

GODFOR

Written by

Pablo Torroella

ptorroella@gmail.com  
617.308.8926

FADE IN:

INT. GETTYSBURG TOWN HALL - DAY

The main office of the town hall is empty, its civil servants having left days ago in anticipation of the coming battle.

A PHOTOGRAPHER (30s), tired and carrying a large camera with a wooden tripod, walks up a staircase leading from downstairs and sets up the camera to face the staircase itself.

GODFOR (middle aged), disheveled and suffering from severe Acromegaly, emerges from the same stairway and looks around the room.

BRIGHTON BUCHANAN (30s), dressed in a Union officer uniform and walking with a limp supported by a crutch, follows shortly behind Godfor and aggressively pushes him more into the room.

BRIGHTON  
(pointing to the area in  
front the stairway)  
Stand there. Not an inch otherwise.

Godfor hesitates, causing Brighton to place a hand on his holstered pistol.

Eventually, Godfor complies, moving to face the camera.

BRIGHTON (CONT'D)  
(looking at the  
photographer)  
You good?

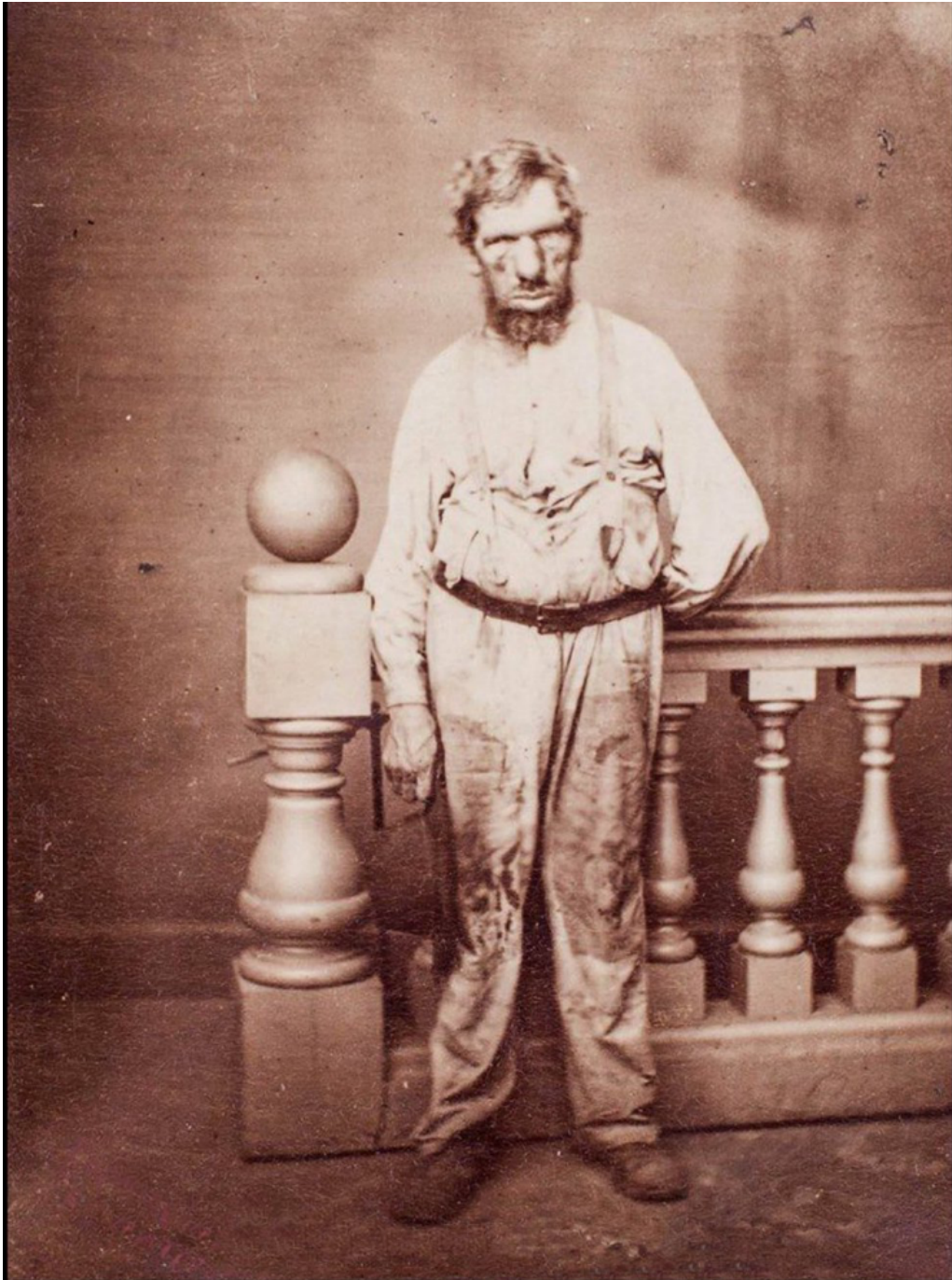
Photographer makes some last adjustments to the camera.

PHOTOGRAPHER  
Nearly.

Photographer gets behind the camera and after several seconds, sticks his head up.

PHOTOGRAPHER (CONT'D)  
(looking at Godfor)  
Probably the ugliest image I've  
captured today.

Moves his head back behind the camera and takes Godfor's picture.



Title:

A BATTLEFIELD VULTURE, GODFOR BY NAME - ONE OF THOSE INHUMAN  
CREATURES WHO FOLLOW IN THE WAKE OF ARMIES, ROBBING THE FIELD  
OF BLANKETS, CLOTHING, TURNING THE POCKETS OF THE DEAD

EXT. BATTLEFIELD TRENCH - YESTERDAY

Littered with dead Union soldiers, either shot or blown apart by cannon fire, body parts strewn about the impact craters.

Godfor walks among the casualties, face covered with a bandana to keep away the horrendous stench of corpses decaying in the hot July sun and, more importantly, to hide his disfigurement.

A few other men search the dead bodies nearby, looting them for anything of value.

Godfor comes across an unconscious OLIVER HAWTHORNE (20s), boyish looking and unconscious, holding a Union battle flag. Godfor searches through his satchel.

A few feet away, a GRAVE ROBBER (middle aged), heavy set and intimidating, pushes away another thief stealing from a body.

GRAVE ROBBER  
 (looking at thief)  
 Skedaddle. Those gold teeth are mine.

The thief shrinks away.

Godfor continues rummaging through the dead soldier's satchel, but only finds a few pictures; the soldier dressed in fine clothing with other equally distinguished young men and labeled "YALE BONESMEN CLASS OF '61", another picture of a middle aged couple who bear a striking resemblance to the soldier and a portrait of a well coiffed young woman with the words "COME BACK TO ME, YOUR LOVING WIFE MARGARET" written on the back.

Godfor notices Oliver's dog tag lying across his chest, it reads "O. S. HAWTHORNE, NEW CANAAN CT, 11TH REG, CAP".

On his left hand Godfor sees a gold wedding band, shining in the sunlight. Godfor picks up his hand and begins removing it.

Suddenly, Oliver comes alive and grabs Godfor's hand.

OLIVER  
 Is this heaven? I've already been to hell.

Godfor says nothing, Oliver coughs up blood, clutching a mortal stomach wound, blood oozing out of it.

OLIVER  
 End it.

Godfor stares at him, then eventually picks up a nearby rock, just holding it.

Oliver sees the rock and gently closes his eyes, awaiting the fatal blow from Godfor.

The Grave Robber pulls out a gold tooth from the dead body's mouth.

GRAVE ROBBER

Yep, he don't need this no more.  
 (looking around at the  
 other thieves)  
 Tough luck, fellas. This gold mine  
 right here is going to feed me for  
 weeks.

The Grave Robber is suddenly shot dead by Brighton while atop his horse, holding his repeater and surrounded by a few other cavalrymen.

BRIGHTON

We got ghouls. Chase 'em down,  
 boys.

The cavalrymen begin riding toward the thieves, rifles and pistols drawn.

Godfor drops the rock and starts to run away, the other thieves run as well.

EXT. EMPTY FIELD - CONTINUOUS

Little populates the grassy field, save a few flowers.

A THIEF (20s), scrawny and wearing tattered clothes, runs alongside Godfor as they try to escape the cavalrymen. Shots are heard in the distance.

Godfor and the thief come across a wide boulder when a CAVALRYMAN (40s), sneering and dressed in a heavily worn uniform, corners them.

The thief empties his pockets and tosses a pouch of valuables at the cavalryman, who catches it.

THIEF

It's all I took. Keep it.

CAVALRYMAN

Too kind of you.

The cavalryman shoots the thief in the head and he falls down lifeless, then points his pistol at Godfor.

Godfor takes his bandana off, desperate for oxygen due from running and the heat.

The cavalryman stares at Godfor's disfigured visage.

CAVALRYMAN

Shit, son. I'm doing you a favor.

The cavalryman is shot dead by a CONFEDERATE SNIPER (teens), sleepy and nonchalant, hiding in the bushes.

CONFEDERATE SNIPER

(looking at Godfor)

Are you a Yank or a gentleman?

GODFOR

Neither.

CONFEDERATE SNIPER

Well, behind me is God's country,  
behind you are nigger lovers.  
Choose a side.

The Confederate sniper reloads his rifle.

GODFOR

Dixie always.

CONFEDERATE SNIPER

Good choice.

The Confederate sniper aims his rifle at Godfor.

CONFEDERATE SNIPER

Bad liar.

SILAS PERRY (middle aged), lean and dreary, walks into the field.

SILAS

He's with me.

CONFEDERATE SNIPER

And who might you be?

SILAS

Silas, son of Vicksburg.

CONFEDERATE SNIPER

How can I be sure?

SILAS  
Listen to my drawl.

The Confederate sniper considers his proposal.

CONFEDERATE SNIPER  
Sounds about right.

A gunshot and a scream can be heard nearby.

CONFEDERATE SNIPER  
Ya'll best make haste. This  
Gettysburg venture is only going to  
get worst.

Silas and Godfor walk quickly past the Confederate sniper.

EXT. WOODED HILLS - CONTINUOUS

A thick canopy of trees covers the area. Shots can be heard  
all around.

Godfor and Silas scramble up the hill.

GODFOR  
Thank you.

SILAS  
That's not the kind of thanks I  
want.

Godfor takes some coins out of his pocket and hands them to  
Silas.

GODFOR  
We're even. Includes what you took  
from me in Antietam.

SILAS  
Both got fat off that one. I just  
happened to come across that  
general before you.

GODFOR  
He was pointing his iron at your  
skull until I stomped his arm.

SILAS  
So you say.

GODFOR  
So I know. He had all kinds of  
trinkets.

SILAS

Won't dispute that. How much you short?

GODFOR

Plenty. A couple dozen or so bodies won't last me the year.

SILAS

Heard what sounded like one hell of a ruckus closer to town. Bound to be fresh meat. Follow in my steps, ghostlike. We're close to the frontlines now.

Godfor and Silas move from tree to tree, trying to avoid detection.

GODFOR

This the last one for you?

SILAS

Shit, only if the war ends tomorrow. Easiest money I've made my whole life. Thinking about moving out west when the fighting's done, hold up stagecoaches before the states become civilized.

GODFOR

Always the gentleman.

SILAS

Says the son of a bitch relieving the dead of their earthly possessions. Not about to take a lecture.

GODFOR

I'm justified.

SILAS

Elaborate.

GODFOR

Hard to find work with a face like a gargoyle.

SILAS

Boo hoo, cry me a river. My cousin Bray was born with a shriveled arm. Now he's married with two daughters, wife is rich too.



GODFOR  
 She didn't marry his arm, she  
 married his face.

SILAS  
 Suppose.

GODFOR  
 Stealing from the deceased ain't  
 taxing on my soul. Not at all. When  
 they were alive they'd treat me  
 worse than a dog.

Godfor steps dead in tracks behind a tree.

GODFOR  
 Hear that?

SILAS  
 Hear nothing.

A gunshot hits the tree trunk Godfor is leaning against,  
 narrowly missing his head.

Silas and Godfor run in opposite directions, becoming  
 separated.

Godfor runs toward a fallen tree, burying himself against it.

Brighton rides atop his horse into view, repeater drawn and  
 looking around.

Before he can find Godfor, cannon fire and yelling is heard  
 in the distance.

BRIGHTON  
 (shouting)  
 You hear me? Yeah, you do. This  
 isn't ending. Death's coming and  
 he'll be bearing my name. Seen too  
 many of you damn jackals over the  
 years. Make amends with your deeds  
 now, judgement's ahead.

