CROOKER: Enjoy it while you can!(WAVES)
They better enjoy it....
I've got a hunch it won't last long.

LAWRENCE: Could be, but have you been over
to the Peach Orchard? It's just beaut-
iful, Lu, and you can smell the blossoms
for miles. This place, the air--it's
the season...it's hard not to be happy.
It's hard to imagine a war all around
you--especially if you've never been
in one before.

CROOKER: I know, I feel the same way. But
there is a war, and war means death to
those who don't realize it's there, waiting
for you all the time. Oh, you laugh,
sing, maybe--have a good time, but you
can never forget that somewhere out there
with a gun in his hand is a man waiting to
kill you if you give him the chance. I've
never been in battle before, but I've got
enough common sense to know that!

Let's wander down by the creek and see
how the boys are doing?

LAWRENCE: Sounds like a good idea to me.

LAWRENCE: You sure can tell the day's drill
is over.

CROOKER: Yeah, but can you blame them?

LAWRENCE: I know one of those men...that's 92
Charles Morton of the 25th Missouri...met
him in a card game in Paducah....

CROOKER: I hope you won.

LAWRENCE: As a matter of fact, I didn't...he did!

OFFICER: (SHOUTING) Company! Halt! Dismissed!
Where will I find Gen. Prentiss?

CROOKER: About a quarter of a mile up that
way--can't miss it!
MORTON: Why, yes,---Lt. Lawrence; Paducah wasn't it? We had a little...game, you might say?

LAURENCE: Yes, we did; you took me for a month's wages, if I remember correctly.

MORTON: I don't seem...

LAURENCE: That's not what I wanted to speak to you about, if you're worrying about it.

MORTON: Well, now that you mentioned it....

LAURENCE: You just came from the front?

MORTON: Yeah, sent out on picket duty last Wednesday.

Well, I guess I can talk about it---nobody said not to. We had only gone about a mile and a half or so out when we saw the sky illuminated by campfires. By now there are even more. We were shocked by the number of them, and how close they were to camp.

CROCKER: You're sure about this, Private?

MORTON: Yes, captain. I wouldn't make jokes about a thing like this. Our men who went to farm houses were warned that they ran great risk of capture, and we had to be extremely careful.

CROCKER: It looks like we may be in for trouble.

LAURENCE: Some of them who came back with us said they had never been relieved, so I guess there is no picket between us and the enemy in some places. We've got plenty of cavalry, I don't understand why we don't use it to screen the enemy. Somethin's wrong......(SHAKES HIS HEAD).

CROCKER: I hope something gets done around here before those Rebs pay us a visit....
LAURENCE: I heard they carried off a picket last night and gave Buckland some trouble.

CROOKER: They did. Maybe it'll be our side of the line tonight....

MORTON: I've had enough of Confederates for a while; I'd just as soon they stay where they are.

LAURENCE: I'd like our battery back, that's what I'd like. Thanks for the information, Charles.

CROOKER: Yes, thank you, Private. Try to get some rest.

MORTON: I intend to, Sir. I have a feeling I'm going to be needing it within the next few days.

TAYLOR: Excuse me, Sir. General Grant is here to see you.

SHERMAN: Thank you, Lieutenant, I have been expecting him. (TO OTHERS) I think this is just about it. Oh, one other thing, be very careful about your water supply. We don't want everybody down sick. Good day.

OTHERS: (SALUTING) General....

SHERMAN: General Grant...

GRANT: (SALUTES) Hellow, Sherman, have a seat. How are things going around here?

SHERMAN: Pretty quiet, Sir. We've had the usual sniper fire. It all seems pretty quiet now, except for a few reconnaissance parties.

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94Catton, "Grant at Shiloh," p. 68.
SOUND: FIRING IN DISTANCE

GRANT: Good. I'll accept your appraisal then and concentrate my forces elsewhere. I am still a bit concerned about Crump's Landing. You did receive my orders.

SHERMAN: Yes, Sir. I did, and they have been carried out. We could move in a moment if need arose.

GRANT: Good. His position—Wallace's—is an extremely important one. He's down river on the west bank. I don't intend to move him until absolutely necessary. His position must be defended. Glad to hear you've taken proper precautions.

SHERMAN: Are YOU expecting trouble, Sir?

GRANT: No, but as I said, I feel "it is best to be prepared."

SHERMAN: When are we to expect Buell, or do you know yet, Sir?

GRANT: I rather expect him tomorrow. I had thought I'd ride out to meet him in the morning and save a little time, then I could come right back here. It's rather inconvenient trying to keep headquarters at Savannah, so I can meet Buell and here so I can tend the army.

SHERMAN: I heard about your accident last night, Sir. Does it bother you much?

GRANT: Oh, it hurts all right, but not so much that I can't get around. Captain Rawlins makes me stay on this crutch, so I keep weight off my ankle, but I don't think it's going to last very long—the crutch I mean. That's why I'm sitting here. I have to stay off it as much as possible.

SHERMAN: We hadn't heard how serious your injury was, until my Surgeon returned, and he doesn't talk much.

GRANT: (SMILES) I noticed.

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95 Bradford, Battles and Leaders, p. 85.
96 CR., I, X, ii, 91.
97 Catton, Hallowed Ground, p. 135.
GRANT looks around the camp.

GRANT: They're awfully green....

SHERMAN: Yes, Sir, they are.

Some of them don’t even have weapons yet....I don’t have them to give.

GRANT: The rest of the supplies will be moving up here today. Those are just new regiments that aren’t armed, aren’t they?

SHERMAN: Oh, yes, Sir. But some of them haven’t even loaded a gun in their life—especially the kind we’ll give them. If there’s a fight here, before we can prepare these men, it’s going to be pathetic. I do hope I don’t have to lead untrained men as they now are...

GRANT: I hope not, too. However, I don’t think we have much to worry about. I will be glad when Buell arrives. Then we can move, and get something done around here.

You may have some green troops, Sherman, but you’ve got some veterans from Donelson too, and nothing teaches like example. They’ll learn to fight quick enough when they have to. Give them a little more drill, and get them used to the army, and they’ll be excellent soldiers.

...Mark my words.

SHERMAN: Yes, Sir.

GRANT: I do understand your apprehensions. I feel I need to be here all the time, but with Buell coming, I just can’t. If it were anyone else, perhaps I could, but I have only been his senior in rank for a few weeks. Buell had been a department commander while I had only a district. If I’m not careful, I could have a very touchy situation on my hands. I feel I need to meet Buell in person, and to do that I must be in Savannah when he arrives.

98 Ibid.

99 Bradford, Battles and Leaders, p. 90.
SHERMAN: I can understand, Sir. And I do agree with you that we can't really expect an attack here. The most we have is "reconnaissance in force." --A strong demonstration to keep us worried.

RAWLINGS RIDES UP AND GIVES NOTE TO GRANT. GRANT READS.

GRANT: Well, Sherman, it looks like you're going to have to excuse me. Buell's advance guard has just reached Savannah. I need to get down there right away.

GRANT RISES AND PUTS CRUTCH UNDER HIS ARM, GLANCING AT RAWLINGS WHO SIMPLY GRIES BACK AT HIM

GRANT: (TO SHERMAN) Look at that smirk. I don't think a staff officer should smirk at his general's discomfort, do you, Sherman? (GRINS)

SHERMAN: (SMILING) No, Sir, not unless the General would do the same.

GRANT: (LAUGHS) Come on, Captain, let's go. (ADVANCES TOWARD HORSE, BUT TURNS BACK) I'll keep in touch.

SHERMAN: Yes, Sir.

GRANT MOUNTS AND RIDES OFF.

DISOLVE.

COL. JACOB AMMEN'S TENT AT SAVANNAH. AMMEN IS SITTING IN FRONT OF IT.

CAPTAIN ROWLEY APPROACHES.

CAPT. ROWLEY: Col. Ammen?

AMMEN: Yes....

ROWLEY: I am Captain Rowley of Grant's staff. I have been asked to inform you that you will be staying here the night and will be ferried on to Pittsburg or Crumps Landing in the near future.

AMMEN: Thank you, Captain...would you like some coffee?

ROWLEY: Yes, Sir. Thank you, Sir.

100 Catton, "Grant at Shiloh," p. 68.

101 Fuller, Generalship, p. 365.

102 Catton, "Grant at Shiloh," p. 63.

103 Bradford, Battles and Leaders, p. 85.
AMMEN: Lt. Wheeler, will you pour the Captain some coffee?

ROWLEY: Thank you. (To AMMEN) I heard you and Gen. Grant are old friends?

AMMEN: Yes, we are. We go back a long way. I heard the General was injured last night. Is he all right?

ROWLEY: Yes, nothing serious. His horse fell and his ankle was twisted pretty badly, but he'll be all right. He's supposed to be on crutches for a couple of days, but we'll have to see about that!

AMMEN: Nothing broken, then. Good. Last night was the worst I've seen. All in all we still got here two days ahead of time.

ROWLEY: How do you mean. We've been looking for you any day, for some time.

AMMEN: Well, I don't know about that, but Gen. Buell gave me marching orders on March 31. He said to reach Savannah about April 7, because we weren't wanted there any sooner.

ROWLEY: That's strange.

AMMEN: It really wasn't a bad march...a few rough road, rain, but we received a good reception of civilians. We didn't do any record-breaking marches, but we did ... quite well, I think all things considered.

ROWLEY: Well, thanks for the coffee, Colonel. I'd better get back to headquarters. The General probably has a pile of things for me to do by now, since your army is arriving.

AMMEN: Come back for coffee any time.

ROWLEY: I just might. Thank you.

AMMEN: (SALUTES) General; Good to see you.

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104 OR, I, X, 1, 328.
105 Ibid., p. 330.
106 Ibid.
GRANT BENDS DOWN TO SHAKE HANDS WITH AMHERST

GRANT: Good to see you, Jacob. I can't get down to visit now, I have another engagement, but I did want to see how you were.

AMHERST: Just fine, Sir. And so are my men. We're not tired at all--I'm sure we could march on to Pittsburg tonight if you wanted.

GRANT: "You cannot march through the swamps; make the troops comfortable; I will send boats for you Monday or Tuesday, or sometime early in the week."

AMHERST: You're not expecting trouble, then?

GRANT: No. "There will be no fighting at Pittsburg Landing; we will have to go on to Corinth, where the Rebels are fortified. If they do come to attack us, we can whip them as I have twice as many troops as I had at Fort Donelson."

AMHERST: Will you have time to drop by later, Sir?

GRANT: No, I don't think so, but "be sure to call at the Brick House on the river tomorrow evening, as I have another engagement this evening."

AMHERST: Yes, Sir. I'll see you tomorrow then.

GRANT WAVES GOODBYE AND RIDES OFF. DISSOLVE.

