

NO BLOOD, NO GUTS, NO GLORY

by
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Inspired by the book *Stealing the General*
by Russel S. Bonds

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Focus Features

1 EXT. WOODS - EAST TENNESSEE - DAWN 1

Shadowy figures hustle through the underbrush, armed with rifles, scarves concealing their faces. UNION LOYALISTS. We get a glimpse of their leader, WILLIAM BLOUNT CARTER (35).

A2 EXT. STRAWBERRY PLAINS BRIDGE - EAST TENNESSEE - DAWN A2

A small bridge over a bubbling stream. 2 CONFEDERATE SENTRIES patrol each side. More sleep in a SMALL CAMP on the embankment below.

SENTRY #1 checks the time and nods to SENTRY #2, who kneels down and puts his ear to the rail. Listening in the silence he senses the VIBRATION of a coming train.

CRACK!

Sentry #1 drops dead next to him -- SHOT IN THE CHEST.

CRACK! CRACK! CRACK!

Gunfire and shouting erupts all around as a dozen union loyalists ATTACK FROM EVERY DIRECTION, blasting sentries.

ON CARTER, LEADING THEM

He picks off the remaining rebels who awake and scramble to arms. One rebel's blood splatters over a paper that reads: "DIVIDED COUNTRY NEARS END OF FIRST YEAR IN WAR".

The loyalists LIGHT TORCHES and set various points of the bridge ABLAZE. The puff-puff smoke from an approaching train is now visible over the tree tops.

As the rising fire ILLUMINATES THE SCENE Carter spots SENTRY #2 dash off down the embankment and flee into the woods.

Carter takes off after him.

B2 EXT. WOODS - DAWN B2

Sentry #2 runs for his life, branches slapping his face. Carter sprints after, gaining, more accustomed to this geography. He pops a shot off and the rebel pulls up, exhausted. Carter sticks the barrel on the rebel's face.

CARTER
Looking for reinforcements?

SENTRY #2
 Tennessee's already gone seesh.
 There's no stopping the rebel
 cause.

CARTER
 Even rebels can have rebels.

BLAM!

A shot rings out from behind as a CONTINGENT OF REBELS stalk
 out of the woods, surrounding Carter. They're lead by a
 brutish man on a HORSE, sabre at his side. Meet COLONEL
 DANVILLE LEADBETTER (35). Carter drops his weapon.

LEADBETTER
 You know what they say. Bleed the
 sickness before the dawn. I expect
 you know better than most what we
 do to black snake bridge burners in
 these parts?

CARTER
 You kill me, ten Unionists will
 rise up in my place.

LEADBETTER
 I doubt it.

A NOOSE is slung around Carter's neck. He's horrified.

CARTER
 Stringin' me up won't stop it.

LEADBETTER
 Maybe not, but stringing you up
 next to your woman and children,
 and their women and children, for
 every soul in this territory to
 see, should go far to doin' the
 trick.

Leadbetter nods to a rebel, who SLAPS A HORSE. It scares off,
 the rope with the noose connected to the saddle, Carter
 snapped to the ground by his neck and dragged away through
 the underbrush. Leadbetter looks on, a portrait of zen, the
 BRIDGE BLAZING BEHIND HIM, insurgents surrounded and shot.

LEADBETTER (CONT'D)
 Welcome to Chattanooga.

5 EXT. BLUE RIDGE MOUNTAINS - DAY

5

Swooping over a rugged peak, we reveal a raw, almost apocalyptic frontier town staked upon a bend of the Tennessee River, the hub of three railroad lines. That's right, welcome to Chatta-fuckin'-nooga...

6 INT. CONFEDERATE HOSPITAL - CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE - DAY

6

Crammed with bunk after bunk of howling, suffering men, a horror show of malarial sweats and amputated limbs. Behind an operating curtain...

A SURGEON cracks a crate marked "*BIBLES*". Packed inside are fifty 2-ounce bottles of white powder. QUININE. The Surgeon dips a pinky, tastes and looks to CAPTAIN WHITSITT (28), a dashing young Confederate officer.

Whitsitt nods to a QUARTERMASTER, who smacks down five thousand Confederate dollars on the operating table next to the crate of medicine.

VOICE (O.C.)
That some kind of joke?

The voice comes from a man who peruses amputation saws in the corner. A handsome scoundrel of aristocratic bearing, he cuts a striking figure in his black, ankle length duster. If John Wilkes Booth had Sinatra's panache, he'd be this man and we wouldn't give a shit if Lincoln were shot twenty times. Meet JAMES ANDREWS (33).

CAPTAIN WHITSITT
It's what we agreed. Hundred ounces
of quinine at fifty an ounce.

ANDREWS
Those are bluebacks. Confederate
dollars.

CAPTAIN WHITSITT
Where the hell you think you are?

ANDREWS
Gold, Captain. That's what you pay
me in. That or Federal currency.

QUARTERMASTER
Our paper is just as good.

ANDREWS
Yeah? Tell that to your boys next
door dying of malaria.

Andrews throws the lid back on the crate. Whitsitt draws his saber and blocks him.

CAPTAIN WHITSITT
I'm sure whatever the Union Secret Service pays you to spy on us while smuggling your contraband more than covers the cost of your trouble.

Andrews smiles.

ANDREWS
You would think.

Viper-quick he bats away Whitsitt's saber with the lid. Whitsitt draws his pistol, as does the quartermaster. Andrews draws two, ending it in a Mexican stand-off. The surgeon reels back in horror.

SURGEON
Gentlemen, please. This is a hospital for Heaven's sake.

ANDREWS
So, doc, who you wanna attend to first?

MIRIAM (O.C.)
Am I interrupting something?

At the curtain is MIRIAM LEADBETTER (30), a stunning and stately lady of the south, completely unruffled by the scene. She wears a RED SCARF tied around her neck.

QUARTERMASTER
Mrs. Leadbetter! This isn't a place for--

MIRIAM
What? A little color? These men have seen enough awfulness, Corporal. You and I both know they'd rather be looking at a belle of the south than what's left of each other. Even if it is indecent.

ANDREWS
I'd say especially so.

Miriam looks him up and down, smiles.

MIRIAM
And you are?

CAPTAIN WHITSITT

Nothing but a double-dealing snake
wants to deny our boys the
treatment they require. We're
persuading him otherwise.

Pistols stay raised. Andrews brightens as if this were the
most glowing of introductions.

ANDREWS

James Andrews.

Miriam is impressed.

MIRIAM

The man on the tip of everyone's
tongue. I'm surprised someone with
the reputation of being so friendly
with so many could find himself in
such an unfriendly room? Perhaps I
can persuade these gentlemen to
warm up to you.

ANDREWS

Not unless you got five thousand in
gold stashed under that dress of
yours.

CAPTAIN WHITSITT

Careful sir, that's a Colonel's
wife you're talking too.

Andrews pretends like he's impressed.

MIRIAM

If it's gold you want, Mr. Andrews,
I'd be happy to accommodate if it
means relief for our brave soldiers
here.

CAPTAIN WHITSITT

You don't have to do that, Miss. We
can handle this.

MIRIAM

Yes, clearly.

(to Andrews)

What do you say? My husband and I
are hosting a little occasion
tonight. Join us at his compound
for some drinks and we'll satisfy
your account. You can even stay for
a dance or two.

Andrews accepts and the guns go down. *

7 EXT. CHATTANOOGA STREETS - NIGHT

7

Andrews strolls down a cruddy, muddy thoroughfare and passes under an array of dangling corpses -- the bridge burners from our opening, among them William Blount Carter, along with their families. Andrews approaches the gauntlet of guards outside LEADBETTER'S HEADQUARTERS, a hotel across from the train station that's fortified like an embassy in a hostile country. The cream of the crop of Chattanooga society line up to get in. *

ANDREWS
Evenin' boys.

He's frisked.

8 INT. GREAT ROOM - LEADBETTER'S HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

8

We drop in on a grand soiree, where uniformed Rebel officers flirt and dance with local southern belles. Andrews wanders the floor, catching a glimpse of Miriam and Leadbetter posing for a PHOTOGRAPHER in the corner. She sees him just as

POOF!

9 INT. GREAT ROOM - LEADBETTER'S HEADQUARTERS - LATER

9

Andrews wanders on, grabbing a passing drink and stopping before a huge framed MAP OF TENNESSEE mounted over the fireplace. Leadbetter's domain.

LEADBETTER (O.C.)
Chattanooga.

Andrews turns. Leadbetter saunters up, drink in hand.

LEADBETTER (CONT'D)
They say that devil Lincoln calls
it the lynchpin to winning this
war. Whoever controls the city's
junction of rail lines controls the
flow of troops, supplies, and
munitions all throughout the south.

ON THE MAP: Chattanooga sits at the intersection of three rail lines spurring west to Huntsville, Alabama, south to Atlanta, Georgia, and east to Richmond, Virginia.

LEADBETTER (CONT'D)

Pull the pin, and the Confederacy
is strangled in its crib.

ANDREWS

Evening, Colonel. That why I see so
many bodies hanging in the streets?

LEADBETTER

A signal to any of the locals who
might be inclined to act on their
pro-union sympathies.

ANDREWS

How's it working?

LEADBETTER

As long as they show an outward
obedience I could give two shits
what's in their hearts.

MIRIAM (O.C.)

Like a slave.

Miriam shows at the door, a formidable and ravishing beauty.

MIRIAM (CONT'D)

You two boys got started without
me. Did I miss anything?

ANDREWS

The good Colonel was just about to
tell me how long he has you up
here.

LEADBETTER

Was I now?

MIRIAM

Just a night or two I'm afraid.
Given how restive the population
is, Danny thinks it safer for me to
stay back home in Marietta.

ANDREWS

Marietta. I have an old friend
there.

MIRIAM

Well now you have a new one.

She smiles. Leadbetter snorts.

LEADBETTER

It's uncanny how you have friends
all over the map. Many of them our
enemies.

ANDREWS

I'm a man of enterprise,
Colonel. I can't afford to take a
side in this fight.

LEADBETTER

No, you're too busy playing them.

ANDREWS

Everyone benefits. You most of all.

LEADBETTER

The only reason I let you exist.

MIRIAM

Danny!

ANDREWS

Is that a warning?

LEADBETTER

Words of wisdom, Mr. Andrews. A man
who doesn't take sides has nobody.
Is nobody. You don't want to be
left standing in front of a firing
line when the music stops.

ANDREWS

What makes you think you won't?

Leadbetter smiles. He would so like to kill this man.

LEADBETTER

If the question is why I believe
the Confederacy will prevail, then
the answer is simple. Despite every
Union advantage -- men, money,
industry -- we still have something
they do not: guts. That's why one
rebel is worth ten bluebellies on
the battlefield. We have the
willingness, the conviction, to do
what the other side can't or won't.
Unlike you, our dicks don't shrivel
into our stomachs at the idea of
spilling blood.

ANDREWS

No, they just shrivel at the idea
of freedom for a few million black
folk.

Leadbetter has had enough. He glares at Miriam.

LEADBETTER

Get this smuggler what he came for
then get him out. We have real
guests to attend to.

(to Andrews)

Oh, and one more thing. My wife may
find you charming, but all I see is
a small time smuggler who's grown
too big a head. You ever point your
gun at one of my men again I will
chop it off and throw you up on a
stake like a bird feeder.

He goes. Andrews grins to Miriam.

ANDREWS

I can see why he's so well liked.

10

INT. ANTE ROOM - LEADBETTER'S HEADQUARTERS - DAY

10

A room right off the party continuing outside. Miriam removes a large pouch from a safe and tosses it to Andrews. Inside is \$5000 in gold coins.

MIRIAM

Satisfied?

Andrews sees the coins are marked with the character "L"

ANDREWS

These coins are marked.

MIRIAM

Yes, Danny likes to keep track of
everything that passes through his
hands.

ANDREWS

I don't see anything on you?

MIRIAM

We haven't gotten that far yet.

She smiles suggestively. There's definitely heat between them. He pockets the pouch.

ANDREWS

And I thought we were done here.

MIRIAM

Isn't that the way with people of
enterprise -- one transaction
always leads to another.

ANDREWS

Like what? More relief for your
brave rebels?

She purrs up to him, smoothing his lapel.

MIRIAM

Relief yes, but not for them. Now,
how about that dance?

ANDREWS

I appreciate the invitation, Mrs.
Leadbetter, but my dance card's
full.

He pulls away and goes.

A11

INT. GREAT ROOM - LEADBETTER'S HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

A11

Party's over. Miriam wanders the now empty room, empty
champaign flutes everywhere, slave servants cleaning up.
Leadbetter, yucking it up with some officers over brandy and
cigars, Whitsitt among them, sees her pass by.

