BILLY WHO'S WIPING THE MUD OUT OF HIS EYES AND SPITTING IT OUT OF HIS MOUTH.

WEBSTER: Well, boys, join the mud brigade!

SAM: Here we are! In the garden spot of Tennessee! Making a swift and important march to the field of glory!

MANEY: Ready back there?

SAM: Ready, Sir!

MANEY: All right! Now heave!

DRIVER: Geddap! Come on, you sow-bellied-good-for-nothin' bag of horse flesh! Geddap!

SAM: She's a movin', Sir!

MANEY: All right! All right! A little more--more---come on!

MANEY:(RIDES BACK TO OTHERS) (TO DRIVER) Try to keep it out of those from now on, Corporal, all right?

DRIVER: Yes, Sir! (SMILES AND SALUTES)

MANEY: Well done, men. (GRINNING) eh---You better get you friend out of there.

SAM:(GRINNING) Yes, Sir. Thankyou, Sir.

SAM: Boy-howdy! Ain't he a sight!
ALL LAUGH. BILLY DOESN'T THINK IT'S ALL THAT FUNNY. JUST SCRAPE THE MUD OFF.

BILLY SCRAPE A HANDFUL OF MUD OFF THE FRONT OF HIM AND SLAPS THE WHOLE HANDFULL IN MAC'S FACE JUST AS HE TURNS BACK AROUND:

ALL LAUGH. COL. MANEY RIDES UP.

MAC CAMPBELL: What's wrong, Webster? You had some problem standin' up?

SAM: (REACHING A HAND TO BILLY) Here, give me your hand, Billy.

MAC: That's pretty bad, when a foot-soldier can't even stand up!

ANDY: He ain't never had no trouble before...

MAC: (LAUGHS) What's the problem, Billy--hittin' the bottle again?

MAC: (POKKING ANDY WILSON) You know, by Jove, I think it improves his looks--all that mud!

WEBSTER: You know, Mac, I think it improves your looks too!

MANEY: Rest stop! Hold up here! Take a break!

BILLY: Well, I'll be!

SAM: Somethin' must be up--they wouldn't just stop us to rest...not in this rain...

MANEY: Gather 'round here! Gather 'round!

I have a letter here from the commander of the Army of the Mississippi. I want you all to keep quiet and hear what General Johnston has to say to you.

BILLY: I'd just as soon he'd say we was goin' home.

MANEY: (READING) "Soldiers of the Army of Mississippi: I have put you in motion to offer battle to the invaders of your country. With resolution and disciplined valor becoming men fighting as you now are, for all worth living or dying for, you can but march to a decisive victory over the agrarian mercenaries sent to sub-
MANEY: (CONT.) Jujate and despoil you of your liberties, prosperity and honor. Remember the dependence of your mothers, your wives, your sisters, and your children on the result; remember the fair, broad-abounding land, the happy homes and ties that would be desolated by your defeat.

The eyes and hopes of eight millions of people rest upon you. You are expected to show yourselves worthy of the women of the South whose noble devotion in this war has never been exceeded in any time. With such incentives to brave deeds, and with the trust that God is with us, your Generals will lead you confidently to the combat, assured of success.

A.S. Johnston,
General

SAM PUTS HIS HAND ON ANDY'S SHOULDER

ALL PREPARE TO MOVE OUT.
MANEY GIVES THE ORDER AND THEY MARCH DOWN THE ROAD IN THE RAIN.
DISSOLVE

HEADQUARTERS AT MONTEREY

JOHNSTON IS SITTING AT TABLE IN THE FRONT ROOM. BEAUREGARD BURST IN THE DOOR OUT OF THE RAIN.

JOHNSTON: (LOOKING UP) How does it look out there?

BEAUREGARD: (SLAPS HIS HAT ON HIS THIGH AS HE SPEAKS) It couldn't be any worse....

55 Ibid.,
56 or. I, x, 400.
JOHNSTON PUTS DOWN HIS PAPER AND GIVES FULL ATTENTION TO BEAUREGARD. BEAUREGARD IS PACING BACK AND FORTH IN FRUSTRATION.

BEAUREGARD: (CONT.) we might as well have written the Yankees a formal notice that we were on our way!

JOHNSTON: all right, Pierre, calm down and tell me what the problem seems to be. I am well aware that we are running later than we had planned....

BEAUREGARD: (INTERRUPTING) Later than we planned! Sir! We were supposed to attack at dawn tomorrow. Half of our troops aren't even here yet--and won't be until at least noon! ---If we're lucky!

JOHNSTON: Is Bragg in position yet?