Brighton rides off toward the commotion.

Once Brighton is out of sight, Godfor gets up from behind the  
 fallen tree and sees a nearby barn.

EXT. BARN - CONTINUOUS

The barn is eerily quiet, a single door swinging slowly in  
 the wind.

Godfor walks around the corner toward the back of the barn and finds a single dead Union soldier sitting against it, holding a picture of three children.

Godfor checks his surroundings, then proceeds to go through the soldier's belongings.

DOCTOR (O.S.)  
Has he expired?

Godfor turns around to find a DOCTOR (middle aged), tired and wearing an apron stained with blood, standing over him.

GODFOR  
Would appear so.

DOCTOR  
Leave him, he got lucky. Come on, I need two strong hands.

Godfor hesitates.

DOCTOR  
Are you from the clinic? Think I would've recognized you.

Godfor sees Union soldiers standing guard at a farmhouse several yards away.

GODFOR  
No, Cashtown. Nine miles northwest. Volunteered and rode down to help when the artillery woke me up.

DOCTOR  
Uh huh... If you want to serve your country than I hope you got a strong stomach.

GODFOR  
I've come across a few dead souls in my time.

The doctor nods toward the farmhouse and begins walking to it, Godfor follows suit.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

A calm serenity hides the sounds of moaning and screaming from inside.

DOCTOR  
Done any blacksmithing?

GODFOR

Never.

DOCTOR

Shame. A hand adept with holding heavy metal down would make this day bearable.

Godfor trips over a severed arm.

DOCTOR

Watch your step, lots more inside.

INT. FARMHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The makeshift hospital is full of groaning soldiers lying on blankets and whatever appears comfortable, most of them missing limbs.

The doctor rushes over to a screaming injured man trying to get up.

DOCTOR

Easy now, son. The gangrene has to stop at the shin, any further and you go back to New Hampshire in a casket.

(looking at Godfor)

Your assistance would be appreciated.

Godfor hurries over to the doctor.

DOCTOR

Hold him steady, with your whole body if needed.

The doctor lets go of the injured man and Godfor takes over holding him down.

The doctor opens his medical bag, pulling out a bone saw, cloth and a bottle of chloroform.

DOCTOR

Miracle of science, unfortunately doesn't cure the mind afterward.

The doctor hands Godfor the cloth and chloroform.

DOCTOR

Dab the contents into the cloth, then give him a smother.

Godfor does as he's told, causing the injured man to eventually become unconscious.

The doctor places the saw above the injured man's leg.

DOCTOR  
Hope you weren't lying about your  
stomach.

Godfor turns his head away.

DOCTOR  
Had me fooled. Thought your  
character was hardy.

The doctor saws away, cutting off the lower part of his leg and quickly makes a tourniquet around the wound.

DOCTOR  
This one will live. Mind feeding  
the sergeant behind me? He lost  
both arms yesterday. He's not out  
of the woods.

GODFOR  
The least I can do.

DOCTOR  
Good man.

Godfor walks over to a bed containing a DOUBLE AMPUTEE (20s), depressed and silent, sitting next to him.

Godfor swats away some flies sitting on a bowl of stew.

GODFOR  
Feel like finishing lunch?

Godfor takes the bowl and offers the double amputee a fork full of stew.

GODFOR  
Either you eat it or me and the  
flies will.

The double amputee refuses, ignoring Godfor.

GODFOR  
Suit yourself, more for me. My  
first meal since last night.

Godfor helps himself to some of the stew.

GODFOR

Though it would be a shame for a  
person surviving two arms sawed off  
to die malnourished.

Godfor offers another fork full of stew.

The double amputee opens his mouth and Godfor feeds him.

DOUBLE AMPUTEE

You an enlisted man?

GODFOR

Sure, why not.

DOUBLE AMPUTEE

Than what brings you here?

GODFOR

I ask that question everyday.  
(looking at the amputated  
stumps)  
How'd it happen?

DOUBLE AMPUTEE

One got shot while holding the  
battle flag, damn thing's a bullet  
magnet. Kept going to lead the  
troops and a cannonball hit the  
grass to my right. But that didn't  
do it. A private next to me pissed  
his pants and shot off his rifle,  
hit me in the elbow. By the time I  
got here the good doctor over there  
said both arms were infected and  
needed to go. If better weapons get  
created than goddamn the human  
race.

Godfor gives the double amputee some more food.

GODFOR

I doubt we'll create weapons  
that'll sow more death than this.  
At least you don't look like me.  
And you get to go home.

DOUBLE AMPUTEE

Sure, the local freak show will  
welcome me with open arms.

The double amputee starts to cry.

GODFOR

From one freak to another, it can be done. People will mock you, work will be scarce, finding love will leave you bitter. But you endure, to show God that no matter what he does you spit in his face and endure. Grow stronger, despite his hate.

Godfor wipes away the double amputee's tears.

GODFOR

Two southern men just before the war are having a beer at the local tavern. One of them says they slept with a hideous farmer's daughter. The other says the farmer didn't have a daughter. "Than who did I have sex with?", says the other. The other man says, "The Republican candidate was in town making a campaign speech. You fucked Lincoln."

The double amputee lets out a laugh.

GODFOR

There you go.

Brighton walks into the farmhouse and stands directly behind Godfor, their backs facing each other.

A UNION SOLDIER (30s), alert and at attention, comes over to Brighton.

BRIGHTON

How're the men?

UNION SOLDIER

See for yourself.

BRIGHTON

I say again. How are the men, corporeal?

UNION SOLDIER

About half will make it, sir. But they won't be able to fall back into combat.

BRIGHTON

No matter. Our side has most of the manpower.

(MORE)

BRIGHTON (CONT'D)

The longer this rebellion drags on,  
the more likely the south will have  
to send toddlers to the front line.

UNION SOLDIER

Any news from the front line?

BRIGHTON

Yeah, General Lee's West Point  
reputation precedes him. Driving  
this far north is damn genius.  
Taking Philadelphia could make the  
politicians in Washington give the  
Confederates their country.

UNION SOLDIER

My ass, he will.

Brighton gives the Union soldier a hard look.

BRIGHTON

Stay alert, corporal. This is the  
precipice. His shot ain't long.

UNION SOLDIER

Then let me serve better by  
fighting.

BRIGHTON

Not now, we've got looters of the  
necrotic kind abouts. They'd take a  
man's wedding ring by cutting off  
the finger.

Brighton looks around at the injured and dying men.

BRIGHTON

Might be coming here next.

UNION SOLDIER

You sure?

BRIGHTON

Caught one of them, he said at  
least a handful were roaming. Also  
said one of them looked more like  
he belonged in one of those  
European zoos. An appearance  
that'll give you nightmares.  
Could've been lying, a man will say  
anything after being dragged down  
the road tied to the back of a  
horse.

The double amputee hears what Brighton says, looks at Godfor in alarm, and starts to speak to get Brighton's attention.

Before he can say a word Godfor covers his mouth with his hand and holds him down. The double amputee flails in vain.

BRIGHTON  
I'm going back out there.

The Union soldier salutes Brighton, who salutes in return and leaves.

The Union soldier then walks to the other end of the farmhouse.

The double amputee eventually stop flailing.

Godfor removes his hand from the double amputee's mouth and realizes that he suffocated him, the double amputee lies dead, eyes open.

The doctor returns to Godfor.

DOCTOR  
(looking at the double  
amputee)  
Thought this one was going to make  
it. Was there a valediction?

Godfor closes the double amputee's eyes.

GODFOR  
He was looking forward to being  
homeward bound.

Godfor sees a gold crucifix chain lying atop the double amputee's chest.

DOCTOR  
That all?

GODFOR  
He wanted to get something else off  
his chest, but he couldn't.

A soldier brings in another wounded man moaning in pain, causing the doctor to move to him and offer aid.

After many long moments, Godfor snatches the crucifix from the double amputee's chest and leaves the farmhouse.



EXT. FARMHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Godfor watches from afar as Brighton mounts his horse and rides off with some cavalrymen.

Looking in the opposite direction, Godfor sees the town of Gettysburg and quickly walks towards it.

EXT. GETTYSBURG OUTSKIRTS - CONTINUOUS

Several houses dot the landscape. Shelling, yelling and gunfire can be heard in the background.

Godfor walks onward, sweating in the hot midday sun.

EXT. GETTYSBURG MAIN STREET - CONTINUOUS

The street is barren, without a soul in sight.

Godfor stops in front of a simple house, noticing the watering trough containing a little water.

Wiping sweat from his brow, Godfor kneels in front of the trough and drinks from it through his cupped hand.

TYRAEL (middle aged), African-American and sporting a rope burn scar across his throat, aims a double barreled shotgun from the porch of the house.

TYRAEL

That's for Bucky. He wouldn't like that.

GODFOR

Who's Bucky?

TYRAEL

The horse who's water you're stealing from.

Godfor slowly backs away from the trough.

GODFOR

Can you blame a man for trying to wet his whistle in this heat?

Tyrael considers what he says, then lowers his weapon.

TYRAEL

Guess I can't, just don't do it.  
That nag's been with me since  
before the war. Needs hydration,  
he's got sensitivities.

GODFOR

I'll be on my way, then.

TYRAEL

Not smart, friend. Army and rebels  
are clashing all over. Safe to say  
a stray bullet has your name on it.  
Best come inside and wait it out.

GODFOR

How Christian of you.

TYRAEL

Let's just say I know what it's  
like to be in a hostile  
environment.

GODFOR

I'll be fine.

TYRAEL

Your funeral.

Tyrael walks back inside the house.

Godfor hears nearby gunshots, then grudgingly walks into the house.

INT. TYRAEL'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The simple one story home is sparsely furnished, save for a small dinner table with a single chair and a rocking chair by the window.

Godfor enters and stands.

Tyrael sits in the rocking chair, setting his shotgun next to him.

TYRAEL

Take a load off. I'd offer a drink  
but I've been holed up here for  
days, current events have me short  
on offerings. Only meat there is  
would be Bucky tied up in the back  
and ain't no one laying a finger on  
him.

Godfor sits in the chair by the dining table.

GODFOR  
Must really love that horse.

TYRAEL  
We both been through a lot  
together.

A nearby explosion rattles both of the men.

GODFOR  
You ready to die?

TYRAEL  
Ready since '33.

GODFOR  
Very specific year.

TYRAEL  
The year I escaped the noose. That  
day I decided it was freedom or  
death.

GODFOR  
(looking around)  
All this yours?

TYRAEL  
Built it from the ground up. Hardly  
a house around back then. Took two  
summers. But when it was done I  
knew the running and whipping was  
over. No wife, no children. All I  
got is this. If I have to meet my  
maker, right here is where it's  
going to be.

GODFOR  
Self made man.

TYRAEL  
Only finding my way in this world,  
like everyone else. Why you  
loitering about, anyway?

GODFOR  
Like you said, making my way. The  
general store owner gave me work  
sweeping the floors and clearing  
the pig shit out of his pen.

TYRAEL

No, that don't sound right.  
 Would've seen you in town before,  
 ain't dressed Union, if you were  
 southern you wouldn't be speaking  
 to no colored.

GODFOR

True as the sky is blue.

TYRAEL

What's your name?

GODFOR

What's yours?

TYRAEL

Tyrael.

Tyrael grabs his shotgun and cocks it.

TYRAEL

My master named me after the angel  
 of justice. Funny, he only cared  
 about justice if the pigment of  
 your skin was right. Now, what's  
 your name?

Godfor says nothing.

TYRAEL

I've seen that look before. Last  
 time was when I got this.  
 (points to the rope burn  
 around his neck)  
 Those crackers made too much use of  
 that rope. Snapped like a twig  
 after hanging me for a short while.  
 Last mistake they ever made.

GODFOR

My home's in Philly, was on travel  
 to the capital to visit a sister  
 when I got caught up in this.

TYRAEL

What's her name?

GODFOR

Delores.

TYRAEL

Husband's name?

GODFOR  
John. Johnson. A senator.

Tyrael stands up, shotgun in his hands.

TYRAEL  
Ever read that book by that woman  
writer? Shelley, I think it was.  
You're like the monster in that.  
Misunderstood, but dangerous.  
You've stayed your welcome.

Godfor gets up and walks toward the door, Tyrael follows  
closely behind him.

EXT. GETTYSBURG MAIN STREET - CONTINUOUS

GODFOR  
I'd wish we'd depart on amicable  
terms.

TYRAEL  
This is about as amicable as it's  
going to get.

JACKSON (O.S.)  
See, boys. This is the crux of why  
the south seceded. Nat Turners  
thinking they got the right to bear  
arms.