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*
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LEADBETTER

You know you can't save everybody.

*

MIRIAM

What are you talking about?

*

LEADBETTER

First those boys down at the
hospital, then that smuggler.
They'll all bite the bullet soon
enough. The only blood a woman
should worry about is what's coming
from between her legs.

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He turns back to his men, shutting Miriam out. She needs to
get out of there and heads for the door.

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*

B11

EXT. PORCH - LEADBETTER'S HEADQUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

B11

Miriam steps outside and takes in the night air, her hopes dashed. A flame sparks up in the shadows down the porch. Andrews takes a long draw on a cigarette.

MIRIAM

What are you doing?

ANDREWS

I thought we still had business.

MIRIAM

Then you misjudged the nature of the opportunity.

ANDREWS

I doubt it. Not with you married to that black-hearted son of a bitch in there.

He nods to Leadbetter framed in the window behind him. Miriam catwalks over.

MIRIAM

As opposed to what? A double dealing rogue who negotiates from behind the barrel of a gun? Or is what I encountered this morning all for show.

ANDREWS

Everything's a show, until it's not.

She stops just short of Andrews and sizes him up.

MIRIAM

Well I'm looking for a man who can pull a trigger.

She looks at her husband right inside, chewing on his cigar.

MIRIAM (CONT'D)

And if he knew you were out here with me he'd kill us both.

ANDREWS

Then it's a good thing we stay quiet.

He leans in and kisses her -- sexy, gentle, teasing. She's starved for it.

MIRIAM

Gold. That's what you came for
isn't it? What you want.

ANDREWS

And you.

He slowly starts to undress her, kissing her neck, shoulder, breasts...

MIRIAM

What if I said you could have both.
Not just a taste, but everything.
My husband's entire fortune.

Her dress falls, then her corset...

ANDREWS

I'd say it's all been traded in for
war bonds and bluebacks so the
Confederates can buy their allies
overseas. There's no fortune left
in the south that's not controlled
by Richmond.

The last piece falls. She's nude now. Shivering. Vulnerable.

MIRIAM

No fortune they know of.

Andrews turns her around, pushing her up beside the window,
both of them facing Leadbetter.

*
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ANDREWS

(whispering)

For a Colonel with a key city to
defend that doesn't show much
confidence in the future of
Confederate money, or the
Confederacy. Some would even call
it treason.

He presses close, unbuckling his belt, tracing every inch of
her smooth body with his hands.

*

MIRIAM

Maybe that's why he's kept it a
secret. One he plans to hide in his
fortress here away from prying
eyes.

ANDREWS

He's moving it?

He presses closer still, almost inside her.

MIRIAM

First train next Friday under cover. 800,000 in unclaimed, untraceable Confederate gold.

ANDREWS

What about your husband's crest?

He enters her. She moans.

MIRIAM

Heat it up enough, any mark can be erased.

ANDREWS

Then let's jump into the fire.

He takes her from behind, quietly, passionately, eyes on each other. Her husband roaring with laughter right inside.

11

INT. CHEROKEE BATH HOUSE - DAY

11

Andrews enters a steamy shack with a giant tub. Three Indian whores lather down the hotelier HENRY GREEN COLE (45), part time Union spy, full time grifter.

COLE

If it ain't my oldest friend on God's green earth.

ANDREWS

Who's your newest?

Andrews nods to a BODYGUARD by the towel rack, hand on a revolver in his belt.

COLE

You can never be too careful around old friends.

ANDREWS

Especially if you're you.

Cole grins, guilty as charged. He gestures for the bodyguard to leave them.

COLE

So how's the contraband business?

ANDREWS

Losing it's luster with every
picket I have to cross in the cold
Goddamn rain. I was thinking of
turning respectable. Like you.

COLE

Glad to hear it. Who ya gonna screw
to get there?

Andrews eyes the whores.

COLE (CONT'D)

Don't worry. These squaw can't
speak a lick.

ANDREWS

What if I told you I got a line on
a fortune in Confederate gold that
if it went missing, nobody but the
bastard it was stolen from, his
wife, and the courier movin' it
would ever know it was gone. Eight
hundred thousand dollars.

Cole is very intrigued.

COLE

I'd say that's some serious
respectability. And you're looking
for a partner.

ANDREWS

Cut you in for twenty-five percent
of my take.

COLE

Fifty.

ANDREWS

Thirty.

COLE

Fifty.

ANDREWS

Thirty-five.

Cole flashes his hands. Five, zero. Fifty.

ANDREWS (CONT'D)

Fine. Fifty. But minus the ten
grand you cheated me out of the
(MORE)

ANDREWS (CONT'D)
last time to buy that Goddamn
respectability of yours.

COLE
Actually it was a hotel.

ANDREWS
Plus interest.

Cole entertains this, shrugs.

COLE
Okay. Deal. But given our history,
why not just do it yourself?

ANDREWS
You're the only man in Marietta who
can deliver the goods. Guns,
explosives, and bunks for two dozen
men.

COLE
What the hell are we robbing? A
Confederate fort?

Andrews slaps down a time table for the *Western & Atlantic Railroad, Atlanta to Chattanooga*. Circled is the first train Friday morning.

ANDREWS
Try a Confederate Colonel.

COLE
Please tell me you don't mean
Leadbetter?

Andrews smiles like a fox.

COLE (CONT'D)
James, that man's got a whole army
not a posse. How you gonna rip off
a Confederate train 200 miles
behind enemy lines, lines
controlled by the very guy you're
stealing from, and move that much
loot far and fast enough before
anyone knows what's what. Cuz when
Leadbetter gets wind, getting outta
the south'll be easier for a nigger
with two heads and a white woman
swinging on his cock than it will
be for you. What's your plan?

Andrews just smiles.

12

EXT. UNION CAMP - SHELBYVILLE, TENNESSE - NIGHT

12

LIEUTENANT ARBUCKLE (20s), Mitchel's Aide-de-camps, dashes through camp, zig-zagging down rows of white tents and past dying fires up to...

A13

EXT. MITCHEL'S TENT - NIGHT

A13

BRIG. GENERAL "OLD STARS" ORMSBY MITCHEL (37), who peers through a telescope at the starry sky. An astronomer's chart is spread across a small table with a lantern on it.

ARBUCKLE

General sir, we just stopped a man entering camp.

B13

EXT. HORSE CORRAL - UNION CAMP - NIGHT

B13

Arbuckle leads Mitchel to Andrews, who stands under armed guard, amused by the rifles in his face.

MITCHEL

I should have known. Whatever you're selling I ain't buying.

ANDREWS

Why would you? I sell opportunity, and that's shit you gotta act on. God forbid anyone in this army take action, especially its generals.

MITCHEL

You'll see action soon enough.

ANDREWS

So it's true. You're marchin' on Huntsville. Four days.

Mitchel is startled. He gets in Andrews face.

MITCHEL

Nobody knows that but me and my closest officers.

ANDREWS

Then lucky I work for you and not the graybacks. You move in four days and you'll catch 'em sleeping. But why settle for low hanging fruit when I can deliver the whole Goddamn plantation.

Mitchel is intrigued.

13

EXT. MITCHEL'S TENT - NIGHT

13

A FIELD MAP of the eastern United States is thrown over the astronomer's chart. Andrews plants his finger on...

ANDREWS
Chatta-fuckin'-nooga.

MITCHEL
You can't be serious.

ANDREWS
After grabbing Huntsville all you gotta do is pile your army into a troop train and roll on down the line. Even with half your men dropped behind to hold points along the way you outnumber Leadbetter's forces three to one. That's not even counting the sympathetic locals who will rise up and greet you like liberators. The rebels won't stand a chance.

MITCHEL
Neither will we when the Colonel calls for reinforcements and that enormous rebel army comes rolling up from Atlanta.

ANDREWS
I can stop them.

MITCHEL
How? You're one man. A con man. Not even a soldier.

ANDREWS
Maybe I've decided to step up my ambitions.

MITCHEL
To what? Magician?

ANDREWS
I'm gonna steal a train.

He points to Marietta, just north of Atlanta, and traces up the Western & Atlantic spur to Chattanooga.

ANDREWS (CONT'D)

Here, in Marietta, and drive it up
the line fast and furious blowin'
bridges, rippin' up track, and
choppin' down telegraph. By the
time anyone has time to catch their
breath your boys'll be dug in with
one hundred miles of wrecked to
shit railroad between them and the
nearest Confederate with a gun. All
I need are twenty men and your word
you'll knock out Leadbetter.

MITCHEL

It's a million to one.

ANDREWS

23,000 men were just killed at
Shiloh. More Americans than in all
the wars in all the history of our
nation. That was two days. An
accident. And it's only the
beginning. Lincoln knows if he
doesn't turn the tide of the war
quickly those sons of bitches in
the South will only get bolder.
Taking Chattanooga can change all
that. With its rail junction
there's not a better strategic
target. And by liberating a captive
pro-Union population from a brutal
prick like Leadbetter it's got a
happy ending for everyone.

MITCHEL

Especially you.

ANDREWS

My plan works you can strike the
first blow that ends this war, and
maybe even see yourself get
measured for a monument.

Mitchel considers the plan. He likes it. Still...

MITCHEL

You're a good salesman Andrews. But
selling a man isn't the same as
leading him. For the first time in
your life you're gonna have to
worry about taking care of more
than your own hide. I'm not sure a
leopard can change its spots.

ANDREWS
The south did.

MITCHEL
And look where it got them. What if
you fail?

ANDREWS
You can always stop short and say I
went ahead without orders. I'll be
dead anyway.

Mitchel is starting to see the light.

MITCHEL
That's a perk. What do you get?

ANDREWS
Beside the warm and fuzzy feeling
of knowing I served my country?

Mitchel smiles. He knows Andrews is full of shit.

ANDREWS (CONT'D)
Fifty thousand if I make it back.
Don't even have to be in gold.

Mitchel is sold. He lights a cigar and offers one to Andrews, who pockets it.

ANDREWS (CONT'D)
I'll save it for the next time we
see each other.

Mitchel gazes up at the last stars still visible in the brightening sky.

MITCHEL
I was an astronomer before all
this. A man who studies stars. If
there's anything I've discovered,
it's we live in a violent universe.
All fire and brimstone and cosmic
destruction. Yet through it all
comes something else...

ANDREWS
What's that?

Mitchel takes a long draw of his cigar.

MITCHEL
Rebirth.

14 OMITTED

14*

15 EXT. HORSE CORRAL - UNION CAMP - DAY

15

Andrews walks a rag-tag line-up of 17 MEN still in their Union blues, not exactly the cream of the crop of the Union army.

*

ANDREWS

Good day gentlemen. My name is James Andrews. For those of you who haven't heard of me I've spent more time under the Confederate skirt than General Lee's mustache. And I'm about to lift it up for you.

He stops at an effete type, wet and shivering (PVT. DORSEY, 23), dripping on his shoes.

ANDREWS (CONT'D)

Why do you look like a dishrag, private?

DORSEY

Dorsey. Some fellas they-- they threw me in the duck pond.

ANDREWS

And you let them?

DORSEY

No I-- they were just havin' a little fun is all.

Dorsey looks at his shoes, embarrassed. Andrews moves on to a big bruiser of a guy not even in uniform (CAMPBELL, 22).

ANDREWS

And you? Where's your uniform?

Campbell says nothing. A coiled little bicep of a man speaks up (PVT. SHADRACH, 21).

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*

SHADRACH

He ain't enlisted. They found him hiding out in camp.

*

*

ANDREWS

Hiding? From what?
(to Campbell)

I said from what, big man?

*

SHADRACH

What I hear every marshal east of
the Ohio River. Goliath there took
out four guys in a Louisville
barfight with nothing but a cue
ball and his bare hands.

Andrews looks Campbell up and down.

ANDREWS

That true?

He stays mute.

ANDREWS (CONT'D)

Well at least you look like a
solider.

He turns to Arbuckle, there representing Mitchell, and pulls
him out of earshot of the others.

ANDREWS (CONT'D)

This is what you give me? Food for
powder?

ARBUCKLE

You're a civilian. Army protocol
dictates that we can only place
under your command men of a
certain... rank. It's these men or
nobody.

Andrews gives a look. Yeah, assholes. He turns back to the
line up, grabs a box, and tosses each raider a POUCH.

ANDREWS

Okay raiders, listen up. In each of
these pouches you'll find a map,
ten dollars in Confederate
bluebacks, and three gold coins for
emergency only.