BEAUREGARD: Just about. He got a late start from Corinth, and the head of his column didn't reach here until about one o'clock this afternoon! I think it's all just about here by now.

JOHNSTON: Well, now, Bragg did have an exceptionally long column, and this rain didn't help either.

BEAUREGARD: I KNOW that, General! But all of that doesn't alter the fact that tomorrow we were supposed to attack, and more than half of the army isn't here yet. They're not in position--or anywhere near position to carry out the attack! Our whole plan of battle hinged upon surprise--our march has been noisy, disorganized; men have been cheering, singing--even firing weapons! If the Yankees don't know we're here, they've got to be either deaf or just plain stupid!

JOHNSTON: Have you heard from Breckinridge yet?

BEAUREGARD: No, Sir. I don't know where he is!

JOHNSTON: And Hardee and Polk?

BEAUREGARD: Now that Bragg is in position, or nearly there, Polk and Hardee have been able to begin to clear the junction, but it will be afternoon before they finish, and we'll have to put Breckin-
JOHNSTON LOCKS AT BEAUREGARD

JOHNSTON RISES FROM CHAIR AND GRIMLY GAZES DIRECTLY AT BEAUREGARD

BEAUREGARD: (CONT.) ridge in position also.

JOHNSTON: If there is one thing that I've gained from this, it's a good lesson.

BEAUREGARD: And that is...

JOHNSTON: This. If there is one thing that you cannot expect of an untrained army, it is to move from one place to another efficiently. I hope, you, too remember this lesson, Pierre; it may prove quite valuable to you in the future.

BEAUREGARD: General, I don't see how we can go on as planned....

JOHNSTON: Of course not as planned. But a good army is an adaptable one. We will modify our plans to the situation, and we will continue.

BEAUREGARD: But, Sir, everything depended on surprising the enemy, which we both seem to agree is impossible at this stage. I see no other course of action but to turn around and go back to Corinth to regroup and begin again.

JOHNSTON: General! We have come this far; we will continue. If we are to win this war, we cannot turn our tails and run everytime something does not turn out as we planned.

BEAUREGARD: I agree, Sir, but surely these are special circumstances--our whole army is at stake! If we are defeated--

JOHNSTON: (SLOWLY AND DELIBERATELY) General Beauregard, our whole country is at stake! If we go back now, and Buell joins Grant before we return, we'll be outnumbered by at least 20 thousand!

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57 Foote, The Civil War, I, 327.
58 Catton, Terrible Swift Sword, p. 225.
JOHNSTON: (CONT.) ....If we are defeated then, as surely we must be, Corinth will fall and with it our most important east-west line of supplies and communications. Do you think, Sir, that because of a little rain, a little noise, and a lot of disorganization, we should give these things as well as our army to General Grant?

BEAUREGARD: (ANGRY BUT POLITE) No, Sir.

JOHNSTON: Then I suggest you spread the word to the other commanders that the battle will be delayed twenty-four hours.

JOHNSTON RETURNS TO CHAIR AND SITS

BEAUREGARD NODS TO JOHNSTON AND SALUTES, TURNS QUICKLY AND GOES OUT THE DOOR INTO THE RAIN. JOHNSTON RETURNS HIS ATTENTION TO HIS PAPERS.

Dissolve.

UNION CAMP. RAINING HARD.
ABOARD GRANT'S H.M. BOAT, TIGRESS.
GRANT, SHERMAN, McCLELLAND, WALLACE AND PRENTISS GATHERED AROUND A TABLE. A LANTERN HANGING FROM THE CEILING OVER THE TABLE IS SWAYING GENTLY AS THE BOAT ROCKS BACK AND FORTH.

SOUND: RIVER WATER SLAPPING AGAINST THE BOAT AND THE DOCK. RAIN, AND OCCASIONAL THUNDER.

GRANT: Gentlemen, I just received this note from Gen. Halleck. He has reported Gen. Buell to be about 40 miles away, near Waynesboro. That was this morning, so I feel we can safely expect Buell by Sunday or Monday at the latest.

PRENTISS: Then we'll march on Corinth?

GRANT: Once Buell is here, we'll be able to march, yes. Halleck cautioned us about engaging the enemy before that, however. I'll read what he wrote:
"Don't let the enemy draw you into

59Ibid., p. 227.
GRANT: (CONT.) an engagement now, wait until you are properly fortified and receive orders.

WALLACE: That could be difficult, considering all the firing that's been going on along our pickets since yesterday.

GRANT: Exactly. That's why I'll stay here each night until I'm sure that the camp is secure until the next morning. If I didn't have to meet Buell at Savannah, I'd move all my headquarters down here.