JACKSON STANHOPE (30s), cavalier and wearing an officer's  
uniform, stands among approximately a dozen Confederate  
soldiers on the Gettysburg's main street.

TYRAEL  
(looking at Jackson)  
We acquainted?

JACKSON  
Hope not, but we about to be. Me  
and my bubbas have to check your  
abode for enemy personnel.

TYRAEL  
Over my lifeless body.

JACKSON  
It certainly could be arranged.  
(looking at Godfor)  
You northern dandies like being  
ordered around by the lesser  
species?

GODFOR  
 Me? I'm out of Virginia, looking to  
 stop federal aggression.

TYRAEL  
 (looking at Godfor)  
 Lying son of a...

JACKSON  
 A Virginian kinsman. Which part?

GODFOR  
 Richmond.

JACKSON  
 Have you been to the capital?

GODFOR  
 Baltimore? Sure have.

JACKSON  
 (looking at the  
 confederate soldiers)  
 Fill them with lead.

Tyrael fires his shot gun at the Confederate soldiers,  
 hitting one square in the chest.

Jackson and the Confederate soldiers takes cover and fire at  
 Godfor and Tyrael, who retreat into Jackson's house.

INT. TYRAEL'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Bullets coming outside fly through the house, destroying what  
 little that Tyrael owns.

Godfor hides underneath the dinner table, while Tyrael takes  
 cover by the window, returning fire with his shotgun.

TYRAEL  
 (yelling)  
 Frankenstein, go by the bedside and  
 grab the six shooter underneath the  
 head pillow. Grab the ammo box  
 under the bed too.

Godfor composes himself and eventually does what Tyrael asks,  
 crawling toward the bedroom.

INT. TYRAEL'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The small bedroom has a single bed next to a fireplace along with a simple armoire.

Godfor crawls in, trying to avoid some of the gunfire managing to make it to the bedroom, and frantically feels underneath the bed pillow, finding a Colt revolver.

TYRAEL (O.S.)  
(yelling)  
I need that ammo, Frankenstein.

Godfor looks below the bed and grabs the ammo box, taking a handful of bullets and load a few of them into his revolver.

INT. TYRAEL'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Godfor crawls back in and slides the ammo box to Tyrael, who promptly reloads his shotgun.

TYRAEL  
(looking at Godfor)  
What you waiting for? Have at them.

Godfor turns the dinner table over and fires a few rounds wildly at the Confederates through the front doorway, hitting one in the shoulder. Godfor keeps pulling the trigger, even though the revolver has run out of bullets.

Tyrael shoots both barrels of his shotgun as well, injuring another Confederate.

Finally, all the shooting stops.

JACKSON (O.S.)  
(yelling)  
It would appear we all need to catch our breath. I don't know about you, but I've a few gravely wounded comrades out here. Ain't no fight left in me. But we got torches. So I'm thinking you come on out and surrender or we watch ya'll fizz and crackle like a Christmas Yule log.

TYRAEL  
(looking at Godfor)  
We take a single step out that door, they'll string us up from the closest tree. Believe me.

JACKSON (O.S.)  
 (yelling)  
 Ten seconds is all you got.

TYRAEL  
 (looking at Godfor)  
 This house is my freedom. It dies,  
 I die. There's a window in the  
 back, go on now. Get.

JACKSON (O.S.)  
 (yelling)  
 Five...

TYRAEL  
 (yelling)  
 Don't want to be rude and keep the  
 Lord waiting.

Tyrael fires his shotgun at the Confederates, who return fire.

Godfor quietly sneaks back to the bedroom as two torches come through the window and open door, respectively.

INT. TYRAEL'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Smoke is beginning to fill up the room.

Godfor stays low to the floor and sees the window.

TYRAEL (O.S.)  
 (yelling)  
 I'll be looking down on you fools  
 from the kingdom up high when  
 freedmen are having you clean their  
 floors.

Godfor smashes the window with his revolver and climbs through it.

EXT. BACK OF TYRAEL'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

An empty backyard between other houses, patches of crabgrass. A single horse, probably Bucky, is tied to a post. The horse is clearly agitated, trying to release himself from the post.

Smoke is now fuming out from the house as Godfor jumps out the window. Upon landing he looks around and sees no one, save for a lone goat staring at him.



The goat turns the corner and disappears. Godfor holsters his revolver in his belt and follows it.

EXT. GETTYSBURG STREET - CONTINUOUS

The desolate street is free of people, some houses are boarded up.

Godfor walks down the street nervously, keeping an eye out for potential foes, Confederate or Union.

The goat stands in the middle of the street, simply staring at Godfor. A gunshot scares the goat, causing it to run off.

Godfor walks onward, puts his hand into his pocket and pulls out the coin he's taken from the dead. A disappointed expression grows on his face.

The horse from the back of Tyrael's house suddenly knocks Godfor down, having broken free and running down the street in a panic.

A pained Godfor gets up and gathers up the money which spilled onto the street. While doing so he notices an above average house in front of him, more architecturally lavish than the other homes in Gettysburg. The front door is wide open.

INT. WEALTHY HOUSE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Intricate Chinaware, fine paintings and furniture occupy the main hallway of the home.

Godfor cautiously steps through the front doorway of the house.

GODFOR  
(yelling)  
I come in peace.

After some silence Godfor walks around casually, looking the place up and down.

Godfor picks up a vase of Chinaware, judging its weight before putting it down where it was.

Walking around a bit more, Godfor looks at the stairs leading up to the second floor and walks up it.

INT. WEALTHY HOUSE SECOND FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

The upstairs hallway has more paintings lining the walls, depicting the dramatic American landscape and what looks like the family of the house; a smiling man, unhappy woman and stoic child.

Godfor walks by the paintings, knowing they're too large to carry by himself.

INT. WEALTHY HOUSE BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ornate cabinets, carpets, window dressing, bookcases and an impressive kingsize bed make up the room.

Godfor steps in and immediately plops down on the bed, exhausted.

PAXTON (O.S.)  
(yelling)  
Get off me.

Godfor looks under the bed and finds PAXTON LODGE (9), sharply dressed and frightened, hiding.

GODFOR  
Want to come on out?

Paxton says nothing.

GODFOR  
Hiding from the loud noises?

PAXTON  
Yes. And bad men like you.

Godfor gets off the bed and rummages through one of the cabinets, taking what valuables he can.

Paxton emerges from under the bed and stands up.

PAXTON  
Why are you taking those?

GODFOR  
I'm redistributing the wealth.

PAXTON  
They belong to momma.

GODFOR  
Where is momma? Or papa?

PAXTON  
They left when the gray men were  
getting close.

GODFOR  
And left you behind?

PAXTON  
Daddy said my feet can't walk fast  
enough.

Godfor looks at Paxton's feet, one of which is severely  
clubfooted.

GODFOR  
He was right.

Godfor goes through another cabinet.

PAXTON  
Mommy was angry too. Angry at me  
not reading good enough.

GODFOR  
Parents are like that. Did they say  
where they went?

PAXTON  
No. Only to hide under the bed.

GODFOR  
Then stay under there.

PAXTON  
I want to eat.

Godfor pushes Paxton out of the way as he head to a chest of  
drawers behind him.

PAXTON  
Stop taking mommy and daddy's  
things.

GODFOR  
I want to eat too.

Paxton takes a cane leaning against the bed and hits Godfor  
with it, who cries out in pain.

Godfor strikes Paxton across the face, sending him to the  
ground weeping.

After taking a silver necklace from the cabinet, Godfor starts leaving the bedroom, but stops at the doorway and looks at Paxton crying on the floor.

GODFOR  
Is there food in the house?

Paxton just keeps crying.

Godfor moves toward Paxton and kneels down next to him.

GODFOR  
Let's go on a trip.

PAXTON  
I hate you.

GODFOR  
Many do. Like chocolate?

PAXTON  
The sweet bar?

GODFOR  
Yeah, it can look like that. Get on my back, I'll show you some.

Godfor turns his back toward Paxton.

GODFOR  
Want to stay here alone forever?

Paxton hesitates, but finally climbs onto Godfor's back.

GODFOR  
When'd you go to the bathroom last?

PAXTON  
In the corner after sunup.

GODFOR  
Good.

Godfor piggybacks Paxton out of the bedroom.

INT. WEALTHY HOUSE SECOND FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

PAXTON  
You're stinky.

GODFOR  
Better get used to the smell.

INT. WEALTHY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

PAXTON  
Where we headed?

GODFOR  
We'll see.

EXT. WEALTHY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Holding Paxton on his back, Godfor sticks his head out the front door and sees some Confederate soldiers walking down the street.

Godfor draws his revolver.

PAXTON  
(looking at the  
Confederate soldiers)  
They look mean.

GODFOR  
Keep quiet for a bit.

Godfor and Paxton cross the street as the Confederate soldiers are preoccupied breaking into a house.

EXT. GETTYSBURG ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

The alleyway is long and narrow, barely enough space for Paxton and Godfor.

The sound of cannon fire makes Paxton scream in fright.

GODFOR  
I said quiet, goddamn it.

PAXTON  
Those were close.

GODFOR  
They will be for a while longer.

PAXTON  
Why is there fighting?

GODFOR  
The same old reason. Smart men  
showing how smart they are.

PAXTON  
You're not smart?

GODFOR  
Would appear so. I survive.  
Consider this a life lesson.  
Survival is all there is.

EXT. FLOWER GARDEN - CONTINUOUS

Well curated flower beds dominate the small back garden of a home, encircling a bird bath filled with water.

Godfor puts Paxton down next to the bird bath.

GODFOR  
Drink up.

PAXTON  
Those are for birdies.

GODFOR  
Beggars can't be choosers.

Godfor cups some water in his hand and drinks it.

GODFOR  
Might not get another chance.

Godfor splashes some water onto his sweating face.

Paxton drinks some of the water with his hand.

PAXTON  
It's warm.

GODFOR  
That ain't warm, kiddo. Trust me.  
Know any of your neighbors?

PAXTON  
Ms. Benzies has a big house close  
by.

GODFOR  
Think she's home?

Paxton shrugs.

GODFOR  
Why don't we pay her a visit.

Godfor picks up Paxton and places him on his back.

GODFOR  
Remember, not a peep. Or the gray  
men will see us.

PAXTON  
(pointing to a Confederate  
soldier)  
He sees us.

A CONFEDERATE SOLDIER (20s), ragged and glaring, watches  
Godfor and Paxton walking through the flower bed with a rifle  
in hand.

CONFEDERATE SOLDIER  
What you doing with the youngster,  
mister?

GODFOR  
Hoping to stay out of harm's way.

CONFEDERATE SOLDIER  
He yours?

GODFOR  
Since inception.

CONFEDERATE SOLDIER  
Fail to see the resemblance.

GODFOR  
His mother's good looks prevailed.

CONFEDERATE SOLDIER  
Was she blind too?

Godfor says nothing.

CONFEDERATE SOLDIER  
(gesturing to the house)  
Come on inside.  
(gesturing in the  
direction Godfor and  
Paxton came from)  
Harm is over yonder.

Godfor carries Paxton into the house past the soldier.

INT. SHABBY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Peeling wallpaper and flies decorate the first floor of the  
decrepit abode. Some Confederate soldier are using the  
fireplace to cook what looks to be either a squirrel or a  
rabbit. Some dead chickens lie on the floor next to them.

TANNER MEEMS (30s), focused and wearing an officer's uniform, looks over a regional map with a few other soldiers as Godfor and Paxton come in.

TANNER  
 (looking at Godfor and  
 Paxton)  
 Has the proprietor returned?

GODFOR  
 Just a man seeking refuge from the  
 chaos.

The Confederate soldier walks in from outside.

CONFEDERATE SOLDIER  
 Caught him sniffing around outside  
 with the boy.

PAXTON  
 Paxton.

TANNER  
 Strong name.  
 (looking at the  
 Confederate soldier)  
 What's the word on the street?

CONFEDERATE SOLDIER  
 Jackson and his boys already dealt  
 with that darkie and local yokel.

TANNER  
 Dealt?

CONFEDERATE SOLDIER  
 Says both went up in smoke.

TANNER  
 Against my orders.

CONFEDERATE SOLDIER  
 Jackson said they were both  
 armed...

TANNER  
 Imagine an invading army came up to  
 your doorstep. What then? Offer  
 them lemonade?

The Confederate soldier doesn't open his mouth.



TANNER

More unnecessary casualties and there'll be court-martials. The same one deserters are slapped with. Get my drift? Fall back in line.

The Confederate soldier walks to the front porch and stands guard.

TANNER

(looking at Godfor)

The tyke can have morsels if he'd like.