GRANT'S OFFICE. RAWLINGS AND ROWLEY. RAWLINGS FINISHES AT DESK AND HANDS PAPER TO ROWLEY.

RAWLINGS LEAVES THE ROOM AND ROWLEY READS ALOUD

ROWLEY SITS AT TELEGRAPH DISSOLVE

107 Ibid.

108 Ibid., p. 89.
CONFEDERATES CAMP, OPEN SPACE WITH
DIM FIRE IN MIDDLE, JOHNSTON
RIDES UP ON OUTSIDE, OTHER
GENERALS STANDING AROUND TALKING.

BRECKINRIDGE STRETCHED OUT ON
A BLANKET NEAR THE FIRE

BRECKINRIDGE: I don't see how we have much
choice in the matter—we're here aren't we.

BEAUREGARD: Yes! But we don't have to STAY
here.

POLK SITTING ON CAMP STOCK, OUTSIDE THE CIRCLE, HAND IN HAND.

POLK: Oh, really, now, you can't be serious.

BEAUREGARD: I am serious. Our whole plan
hinged on surprising the enemy! There
is no way on God's earth that we can
surprise him now. He has to know we're
here—he can't help but know it. I
don't see any alternative but to turn
around and go home.

BRAgg: And what will that prove?

BEAUREGARD: Your green troops will have a
better idea of what they're supposed to
know about fighting a war!

BRAgg: For all I emphasize training and drill-
ing, there is no substitute for a battle.
A man may have marched for a month; he
may know every drill formation in the
book, but he's still green until he's
seen another man tryin' to shoot him down...
until he's tried to shoot that other man
before he succeeds.
No, General, I disagree with you, we may
be poorly equipped, bein' out of food an'
all, but we've got to fight—now or
never!

BEAUREGARD: How can you expect men who are
so dense they don't realize you don't
throw away rations just because they're
heavy—how do you expect them to fight

109 Sinschmil, Eyewitness, p. 173
JOHNSON STINS IN FROM OUTSIDE THE CIRCLE. HE HAS A LONG MILITARY CLOAK DRAPEO OVER HIS SHOULDER.

JOHNSON: "I hope to find the enemy yet unprepared...."

General Beauregard, you drafted the battle plans, and you should know what is required to win a battle of your own design. However, I feel that you are overlooking one important factor. Our men are ready to fight. They are in a temper for a battle. They have high spirits and high goals. If we turn around now, we'll kill that spirit, and we'll kill one of the best armies I've ever seen. If they're hungry, they can get food from the Yankee camps we'll take tomorrow.

111 Ibid.
112 Ibid.
113 Einschiml, Eyewitness, p. 173.
BEAUREGARD: Sir, everything is against us in this fight. If we pursue it, it will mean suicide for the army... I tell you that the Yankees are entrenched!

FORREST: Excuse me, General, but my cavalry reports otherwise. They're not entrenched at all. They're not even in a line of battle to speak of. It's as though they're simply in camp waiting for orders, possibly--or Buell.

JOHNSTON: Thank you, Gen. Forrest. It seems then, that we have a perfect situation for an offensive on Pittsburg Landing. If rations are low, our men will eat well enough on captured Federal food. If they've thrown away equipment, they get what someone else will throw away tomorrow.

Gentlemen, we have a responsibility to the people of the South--I don't need to explain that to you. We cannot let Buell reach Grant. He will within two or three days if we don't do something to stop it. General Beauregard, you say we can't throw away an army to a waiting force, I say the odds are better now than they will be when we are outnumbered almost two to one. We have to hit Grant before Buell arrives. We have no choice!

BRECKINRIDGE AND BRAGG: I agree...

JOHNSTON: We will pry between the Union army and the landing, forcing them into the open. Then they'll be on poor ground, away from their gunboats and supplies. Surrender will be inevitable. I intend to destroy Grant's army as an operating force. That can be our only goal.

FOLK: Now that makes sense. I agree!

BRECKINRIDGE: Get Grant out of the way for good!

BRAGG: And with Grant out of the way, Buell shouldn't be hard to take.

JOHNSTON: Exactly. I read you the communication

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114Cauton, Terrible Swift Sword, p. 228.

115Dowd, Land They Fought For, p. 163.
JOHNSTON: (CONT.) from President Davis. He insists that we strike before the two columns unite. If this is what the President wants, by Heaven, I'm going to do everything in my power to give it to him! "I would fight them if they were a million!"

I consider the subject closed. "We shall attack at daylight tomorrow."

"Gentlemen, we shall sleep in the enemy's camp tomorrow night!"

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117 Ibid.
ACT II

April 6, 1862.

THE BATTLE
APRIL 6, 1862

RAINFALL, PITCH BLACK, FORESTED
AREA, VERY EARLY IN MORNING.
CONFEDERATE TROOPS ARE STANDING
IN LINE IN DRIVING RAIN. GEN.
CHALMERS RIDE DOWN THROUGH
THE LINES, SAYS TO SPEAK TO AN
OFFICER.

CHALMERS: Is everything secure here?
OFFICER: Yes, Sir, we're ready to move
at a moment's notice.

CHALMERS: Very good.

1ST SOLDIER: (LOOKING DOWN AT HIS SPATTERED
PANTS) That was General Chalmers wasn't
it?

2ND SOLDIER: You bet it was.

1ST SOLDIER: I ain't never seen him before.
Does he always look so grim?

2ND SOLDIER: At 2 o'clock in the morning, in
this rain, getting ready to go into a
battle at dawn, I wouldn't be any too
happy myself, I don't reckon.

1ST SOLDIER: Me neither I guess. 118

CHALMERS: PANS OFF, PAST TWO SOLDIERS
AND HIDE SLOPS ON THEM.

NARRATOR: Everything stood ready for one of
the greatest battles of the Civil War
to commence. The orders to march had
been given and countermanded due to the
extreme darkness and rain, and parts of
Johnston's army would stand in readiness
for three more hours until conditions 119
improved.

Dissolve to Union camps;
next rows of white tents,
occasional camp fire. Pickets
in the rain.

In the Union camps all was peaceful and
with the exception of a few pickets, all
rested comfortably.

118 Or., I, x, i, 548.
119 Ibid.
NARRATOR: (CONT.) About 3 am. General Prentiss sends scouts out to survey the morning's situation. Who would have guessed what they would find within two or three hours.

JOHNSTON, BRAGG AND BRACKIN-RIDGE ARE MOUNTED, RIDING ALONG Supply SOURCES. IT IS A LITTLE LIGHTER AND RAIN HAS STOPPED. OFFICER RIDES UP.

CAPT. NICKHAM: Sir! (SALUTES) 121

JOHNSTON: Tell General Hardee to begin his advance, Captain.

NICKHAM: Yes, Sir.

JOHNSTON: It's good that the rains have stopped. (SIGHS) Well, I don't know about the rest of you, but I intend to have some breakfast before this thing progresses much further.

BRAGG: A good idea, Sir. Sergeant! Fix up some breakfast for us. On the double!

JOHNSTON DISMOUNTS AND THE OTHERS FOLLOW. SIT DOWN ON A LOG NOT FAR FROM THE STABLE.

JOHNSTON: What time is it? Does anyone know?

BRAGG: About 4 o'clock, Sir.

JOHNSTON: Then I'll guess we'll be engaged by around 5, then. (TO BRAGG) This is some bit different than your sugar plantation, isn't it Braxton?

BRAGG: (GRUFFLY) Yes, Sir, it is... But I'm here so that I might keep that plantation, Sir--and everything that goes with it!

JOHNSTON: (SMILING) The men think you're a

120 Ibid., p. 277.

121 Ibid., p. 405.
JOHNSTON: (CONT.) ferocious old goat... I can see why!

Bragg: (SMILING FAINTLY) Well, I guess I am. I'm tough so they'll be tough. If they're tough we'll win this war and we all can keep what's ours. I don't deny I'm ferocious at times—for example when my stomach's acting up; but I'm not regretting it either.

OFFERS CUP TO JOHNSTON, then to BRAGG. BROCKINRIDGE COMES OVER AND SITS DOWN.

BENJAMIN: Coffee, Sir?

JOHNSTON: At last I've got this army all together and moving as a unit!

BROCKINRIDGE: It hasn't been an easy task either, Sir.

JOHNSTON: No, it has not. But I have good officers and good men, and that makes all the difference. Why look, on one hand I have a Louisiana sugar planter and on the other a former Vice President of the United States and a candidate in the last election for President of the United States. With such diversity of talent, I can't lose!

BROCKINRIDGE: Oh, I have my plantation too.

Bragg: I just want to get back to mine and have this war over. For some reason it seems to be taking longer than we expected it would.

BROCKINRIDGE: I noticed that myself! Just give me a little peace and quiet, good bourbon and good horses, and John Breckinridge is in complete happiness.

JOHNSTON: That doesn't seem like so much to ask the Yankees to let us have. But they don't seem at all inclined to do it. That's why if this war lasts for years, we'll endure it, because we have no other choice!

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122 Foote, The Civil War, p. 128.
123 Ibid.
124 Dowday, Land They Fought For, p. 165.
BRACKINRIDGE: That's the truth of the matter! Battle by battle--one at a time....

BRAGG: This one isn't going to be too easy to win.

BRACKINRIDGE: It sure isn't. Not with all those green men, obsolete weapons, and empty haversacks.

JOHNSTON: No, Gentlemen, but we'll win it? Be sure of that!

Sergeant: Your breakfast is ready, Sir.

BRAGG: (To BRACKINRIDGE) Doesn't look like you get any.

BRACKINRIDGE: (Smiling.) You'd be wise to tend to you own plate, Braxton Bragg while you can! Mine 'll be here!

Sergeant: General...

BRACKINRIDGE: Thank you. (To BRAGG) What did I tell you?

4 A.M. 6TH ARKANSAS
NAILS AMONG SLEEPING MEN
ON THE GROUND ROLLING THEIR ROLLS BEHIND WITH HIS BOOT.

STANLEY: Well (Yawn) he sure has a gentle way of waking a person.

STORRY: That's the army for you! (STRETCHING)

T. J.: Henry...Henry wake up!

PARKER: What time is it?

STANLEY: About four o'clock...

PARKER: FOUR O'CLOCK!!

STORRY: That don't make no difference when you're in the army, Henry. Now you should know that by now!

PARKER: I just got to sleep! With all that rain and sleepin' on the ground and all... I don't suppose we get a fire today either?
STANLEY: I don't imagine today will be any different from the last two days. At least we have rations...some of the boys don't, you know.

STORY: Look at it this way, Henry, tonight you can cook all the Yankee ration you want. You can even have a bed to sleep in. So there! Tonight you'll think two day's cold rations and sleepin' on the ground was plenty worth it.

