CONFEDERATE OFFICER ON A 
WHITE HORSE LOOKING AT THE 
CAMP THRU LARGE FIELD GLASSES

JOE COMES

JOE RAISES HIS MUSKET, BUT
IT WENT OFF BY ITSELF AND 
THE BALL GOES HIGH IN THE AIR.

LS OF OFFICER AS HE THROWS HIM-
SELF DOWN ON BACK OF HORSE AND 
WHIRLS AWAY IN THE REAR.

AT JOE FIRING WHOLE LINE 
OPENED UP FIRING.

LS OF MEN COMING DOWN RAVINE

STUART RIDES UP

MOUNTS AND RIDES TOWARD MASON’S 
HEADQUARTERS. RIDES DOWN ROAD 
AT FULL GALLOP JUST IN TIME TO 
SEE FAT RODNEY MASON PUT THE 
SPURS TO HIS HORSE AND HEAD 
FOR THE REAR. COLONEL THERE IS 
TRYING TO RALLY THE MEN, BUT 
THEY RUN TOG. LAWRENCE CALLS 
LOPS TO THE BATTERY.

LAWRENCE: Hey! Look up there!

I'll be... he's not 50 feet from 
us!

CROOKER: He sure isn't!

LAWRENCE: Hey! Joe! Come here!

"Joe, can't you bring that man down
from his horse?"

J: Joe: We'll see, Lieutenant!

...By Jupiter! This blasted thing! 
Went off by itself again!

SOUND: TERRIBLE ROAR AS WHOLE LINE BEGINS 
FIRING.

CROOKER: I knew they shouldn't have taken 
our battery away! From here we could 
knock them out....

SOUND: SHELL EXPLODING

LAWRENCE: Stuart had skirmisher over there 
to keep that battery from getting put 
there! Where are they?

CROOKER: There! (POINTS) Coming down the 
ravine! (TO MEN) Cover those skirmishers! 
Cover them!

STUART: Lt. Lawrence, get over to Mason's 
headquarters and tell that battery to get 
over here where they can see that Con-
 federate battery. At least they'll know 
what they're shooting at!

LAWRENCE: Yes, Sir!

185 Einschiml, Eyewitness, p. 183.
186 Or., i, x, i, 258.
187 Catton, Hallowed Ground, p. 137.
SOLDIER TRIES TO LEAVE, LAWRENCE GRABS HIS ARM

BEFORE HE CAN FINISH
THE BATTERY IS ROLLING
TOWARD THE REAR. LAWRENCE
GOES AFTER IT, BUT A SHELL
EXPLODES AND HIS HORSE REARS,
THROWING HIM TO THE GROUND.
LS OF MEN AND BATTERY FLEEING TO THE REAR. LAWRENCE:
GETS UP, WHISTLES FOR HORSE, REMOUNTS AND HEADS BACK TO
STUART. NOTICES FLANKING MOVEMENT.
LS OF LAWRENCE APPROACHING STUART. MS OF BOTH

STUART STARES AT HIM IN DISBELIEF;

MALKLORG RIDES UP

LAWRENCE: I have orders from...

SOLDIER: I don't care who your orders are from; we're getting out of here!!

LAWRENCE: But you haven't even fired a shot!
SOLDIER: I don't give a damn!
LAWRENCE: We need that battery! I order you...

LAWRENCE: Col. Stuart! Col. Stuart!

STUART: Where's the battery?

LAWRENCE: I couldn't get it, Sir!

STUART: Couldn't get it! What...

LAWRENCE: Sir, the 71st is gone--fled with
Col. Mason leading the way--not a retreat
but a route! I tried to stop the battery,
but I couldn't. Those men were so scared
they wouldn't listen to reason...the
whole battery just left without firing
a shot! And they took all their infantry
with them!

STUART: Damn! There is no way on God's earth
that we can hold this camp without a
battery!

LAWRENCE: Another thing, Sir. We're hopelessly
outflanked. I don't see how we could
hold here anyway......

STUART: I see........

MALKLORG: Col. Stuart! We can't hold out much
longer, Sir. We are losing many men--
many are deserting!
STUART: From the looks of things we have only about 800 men left...
And they have at least two brigades, cavalry and batteries... big chance we have against them with 800 green foot soldiers! And that's with the 54th Ohio and 55th Illinois combined!

CROCKER: we're holding the enemy, Sir. We're holding them!

LAWRENCE: Sir! Look behind us... cavalry!!

STUART: They're going to try to cut off our retreat! And they're flanking us to the left!

CROCKER: What now, Sir?
STUART: We...

MESSANGER: Col. Stuart?
STUART: Yes?
MESSANGER: I have a message from Gen. McArthur. He says to hold your position and he'll support you on your right, Sir.

STUART: You tell him we'll do that, but that he'd better hurry, because we're not doing too well right now.

MESSANGER: Yes, Sir.
STUART: We hold our position and wait for reinforcements. At least we'll be delaying the enemy's advance.

LAWRENCE: But, Sir....
STUART: I know our force is inadequate, but we have no choice! Cover those skirmishers—they're almost back! Give them cover!
MALMORG: (SHOUTS) Attention!
CROCKER: look at their expressions...They're scared witless.
LAWRENCE: I know...me too.
CROCKER: I don't like it...somethin' gonna happen...and it ain't gonna be good...
MALMORG: "Wheel to the left by company!" 190
CROCKER: That's too hard for raw troops--they'll never make it!

STUART: (IN POWERFUL BOOMING VOICE) Halt!
Halt you cowards!!!!
Back to your positions! We'll have no blasted cowards in this unit! Understood?
Back to your positions!!!

HART: They did, Sir, but I didn't, and neither did they....

STUART: Good. We can use you. 193
Where the dam hill is Meathur--he should have been here by now!

CROCKER: Sir, we've emptied the cartridge boxes of the dead and wounded. We're just about out of ammunition--one good Reb charge and we're done for.

190 Einschiml, "55th Ill. at Shiloh," p. 201.
191 Ibid.
192 Einschiml, Eyewitness, p. 184.
STUART: We've got to hold! This may be the.....uh! Advise Col. Smith and Col. Malmborg I give the order to retreat! Go through the ravine and reform on the right!

CROCKER: Sir, the ravine?

STUART: Captain! Do you see any other way out of this hell hole? We have no choice but to go down that ravine! Now convey my orders!

LAWRENCE: Look, Sir! The battery has moved!

STUART: So these are the men you brought! We can use you. I think now we must go back for ammunition.

HILLYER: Col. Stuart? I have orders for you from General Grant.

STUART: And you are....?

HILLYER: Captain Hillyer of the General's staff. I've been on leave.

STUART: Yes, of course.

HILLYER: You are to wait here and hold; the General is seeing that ammunition be brought forward to you.

STUART: Very well.

MALMBORG: Vat did he vant?

STUART: He says that Grant is sending ammunition up to us; we're to wait here till it arrives.
SMITH: That's great with all these skirmishes around. Better tell the men to save what they can, and not waste any.

STUART: It shouldn't be too long a wait. At least the men will get an opportunity to rest. What wi---

MALMBORG: Col. Stuart?

SMITH: Malmborg! What happened?

MALMBORG: The Colonel has been shot!

SMITH: Let's see...(LOOKS at SOUND) That's not good, David. We've got to get you to the rear....

STUART: Now wait a minute! Smith, you've got to take command...don't worry with me right now...this unit will fall apart if it doesn't have leadership! Oscar here will help you. Rely on him; he knows what he's talking about.

SMITH: All right. I take command. Agreed?

STUART: Good.

SMITH: And I hereby relieve myself of that command turning it over to Col. Malmborg here.

STUART: Col. Smith!!

SMITH: You're in no shape to argue with anyone. Now listen a minute. You're much too valuable to the Union to get lost out here bleeding to death. And when I take you back, hopefully I can come back with reinforcements. Thirdly, Oscar Malmborg has more training and experience than I ever hoped to have and he's the man for the job. Col. Malmborg, assume command at once. 195

195 Ibid., p. 259.
MALMORG: Yes, Sir. (To Stuart) I'll bring 'em true, David. I'll bring 'em true. Good luck....

STUART: Good luck to you, Oscar....

MALMORG: Each man has plenty?
CROCKER: Yes, Sir.
MALMORG: Good.
CROCKER: May I inquire, Sir, what happened to Col. Stuart. We saw him fall....
MALMORG: He is wounded seriously. Col. Smith is taking him back to de landing.

Lawrence rides to Crocker

Lawrence: Looks like the Rebs are losing a few.
CROCKER: Oh, at least 300 or so.
LAWRENCE: (laughs) So, what do you think that leaves the odds—about 4000 to 196 300? About 50 to 1, isn't it?
CROCKER: Yeah, and we're on the wrong end. (Gains) We sure know how to pick 'em, don't we?