Godfor puts Paxton down and a soldier sets a plate of roasted meat down on the floor.

Paxton and Godfor start to sit down next to the plate.

TANNER

(looking at Godfor)

No. Not you. Require your unique insight on an important matter.

Tanner taps his finger on the map atop the table.

Godfor walks over to the map.

TANNER

How does this appear to a man such as yourself?

GODFOR

(looking at the map)

A bunch of red rectangles surrounding town. Those blue pieces look like a fish hook.

TANNER

Now that's euphemism for ya. Me, seems more like a noose. The rope those Yankees are going to hang themselves with. Alls is needed is to break their line. Being a good samaritan of Gettysburg, you'll offer help in the matter.

GODFOR

Don't follow.

TANNER

Lead my regiment to here.  
(pointing to an area on  
the map)  
They're from Appalachia country,  
don't know their ass from a hole in  
the ground.

GODFOR

I can't. Never taken a life and I  
won't start now.

TANNER

No, just sit back and relax. They  
lie in wait, then shove their  
bayonets up those blue asses.  
Federal formation crumbles.

GODFOR

But the whole area's alien.  
Wouldn't know how to find it.

Tanner gives Godfor a hard look.

TANNER

You live here?

GODFOR

No.

TANNER

So you're a Washington spy?

GODFOR

What...? My cousin lives on the  
main road. Me and Paxton were  
making a visit when all this broke  
out.

TANNER

He got an occupation?

GODFOR

Barely. He trades with those Amish  
in Lancaster County.

TANNER

And where do you call home?

GODFOR

A small farm... south of here.

TANNER

Which would bring you within  
breathing distance of this fucking  
spot.

(pointing to the area on  
the map)

Wouldn't it?

GODFOR

Yeah... it would.

TANNER

Exactly. Be a good fellow and  
shepherd these distinguished  
gentlemen to victory.

Godfor looks around at the soldiers, who are gathering their  
weapons and belongings.

TANNER

Think of it this way; you're  
helping us pass the Rubicon. Win  
Rome. We're Caesar here, without  
the Ides of March.

GODFOR

Paxton...

TANNER

Stays.  
(yelling)  
Beaumont?

CULLEN (O.S.)

(yelling)  
At the ready.

TANNER

(yelling)  
Found a guide. He'll be your beacon  
in the night.

Tanner gestures to the front door.

Godfor looks at Tanner, then Paxton, and eventually heads  
toward the front door.

Before he exits, Tanner grabs Godfor's arm and leans in  
close.

TANNER

You wouldn't be leading these God  
fearing men into the lion's den,  
would you?

GODFOR

If I did, it wouldn't be intentional. It would be the universe being indifferent.

TANNER

Either way, the bulk of them get killed and the boy dies. Some incentive to get the job done.

Godfor gives one last look at Paxton, oblivious to the circumstances, then leaves.

EXT. SHABBY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The exterior of the house doesn't look much better than inside, having been neglected for some time. Dozens of Confederate soldiers mill about outside the home.

CULLEN BEAUMONT (30s), implacable and confident, looks at Godfor as he exits the house.

CULLEN

(yelling)

You find an ogre to give me directions?

TANNER (O.S.)

(yelling)

Follow him, but don't get chummy. That's an order.

CULLEN

(looking at Godfor)

Looks like I'm at your beck and call. Show us the spot, Magellan.

Godfor looks around at the Confederates waiting for his direction, then finally starts walking in one direction.

Cullen and the soldiers follow closely behind.

EXT. GETTYSBURG OUTSKIRTS - CONTINUOUS

A few dead horses and partially destroyed carriages lie scattered through the main road out of town.

CULLEN

(looking at dead horse)

I remember this fine thoroughbred. Carried the chuck all the way from the Mississippi.

(MORE)

CULLEN (CONT'D)

Never broke a sweat while doing it.  
Then a single bullet hit him square  
in the throat. Fortunes rise and  
fall just like that.

GODFOR

Would your captain really kill a  
child?

CULLEN

Before the war, the thought  
would've never crossed my mind.  
Been serving with him since '61.  
He's got eight children himself  
back on his cotton farm. All this  
killing, though, changes men. Some  
are sickened, some are hardened. He  
falls mostly in the latter.

Godfor stops and looks around.

CULLEN

Lose your bearings?

GODFOR

Regained them. This way.

EXT. FLAT FIELD - CONTINUOUS

Wooden farm fences zigzag across the field, some cattle  
grazing nearby.

Godfor and the Confederates climb over the fences as they  
continue on.

CULLEN

Much further to go?

GODFOR

Closer than you think.

CULLEN

Thank God.

(swats a mosquito on his  
neck)

These blood suckers are eating me  
alive. Are you a religious man?

GODFOR

God's for fools.

CULLEN  
Never met a man lacking the good  
word of the good book.

GODFOR  
Haven't met many men.

CULLEN  
Thank God. Why such hatred for the  
Lord?

Godfor gives Cullen a hard stare.

GODFOR  
Why do you think?

CULLEN  
Hard finding love with the ladies?  
Or a friend?

GODFOR  
You just proved my secular point.

EXT. FOREST GROVE - CONTINUOUS

Brilliant light shines through the trees as the sun sets.  
Godfor stops walking and looks around some more.

GODFOR  
Here.

The Confederates soldiers start taking cover behind the  
trees, except for Cullen.

CULLEN  
That so?

Godfor hides behind a tree.

GODFOR  
Swear on my soul.

CULLEN  
Admitted to me just now how you  
lack a spiritual compass.

Cullen observes his surroundings.

CULLEN  
Night's falling.

GODFOR  
Tends to happen.

CULLEN  
Than why's the sun setting over  
there? Shouldn't we be facing west?

GODFOR  
No... You got turned around.

CULLEN  
Arrived here mighty quick.  
According to the map, should've  
taken twice as long. Unless I'm  
simple.

GODFOR  
You ain't, only wrong.

Cullen pushes Godfor against the tree as all the Confederates  
watch.

CULLEN  
So I'm a liar?

GODFOR  
Neither.

CULLEN  
I've done my fair share of  
bushwhacking. This smells like one.

GODFOR  
(looking at a nearby  
ridge)  
If it is I've signed my death  
warrant.

CULLEN  
Excuse me?

CONFEDERATE SOLDIER (O.S.)  
Yanks on the ridge!

An explosion caused by cannon fire kills several Confederate  
soldier, followed by a volley of bullets which kill many  
more.

In the distance, Union soldiers and cavalry charge toward  
their position.

Cullen lets go of Godfor.

CULLEN  
(yelling)  
Form a line and stand your ground!

The Confederate soldiers scramble to formation and haphazardly fire at the Union soldiers.

The Union soldiers break their line and hand to hand combat ensues.

Godfor tries to stay clear of the fighting, but gets knocked to the ground by a Union soldier.

Godfor is about to get bayoneted by a Union soldier when the soldier is shot by Cullen, falling on top of Godfor.

Pushing the soldier off him, Godfor attempts to get up and instead gets kicked in the face by Cullen, who points his pistol at Godfor.

CULLEN  
Now you'll know if a higher power  
exists.

Before he can shoot, Cullen's head gets blown off.

Godfor looks behind him and sees Brighton atop his horse, now aiming his repeater at Godfor after having shot Cullen.

BRIGHTON  
We can't help bumping into each  
other. Enjoy Hell, grave robber.

Brighton pulls the repeater's trigger, but the weapon is out of ammo.

Godfor takes the revolver from his belt and fire's at Brighton, unintentionally hitting his horse.

The horse falls over dead and pins Brighton to the ground, who screams in pain.

Godfor runs in the opposite direction, avoiding the soldiers fighting each other.

A bullet strikes Godfor in the shoulder and he falls down in excruciating pain, but manages to get up and keep running.

EXT. FLAT FIELD - CONTINUOUS

Godfor climbs over the fences again, but finds it much more difficult due to his injury.



Godfor scrambles over a few more fences, before eventually passes out, collapsing from exhaustion and pain.

EXT. FLAT FIELD - NIGHT

An eerie silence fills the field, the only sounds being crickets and the field is full of fireflies giving partial illumination.

Godfor awakes suddenly and groans, clutching his bloody shoulder. After a few moments he orients himself and gets up, moving back toward Gettysburg.

EXT. GETTYSBURG OUTSKIRTS - CONTINUOUS

Some moonlight allows Godfor to make his way, revolver in hand.

EXT. SHABBY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Godfor carefully approaches the house, on the lookout for any activity.

INT. SHABBY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Godfor enters to find no one around.

He looks at the spot where he saw Paxton last and sees only a plate with mostly finished food.

A heavy rain begins and water pours down from the dilapidated roof, causing most everything to become soaked.

Godfor holsters his revolver and leaves.

EXT. SHABBY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Godfor opens his mouth to drink some of the refreshing rain.

In the distance Godfor sees some lanterns carried by an unrecognizable group of men.

Godfor moves away in fear, toward the town square.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - CONTINUOUS

A small gazebo sits in the middle of the square, a few dirt lanes leading to it.

Godfor approaches the gazebo and sees SCARLETT HEYWOOD (20s), attractive and emotionally beaten down, standing inside, staying out of the rain.

GODFOR  
Happen to spot a small child?  
(placing his hand to his  
waist for measure)  
Yay high. Peculiar way of walking.

Scarlett ignores him.

GODFOR  
Ma'am? Seen a little boy?

SCARLETT  
Can't hear you. Either step out of  
that rain or let Noah take you  
aboard his ark.

Godfor steps into the gazebo.

SCARLETT  
You're shot.

GODFOR  
I know, it hurts. The boy...

SCARLETT  
Haven't seen one since the South  
marched on us.

GODFOR  
Sorry to bother.

Godfor begins to leave but sees the lantern bearing men walking by, causing him to hesitate.

SCARLETT  
Saw a ghost?

GODFOR  
If only.

SCARLETT  
Those are some local militia. They  
ain't hungry for a fight. Are you?

GODFOR  
I'm too old and seen too much of  
the dead to think that stupid.

SCARLETT

Leaving that bullet lodged in that shoulder, you'll join the dead.

GODFOR

A tad melodramatic.

SCARLETT

I've been nursing for the past three days. I know my way around a wound. Come hither.

Scarlett raises the shawl on her shoulders over her head to keep herself somewhat dry from the rain and heads to the inn on the other side of the town square.

Godfor doesn't follow at first, but eventually rubs his shoulder in pain and follows her.

INT. GETTYSBURG INN - CONTINUOUS

The main floor of the inn holds a simple bar, a fairly large circular table and stairs leading to upstairs rooms.

Godfor enters in from the rain to find OTIS (middle aged), pugnacious and wearing farmers clothes, HANS (middle aged), suspicious and sipping ale, and THEODORE (middle aged), tipsy and more jovial than the rest, all sitting at the large table and staring at him.

Scarlett dries herself off.

OTIS

Brought in a stray dog, Scar?

HANS

Tell him there aren't any vacancies.

SCARLETT

I'm taking him to my room.

HANS

Of course you are.

THEODORE

Care for a drink, friend? Same goes for you, Scarlett.

SCARLETT

Not partaking tonight. Require a clear head.

THEODORE  
I bet you do...

SCARLETT  
Get him two fingers of whiskey.  
He'll need it.

GODFOR  
No, thank you. I'm no souse.

SCARLETT  
You'll need it.

THEODORE  
Doctor's orders.  
(yelling)  
Arthur.

ARTHUR (O.S.)  
(yelling)  
What now?

THEODORE  
Got a parched customer.

ARTHUR MAYSBERRY (middle aged), annoyed and built like an oak, comes out from behind the bar.

ARTHUR  
That so.

SCARLETT  
Get him the English brand. On my  
tab.

ARTHUR  
Big spender.

Arthur goes in back to retrieve the whiskey.

Otis slides over a chair with his foot in Godfor's direction.

OTIS  
Join us a while.

Godfor reluctantly sits down.

GODFOR  
Is there a chair for the lady?

Otis, Hans and Theodore all let out a chuckle.

SCARLETT

Won't take anything from these  
louts. I take care of myself.

Scarlett pulls up a chair and sits.

OTIS

You a deserter?

GODFOR

Survivor.

HANS

Spoken like a coward.

SCARLETT

Be nice, gentlemen...

GODFOR

(pointing to his shoulder  
wound)

This look yellow to you? I'm  
killing and losing blood so none of  
ya'll have to wake up the next day  
to see the stars and bars flying  
over the town square outside.

Arthur returns with the whiskey, placing it on the table.

ARTHUR

Well said. Have an extra on me.