PARKER: I bet I will—if I'm still around to think about it.

STANLEY: Looks like it's going to be a fine day. The sky sure is clearing off quickly.

STORY: It's fine with me if it don't rain again for a long time...say at least a month!

PARKER: (ENDING STANLEY HIS KNOBBLACK) Here's your breakfast, Henry.

STANLEY: Thank you, Henry.

STORY: This is confusin'—two Henry's in the same unit! I swear. Now I know all about Henry Parker here, but ain't never had much chance to find out much about Henry Stanley. Never know...this could be my last chance. (RING)

STANLEY: (TAKES RATION) Well, 19 years ago I was born in Wales.

STORY: Where's that?

PARKER: In England! Don't you know nothin'?

STORY: AWE!

STANLEY: (GRINS) Well, it's near England, you might say—on the same island (STORRY STILL LOOKS BLANK) across the Atlantic Ocean...over there with France and Spain and all those countries.

STORY: (NODS:) You were born there?

STANLEY: Yes, and my name was John Howlands....

STORY: Your name was.....
STANLEY: John Rowlands. But I was adopted by a Louisiana merchant by the name of Henry Stanley, so I took his name. Well, we got separated, and I finally got to Louisiana as a cabin boy and found Mr. Stanley. When all this came up, I decided to join the army, and I did, and here I am.

STOREY: Well, I'll be.

PARKER: We'd better quit talking and get our weapons ready. I got a feelin' we're goin' to be movin' out of here real soon.

STOREY: That's some story. You sure it's true?

STANLEY: I (TAKING UP HIS GUN) can't imagine where they found such obsolete guns as these...Sure it's true!

STOREY: These old flintlocks may be old fashioned—I think that's what you meant—but they knocked off many a red skin where I come from.

STANLEY: But those Indians didn't have guns to shoot back with.

STOREY: Maybe not, but they made up for it! I'll tell you that!

STANLEY: Uh! This stuff tastes terrible!

OFFICER: (SHOUTS) Roll Call! Yes, I'm coming. One hasn't enough time to do anything any more!

AIDE: General Hindeman has just received orders from General Hardee to move out


within the next few minutes. Prepare your men and await orders.

CAPT. SMITH: The men are just about ready, Sir. We'll await further orders.

AIDE: Very well.

STANLEY: (THoughtfully) How old are you, Henry?

PARKER: Why?

STANLEY: No particular reason; I was just curious.

PARKER: Seventeen. How old did you say you were?

STANLEY: Nineteen.

PARKER: Pretty young to die, isn't it?

STANLEY: It surely is. (Sighs)

PARKER: You think about it much?

STANLEY: To tell the truth, I try not to, but one just can't help it sometimes. Nobody wants to die--least of all at 19--or 17 either!

PARKER: You scared?

STANLEY: (THoughtfully NODDING) Yes,...I am.

PARKER: (LOOKS UP AT THE SKY) Ain't it strange, Henry, today will be one of the most beautiful days the Lord ever made, from the looks of the sky. That sun's gonna be up like it was the middle of summer. The trees are comin' out, violets are ev'rywhere...seems to me that spring should be a time of growing--of new life--not dyin'.

STANLEY: Circumstances play havock with nature sometimes. It seems spring doesn't realize there's a war on...

PARKER: I recon. Look at these...

"It would be a good idea to put a few into my cap. Perhaps the Yanks won't shoot me if they see me wearing such flowers, they're a sign of peace."
STANLY: "Capital, I will do the same." 127

SOUND: THE OTHER MEN ALL LAUGH AND KEEP UP THE FUN OF THEM AS THEY PUT THE VIOLETS IN THEIR HATS.

STANLY: You know, Henry, if the enemy were not so near, we might be able to cheer these fellows up.

SMITH: (SHOUTS) Move out here!

STANLY: Well, we're off....

PARKER: And may the Lord be with us....

CAMERA REMAINS STATIONARY AS THE 6TH ARKANSAS MOVES DOWN THE ROAD TO THE BATTLE. DISCLOSE.

JOHNSTON-BACK WITH SUPPLY WAGONS. JOHNSTON IS JUST HANDING CURB BACK TO THE SERGEANT AS BEAUREGARD RIDES UP.

SERGEANT NODS HIS THANKS AS JOHNSTON TURNS TO SEE THAT BEAUREGARD PAINTS, BRAGG AND BRECKINRIDGE AND STRIDES FORCEFULLY OVER TO JOHNSTON.

JOHNSTON: Thank you, Sergeant. Good breakfast.

BEAUREGARD: General Johnston, for the last time, I explore you—let us turn around and return to Corinth while we still may. There are skirmish parties everywhere.

SOUND: OUTER AK OF FIRING.

JOHNSTON: "The battle has opened, Gentlemen, it is too late to change our disposition now.

General Bragg, you have the left; folk the center, Hardee the right. Breckinridge is in reserve. (HOUNDS HIS HORSE) Gen. Bragg, prepare your men for the advance immediately.

Gen. Beauregard, you will co-ordinate the movement of troops and supplies from the rear. I'm riding to the front.

127 Ibid., p. 133.
128 OR., I, X, p. 403.
"Tonight we will water our horses in the Tennessee!"

BRACKINRIDGE: I'm joining my troops.

Sergeant: Coffee, Sir? It's the last cup...

Sergeant: Coffee, Sir? It's the last cup...

Sherman: There's just too much firing going on this morning to be just picket fire. I knew I ought to see for myself.... Lt. Holiday, is Appier's regiment under arms yet?

Holiday: Yes, they are, Sir.

Sherman: Good. I didn't really think we'd get an all out attack here, but now I'm not so sure. Anyone heard yet what the firing is over by Prentiss's lines? (Silence) We'll hear soon enough, I suppose. But it's best to be ready for anything. This firing is getting heavier...we should be able to find out something definite within the next few yards. You two have a good time last night?

Holiday: What do you mean, Sir?

Sherman: You and Taylor. You seemed a bit more than just "happy"--was the party good?

Taylor: (Grinning) Yes, Sir, it was.

Sherman: How's the head?

Holiday: I'd rather not discuss that, Sir; would you, John?

Taylor: All I can say if if there's a battle, I hope it's a quiet one.

Sherman: How long have you two been friends anyway?

Holiday: Off and on for ten years. We used to live in the same town--moved--met again

130 Catton, Hallowed Ground, p. 136.
in college—then again here.

TAYLOR: Old Holiday's the only one who can tolerate my foolishness for any length of time.

SHERMAN: Well keep out of trouble and don't make so much noise the next time you come in. "Battle Hymn of the Republic" is a great song, but not off pitch at two in the morning!

HOLIDAY: (GRINNING) Yes, Sir.... Do you think we'll sight the enemy, Sir?

SHERMAN: I hope so, Tom.

HOLIDAY: General—the bushes—look.

SOUND: RIFLES FIRE.

HOLIDAY FALLS FROM HIS HORSE WOUNDED BADLY, SHERMAN AND OTHERS TAKE COVER. THE FIRING COMES FROM A ROW OF BUSHES OFFSET A SMALL STREAM AND A RISE THAT GAVE THEM COVER. SHERMAN AND OTHERS ARE IN COVER IN DIP OR SIDE.

SHERMAN: (SLOWING OVER HOLIDAY) Thomas, are you all right?

LT. TAYLOR: (CHECKING)... He's dead, Sir. (STUNNED FOR A MOMENT) Oh, Tom.......

SHERMAN: (ANGRY—STANDS UP QUICKLY) (SHOUTS) Damn them! He was a good man. Had a good head on his shoulders for as young as he was....

But they're all young.....

OFFICER: Sir! Look! (POINTS TOWARD RIDGE) All along that ridge, Sir....

SHERMAN: Rebs! For as far as the eye can see. This is going to be a big one, Gentlemen, a damn big one! Let's get out of here.

SHERMAN MOUNTS HIS HORSE AND HOLDS THE REINS TO HOLIDAY'S HORSE AS TAYLOR AND OTHERS PLACE THE ORDERLY ACROSS THE SADDLE GENTLY. SHERMAN IS OBVIOUSLY MOVED AND UPSET. HE GAZES FOR A MOMENT AT THE YOUNG MAN'S BODY AND THEN SETTING HIS JAW, LOOKS BACK TO

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131 OR., I, X, I, p. 249.
RIDGE FROM WHENCE THE FIRING CAME. HE STILL HAS HOLIDAY'S ART IN HIS HAND.

TAYLOR: He was the only close friend I ever had--like a brother. They're gonna pay for this--I'm gonna see 'em pay....

OFFICER: We're ready, sir.

RIDE OFF IN THE DIRECTION OF THE CAMP. DISSOLVE.

MEN MARCHING: RIFLES IN POSITION THROUGH DENSE WOODS AND SWAMP.

SAYYER: This is for the birds!

SOLDIER: How long have we been marching like this anyhow?

SAYYER: Since daylight--at least an hour and a half--maybe more. Sure is a heck of a lot of woods and swamp.

SOUND: PARROT BLAST.

MEN ALL YELL IN DIALOGUE OF ARTILLERY.

SAYYER: Hey! Looks like we're almost through...

SOLDIER: Out of the fryin' pan and into the fire.

SAYYER: Yeah, we are through!

......Boy what a sight!

SOLDIER: Yeah, but look over there...(POINTS)

LS OF UNION TROOPS MOVING INTO POSITION

SAYYER: Well, this is it. (LOOKS AT SOLDIER)

GORDON: Good luck....(TURNS FORWARD)

eeeeeeyyyyyaaahhhhhheeeeee!!!!!!!

132 SINSCHMID, Eyewitness, p. 177.

133 OR., 1, X, i, 544.

134 SINSCHMID, Eyewitness, p. 178.
PRENTISS' CAMP. 6:30 AM

COL. MOORE RIDES INTO CAMP.
HE'S FOLLOWED BY RUNNING INFANTRY.

MOORE RUNS DOWN LINE
S救助ING TO INFANTRY THAT
FOLLOWED HIM IN

THEY CARRY WOUNDED TO REAR

行S OF CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS
VISIBLE.

BENTMORE RIDES OFF AND MORE
RUNS BACK TO PRENTISS' TENT

PRENTISS: (RUNNING OUT OF TENT) WHAT IS IT?

MOORE: Our pickets couldn't hold them any
longer, Sir. Rebels—full scale attack!

PRENTISS: Lt. Moore! Sound the alarm!
Get the men into line of battle immedi-
ately!

MOORE: Get those dead and wounded back out
of the way!

SOLDIERS: Yes, Sir.

PRENTISS: (SHOUTS TO MOORE) HOW LONG DO YOU
THINK WE HAVE?

MOORE: I don't know...not long, Sir!