McCLELLAND: Sir, Halleck mentioned something about being properly fortified.... are we going to fortify, General?

GRANT: I personally don't think fortification is practical or necessary for our situation, as I said at our last meeting. Since Buell is expected within two or three days, I don't think we'll have to be here long enough to be concerned about it.

SHERMAN: The position of our camp is so naturally strong, with Snake Creek on our right—a deep and bold stream, Owl Creek to our right front, and Lick Creek to our left—the space over which we might be attacked is only about a mile and a half wide. I agree with General Grant that we should be able to control that amount of area without extensive fortifications.

GRANT: Are there any other questions concerning fortifications or the note from General Halleck? (PAUSE) I can only reiterate that we must avoid a serious conflict with the enemy until Buell arrives, so keep your men in check, Gentlemen.

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60 Foote, The Civil War, I, 327.
61 Bradford, Battles and Leaders, p. 85.
62 Sherman, Memoirs, p. 257.
ALL: Yes, Sir.

GRANT: Now, we do know that the Confederates are around this area in considerable force, however, I am not terribly alarmed by this fact. As I said before, I don't expect them to attack, and I don't consider this force to be the whole Rebel army by any means—if I did, I would have prepared a few more detailed orders. However, I don't think it ever hurts to be prepared—even for that which we don't expect—so these orders have been issued and sent to each of your divisions:

"In case of alarm, night or day, regiments and brigades should form promptly on their parade grounds and await orders. Of course, if attacked, the immediate commanders present must give the necessary orders for defense."

If there are no further questions, then I think that will be all for tonight; I haven't been feeling too well, and I think I'll rest a bit before I finish my work here at the landing. (FAUSS) 64

Then, goodnight, Gentlemen.

OTHERS: Goodnight, General.

SHERMAN: I didn't know you were ill, Sir.

GRANT: Nothing serious, something I ate perhaps. The whole thing left me a bit weak is all.

SHERMAN: Quickstep seems to be goin' around, Sir. "It can get out of hand sometimes—worse than a battle...."

GRANT: I don't think we'll have that problem here. Just have the men be careful and take precautions with food and water.

SHERMAN: Yes, Sir. Goodnight, Sir.

FOLLOW SHERMAN CUT OF BOAT, LIGHTS CIGAR AND MIES UP THE HILL TO HIS HORSE.

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POURING RAIN, RIDER APPROACHES AS SHERMAN MOUNTS HIS HORSE.

RIDER: General Sherman! General Sherman!

SHERMAN: What is it?

RIDER: Sir, I have spotted Confederate infantry, Sir, along our lines! What should we do, Sir?

SHERMAN: "I have positive orders to do nothing that will have a tendency to bring an engagement until Buell arrives."

There's not much we can do.

Come on, let's go have a look.

McPHERSON: Would you like some coffee, General?

GRANT: (SIGHING) Yes, I would, thank you.

SOUND: THUNDER

GRANT: You know, I hope this rain doesn't hold Buell up too long.

McPHERSON: I don't see how it won't, General. These roads could get almost impassable for artillery or other heavy equipment if it rains too long.

GRANT: I know. I'm just itching to get started, I guess, and all I get from Halleck is repeated messages not to do anything! By Jupiter, we didn't come all the way down here not to do anything, and we didn't have to wait for Buell before we could take Donelson and Henry, either!

McPHERSON: Halleck must have his reasons, Sir.

GRANT: I'm sure he does. But I'd like to get on with this war before someone else does.

McPHERSON: But you said you weren't expecting an attack, Sir.

GRANT: I'm not—not now, anyway. But if you sit around long enough, something's bound to happen—and it usually goes a little better for you if you're the one

65 Ibid.
GRANT: (CONT.) who started things moving.
I don't like sitting here doing nothing
while Buell takes his own sweet time
getting here. Ten days to build a bridge
that could have been built in 24 hours!!
What does he think those Confederates are
doing in Corinth anyway--playing parlor
games? They may be tired now, but they'll
get rested enough to start some action 66
if we don't get to them first.

McPHerson: You said yourself, Buell should be
here by Sunday or Monday--at the most
that's only three days.

GRANT: (THOUGHTFULLY) Three days...There's
a large body of Confederates to the right
of us along the Mobile and Ohio railroad.
I'm more concerned for Crump's Landing
than for Pittsburg--if there is any
activity, it'll probably be there.

RAWLINS ENTERS

RAWLINS: Excuse me, Sir, I have a telegram from
Lew Wallace.