Arthur pours two neat glasses of whiskey for Godfor.

ARTHUR

Otis, what in God's good name have  
you done for the war effort?

OTIS

My fair share.

ARTHUR

Hiding your prize sow from getting  
cut up and fed to the Army of the  
Potomac doesn't count.

OTIS

Had to keep at least one from being  
gobbled up by those ravenous shits.  
Thought we were all for the same  
Union cause here...

THEODORE

Alls I can tell ya is what I heard  
from two gossiping generals; war is  
hell.

GODFOR

I'll drink to that.

Godfor pounds down the glass of whiskey.

THEODORE

More of that, please.

Everyone at the table with a drink takes a swig.

HANS

(looking at Godfor)  
Thought you didn't like to imbibe?

GODFOR

Well, Mr...?

HANS

Simply Hans.

GODFOR

Well Hans, when your arm's almost  
been shot off and a hunk of metal  
is about to be removed you loosen  
your morals, you fucking kraut.

SCARLETT

Hurry up and finish, we have to  
take care of that.

HANS

Funny and hideous. My father's  
father was from Prussia, not me.

GODFOR

Then why you hiding in here?

Hans takes a humbled drink from his beer mug.

ARTHUR

He's got you there.

Arthur returns to tending the bar.

GODFOR

Apologies, I want us to stand off  
on the good foot.

Godfor takes a drink from his second whiskey glass.

GODFOR

Tomorrow's the fourth of July.  
Think there'll be a parade or a  
mass memorial?

Godfor laughs to himself.

THEODORE

We need more comedians in here. I'm  
loving this.

HANS

Shut up, one's enough.

OTIS

Down your yak, joker. Do what you  
came here for, your mistress is  
waiting. Be careful gangrene isn't  
the only disease you walk out of  
here with.

SCARLETT

(looking at Otis)  
You're a right bastard.

OTIS

Only offering wisdom from past  
experience.

Godfor gulps down the last of the whiskey from the glass.

GODFOR

Impolite to keep a lady waiting.

Scarlett walks up the stairs as Godfor gets up from his seat.

GODFOR

Gentlemen, may we all see the  
Confederate dog turn about face  
back toward Dixie with its tail  
between its legs.

Theodore, Hans and Otis begin humming the Battle Hymn of the  
Republic as Godfor walks up the stairs.

INT. GETTYSBURG INN SECOND FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

A row of three doors along a long hall make up the second  
floor.

Scarlett stands at the last door, waiting for Godfor to make  
it up the stairs before unlocking the door.

SCARLETT  
My knight in shining blue armor.

GODFOR  
I'm at your mercy, milady.

Scarlett unlocks the door and goes into the room, soon followed by Godfor.

INT. GETTYSBURG INN GUEST ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The room has a single window, twin bed, bedside table, simple chair and bed pan filled with bloody rags, all illuminated with a candle light sitting on the window sill.

Scarlett sits on the bed cleaning scissors with a wet cloth.

Godfor comes in and stands awkwardly.

SCARLETT  
Close that, would you. We need privacy.

Godfor carefully closes the guest room door.

SCARLETT  
Take those clotted rags off.

Godfor painfully removes his shirt with his one good arm and tosses it over the back of the chair.

SCARLETT  
(gesturing to the chair)  
Relax yourself, but won't take a minute.

Godfor nervously sits down in the chair.

GODFOR  
Should I be biting down on something?

SCARLETT  
If you're sissy, then yes. There will be blood.

Scarlett holds onto Godfor's arm with one hand and holds large tweezers with her other hand.



SCARLETT

(looking at the wound)  
That sucker missed the bone,  
could've done some shattering. Have  
you had a woman before?

GODFOR

Woman...?

Scarlett pierces the wound with tweezers, causing Godfor to grimace and let out a painful groan.

SCARLETT

Like to know the sort of man I'm  
dealing with. Almost there... Of  
course...

Scarlett puts down the tweezers.

SCARLETT

Seen this done too many times with  
shaky hands, tweezers makes it  
worse not better. Squeezing out the  
shell works wonders.

Scarlett squeezes out the bullet with two hands and Godfor gives another groan.

SCARLETT

(looking at the bullet)  
Nasty little scamp.

Scarlett places a bandage over Godfor's bleeding wound.

SCARLETT

Hold here.

Godfor puts pressure over the wound with his other hand as Scarlett drops the bullet into the bed pan.

SCARLETT

Now comes the hard part.

GODFOR

That was the easy part?

Scarlett takes out a large needle attached to horsehair.

SCARLETT

Never was much for sewing, so this  
scar is going be more jagged than a  
saw blade in the end.

GODFOR

I'm used to not being pretty. Why you asking about my history with women?

Scarlett presses together the wound with one hand and starts stitching it together, making Godfor grimace audibly.

SCARLETT

Now you know why I asked for the good whiskey.

GODFOR

I have a question left unanswered.

SCARLETT

My man's dead. He was an officer. And a gentleman. Quite the tipper. We met downstairs some days ago, could care less about my loose legs. We were leaving for Toronto tonight, leaving his wife, kids, an inheritance, all for me. After the battle. Except he never showed.

GODFOR

Why you were waiting outside.

SCARLETT

And fate would have you fall into my lap. How much coin you got in those britches? Could hear you a mile away.

GODFOR

None of your business.

Scarlett finishes stitching the wound and bites off the horsehair thread.

SCARLETT

I'd wager a feminine touch is a mystery to such a rugged man.

Scarlett wraps bandages around the wound.

SCARLETT

Place whatever jewels and the like you may have swindled on the table, I'll give the best night you've never had.

Scarlett finishes wrapping the bandages and takes Godfor's hand, pulling him toward the bed and making him sit next to her.

SCARLETT  
Or pay me afterwards.

Scarlett kisses Godfor.

SCARLETT  
Are we in agreement?

Godfor says nothing.

SCARLETT  
Silence speaks a thousand words.

Scarlett gently pushes Godfor, making him lie on the bed.

SCARLETT  
No need to say a thing.

Godfor closes his eyes as Scarlett begins unbuckling his pants.

INT. GETTYSBURG INN GUEST ROOM - DAWN

Godfor awakens alone, naked, in bed to the sound of men yelling and heavy rain outside.

Stepping out of bed, Godfor puts on his pants and feels his empty pockets, a worried expression on his face.

Godfor looks around for his stained shirt, instead he finds on the table a carefully folded, well cleaned new shirt. After looking it over, he finally puts it on.

INT. GETTYSBURG INN SECOND FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Godfor steps out of the room fully clothed and searches for any sign of life. Seeing none he heads downstairs.

INT. GETTYSBURG INN - CONTINUOUS

Godfor sees Theodore is passed out drunk in his chair, his upper body lying over the table. No one else is around.

More shouting from outside startles Godfor.

After several long moments, Godfor approaches the door and cautiously opens it.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - CONTINUOUS

The square is flush with Union soldiers moving about; carrying supplies, marching in unison, pushing wagons.

Godfor nonchalantly steps out of the inn and spots a few feet away a UNION PRIVATE (teens), scrawny and exhausted, trying to put a chest onto the back of a wagon.

UNION PRIVATE  
(looking at Godfor)  
Lend a hand?

GODFOR  
Sorry, got mouths to feed.

UNION PRIVATE  
Spare ten minutes and I'll share  
half of the tobacco on me.

Godfor considers his proposition, then starts helping the Union private with the chest.

UNION PRIVATE  
One, two...

Godfor and the Union private successfully load the chest onto the wagon.

UNION PRIVATE  
And three. You, sir, are a scholar  
and a gentleman.

GODFOR  
The first time those words have  
been uttered in these ears.

The Union private hands Godfor some blankets.

UNION PRIVATE  
Next to the chest, if you would be  
so kind.

Godfor takes the blankets and puts them by the chest in the wagon.

A cavalryman rides past Godfor in a hurry.

GODFOR  
Why all the commotion? Are the Rebs  
on the move?

UNION PRIVATE

In retreat. A regiment walked right into our crosshairs the other day, dumb bastards. Gave us the momentum to seal their fate.

GODFOR

The war could be ending by Christmas.

The Union private laughs.

UNION PRIVATE

Christmas of 1880.

GODFOR

That long? Your son to be could be enlisting by then.

UNION PRIVATE

These rednecks are too proud to surrender, they'll scatter to the hills, keep the rebellion alive. By God, they better.

GODFOR

You'd enjoy a long slog?

UNION PRIVATE

Never felt more alive. In '59 I was working my fifth year at one of the new factories on the Hudson, past Albany. Smoke filling your lungs all morning and afternoon, killed a few of my more weak lunged friends. You know what it is to be crawling through metal and fumes? Move a little too much to the left, get a mangled arm for the rest of your days.

GODFOR

Can't imagine, but youth is practice for a disappointing adulthood.

UNION PRIVATE

Wasn't staying for that kind of slavery. In '61 the army came calling, lied about my age and here I am in the fresh air every day.

GODFOR

Facing death.

UNION PRIVATE

We all face it sometime. Except I'm making a career of it. A few more years, this uniform gets officer stripes. If the war's over, I can go to the territories, subjugate those savages.

GODFOR

White man's burden.

UNION PRIVATE

Ain't that the truth.

GODFOR

If you're finished envisioning your life, could I enjoy some of that tobacco?

The Union private removes the tobacco out of his pocket.

UNION PRIVATE

(looking at the tobacco)  
Shit, rain spoiled it. Sorry, mister.

Godfor let's out a heavy, disappointed sigh.

GEORGE CUSTER (23), prideful and carrying an air of superiority, rides up to Godfor and the Union private on his horse.

GEORGE

Tickle me pretty. What're you Cinderellas doing lazing under this awful weather?

UNION PRIVATE

Following orders, sir.  
(gesturing to the supplies)  
Got most of this train ready to move.

GEORGE

Nobody in this goddamn outfit is moving until we put our brothers in the ground before they become a feast for the buzzards. Nobody.

UNION PRIVATE

Bury the bodies near the Confederate line? With them looking at us?

GEORGE

Funny, sounds like cowardice coming out of those flapping gums.

UNION PRIVATE

No, sir. Only my CO told me to stay put, keep these supplies well taken care of.

GEORGE

Good man, carrying out orders to the tee. Now carry out mine, tell him General Custer said so.

(looking at Godfor)

How goes, citizen?

GODFOR

Could be dryer.

GEORGE

Couldn't we all. May the righteous United States army make use of your time and labor? A few graves dug is all I require. Compensation will be provided.

GODFOR

How can I refuse?

GEORGE

Nerve and a higher calling will get you far, patriot. Ever ridden a nag?

GODFOR

Not one so impressive.

GEORGE

She is a beaut, goes by Libby, after the love of my life. As gentle as her. Climb up and see.

George offers his hand to Godfor so he can mount the horse.

GODFOR

Walking is more my pace.

GEORGE

Nonsense, this downpour will soak you to the bone. Also heard rumors of robbers taking from the dead. We need to give proper burials to those poor souls before the jackals get to them.

Godfor reluctantly takes George's hand and mounts the horse.

GEORGE

Don't even think of holding my  
waist, the saddle's good enough.

Godfor holds on to the saddle so as to not fall off as George rides the horse out of the town square.

EXT. GETTYSBURG STREET - CONTINUOUS

Union soldiers gather equipment all along the street, getting ready to move out as George and Godfor ride past.

GEORGE

Constantly proud of these men.

GODFOR

How many lost?

GEORGE

Too many, tallying up the numbers  
as we speak.

GODFOR

Seen a few of these scraps in the  
past, seems bad.

GEORGE

Do I have a fellow vet riding  
bitch?

GODFOR

Served a year in Mexico, '47. Or  
what was Mexico.

GEORGE

Glorious battles in the Mexican  
crusade. I was but a boy.

GODFOR

Same, was going on nineteen myself.

GEORGE

No, you came out a man.

GODFOR

This your last one?

GEORGE

Depends on when country comes  
calling. But destiny's got  
something in store for me.

(MORE)



GEORGE (CONT'D)

When I'm an old man and my career's over, be remembered long after. I know it.

EXT. GETTYSBURG OUTSKIRTS - CONTINUOUS

Union troops help carry fellow soldiers back from the frontline as George and Godfor ride along.

GEORGE

(looking at the wounded men)

Gorgeous day to celebrate our independence.

GODFOR

Poetic description for the state of the union.

GEORGE

If we bounce back from this, we'll prevail over anything.

GODFOR

Anything?

GEORGE

Here we are.