As Lawrence rides off

Lawrence: We sure do!

Men see Malmborg riding to front.

Men: Where's Stuart?

What's he doing up here? Not that Swede!!!

Men are uneasy, naver

Adj. Hart: Colonel, I don't mean to be tellin' you your business, but I think you better do somethin' quick, or you're not goin' to have a command left.

MALMORG: You're right! (Shouts) Form Hollow Square!!!
SOLDIER: I feel like an idiot standin' out here like this!

SOLDIER II: Yeah, but look at those Johnnies over there—they don't know what to make of this! They ain't rushin' right in like they was...

SOLDIER I: That's true, all right!

SOLDIER II: Now this is just my opinion, but I don't mind lookin' like a fool, if it will get us out of here in one piece!

SOLDIER I: That's a point. Old Swede may know more'n we gave him credit for.

CUT TO CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS

CONFED. I: Hey! Jeb, look at that will you!

CONFED. II: Yeah, what in tarnation do s'pose it is? Hey, Capt'n! What are them Yanks doing over there?

CAPTAIN: I don't know...I've never seen a thing like that in all my days. Neither has the Colonel.

CONFED. I: Must be some Yankee trick!

CAPTAIN: That would be my guess. The colonel wanted to charge, but I said to him, "No, you will get into a trap; no such little body of men could ever stand up and fight like that without something back of them."

My guess is hidden artillery!

CONFED. II: I'd recon it could be....

CAPTAIN: even so, we're proceeding with caution!

CONFED. I: Glad to hear it, Capt'n. Glad to hear it.

Dissolve to Union and HALMBORG

HALMBORG: Fall back! Fall back!

TROOPS FALL BACK A SHORT DISTANCE AS CONFEDERATES ADVANCE. .....Form Square! Form Square!

197 Eischim;, Eyewitness:, p. 185.
CROOKER: You know, we could keep this up for quite a while....

LAWRENCE: We sure could. Those Rebs aren't to enthusiastic any more, are they?

CROOKER: I take back everything I ever said about that Swede! By heaven, he does know what he's talking about!

BEAUREGARD: What is the status here?

CCL: We have complete control of the enemy camps, Sir.

BEAUREGARD: Very good, very good. What are all these men doing here if the camp has been taken?

CCL: Stragglers and wounded, mostly, Sir.

BEAUREGARD: Thompson!

THOMPSON: Yes, Sir!

BEAUREGARD: Set the rest of the staff busy gettin' those stragglers back in the fight! And you get that ammunition wagon to a safe point immediately to the rear of our lines.

THOMPSON: Why aren't you men in battle while everyone else is up there fighting and dying? Every inch of ground is being hotly contested! What in the name of heaven are you doing here?

CAPTAIN: (COMING FORWARD) Sub, we don't have any officers left. We didn't know what to do!

THOMPSON: I'll tell you what to do! Stay put---right here! I'll go back to General Beauregard and get you an officer.

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198 Einschiml. "55th Ill. at Shiloh," p. 201.

199 OR., I, X, i, p. 401.
THOMPSON TURNS AND RIDES BACK
TO BEAUREGARD

AUSTIN AND THOMPSON RIDE BACK
TO THE REGIMENT.

NO ONE IS THERE.

DISSOLVE.
LS OF BLACK HOUSE AT SAVAN-
NAH. ZOOM INTO DOOR. AMMEN
AND SOME OF BUELL'S STAFF
SITTING AT TABLE.

AMMEN GOES TO STOVE AND
POURS CUP OF COFFEE

AMMEN GOES UP STAIRS AND
INTO HALL. KNOCKS ON DOOR
AND VOICE ANSWERS.
AMMEN ENTERS ROOM.

THOMPSON: Sir! We've got a regiment up there
behind that ridge that says it can't
fight because it doesn't have an officer.
What can we do, Sir?

BEAUREGARD: Take Col. Austin back there to
them. I need him on my staff, but
I imaging he's needed more on the field.

AUSTIN!!

AUSTIN: Yes, Sir!

THOMPSON: We're just about there. Down this
rise......

......They're gone....

AMMEN: (HAS JUST ARRIVED) I don't know exactly
what the condition is—all I know is
what Buell told me. He came riding
up to my headquarters about 6 AM saying
that he was going to Pittsburg and he'd
send orders. He said to be prepared to
aid Pittsburg by boat or by swamp if
he could find a way through it. Then he
went to the landing. You haven't heard yet I guess?

......Well, if you Gentlemen don't mind,
I'm going up stairs to visit General
Smith. He's an old friend.

NELSON: Go right ahead.

AMMEN: Thank you, Sir.

SMITH: Come in!

AMMEN: Hello, General...

SMITH: Jacob! What a surprise! Sit down!

AMMEN: I hear you met with an accident, Sir.

SMITH: Aahh! Just an infected shin, of all
things. I must say it does hurt a bit
though.

200 Ibid.
201 Ibid., p. 331.
AMMEN: One can't be too careful with infections, Sir.

SMITH: Oh, I'll be careful! I want to keep my leg! Now tell me, how are you? What are you doing here?

AMMEN: I'm with Buell's advance guard under Nelson. We got in last night. General, do you think it's bad—at Pittsburg?

SMITH: Well, an hour ago or so, I told a brigadier that I thought I was just a bunch of pickets fooling around—you know how green troops are... Well the ruckus has gotten louder instead of dying out, and I'd be apt to eat my words now, I recon. The main army might be engaged at that!

AMMEN: That's what everybody down stairs seems to think.

ORDERNLY: Excuse me, Sir. General Nelson would like to see Col. Ammen downstairs.

SMITH: Of course, of course; we have a war to win. Now you be careful, Jacob, and come back to see me, if you can...

AMMEN: I'll do that, Sir.

SMITH: Oh, Jacob...

AMMEN: Yes, Sir?

SMITH: You never did tell me how your family was...

AMMEN: They're fine, Sir. Just fine. You take care of that leg, now. Goodby, Sir.

SMITH: Goodby, Jacob; take care.

AMMEN: Goodby, Sir. I intend to.

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202 Ibid.
203 Catton, Hallowed Ground, p. 137.
OFFICER: We looked everywhere ... I couldn't see any way through that swamp at all.

NELSON: Well, it's almost noon. If we don't move quickly, we won't be able to do anything at Pittsburg in time to help.

OFFICER II: Sir, I couldn't find any boats. I think we have to rule out going by river. All the transports are occupied transporting ammunition and supplies, and besides, there aren't that many of them.

OFFICER III: Sir, I have a civilian here who claims he knows a path through the swamp.

NELSON: Oh, yes?

BULL: Good!

TENNESSEAN: Yes, Suh! I knows every path through the swamp! I kin git ya through it, but it's too deep in mud and such for wagons to git through.

NELSON: That means no artillery.

BULL: Yes, that's true....

NELSON: Can we trust this man....

TENNESSEAN: I have a reputation as a Union man, Suh. Ask any of the folks round here... I hate Rebels! And I want to see 'em whipped so's we kin git back to normal 'round here!

NELSON: Well, I don't see as we have much choice but to trust him, Sir.

BULL: And we shall. 204 General Nelson, march through that swamp if boats do not arrive by noon. I'm getting on the steamer and heading up the river. 205

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204 CR., I, X. i, p332.

205 Ibid.
WALLACE: Yes!

BAXTER: I am Captain A.J. Baxter, quarter-master on Gen. Grant's staff. I have orders for you to advance immediately to Pittsburg and leave a detachment to guard public property at the landing and march your division and form a junction with the right of the army at the river.

WALLACE: (Rises) Very well. We'll move at once.

BAXTER: I'll inform the General.

WALLACE: (To Riles) Lieutenant, send two detachments back to the landing and prepare the rest of the division to march immediately. The scouts have checked out the road?

LIEUTENANT: Yes, Sir, they have—up to the point where you expect to meet Gen. H.L. Wallace.

WALLACE: Good. Let's go then.

DISCLOSES.

GRANT IN HEAT OF BATTLE.
NOTIONS FOR MCPHERSON TO COME TO HIM AND ROWLEY ALSO.
TWO RIDE UP TO HIM

GRANT: We're falling back too fast and too much! We need Wallace! Where is he?

MCPHERSON: We've had no word, Sir. I don't know where he is. Baxter said the General indicated he would leave immediately....

GRANT: I need him here on the right—now!!! I don't understand what's keeping him! If he doesn't get here soon, we'll have to fall back to the landing! What time is it?

ROWLEY: Almost noon, Sir.

GRANT: I don't see how we can hold much longer. You go back and see if you can find him.

ROWLEY: Yes, Sir!