A pickled old geezer cradling *The Tempest* who can barely
stand up (PVT. BUFFUM, 33) opens his pouch and finds exactly
that.

BUFFUM

Is running out of whiskey
considered an emergency?

ANDREWS

Only in Kentucky. Lucky for your
liver, which my guess is floatin'
somewhere behind your eyeballs,
(MORE)

ANDREWS (CONT'D)
 we're headed to Georgia. Marietta
 to be precise. 200 miles behind
 enemy lines.

A shockwave of fear riles through the assembled raiders.

ANDREWS (CONT'D)
 First thing's first. Who are the
 engineers in this group?

Two hands go up. Portly PVT. SLAVENS (31) and Coarse CPL.
 LLEWELLYN (32).

ANDREWS (CONT'D)
 Name and experience?

LLEWELLYN
 Llewellyn, sir. 15 years for the
 P&O. I can launch a barnburner in
 my sleep.

ANDREWS
 And you?

SLAVENS
 Slavens. I operated a steam engine
 for a stint in Buffalo. It was a
 mill -- undergarments for ladies --
 but the principle's the same.

PARROTT (O.C.)
 (interrupting)
 Sorry, excuse us, is this the
 secret mission or whatnot?

Two more raiders come bumbling into the corral. Meet PVTS.
 PARROTT (25) and WOLLAM (20), a preacher and a Scotsman.

ANDREWS
 You're late. And how many people
 have you been asking that to?

WOLLAM
 You're the third. We gotta wee
 turned around is all.

ANDREWS
 All you peckerwoods had to do is
 walk a wee two hundred yards
 through your own camp.

PARROTT
 Guess the good Lord pointed us in
 the wrong direction.

*
 *
 *

He holds up his bible.

WOLLAM
(about to crack up)
The prick.

Andrews takes in their goofy grins and bloodshot eyes. High as kites. He tosses them their pouches and carries on.

ANDREWS
Marietta, gentleman. The Fletcher House. That's our destination. When we're done here you will change out of your Union blues, polish your best seesh accent, and cross the nearest Confederate picket in groups of no more than four. You have exactly three days to make it to our rendezvous point.

DORSEY
And do what?

ANDREWS
I'll tell you when you get there. If you get there, which looking at those two jerk-offs--
(re: Parrott & Wollam)
Isn't a sure shot. This mission is too important to jeopardize if any one of you shitheels gets caught. What we're about to do is both daring and dangerous. You will be considered spies if captured and you will be executed. Anyone wants to bow out, now's the time.

He looks down the line. No one does. He stops at a young farmboy, PVT. WOOD (15).

ANDREWS (CONT'D)
How old are you, son?

WOOD
Nineteen, sir.

ANDREWS
You're gonna have to lie better than that if you want to make it past the graybacks.

WOOD
Seventeen?

Andrews shakes his head.

ANDREWS
 Sorry. This is a mission for men.
 Such as they are.
 (to Arbuckle)
 Take this one back to camp.

WOOD
 No! Please. I can do this.

ANDREWS
 You don't even know what *this* is?

WOOD
 I don't care. Back in Indiana my
 parents warned everyone within 100
 miles I didn't have their
 permission to enlist. So I walked a
 120 to where nobody knew me and
 lied good and well to the
 recruiter. I can lie good and well
 as anyone, sir. Please. All I ever
 wanted to be was a Union soldier.

Andrews is stirred. Someone snickers down the line. Shadrach.

ANDREWS
 Find something funny about that?

SHADRACH
 I find somethin' funny about this
 whole shady operation. Especially
 when a smuggler's running it.

Andrews grabs Shadrach by the scruff and hurls him into some
 horseshit. Shadrach looks up, purple-faced with fury.

ANDREWS
 Make no mistake, private. You might
 be shedding your uniform, but
 you're still an enlisted Union
 soldier. And I'm in command.
 (shouting to all)
 Got it everyone? Good.

They all nod, no doubt who's in charge. The look in
 Shadrach's eyes say this is far from settled. Andrews walks
 back up to Wood.

ANDREWS (CONT'D)
 Welcome to the Andrews Raiders. You
 got any last letters to write mom
 and dad back in Indiana, I'd get on
 (MORE)

ANDREWS (CONT'D)
it.

(to everyone)
One hour, gentlemen, we hit the road.

A16 INT. MITCHEL'S TENT - DAY

A16

Mitchell looks over some NEWS STORY CLIPPINGS. CPL. PITTINGER * (21), a goody-two-shoes type with fancy oval spectacles, * stands at attention with Arbuckle.

MITCHEL
You're the young man who's been serving as a correspondent for your hometown newspaper? Corporal Pittinger?

PITTINGER
The Steubenville Herald. Yes, sir.

MITCHEL
Arbuckle here has filled you in on what this mission we've placed you on is all about, yes?

PITTINGER
Yes, and I agree there's an amazing story in it if it succeeds.

Mitchel smiles.

MITCHEL
Good. Then I'm entrusting you to be my eyes and ears on the road. Your leader Mr. Andrews is a man of, shall we say, nebulous agendas. If he does anything to jeopardize our primary objective...

He hands Pittinger a small snub-nosed Derringer.

MITCHEL (CONT'D)
You are authorized to take command.

16 OMITTED

16*

17 EXT. ROAD - DAY

17

Slavens and Dorsey walk up to an assemblage of raiders, * Dorsey in a new shirt but still in blue pants. Buffum, kicked * back by a tree, looks up from his book and grins.

BUFFUM

O' Brave new world that has such
people in it.

SHADRACH

Yeah, morons.

Shadrach leaps up and starts tugging off Dorsey's pants.

DORSEY

What the-- Mr. Shadrach what are
you doing?

SHADRACH

Savin' your life you ninny.

DORSEY

I could get a cold.

LLEWELLYN

You'll get worse than that the rebs
see you're still wearing your Union
blues.

Shadrach throws them into the muddy road. A man on horseback
tramples up over them. It's Andrews, who looks down on Dorsey
in his long johns. Wood steps up.

WOOD

We're ready when you are, sir.

Andrews fishes into his pack and throws a pair of pants at
Dorsey.

ANDREWS

Marietta, three days. Just try not
to get yourselves killed or
captured.

ARBUCKLE (O.C.)

You have one more.

Arbuckle walks up with Pittinger.

ARBUCKLE (CONT'D)

Mitchell thought having a reporter
could give color to your exploits.

Andrews gives 'em loaded looks.

ANDREWS

(re: the raiders)

What, they're not colorful enough?

He gallops off.

*

SLAVENS
I guess we walk.

*

18 EXT. ROAD - SOMEWHERE IN TENNESSEE - DAY

18

Pittinger, Buffum, Wood, and Llewellyn amble down the road. Buffum suddenly high steps it into the woods.

WOOD

Seriously, how many times can one man pee? By the time we get there the war will be over.

PITTINGER

Well, if we're taking a pause.

Pittinger retreats into the woods after him. Llewellyn smiles at and nods for them to continue on.

A19 INT. WOODS - SOMEWHERE IN TENNESEE - DAY

A19

Pissing there, Buffum spots something that makes him duck:

A GROUP OF REBELS patrol through the woods on horseback, lead by Lieutenant Vickers, looking for insurgents.

Buffum pssst's Pittinger and points. Zipping up, Pittinger also ducks.

B19 EXT. ROAD - SOMEWHERE IN TENNESSEE - DAY

B19

Wood and Llewellyn walk on, unaware of the rebels emerging from the woods behind them.

LIEUTENANT VICKERS

Halt. You two.

They freeze and slowly turn around. Vickers trots up. He looks them up and down, especially interested in their shoes.

LIEUTENANT VICKERS (CONT'D)

Purty sturdy boots there. Where ya'll coming from?

LLEWELLYN

Kain-tucky sir. Just headed down to, uh, see some friends in Georgia.

LIEUTENANT VICKERS
What kind of friends?

WOOD
Guys to enlist with. We wanna stick
it to them Yankee bastards.

LIEUTENANT VICKERS
Do you now? Well then this is your
lucky day. We're surrounded by all
sorts of Yankee bastards right
'round here.

The two raiders swap oh shit looks.

LIEUTENANT VICKERS (CONT'D)
Looks like the good Colonel just
hooked himself some new recruits.

Llewellyn throws a panicky look in the direction of the
woods.

C19 INT. WOODS - DAY

C19

Buffum and Pittinger look on, helpless and horrified.

BUFFUM
What do we do?

PITTINGER
Like Andrews said, the mission
comes first.

D19 EXT. MARIETTA SQUARE - DAY

D19

Miriam, holding a parasol, lifts her skirt as she scurries
through the street...

She wanders through a little flower market, sniffing this and
that, then stops in front of a stall of a fancy pigeon
breeder, cages stacked everywhere, each showing off some
exotic creation. A hand grabs her...

ANDREWS PULLS HER INTO THE NOOK BETWEEN STALLS.

Miriam's face lights up, both at sight of the man before her, *
and the arrival of her partner in crime. He grins assuredly. *

MIRIAM
I was wondering when the players
were going to enter the stage.

*
*
*

ANDREWS
Cue the orchestra.

*
*

E19 EXT. FLETCHER HOUSE - NIGHT

E19*

An elegant brick hotel just off Marietta Square. Cole stands out front smoking a cigarette and eying rebels as they amble by. He checks his timepiece, looks to a room on the third floor, and ducks inside.

*
*
*
*

19-26 OMITTED

19-26*

27 INT. ANDREWS' ROOM - FLETCHER HOUSE - NIGHT

27

A large corner room on the third floor. A clock reads twenty after midnight. Andrews holds the floor. Pittinger, Shadrach, Campbell, Dorsey, Slavens, Buffum and 10 other raiders (save Parrott and Wollam) are gathered before him. They look scared, exhausted, and on the cusp of mutiny.

BUFFUM
Steal a Confederate train?

ANDREWS
And run it up the line wreaking havoc. By the time we roll into Chattanooga your commander General Mitchel will have taken the city.

DORSEY
What are we -- wild west train robbers?

PITTINGER
We're soldiers and this is the mission.

SLAVENS
Yeah, a suicide mission. That whole railroad is crawling with rebels.

*

ANDREWS
This isn't a discussion gentleman.
These are orders.

SHADRACH
So what? We gonna just walk next door and demand them peckerwoods hand over their twenty tons of train? We ain't even got guns.

ANDREWS

You'll have everything you need.
The train we take further up the
line.

BUFFUM

Where?

ANDREWS

Big Shanty. It's the first station
on the line without a telegraph. We
can't afford any graybacks shooting
off a warning to Leadbetter before
we get rolling. This whole
adventure only works if no one
ahead knows we're coming.

DORSEY

And if they do?

ANDREWS

We're dead as dirt.

All the oxygen leaves the room. The raiders begin yammering and arguing amongst themselves. Andrews sees it's already cracking apart. He pulls a knife sheathed in his boot and flings it across the room. It STICKS A PERFECT LANDING in the opposite wall.

Everyone shuts up.

ANDREWS (CONT'D)

Okay raiders, this is how it is. I know you're all pissing in your boots. But look at the man next to you.

They do this.

ANDREWS (CONT'D)

If you haven't noticed, he ain't exactly prize of the Union army. Now look the other way. See a theme here? You're shitheels, nobodies, cannon fodder. If you weren't down here right now you'd be put out front on a skirmish line somewhere for the express purpose of getting your heads blown off. At least now you got the element of surprise. At least with me you have a chance to reach for fucking glory. Mitchel handed me you assholes because he thinks this mission is a million to
(MORE)

ANDREWS (CONT'D)
 one. But guess what? You just did somethin' no other Union soldier has ever done. You marched right into the heart of the south and you did it without a shot fired. The hard part is over, boys. Once we shanghai that train and cut our first telegraph it will be smooth sailing up the line. Not just into Chattanooga, but the history books. By tomorrow night the most important rail link in the south will be in Union hands, and with it our boot on the Confederacy's fat red neck. And a bunch of shitheels who no one thought could do anything will have a whole army, a whole city, and a whole country calling you heros.

He can see them gaining confidence.

PITTINGER
 What about Wood and Llewellyn? And the other two we lost.

ANDREWS
 The clowns I don't care about. But the engineer and that boy -- mission's still on because they kept their mouths shut. They're probably getting fitted for new uniforms in Chattanooga as we speak, holdin' their breath for someone to show up and save their asses. For you, raiders. They sacrificed. Now its our turn. So what do ya say? You've already come this far. Let's go all the way. All Chattanooga or all hell!

Buffum, now shitfaced, toasts the mission with his whiskey bottle.

BUFFUM
 Screw it. All Chattanooga or all hell!