CAPTAIN BENTMORE: (OF PRENTISS' STAFF) LOOK,
SIR! (POINTS TO RIDGE OVERHEAD.)

WILL WE BE READY IN TIME, SIR?

PRENTISS: We'll be ready. Captain Bentmore,
send a messenger to General Smith and
General Hurlbut immediately. Inform them
of our situation.

BENTMORE: Yes, Sir.

MOORE: We're ready, Sir...

PRENTISS: Good job, Col. Moore; at least they
didn't catch us in our tents. Can your
men make up an advance force to give us
a bit more time?

MOORE: We'll do the best we can, Sir, but
there's not a great deal that can be done..
my men are worn out.

PRENTISS: Do your best.
61ST ILLINOIS, PRENTISS' DIVISION. MOST OF CAMP STILL MAKING BREAKFAST.

ENOCHE WALLACE: Hey! Stillwell, your breakfast is ready!

STILLWELL: Thanks...smells good.

SOUND: CARDINAL SINGING LOUDLY IN THE TREE BY THE TENT.

STILLWELL: (POINTING TO BIRD) That bird did it again!

ENOCHE: Now, Leander, you wouldn't want that bird, as you call him, to break a habit now would you? He wakes the whole regiment up every morning and you know it! So don't act like it was some kind of personal offense or something.

STILLWELL: All I know is that's the noisiest bird I ever did hear!

1ST SOLDIER: (POURING COFFEE) You hear what they been saying about him lately?

STILLWELL: Hard tellin'. (POURS COFFEE)

1ST SOLDIER: It's gettin' to be a standin' remark around the camp that bird is a Union Redbird and he's enlisted in our regiment as a musician to sound reveille!

ENOCHE LAUGHS, LEANDER CHUCKLES AND SHAKE HIS HEAD

ENOCHE: (POURING COFFEE) I know is th' same yarn you told me that I just a Redbird.

STILLWELL: Now I've heard everything! But from the sound of his lungs, you might not be far off!

SOUND: BIRD SINGS LOUDLY AND THEN STOPS POP POP OF SMALL ARMS.

1ST SOLDIER: Must be testing powder again. What time is inspection today, anyway?

ENOCHE: Captain said it'd be same as always... Nine o'clock--regular Sunday inspection.

SOLDIER STICKS UP MUD-CAKED BOOT

ENOCHE: Captain said it'd be same as always... Nine o'clock--regular Sunday inspection.

IST SOLDIER: Looks like I got some work ahead of me, before then, don't ya think?

ENOCHE: Sort of looks that way.

IST SOLDIER: (RISES) I best get busy then. See you boys later.

STILLWELL: Looks like everybody else has got

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136 Einschiml, Eyewitness, p. 175.
Li of men sitting around camp, polishing muskets, straightening tents and equipment, etc.

Every man in camp silent, suddenly on his feet looking at the others. Stillwell walks out into the parade street, still holding his coffee cup.

Men scatter everywhere. All is confusion, buckling cartridge boxes, trying to get ready to fight. Officer rides up.

Wheels his horse and rides off. 43 of Leander and Shoch as last fighter getting their equipment.

The two run off into parade street. Form in line. Colonel rides forward.

Hi of Shoch and Leander

Hi of mass of Union infantry

Enoch: Yup. Sure is a beautiful morning. If it gets very warm this afternoon, I might go down to the creek for a swim. Wanta come?

Stillwell: Sounds like a good idea. I just might do that....

Sound: Heavy firing, artillery. Heavy gun, pun... from direction of church.

Stillwell: What was that?

Sound: Fast boching, then low ominous roar.

Enoch: My Lord! It's the Rebels! A battle!

Officer: "My God! This regiment not in line yet? They've been fighting for over an hour?"

Stillwell: This is it....

Enoch: Yeah, and a big one too, by the sound of things.

Col. Jacob Fry: "Load at will! Load!" 138

Enoch: Don't know of anybody who hasn't had the sense to do that yet! (He's whimpering out of the side of his mouth)

Sound: Roar getting louder and louder.

137 Ibid.
138 Ibid.
STANDING WAITING FOR THE BATTLE TO BEGIN. NO SMOKING ALLOWED. ANOTHER IS NERVOUSLY BITING HIS LIP. PAN DOWN THE ROW TO GET REACTIONS OF SOLDIERS.

"TO GODS--LONG NAVY FLASH OF BRIGHT LIGHT.

LONG BROWN LINE WITH MUSKETS AT RIGHT SHOULDER, SHIRT, IN EXCELLENT CAIR, MARCHING RIGHT. SOUNDS TERRIFIC ROAR THROUGH THE WOODS. BLUE SMOKE CURLING UP THROUGH THE TREES.

SOUND: ROAR GETTING LOUDER.

LEANDER: What's that flash?

LEANDER: Looks like sunlight reflecting off of gun barrels and bayonets.

LEANDER: Oh.

LEANDER: Here they come.

SOUND: TERRIFIC DIN AS BOTH SIDES EXCHANGE FIRE.

WHOLE LINE TAKES AIM AND FIRES. SMOKE FILLS SCREEN AND BATTLE HAS BEGUN. DISOLVE.

SAVANNAH: GRANT'S MAIN OFFICE.

6:30 AM.

JOHN RAWLINGS IN OFFICE SORTING MAIL. GRANT ENTERS.

GRANT: Good morning!

RAWLINGS: Good morning, General.

GRANT: A little early in the morning to be doing that, isn't it? Have you eaten?

RAWLINGS: I've been awake since 3 o'clock this morning. Mail steamer came in from Cairo. Well I couldn't get back to sleep, so I got dressed finally and came down here. Captain Hillyer just got back, did you know that?

GRANT: Yes, I saw him on my way down here.

RAWLINGS: I was expecting a letter from Julia today. You haven't seen one have you, John?

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139 Commager, Blue and the Gray, p. 361.

140 Cotton, "Grant at Shiloh," p. 60.
RAILINS: Yes, Sir, I have. I put it in your top desk drawer, so it wouldn't get lost in the shuffle of things.

GRANT: John Rawlins, I thought by now you'd know how dangerous it is to put anything in that drawer! It's sure to get lost in that mess!

RAILINS: Now, Sir. It's not that bad!

GRANT: No, I don't suppose it is, but I'm not much of a housekeeper, am I?

LOCKS THROUGH DRAWER AND FINDS LETTER RIGHT ON TOP.
HILLYER APPEARS AT DOOR.

Here it is.

CAPT. HILLYER: Breakfast is ready, Sir.

GRANT: Good. I'm about famished. We've got a long day ahead of us and you have to start it with a good breakfast! By the way, what time is it?

RAILINS: About 6 o'clock, Sir.

GRANT: (GOING TO TABLE AND SITTING) Good, we've got time yet. I'm planning to move headquarters to Pittsburg today. I'm going to leave most of the details to you men, and I'm going to get up there as soon as I finish my breakfast. Col. Webster, is the Tigress ready?

WEBSTER: Yes, Sir. She's under steam and waiting at the landing, all ready to go.

GRANT: Good. Johnston's cavalry has been just too active in the last 3 or 4 days, and I'm not going to take any chances. I'll ride out to meet General Buell and that should save considerable time. It's too bad you have to take important time away from pressing matters to play political parlor games with other generals. Oh, but that's life I suppose.

McPHOKEN: Sir, do you expect trouble?

GRANT: Well, it's very hard to say for sure, but cavalry activity usually precedes some kind of advance, and I don't want

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141 Ibid.
to be caught with my headquarters down here when I need them up here. Besides that, it's too much confusion spending days at Shab and nights here. There's no point to it.

RAMILNG: Pass the ham please.

HILLYER: Hillyer, you haven't said anything about your leave yet... How was it?

RAMILNG: Illinois is beautiful this time of year.

GRANT: It sure is. Did you get in any fishin'?

HILLYER: No.... I didn't, Sir.

WEBSTER: (LAUGHING) Well, I didn't expect he'd do much fishin', Sir. Not this trip-- eh Hillyer?

RAMILNG: Hey! That's right! Now if I remember correctly, Captain Hillyer had a purpose for asking for a leave just when he did, didn't he J.D.?

WEBSTER: (LAUGHS) He sure did.

RAMILNG: That's what I thought. Well, Hillyer?

HILLYER: Well what?

WEBSTER: Is she or isn't she?

McPHERSON: Is she or isn't she what? Would you two mind letting us in on this little joke?

RAMILNG: Not at all, Colonel. You see, it's this way. Mr. Hillyer has this very pretty little friend back in Illinois....

WEBSTER: Very pretty... He carries her picture everywhere.

RAMILNG: And well, she had a birthday comin' up... oh... last week sometime. Going to be nineteen-- isn't that right, Hillyer?
McPherson: Well, I'd have to say 19 was a pretty marriageable age. Yes, I'd have to say that.

Welling: And if you were a young lady, going to be 19, and seein' how as that's such a marriageable age and all, what would you want for your birthday?

McPherson: (laughs) Oh, a nice, dedicated, courageous, young army staff officer to come all the way to Illinois just to ask me to marry him—I guess.

Webster: Well, that, Gentlemen, is what Captain Hillyer was thinkin'—and that's why our local nice, dedicated, courageous, young army staff officer took his leave when he did.

Welling: What we all want to know is whether congratulations or condolences are in order for this brave young man who travelled hundreds of miles just to lay his head on the block?

Webster: Now that all depends on which way you look at it!

McPherson: Well, Hillyer?

Welling: Can't you see the General is waiting to hear what happened?

Webster: What did she say?

Hillyer: Well, I hate to say this, but when I asked her—she said....yes.

Webster: All right!

Sound: Rumbling in distance.

Grant: Listen! (They all get quiet)

Sound: Rumbling of cannon and gun fire.
FAVOUR: Sir! General Grant!(BRUSHES)  
The Rebs have attacked, sir. No skirmish  
either!

GRANT POURS SOME COFFEE CUP  
AND STANDS

GRANT: "Gentlemen, the ball is in motion.  
Let's be off."

ACTS: WITHIN 15 MINUTES, STAFF, CORDUROY, AND NORSE ARE ABOARD THE  
TIGRESS AND ON THEIR WAY UP STREAM.

Captain Rawlins, I need you to take a  
note to Generals Buell and Nelson. The  
rest of you get everything we need aboard  
aboard the Tigress.

GRANT STRIDES OFF INTO HIS OFFICE  
AND RAWLINS FOLLOWED. OTHERS ALL  
HURRY TO THEIR TASKS, GULPING THE  
LAST OF THEIR COFFEE OR GROGGING  
...LAST SLICE OF ROAST ON THE T.Y.  
DISOLVE.