ROWLEY AND McPHERSON BEGIN TO RIDE AWAY
THE TWO RIDE AND GALLOP AS LIT. DISCLOSE.
ROWLEY AND McPHERSON RIDING DOWN ROAD AND HALT
POINTS DOWN ROAD TO WALLACE WHO HAS HIS WHOLE DIVISION RESTING.
THEY RIDE UP TO WALLACE

GRANT: ....And Hotry!!

McPHERSON: I don't believe it!
ROWLEY: What's the matter?
McPHERSON: I don't believe it! LOOK!!!
ROWLEY: Ch, brother! Wait till Grant hears this!
McPHERSON: What in the name of heaven are you doing resting??? We're getting the worst end of the deal back there, and you're RESTING!
ROWLEY: (TO McPHERSON) John.....
WALLACE: What seems to be the trouble here?
McPHERSON: General, with all due respect, why are your men resting when they're needed desperately on the field?
ROWLEY: We aren't doing so well, Sir, and this road has taken you further away from the battle than you were at Crumps!
WALLACE: My Lord! But we scouted this road; it should take us to within a mile of WHL Wallace's lines very shortly.
ROWLEY: Perhaps where Wallace used to be, Sir, but not where he is now. The whole right has turned and is being forced back toward Pittsburg Landing. That is why you're needed there right now.
McPHERSON: Had you taken the river road, as it was assumed you would, you would have been to the aid of the army hours ago!
WALLACE: I'll order a counter-march immediately.

McPHERSON: This means we'll have to go all the way back to Crump's before we can pick up the river road. There's no other

207 Or., 1, 2, 250.
way except through forest and swamp and that would take forever.

ROWLEY: I don't see any other way!

McPHerson: I guess we'll have to go back and report to Grant what happened.

ROWLEY: He's not going to be very happy, either. But before we go, let's make sure things get started in the right direction here first, okay?

McPHerson: Good point! 208

McPHerson: General...

SOUND: SHELL BURST

GRANT: Yes! What did you find out? Where is Wallace?

SOUND: SHELL BURST

McPHerson: We found him, Sir, marching toward Purdy or Bethel—somewhere over there to the right of the field...farther from the landing than when he started.

GRANT: He what????

ROWLEY: He had hoped to meet Wallace to the right of the field, Sir, and had we not had to fall back so far, he would have been taking the shorter route to the battle.

GRANT: (EXTRAELY ANGRY) This was not where I ordered him nor where I wanted him to go! I do not see why any order was necessary further than to direct him to come to Pittsburg, without specifying by what route!!

ROWLEY: Yes, Sir.

GRANT: The important issue is that he is one of the three veteran divisions in the battle. We need him! How long before he gets here?

McPHerson: Late afternoon, Sir.


GRANT: Late afternoon! "I presume his idea was to come around on the flank or rear of the enemy and thus perform an act of heroism that would resound to the credit of his command...."
It hasn't worked out that way!

GRANT: Returns attention to battle.
Cut to KS of Wallace as he leads his men back to crumps. He is very worried.
Dissolve.

Union Conf. Stanley lying unconscious. Moves slightly. Then comes to, raises head and turns to look around.


FR of Stanley as he tries to rise. Rubs his stomach, then looks down at belt buckle--clasp is dented and cracked.

STANLEY: Well, now, to be saved by a belt buckle....now how about that? ...Wonder where my company is?

TURNS TO PICK UP RIFLE.

STANLEY: All the men...during a battle one doesn't think about the injuries...but this...

SOUND: HEAVY FIRING IN DISTANCE.

STANLEY: Sergeant Nick...used to call you John Bull....

STANLEY: The company that opposed them must have shot straight...."

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210 Ibid.
HE LOOKS AT THEM BUT DOESN'T STOP. CU OF FACE SHOWS STRAIN AND TEARS IN HIS EYES.

LOOKS ABOUT HIM. MAN PLACING BODIES NEATLY, ROW BY ROW IN TRENCH.

SHAKES HEAD, MARCHES DOWN HILL TO UNIT.

STANLEY LOOKS UP AND WAVES BUT DOES NOT SMILE. JOINS STOREY BEHIND A LOG.

STANLEY follows newton over log and into battle. union troops fall back and confederates take position.

MOVING FORWARD THROUGH WOODS AC OPPOSITE PRENTISS.

CAPTAIN PULLS UP HORSE

...Oh, God! What a lie this was, boys! What a glittering lie! This is a field of glory?

Where is the glory in this?

STOREY: Hey! Henry! Henry!

STOREY: Henry Stanley, am I happy to see you! Thought you were dead!

STANLEY: Bullet hit my belt buckle; just knocked me out, that's all.

STOREY: Not's wrong, Henry? What's the matter?

STANLEY: Nothing that can be helped, Newton. Nothing that can be helped.

CAPTAIN SMITH: Charge!!!!

STOREY: Here we go again. Bobo bubbles away.

STANLEY: Here we go again. God be with us....

STOREY: Whooppeeee! Take that you bloody Yanks!

...You've got to watch it around here, Henry. We've been havin' trouble with snipers. Why General Hindeman and a horse shot out from under him right before you came. Hey Captain!

SOUND: MUSKET FIRE

CAPTAIN: What is it, Mac?

MAC: What next, Sir?

CAPTAIN: (POINTING TO ACROSS) Well, Prentiss is over in those woods, and we've got to try to get him out!

MAC: That shouldn't be too hard—we've taken every position we've tried so far!

CAPTAIN: Take another look, Mac.
LIEUTENANT RIDES UP TO CAPTAIN

CAPT: This time we got to run across a field 200 yards wide. Open range on whomever the Yanks pick to shoot.

LIEUT: Sir! The Yanks have withdrawn past the field to a road a few yards back. It's mostly growth through there with a little field right by the road.

CAPTAIN: Out of the fryin' pan and into the fire!

CAPTAIN LEADS MEN ACROSS THE FIELD WITH COL. SHAVER AND THE 7TH ARMAMENTS WITH THEM. AS SOON AS THEY GET INTO THE WOODS THEY ARE BOMBARDED WITH SHOT, SHELL AND MINNIE BULLS.

SHELL EXPLODES AGAINST TREES BURSTS INTO FIRE

FS OF MEN WOUNDED OR BEING SHOT FALLING TO THE GROUND AROUND STANLEY AND MAC.

FS OF OFFICERS

MAC: Hey! This ain't no picnic!!

STANLEY: I never expected it to be one, if you want the truth! The bullets are lying thick!

MAC: I don't see how we can stay here very long! Men are dropping like flies!

CAPTAIN: There's no way to charge through this, Sir. We're being cut to pieces!! (SHOUTS TO COL. SHAVER)

LIEUT: Sir! Col. Dean has just been killed!212

SHAVER: All right! I have no choice but to retire or have all my men shot! We'll retire. Lieutenant, get to General Bragg and tell him what has happened here. We also need more ammunition.213

LIEUT: Yes, Sir!

CAPT. SMITH: Fall Back!! Fall Back!!

STANLEY: You don't seem so happy now, what happened?

STOREY: I guess I ain't never been in such a spot before. We've seen some rough fightin' today, but that was the worst I ever seen!

212 or., 1, X, 1, 575.

213 Ibid.
STANLEY: I guess it all depends on where you're standing, and who's shooting back.

AMMEN: I reckon, but I don't mind tellin' you I was scared out of my teeth!

STANLEY SMILES AS THEY CONTINUE TO FALL BACK.

DISSOLVE.

ARMEN BACK AT HIS TENT, OFFICIAL RIDES UP TO HIM.

OFFICIAL RIDES BACK TO HIM.

AND ARMEN REACHES FOR HIS HAT AND GLOVES.

CUT TO BRICK HOUSE. NELSON TALKS TALKING WITH THE TENNESSEAN ON THE PORCH.

NELSON: Now you're sure you can get us through?

TENNESSEAN: Yes, Saa. I can git you through all right without any trouble at all. That is everythin' but your wagons and such.

NELSON: All right. By men are ready to march.

SOUND: CANNON BOOMING IN DISTANCE.

NELSON: It is mandatory that we reach Pitts­burg as quickly as possible.

ORDINARY: Sir, Col. Ammen is here with his men.

NELSON: Good. Let's go them.

NELSON GOES OFF PORCH TO MEET AMMEN AND THE TENNE­SSEAN MOTIONS FOR THE OFFICERS AND MEN TO FOLLOW HIM.

THEY BEGIN ALONG A RIDGE ON A RELATIVELY GOOD ROAD. CUT FROM SEVERAL SHOTS, THEN AFTER ABOUT 3 MILES REACH SWAMP.

TENNESSEAN: (TO AMMEN) Well, that it is.

AMMEN: I don't mean to be stupid, but there is what? I don't see anything!

TENNESSEAN: The black swamp...that's where we're headin'.
AMMEN doesn't look much like
he's enjoying the prospect of
the swamp and the troops march
down the hill and into the
swamp through mud, across a
little stream on a log bridge,
bridge full of water, back
into mud again.