Then Pittinger.

PITTINGER
 All Chattanooga or all hell!

Then Dorsey.

*

DORSEY
All Chattanooga or all hell!

Then all of them. Psyched up for battle. Campbell smiles,
silent but onboard.

*

*

KNOCK-KNOCK

The door. Everyone hushes. Andrews pulls a revolver. So does Pittinger. Mitchel's Derringer. He and Andrews exchange an awkward, knowing look. At least two of them are armed. Another knock...

Andrews opens the door. It's Cole, standing behind a trolley with a tea tray.

COLE
Room service.

He and Andrews exchange sly smiles. The raiders eye Cole nervously as he rolls in with the trolley.

SHADRACH
Who the hell is this?

ANDREWS
Mr. Cole here is the proprietor of this establishment. He also happens to be one of my oldest friends and a staunch pro-Unionist.

Cole sets aside the tea tray and yanks off the tablecloth, revealing the trolley to be a crate on wheels.

COLE
Welcome to Georgia, boys.

He cracks the crate, marked "*BIBLES*." The raiders gather around and gawk at what's inside:

REVOLVERS, RIFLES, GRENADES, DYNAMITE. Everything a man needs for an insurrection. Except a bible.

Narrow, dimly lit. Andrews and Cole descend to the back door. *

COLE
Nice speech in there. First class horseshit. You almost made me believe you were a patriot.

ANDREWS
All part of the show.

*

COLE
You really think that crew is up to
this?

*

ANDREWS
All I need are warm bodies to rip
up track and hands to drive that
train. I can handle the rest. How
do I look?

Cole tugs straight his friend's lapel.

COLE
Like a thief. You sure she won't
change her mind?

ANDREWS
She does, I'll change it back.

Andrews heads off into the night. Cole watches him go. No way
do we trust this guy.

A29 INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

A29

Smaller and dingier than Andrews' suite. Wollam and Parrot
loll around on the floor, high as shit, opium stashed away in
the hollowed-out compartment of Parrot's bible.

PARROTT
(dead serious)
Know what I admire most about our
Lord and savior Jesus Christ?

WOLLAM
His sandals?

Wollam takes a world class toke and passes the opium pipe.

PARROTT
Yes! His sandals. Why don't men
these days wear sandals?

WOLLAM
(exhaling)
The chinks do. Coal mines,
outhouse. Clop, clop, clop every-
damn-where.

Parrot sucks in, then exhales a cloud of smoke.

PARROTT

That's right. They're godless
heathens. But their feet are free.

Wollam looks down to his booted feet, inspired. He yanks one boot off then the other and throws them both out the window. Parrott follows suit and they wiggle their stocking feet at each other and laugh like maniacs.

Suddenly they turn serious.

PARROTT (CONT'D)

You sure Andrews or someone's gonna
come get us?

WOLLAM

Sure. This is the hotel right?

B29 EXT. MARIETTA SQUARE - NIGHT

B29

Andrews strides past two pair of discarded boots lying in the gutter in front of the Marietta Inn -- aka the wrong hotel.

29 EXT. LEADBETTER'S MANSION - NIGHT

29

A white mansion fronted by huge Doric columns with a wrap around plantation porch. A COACH sits out front. Andrews slips around back.

A30 EXT. BACK PORCH - LEADBETTER'S MANSION - NIGHT

A30

Andrews vaults onto the porch and finds all the doors wide open, sheer curtains billowing out into the moonlight.

B30 INT. DOWNSTAIRS - LEADBETTER'S MANSION - NIGHT

B30

Andrews steps inside, finding himself inside The Colonel's home. A HUGE OIL PAINTING of Leadbetter with his hunting dog hangs over the fireplace. Andrews smiles.

He heads over to the bottom of a grand "GONE WITH THE WIND" STAIRCASE, where he finds a single gold coin left for him on the balustrade. He pockets it and goes upstairs.

C30 INT. UPSTAIRS - LEADBETTER'S MANSION - NIGHT

C30

Andrews prowls down a long candlelit corridor with an array of different doors off it, all shut. He stops at one with a

RED SCARF tied to its knob, the same one Miriam wore at the hospital. *

He unties it and tries the door. Locked. He considers the scarf in his hand, then the door, and KICKS IT OPEN...

30 INT. MIRIAM'S BEDROOM - LEADBETTER'S MANSION - NIGHT 30

Inside is Miriam, half startled, half excited, wearing nothing but a SILK ROBE. Andrews makes a move forward. Miriam raises a pistol and trains it at his heart.

MIRIAM
Blindfold yourself. *

Andrews looks at the red scarf. He's not sure if she's double-crossing him or something more... fun. *

ANDREWS
If this about your door?

She cocks the hammer. He blindfolds himself, smelling the scarf. *

ANDREWS (CONT'D)
Reminds me of you. *

Miriam prowls over and circles Andrews with the gun, tracing its barrel over him, pressing it against his crotch... *

MIRIAM
It was the first thing, besides food, having my own money ever got me. The only thing I have left that Danny didn't strip me of when we got married. The one possession in this world that's truly mine. *

She unbuckles his pants and drops with them to her knees, taking possession of Andrews in a whole different way. *

31 OMITTED 31*

32 INT. MIRIAM'S BEDROOM - LEADBETTER'S MANSION - NIGHT 32

They lay post coital among jostled sheets. The scarf strewn between them. *

MIRIAM
Maybe after all is said and done we could keep up this little partnership. Take it to New York.
(MORE)

MIRIAM (CONT'D)
 Paris even. Get away from this
 country before it burns itself to
 the ground.

*

ANDREWS
 Why? Someone has to pick through
 the ashes.

*

*

*

MIRIAM
 And I thought even a double-dealing
 opportunist like yourself has
 bounds.

*

*

*

*

ANDREWS
 If I did, you wouldn't have wasted
 your time on me. Or your body. In
 fact, something tells me I was your
 only gambit.

*

*

*

*

*

He grins like the double-dealing opportunist he is. She nods, *
 acknowledging the obvious. *

MIRIAM
 That gold will end up in someone's
 hands sooner or later. If the
 rebels don't discover it, the Union
 will wrench it away. I have no
 intention of being left with a dead
 or disgraced husband and a home on
 the muddy street. Not again. Not
 after what I've endured. Those
 slaves everyone is fighting over. I
 can't pretend to say I know what
 it's like to be them, to walk in
 that skin, but I do know what it's
 like to be owned. To have to get
 down on your knees if you want to
 be fed that night. If this war is
 about freedom, then I want mine.

ANDREWS
 From him?

MIRIAM
 From everybody.

She gets up, taking the scarf, and goes to her dresser, where *
 she sets it down and opens a jewel box, plucking out a card. *
 Andrews comes up from behind and looks at it: It's stamped
 with a INK BLOT RAVEN and the words "McClintock Gunpowder".

ANDREWS
 You're kidding me?

MIRIAM

Danny's moving it in six kegs.

ANDREWS

Under the watch of the baddest road
agent this side of Pinkerton
himself. You could have told me
this earlier.

MIRIAM

You handled me. He should be a
pussycat.

ANDREWS

You don't know McClintock.

He slips the card into his vest.

MIRIAM

Well, you can tell me all about him
when you step off that train in
Chattanooga tomorrow.

ANDREWS

That'll be a neat trick since
you'll still be riding up in a
coach.

MIRIAM

My coach leaves tonight, Mr.
Andrews. If you think I trust you
to get a head start with everything
I have you have a bigger head than
my husband gave you credit for.

She steps over to a CLOSET, where a travelling outfit is hung up next to PACKED SUITCASES, and starts to get dressed. Andrews has a choice to make. He picks up his jacket and pulls something from the pocket, then goes up behind Miriam.

ANDREWS

I really do like you, Miriam.
You're like me.

He caresses his hands down her bare arms as he gently kisses her neck, pinning them behind her back. By the time he's done Miriam's WRISTS ARE BOUND. She looks back, confused.

ANDREWS (CONT'D)

Which is why I can't trust you to
get to Chattanooga while your
husband is still there.

Miriam's heart sinks. Could it be he's just like all the others?

MIRIAM
James, please don't--

He GAGS HER and binds her hands and feet.

ANDREWS
Sorry, but it's for both our own good. If anything goes wrong you can always say I forced myself on you. Otherwise meet me at the Biltmore Hotel in New York in one week's time. I'll keep the bed warm and your share on ice.

He kisses her forehead and goes, locking the closet behind him. He throws on his clothes, Miriam pounding inside the closet. On his way out Andrews sees the RED SCARF on the dresser. He takes it, blows out the candles, and goes.

33 INT. ANDREWS' ROOM - FLETCHER HOUSE - NIGHT

33

Andrews enters his dark room. Cole sits in the corner eating a peach.

COLE
So?

Andrews flips Cole the card with the ink-blot raven.

ANDREWS
He's moving it in gunpowder.
McClintock.

Andrews steps over to the sink and fills a glass of water. As he goes to drink the peach pit is tossed into the sink.
CLICK.

ANDREWS (CONT'D)
Son of a bitch.

He sees Cole in the mirror behind him, Remington pointed at the back of his head.

COLE
Sorry James, but part of being a winner in this world is reading the odds, and I just don't like yours makin' it through alive tomorrow. It's too big a bet for a small timer like yourself.

ANDREWS

If this is about renegotiating our deal?

COLE

There's nothing to negotiate. I have you and a floor full of Union spies. The reward for that, saving Leadbetter's gold, and keeping it a secret will be easy money. Not to mention burnish my rep among the seesh.

ANDREWS

What about Mitchel? You're gonna make an enemy of the whole Union army?

Cole's finger licks the trigger.

COLE

That's a problem for after your time.

Viper-quick Andrews smashes the glass of water in his friend's face and bats the gun away. It goes skittering under the bedframe and they both lunge for it, clawing at each other's faces...

Cole jams Andrews' head between the mattress and bedframe, strangling him with the rope support while trying to reach the Remington. Andrews, in serious trouble, sees his knife still stuck in the wall from his speech before...

With his last gasp Andrews grabs the knife and plunges it down into Cole's side. Cole rolls off, getting tangled in the bedding as he goes. Andrews, now with the advantage, wraps Cole up even more and starts stabbing him repeatedly through the sheets...

Cole's thrashing subsides and Andrews reels back. He stares at the white sheets now soaked crimson with his old partner's blood, his heart beating a million miles an hour, overwhelmed by a feeling of horror, of transgression, of a moral bridge crossed and burned.

The sun rises over a slumbering, downtown street. We push in on a two-story red brick BOARDING HOUSE. Over it, a subtitle appears:

(MORE)

COLE (CONT'D)
 "ATLANTA, GEORGIA
 138 MILES TO CHATTANOOGA"

A tall, clear-eyed young man steps out the door wearing the checkered pants and dark indigo coat of a train conductor. This is WILLIAM FULLER (26). His YOUNG WIFE, infant cradled in her arm, runs out the door after him...

FULLER'S WIFE
 I almost forgot...

She delivers Fuller a small, wrapped GIFT and kisses him on the cheek.

FULLER'S WIFE (CONT'D)
 Happy birthday, William.

35 EXT. TRAIN YARDS - ATLANTA - DAWN

35

Gift in hand, Fuller walks up to the railroad's roundhouse.

36 INT. ROUNDHOUSE - ATLANTA - DAWN

36

Fuller enters. There, gleaming in the morning light, is his beloved engine *THE GENERAL*, nothing less than a melody cast and wrought in metal. A free black man, CAIN, finishes up giving a little extra spit and polish to the 4-4-0 Rodger's built engine. Fuller's fireman.

CAIN
 She's all spittin' pretty and ready
 for her run, Mr. Fuller.

FULLER
 Good job, Mr. Cain. Nice to see
 someone's as crazy about this rig
 as I am.

Fuller helps Cain with the last of it. It's like they're grooming a thoroughbred.

CAIN
 I ain't done scrimped and scraped
 for thirty years to buy my freedom
 so I could slouch. Is that?

FULLER
 (re: the gift)
 From my wife.

MURPHY (33), the Irish engineer, pops his fat red face out of the cab.

MURPHY

Why don't ya open it?

ANDERSON

Yeah, we love getting presents.

ANDERSON, the young brakeman (19), comes tightwalking down the tender. Everyone eyes the gift, grinning, expectant. Fuller has no choice but to unwrap it. Inside he finds a SHINY SILVER TIMEPIECE.

CAIN

I guess your missus knows who you're really married to.

Cain pats the *General's* cab and everyone laughs.

FULLER

Alright, alright. Let's get movin'.