GRANT: Let's hear it.

RAWLINS: "John A. Rawlins, Captain and Assistant
to Adjutant General: The news of the re-
inforcement of Rebel troops at Purdy is
confirmed. There are now eight
regiments of infantry and 1200 cavalry at
that town, with an equal if not larger
body at Bethel four miles back of it.
The object of the movement is not known.
As a measure of precaution, I would res-
cpectfully ask the General to hasten down
to me that battery newly assigned to my
division, to Whit, Stones, and Markgrafs.

   Lew Wallace, General,
   3rd Division.

McPHerson: Lew Wallace is the target then.

GRANT: Well, he's isolated. Sherman's keeping
an eye on the situation, though. I don't
really think the Confederates could or
would try to take either place, but you
have to be aware of the possibilities....
especially considering this last information.
You'll take care of arrangements, John?

66Catton, Terrible Swift Sword, p. 67.

67Grant, Memoirs, p. 171.
GRANT SITS UP AND LISTENS

GRANT RISES AS HE SPEAKS

MESSENGER BURGES IN

SALUTES, SOAKED

GRANT POURS A CUP OF COFFEE
AND HANDS IT TO THE MESSENGER

GRANT: Did you hear that?
McPHERSON: Yes, Sir, I did. It sounds too heavy for just sniper fire.

GRANT: I was thinking the same thing.
Get my coat and hat.

McPHERSON: It's hard to tell just how heavy it is with all this rain and thunder.

GRANT: The only thing to do is ride out there and see for myself.

SOUND: HORSE GALLOPING DOWN THE PIER AND STOPPING SUDDENLY....RUNNING FOOTSTEPS ONTO THE BOAT. THUNDER. RAIN.

MESSENGER: (OUT OF BREATH) Gene all General Grant, Sir!

GRANT: At ease. What is it?

MESSENGER: Col. Buckland, Sir, has encountered Rebel cavalry. It seems they jumped a picket post on the Corinth road a few miles from here. They carried off an officer and 7 men. Col. Buckland sent a company to their relief and Gen. Sherman sent a whole brigade!

GRANT: A whole brigade, eh? I'd better get out there. Col. McPherson, have my horse saddled immediately. (POINTS TO CHAIR BY TOPE) Why don't you sit down and warm up a minute, before you take me back to the action.

MESSENGER: Thank you, Sir.

68 Sherman, Memoirs, p. 229.

69 Catton, "Grant at Shiloh," p. 67.

70 Sherman, Memoirs, p. 257.
McPherson returns.

Grant and Messenger go out into the rain, mount and ride off. Just as they disappear, W.H.L. Wallace rides up to McPherson who is standing in the door of the gunboat.

W.H.L. Wallace: What seems to be the trouble?

McPherson: Reb cavalry hit Buckland about two miles from here. Grant went over to see what the trouble was for himself.

Wallace: Did he go by himself?

McPherson: Buckland's messenger was with him.

Wallace: I think I'm going after him. This night is terrible. You can barely see the road at all! I don't think he should be out there almost by himself like that—God help us if we lose him at a time like this, and anything could happen.

McPherson: You're right! Wait a minute while I get my hat, and I'll go with you.

McPherson goes into the cabin and returns with cape and hat. A stroke of lightning illuminates the sky for a moment, then the night is black except for the light from the boat. He goes down the ramp to his horse and mounts.

They ride off up the hill. Lightening. Dissolve.

Grant is mounted and taking to Buckland, also mounted. Rain. Lightning

Sound: Thunder.

Grant: You didn't see any infantry, eh?

Buckland: No, Sir, just cavalry.

Grant: Things seem to have quieted down now.

Buckland: I wasn't expecting artillery, Sir. Cavalry, snipers, infantry—but not artillery! Does this mean they're planning an all-out attack?
GRANT: I have no way of knowing just what they are planning, Colonel Buckland, but a massive attack, I rather doubt. We know they've been in the area for the last two days, and you can't expect to have two such large opposing forces within 20 miles of each other and not expect some activity.

BUCKLAND: Artillery?

GRANT: Yes, even artillery. Those guns probably belonged to that cavalry unit. That's not at all unusual.

BUCKLAND: Yes, sir. I guess not. Well, it looks clear enough now. I don't look for any more trouble tonight.

GRANT: Nor do I. And I do need to get back to Savannah before much later.

BUCKLAND: Of course, Sir.

GRANT: If anything new develops, be sure to let me know immediately, understood?

BUCKLAND: Yes, Sir.

GRANT: Well, then, I'll be on my way back to the landing.