One man slips and falls, covers with mud, bugs and mos-
quitos bother him terribly.

AMMEN: (TO NELSON) General, if there's a
road here, I can't find it.

NELSON: I know....This man said he was a
Union man. If he tries to lose us in
these swamps, I'll see him hang!

AMMEN: You'll see him hang if you ever get
out! A person could get lost in here
forever.

NELSON: All I can say is that we'd better
reach Pittsburg without any tricks or
I'll guarantee one of us won't get out
of this swamp!!

AMMEN: Maybe all of us. (TO HIMSELF)

MAN: Aaaaaahhhhhhhhh!

AMMEN: What's wrong? What is it?

MAN: Aaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhh!!!

MAN II: I don't know, he just started hollering!

MAN: Aaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhh!!!

AMMEN: His boot! Something in his boot!

TENNESSEAN: It's all right! He's not poisonous.
Let the critter go. If he ain't dead
by now of heart failure, he deserves to
live!

MAN: Horribly wriggles off
pain and into the water. A man
looks at man II, white as ghost
and praying to remain com-
AMMEN: You know, Tene see, you've got a point there.

...All right! Let's get moving. We've got a war to fight!

NELSON: What was the problem back there?

AMMEN: A swamp snake in some private's boot. It's all right, though, it wasn't poisonous. Scared the tar out of that private though. (Laughing) I shouldn't laugh, but that was a comic sight!

NELSON: (Grinning) I'll bet that was sort of funny at that.

...I'm going to take your guide and the cavalry and go on to the landing, "Hurry on; you can follow our train." 100 horsemen traveling by twos should leave a trail you'll have no trouble following.

AMMEN: Yes, sir.

NELSON MOTIONS TO THE CAVALRY AND TO THE GUIDE

NELSON: Let's go.

THEY RIDE OFF AND DISAPPEAR IN THE SWAMP. LS OF MEN MARCHING DOING THEIR BEST TO HURRY AND ARE IN GENERAL GOOD SPIRITS.

COURIER RIDES UP TO AMMEN

COURIER: "Col. Amen, the general sends his compliments and says to hurry up or all will be lost; the enemy is driving our men."

AMMEN: "How far to the river?"

COURIER: "A mile and a half or two miles."

AMMEN: "Return and tell the General we are coming as fast as possible."

(7C STAFF OFFICER) Lieutenant, go to the front and stop any more couriers if they come. We must not let such news reach the men.

LIEUT.: Yes, Sir!

LIEUTENANT RIDES UP THE ROAD. AMMEN RIDES TO THE SIDE TO LET TROOPS PASS BY.

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Ibid., p. 332.
AMMEN: Do you boys think you could march any faster without getting too tired. You're needed at the front.

SOLDIER: "Oh, yes, Colonel; we are not tired. Do you think the fight will be over before we get there?"

AMMEN: "I hope so, if it goes right."

SOLDIER: "You have seen the elephant often; we want to see him once, anyhow."

CAPTAIN: Anything wrong, Sir?

AMMEN: No we've just got to get to the river as soon as we can, that's all. We've got good men here.

CAPTAIN: We'll make it in time, Sir...

AMMEN: Notice the difference in the regiments?

CAPTAIN: What do you mean, Colonel?

AMMEN: Well, the 36th Indians and the 6th Ohio have never been to battle before, and they can't wait. One of them just asked me if the fight would be over before they got there—he was afraid he'd miss something. No look at the 24th Ohio. They're veterans. They've been in battle before and they're not at all anxious to go again unless it's necessary. They're just as cheerful as the others, excited too, maybe, but cool. They know what they're in for.

CAPTAIN: I hadn't noticed before, but I see you're right. It makes a big difference how you look at war, once you really know what it is...

AMMEN: It sure does....sure does.

SAM: Boy, these Yanks sure are pouring it out, ain't they?

MAC: You better believe it! Who'd say that Yank general was, Sawyer?

215 Ibid., p. 333.
BOWER: Prentiss! That's what I heard this mornin'.

MAC: Well, he's a fighter, I'll say that for him!

SOUND: SHELL BURST.

SAM: Those trees are gonna catch fire, if we're not careful.

MAC: Well, I don't see a whole lot we can do about it anyway!

COL. HANNAY: Advance! Forward men!

COL. MARTIN: "Give 'em goss, boys! That's my brave first Tennessee! Give 'em Hail Columbia!"

MAC: It's Matt Martin!

SAM: "Colonel, where are you wounded?"

MARTIN: (DEEP BASS VOICE) "My son, I am wounded in the arm, in the leg, in the head, in the body and in another place which I have a delicacy in mentioning."

COL. HANNAY: Forward!!!

SAM: Goodby, Colonel! Good luck!

MARTIN: Good luck to you, boy! Good luck, first Tennessee!

SAM: My Lord...what a mess....

MAC: So we got to go out and have our turn at it....

SAM: This is what they call "Pomp and Circumstance." I always thought it was glorious, but not this....not this....

HANNAY: Forward! Forward!!

SAM: (EXCEPTED) I ain't never been through anything like that in my life!

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216 Watkins, Co. Ayton, p. 41.
MAC: If you had a bushel basket that could catch bullets, you could fill it with minnie balls in no time! What unit was that that went out with us?


MAC: They got it really bad...looks like they're being withdrawn...

SAM: I guess they've been here longer...

CRAWFORD: Prepare to charge!!!! Fix bayonets!!

MAC: All right! This time we're gonna get them, Prentiss or no Prentiss!

SAM: Those are the sweetest words I ever heard. Almost makes a man feel happy! This one's for Matt Martin! 217

MEN CHEER AT THE ORDER AND PREPARE TO CHARGE. ORDER IS GIVEN AND THEY RUN ACROSS THE FIELD. NOT SUCCESSFUL AND ARE DRIVEN BACK.

SAM: It's gonna take more than bayonets and bullets to get them out of that road!

MAC: I hope I don't have to go out there too many more times. The odds are buildin' up against me comin' back!

CRAWFORD: Yeah, Sam, it's gonna take prayers and time! They've got to run out of ammunition sooner or later. They've got to.

SAM: Well I hope it's soon.

CUT TO PRENTISS' LINES

PRENTISS: Hold steady men! Hold steady! We've got to hold this line!

LT. MCCONN: That last rush was pretty bad, sir. Too many men were killed at the guns.

PRENTISS: I know; might be a good idea to have those guns pulled behind the lines. They shot men and the horses, but they didn't dare come through those bushes or over that fence.

217 Ibid., p. 42.
PRENTISS: Hurry up and tell Hickenlooper to move those guns before they rush us again.

SCORE: Yes, Sir.

C. H. BINTON: Here they come again, Sir.

PRENTISS: All right, men; steady. Make room for our guns!

JOHNSTON: I think what we need down there is a full scale charge!

HARRIS: But, Sir, that's what they've been doing....

JOHNSTON: I know, Governor, but something larger. We need more men. The last charge we had here drove them back to this confounded road; maybe we can drive them out the same way. They'll be running short of ammunition and it won't be long before they'll be completely outflanked. With bullets and shot coming from three or four sides, nobody can hold out for long!

...That was a close one!

HARRIS: "Are you wounded? Did the ball touch your foot?"

JOHNSTON: "No...."

HARRIS: "Yes, Sir.

.... Col. Statham!

218 eyewitness, 218

219 ibid.
HARRIS: Yes, sir!

HARRIS: Gen. Johnston orders you to wheel your company to the left, charge and take that battery!

STATHAM: Will do! Lieutnant! Prepare to wheel to the left!

HARRIS: "General, your order is delivered and Col. Statham is in motion."

JOHNSTON BEGIN TO LIE IN WAIN COME FROM HARRIS AS THOUGH HE IS GOING TO FALL OFF HIS HORSE. HARRIS REACHES OUT HIS LEFT ARM AROUND THE GENERAL'S NECK, GRABBING HIS COAT COLLAR, PULLED HIM TOAR HARRIS UNTIL HE WAS RIGHT IN THE SADDLE. HARRIS BEARS FORWARD TO LOCK IN JOHNSTON'S FACE.

HARRIS: "General, are you wounded?"

JOHNSTON: "Yes, and I fear seriously."

HARRIS: (SAYING TO BAYLOR, AN IDS) Lieut. Baylor! Bring a surgeon immediately.

BAYLOR RIDES OFF AT SPEED

HARRIS CARRIES THE GENERAL OFF HIS HORSE AND LAYS HIM AGAINST A TREE, MAKING HIM AS COMFORTABLE AS POSSIBLE. ANOTHER Sftar LIEUT RIDE UP.

SAYS GENERAL'S HORSE IS WOUNDED

STATHAM: The general is wounded badly, I think, but I'm not sure where....