37

EXT. MARIETTA STATION - DAY

37

KEGS OF GUNPOWDER are stacked on the platform by slaves, each keg stamped with an ink-blot raven. A leathery man with a white handle bar mustache oversees them, a real badass. This is THE MCCLINTOCK ROAD AGENT.

Andrews keeps an eye on McClintock and his kegs of "gunpowder" from across the platform. All around him raiders gather in twos and threes among the passengers, trying to look incognito. Andrews checks the station clock: TEN TO 7.

PITTINGER

Everything still on plan?

ANDREWS

Depends what we're talking about.
The one I got with Mitchel, or the one he has with you?

Andrews taps the Derringer in his vest. Pittinger's face falls. A whistle comes from down the track. It's the *General*, right on time. A subtitle reads:

"MARIETTA STATION
118 MILES TO CHATTANOOGA"

The train draws into the station, belching steam. Besides the engine, there's a tender carrying the wood and water that fuels the train, three boxcars, a mail & baggage car, and two passenger cars bringing up the rear. Folks line up to board.

Andrews watches McClintock pay off the STATION MASTER, who goes up with him to Fuller stepping off the train. Fuller looks to the gunpowder with concern, nods, and points to the empty second boxcar. McClintock tips his hat and snaps at the slaves to load the kegs of gunpowder onto the boxcar.

Andrews turns to his raiders and nods. It's time. They begin to board the first passenger car. Shadrach and Buffum slide the "BIBLES" crate onto the last boxcar. He pulls Pittinger and Campbell aside, nodding to McClintock as he boards.

ANDREWS (CONT'D)
See that man? He's a Confederate
road agent. On the look out for
Union spies. Cover him.

*

They nod gravely.

FULLER
All aboard!

38 INT. HOTEL ROOM - MARIETTA INN - MORNING

38

Parrott snores in bed. Wollam is splayed out on the floorboards. A train bell ringing outside stirs Parrott to peer groggy-eyed out the window. He sees Andrews and the others stepping onto the *General*.

PARROTT
Wake up! Wake up!

He kicks his companion awake.

WOLLAM
Huh?

Parrott scrambles around gathering up his shit.

PARROTT
It's Andrews! They're leaving!

WOLLAM
But we just got here?

Parrott stops, everything in hand. He looks around perplexed.

PARROTT
Where the hell are our boots?

39	INT. GENERAL - ENGINE CAB - MOVING	39
	Cain feeds wood from the tender into the boiler. Murphy opens the throttle and steam belches, the iron beast lurching forward.	
40	OMITTED	40*
41	INT. GENERAL - PASSENGER COACH - MOVING	41
	Raiders are scattered throughout the car. Pittinger sits right behind McClintock, who's seated in the first row facing the boxcars, with Campbell and Shadrach across the aisle. Fuller comes through collecting tickets. He stops at Andrews, who rides with Buffum further back.	* * * *

FULLER
Mornin'. Headed up to Chattanooga?

ANDREWS
I am indeed. You?

FULLER
It is my train.

ANDREWS
(grinning)
Of course.

Fuller checks the time. Andrews clocks his new timepiece.

ANDREWS (CONT'D)
Nice timepiece you got there.

FULLER
Thank you. Birthday gift from my wife. Got it just this morning.

ANDREWS
She's a keeper. I'd keep your eyes peeled if I were you. No doubt there's some scoundrel on this train just itchin' to steal it.

The two men hold a look, Andrews smiling like a scoundrel. Fuller senses something off and moves on. He turns to Buffum, who fumbles for his bottle.

A42 EXT. GENERAL - MOVING

A42

The brakeman Anderson hangs off the roof of the last passenger car and watches Marietta Station fall away. He sees two figures race out onto the platform: PARROTT AND WOLLAM.

B42 INT. CONFEDERATE ENCAMPMENT - CHATTANOOGA - MORNING

B42

Young Wood, now wearing Confederate grays, is curled and asleep alongside others in his regiment on the muddy ground. He's collared to his feet by Vickers.

LIEUTENANT VICKERS

Wake up, maggot.

Wood gets his bearings. A dozen rebels surround him. They don't look happy. He looks around for Llewellyn.

LIEUTENANT VICKERS (CONT'D)

Yer friend ain't here. Coward
deserted. Any idea where he went?

Wood shakes his head, clearly confused.

LIEUTENANT VICKERS (CONT'D)

Well we'll find him that's for
sure. And when we do, you'll see
why you better not be havin' the
same ideas.

They go, leaving Wood to take in the unfamiliar, unsympathetic faces of his awakened fellow soldiers. He shatters in the cold.

43 INT. GENERAL - PASSENGER COACH - MOVING

43

Pittinger, Derringer concealed in his lap, keeps his eyes on McClintock, who himself keeps his eyes on the boxcars ahead of them -- and the gold. Fuller steps in for an announcement.

FULLER

Next stop Big Shanty. We'll be
holdin' for breakfast fifteen
minutes.

Andrews looks to Buffum. This is it. Buffum throws back some whiskey. Andrews snatches away the bottle.

ANDREWS

I need you clear headed.

Buffum snatches it back. He takes another, bigger swig.

BUFFUM

Exactly.

We flash across the steeled, anxious faces of the raiders we've come to know: Pittinger, Campbell, Shadrach, Slavens, Dorsey, whose eyes bug with terror as he looks out the window at the arriving station, which is surrounded by... *

DORSEY

Oh my.

44

EXT. CAMP MCDONALD - BIG SHANTY - DAY

44

A newly erected Confederate encampment, 200 strong, all its soldiers starting to stir. Rebels emerge from tents still in their long johns. Once again, a subtitle appears:

*"BIG SHANTY/CAMP MCDONALD
110 MILES TO CHATTANOOGA"*

They yawn and watch the General pull up in front of the LACY HOTEL.

INT. PASSENGER CAR - 5:00 TRAIN TO MARIETTA - MOVING - NIGHT

Andrews looks too, then back to Buffum, all the blood draining from his face. He does his best not to look thunderstruck.

BUFFUM

I guess Hell is empty and all the devils are here.

ANDREWS

Just a little wrinkle. No need to panic.

He looks back at Dorsey and Slavens, both clearly panicked. *

SLAVENS

No one said nothin' about this being the middle of a Confederate camp.

45

EXT. BIG SHANTY STATION - CONTINUOUS

45

A crowd of passengers and crew step off the train, including Fuller, Murphy, and Anderson. They all head to the hotel for a quick breakfast. Andrews is the last to step off, leaving... *

46 INT. GENERAL - PASSENGER COACH - DAY 46
 Only his raiders and the McClintock road agent. Someone COUGHS behind him. McClintock glances back at Dorsey, the culprit, then at the others scattered guiltily throughout the seats, his eyes resting on Pittinger directly behind him, sweat fogging up his glasses. Something's afoot.

47 EXT. BIG SHANTY STATION - CONTINUOUS 47
 Andrews walks calmly but purposefully up the length of the train, passing the first boxcar with the "BIBLES" crate and the second holding the kegs of gunpowder/gold. He looks back over his shoulder at the Lacy, where...

48 EXT. LACY HOTEL - DAY 48
 Fuller and his crew clean off their greasy hands with soap and water in a battered wash pan by the door.

49 EXT. BIG SHANTY STATION - DAY 49
 Andrews walks up to the engine, checks the cab and finds it empty. He looks ahead for the open switch. All clear.

50 INT. GENERAL - PASSENGER COACH - DAY 50
 McClintock sees Andrews come on back down the platform. He unholsters his gun, suspicion and concern building.

51 EXT. BIG SHANTY STATION - DAY 51
 Continuing to survey the situation, Andrews clocks two rebel pickets patrolling with muskets on the encampment side of the tracks. He stops where the last boxcar car is coupled to the mail and baggage car, itself coupled to the coaches that make up the rest of the train and waits for the pickets to pass.

52 INT. LACY HOTEL - DAY 52
 Fuller and his crew stands in the cafeteria line.

53 EXT. BIG SHANTY STATION - DAY 53
 Andrews sees his opening and quickly uncouples the boxcar from the mail and baggage car, effectively splitting the

train in two. It takes five seconds and nobody notices a thing. Nobody except...

54

INT. GENERAL - PASSENGER COACH - DAY

54

McClintock leaps to his feet, gun barrel turned in Pittinger's face. The Derringer didn't even get out of Pittinger's lap. Shadrach looks at Campbell to do something. *

MCCLINTOCK

Who are ya and what are ya
schemin'?

Everyone is frozen. Everyone but Shadrach, who pounces on McClintock's back like a rapid dog and bites his hand bloody. *
The gun drops and McClintock rips at Shadrach, who hold him in a vice grip. His oxygen cut off, the road agent finally slumps like a ragdoll onto the aisle. A rush of adrenaline surges through everyone as Shadrach jumps up. To Campbell: *

SHADRACH

I thought you were a killer, not a
post.

Andrews hops back aboard and sees McClintock laid out.

ANDREWS

Nice work.

PITTINGER

You realize we're outgunned here 10
to 1.

ANDREWS

Then this better not turn into a
shootout. Let's do this, raiders.

55

EXT. BIG SHANTY STATION - DAY

55

The 16 raiders hop off the passenger coach and herd up the platform to the last open boxcar, where they begin to climb in en masse as if this were nothing unusual. Andrews leads Slavens and Buffum up to the engine...

56

INT. LACY HOTEL - DAY

56

Fuller and his crew finally sit down with their plates of hot gravy and biscuits. Fuller glances at the platform, sees nothing untoward.

57

INT. GENERAL - ENGINE CAB - DAY

57

Andrews, Slavens and Buffum take over the cab. They're surprised by Cain in the tender. He drops his breakfast.

CAIN

What the--

ANDREWS

We're taking this train, my friend.

CAIN

Hell you are.

Cain drops his breakfast and grabs a stoker. Andrews draws his pistol.

ANDREWS

We're on your side, boy. Union agents. Now put down that stoker and let us do our business.

CAIN

Boy, huh? I'm loyal to men, not sides. And the man I'm loyal to, this engine is like our old lady. And I ain't lettin' nobody touch my old lady.

ANDREWS

Have it your way.

58

EXT. BIG SHANTY STATION - DAY

58

Cain is thrown from the engine. He lands with thud on the Camp McDonald side of the tracks. The pickets see this, as do other rebels in camp. With a pull, jar and clang the *General*, tender, and three box cars lurch forward out of the station.

59

INT. BOXCAR - THE GENERAL - MOVING

59

Shadrach pries open the "BIBLES" crate and hands out weapons like candy on Christmas morning. Dorsey and Pittinger exchange uneasy glances.

60

INT. LACY HOTEL - DAY

60

Fuller jumps up from his breakfast, shocked at what he sees: Outside the *General*, tender and three boxcars are skipping the station. Its two coaches and mail/baggage car just sit there on the tracks, left behind.

61	INT. PASSENGER COACH - THE GENERAL - DAY	61
	McClintock comes to on the aisle floor in one of the cars left behind. He hears the rest of the train rumble off and claws to his feet.	
62	INT. GENERAL - ENGINE CAB - MOVING	62
	Buffum feeds wood into the firebox. Slavens presses the throttle and they gain speed. Andrews holds his stove-pipe hat, his eyes shining at Big Shanty falling away behind them. *	
63	EXT. BIG SHANTY STATION - DAY	63
	Soldiers everywhere come running. Fuller sprints out from the Lacy, sees Cain clutching his leg beside the tracks.	
	FULLER	
	Mr. Cain? You okay? What happened?	
	CAIN	
	Theys Union, Mr. Fuller. Three so far as I could tell.	
	Fuller looks at the General building steam and starts running after it down the tracks. The pickets eye Cain with suspicion.	
	PICKET GUARD	
	Your friends, eh?	
	McClintock staggers from the passenger car onto the platform. He sees everyone and their mother running after the train. Fuck that. He looks for a horse.	
64	INT. GENERAL - BOXCAR - MOVING	64
	The raiders look ready to celebrate. Pittinger peers out the open door at Fuller racing after them, two dozen pissed off rebels on his heels. Shadrach leans out, little man cocky. *	*
	SHADRACH	*
	Look at 'em. Who they think they gonna catch?	*
	The trains shutters and starts losing momentum. CRACK! CRACK! Bullets start slamming into the boxcar. Everyone hits the floor.	*

65 INT. GENERAL - ENGINE CAB - MOVING 65
 Slavens scrambles at the controls. *

ANDREWS
 Mr. Slavens -- why the hell aren't we pulling away? *

SLAVENS
 I don't know. We need more steam. *
 We need more steam! *

66 EXT. TRACKS NORTH OF BIG SHANTY - CONTINUOUS 66
 Still running and shooting, Fuller and the Big Shanty rebels start to gain on the slowing *General*. *

BIG SHANTY REBEL
 They ours now, boys! *

They give a rebel yell, reload, and blast away.