FS OF HENRY STANLEY AND HENRY  
PARKER MARCHING WITH OTHERS  
INTO BATTLE. NO VS IN VS

SOUND: FIRING. LOUDER AND FASTER.

STANLEY: Seems to me like we're gettin' pretty  
close to the trouble, doesn't it.

PARKER: Yeah, "that enemy is waking up!"  
STANLEY: We're marching more quickly too.

BURST OF FIRE...AIR FILLED  
WITH BULLETS HUMMING THROUGH  
TREES. SHOWER OF LEAVES AND  
THINGS FALL DOWN.

HENRY PARKER: (WHISPER WITH ME) "Those are  
bullets."

J.P.: SMITH:"They are at it already. Stand  
by, Gentlemen."

CAPTAIN RIDES UP.

SUDDENLY REGIMENT NEXT TO THEM  
BEGIN FIRING.  
SOUND: AWFUL NOISE.

PARKER: "We're in for it now."

AS THEY Move OUT OF WOODS AND SMITH: Forward, Gentlemen,...  
INTO A FIELD

Make ready!  

143 Gattol, "Grant at Shiloh," p. 69.

144 Stanley, Autobiography, p. 183.
FORCES CURSING FOR ART IN RESPONSE. CU OF PAT TROOPS FLYING WILD FLOWERS IN THE GRASS AND SUNLIGHT STREAMING THROUGH THE TREES. LS OF UNION CAMPS AND CIVIL FIELDS BETWEEN CAMPS AND CONFEDERATES. CU OF PARKER AND SMITH.

JIMMY: "There they are!"

SMITH: "Aim low men! FIRE!!"

Suddenly the blue line fires back. Can't see individuals thru the awful smoke, firing roaring. Move forward to the tents. As of JANNELL HOLDING, FIRING. All throw tightly. every one around him, solid, bold, totally absorbed in what they must do.

STANLEY LOOKS UPLESS ACROSS field with CONFEDERATE BAND-MAH. Lt. JON AND SMITH. SMITH RIDING IN MIDST OF OTHER MEN, URGING THEM UP. LS OF UNION LINE. LS OF CONFEDERATE LINE, gradually out deterioring as moving forward. PS OF SMITH ON HORSE

SMITH: (SHOUTS) Fix bayonets!

STANLEY AND PARKER EXCHANGE CHANCE AS THEY FIX BAYONETS.

LS AS BLUE CONFEDERATE LINE STANDS FORWARD WITH A WILD REBEL YELL; UNION LINE BREAKS AND FALLS BACK.

PARKER: "They fly. They fly!"

LS AS REBEL BREAK INTO A FULL RUN PURSUING THE UNION FORCES THROUGH THEIR CAMPS. LS OF SECOND GROUP OF CAMPS ACROSS ANOTHER FIELD. UNION TROOPS THROWN TERRIBLE VOILETS AT THEM, BUT CONFEDERATES COME EXTRAS-

SMITH: Lie down, men, and continue firing!!
STANLEY AND PARKER FALL BEHIND A FALLEN LOG. CU OF

STANLEY

STANLEY: We showed them, didn't we old boy!

PARKER: Sure did! How many of us are there behind this log anyway?

STANLEY: Looks like around twelve. At least one can think here!

PARKER: Yeah... and you can see what's going on---almost!

SOUND: MINNIE BALLS STRIKING OTHER SIDE OF
LOG AND BOUNCING OFF.

PARKER: What's that sound?

STANLEY: Minnie balls---striking the other side of this log.

MAN BEHIND LOG RAISES HEAD
AND CHEST AS IF TO YELL, JUST
BEFORE STANLEY

BALL STRIKES MAN IN FACE AND
CHEST. HE FALLS WITH HIS FACE
TO THE SKY. PARKER STAYS
STANDING AT THE MAN.

STANLEY: (SHOUTS) Henry! Pay attention
to your own business!

ON THE OTHER SIDE A MINNIE
BALL RIPPED UNDER THE LOG AND
STRUCK A MAN IN THE LOG

MAN: Ahhhh!

PARKER: Jeb! Where you hit!

MAN: Leg... ain't too bad...

MAN II: (RIEING) It's gettin' too hot, boy!
Come on you lilly-livered cowards!
Let's----

BULLET SKIMS OFF TOP OF LOG
AND STRIKES HIM IN FOREHEAD.
HE IS STOPPED IN THE MIDDLE
OF A SENTENCE AND FALLS DEAD. SMITH: "Forward! Forward!"

MASON: "Come on, boys! Forward! Let's give it to 'em!"

MS OF STANLEY AS HE STANDS TO
MOVE FROM THE LOG.

PARKER: "Oh, Stop, PLEASE stop a bit. I have been hurt and I can't move!"

Ibid., p. 193.
FS OF PARKER, HIS FOOT IS NAGGED
STANLEY TURNS TO AIL

TAKES CARTER FROM SHOULDER.

STANLEY: I've got to go, Henry... you be all right? I'll come back for you when I can..... Do you have water.

PARKER: (IN MUCH PAIN) No, mine got shot clean through...

STANLEY: Take this one then. Take care...

PARKER: (SHOUTING TO BE HEARD OVER NOISE) Good luck, Henry!

LS AS STANLEY BECOMES LOST IN THE MASS OF CHARGING CONFEDERATES. PARKER COLLAPSED BACK AGAINST THE LOG.

FS OF STANLEY CHARGING WITH OTHERS. FS OF JEN, SMELL AND CANISTER FILL THE AIR.
STORY RUNS OUT INTO OPEN. FS.
FINDS HIMSELF ALONE AND TURNS TO HIM:

STORY: "Why don't you come on, boys? You see there is no danger!"

SOUND: REBEL YELLS

STORY: "Let's give 'em hell, boys... hug 'em plumb center every time!"

SOUND: LARGER REBEL YELL

STORY: "Forward! Forward! Don't give 'em breathing time!"

BLUE LINE DISJOINS INTO DOUBLE QUICK RUN AT. CONFEDERATES CHEER AND RUN AFTER THEM WITH JOY.

STANLEY: "They go! They're retreating!"

STORY: Give 'em Hell! By golly! Look at them blue-bellies run! Whooppppesss!!!

STANLEY: Two rows of camps in two hours—not bad; not bad at all.

STORY: Whoopppppppppppppesss!!!

STANLEY: I'm exhausted; Newton aren't you even tired? Hey! Newton! New--
STARSLY STRUCK BY A BULLET AND DOUBLES OVER; STRUCK IN THE STOMACH, FALLS TO GROUND.

CU OF HIM LYING UNCONSCIOUS.

LS OF CONFEDERATE TROOPS RUNNING THROUGH THE FIELD AFTER THE YANKS.

DISOLVE.

MESSANGER RIDES INTO CAMP.

STUART RIDES FROM CHAIR, COFFEE CUP IN HAND.

MESSANGER: (OUT OF BREATH) Col. Stuart!

STUART: What is it?

MESSANGER: Gen. Prentiss sent me to tell you that the enemy is attacking his front with force and to prepare for battle!

STUART: Understood. Tell General Prentiss we are making the necessary arrangements.

MESSANGER: Yes, Sir.

STUART: (SHOUTS) Col. Halmberg!

HALMBORG: Yes, Sir!

STUART: I have just receive word from Gen. Prentiss that the Rebels are attacking his front with great force. We are to expect them at any time now. Get the men in line of battle and send a messenger to Gen. McArthur of Hurlbut's division, in case they haven't been alerted!

HALMBORG: Yes, Sir! (SHOUTS) Sergeant!!

CROOKER: Col. Stuart! Col.

STUART: Yes! What is it?

CROOKER: Our pickets! They've just reported a large force of Rebels with artillery advancing on Burk Road...

STUART: All right! Get your men ready. They're gonna mean business.

CROOKER: Now are things here, Eli?

LAWRENCE: I think we're ready, Lu, as ready
as we'll ever be....

CROCKER: I hate to say it, but I was afraid of something like this.

LAWRENCE: Well, you were right, all right. Now I'd wished you were wrong.

CROCKER: He, too.

LAWRENCE: Straighten up that line there! Rebs could march a whole regiment thru it! Tighten up!

CROCKER: I don't think I'll ever be able to tolerate that man....

LAWRENCE: Well, I'll bet we'll see if all his bragging and fancy talk will pull us out of this mess!

CROCKER: Mighty high price to pay to laugh in his face!

LAWRENCE: I don't think we're going to have a lot to say about it....Good luck, Eli.

CROCKER: Good Luck, Eli....

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BELLOW.

THREE STANDS UP TO LANDING WHERE NOW WALLACE IS STANDING ON DECK OF HIS IBO BOAT. REPEET TO WALLACE TO BOAT'S STEM

UNIT: Wallace! There's trouble at Pittsburg! The Confederates are attacking on a full scale! Hold your division ready for further orders.

WALLACE: Yes, Sir!

WALLACE: Saddle a horse for us. And prepare to march!

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149 Catton, "Grant at Shiloh," p. 69.
THOMPSON: I (JOHNSTON!); SIR; how does it look, General?

JOHNSTON: Well, enough, I suppose. Hardee is within one half mile of the union camps in his rear positions. Advise Gen. Securegard to send strong reinforcement to the left. The enemy is there in great 150 force.

THOMPSON: Yes, Sir.

JOHNSTON: I've got two of Breckinridge's bri-gades on their way up to Lick Creek on the right, but we may have to shift them to the left.

JORDON: Look out, General!

THOMPSON: General, are you all right?

JOHNSTON: Yes, of course. (pats horse) Easy, boy, easy... Thank you, Jordan.

JORDON: Anytime, Sir, anytime.

JOHNSTON: The artillery seems especially heavy toward the center, don't you think?

THOMPSON: It does seem that way, Sir.

JOHNSTON: That is going to make things a bit more difficult...

WICKHAM: Breckinridge is moving down the Park Road as ordered, Sir.

JOHNSTON: Very good. It looks as though things are going fairly well. I don't think those Yankee lines are going to hold much longer...

COURIER APPROACHES.

COURIER: General Johnston...

JOHNSTON: Yes...

COURIER: Major Smith sent me with word that the Bolling and Turner fords are not
JOHNSON: Thank you, Lieutenant. Yes, things are going quite well, I'd say.

...Good work, men. Keep it up and we'll drive them all the way to the river!

SOLDIER: You bet we will, General!

SOLDIER: Let's hear it for the General!

SAM: Seems to me we've been marching for hours now. Do you suppose we'll ever get to sit down again.

MAC: I rather doubt it.

SAM: Any idea whom exactly we are headed?

MAC: I heard Col. Handy tell somebody we was goin' to relieve Sladden's Brigade....There sure is a lot of firing up there, isn't there?

SAM: Sure is...Sure wish I could tell what was goin' on around here....