220 Ibid.
221 Ibid.
222 Ibid.
HARRIS: I was gone, giving an order to
Col. Statham; the general was alone.
I don't know what happened.

PRATTON: Let me see...

Nothing! Nothing
at all! General Johnston,...this is
William, sir.....sir, do you recognize
me?

Where the devil is that surgeon?

HARRIS: I don't know, I hear. Baylor left
for him some time ago.

PRATTON: What can you do, when you don't even
know where the wound is?
General....General...

HARRIS: Preston....It's over.....

PRATTON: What...

He was not only one of the finest generals
but one of the finest men I ever knew.....
Oh, God, what will we do without him?
What will the South do without him...

HARRIS: I don't know....I don't know.....

HICKELROOPER: (TO MCCORD) How long have we
been here anyway?

MCCORD: Somewhere in the area of five hours!

HICKELROOPER: Any idea of how much longer we
can hold out? Those Confederates just
keep coming !
MORRIS: I don't know, but we're getting low on ammunition and the men are exhausted... They've got us outflanked. I just don't know!

HICKENLOOPER: Lieut. Morris, I haven't seen Capt. Clintmoore around; he wasn't hurt was he?

MORRIS: No, but he's been pretty sick lately. He was completely exhausted, so Prentiss sent him from the field.

HICKENLOOPER: Oh, yeah?

MORRIS: Yes, Clintmoore didn't want to go, but Prentiss gave him a direct order. He didn't have a choice!

GUNNER: Sir! We're almost out of shot! I don't have any more!

HICKENLOOPER: Well, we'll just have to do the best we can....

HICKENLOOPER LOOKING OFF
POOR AND HILLY ORCHARD FIELD
CONSIDERING TROOPS ARE MARCHING IN PASS.

PRENTISS Rides up

PRENTISS: Rides up

GUNNER: Sir?

HICKENLOOPER: Look over there... they're going to cut off our last route of escape. Then it will be all over....

PRENTISS: You see them too, eh? It's too late to withdraw the infantry, and we'd never get out in time any way, but I must try to get the guns out.

HICKENLOOPER: But, Sir....

PRENTISS: Don't argue, now there isn't time. You're almost out of ammunition anyway. Now for God's sake, get out of here!

HICKENLOOPER: (GROUTS) All right, men, you heard the General! Let's go! Prepare to move out!

PRENTISS: (Saluting) Goodby, Hickenlooper.

You and your son served me gallantly

225 Ibid., p. 289.
today. Now do yourself and this army an enormous favor by getting your guns out of the hands of the enemy.

HICKELENLOOPER: Yes, Sir! All right men, move out!!!

ORDERLY: Sir...two regiments on our right have surrendered.

PRENTISS: It's beginning then...thank you.

...Ed! Are you all right?

MOORE: I'll be all right, General. My shoulder here...

PRENTISS: Let me see...oh, that's not good. Not good at all...can you still sit a horse?

MOORE: Yes, Sir...I...yes, I can.

PRENTISS: Very well. We're going to make on last attempt to hold this place. I'm determined to attack Johnston for once. I'm going to charge him with my entire force. But you have to get reinforcements back here! Understood? Otherwise we'll be finished. There'll be nothing we can do but harrass them as long as we can and retard his progress as long as possible. Are you willing?

MOORE: Yes, Sir.

PRENTISS: Good. The enemy the firing is worse on the flanks then it is on the
front even, so be careful. You should be able to get through where a handful of men couldn't.

MOORE: I'll do my best, Sir.

PREFETT: Ed... I don't know what I'd have done without you today...
... Be careful. And get that shoulder fixed.

MOORE: Yes, Sir. I intend to. Good luck to you, General.

ORDARLY: Sir, do you think we can hold out until reinforcements get here?

PREFETT: (WITH FIELD GLASSES) It looks like we're surrounded. Lieutenant! Get me General Wallace!

ORDARLY: Yes, Sir!

W.H.L.: WALLACE RIDES UP TO PREFETT.

WALLACE: I see you're thinking the same thing I am...

PREFETT: I've sent for reinforcements, but if there are any back there to be had, I don't see how they'd fight their way through to us in time.

WALLACE: Prefett, did you know that all other units and divisions but ours had fallen back to the river?

PREFETT: (STRICKEN) No... no, I didn't. Grant told me to hold this position at all hazards. I assumed it must be very important that we do so. I did
not realize how important it was...
We're the only ones holding the front.

WALLACE: Most of my division is gone, is it not?

PRENTISS: Yes, and has been for a while now.

WALLACE: And the firing on my end has been terrible. But we've held the Confederates at bay for nearly six hours now, and I hate to think how many charges they've made trying to take our positions.

PRENTISS: And they wouldn't have it now, b. Heaven, if our flanks had held up! We haven't run!

WALLACE: No we haven't...but maybe they had to, I don't know. There is no way we can withdraw now, that I can see.

PRENTISS: Nor I; all we can do is try to keep holding and pray that we can save this position--or that reinforcements will come.

WALLACE: And more reasonably that we can just hold them off for another hour or so...who knows, maybe Buell will arrive!

PRENTISS: Good luck, Wallace...

WALLACE: Good luck to you, Prentiss. We all both need all of it we can get.

THE MEN SALUTE AND WALKING RIDES BACK TO HIS MEN. CAMERA PANS UP TO HIM. SUDDENLY HE IS SOUNDED SERIOUSLY AND HIS DIVISION CRUMBLES, MORE THAN HALF OF IT FLEES THE FIELD. WALLACE FALLS OFF HORSE...

ORDINARY: (POINTS TO WALLACE'S DIVISION) Look!

PRENTISS TURNS TO SEE, AND SHAKES HIS HEAD.

WHITE FLAG GOES ON OVER FENCE AND PRENTISS SURRENDERS.
LIEUT. YOUNG: (to another officer) I don't think I've ever seen such humiliated and crest-fallen prisoners as these...

OFFICER: Wait till we get their new battery from them. If I've heard right, that battery over there is full house's battery. It's brand new! Named after the Chicago millionaire that equipped it. (Smiles) I wonder what he'll say when he finds out who'll use it now.

LIEUT. YOUNG: I can imagine....

CONFED. SOLDIER: all right, get your weapons in here! Line up! Come you Yankees, let's go!

55TH ILLINOIS STILL HOLDING AT KEEP SITE NEAR BY.
2:15 P.M. ARTILLERY TO FIRE.

SCHAEFFER: I don't see how we can keep holding...
them... I don't know about anybody else, but I'm just about out of ammunition!

LAWRENCE: Me too! But Halborg seems to know what he's doing....

CROCKER: Yup! You can say that again! We've been doin' this hollow square stuff for better than three hours now, and those Rebs still ain't sure what we're up to.

LAWRENCE: But hollow square or no--you still can't stand around with no lead in your guns.

CROCKER: Hey! Look behind us.... the deepest gully you ever saw.... we're gonna have to do something really fast!

LAWRENCE: Do you realize that in all this time, we haven't met a single organized body of Federal troops? In almost three hours!!!

CROCKER: I guess that would explain why we haven't gotten any help!

LAWRENCE: I don't know for sure, but we've held off an awfully long time.... and we're the only ones around....

CROCKER: That must mean things aren't going too well in other places, and we're the only ones defending the left!

LAWRENCE: That could be! By Lord! That could be!

MALBORG: Fall back! Down the ravine! Stay together! Fall back! Cover yourselves as best you can!

LAWRENCE: Did you see that artillery moving up on the side there?

CROCKER: Yeah... This is gonna be a rough one...

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Sinechkin, "55th Ill. at Shiloh," p. 203.
DORN ON THEM, UNION SOLDIERS
DON'T HAVE A CHOICE. TELL THE
BIG GUNS OPEN FIRE ON THEM.
THEY SCREAM, BACK UP AND
OTHER SIDE WITH HEAVY CASUALTIES.
MAIMBOURG CHECKING THEM ON,
CROCKER AND LAWRENCE DIRECTING
MEN AND RIDE FOR THE TOP.
CROCKER'S HORSE IS SHOT OUT
FALL UNDER HER. LAWRENCE GIVES
HIM A HAND AND THEY FLEE THE
REMAINING OF THE CORES BEYOND
THE RAVING AND OUT OF FIRE.
HALF IN A CLOCK IN THE WOODS.

LAWRENCE: (LETTING CROCKER BACK TO THE GROUND)
I never thought we'd get out of there!
What a nightmare!

CROCKER: (SMOKING HIS HAB) Well we started
down the ravine with 600 men....and it
looks like we have about 400 now....

LAWRENCE: A third lost..... Look! The
enemy isn't pursuing!!

MEN ARE SITTING DOWN TO REST,
MAIMBOURG RIDES UP

MAIMBOURG: We go back to be landing now.
Ve get more ammunition....rest dere!

On your feet! Those Rebels are not
far behind us, and we have nothing to
fight them with.....