67 INT. GENERAL - ENGINE CAB - DAY 67
 Shots crack off the cab around them. Andrews blasts back. Slavens is at a loss.

SLAVENS
 Shit. Shit. Shit. Shit.

Buffum shoves him aside and whacks a lever with his elbow. *
 The steam pressure kicks up and the train bursts forward, now at full steam. They both look at Buffum with surprise. *

68 INT. GENERAL - BOXCAR - MOVING 68
 The raiders, pinned down on the floorboards and braced for a firefight, share a sigh of relief as the train picks up speed again. Shadrach glances at Dorsey, who looks terrified. *

DORSEY
 Are we there yet? *

Shadrach cackles like a maniac, loving this. *

69 EXT. TRACKS NORTH OF BIG SHANTY - CONTINUOUS 69
 Fuller, still running and oh so close watches the *General* pick up steam and race away. He finally stops, panting and

dejected. The pursuing rebels let loose a last, futile volley of shots at the fleeing train. Fuller turns to their captain.

FULLER

You need to get someone on a horse back to Marietta quick as you can and telegraph the stations ahead.

BIG SHANTY REBEL

And tell 'em what?

FULLER

The *General* has just been seized by Union agents who are drivin' it north. And William Fuller, the train's conductor, is in pursuit.

The captain looks Fuller up and down, incredulous.

BIG SHANTY REBEL

In pursuit? How are you in pursuit?

FULLER

Any Goddamn way I can.

Fuller races off up the tracks after the *General*. The captain looks back to his men.

BIG SHANTY REBEL

You heard the man. There's a horse right over--

He points to the HORSE, which McClintock is in the middle of commandeering. He kicks his heels and the horse tears off down the tracks for Marietta.

70

INT. GENERAL - BOXCAR - DAY

70

The open countryside streaks by as the raiders whoop it up, savoring their clean(ish) getaway. Dorsey vomits.

71

INT. GENERAL - ENGINE CAB - MOVING

71

Andrews holds onto his hat, wind buffeting his face, elated.

ANDREWS

That's how you steal a barnburner.
Nice work, gentlemen!

Buffum takes a long pull of whiskey and offers the bottle to Slavens, who refuses.

SLAVENS
How'd you know--

BUFFUM
Close the damper? Can't say I ever
ran an engine before, but I have
used a boiler to blow a shitload of
'em up.

ANDREWS
Blow 'em up where?

BUFFUM
Good 'ol days back in bleedin'
Kansas.

ANDREWS
You fought for the abolitionists?

BUFFUM
Only cuss who survived Harper's
ferry. There anything I love more
than whiskey and William S. it's
blowin' up slave lovin' Christian
hypocrites.

Andrews is impressed. He take Buffum's bottle and toasts him
with a swig of whiskey.

A72 INT. MIRIAM'S BEDROOM - MARIETTA - MORNING

A72

Miriam pounds away from inside the closet. A female HOUSE
SLAVE enters, confused about where the sound is coming from.

HOUSE SLAVE
Miss Miriam? Miss Miriam, is that
you?

She finds Miriam, still gagged and bound.

HOUSE SLAVE (CONT'D)
Oh my Lord!

Removing the binds and gag--

MIRIAM
Not a word of this to anyone, you
understand?

Miriam rushes up and sees that her RED SCARF IS GONE.

72,73 OMITTED

72,73*

74

EXT. HUNTSVILLE STATION, ALABAMA - DAY

74

A city under occupation. General Mitchel mobilizes his troops into boxcars, coaches, flatbeds, anything that can hold them. It's a massive rolling convoy. A subtitle appears:

*"HUNTSVILLE, ALABAMA
100 MILES WEST OF CHATTANOOGA"*

Arbuckle comes up.

LIEUTENANT ARBUCKLE
Scouts say we'll meet no resistance
pushing as far as Stevenson
Junction, just outside Chattanooga.

MITCHEL
Good. It's a beautiful sight, isn't
it Captain? An army on the move.

LIEUTENANT ARBUCKLE
Yes, sir. Let's hope Andrews is
movin' just the same.

MITCHEL
Don't worry. If he's captured or
killed we'll hear at a telegraph up
the line.

LIEUTENANT ARBUCKLE
And if we hear nothing?

MITCHEL
That means wires are being cut and
the raiders are on their way.

CUT TO:

A75

THE TELEGRAPH WIRE THAT RUNS ALONG THE TRACKS

A75

Our camera swoops up it, passing poles, as if following some
transmitted signal, until we stop just short of...

75

EXT. A MILE PAST BOONE'S STATION - DAY

75

...where the telegraph wire HAS BEEN CUT. The General idles
underneath, a gang of raiders prying up rail with shovels and
tossing them into the boxcars. Ahead, at the engine, Andrews
ties MIRIAM'S RED SCARF to the cowcatcher.

BUFFUM

What is it? Mitchel's birthday or somethin'?

ANDREWS

Tell him, Slavens.

SLAVENS

Red flag means we're running an emergency train. It's a signal to everyone up ahead.

ANDREWS

It's part of our cover for passing through stations unscheduled. We'll say we're racing extra munitions up to Leadbetter. With the telegraph cut, there's no one to tell 'em any different.

PITTINGER

Andrews! You're not gonna believe this.

Pittinger points to a man charging toward them up the tracks.

FULLER

Andrews sees Shadrach draws his pistol and set his sights.

ANDREWS

Wait!

Andrews swats Shadrach's arm just in time. BLAM! They tussle as Andrews relieves Shadrach of his weapon. Fuller keeps coming.

ANDREWS (CONT'D)

Did you hear me say shoot?

SHADRACH

He's a rebel.

ANDREWS

He's one man. On foot. We're sixteen with a train. You want him to know your serious, save your bullets for any real shit ahead.

(shouting to everyone)

Okay, raiders. Let's roll.

Everyone piles in. Andrews turns back to Fuller, who continues charging toward them, now only 20 yards away. He raises the gunbarrel to Fuller's chest, deadly serious.

*

Fuller pulls up, the two men now less than six feet apart. Everything that needs to be said is said with that gun.

FULLER
I'm not going stop.

ANDREWS
Then we better keep good time.

Andrews steps forward and swipes FULLER'S TIMEPIECE from his * waistcoat.

He waves ta-ta, then jumps back onto the *General*, which is already pulling away. Fuller can do nothing with Shadrach and six other guns trained on him from the boxcar, just itching for a shot. When they shut the door...

Fuller AGAIN TAKES OFF AFTER IT, closing ground only to watch the train pull away out of sight. He pulls up screaming in frustration and gasping for air. Between his legs he spots...

A POLE CART COMING UP THE TRACKS

Manned by Murphy and Anderson. They wave and shout.

MURPHY
Look at what we found at Boone's Station!

Fuller is so Goddamn happy he could cry.

76 OMITTED

76*

77 INT. GENERAL - ENGINE CAB - MOVING

77

Buffum sprinkles oil into the fire. Slavens holds her steady. They approach a small hamlet sprung around the Etonah Mining & Manufacturing Company. An old, rinky-dink workhorse switch engine sits on the spur with a cart load of coal. This is the *YONAH*. Again, a subtitle:

*"ETONAH STATION
95 MILES TO CHATTANOOGA"*

They see the engine and look to Andrews with concern.

SLAVENS
I thought we weren't suppose to see any trains 'til Kingston?

ANDREWS
We weren't.

BUFFUM
So let's stop and blow it.

Slavens rolls his eyes.

ANDREWS
I don't wanna risk a skirmish and
break appearances. We play our
cards right we'll roll into
Chattanooga without another shot
fired.

*

78 EXT. ETONAH STATION - DAY

78

The General thunders past the brick platform and the dismayed
faces of passengers looking out for the usual train, the
Yonah left in its dust.

79 OMITTED

79*

80 INT. GENERAL - BOXCAR - MOVING

80

The raiders sit rocking in the dark of the buttoned up
boxcar. Campbell peeks out a crack at the world speeding by.
Pittinger jots notes in a notebook. Shadrach rummages through
the trunks of freight and pulls out a FRENCH VASE.

SHADRACH
Wha'cha think someone could get for
this?

PITTINGER
Put it down, private. We're
patriots, not thieves.

Shadrach pitches it to the floor, shattering.

SHADRACH
Some of us even murderers.

Campbell lunges at Shadrach, scattering a game of gin rummy,
and chases him around the car. He almost has him collared
when Shadrach draws his guns.

SHADRACH (CONT'D)
What'cha so upset about? I'd wear
that shit around like a badge of
honor.

*

By Campbell's look, that's the last way he carries it around. *
He retreats back to his corner like a big wounded bear. *

*

SHADRACH (CONT'D)
 Guess the big man don't like
 badges.

*
*

DORSEY
 Leave him alone, Shadrach.

*

SHADRACH
 Why? I'm starving. And from what I
 tasted about what went down in
 Louisville Campbell there's got
 beans. I wanna dig in. So come on,
 spill 'em. Spill your beans.

*
*
*
*
*
*

Campbell looks from Shadrach to all the others, all
 interested in his legend, Pittinger much as anyone.

PITTINGER
 I will say, Mr. Campbell, we might
 all meet our maker today. Be nice
 to know who we're travelling with.

Campbell eyes burn.

CAMPBELL
 You think one story, 'bout one
 mistake, tells you anything 'bout
 me? I killed one man, not four, but
 I ain't no killer. I ran, but I
 ain't no a coward. I'll accept my
 punishment but I'll do it on my own
 terms. That's all you need to know.
 Now go take that little diary of
 yours and stick it up your shitter.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*

SHADRACH
 Well ain't that a cock tease.
 Diary, huh?

He swipes the notebook out of Pittinger's hands.

PITTINGER
 Hey! Give that back.

SHADRACH
 Or what? Stab me with your pencil?
 I just wanna see if I'm famous.

He thumbs through it. MASON (31) Shadrach's sycophant,
 laughs. He hands the notebook to Dorsey.

SHADRACH (CONT'D)
 Dorsey, why don't you read us some
 nuggets.

PITTINGER

What, can't read yourself?

SHADRACH

Maybe I like to listen and
visualize what I'm hearin'.

He snaps at Dorsey to start reading.

DORSEY

Right then--

(reading)

*There are many breeds of character
among the raiders. Farmer, clerk,
cobbler. One such man, Mr.*

Dorsey...

(beat)

*Is a bumbling type, fragile in
spirit, and always teased by the
others. He doesn't carry himself
like much of a soldier but then
again not many of us do. I wonder
who among us will step up when we
face the gauntlet.*

*

SHADRACH

Well I guess we know who won't?

Shadrach cackles, snatching the notebook back. Mason cackles with him. He fobs it off Pittinger, who looks mortified. Dorsey just looks to his boots, embarrassed.

81

OMITTED

81*

A82

EXT. MARIETTA STATION/FLETCHER HOUSE - NIGHT

A82

Miriam, now dressed, hurries past the hotel to the station. She clocks two panicked men who rush past the other way, still in THEIR STOCKINGED FEET -- Parrott and Wollam.

Rounding the corner onto the platform Miriam finds it buzzing with chaos and confusion, passengers and soldiers gathered around the STATION MASTER who makes an announcement.

STATION MASTER

...again, ladies and gents, due to
an unexpected, uh, "situation" up
the line, there will be no
passenger service north for the
rest of the day. The Western &
Atlantic Railroad apologizes for
your inconvenience.

Miriam looks to the TELEGRAPH WINDOW, a horse roped outside. Inside, the OPERATOR furiously clicks out messages, a fearsome man with a mustache standing over him...

MCCLINTOCK

82

INT. TELEGRAPH OFFICE - MARIETTA TRAIN STATION - DAY

82

MCCLINTOCK
What do you mean there's no reply?

TELEGRAPH OPERATOR
I don't know. They must be cutting wires. Only way anyone's gettin' a message up to Chattanooga today is to do it in person.

McClintock looks up and sees MIRIAM RUSHING OFF. He knows instantly there's only one reason she should be there.

THE FRONT DESK CLERK

From the Fletcher comes running up and raps on the window.

CLERK
Someone get the sheriff! There's been a murder!

83

EXT. CASS WOOD & WATER STATION - DAY

83

The General refuels under a water tower. Slavens draws down the spigot and begins to fill the tender. A subtile reads:

"CASS WOOD & WATER STATION
86 MILES TO CHATTANOOGA"

Andrews hands the STATION TENDER a refueling ticket. The station tender eyes Buffum, who grabs cords of wood.