OFFICER: Eyes right! Guide center! Close up this line!

SAM: All that put an end to that!

ANDY: Sure did.

MAC: I get so sick of officers shouting orders in my ear! You'd think they didn't have anything better to do....

ANDY: That was pretty close... (STEM off)

MAC: Sure was....

SIR: Looks like you're going to get a chance to get at them Blue Bellies, Mac.
MAC: You bet! (NOT ... EXULTED)
SAM: Mac, your not scared like the rest of us common mortals, now, are you?
L C: Who me? Not on your mother's grave!
SAM: (SHAKING HEAD) Somehow, I didn't think so....
SOUND: FIRING GETS MORE INTENSE. SHOT EXPLODES KEENER AND KEENER. FIRING APPROACHES A ROCK.
ANDY: Sam...
SAM: What...? (DIFFICULT TO HEAR)
ANDY: (SHOUTS) Sam!
SAM: Yeah, what is it? (SHOUTS BACK)

ANDY POINTS TOWARD LITTER CORPS CARRYING DEAD AND KNUCKLED OFF THE FIELD

STOPS IN MIDDLE OF SENTENCE AS LITTER GOES BY WITH DEAD MAN ON IT

ANDY: Look...
SAM: I...

...recon we better hope they do do their job well....
ANDY: (VISIBLY SHOCK) Oh, Dear God....
SAM: You'll make it, boy, if you keep your head about you...you'll make it.
ANDY: I don't see how nothing can help you out of there, Sam. I just don't see...
SAM: Maybe not...I recon if it's your time, it's your time. Maybe all we can do is ask the Lord that we be ready when it comes and...face it like a man.

ANDY LOOKS AT SAM FOR A MOME- NENT AND THEN LOOKS AHEAD TOWARD THE ARMY. GLADDEN RIDES BY, REGETS ... COURIER, THEN RIDES BACK TOWARD THE FRONT. FIRING GETS HEAVIER.

MANNY RIDES UP

MANNY: All right men, this is it. Good luck, and fellow orders. Double quick, and prepare to fire at command.

TROOPS SQUAD WHICH AIM FALLING WITH THE ALABAMA DIVISION AND BECOME LOST IN THE FIRING. GU OF SAM, TALK ANDY AS THEY RUN INTO BATTLE. OTHERS RUNNING TERRIFIED. SAM AND HIS REGIMENT TAUNT THEM.

MS OF MAC AND JIMMY WEBSTER RUNNING AND FIRING. SMOKE IS DENSE, FIRING CONTINUES, MS OF UNION LINES FALLING BACK. BLUE RINGS OF SMOKE AND ROLL OF WHITE PATES. CONFEDERATES RELOAD AND CHARGE, ADVANCE FROM BEHIND BALES OF HAY. GLADEN'S HORSE REARS AS CANNON SHOT EXPLODES. HE FALLS TO GROUND DEAD. 154

SAM LOADING GUN, LOOKS UP TO SEE A SNIPER READY TO SHOOT HIM, SUDDENLY AIMES, MAN FALLS DEAD BEFORE HE CAN FIRE. TURNS... B.F. SAWYER HOLDING RIFLE.

SAM: Why... you're...

SAWYER: Yeah.

SAM: Thanks...

SAWYER: Nothin'.

ANDY: (POINTING TOWARD GLADEN'S BODY) Wasn't that Gen. Gladen?

SAM: Looked like it--there's nothin' we can do for him--c'mon!

SAWYER: Boy them Yanks is sneaky, ain't they?

SAM: Where'd you come from?

SAWYER: 24TH Alabama, that's who you all came up to support!

SAM: I wanna thank you again...

SAWYER: Ain't nothin'--you keep your eye on me, and I'll keep a look-out for you, and both of us ought to come out of this mess in one piece--with a little luck!

SAM: Ain't your unit that's running scared back there?

SAWYER: Well maybe they are, but I ain't!
SAM: anybody know who we're fighting?

SAWYER: I heard some one--Gladden, I think--say it was some Union General named Prentiss.

SAM: I’ll remember that--Prentiss!156

ANDY: Sam, you okay?

SAWYER: Yeah, thanks to Sawyer, here...

ANDY: Hey! I re....

SAWYER: Yeah! Learn your Rebel yell, Kid?

ANDY: I--

SAWYER: (MOTIONING TO THEM) Come on, we're losing our unit! We got a war to fight!

ANDY: BEEEEEYYYAAAAARHHHHHBBBSSSSS!!

ANDY: BEEEEEYYYAAAAARHHHHHBBBSSSSS!!

MASON: Excuse me, Sir, but we've taken the second row of camps, Sir. A few casualties, but not many.

HINDEMAN: Very good, Lieutenant.

MASON RIDES OFF.

HARDEE RIDES DOWN THE LINE, HEAVY FIGHTING, SHOT, CANNISTER, BODIES IN THE FIELD, ETC. COMES UP TO JOHNSTON DIRECTING THE BATTLE HIMSELF.

JOHNSTON: All right! You men! The enemy's shaken! Get out of that ravine and go after him! Forward!!! Forward!!

Well, how is the center holding up, General?

155 Ibid., p. 455.

156 Ibid., p. 567.
HARDEE: Hindeman's Brigade is doing quite well— they've taken the second row of camps already. General Wood charged a battery on a hill—the one that was causing so much trouble a while ago. He captured six guns with the 2nd and 27th Tennessee and the 16th Alabama.

JOHNSON: Good. That should make our way a little easier. What about casualties?

HARDEE: Well, the 6th Mississippi lost more than 300 men killed and wounded in the first charge. They only had 425 to begin with, according to their commander, Col. Thornton. Col. Bate of that unit was seriously wounded.

JOHNSON: Brave men.....

HARDEE: Col. Christopher Williams of the 27th Alabama was killed. Gen. Wood has been thrown from his horse and temporarily disabled. His surgeons say he should be able to ride by this afternoon. Col. Patterson has taken over his command.

JOHNSON: And how is Gladden's brigade doing—and Cleburne?

HARDEE: Last I knew Cleburne had the 2nd Tennessee and the 15th Arkansas with skirmishes in the field trying to outflank the enemy, but they were under heavy fire. That was about a half hour ago. Gladden is hitting Prentiss with some success, but getting heavy resistance.

JOHNSON: Well, it seems the Yanks are putting up a considerable fight this morning, but we're winning, aren't we, Hardee? We surely are!

HARDEE: Yes, Sir, the way things look, we surely are!

JOHNSON: And just between you and me, Gen. Hardee, we're going to win this whole blasted war!(NODS HIS DETERMINATION) See you at the Tennessee!

JOHNSON RIDES FORWARD DOWN THE GULLY TO THE MEN

Forward, men! Forward! Aim low! 159

157 Ibid., p. 568.
158 Ibid., p. 567.
159 Ibid., p. 404.
DISOLVE TO PITTSBURG LANDING:
TIGRESS Pulls in and docks,
Stragglers who have run away
Beginning to gather on the
banks of the river. Rawlins
and hillyer on deck of TIGRESS
Discussing men at bank.

Hillyer: Those men... what are they?

Rawlins: They've run away. The cowards!
Their run away!

Hillyer: It must be pretty bad...

Sound: TERRIFIC BOOM OF ARTILLERY.

Rawlins: (Nodding and looking toward the sound)
Yes, it sounds that way....

TIGRESS Docks**14 OF GRANT
As he moves on deck ready to get
off as soon as reach landing.
Dock... Grant to landing

Grant: Col. McPherson, you and Captain Rowley
get to work and get this ammunition to
the front. You're going to have to watch
it closely and find out which units have
which kinds of weapons and how mixed up
they are. One day maybe we'll have stand-
ardized weapons, but until then... You've
got a job ahead of you.

McPherson: Yes, Sir.

Grant: (Shouts) Captain Baxter!

Baxter: Yes, Sir!

Grant: Get on the Tigress and go back to Crump's
Landing and tell Wallace to march into
Pittsburg by the road nearest the river!

Baxter: Yes, Sir!

Grant: (Indicating two regiments waiting at
top of bank) Who are those men?

Rawlins: Two Iowa regiments, Sir. Waiting
orders and ammunition.

Grant: (To soldiers) Who is in command here?

James T. Ried: (Steps forward) I am, Sir.

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160 Catton, "Grant at Shiloh," p. 70.

161 Harold Lew Wallace, "Lew Wallace's March to Shiloh Revisited,"
Indiana Magazine of History, LIX (March, 1963), pp. 122-123.
OFFICER LOOKS AT HIM BLANKLY

REID SNAPS TO ATTENTION AND SALUTES.
GRANT IMMEDIATELY TURNS AND RIDES TOWARD THE FRONT FOLLOWED BY RAWLINGS AND HILLYER.
DISSOLVE TO BATTLE SCENE WITH W.H.L. WALLACE.

LS OF REBEL CHARGE. DRIVEN BACK. WALLACE HOLDS MEN STANDY RIDDING UP AND DOWN THE LINE.
LS OF GRANT AND STAFF AP- PROACHING. MS AS GRANT RIDES UP TO WALLACE. FIRING HEAVY AS GRANT SPEAKS WITH WALLACE. WALLACE AND GRANT SALUTE AND GRANT RIDES OFF TO HURLBUT.

GRANT IS WEARING HIS SWORD AND AND A BUFF BASH AND ONE IOWA SOLDIER SAID "(HE) WORE AN ANXIOUS LOOK YET SOME NO EV- IDENCE OF EXCITEMENT OF TREP- IDATION." ANOTHER SAID HE WAS SMOKING A CIGAR "SEEMING AS COOL AS IF HE WERE MAKING A ROUTINE INSPECTION" AND FELT THE MEN SALUTED REASSURED BY HIS PRESENCE.

SOLDIER: (TO MAN NEXT TO HIM) He sure does look calm, doesn't he?

SOLDIER II: Yup, he sure does. You'd think this was a routine inspection or somethin'.

SOLDIER: I wish to heck it was!

SOLDIER II: It can't be too bad, or he'd be actin' different!

SOLDIER: I recom....

SOUND: SHELL EXPLODES NEAR BY DOCK.

163 Fuller, Generalship, p. 72.
LS OF GRANT RIDING ON, MEN CHEER HIM. DISOLVE TO SHOT OF GRANT NOW APPROACHING SHERMAN. SHERMAN IS COVERED WITH DUST AND HIS TAIL IS ARCHED AROUND TO THE SIDE SO THAT IT SITS OUT UNDER ONE EAR. HE'S COOL AND AT EASE.

GRANT: (SALUTING) Sherman, how goes it?

SHERMAN: We're holding--for now--I can't say how much longer. We're putting up a damn good fight, I'll say that!

GRANT: It looks that way!

SHERMAN: All in all the situation is not too bad, Sir.