FALL INTO MARCH DOWN RIVER TO
LANDING.
DISCOUR.

MEN RELOADING AMMUNITION FROM
AMMUNITION紋ON.

LAWRENCE: Look at all the retreating men.....
hundreds of them....

CROCKER: Yeah, and there's our Statue! He's
rounding them up!!

MAIMBOURG: (RIDING UP TO CROCKER) We have
a nucleus of the 54th Ohio and 55th
Illinois--or vet in left of them.
Plus we have four more companies that
were sent on special assignment by Stuart
and 150 stragglers from the 71st Ill.
Ve have a good size force here, and it
will get bigger! You two must help

231 Ibid., p. 262.
organize and control it, so we can do some good for General Grant!

CROCKER: (MOUNTS HORSE) Well, here we go again!

MALMBOG: Now we go back to help General Grant?

CROCKER: (SHAKING HEAD) That Swede not only has nerve—he knows what to do with it!

LAWRENCE: You can say that again!

MALMBOG LEADS THE NEW UNIT DOWN THE ROAD PROUDLY.
LAWRENCE AND CROCKER GIVING ORDERS TO MEN TO FALL IN AND TIGHTEN UP, ETC.
CROCKER GRINS AT LAWRENCE AS THEY PASS EACH OTHER.

LS OF MALMBOG RIDING PROUDLY, AND COLUMN MARCHING DOWN THE ROAD. DISOLVE.

GRANT ON HORSEBACK AND RIDING DOWN THE LINE. PULLS FALED COLORS. "CHETLAND, DIS-
MOUNTED AND TERRIBLY ILL.

GRANT: Col., Chetland, are you still ill?

CHETLAND: I'm all right, Sir. I'm just bringing my regiment, the 12th Illinois, out of action.

GRANT: I'm going to place your regiment in support of that battery to the left there. You give that command to your second in command, and go back to the landing and lie down. "You ought not to have come out today" feeling the way you do. Besides, "I think they have done all they are going to do. We have fresh troops coming and tomorrow we'll finish them."

CHETLAND: Yes, Sir!

GRANT: I mean it now, this is an order—Go back to the landing and get some rest.

CHETLAND: Yes, Sir. I'll do that, Sir.

CHETLAND MOUNTS HIS HORSE AND RIDES BACK TO HIS REGIMENT.

232Ibid., p. 205.

233Catton, "Grant at Shiloh," p. 73.
GRANT TURNS TO HILLYER
HILLYER SHAKES HEAD

GRANT: Wallace still isn't here yet?
...(ANGRY) Rowley and McPherson
went back after him, didn't they?

HILLYER: Yes, Sir, they did...some time
ago.

GRANT: I can't understand what is so hard
about following one simple order!
There is no excuse for this!!
And when we need him so badly....

HILLYER: Sir, the 11th Iowa is back again,
and they want to know what you want
them to do....

MAJOR RIDES UP TO GRANT

GRANT: who's commanding?


GRANT: Well, Major, I suggest your men move
forward again. Wait....Belknap, you
say? Was not your father "Col.
Belknap of the Old Army?"

BELKnap: Yes, Sir, he was.

GRANT: I thought perhaps he was. You re-
semble him a great deal. We served
together as officers in the Mexican War. Fine man....

BELKnap: Thank you, Sir. When I see him
I'll tell him I spoke with you.

GRANT NODS AND THE MAJOR RIDES
AWAY WITH HIS UNIT. BUell
RIDES UP FROM THE ROAD. GRANT
TURNS TO SEE HIM APPROACH AND
RIDES TO MEET HIM.

GRANT: General Buell.

BUell: General Grant(SALUTES).

GRANT: I have to dispose of the formalities
at this point, General. I need your
troops immediately.

BUell: It is my understanding that they are
on their way here at this moment. Are
preparations made for a retreat should
one become necessary?
GRANT: I have every confidence that a re-
treat will not be necessary. We are
going to win this battle, Sir. But
should some unforeseen calamity take
place, we are holding all available
boats to transport men across the river
to the far side and protect our position
with artillery.

BUELL: Very well. With your permission,
I'll go back to the landing and await
my men.

GRANT: Of course.

AIDE: Well, General, may I ask if you were
impressed with General Grant?

BUELL: You man. I was not impressed. Not
impressed at all.

COLONEL: "Fill your canteens. Some of you
will be in Hell before night, and you'll
need the water!"

BUELL: No, not impressed at all...

GRANT: How goes it, Sherman?

SHERMAN: It's been pretty heavy around here.
So bad that I couldn't bring up two
Iowa regiments as reinforcements. I
don't think we'll be able to hold this
position much longer, but we'll be
able to fall back in order and hold
the Rebels.

I hear the 5th Ohio battery is on its
way here. That will be a big help.
Don't worry about us, General, we'll
be all right.

235 Ibid., p. 74.

236 Ibid., p. 73.
GRANT: (GRINNING) I thought so. You've been a tremendous help today, Sherman. Keep up the good work.

Cigar?

SHERMAN: Thanks...

GRANT: See you later.

OFFICER: I just sent another courier back, sir. It must really be bad up there.

ARMEN: How long before we reach the end of this?

OFFICER: Just around the next bend. Then we'll get into a field, just this side of the river.

SOUND: shouts of men, steam whistles, discharge of arms

SOLDIER: Ahh!

ARMEN: Well, at last we're out of....

SOLDIER: My word! Look at all those men over there!

SOLDIER II: Dirty stinking cowards!

ARMEN: Let's go, men; we're needed.

SOLDIER: It looks like it. What they need is men!!

ARMEN: (TO NELSON) I don't understand why there are so many men at the bank. Are they reserves?

NELSON: I wouldn't say that exactly...

ARMEN: Why then?

HOLCOMB: I'm going over on the first boat with the 56th Indiana. You wait here and see your brigade over, and see that the other brigade commanders get their orders.

AHL: Yes, Sir!

COL. CROSS PASSES MEN ON WAY TO BOATS

HOLCOMB ARRIVING AT LOADING LANDING SENDS OFFICERS BACK WITH ORDERS AND TAKES ACTIONS TO THE LEFT. AS HE GETS INTO THE BOAT, DEMORALIZED SOLDIERS ON EACH SIDE OF IT.

AMHERST: What is it like over there?

AHL: It's awful! Just terrible. Look at those men out there...

POINTS TO MEN IN UNIFORM TRYING TO FIGHT ACROSS THE RIVER ON BOGS, ETC.

SOLDIERS: Look at that, Colonel. Let's shoot the cowards!

SOLDIER: Yeah! Shoot them! We'll show them what happens to cowards! You dirty yellow bellies....

AMHERST: Easy, men. Easy... Nobody is going to shoot anyone but Rebels.

TERRIBLE LOOKS OF CONFUSION AND TERROR AND THEY LAND AT DOCK. MAN DISGBARKS AND CLIMBS UP THE BANK. AMHERST GOES UP THE HILL AND FINDS GRANT, HUDEL AND HOLLON ALL TAKING TOGETHER. ALL THREE ARE VERY COOL AND CALM. AMHERST APPROACHES THEM.

AMHERST: Excuse me, Generals. Where would you like me to place my men?

GRANT: There is a battery on the hill. Why don't you take them up there to support it?

AMHERST: Yes, Sir.

Ibid., p. 258.
Nelson turns from the generals and takes his gun up the hill. Shell burst over and the gun of the three buildings at the landing, and they begin to burn.

HUNDREDS OF STRAGGLERS ALL AROUND

Nelson moyen the stragglers

AIDES UP TO INFANTRY CAPTAIN

Captain looks stricken with terror

Captain turns and says clearly.

Col. Grant and his men disem-
bark at the landing. As they fall in line and march
of the hill with bands playing
...we have to march through the mass of stragglers.
Nelson looks his gun...30 ef-
pirely through mass.earnest
Chaplain comes forward
and looks at him as he Natal is
through the line as they
march. The line is totally
disturbed by this.

JERSEY: BANDS PLAYING "HAIL COLUMBUS"

Chaplain: Come on men, rally and we may yet
be saved! Oh rally for God and your
country's sake! Rally!

Shouting: (interrupting the chaplain) "Shut
you damned old fool, or I'll break your
head! Get out of the way!"

Sound: Band music louder. Shout and cheer.

Nelson: General Grant. My men are coming up
the landing now, Sir. (Indicating Union's men)


240. Catton, "Grant at Shiloh," p. 75.
GRANT: Good! My staff officer, J.D. Webster has assembled all the artillery he can find—50 or more pieces—on that hill over there, over looking the Confederate advance. I'd like you to support that battery with your men. I'm expecting probably one more Confederate attack before nightfall.

NELSON: Yes, Sir.