EXT. CEMETERY HILL - CONTINUOUS

Corpses as far as the eye can see cover a large field. On one side Confederate soldiers look on from their breastwork. On the other side Union soldiers stare back from their own breastwork, cannons at the ready. Several other men are digging up burial plots and moving the dead into them.

George stops his horse next to the Union breastwork.

GEORGE

End of the line.

George and Godfor both dismount the horse.

GEORGE

(looking at the Union soldiers)

Get me that captain. The one who was gimped.

Brighton emerges from behind the cannon, leaning on a makeshift crutch.

BRIGHTON  
Able and eager, general.

GEORGE  
Came across a recruit for burial  
duty.

BRIGHTON  
(looking at Godfor)  
Oh, my stars and garters...

Brighton takes his pistol out of his holster and points it at  
Godfor.

GEORGE  
Your senses take their leave after  
that injury?

BRIGHTON  
We have a devil in human skin  
gracing our company, sir. Wouldn't  
let this man near a fallen brother.  
He'd take their medals, every soul  
if he could.

GEORGE  
Lower the peacemaker, captain.  
Probably have a fever to go along  
with that limp. He's a brother in  
arms, veteran of the last shitshow.

BRIGHTON  
No, sir. Lies. Can't forget a face  
like that.

George unholster's his pistol and points it at Brighton.

GEORGE  
Defying an order? Grounds for court  
martial, captain. Being we're in  
extraordinary circumstances, I'm  
willing to forgo the legal process.

BRIGHTON  
These eyes have seen all matter of  
horrors since Bull Run. Includes a  
stealer taking my dead brother's  
Medal of Honor in Chancellorsville.  
Seeing him steal from men who  
sacrificed everything makes me  
almost wish I was blind.

GEORGE

Well, I'm vouching for his angelic heart. Otherwise, dig the graves yourself. Then I'll shoot you in each eye when you're done.

BRIGHTON

General, with all due respect, I call your bluff.

George cocks his pistol.

GEORGE

For your sake, I hope there aren't any women or children waiting back home. They'll only get a letter saying "missing in action". They won't know or want to know how you're rotting in a mass grave, beneath that dead cow over there and headless drummer boy over here. Ignorance is certainly bliss.

Brighton lowers his pistol.

GEORGE

Glad we have intelligent men leading the charge.

The rain suddenly stops.

GEORGE

(looking up at the sky)  
Behold, even God agrees with me.

George removes Godfor's revolver from his belt.

GEORGE

To keep your mind at peace.  
(looking at Godfor)  
Grab a shovel and earn pay.  
(looking at Brighton)  
Supervise and encourage.  
(looking at Union soldiers)  
The captain loses his temper prior to completion, you have authority execute him for treason.

George mounts his horse.

GEORGE

Watch the grey ridge line. They're leaving in haste, but wouldn't be surprised if their bitter pill makes them do something stupid before taking flight.

George rides away.

BRIGHTON

(looking at Godfor)  
We both got a job to do.

Brighton picks up a shovel and tosses it to Godfor who catches it.

BRIGHTON

Get going, ghoul.

Godfor looks over the field, deciding which corpse to bury first. He decides on one and starts digging.

BRIGHTON

(looking at the Union soldiers)  
Easy, fellas. I know those fingers are itchy for the trigger. We beat Lee, he's going back to Richmond with a rag tag of an army.  
(pointing to Godfor)  
This one, shoot first and think nothing later if he bolts.

A UNION CORPORAL (20s), haggard and ready for a fight, looks at Brighton as he mans a cannon.

UNION CORPORAL

That command outrank the general's orders? Seems he knows his place, maybe we should ask.

The Union soldiers all sneer and laugh.

BRIGHTON

Ranking officer is telling you so. Work on that gag reflex and expect sink duty back at camp, corporal. Most of us haven't heard nature's call since the battle started.

Godfor keeps hitting hard rock as he digs, causing frustration.

ANDERS LAZAR (30s), sporting a serene, scarred face and wearing a bloody, dirty Union uniform, walks with a limp up to Godfor.

ANDERS

The grass over here's greener.

Anders picks up a shovel and starts digging, easily moving the soil.

Godfor walks over and helps out Anders by digging in the same area.

GODFOR

You ever wonder how many people died in this world and how big heaven would have to be to accommodate?

ANDERS

Morbid character, aren't ya?

GODFOR

With all we've seen since getting here, how couldn't I be?

ANDERS

You'll be getting no resistance from me on that point.

GODFOR

(looking around)

Who do you think should get the honor of having their own grave first?

ANDERS

(gesturing to a body)

How about Thompson here? His passing's a real tragedy, like all the others. His family's probably docking in Manhattan from Ireland today.

GODFOR

One death's a tragedy, hundreds of thousands are a statistic is how I see it.

ANDERS

Frigid perspective.

GODFOR

People reading about this battle  
will likely have the same one.

ANDERS

And if you moved on to the next  
world tomorrow would you be  
satisfied with what you did in this  
one?

GODFOR

Now who's morbid?

Anders stops digging.

ANDERS

A question most don't ask enough.

GODFOR

Need to eat, need money to eat,  
money requires work.

ANDERS

Look around, friend. They say the  
company you keep reflects how you  
live. Expect staying dead your  
whole life?

Godfor stops digging.

GODFOR

Let's move Thompson to his new  
home.

Anders and Godfor pick up Thompson's body and place it in the  
newly dug grave.

GODFOR

A prayer for your dearly departed?

ANDERS

Thompson loved his family more than  
any man could. Enlisting brought  
him the funds to bring them here,  
bringing them out of starvation. He  
could've loved them more, but God  
had other intentions. May the  
fruits of your labor allow them a  
future you'll see from above. Amen.

Godfor begins shoveling dirt back into the grave.

GODFOR  
 (looking at Anders)  
 A little assistance?

ANDERS  
 Got other obligations.

Anders casually walks away and disappears into the nearby woods.

Godfor continues to shovel dirt into the grave.

UNION CORPORAL  
 (yelling)  
 The miracles of science never cease  
 to amaze, apparently women can give  
 birth to monkeys in the south.

A CONFEDERATE CORPORAL (40s), enraged and eyeing the Union soldiers with a telescope, stands in front of his troops.

CONFEDERATE CORPORAL  
 (yelling)  
 We keep our monkeys in their place,  
 not elect presidents who share  
 their bed with dandies for years on  
 end.

The Union corporal starts to draw his pistol, but Brighton grabs his hand.

BRIGHTON  
 (looking at the Union  
 corporal)  
 Willing to spill even more blood  
 over a half-assed insult? Stay that  
 hand, soldier.

The Union corporal backs down.

BRIGHTON  
 (looking at Godfor)  
 Move it along, ghoul.

GODFOR  
 A one man job goes faster with two.  
 Tell scarface to comeback.

BRIGHTON  
 The only disfigured turd here alive  
 is you.

GODFOR

The soldier who was just here,  
shoveling this shit. Walked with a  
hobble.

BRIGHTON

What the hell are you blabbing?  
Lazar? He's been dead the morning  
last.

GODFOR

No... he's...

BRIGHTON

Dead.  
(pointing to a soldier)  
Jennings there got slashed by a  
Bowie across the nose. Probably  
him.

Godfor looks at the soldier Brighton is speaking of, but he's  
too far away to conclusively identify.

GODFOR

Mayhap...

BRIGHTON

Whatever.  
(yelling)  
Jennings, leave your post and help  
this godforsaken freak. The faster,  
the better.

CONFEDERATE CORPORAL

(yelling)  
So just to clarify, did your  
dictator of a chief exec tell his  
friend in the middle of the night  
that was a log from the cabin  
poking him or something entirely  
else?

The Confederate soldiers howl with laughter.

A shot is suddenly fired by a Union soldier, which quickly  
escalates into a full blown firefight between the Confederate  
and Union soldiers.

Godfor falls to the ground in the middle of the two sides and  
crawls away, attempting to avoid being shot.

Brighton heads out to Godfor, staying low to the ground, and  
grabs him, placing a pistol to his head.



BRIGHTON

Uh uh, not again.

A cannonball lands near Godfor and Brighton, the impact knocking them to the ground.

Godfor sits up, shakes his head and regains his bearings after many moments.

Brighton lies still a few yards away, face down, unconscious.

Godfor begins standing up when Brighton grabs him by the shoulder, digging his fingers into Godfor's wound and making him scream.

Godfor headbutts Brighton and he falls to the ground in pain, putting his hand over his face.

Godfor starts running toward the Confederate soldiers, arms raised.

GODFOR

(yelling)

Don't shoot. Billy Yank took me prisoner down in Natchez.

CONFEDERATE CORPORAL

(yelling)

No dilly dallying, brother. This way before the bullets drops ya.

Godfor makes it to the Confederate soldiers amid all the gunfire.

CONFEDERATE CORPORAL

(looking at Godfor)

Welcome back to the fold.

The Confederate corporal is suddenly shot, spraying blood all over Godfor, and falls down dead.

Godfor runs away to the woods behind the Confederates, leaving them to their fight with the Union soldiers.

EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS

A thick amount of trees cover the area. A small creek runs through the woods.

Godfor stops his running when the gunfire sounds like it's a safe distance away, bending down due to lack of breath.

Seeing the creek a few yards away, Godfor makes his way toward it and kneels down, washing the blood off his face and chest.

Godfor looks around and sees a road in the distance. He heads toward it.

EXT. RURAL ROAD - CONTINUOUS

A long road as far as the eye can see stretches for what seems like an eternity.

Godfor stumbles onto the road and sees nothing in front of him.

Godfor hears some kind of commotion behind him and turns around, almost being trampled by General ROBERT E. LEE, appearing bitter and angry, riding on his horse in front of a wagon train of thousands of soldiers and cavalymen.

ROBERT  
Move aside.

Godfor stands by the side of the road as thousands of Confederates pass by.

PAXTON (O.S.)  
Stinky!

Godfor looks up and sees Paxton on a horse being ridden by his father HUBERT LODGE (30s), exhausted and wearing fine clothing.

Paxton jumps down and hugs Godfor.

PAXTON  
Now you smell better.

GODFOR  
Washed up. Where'd you run off to?

PAXTON  
The man with the map said stay put and left with the other men, didn't come back. Got bored and walked back home, found daddy there. He was real happy.

Hubert dismounts his horse near Godfor.

HUBERT  
So you're the guardian angel.

GODFOR

And you abandoned your boy. Grew a  
conscious?

Hubert looks down in shame.

HUBERT

None of us are perfect. From what  
my son said about your house  
cleaning, your own house is made of  
glass and you're throwing stones.

Godfor says nothing.

HUBERT

Thank you, all the same. My wife  
said I was a fool going back, but  
he's my flesh and blood.

GODFOR

Taking him south?

HUBERT

To Atlanta. My wife has a sister  
there, her husband manages a rail  
yard. Looking for a few new  
foremen. Separating from this wagon  
train after Monterey Pass.

GODFOR

Georgia's quite a hike.

HUBERT

My wife's a southern belle at  
heart.

GODFOR

God speed, then.

Hubert takes dollar bills out of his pocket.

HUBERT

Here's fifty, for your troubles.

Godfor takes his money.

GODFOR

Just don't lose him again.

HUBERT

If I do, may Saint Peter turn me  
around to my personal hell.

Hubert picks up Paxton and puts him atop the horse before getting on himself.

HUBERT  
(looking at Godfor)  
Fight the good fight, friend.

Hubert rides off with Paxton and rejoins the retreating convoy of Confederates.

Godfor looks down at the money Hubert gave him and realizes they're Confederate dollars. He crumples the dollars and puts them in his pocket.

After watching the convoy pass by for a while longer, Godfor heads in the opposite direction. Eventually, he is completely alone on the desolate rural road.

Godfor sees vultures circling in the distance and heads towards them.

EXT. WHEAT FIELD - CONTINUOUS

Dozens of vultures cover the wheat field of a farm, pecking at the hundreds of corpses strewn about.

Godfor stumbles upon the scene and witnesses a Union soldier shoot one of the vultures out of the sky. After it lands on the ground dead the soldier picks it up and brings it to another group of Union soldiers gathered around a boiling stew pot. Some of the other soldiers are plucking out the feathers of other dead vultures.

Godfor freezes and stares at them. The soldiers stare back. Eventually, Godfor walks toward the farm house and the soldiers pay him no mind.

EXT. WHEAT FARM HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The house is modest, a single story and simple porch.

As Godfor walks toward the house he sees sitting in a rocking chair on the porch ABRAHAM LINCOLN (54), stoic and holding his top hat in his lap, slowly rocking away.

Abraham quickly gets up from the chair.

ABRAHAM  
Apologies, didn't mean to make  
myself so comfortable. It's been a  
long day.