BUCKLAND: Wouldn't you like an escort, Sir?

GRANT: No need. Your men are tired. Let as many of them stay in out of the rain as possible. I'll be fine, but thanks anyway.

BUCKLAND: If the General's sure.....

GRANT: I'm sure, (SALUTES) goodnight, Colonel.

BUCKLAND: (SALUTING) Goodnight, General.

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71 Ibid., p.229.

72 Catton, "Grant at Shiloh," p.67.
LIGHTENING REVEALS TWO RIDERS APPROACHING

LIGHTENING

RIDERS ALMOST TO HIM

RIDE INTO VIEW, RIGHT NEXT TO GRANT

SOUND: HOOF BEATS ON THE MUDDY ROAD. THUNDER. RAIN, WIND.

GRANT: (TO HIS HORSE) This is a mess, isn't it, boy? Guess we'll have to try to stick to the road--I'm gonna leave that to you, because I sure can't tell where it is!

SOUND: WIND, RAIN, THUNDER.

GRANT: (ALERRED) I wonder who that could be. We'd get off the road, but we might never get back on again...can't see a thing in this dark....

SOUND: THUNDER

GRANT: Who goes there?

McPHERSON: Hold your fire, Sir. It's McPherson and Wallace!

GRANT: You give me a bit of a start there. Can't see a thing in this blasted rain.

WALLACE: That's what we were concerned about, General. We didn't figure you should be out here by yourself.

GRANT: Well, that's very kind of you, but I think I can handle a bit of a thunderstorm.

McPHERSON: We're sure you could, Sir. We just thought you might like some company.

WALLACE: How is the situation with Buckland, Sir?

GRANT: All quiet now...they had a few pieces of artillery, though, that cavalry.

McPHERSON: I thought I heard artillery, but I couldn't be sure with all the thunder.

GRANT: It's all quiet now; I don't think we'll have any more trouble toni--

GRANT'S HORSE LOSES ITS FOOTING, REARS AND FALLS. GRANT IS PINNED BY THE LEG. WALLACE AND McPHERSON DISMOUNT AND RUN TO HIM.

McPHERSON: General! Are you all right?

GRANT: (OBVIOUSLY IN PAIN) Horse...lost its footing...my ankle...this whole leg is pinned under him.....
WALLACE TRIES TO GET THE HORSE UP.
HORSE GETS UP AND WALLACE QUICKLY CHECKS FOR BROKEN BONES, TORN MUSCLES, ETC.
RETURNS TO GRANT AND MCPHERSON, WHO IS EXAMINING GRANT'S LEG.

WALLACE: Easy, boy, come on....easy, now...

McPHERSON: It doesn't seem to be broken, Sir. This soft ground is the only thing that saved you from a break. You're lucky, Sir.

GRANT: It's the ankle that's bad, John...Is my horse injured?

WALLACE: No, Sir, just frightened. I'll ride him back to the landing, and we'll put you on my horse...we don't want yours to spook and throw you. We'd best get you out of this weather as soon as possible.

McPHERSON: I agree. Do you think you can ride, Sir?

GRANT: I don't know if you'd call it riding, but I'll sit the horse.

RAINFALLING FURIOUSLY. LIGHTNING EVERYWHERE. STRONG WIND. McPHERSON HELPS GRANT UP ON THE HORSE WHILE WALLACE HOLDS THE REINS.

McPHERSON: All right, General?

GRANT: I'm fine.

WALLACE: We'll just take it kind of slow until the horse get sure of the road again. How far do you think it is, John?

McPHERSON: About a mile...

WALLACE: Hang on, General, we'll be there soon.

GRANT: I'm fine, let's get started.

RAIDEOWN THE ROAD IN STORM
DISSOLVE
ABANDON GUNBOAT, MAIN ROOM.
DR. HARTSHORN COMES OUT OF NEXT ROOM, CLOSES DOOR QUIETLY.

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73 Ibid.

74 Grant, Memoirs, p. 172.
CAPT. RAWLINS: Col. McPherson, Gen. Wallace, this is Dr. Hartshorn of General Sherman's stuff. He was down here getting supplies, so I asked him to tend the General. Doctor, Gen. Wallace and Col. McPherson.

HARTSHORN: How do you do?

McPHerson: How is General Grant, Doctor?

HARTSHORN: Not bad; his ankle was badly twisted, but not broken. It's badly swollen—we had to cut his boot off—and he'll have to be on crutches a day or two, but he'll be fine.

WALLACE: Good, he had me scared for awhile.