CASS STATION TENDER
Movin' gunpowder you say?

ANDREWS
By special order of Colonel Leadbetter. Those Yankee bastards try to move on Chattanooga like they did Huntsville, he'll blow 'em sky high.

CASS STATION TENDER
I didn't know Huntsville was took.

ANDREWS
New development.

CASS STATION TENDER
Like running trains without a
brakeman?

ANDREWS
Like I said. We're in a hurry.

CASS STATION TENDER
I see that. Where's Mr. Fuller?

ANDREWS
Who's Mr. Fuller?

CASS STATION TENDER
That there's the *General*. They got
plenty 'a rigs down in Atlanta,
curious they should give you his
favorite.

ANDREWS
Yes, well, the Confederate High
Command doesn't need to run its
missions by railroad employees.

CASS STATION TENDER
(eyes narrowing)
Maybe not, but if this particular
employee wants to keep his job, he
better know what's runnin' through
his station.

Slavens and Buffum swap looks. The station tender goes to the
first boxcar.

CASS STATION TENDER (CONT'D)
Open this door please.

84 INT. GENERAL - BOXCAR - STOPPED

84

The raiders keep still in the dark, listening in. Shadrach
ever so quietly cocks his pistol.

85 EXT. CASS WOOD & WATER STATION - DAY

85

CASS STATION TENDER
Well? You gonna open her or am I?

ANDREWS
Be my guest.

The station tender throws open the boxcar door. Empty. He looks back to Andrews, not satisfied. He steps down to the second boxcar and flings that door open too. Inside are the ink blot raven stamped kegs of gunpowder.

CASS STATION TENDER
Gunpowder, huh?

ANDREWS
What did I say?

The station tender looks to the last boxcar, then back to Andrews, unreadable. Still uneasy the tender steps up and throws open the last door, surprised to see:

14 ARMED MEN CROUCHED IN THE DARK

BLAM! Shadrach shoots the tender in the face. He drops like a sack of dirt. Andrews stalks up to the boxcar.

ANDREWS (CONT'D)
Alright, who shot the bastard?

Pittinger points a thumb at Shadrach.

PITTINGER
Who do you think?

SHADRACH
Woo-hoo! Bagged my first Johnny-
Reb!

Andrews looks down at the corpse then to Shadrach, not happy.

CRACK! A rifle shot splinters the side of the boxcar just missing him. Andrews rolls under the carriage on the tracks, no idea where the fire is coming from.

CRACK! One of the raiders is tagged. Shadrach and Dorsey duck for cover inside the boxcar. Campbell drags the wounded man away from the door. Pittinger flings it shut.

CRACK! Aimed somewhere else. Andrews see Slavens smack the ground a few cars ahead. He groans, begins to crawl.

ANDREWS
Slavens!

CRACK! A second shot ends him.

Pittinger pumps his rifle and throws open the door.

PITTINGER
For Christ sake, cover the man!

The raiders shoot blindly into the woods.

87 EXT. CASS WOOD & WATER STATION - CONTINUOUS

87

Andrews gets his feet and dashes out into the open, covering the forty or so yards to the STATION TENDER'S SHACK -- diving in. There, through a sooty window pane he sees:

An 8-YEAR-OLD BOY with a Davy Crocket musket, positioned in the woods. The boy sees him and shoots.

The whole window blows out. By the time Andrews is reassured he still has a head the boy is running off into the woods. Andrews takes chase...

88 EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS

88

The boy runs like a jackrabbit, lugging a musket long as he is tall. Andrews, right on his heels, has his pistol out but can't bring himself to shoot...

The boy finally trips up on his own gun and goes tumbling. Andrews has him. The boy tries to whack him away with the musket but Andrews catches it, grabs it away, and throws the struggling boy over his shoulder.

89,90 OMITTED

89,90*

91 EXT. TRACKS SOUTH OF ETONAH STATION - DAY

91

Fuller, Murphy and Anderson roll down on the pole cart. They spot the belched smoke of a locomotive over the treetops.

MURPHY
You think that's them?

FULLER
I don't.

Fuller breaks a huge smile as the Yonah comes into view.

FULLER (CONT'D)
I think that's our new ride.

92

EXT. CASS WOOD & WATER STATION - DAY

92

The station BURNS. Campbell, Pittinger, and others heave ripped up rail into a boxcar, the track again sabotaged. Andrews returns with the boy still worming in his arms.

PITTINGER

The sniper?

*

He glares at Shadrach.

SHADRACH

What?

*

ANDREWS

You-- big man.

He turns to Campbell, entrusting him with the boy.

*

ANDREWS (CONT'D)

Put him in the boxcar and keep him quiet.

*

Campbell cradles the kid like he's holding a live grenade. Andrews checks in on the second boxcar, and the gunpowder, and the gold.

*

*

DORSEY

What about Mr. Slavens?

Andrews glances at the body beside the tracks.

ANDREWS

He stays here.

93

INT. GENERAL - ENGINE CAB - CONTINUOUS

93

Buffum stares at the controls. He looks to his bottle of whiskey then back to the controls then back to the bottle. He takes one last long sweet pull.

94

INT. GENERAL - BOXCAR - CONTINUOUS

94

The raiders mount up.

ANDREWS

Okay, raiders, I don't want any more trouble passing through stations. We need a proper brakeman riding up top. Any takers?

SHADRACH

What about the writer? He likes
bein' above it all.

Everyone looks to Pittinger, Dorsey included. They'd be glad to see him go.

PITTINGER

They were just impressions, Mr. Dorsey. I didn't mean anything by it.

ANDREWS

By what?

PITTINGER

Nothing. What do you need me to do?

ANDREWS

Just look southern and try not to break your neck. Let's roll.

They jump off, shutting the rest of the raiders in the dark of the boxcar.

95 EXT. CASS WOOD & WATER STATION - CONTINUOUS 95

Walking to the engine Andrews sees Buffum's whiskey bottle pitched out and shatter.

96 INT. GENERAL - ENGINE CAB - CONTINUOUS 96

Andrews finds Buffum splashing water on his face and familiarizing himself with the controls.

ANDREWS

Think you can handle it?

BUFFUM

I'll try not to blow this one up.

He pulls a lever and the engine shutters forward.

97 EXT. GENERAL - ROOF - DAY 97

Pittinger climbs to his perch atop the raiders boxcar as they pull away, two corpses and an embering station left behind.

A98

INT. ANDREWS' ROOM - FLETCHER HOUSE - DAY

A98

McClintock, the sheriff and three deputies unwrap Cole from the blood-matted bedding, his body dumped in the bathtub. They turn to the clerk.

SHERIFF

You say a whole gang of men you never seen before bunked here last night?

The clerk nods.

CLERK

Same ones boarded the train. Two overslept.

Casing the room, McClintock finds something wedged between the floorboards. HIS CARD with the ink blot raven.

98

EXT. LEADBETTER'S TOWNHOUSE - DAY

98

Miriam's house slave helps a BLACK COACHMAN tie down the last of her suitcases.

BLACK COACHMAN

I was wonderin' where you were Miss Miriam.

Miriam stashes an arsenal of pistols in the back seat.

MIRIAM

Let's just go.

*

He takes his seat, hiyas the horses, and the coach takes off.

99

INT. GENERAL - ENGINE CAB - MOVING

99

The train barrels ahead. Buffum, behind the controls, looks like he's getting the hang of it. Andrews checks his recon log, then Fuller's timepiece.

ANDREWS

Not bad for a washed up old radical.

BUFFUM

Shit. Getting her goin' was easy. It's stopping I ain't so sure about.

ANDREWS

Well, get ready cuz in about two-three miles comes Kingston.

BUFFUM

What's in Kingston?

ANDREWS

Our last stop before we start blowing bridges.

100 EXT. GENERAL - ROOF - DAY

100

Sitting atop the last boxcar, Pittinger gets a panoramic view of a junction station approaching. Welcome to...

101 EXT. KINGSTON STATION - DAY

101

Crawling with railroadmen and clogged with rail traffic. A passenger train, the *William R. Smith*, idles on a spur headed toward Rome, Georgia. A long southbound freight does the same on one of four sidings. The *General* eases onto an open siding that passes right in front of a stone depot. Subtitle:

*"KINGSTON
79 MILES TO CHATTANOOGA"*

102 INT. GENERAL - BOXCAR - MOVING

102

Shadrach peers through a crack.

SHADRACH

I see two trains, a depot, and a shitload of railroad men.

DORSEY

(anxious)

So why are we slowing down?

The boy worms in Campbell's arms.

103 INT. GENERAL - ENGINE CAB - DAY

103

Buffum gets a lay of the land. In an open field directly in front of them a handful of local militiamen play baseball.

BUFFUM

Busy place.

ANDREWS

Just follow my lead. A little sweet talk and we'll be outta here in no time.

104 EXT. KINGSTON STATION - DAY

104

Andrews hops from the engine and struts up to a group of railroad men milling around some barrels chewing tobacco.

ANDREWS

Mornin', gentlemen. Know where I can find the stationmaster?

A crusty, old SWITCHMAN nods to a dandy over by the depot.

SWITCHMAN

That's him. Stephens.

ANDREWS

Thanks.

The switchman spits and watches Andrews walk off toward STEPHENS.

ANDREWS (CONT'D)

Mr. Stephens.

STEPHENS

This the ten o'clock? I don't see any passenger cars?

ANDREWS

The regular train is due behind us. We're on a special mission runnin' ammunition up to Colonel Leadbetter.

STEPHENS

Ammunition?

ANDREWS

Enough gunpowder to blow this entire station to kingdom come.

Stephens looks to the boxcars and frowns.

ANDREWS (CONT'D)

Now I'm sure both of us want to get this train outta here so if you could just direct the switchman with the key to our siding to let us loose.

STEPHENS
You just spoke to him.

He points back to the crusty switchman.

STEPHENS (CONT'D)
But I can't let you go just yet.

ANDREWS
Why not?

STEPHENS
A freight coming down the line
hasn't arrived yet. You'll have to
wait for it to pass.

ANDREWS
Isn't that the scheduled southbound
right there?

STEPHENS
Yes, but there's another,
unscheduled train. Seems Mitchel
marching on Huntsville has the
whole world scrambling up and down
this line. You included.

Andrews tries to remain calm.

ANDREWS
How long you think it'll be?

STEPHENS
No more than 15, 20 minutes. Come
inside for a coffee.

Andrews surveys their predicament: the rail traffic, the
glaring railroad men, the baseball playing militia, the
impatient passengers. They're sitting ducks. Why not. *

The crusty switchman eyes the General with mounting
suspicion. He sees Buffum looking at him. He nods. Buffum
nods back. Something's not right.

105 INT. GENERAL - BOXCAR - DAY

105

Dorsey has found a crack of his own to peek from.

DORSEY
(blurting out)
What's he doin'? He's heading in--

SHADRACH
(shushing him)
We're suppose to be gunpowder.

Campbell keeps his meaty hand over the struggling boy's mouth.

107 INT. YONAH - MOVING

107

The coal clunker from Etonah wheezes up the tracks, commandeered by Fuller and company. Fuller scouts ahead while Murphy works the throttle and Anderson feeds the fire.

FULLER
Woah! Woah! Woah! Hold up.

They grind to a stop just short of a gap in the sabotaged track, right in front of the smoldering remains of...

108 EXT. CASS WOOD & WATER STATION - CONTINUOUS

108

Fuller jumps off and kneels down next to the dead station tender, a hole in his face. He scopes around the station.

FULLER
Eli? You here, son?

109 INT. GENERAL - BOXCAR- DAY

109

The raiders huddle there, quiet as mice. ELI, the kid, bites Campbell's hand and he lets go. Shadrach is right there with * a knife to the boy's throat.

SHADRACH
Squeal and I'll stick ya like a pig.

The boy pisses himself. Campbell takes Eli back into his protective fold, gagging him.

CAMPBELL
You do, I'll rip out your throat.

Shadrach stays coiled there, knife up. They face off for a moment: the gentle giant and the sociopath. Shadrach can't conceal his amusement.

SHADRACH
Now them's the words of a proper killer.

110

INT. DEPOT - KINGSTON STATION - DAY

110

Andrews sips coffee in the stationmaster's office with Stephens and another big man, WILEY HARBIN, engineer of *William R. Smith*. Harbin checks his timepiece.

HARBIN

When you say Fuller's usual train
was arrivin' behind you?

STEPHENS

Mr. Harbin here runs the connecting
train down from Rome. He's a
stickler for schedule.