GRANT: Good. You reassure me. Ammunition is on the way up. I'm going to see Prentiss now; you're doing a good job, Sherman--a good job.

HILLYAR: (TO RAWLINGS) I never pretended to be a hero, but (SHELL EXPLODES TO RIGHT)...this isn't any too safe!

RAWLINGS: (BALL STRIKES TREE BEHIND HIM, HORSE REARS) None too safe at all! In fact it's plain suicide to stay here!

HILLYAR: (ANOTHER SHOT EXPLODES) I'm scared to death, I don't mind tellin' you! My Lord!

RAWLINGS: "Well, go tell the old man to leave here, for God's sake!"

HILLYAR: (SHAKING HIS HEAD) "Tell him yourself. He'll think me afraid, and so I am, but he can't think so!"

RAWLINGS: (ANOTHER SHELL EXPLODES, THIS TIME CLOSER THAN THE LAST) Yeah! and a lot of good that will do your little friend back in Illinois! What will she do with a dead hero--tell me that!

HILLYAR: (GULPS SLIGHTLY, BUT SHAKES HEAD) I don't care what you say, John, I'm not

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164 Catton, 'Grant at Shiloh,' p. 72.
165 Ibid.
going to tell HIM what to do! If you want to move—you tell him!

RAWLINS: (TURNING HIS HORSE) All right! I'll do just that! I'm not going to get killed over such foolishness or his absentmindedness! "General, we must leave this place. It isn't necessary to stay here. If we do we shall be dead (SHELL EXPLODES) in five minutes!"

GRANT: (MUTTERS) "I guess that's so." 167

HILLYER: (RIDES TO RAWLINS) You know, it's almost as though he enjoyed it—the danger I mean.

RAWLINS: You know something, I think he does...

ENCCH: Leander! Leander! I don't think we can hold much longer!

LEANDER: Me neither! We stay here much longer and we'll be dead for sure!

COL. FRY: Fall back! Fall back! Easy men! Fall back! Keep firing!

ENCCH: Look! We're outflanked on the right! No wonder it got so hot up there!

LEANDER: I was too busy loadin' and firin' to pay much attention...whew!

ENCCH: Well don't stop now!!!!

LEANDER: How long do you think we'll be able to hold them?

166 Ibid.

167 Ibid.
LS OF TROOPS FALLING BACK IN LINE.

COlleO)l Rides up on gray horse and rides into ranks.

LS OF CONFEDERATES RUSHING INTO THE CAMP.

ENSCH: I don't know! But there sure are enough of us--(indicates left and right) as far as you can see--lines of blue!

LEander: Here come's Col. Fry!

ENSCH: Look at that! Just look at that, will you! There are enough of them too, I'd say.

LEander: I see it. Turns my stomach, if you want to know the truth.

ENSCH: Look at that "gaudy" thing, if you will! I'll bet that's the Rebel flag...

ENSCH: I don't see any other anywhere....

LEander: I ain't seen a Rebel flag before, Ensch. I don't quite know why, but the sight of it sort of chills my blood.

ENSCH: I know what you mean! (Fires gun) Look at them Rebels come. They ain't stoppin' for nothin'!

Hey! What's happenin'!

LEander: I think it's a new kind of order of retreat--"get out of here as quick as you can!"

LEander: Ensch! I just thought! My knapsack! All my letters from home! My pictures! I just can't leave them all!

ENSCH: Don't be a fool!

LEander: "I'm going back after them! I will save my knapsack anyhow!"

SUDDENLY EVERYBODY GETS UP AND RUSHES TOWARD THE REAR.

BOTH GET UP AND RETREAT WITH OTHERS DOWN THE COMPANY STREET OCCASIONALLY TURNING AND FIRING AT THE ENEMY. RUN FAST LARGE MAN PANT.

LEander STARTS TO THE CAMP AND CATCHES A GLANCE AT THE SWARM OF CONFEDERATES FILLING THE STREET, TURNS AND

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169 Ibid., p. 366.
ENOCH: I thought....
LEANDER: I changed my mind!

ADJUTANT CRAMER: (TO COL. FRY) "Dose are
troops of General Hurlbut. He is
forming a new line dere in de bush."

LEANDER: There sure are enough of them!
"Bully for General Hurlbut and the new
line in the bush! Maybe we'll whip 'em yet!"

...I don't see how this could have happened
Enoch!

ENOCH: Me neither. But it sure did, didn't
it!

LEANDER: I know we have to fall back-strategy
and all, but what will they say about all
this back home? What will they say?
It's a disgrace, that's what it is!...a
pure disgrace....

ENOCH: Let's get out of here!

ENOCH: Well at least we ain't runnin' no more.
I thought my side was gonna burst, it
hurt so bad from runnin'!

LEANDER: Don't mistake, Enoch, we may be walkin'\nbut the battle's back there, and we're\ngoin' the opposite direction. In plain
language, we're runnin' away!

ENOCH: I guess you're right, but we ain't got\nanythin' to say about which way we're\ngoin'.....

LEANDER: Just wait till the folks back home\nhear we ran half a mile and let those\nRebs take our camp! You just wait. How\nare those folks gonna hold their heads\nup? How are we gonna hold our heads up?

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Ibid., p. 362.
It's a disgrace, that's what it is, and I can't help it, it don't set well with me at all...

ENCH: It wouldn't set any better, I don't suppose, if you was dead, would it?

LEANDER (LOOKS HIM SQUARE IN THE EYES) Sometimes it's better to be dead--so long as you're not shot with your tail to the enemy that's shootin' you!

I'm gonna see if I can't find some water...wanna come?

ENCH: No, you go on. Two of us might get caught. I ain't thirsty anyhow... and if I get that way, I got water here.

LEANDER: All right...see you later...

ENCH: HEAVY ARTILLERY FIRE, BUT NOT AS HEAVY AS IN PAST. SOUNDS FARTHER AWAY.

LEANDER SELPS OUT OF THE RANKS AND CAMERA FOLLOWS THEM DOWN THE ROAD A BIT. LEANDER GOES THROUGH BUSHES INTO A LITTLE HOLLOW LOOKING FOR WATER.

FINALLY FIND A LITTLE POOL; THROWS HIMSELF ON GROUND AND DRINKS. CONCENTRATING ON DRINKING AND DOESN'T SEE RIDER APPROACHING. LOCKS UP TO SEE HORSE HOOVES BEHIND HIM.

CAMERA FOLLOWS LEANDER'S SIGHT AS HE LOCKS UP THE HORSE AND REACHES FOR RIFLE.

ADJUTANT CRAMER ON HORSE.

LEANDER VISIBLELY RELIEVED.

CRAMER: No need of dat, soldier!

LEANDER: You gave me a start, Adjutant!

CRAMER: I cot 'ave just as easily been a Rebel and you would be det by now...

LEANDER: I know. I know..."Adjutant, what does this mean our having to run this way? Ain't we whipped?"

CRAMER GETS OFF HORSE AND DRINKS FROM POOL.

CRAMER BLOWS THE WATER FROM HIS MUSTACHE AND ANSWERS CRAMER: (QUICKLY AND IN CARELESS WAY) "Oh,

171 Ibid., p. 363.
Cramer mounts and rides off.
Leander slowly picks up his hat and starts back up the bank, shaking his head.

Looks at Cramer riding up hill.

Leander slaps his hat against his side in despair and disgust and begins to climb the hill....
Dissolve back to unit.
Sneoch marching with rest of column. Leander catches up.

Col. Madison Miller rides up quickly and pulls up next to Col. Fry. They talk.

Miller rides back down the line and Fry comes over to address the men.

Fry leads the way and the men fall in behind him.

Men climb the slope, bullets buzz overhead.

Leander: (Muttering) Private Leander Stillwell... 61st Illinois, 2nd Brigade, 6th Division. General Prentiss commanding... I wonder what the papers will have to say about us—-they ran a mile and a half....

...... How can he know we'll whip them? How can he know? Gen. B. M. Prentiss, I sure hope you know what you're doing... I sure hope you know, 'cause I sure as hell don't....

Sneoch: Did you get your drink?

Leander: Yup.

Sneoch: Hey, what's Col. Miller doing in such a hurry?

Leander: Talking to Col. Fry about something. He's the brigade commander, so it must be important.

Fry: We've been detached from Prentiss, men. We're ordered to support a battery on the right. Let's go.

...... It's on the top of this slope, so keep your heads down.

Sneoch: Hey, the Col. was right! If you hug the hill, you can shoot at the Rebs down there, but their minnie balls go right over your head!
LEANDER: Well, don't let your head get too big, or some Johnny'll shoot if off fer ya!

ENoch: Ooooh! Ain't you the pleasant one!

LEANDER: (POINTING OVER TO CLUMP OF TREES) Enoch! Look! Ain't that General Grant?

ENoch: By golly, it sure looks like him!

LEANDER: He's gonna get himself killed if he stays there!

ENoch: I don't know how a man can have enough sense to run an army, if he don't even know to get out of the way of shell and shot! That's plain crazy!

LEANDER: But look! He doesn't seem to notice it--complete indifference!!! One of his staff is gettin' him out of there... that's good.

ENoch: So that was General Grant...

LEANDER: I guess it was...

ENoch: Those're Rebels down there, and if we don't get down to business, we're gonna have a mess on our hands!

LEANDER: Enoch, I believe you're right!

GANT IS IN THE CLEARING CONCENTRATING ON THE BATTLE. FINALLY RAWLINGS GOES TO HIM AND POINTS TO SAFER POSITION ...SHOT SO HEAVY IT'S BLOWING OFF THE TOPS OF TREES.

ENoch: Tho'ere Rebels down there, and if we don't get down to business, we're gonna have a mess on our hands!

COL. WILLIAM FRANTON, CAIF. WICKLIFS AND ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSON OBSERVING BATTLE FROM LOINIAN CAMP, 9:30 AM.

173 Ibid.
ROSS OF WHITE TERROR, UNION FLAG
IN JOHNSTON'S POSSESSION, CAPT.
LOCKEY RIDES UP TO JOHNSTON.

JOHNSTON: What is it, Capt. Lockett?

LOCKEY: The enemy is strongly posted on the
left, Sir, just as you suspected. They
are givin' us quite a bit of trouble...

JOHNSTON: Wickliffe! Preston! Ride back
and order Breckinridge to move to the
left!

PRESTON: Yes, Sir!

HARRIS: Anything I can do, Sir?

JOHNSTON: Not right now, Governor...what a
mess!

HARRIS: Sir?

JOHNSTON: Look at that!

I can't believe the confusion! Bragg's
line has advance through Harder's until
the two are completely intermingled! Now
how do you keep an order of command in
a situation like that? How? Command
arrangements are completely dissolved?