GODFOR  
None needed. Ain't my land.

Abraham sits down in the rocking chair again.

ABRAHAM  
Then excuse me, these weary bones  
have to rest. Haven't had much  
sleep.

GODFOR  
An ailment I can empathize with.

Abraham gestures to a nearby chair on the porch.

ABRAHAM  
Misery loves company.

Godfor sits in the chair next to Abraham.

GODFOR  
Taking in the view?

ABRAHAM  
Unfortunately so. What brings you  
to this absolute carnage?

GODFOR  
I'm lost, figuratively and  
literally.

ABRAHAM  
Sometimes, that's how you find what  
you're looking for.

GODFOR  
Have we met? That's an awfully  
familiar face.

ABRAHAM  
Possibly. Did you vote in the last  
election?

GODFOR  
No, I don't like giving politicians  
the satisfaction.

ABRAHAM  
Well, I have a face which gets  
around.

GODFOR  
Where are you hailing from?

ABRAHAM

Came from down south, but not that far south. Got a telegram which read like it was soaked in blood, listed vivid casualties. Took the train in this afternoon, incognito, to see what I've wrought.

GODFOR

Speaking in riddles, long shanks.

ABRAHAM

(pointing to the dead)  
I caused this.

GODFOR

You introduced these men to their maker?

ABRAHAM

Indirectly.

GODFOR

How?

ABRAHAM

By denying independence to an unworthy cause say half of people, stifling free will says the other half.

GODFOR

What side do you fall?

ABRAHAM

The former, but days like this gives me pause, maybe I should've compromised with the latter.

WARD HILL LAMON (35), intense yet composed and wearing a US Marshal badge, walks in from around the corner of the house and stares suspiciously at Godfor.

WARD

Am I required, sir?

ABRAHAM

Not in the slightest, Ward. But, thank you.

Ward walks away from Abraham and Godfor, but not too far, surveying the land for any threats.

ABRAHAM  
(looking at Godfor)  
Couldn't ask for a more committed  
man.

GODFOR  
Funny, you don't come off as if on  
a high horse.

ABRAHAM  
I've had humble beginnings. What  
are yours?

GODFOR  
Same, nothing lofty. In, then out  
of foster care. Then town to town.  
Hard to commune when most people  
recoil at the sight of you.

ABRAHAM  
You'll find your place.  
(pointing to his face)  
Never imagined this would allow me  
the heights I've been lucky enough  
to accomplish.

GODFOR  
We all can't be great men. And now  
I'm here.

ABRAHAM  
And you're loitering about  
because...?

GODFOR  
In all honesty?

ABRAHAM  
Please, honesty is my nomenclature.

GODFOR  
The spoils of war.

ABRAHAM  
Beginning to see the picture...

GODFOR  
How's it developing?

ABRAHAM  
Exceedingly dark.

GODFOR  
Darker than what you wrought?

ABRAHAM

I suspect so, but morality's like fog. Hard to see where one's going in the moment.

GODFOR

Hmm... Alright. How do I see the lighthouse before crashing into the shore?

ABRAHAM

Using natural light to steer the ship.

GODFOR

Huh?

ABRAHAM

Think I'm confused as well. Look, we're all sinners if we live long enough. Leveling out the bad to be less than the good is the best a human being can do.

GODFOR

Easier said than done in my case.

ABRAHAM

We all have to start somewhere, from what I can sense you're in pain. Start now.

GODFOR

The better angels of our nature.

ABRAHAM

You do know who I am.

Abraham gets up from the rocking chair.

ABRAHAM

Office work calls, which means I'll have to take my leave. Stay on the right path, for all our sakes.

Abraham walks off the porch.

GODFOR

Maybe the path will cross yours again.

ABRAHAM

Perhaps, in heaven if we both follow it.



Ward walks over to Abraham and they walk back together toward the center of Gettysburg until they're out of sight.

Godfor stays sitting on the porch and watches as the sun emerges from the cloudy sky. However, the smell of dead bodies in the hot sun begins to become unbearable and Godfor leaves the porch.

EXT. RURAL PATH - CONTINUOUS

A windy dirt path leads away from the farm house.

Godfor walks down the path, deep in thought.

The squawking of vultures circling in the sky a few yards ahead interrupts Godfor's thinking.

Godfor stops walking and turns around, then looks all around him.

GODFOR  
Full circle...

Godfor walks toward the circling vultures at a brisk pace.

EXT. BATTLEFIELD TRENCH - CONTINUOUS

The long trench from yesterday still has plenty of dead bodies from the previous battle.

Godfor walks along the top of the trench, looking for the dying soldier, Oliver.

As Godfor comes across where he last saw Oliver, Silas stands up having been hunched over his body.

SILAS  
(admiring Oliver's wedding  
ring)  
Twenty two carats, at least.  
(looking down at Oliver's  
corpse)  
Mind sharing? It is till death do  
you part.

GODFOR  
Always the gentleman.

Silas is startled to see Godfor.

SILAS

Always the creeper. Thought you kicked the bucket.

GODFOR

Have to do one good deed before I do.

SILAS

Starting to do the right thing? Careful, you haven't had the practice.

GODFOR

Give me what you're holding.

SILAS

Or what?

Silas unsheathes a large knife he's been carrying.

GODFOR

We'll have a dance.

Silas slashes at Godfor with the knife, making a large cut across his chest.

Godfor grabs Silas' knife and disarms him, then punches him in the face, making him fall to the ground.

Silas picks up a rifle leaning against the trench and hits Godfor over the head with it, sending Godfor to the ground.

SILAS

Down boy, be a good dog.

Godfor sticks his hand in the entrails of another dead soldier and throws it in Silas' face, temporarily blinding him with blood before Godfor pushes him to the ground and punches him until Silas is barely conscient.

After Silas is subdued, Godfor searches the ground for Oliver's wedding ring and finds it.

SILAS

Finally repaying me for saving your hide the other day?

GODFOR

That made us even from Antietam, like I said. Saved yours from being shot, stomping on that general's arm. Like this.

Godfor brings his foot down Silas' arm hard, breaking it and making Silas scream in pain.

While Silas writhes around on the ground, Godfor searches Silas' pockets and finds some money.

Godfor examines the ring and sees an inscription on the inside of it; "OLIVER & MARGARET, TOGETHER ALWAYS".

SILAS

Enjoy the gold, cocksucker!

GODFOR

Maybe his wife will, if she has a telegraph and this podunk town sends letters.

Godfor takes the dog tag from Oliver's corpse and leaves the trench, walking toward the center of Gettysburg.

As Godfor walks onward he comes across a photographer taking pictures of the battlefield.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Hold, stay out of my shot. You're in the foreground.

GODFOR

Pardon me.

In the distance, the painful groans of Silas can be heard.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Listen... Sounds like a man.

GODFOR

Every man's dead here. Whatever's making that sound ain't human.

Godfor walks past the photographer.

EXT. GETTYSBURG OUTSKIRTS - CONTINUOUS

A makeshift nursing station inside a large tent has been set up, wounded Union soldiers stand in a single file line in front of the tent awaiting medical treatment.

A NURSE (20s), wearing a white apron and worried expression, offers water to the wounded soldiers.

Godfor steps up to the front of the line and sees a table with clean bandages on top of it.

NURSE  
Back of the line unless you want  
last rites.

GODFOR  
(pointing to the bandages)  
Those'll do.

NURSE  
Have you fought today?

GODFOR  
More than I'd care for.  
(pointing to the bandages)  
A roll, that's all.

The nurse considers Godfor's request.

NURSE  
Alright, only one.

Godfor takes some bandages and wraps them around his chest to  
stop the bleeding from the knife wound.

NURSE  
Please, on your way. We have more  
coming in.

GODFOR  
Know where the trains come in?

The nurse points toward the center of town.

GODFOR  
Obliged.

Godfor walks in the direction of where the nurse was  
pointing.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - CONTINUOUS

The square is now devoid of any activity, there're no  
soldiers and just some supplies left by them.

As he walks by some supplies, Godfor notices some beef jerky  
inside a sack and takes what's left, eating to his famished  
heart's content.

A lone, stray dog walks into the square and sniffs around  
before stopping in front Godfor, licking its lips.

Godfor notices its ribs sticking out from his skinny stomach and eventually gives the dog the rest of the beef jerky, which it accepts happily.

Godfor walks away and another stray dog appears, walking over to the other dog.

The dogs begin fighting over the jerky.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - CONTINUOUS

The small, Italianate train station appears empty.

Godfor enters the station through the front door.

INT. TRAIN STATION - CONTINUOUS

The station's interior contains some benches for waiting passengers and a clerk's counter for buying tickets.

As Godfor walks in he finds SUSANNAH LEE (20s), gruff and competent, rewiring the telegraph machine behind the counter.

GODFOR

Still open for business?

Susannah picks up a pistol on the counter and fires it at Godfor. The shot barely misses him, hitting the doorway above his head.

SUSANNAH

(pointing the pistol at  
Godfor)

State your business.

Godfor holds his arms up.

GODFOR

Have a telegram to dictate.

SUSANNAH

Look harmless enough.

Susannah puts the pistol back on the counter.

GODFOR

Did I just experience a Gettysburg  
greeting?

SUSANNAH

We won, but Rebs still linger. And they've shot at me plenty. Did that answer your condescending question?

Godfor puts his arms down and walks up to the counter.

GODFOR

Mean no offense, ma'am. Been through the grinder as well.

SUSANNAH

Like stopping Pickett's charge?

GODFOR

Ain't no kind of soldier.

SUSANNAH

There any gumption I see before me?

GODFOR

Sure is, belongs to a man trying to do right.

Susannah returns to tinkering with the telegraph machine.

SUSANNAH

Apologies, seem like a good heart. Had to hightail out of here with this hunk of junk as the Virginians pranced into town. Wired Union headquarters on Culp's Hill, haven't slept in two days.

GODFOR

Then I won't take too much of your time.

SUSANNAH

(holding out her hand)  
The letter that needs sending.

GODFOR

As I said, dictating. In length.

SUSANNAH

Reading and writing too difficult?

GODFOR

Barely read. Writing letters together is harder than staying young and healthy.

Susannah sighs and finishes rewiring the telegraph machine.

SUSANNAH

This ought to be awkward. Who are we dictating to?

Godfor gives Susannah the dog tag.

GODFOR

The wife of this name, who lives here. Her name is Margaret.

Susannah takes the dog tag.

SUSANNAH

Ready when you are.

GODFOR

Dear Mrs. Hawthorne, no amount of regret can express how I feel in informing you of your husband's passing. Oliver wanted nothing more than to return to you until the very end, your name was the last thing he expressed before he expired. He died defending freedom and showed no sense of defeat, wishing to battle the enemy up to his last breath. I fondly hope you stay well in this terrible time.  
End.

Susannah completes writing the telegram.

SUSANNAH

(in a snarky tone)

Poetry to my ears. That'll be a dollar seventy.

Godfor rummages around his pockets and pulls out money.

GODFOR

(handing the money to Susannah)

Here's an extra fifty cents. Buy yourself some humanity. Do postage?

SUSANNAH

There's an office a block to the left as you exit.

GODFOR

Enjoy the rest of your life.

Godfor starts walking to the station exit.

SUSANNAH

Tell the postman Susannah sent you,  
there'll be no mailing charge. And  
I'm sorry for your loss.

GODFOR

Thanks, but I know you better than  
I knew him.

Godfor leaves the station.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - CONTINUOUS

As Godfor exits the station and walks toward the post office  
he begins to see life returning to Gettysburg; couples  
walking about, people driving wagons, neighbors hugging.

EXT. POST OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The front of the post office has multiple abandoned mail bags  
left outside.

Godfor opens the front door and enters.

INT. POST OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The post office has about a dozen PO boxes on one wall and a  
counter for mailing services on the other.

Godfor steps up to the counter and looks behind it, seeing no  
one.

GODFOR

Hello?

A POSTMAN (middle aged), wearing a postal uniform and cap,  
enters the post office through the front door.

POSTMAN

How may I assist?

GODFOR

Susannah at the train station said  
you could help in getting a parcel  
out.

POSTMAN

Did she now? Headstrong spirit on  
that one, unbecoming for a woman.



GODFOR  
(holding the dog tag and  
ring)  
An envelope and stamp to send these  
off.

The postman takes the dog tag and ring.

POSTMAN  
Easy enough. They belong to you?

GODFOR  
No, they belong to the person I'm  
sending them to.

The postman examines the dog tag, then goes behind the  
counter to search for an appropriate sized envelope.