HARTSHORN: Yes, I can understand that. Well, I need to get back to my division. General Grant should rest tonight and keep off that ankle as much as possible. Don't forget the crutches—for as long as you can keep him on them.

RAWLINS: Which won't be very long, I'm afraid. Thank you, doctor, and good night.

HARTSHORN: Yes, good night to you, gentlemen.

McPHerson: Watch those roads, Doctor; be careful.

HARTSHORN: (Smiles) Yes, I'll be sure to do that. Good night.

WALLACE: I'd better be going, too.

McPHerson: Thanks, General—for stopping by and helping with the General and all.

WALLACE: My pleasure....I think a lot of him too, you know. See you in the morning.

McPHerson: Watch the roads!

HE GOES OUT THE DOOR, PULLING HIS COLLAR UP AND CLOSE THE DOOR BEHIND HIM.

GOES OUT INTO THE RAIN.

WALLACE LAUGHS AND WAVES AS HE MOUNTS HIS HORSE AND RIDES OFF....DISOLVE.

75Sherman, Memoirs, p. 257.

76Catton, "Grant at Shiloh," p. 67.
April 5, 1862. Foggy and Misty in the wooded area.

Sam: I'm soaked!

Billy: Me too! You suppose they'll let us sleep a little before they send us out to fight the Yanks?

Sam: I don't know, but if they don't we're gonna lose for sure!

Mac: Hey! Look! The sun's comin' out!

Billy: Thank the Lord for small favors!

Sam: I'd say stoppin' the rain was a big favor, (Looking up) I thank you for it--sincerely!

Billy: I just thought of somethin'. What if our powder's wet!---it won't shoot! Why we'd be like sittin' ducks!

Mac: That's right!

Billy: What'll we do? I'd hate to look at a Yank down the barrel of a gun that won't go off!

Mac: I'd recon we ought to try it out!

Sam: I don't know as that's such a good idea...

Mac: Everyone else seems to be...

Sound: Rifle shots.

Mac: You got any better suggestions?

Sam: No, I just don't think....

Mac: An' we could get a little breakfast in the bargain. I seen lots of rabbits around here.

Billy: All right!!

Mac: That's somethin' movin' over there...

Billy: Suppose it's a deer?

Sam: It could be a man....

Mac: It'd have to be a yank! No Reb'd be senseless enough to be walkin' around in the woods without singin' "Dixie" er somethin'.

Bush rustles. Mac prepares to shoot, Sam knocks the rifle to the ground as it goes off.

77 Einschiml, Eyewitness, p. 178.
Mac: (angry) Now, why'd you go and do that, Sam Watkins? You had no right....

Mac nods to the Confederate, and Mac is caught in the middle of a sentence. He just stands.

Sawyer: Howdy!

Sam: Howdy! Who are you?

Sawyer: (reaching to shake hands) Name's B.F. Sawyer, 25th Alabama.

Sam: I thought the 25th was in another division.

Sawyer: It is, but in all the rain and confusion, I got separated from my regiment. I was hopin' maybe you could tell me where they were.

Sam: Sorry, can't help you there. I don't know. We've just been goin' where they sent us and marchin' a lot. I couldn't tell you for sure where we are, let alone another division.

Sawyer: You camp here last night?

Mac: You kiddin'? They've marched us here and there and back again. March awhile, rest awhile. Never enough of either to do much good. Right now, we're waitin' until somebody gets what ever's in the way and holdin' us up, out of the way so we can get where we're goin'--where ever that is!

Sound: Rebel yell in distance.

Andy: What was that?

Sawyer: You mean you ain't never heard that before?

Andy: No, I haven't.

Sawyer: You ain't never heard this....?

Andy: That's just awful...

Sam: Sends chills up my spine....We've not been here long.

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78 Ibid., p. 195.

80 Foote, The Civil War, p. 328.
SAWYER: That, boys is a real fer sure, 100% genuine REBEL YELL! Designed to scare the feathers off them Yankee birds or yer money back!

SAM: Well, if that doesn't scare them, I don't know what will. I'm a Confederate, an' it set my skin crawlin'.

SAWYER: Begin' yer pardon....

SAM: Sam, and this is Billy, Mac, and Andy.

SAWYER: Pleased to meet ya'll. Begin' yer pardon, but no man can rightly call himself a Confederate until he can do that yell in his sleep if need be. You'd best be learnin' it before we go into battle. You'll need all the help you can get.

ANDY: It's that bad?

SAWYER: Them Yankees may be dumb, but they know how to fight! Just ask anybody from Henry or Donelson! Why, I might worry if I didn't know we had the best darned General in the whole army right here!

MAC: We do?