GRANT: Oh, Gen. Nelson. The 81st Ohio has been having trouble with the concussion from that battery. Have your men be careful how they position themselves because one man was knocked down and broke his neck!

NELSON: Yes, Sir!

LEANDER STILLMOVING INTO POSITION, GENERAL CHAOS OF SITUATION, EXTREMELY HEAVY ARTILLERY FIRE ON THE LANDING, ONE BUILDING BURNING, TREES DAMAGED, ETC. SOLDIERS MOVING UP TO LEFT.

TEDDY: General, Sir ...aren't things looking pretty dark for us?

GRANT: "Oh no, they can't break our lines tonight—it is too late. Tomorrow we shall attack them with fresh troops and drive them, of course."

LEANDER: I'm so sick of falling back...falling back! That's all we've done all day!

SKOCH: Yeah, those Rebs have got the best of us today, I fear...

LEANDER: How far do you think we have till the landing?

SKOCH: Can't be much more than half a mile...

SIX TROOPS IN LINE

LEANDER: "Skoch, what are those men there for?"

SKOCH: "I guess they are put there to hold the Rebels in check till the army can cross the river."

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241 Bradford, Battles and Leaders, p. 88.
242 Catton, "Grant at Shiloh," p. 75.
243 Ibid.
244 Commager, "Blue and the Gray," p. 364.
MARCH A LITTLE FURTHER, THEN SEE NEW TROOPS

REGIMENT PASSES 61ST ILL.
LEANDER ACCESTS ONE OF THE SOLDIERS OF THE PASSING UNIT.
YOUNG SERGEANT ANSWERS

LEANDER JUST TOOK A GASP AND STOOD WATCHING AS THE SERGEANT AND HIS REGIMENT PASSED.

DISSOLVE.
SHERMAN AND GRANT AND BUELL AROUND A CAMPFIRE, LATE EVENING

SHERMAN MOVES FORWARD AND BUELL GREETS HIM.

LEANDER: I guess so... I don't see what else we can do, seeing as how we have been beaten so badly.

ENOCH: After that last retreat, I don't see how anybody can tell, but think that the day is lost... That sure isn't what we intended.

LEANDER: Enoch! Look! Aren't those fresh troops?

ENOCH: Sure looks like it--why they got guns cartridge boxes, haversacks, canteens, and even blanket rolls! They got to be new troops.

LEANDER: "What regiment is this?"

SERGEANT: "36th Indiana--advance guard of Buell's army."

DOHD: You know, Enoch, I could have shouted for joy when he told me that, but I didn't want them to think me silly....

ENOCH: You know, things just may be a little different tomorrow....

LEANDER: I bet they will. We'll give those Rebs a chance to fall back!!

GRANT: Sherman, I invited you up here to meet General Buell...

BUELL: General Sherman.

SHERMAN: General Buell.

GRANT: I need to get around to all of my brigade commanders. I've discussed the day's happenings with Sherman already, and if you don't mind, Gen. Buell, I'll let Sherman brief you...

BUELL: That's quite all right, General... That ever you say.

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245 Sinschiml, Eyewitness: p. 192.
246 Grant, Memoirs, p. 181.
GRANT: (TO SHERMAN) Is that all right with you?

SHERMAN: Oh yes......

GRANT: Good. General Buell, General Sherman was my most valuable General today. I spent very little time with him, because very little time was necessary.

BUELL: (NOT LOOKING IMPRESSED WITH EITHER OF THEM) I see.

GRANT: Sherman has had a bit of a trying day—three horses shot out from under him. How's the hand?

SHERMAN: Nothing serious, actually my shoulder aches a bit worse where that spent bull hit it.

GRANT: They are painful bruises—very deep. Well, I best be going. I'll speak to you gentlemen later this evening.

BUELL: Three horses, eh?

SHERMAN: Yeah, and one of them—my own—was a beautiful sorrel mare. I'd become rather attached to her. You know how you can get attached to an animal. Originally I had captured her from the enemy. She was wounded and then killed. I shall miss her; she was a good horse....

If you and your staff are interested, I'll show you how our positions have changed since morning. I sketched this map late this afternoon.

...Now our right covers the bridge over Snake creek—we're expecting Wallace

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248 Ibid.
by that route. McClellan is on my left, and Harbort is on his left.

BUELL: I don't understand....I did not see any of these men this afternoon when I came up?

SHERMAN: That is because you came by way of the landing, Sir. Due to the terrain and the forest, it is impossible to see all of our troops from the position you held. I have 5,000 good men still in line. McClellan has at least that many more with the brigades of H.H.L. Wallace and the remainder of Prentiss's we should have around 18,000 ready and fit for battle.

BUELL: I don't like the looks of things very well.

SHERMAN: I'd say we have about 10,000 dead, wounded or prisoner, but the Confederate losses couldn't be much less than that.

BUELL: With Nelson's McCook's, and Crittenden's divisions, I have 15,000 men crossing the river tonight and ready for the next day's battle.

SHERMAN: Well, with those reinforcements we should sweep the field.

BUELL: I hope so. I can't seem to forget all of those cowardly men at the landing.

SHERMAN: Well, I'll be honest with you, Sir. I was afraid you wouldn't cross the river tonight for fear of becoming involved in a disaster.

BUELL: Well, we're crossing tonight—no matter how badly things look. I'm having difficulty understanding the lay of the land around here. Could I possibly borrow this map?

SHERMAN: Of course, but it's important that I have it back before morning.

BUELL: Of course. Major Michler will have it copied within hours and return the original to you.

SHERMAN BEGINS TO FOLD THE MAP AND HANDS IT TO BUELL.

BUELL TAKES THE MAP AND GIVES IT DIRECTLY TO MICHLER.

COLOR: ARTILLERY FIRING AT REGULAR INTERVALS
BULL: What is that—another battery?

SHERMAN: No, General Grant has ordered the Tyler and Lexington, our gunboats, to fire on the Confederate lines at regular intervals throughout the night.

BULL: Very well. Thank you for the use of your map, General. I think I'll check my troops now.

SHERMAN: Of course.

BULL: Good evening.

BULL: How are things here, Colonel?


BULL: You have completed the line you were ordered to form?

ANNEN: Yes, Sir.

BULL: Good. Have the men lie down in their positions. It's not going to be all that comfortable, but it's necessary. Have them sleep on their weapons and keep their powder dry.

ANNEN: Yes, Sir.

BULL: Good night, Colonel.

ANNEN: Sir, do you think we'll win tomorrow?

BULL: No that we're here, I don't foresee any problems.

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SHERMAN, Memoirs, p. 274.

ANNEN: Yes, that's true. I'll say this for Yankee rations—they're better than nothin'!

ANNEN: You can say that again!
ANDY: One guy in company D over there found a homemade banana cake in one of the tents. It didn't last long at all! (SNEAKILY GRINS) It sure was good though... I wonder what that Yankee lady would have thought if she knew who was eatin' her cake?

WEBSTER: She'd probably either have heart failure or wished she had put poison in it!

ALL LAUGH

SAYYER: May be she did!

M.C.: (LAUGHING) Yeah, Andy, maybe she didn't want that Yankee feller to come back!!!

LAUGH: I'd say this was a pretty good day, all in all..."we fooled around for five or six hours before we got to see a Yankee, although the battle was raging not more than half a mile from us, but I tell you, they made us fight a while before they let us quit."

SAYYER: What do you suppose we'll do tomorrow?

WEBSTER: I don't see a whole lot we can do. Hit those Yanks again--one more time maybe--enough to kick 'em back across the river and then bury our dead and finish takin' care of all those beaut-iful supplies.

SAYYER: This place is just full of stuff, at that! Why the Negro boys, who are with their masters are goin' to make a fortune! Greenbacks are floatin' around this place like crazy!

ANDY: What good are they? Confederate money...

WEBSTER: Don't by bery much...and I have a feelin' it may come to buy less and less.

ANDY: You mean you'd pass a Yankee dollar back home?

WEBSTER: Sure I would! The time will come that you will too, if you've got them... even if we're winnin' we can't save all that much money in the old treasury.

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251 Catton, Terrible Swift Sword, p. 233.
WEBSTER PULLS OUT A PILE OF THINGS. OTHERS LAUGH. BILLY MARTIN ENTERS CARRYING ALL Sorts OF THINGS. COMES TO THE FIRE AND SQUATS DOWN TO DRY HIS HANDS.

LOOKING AT BILLY'S PILE OF THINGS.

PULL UP FOOT TO SHOW A NEW PAIR OF BOOTS, BILLY

HOLDS UP GOLD WATCH ON LONG CHAIN.

S.A.M.: You may have a point there, but I'll stick to my Confederate money for now. Besides, I'll bet those black boys cleaned out every tent, long before we even got back here!

WEBSTER: I'd agree with you there, but if a man was real industrious....

BILLY: Hi folks!

S.A.M.: Billy! We weren't sure what happened to you!