I don't understand it, yet we're winning!
No one can deny that...it's costing a
terrible price, but we're winning!

I've got to check these lines. The left
should be doing better now...I may not
need Breckinridge's forces over there
after all....

174Catton, Terrible Swift Sword, p. 232.
HARRIS: I agree, Sir. The right is bad. Chalmers and Jackson are having a bad time of it.

JOHNSTON: All right! We're going to make that the focal point of the battle! Preston! Go back and get Breckinridge and tell him we need him--more of his troops on the right!

PRESTON: Yes, Sir!

JOHNSTON: Here comes a reserve unit now; I'll move them into position myself... You wait here, Harris for any new information. I'll be right back. "A few more charges and the day is ours." 175

Come on, men! Let's go get those Yankees!

MEN: CHEER WILDLY.

KILLER: The 61st Illinois is on its way. Col. Jacob Fry is taking them over to the battery right now.

PRENTISS: I'm going to hate to lose that unit... and Col. Fry...For an untrained group they fought extremely well. Ahh, but they were needed elsewhere. If that battery doesn't hold....

KILLER: Yes, Sir.

.. Do you have any idea when we're going to make a stand, Sir?

PRENTISS: As soon as we find an adequate place...


176 OR., I, X, i, 279.
MOORE RIDES BACK ACROSS THE FIELD TO HICKENLOOPER WITH THE FIFTH CHIO BATTERY

MOORE RIDES BACK TO PRENTISS AS THE BATTERY MOVES OUT AND BACK.

POUNDS ACROSS FIELD
RAISES OF MEN IN BLUE COME FURRING ACROSS THE FIELD
WAITING ONLY TO TURN AND FIRE. AS OF ROAD AND FENCE AS MEN LEAP OVER THE RAIL FENCE TO FIND COVER.

MOORE: Sir, I've found a place. I think we can hold them off!

PRENTISS: Good, where is it?

MOORE: About a quarter of a mile further back. A road--more like a cow path actually, but it's sunken, just enough to offer good cover I think, and there's a rail fence on the Confederate side, and a large field they'll have to cross.

PRENTISS: And behind it?

MOORE: Forest, Sir; it's pretty thick, but it will offer more cover if we need it...

PRENTISS: Good. We'll regroup at the Sunken Road. Get the artillery back there to cover our troops as they cross that field!

MOORE: Yes, Sir!

...Captain Hickenlooper! Get your battery back there to the road and prepare to cover!

HICKENLOOPER: Yes, Sir! (TURNS TO MEN) Lieutenant!

PRENTISS: W.R.L. Wallace is over to our right, we should get support from him, and from the looks of things, Hurlbut could make a stand down the road on the left.

MOORE: Looks that way, Sir.

HICKENLOOPER: The battery is nearly in place, Sir.

PRENTISS: Very good.

....Here come the men! Give them cover!

MOORE: (POINTING TO LEFT AND ALITTLE) Look! Sir! Hurlbut and Wallace!
AS FAR AS THE EYE CAN SEE,
UNION FORCES FILLING THE ROAD.

FS OF HICKENLOOPER AT BATTERY.
ARTILLERY IN CONSTANT USE.

HICKENLOOPER: (TO MAN NEXT TO HIM) Look at Prentiss! I never saw such restless energy! He's a man who takes his job earnestly, I'll tell you that!

MAN: He's got gum, I say that for him! Real gumption!

FS AS COL. MADISON MILLER IS GIVING ORDERS TO MEN, PLACING THEM IN PROPER LOCATIONS. 178
HE IS COOL, CALM.
LS OF WHOLE LINE, SHORT PERIOD OF RELATIVE QUIET.
MEN IN ROWD, ON STOCHES, GUNS READY, ARTILLERY BEFORE THEM.
MILLER RIDES UP TO PRENTISS

MILLER: The men are ready, Sir.

PRENTISS: Well, that's good, for the Rebels should be comin' out of those woods just any time now.

SOUND: FIRING GROWS NEARER, SKIRMISH TRILL.

MOORE: Look, Sir! Here they come!

SOUND: MASSIVE REBEL YELL.

LS OF WOOD, LINES OF GRAY
EMERGE SLOWLY FROM THE WOODS.
THEN SUDDENLY THEY BREAK INTO A CHARGE.
FS OF HICKENLOOPER AT BATTERY AND ALL GUNS FIRING IN RAPID SUCCESSION! LS OF FIELD, EXPLODING SHOT, CONFEDERATES FALL BACK QUICKLY.

FS OF UNION TROOPS CHEERING.
FS OF HICKENLOOPER, SMILES, SATISFIED WITH WORK.

PRENTISS: Get ready, men; they'll be back!

177 Einschiml, Eyewitness; p. 187.
178 OR., I, X, i, 279.
179 Einschiml, Eyewitness; p. 187.
MEN SETTLE DOWN AND WAIT FOR
THE NEXT CHARGE. 180

BE.JJ

PRENTISS: (RISING UP TO HICKENLOOPER) Good
job, Captain, good job!

HICKENLOOPER: It's so quiet, sir....

SOUND: BOOM OF DISTANT BATTERY

PRENTISS: Yes, I know. I could stand a
little noise right now, I think. Help
ease the tension.

HICKENLOOPER: Yeah....

...They're going to have trouble knocking
us out of here, I think.

PRENTISS: You bet they will. We've got to
hold this position...I'm sick of running
if you want to know the truth of the
matter!

HICKENLOOPER: (SMILING) You said it, General!
We're all with you, one hundred per cent!

MOORE: Here they come again!

LS OF FIELD...BODIES IN TALL
GRASS

HICKENLOOPER LOOKS ACROSS
FIELD

LS OF FIELD, REBEL CHARGE.
ARTILLERY, THIS TIME THEY
FIGHT LONGER.

LS OF MEN AT ROAD ERING
AS FAST AS POSSIBLE.
GENERAL BATTLE SCENE.
CONFEDERATES WITHDRAW.

NEW TROOPS APPROACH FROM
REAR. COLONEL REPORTS TO
PRENTISS.

MOORE: Here they come again!

KILLSR: (TO MOORE) Those Rebs don't give up
easy, do they?

MOORE: No, they don't--but neither do we!

COL. TINDALL: 23rd Missouri, reporting, Sir.
Col. Tindall commanding.

PRENTISS: Good. Glad to have you, Tindall.
I'm Gen. Prentiss. Take your company
to the left; Captain Bintmore of my 131
staff will show you.

TINDALL: Yes, Sir.

PRENTISS: (SHOUTS) Bintmore! Capt. Bintmore!

180 Ibid.

181 OR., I, X, i, pp. 278-280.
BINTMORE: Yes, Sir.
PRENTISS: Captain, take Col. Tindall here and the 23rd Missouri to the left and fill in that weak spot over there!

BINTMORE: Yes, Sir. (TURNS TO TINDALL) This way, Sir.

MOORE: (TO PRENTISS) Sir, it's General Grant...

PRENTISS: (TURNS TO SEE GRANT APPROACHING) Thank you, Lieutenant.

GRANT: You've got a good spot here, Prentiss.
PRENTISS: Yes, Sir, but those Confederates aren't giving us much peace. You can see all of my men from here. The 5th Ohio Battery is doing a fine job for us. Hurlbut is on the left, and Wallace is on the right.

GRANT: Yes, I see. I like your placement here, Prentiss. It's very good.

PRENTISS: I could use some reinforcements here, Sir.

GRANT: Why don't you ask Wallace. I think he could spare you a regiment.

PRENTISS: Thank you, Sir.

GRANT: Very well then. I must tell you one thing though, General Prentiss, you must maintain this position at all hazards! Understood?

PRENTISS: Yes, Sir. At all hazards. We will, Sir.

GRANT: Good! Our whole position is depending on the stand you make here!

MOORE TALKS TO HICKENLOOPER

MOORE: I wonder what Grant wanted?

HICKENLOOPER: I don't know, probably just checking on us--make sure we don't run any further....

MOORE: He needn't worry. We're not running another foot!!
HICKENLOOPER: Did you notice that strange sound during the fight? Buzzing sort of... I could hear it even over the cannon, and that's sayin' something!

MOORE: Yeah, like Hornets or bees or something.

HICKENLOOPER: Yes! That's it! That's what I heard. What was it?

MOORE: Minnie balls whippin' through those trees! They hit 'em, ricochet off them, that's the noise. Those Confederates were firing so fast you didn't hear just one sound, but so many it sounded like hornets!

HICKENLOOPER: (SHAKES HIS HEAD) There might not be much left of that forest by the time we all are done with it.

MOORE: I don't recon there will be. Some of those trees already have their tops blown off from shot and shells...parts are caught on fire. If we do have to retreat, try to keep the men from cutting through that way. If they get wounded, they just might burn to death in there before anybody could get to them. I can think of better ways to meet my maker.

HICKENLOOPER: Me too. Hornets...it sure did sound like hornets!

MOORE: Some of the men down the line are beginning to call this place the Hornet's Nest. Good name, huh?

HICKENLOOPER: Well, it fits! I wonder if it will stick?

MOORE: Probably. Every place has to have a name, and that's as good as any, I guess.

SOUND: REBEL YELL.

HICKENLOOPER: Well, here they come again...I wish they would go somewhere else!

MOORE: (SMILE) Me too.
GRANT: Moving up and down the lines talking with staff.
RAMILIES: Rides to him with message.

RAMILIES: General!

GRANT: What is it?

RAMILIES: General Sherman, Sir. He's had to fall back. Two regiments of Hildebrands brigades fell apart and when Captain Boker was killed his whole battery fled in terror. They abandoned five guns, Sir!—without firing a shot! Hildebrand's regiment is gone, but he's staying with McDowell and Buckland—they're still organized but falling back.

GRANT: Thank you, John. We'd best get up there and see how the situation looks.

TURN TO RIDE OFF, DISSOLVE.

TROOPS OF 55th ILLINOIS LINED IN FRONT OF CAMPS ON THE EDGE OF A GULLY. CONFEDERATES ARE TRYING TO CURE UP THE GULLY BANK. COL. STUART ON HORSE DIRECTING BATTLE.

STUART: Adjutant Loomis!

LOOMIS: Yes, Sir!

STUART: Tell Hurlbut to advance immediately! Prentiss' left is turning and we need his men!

LOOMIS: Yes, Sir!

LOOMIS Rides Off. L5 OF MEN IN LINE WAITING FOR NEW ASSAULT. ZOOM IN ON LAWRENCE AND CROCKER.

LAWRENCE: That was something, those Rebels turning tail and running like that!

CROCKER: Don't build your hopes up—they were probably new men too. They're not about to give up yet!

LAWRENCE: I didn't expect they would.

CROCKER: They'll be back!

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