SAWYER: They don't come better than Albert Sidney Johnston—you'll do well to remember that! You won't forget it once we meet the Yanks!

MAC: Well, he couldn't have meant Beauregard!

SAWYER: Well, I got to find my regiment! See ya'll around!

WAVES AND LEAVES AS MANEY RIDES UP

COL. MANEY: All right, men, we're moving into our final positions.

MAC: (POKING SAM) Hey! Did ya hear that?

SAM BENDS TO PICK UP HIS GEAR

SAM: I heard.

MAC: Well, ain't you excited? What's wrong?

SAM: I guess I'm just not as excited about it as I thought I'd be.

MAC: We're gonna fight some Blue Bellies—see some action!! You're not excited? What about you...(LOCKS AROUND) Andy...Billy?

ANDY: Well....I...

MAC: C'mon, kid, you ain't scared, are ya?
ANDY: ..... I...

BILLY: Leave the kid alone, Mac! I'll be honest with you! I'm scared! I'm damned scared! .. and I'd just as soon not talk about it!

NO ONE SAYS ANYTHING. MAC PICKS UP HIS GEAR AND STARTS MARCHING. SAM GRIPS ANDY'S SHOULDER GENTLY, GLANCES AT BILLY AND ALL FALL IN WITH THE REST OF THE UNIT. DISSOLVE.

SCENE OF HARDEE'S TROOPS ALREADY IN LINE OF BATTLE. BEAUREGARD RIDING BEHIND THEM. HARDEE RIDES UP TO HIM.

HARDEE: General Beauregard, Sir! 31

BEAUREGARD: Yes, ....

HARDEE: Sir, the men are a little uneasy—we've had considerable firing goin' on here...

BEAUREGARD: (CONCERNED) Oh?

HARDEE: Yes, Sir. It got rather thick about 9:30—several vellies in fact. The men seem to think a battle is goin' to begin at any minute.... If you would just ride along the line, Sir, I'm sure it would make them feel better.

BEAUREGARD: Well, I suppose I could.

HARDEE: I'd be in your debt, Sir.

Two of them ride down the line. CONTINUING CONVERSATION, men turn around to wave or cheer occasionally. NOT RESPONSE THEY GIVE JOHNSTON.

HARDEE: Spirits were rather low after that rain last night—the men were soaked.

BEAUREGARD: I know. Unfortunately the weather is out of our hands. (MORE ... ULTLY)

And so, I fear, is the battle....

HARDEE: Why, Sir? Troops are moving smoothly now.....

BEAUREGARD: Yes, now! ... after a surprise can no longer be hoped for! The firing along your line this morning—somebody knows we're here! I cannot think but to stay

81 OR. 1, X, i, 400.

82 Ibid.
BEAUREGARD: (CINT.) is a terrible mistake....

HARDEE: What did you find from the prisoners you took?

BEAUREGARD: Nothing of significance.

HARDEE: And General Bragg... ...

BEAUREGARD: I have ordered him forward this morning—we passed him on the road as we left Monterey before sunrise. He said he had repeatedly told his men not to fire their weapons to test the powder, but they persisted anyway! He was fuming! He also said in the last 3 days they have eaten all of the five day’s rations and thrown away much of their equipment!

HARDEE: Untrained troops....

BEAUREGARD: Indeed! What a blasted waste! Your line looks fine, General. I must go to headquarters to await Polk’s reserve.

HARDEE: Of course, Sir. Thank you.

BEAUREGARD: Then, good day.

HARDEE: (TO MEN) All right... close up this line here......

TURNS AND RIDES AWAY

DISOLVE.

SHERMAN’S CAMP. SHILOH CHURCH IN BACKGROUND. LIEUTENANT RIDES UP TO SHERMAN’S TENT AND RUNS INSIDE.

SHERMAN LOOKS UP

LIEUT.: General...

SHERMAN: Yes, what is it?

LIEUT.: Sir, Col. Appley.

SHERMAN: Well, say it!

LIEUT.: Sir, he’s got his regiment armed and moving on some Confederate infantry, Sir.

SHERMAN: He’s what!!!

LIEUT.: He’s moving...

SHERMAN: I heard you the first time—that stupid fool! We have direct ORDERS! Is my horse saddled? (YELLS)

83 Ibid., p. 566.
84 Ibid., p. 400.
85 Ibid., p. 464.
86 Ibid., p. 400.
LIEUT. TAYLOR APPEARS AT ENTRANCE.

SHERMAN STORMS OUT OF THE TENT, MOUNTS HORSE AND RIDES DOWN PARADE GROUND FURIOUSLY.
CUT TO APPLER'S MEN IN FORMATION MARCHING OUT OF CAMP.
SHERMAN RIDES UP WITH TAYLOR BESIDE HIM...SEES APPLER

LIEUT. TAYLOR: Yes, Sir, it is.