BILLY: Oh, I'm all right, but I've been busy.

ANDY: It looks like it....

BILLY: Well this Yankee captain had so much stuff in that tent of his, you just wouldn't believe it! Look at this...

...a new pair of boots--and they fit too! and this....

I tested it--perfect time! And that's just half the stuff I found. Blankets, quilts, brushes, fancy smellin' stuff you put on yer face after you shave...

S.A.M.: Sure! and where you plannin' to find any girls to wear it for around here?

MARTIN: I ain't stayin' here. We won this battle--it's all over! I'm takin' my stuff and going back to Corinth!

ANDY: Tonight?

MARTIN: Sure! They's lots of us goin' back!

S.A.M.: But isn't that desertion?

MARTIN: I don't see how? Ever'body's gonna be goin' back there tomorrow anyway... I'm just sort of helpin' to lead the way! I'd best get goin'. See you boys in Corinth!

BILLY GATHERS HIS BAGGAGE AND LEAVES. JIM WEBSTER RUNS UP.

JIM: Hey, Sam! Mac! Billy! Come over here! I've got us a tent to sleep in.
tonight. And you won't believe the stuff that's in it—bacon, cheese, sugar, coffee, tea, and some liquor! 254

McS: Goooooh that sound's good.

Jim: (LOOKING UP AT SKY) That's a good idea, Jim. I bet it's going to rain before mud longer...a tent will be more than handy, I'd say.

Andy: Sounds good to me, too!

Jim: Boy! That a day!

Andy: Hey men! You better not celebrate too long tonight...General Buell has arrived, and they're shipping his brigade across the river right now. Probably all night too. We're going to have a fight on our hands tomorrow.

Sound: BOATS RINDING GUNL, BULLET.

Jim: Yeah, you can hear the boats.

Sound: EXPLOSION.

Andy: They'll probably keep that up all night long...so we can't get any sleep...

It's going to be a long night....

Andy: Ye, Sir...

McS: SHELTER: Sounds like gunboats....

Jim: Probably what it is....

McS: To heck with them! Let's celebrate anyhow! We drove those stinking Yanks from the field today—we can do it again. Where's the liquor?

Billy: SHELTER: You got a point there...let's go!

Jim: Boys, I'd like to introduce you to a couple of friends of mine from the 6th Arkansas.....Newton Storey...

Newton is fairly plastered and says out of it

Newton: Hiiiijiijiji, B30000000iiiijyys(n.Vo) hic!

254 Satto, Terrible Swift Sword, p. 237.
JIM: and Henry Stanley.....

HENRY: By golly,....

JIM: Come on in, boys, and make yourselves at home.

JIM: (To STANLEY) Did you find that friend of yours you were lookin' for--Parker, wasn't that his name?

STANLEY: Yes, Henry Parker...He's going to be all right.

JIM: That's good, Henry, that's good.

BRAUNERGARD: (To AIDE) Hurry up and see if you can't get me something to eat--I haven't had anything all day...

AIDE: Yes, Sir.

BRECKINRIDGE: well, how do you think it looks, General?

BRAUNERGARD: (Sitting down behind a table used as a desk.) Well, I'd hope...I'll be delayed, but I see he hasn't....it's not going to be easy tomorrow....not going to be easy at all.

BRECKINRIDGE: Did you see that line of artillery Grant has supporting his last line--there must be 50 guns up there. Our last charge was cut to ribbons by canister and shot....

BRAUNERGARD: Yes, it's going to be a hard line to take, and they have fresh men, and ours are exhausted. Besides that, they don't have any intention of letting us get any sleep--not with those gunboats firing at measured intervals all night long.

BRECKINRIDGE: Do the men know about Gen. Johnston, Sir?

BRAUNERGARD: Some do, but not many. Most don't believe it. I wish he were here. We need him desperately. But I can't see telling the men and let their moral be
crushed tonight. They'll hear the bad news first thing in the morning. That will be bad enough.

I have one satisfaction though.

SHERMAN: What is that, Sir?

GRANT: If I do get any sleep tonight, it will be in William T. Sherman's bed!

DISSOLVE:

GRANT UNDER A TREE NEAR THE BARRACKS. IT IS RAINING. GRANT TURNS UP HIS COLLAR AND WALKS AWAY OUT TOWARD THE BATTLEFIELD. SOLDIERS ARE MOVING, MANY ARE WOUNDED. MEN LOOK FLEET AND DOWN HEARTED.

55TH ILL. PASSES HIM; GRANT LOOKS UP AT NUMBORG.

OUT TO CROCKER AND LAWRENCE:

GRANT: Good job, Colonel. Very good job. You and your men did us a tremendous service. Without you our left would have been in grave danger.

NUMBORG: Thank you, Sir.

CROCKER: Somehow I never thought this day would end.....

LAWRENCE: But it did, and we've done well. We've been through Hell and come back, but we've done well for ourselves today.

FIJ OF NUMBORG, CROCKER, AND LAWRENCE LANDING THEIR MEN IN THE RAIN.

OUT TO GRANT AND M. THE WOUNDED MAN IS LAYING ON THE EDGE OF A CRATER. HE LOOKS OUT INTO IT.

LIGHTNING AND SHELL EXPLOSIONS ILLUMINATE THE SKY AND FIELD; MIDNIGHT SCENE, BODIES LYING EVERYWHERE IN ALL SORTS OF COMFORTED POSITIONS.

SOUND: OCCASIONAL CRY OF WOUNDED MAN.

GRANT TURNS AWAY SADLY AND LIMPS BACK TO HIS BARRACKS. HE IS JOINED TO ONE END OF A STICK, AND HEADED DOWN THE COLLAR TURNED UP.

NUMBORG: General....
GRANT: (TAKING OUT CIGAR) Good evening, Sherman. How did it go with Buell?

SHERMAN: All right, I guess...he's not too impressed with either of us, I take it. We're not spit and polish soldiers, so I guess since we don't look the part; we're not that good.

Besides, he was terribly concerned with all the men at the landing. I tried to explain that most of our men were new troops...I don't know how much soaked in.

GRANT: Well, well! We'll deal with Buell when the mood arises. Right now we've got a battle to win.

SHERMAN: Your ankle's bothering you, Sir?

GRANT: Yes, it is a little. It's pretty swollen tonight. I think the rain must have something to do with it. I thought maybe if I got it dry--out of the rain, it wouldn't hurt so badly. I went up to the log house on the bank.

SHERMAN: The one they're using for a hospital?

GRANT: Yes, the other buildings are either burning or used for ammunition... They'd been bringing men in there all night...the sight was more than I could stand--it was more "unendurable than encountering the enemy's fire, so I came back here." They're doing the best they can with what they have, but they have so little to work with...

SHERMAN: It's been a bloody day, all right...some of the men mentioned that we should watch the water we drink...some of it has had so many wounded and dead men in it that it's pink!

McPHERSON: I've finished inspection, Sir.

GRANT: (MORE CHEERFULLY) "Well, Mac, how is it?"

McPHERSON: Not encouraging, Sir. One third

257 Catton, Terrible Swift Sword, p. 236.
of our men are out of action and the rest are disheartened.

..."General Grant, under this condition, of affairs, what do you propose to do? Shall I make preparations for retreat?"

GRANT: (GRINS) "Retreat? No! I propose to attack at daylight and whip them! Wallace has finally arrived with his 500 men and Buell has arrived with 18,000. We'll whip them!"

McPherson: Yes, Sir.

258Catton, "Grant at Shiloh," p. 76.
259Bradford, Battles and Leaders, p. 89.
260Catton, "Grant at Shiloh," p. 76-77.
261Bradford, Battles and Leaders, p. 89.
The army of the Tennessee had lost at least 7,000 men and it would sleep wet, cold, and for the most part hungry that night. But when morning came, Grant and his army would attack Burnside's forces and drive them from the field in defeat.

The battle of Shiloh will go down in history as one of the most important battles ever fought, because it opened Grant's path to Vicksburg; without it, the western Confederacy could not have been taken.

It was fought by men who made and would still history. Gen. John Breckinridge, Vice President under Buchanan, had run only two years before as the Southern choice for the presidency of the United States. Henry Morton Stanley would go on to explore the Nile River and find the famous Dr. Livingstone in the heart of Africa. Sam Houston's son was wounded at Shiloh. But the two most outstanding men who participated were perhaps two of the most outstanding generals in the history of this nation.

One lost his life... Albert Sidney Johnston, who is hailed by some to be even greater than Lee. The other, Ulysses S. Grant, would be surrounded by controversy and accused of negligence and drunkenness, but would overcome these falsehoods and accusations to win a victory at Spotsylvania.

The Conflict at Pittsburg Landing... Shiloh, the bloodiest battle in our history that had yet been fought... important to nations, but even more important to the men... who were there...


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