POSTMAN  
Excuse the mess. We've been  
understaffed for obvious reasons.

GODFOR  
Take your time.

POSTMAN  
I'm assuming the man who wore these  
around his neck and finger no  
longer has need of them?

GODFOR  
Unless finding everlasting rest by  
carrying those on your persons is  
necessary.

POSTMAN  
Figured. Got a boy in the navy,  
serving on an ironclad off the  
coast of Florida. I'd want someone  
or another sending me his tag, even  
if it fell to the bottom of the  
ocean.

The postman finds an appropriate envelope and puts the dog  
tag and ring in it.

POSTMAN  
Who's receiving?

GODFOR  
Margaret. Hawthorne. New Canaan,  
Connecticut I think.

The postman writes the name and address on the envelope, then seals it.

POSTMAN  
 (looking at the envelope)  
 May it bring you peace, madame.

The postman takes out a postage stamp.

POSTMAN  
 New Canaan's quite the distance.  
 Think you can afford it?

GODFOR  
 Susannah said that wouldn't be a  
 problem.

POSTMAN  
 She thought wrong, no lady has  
 jurisdiction here. Now pony up.

Godfor feels around his empty pockets.

GODFOR  
 Be back within the hour.

POSTMAN  
 You better, we keep strict hours.

Godfor leaves the post office.

EXT. POST OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Godfor steps out and sees more townsfolk in a jovial mood, celebrating the Union victory and Independence Day.

Some champagne spills onto Godfor's head, causing him to look up and see JEDIDIAH SEARS (70s), a bit tipsy and well groomed, drinking on his house's balcony.

JEDIDIAH  
 (looking down at Godfor)  
 Happy Independence Day, friend! We  
 sure whipped that hillbilly trash!

GODFOR  
 Hadn't noticed.

JEDIDIAH  
 Join the revelry and come on up,  
 friend.

GODFOR  
I ain't your friend.

JEDIDIAH  
We all need friends, friend. We die  
alone but live among men. About to  
crack open another bottle, French  
champagne older than America.

Jedidiah steps inside the house.

Godfor looks over the house's fancy facade and ponders for  
several moments, then goes through the front door.

INT. JEDIDIAH'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Luxurious furnishings and art can be seen through out the  
home.

Godfor comes through the door and closes it behind him.

The sounds of glasses falling to the floor and drunken  
walking can be heard coming from upstairs.

JEDIDIAH (O.S.)  
(coming from upstairs)  
Hate drinking by myself. Come join  
me.

Godfor walks upstairs.

INT. PARLOR - CONTINUOUS

The room has finely crafted mahogany chairs, cabinets and  
tables, even more expensive art. A box of old champagne  
bottles sits on one of the tables.

Godfor enters to find Jedidiah pouring two full glasses of  
champagne.

GODFOR  
Reside in this big, extravagant  
mother by your lonesome?

JEDIDIAH  
This summer, yes. My wife and  
daughter are touring Tuscany.  
They've been begging for years to  
go. Now they've missed history.

Jedidiah hands Godfor a glass of champagne, which Godfor eyes  
with hesitation.

JEDIDIAH

Please tell me I didn't invite a  
dry man in.

GODFOR

Why's it so bubbly?

JEDIDIAH

Makes it more expensive. I have gin  
and bourbon in the bar behind me,  
half a bottle of Russian vodka too.

Godfor takes the champagne glass.

GODFOR

First time for everything.

JEDIDIAH

Capital.

Jedidiah taps Godfor's glass with his own and downs his  
champagne, Godfor follows suit with a sip.

JEDIDIAH

You a laborer?

GODFOR

Who isn't?  
(gesturing around himself)  
How'd you come into all this?

JEDIDIAH

The Indian spice trade. The  
original Indians, to be specific,  
twice as dark and just as inferior.  
Ever visited South Asia?

GODFOR

Never even been on a boat. Travel's  
for learned folk. That you?

JEDIDIAH

Personally speaking, schooling was  
terrible for me. Hardly passed my  
studies, despite the tutors. Father  
barely looked in my direction until  
my twenties.

GODFOR

What happened then?

JEDIDIAH

A fellow Harvardian brought me  
aboard his shipping company in  
Cambridge. Blossomed fully there.  
(gesturing around himself)  
The fruits of my labor.

GODFOR

Did well.

JEDIDIAH

Spent all of youth being a tactical  
businessman. If your company  
threatened mine, you'd be bankrupt  
by next fiscal quarter. Retired  
here before the war.

GODFOR

Lot of money here.

JEDIDIAH

Born poor or wealthy, everyone  
wants to be rich.

GODFOR

Even hermits?

JEDIDIAH

Self righteous misanthropes...

Godfor finishes drinking his champagne.

JEDIDIAH

Top you off?

GODFOR

Could you point me to the toilet  
instead?

Jedidiah holds down some vomit in his mouth.

JEDIDIAH

You'll have to wait, the other half  
of the vodka hasn't been drunk  
after all.

Jedidiah covers his mouth and runs to the bathroom.

Godfor puts his glass down and leaves the parlor.

INT. HOUSE SECOND FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

The second floor hallway is equally well furnished with wealth.

Godfor sticks his head out from the parlor room and looks around, hearing Jedidiah throwing up behind the bathroom door.

Eventually, Godfor quietly walks into the hallway and sees a bedroom.

INT. JEDIDIAH'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Marble busts, a Rembrandt painting, and old, leather bound first edition books in shelves fill the room.

Godfor is taken aback at the lavishness as he walks into the bedroom.

On a stand next to the bed lies a coin purse and roll of bills totaling over \$20.

Godfor quietly walks over to the stand and, after hesitating for a few moments, starts taking the money.

JEDIDIAH

Light on cash?

Godfor turns around to find Jedidiah standing in the bedroom doorway, staring at him stealing.

GODFOR

Whatever I say, will you believe it?

JEDIDIAH

Sadly, no. There's another forty in the purse. Help yourself.

GODFOR

What...?

JEDIDIAH

Take whatever's there.

Godfor carefully takes the money and coin purse.

JEDIDIAH

Reaching my age, other matters are more pressing. No use for abundance in the coffin.

(MORE)

JEDIDIAH (CONT'D)

My daughter shouldn't have too much  
either, distract her from finding  
proper marriage.

GODFOR

(pointing at himself)  
Send her to this bachelor.

Jedidiah laughs and raises a bottle of champagne.

JEDIDIAH

One more for the road? My insides  
can handle another glass.

GODFOR

Thank you...

JEDIDIAH

Jedidiah.

Jedidiah hands Godfor his glass and pours champagne into it,  
then fills his glass and raises it to toast.

JEDIDIAH

To making friends and vanquishing  
foes.

Godfor taps Jedidiah's glass with his.

GODFOR

Sometimes they're one and the same.

Jedidiah and Godfor both pound their champagne.

GODFOR

I believe my welcome's been  
overstayed.

JEDIDIAH

Bid you adieu, friend.

Godfor puts his glass on the bed stand and leaves.

INT. HOUSE SECOND FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Godfor walks through the hallway toward the staircase and  
hears Jedidiah singing the "Battle Hymn of the Republic".

INT. JEDIDIAH'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

As Godfor reaches the first floor he can hear Jedidiah singing even louder, then realizes singing is coming from outside as well.

EXT. JEDIDIAH'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Godfor exits the house and finds a multitude of Gettysburg citizens all singing the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" in unison.

EXT. POST OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Godfor finds himself humming the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" as well.

INT. POST OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The postman is collating letters when Godfor steps back in.

POSTMAN

Thought you hightailed it.

GODFOR

I would've thought the same. Got your money.

Godfor hands the postman a few dollars.

POSTMAN

You ugly, but you pay. Two of these will do.

The postman takes \$2 and hands back the rest to Godfor.

POSTMAN

Got friends in high places?

GODFOR

None, also includes low places.

POSTMAN

(gesturing behind Godfor)  
Then who are they?

Godfor turns around to find Brighton, a couple Union soldiers and Silas, his arm in a sling.

SILAS

Right where I said.



BRIGHTON  
 (looking at Godfor)  
 Seem surprised.  
 (glancing at the Union  
 soldiers)  
 Manhandle that trash.

The Union soldiers move over to Godfor, one of them hits him in the stomach with the butt of his rifle, causing Godfor to keel over to the floor wheezing.

SILAS  
 (looking at Brighton)  
 My reward?

BRIGHTON  
 Is you get to live. Trot on out of here.

SILAS  
 The agreement was...

Brighton grabs Silas by his collar and pulls him close.

BRIGHTON  
 Here's the new treaty; try stealing from the dead again, I'll make you try to steal your castrated nuts back next.

Brighton lets go of Silas, who slowly backs away toward the door and leaves.

BRIGHTON  
 (looking at Godfor)  
 Appreciate you breaking that mongrel's arm, the screams led us right to him. Then he led us to you in a jiffy.

GODFOR  
 All I can say is it felt good. Feels even better giving someone peace of mind before throwing their loved one into pit full of other nameless bastards.

BRIGHTON  
 Tell the judge your sob story. Probably lies anyway. Far as I'm concerned, you should have rope around your neck to do the hangman's jig.

GODFOR

No lie, might be the only truth  
I've said this whole month.

BRIGHTON

Couldn't care a lick. Everyone has  
to pay for what they done.

POSTMAN

Fellas, could you take it outside?  
I'm buried in work here.

BRIGHTON

Burn his letter.

POSTMAN

Impossible.

BRIGHTON

Excuse you?

POSTMAN

As employee of the federal  
government my duty is to carry out  
my oath of sending out a citizens'  
mail.

BRIGHTON

I'm ordering, ain't asking.

POSTMAN

I already follow orders from the  
postmaster general. Take it up with  
him.

Brighton and the postman stare each other down for several  
tense seconds.

BRIGHTON

(looking at the Union  
soldiers)

We got what we came for. Take him  
outside.

The Union soldiers drag Godfor out of the post office while  
Brighton follows.

EXT. POST OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Townsfolk are still celebrating outside as Godfor, the Union  
soldiers and Brighton emerge from the post office.

Brighton looks around at the reveling people, then looks at Godfor with intensity even longer.

BRIGHTON

Follow me.

Brighton begins walking to the town square, followed by the Union soldiers who drag Godfor along.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - CONTINUOUS

A full on block party is occurring in the square, people waving American flags and drinking, a few setting off fireworks.

Brighton walks into the middle of the square with Godfor being dragged by the two Union soldiers.

Brighton unholsters his pistol and fires into the air, making all the townsfolk immediately stop in their tracks, taking notice.

BRIGHTON

We got us a real ghoul of  
Gettysburg, ladies and gentlemen.  
Where's your magistrate?

Someone from the crowd yells out; "What he do?"

BRIGHTON

Took from the soldiers who kept you  
free today, while they lay dead in  
the mud.

The crowd starts yelling out for blood, some throwing whatever's in their hand at Godfor.

Brighton fires into the air again.

BRIGHTON

I've been drowning in death for  
three days, last two years even. No  
more. If another man has to be cut  
down by the grim reaper it'll be  
decided in a court of law. Now  
where's the magistrate?

Most people in the crowd point to an official looking building down the street in the distance.

BRIGHTON

The United States army thanks you.  
 (looking at one of the  
 Union soldiers)

Find me that photographer, the one  
 who found his hurt buddy here.

(looking at Godfor)

Whether guilty or not, he ain't  
 escaping shame for his greed. That  
 face'll be nightmare fuel the  
 country over, let everyone know how  
 ugly war is.

The Union soldier quickly heads out to find the photographer.

BRIGHTON

(looking at Godfor)

You even have a name?

Godfor says nothing.

BRIGHTON

It would just be one more lie  
 coming from that godforsaken face.  
 Godforsaken... Godfor... Perfect.

The Union soldier returns with the photographer.

PHOTOGRAPHER

You called for a daguerreotype?

BRIGHTON

Not here, come with me. We have a  
 celebrity to make. A postcard of  
 sorts. Posterity for the ages.

Brighton, the photographer and the other Union soldier lead  
 Godfor down the street toward Gettysburg city hall, followed  
 by some people yelling insults and obscenities at Godfor. "Of  
 course he's guilty, just look at him. Hang him high.", says  
 one person.

The rest of the townsfolk return to their celebrating,  
 oblivious to a dead Union soldier laying face down in a field  
 not too far away.

A vulture lands on the dead soldier and begins to peck at his  
 back, eating pieces of his flesh.

Another vulture lands on the soldier as well and tries to peck at the soldier, but is attacked by the other vulture for taking its meal. The two vultures continuing eating and fighting as the sun sets.

FADE TO BLACK.