SHERMAN: Good, let's go!

TAYLOR: There they are, Sir. (POINT)

SHERMAN: I see them. (TO APPLER) Colonel! What in the name of Heaven do you think you're doing?

APPLER: General, we spotted some Confederates over there (POINTS), and I decided we should go after them, Sir.

SHERMAN: Oh, you did, did you?

APPLER: Yes, Sir. I know we saw the enemy!

SHERMAN: WELL, Col. Appler, did you not hear the orders I made very clear yesterday? The ones that came directly from General Grant about NOT DOING ANYTHING TO START A FIGHT UNTIL BUELL GETS HERE?

APPLER: Yes, Sir, but we saw......

SHERMAN: I DON'T CARE what you think you saw, Colonel! The Rebels do have snipers and you're movement might make them think we're attacking—or something drastic like that! We could wind up with a full scale battle on our hands!!—thanks to what you THINK YOU SAW!

I have news for you, Col. Appler, "Take your damn regiment back to Ohio. There is no enemy nearer than Corinth!"

Good morning, Colonel!

LAWRENCE: Getting it ready for action?

87 Catton, "Grant at Shiloh," p. 67.
88 OR., I, X, ii, 91.
CROOKER: You might say. Haven't got a whole lot else to do....

LAWRENCE: Feels good being out on a day like this.....

CROCKER: Sure does: have a seat.

LAWRENCE: Thanks, Captain.

CROCKER: (LOOKING UP) Listen, it's about time between the two of us, that you start calling me, Lu. This is going to be a long war, and all this formality is going to get awfully old. All right?

LAWRENCE: All right.....

CROCKER: There's coffee if you want it...

LAWRENCE: No thanks, just had some.

SOLDIER PASSES WITH A GROUP OF MEN, STRIPPED TO THE WAIST AND CARRYING TOWELS OR BLANKETS. SOLDIER WAVES TO OFFICERS AND GROUP.

SOLDIER: Hey Lieutenant! We're all going for a swim down at Lick Creek! Why don't you come too! Do ya good! Capt'n too!

LAWRENCE: No thanks! (WAVES BACK) Some other time maybe!

CROCKER: I don't know as I'd want to go swimmin' with this slew of Reb snipers around. There's fire off and on all morning.

LAWRENCE: Yeh, I know. The men don't seem worried about it. They told me, now that it's been goin' on for two or three days; they're almost used to it. If Grant isn't going to get upset, why should they?

CROCKER: Oh, I can see the logic there, but it doesn't make sense to me to go out half naked, unarmed and make a target of yourself! Might as well say "Hey Reb!" Here I am---Shoot me!"

LAWRENCE: I guess, maybe it's 'cause we're all so green about this whole thing. I don't know what to expect from one day to the next, and no one else does either. And another thing...I don't know if anybody up front know anything about outpost duty.....I overheard Prentiss and some of the other officers complaining that all the reports they got were garbled and hard to make heads or tails of. 
CROCKER: I've heard the same thing. The thing is, every last person in this camp knows there are Rebels around here—quite a few of them from the sound of things, but everybody seems to think they're going to fool around and wait for us to attack them! Maybe so, but I can't help but think that could be takin' things a bit too much for granted.

LAWRENCE: And if the Rebs do decide to pay us a visit, guess who's going to be right out front whether we want to or not!

CROCKER: Right! The good old 55th Illinois!

LAWRENCE: By the way, do you know why they sent our regiment battery to the rear?

CROCKER: No, but I hope to heaven who ever did it had a darned good reason! Have you had a look around those bluffs over there? If the Confederates should decide to put a row of cannon up there, they would wipe us out in no time flat!

LAWRENCE: Do you think we'll get a new battery?

CROCKER: I doubt it, they must be short, or they wouldn't have taken ours. I imagine we're going to have to fend for ourselves until something happens—if anything does.

LAWRENCE: You're reassuring....

SOLDIER: Hi, Captain, lieutenant!

CROCKER: You're in good spirits today!

SOLDIER: Why not? The air is clean; ground is good. It's spring. Besides, after the womping we gave those Rebs at Donelson, we'll whip their tails off when we meet them. Why, Sir, we're as "happy as mortals could be,"...that's what I wrote my wife this morning. Course I told her I missed her.

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91 Catton, Hallowed Ground, p. 135.