ANDREWS

(to Harbin)

I didn't. But I'm sure it'll come
along soon.

Harbin is skeptical.

STEPHENS

By the way, you happen to see if
any branches might 'a blown down
and snapped some wires on the
telegraph?

He gestures to the TELEGRAPH OFFICE next door.

STEPHENS (CONT'D)

We haven't received a message
coming up from Atlanta all morning.

ANDREWS

Frankly, Mr. Stephens, the only
thing I'm concentrating on is
delivering Leadbetter his
ammunition.

HARBIN

Lil' strange they wouldn't
telegraph ahead 'bout it.

Andrews, unflappable.

ANDREWS

Not if you consider there are spies
among the railroad men.

HARBIN

Spies?

An approaching train's steam whistle blows. They all look out the window where the second freight pulls into the station. The *CATOOSA*.

ANDREWS
Time to go.

STEPHENS
Not just yet I'm afraid.

Harbin points to a red handkerchief tied to the last flatbed.

HARBIN
Looks like there's a second unscheduled train comin' up behind.

111 EXT. GENERAL - ROOF - DAY

111

Pittinger sketches the layout of the station in his notebook as the *Catoosa* draws onto yet another siding. The woosh of smoke causes him to fumble his notebook down onto the side of the tracks. Shit. He's about to climb down when...

RAILROAD MAN
I got it, friend.

A RAILROAD MAN WALKING BY picks up the open notebook. He closes it without looking and hands it back up to Pittinger.

RAILROAD MAN (CONT'D)
Lord knows what a pain in the ass
it is to shimmy up and down 'em
cars all day.

PITTINGER
Much obliged.

The railroad man walks off to the waiting freight train and climbs onto it's last boxcar, also a brakeman. He waves to Pittinger from his perch. Pittinger waves back.

112 EXT. CASS WOOD & WATER STATION - DAY

112

Fuller, Murphy and Anderson carefully pry up a section of rail from behind the *Yonah* and lug it to the gap in the tracks.

MURPHY
You ever done this before?

FULLER

Mr. Murphy, there's not much of anything this morning I've done before.

They insert the rail in the gap.

A113 INT. CONFEDERATE ENCAMPMENT - CHATTANOOGA - DAY

A113

Young Wood's new regiment stands at attention. Colonel Leadbetter paces before them, a telegraph in hand.

LEADBETTER

Do you boys know why we refuse to hand out medals in the Confederate army? It's because we are all, each and every one of us, heroes of the Southern cause. It would be wrong to single out one man from any other.

He comes up to Llewellyn, who stands naked on a barrel, arms shackled behind him, the word "DESERTER" carved in his chest.

LEADBETTER (CONT'D)

That is unless that man wasn't one of us at all, but an imposter. A pretender. A snake. In that case he gets to be a shining star, the one everyone talks about, the center of all our attention.

The ranks laugh. All but Wood. This is not lost on Leadbetter. He steps up to Wood.

LEADBETTER (CONT'D)

You're his friend, are you?

WOOD

Just... just traveling together, sir.

LEADBETTER

Well then you won't mind doing the honor.

He hands him a revolver. Wood looks up, horrified. Leadbetter drags him over to Llewellyn.

WOOD

I don't--

LEADBETTER

It's simple son. Deserters we just shoot. But black snake bridge burning spies, they we wanna talk to.

He nods to Vickers who comes over with a SACK OF SNAKES. They mean to cinch it over Llewellyn's head.

LEADBETTER (CONT'D)

Now-- Hunstville is sacked. General Mitchel's army is on the move. And you two newbies got the stink of spies on you. You have one shot to convince me otherwise.

Wood looks at the thrashing sack of snakes, then Llewellyn, who nods for him to do it.

Wood lifts the revolver, looks away, and...

BLAM!

Llewellyn blows back from the barrel and smacks down in the mud, dead. Wood, refusing to look, is sick.

Leadbetter snatches the gun back and forces Wood to look at his companion, blood oozing from his chest.

LEADBETTER (CONT'D)

That's what a deserter looks like.
Just be grateful he wasn't a spy.

113 EXT. KINGSTON STATION - DAY

113

The crusty switchman strolls up to the General's engine. Buffum sits in the cab, tapping *The Tempest* against his knee, * anxiously counting down the minutes.

SWITCHMAN

Looks like it's gonna storm.

BUFFUM

Darkenin' up, alright.

SWITCHMAN

Mighty fine rig you got here.

BUFFUM

She's a good one.

SWITCHMAN

Baldwin. 4-4-0. Mighty fine.

BUFFUM
Mighty fine indeed.

SWITCHMAN
Only this one here's a Rogers.

BUFFUM
Right. Of course.

Buffum knows he's just fucked up. The switchman knows it too. He smiles and moseys off, strolling down THE LENGTH OF THE TRAIN, eying each boxcar as he goes. He stops outside the last boxcar, sensing...

114 INT. GENERAL - BOXCAR - CONTINUOUS

114

The raiders, just inside. They dare not move or breathe. Campbell has a lock on Eli, gagged and terrified.

115 EXT. KINGSTON STATION - CONTINUOUS

115

Something catches the switchman's eye, something around the boxcar doors:

BULLET GASHES

He works his finger in one of the gashes. The splintering is fresh.

A COUGH

The switchman stops, certain what he just heard came from inside.

A116 INT. GENERAL - BOXCAR - DAY

A116

Everyone looks to Dorsey, who covers his mouth -- busted.

B116 EXT. KINGSTON STATION - DAY

B116

The switchman looks up at Pittenger, both men knowing the jig is up. The switchman storms off. In the distance we hear...

AN URGENT SQUEALING WHISTLE

116 EXT. DEPOT - CONTINUOUS

116

Andrews steps out with Stephens and Harbin.

ANDREWS

Finally.

He looks up the line for the southbound. Nothing.

HARBIN

Finally is right. It's Fuller.

Harbin points BEHIND THEM!

Andrews sees the smoke of what can only be the switch engine they passed puffing over the treetops. Shit.

ANDREWS

We're done waiting. Where's the switchman?

A117 INT. SWITCHMAN'S OFFICE - DEPOT - CONTINUOUS

A117

The switchman hangs up his switch key and grabs a revolver.

117 INT. GENERAL - ENGINE CAB - DAY

117

Buffum watches the switchman step out and lock the door behind him.

BUFFUM

Shit on a shingle.

118 OMITTED

118*

119 INT. YONAH - MOVING

119

Clearing the trees, Fuller sees Kingston and the *General*.

FULLER

We got 'em, cold and boxed.

120 OMITTED

120*

121 EXT. GENERAL - ROOF - CONTINUOUS

121

Pittinger sees the noose tightening from all sides: the coal clunker barrelling in behind, Andrews at switchman...

122 EXT. SWITCHMAN'S OFFICE - DEPOT - CONTINUOUS

122

Andrews strides up to the switchman, Stephens on his heels. The switchman blocks his office door, gun in his waistband.

ANDREWS

You! I want that switch key.
Southbound be damned.

SWITCHMAN

Sure thing. After I talk to
whoever's comin' up in that coal
clunker like a bat outta hell.

ANDREWS

I'm telling you old man, on orders
of the Confederate High Command,
open this door or I break it down.

The switchman pulls his gun.

SWITCHMAN

You try and I'll bury you with a
bullet.

*
*

STEPHENS

Gentlemen please.

YET ANOTHER TRAIN WHISTLE BLOWS

Everyone turns. Andrews swats switchman's gun away, grabs old coot by his suspenders, and throws him bodily through the locked door, smashing it down.

123 EXT. GENERAL - CONTINUOUS

123

Buffum hustles down to the last boxcar. He whispers to the men inside as he takes a piss.

BUFFUM

Pssst! Shit is gettin' a lil'
uneasy out here, boys...

124 INT. GENERAL - BOXCAR - CONTINUOUS

124

The raiders listen up.

BUFFUM (O.S.)

Be ready to jump out and let 'em
have it hot and fast.

Dorsey looks to Campbell, who keeps Eli restrained in his arms. Shadrach loads a revolver and slaps it in Dorsey's hand.

125 EXT. GENERAL - ROOF - CONTINUOUS 125
 Pittinger watches *THE TEXAS* roll in on the southbound track,
 its boxcars and flatbeds loaded to the hilt with artillery *
 and Confederate soldiers. It just gets better and better. *

126,127 OMITTED 126,127*
 128 INT. SWITCHMAN'S OFFICE - DEPOT - CONTINUOUS 128
 Andrews steps over the groaning switchman and looks for the
 correct switch key.

STEPHENS
 This is highly irregular, sir!

ANDREWS
 It's war, Mr. Stephens. There's
 nothin' regular about it.

129 EXT. TEXAS - FLATBED - CONTINUOUS 129
 A rebel on the train sees the commotion around the
 switchman's office. He looks to his commander, who flips
 through *Voltaire* next to a CANVAS COVERED GATLING GUN.

REBEL
 Uh, Captain? I think something's
 stirrin' by the depot.

It's none other than Captain Whitsitt from the hospital.

130 INT. YONAH - DAY 130
 Fuller jumps off behind the *William R. Smith*. Harbin lopes
 up, recognizing his colleagues.

HARBIN
 Mr. Fuller.

FULLER
 Harbin! Those men on the *General*
 aren't who they say they are.

HARBIN
 I knew it.

He grabs a shovel.

131 INT. GENERAL - BOXCAR - DAY 131
 The raiders wait in the dark -- sweating, scared, tense. Out the crack Shadrach sees Whitsitt and five rebels jump off the Texas. They bee-line it to...

132 OMITTED 132*

133 EXT. SWITCHMAN'S OFFICE - DEPOT - DAY 133
 Stepping out, Andrews is blocked by Stephens.
 STEPHENS
 This has gone far enough.
 Stephens looks down at a revolver pointed at his belly.
 ANDREWS
 Take me to the Goddamn switch.
 VOICE (O.C.)
 Andrews?
 Andrews turns. He can't fucking believe it. Whitsitt.
 ANDREWS
 Captain.
 FULLER (O.C.)
 Union bandits!
 Fuller leads a posse of angry railroad men across the yard. Buffum's seen enough. He flings open the boxcar door.
 BUFFUM
 Showtime, boys.
 Shadrach thrusts two rifles into Buffum's hands and a dozen raiders spill out guns blazing...
 The raiders QUICKLY WASTE THE REBELS around Whitsitt, who drops low and fires back...
 Andrews THROWS STEPHENS into the switchman's office onto the recovering old coot...
 Pittinger, from his perch, BLASTS AT THE RAILROAD MEN and Fuller, sending them scattering...
 DORSEY FUMBLES with his pistol, fires it next to Shadrach's ear, blowing his eardrum...

SHADRACH
Jesus Christ, Dorsey!

Andrews looks back for Whitsitt, who scrambles through the fire-fight toward...

The DEPOT and TELEGRAPH OFFICE. Switch key in hand, Andrews takes chase...

On the *Texas* Whitsitt's TROOPS MOBILIZE. Someone pulls the canvas off the gatling...

134 INT. GENERAL - BOXCAR - CONTINUOUS

134

Campbell clutches Eli tight, trying to find better cover inside the boxcar, while also picking off random militiamen coming up behind...

135 EXT. KINGSTON STATION - CONTINUOUS

135

Dorsey goes down with a GUT SHOT as rebels spill off the *Texas*, blistering fire...

Shadrach and the others blister fire back, Pittinger picking people off from atop the boxcar...

Fuller and Murphy find cover behind the cab of *Texas*, bullets whizzing by...

Pittinger sees Andrews disappear into the depot after Whitsitt and jumps down off the boxcar...

BUFFUM
Where you going?

PITTINGER
The switch key. Andrews dies in there we're never getting out.

He takes off around the backside of the depot...

136 INT. TELEGRAPH OFFICE - DEPOT - CONTINUOUS

136

Captain Whitsitt rushes in, and oddly, shuts the blinds. He finds the telegraph operator cowering under a table:

CAPTAIN WHITSITT
We need to send out alarm.

CRASH!

A piece of luggage shatters through the window. Andrews jumps in behind it, SHOOTS WHITSITT, then turns his gun on the operator, frozen at the telegraph. Whitsitt, wounded but alive, HURLS THE LUGGAGE back at Andrews, deflecting the kill shot. The two men grapple with each other, going hand to hand as the operator tries to somehow reach the telegraph...

137 EXT. DEPOT - CONTINUOUS

137

Pittinger turns the corner and is WHACKED IN THE CHEST with a shovel by Harbin, knocking him off his feet. Harbin swings again but Pittinger dodges and blasts off Harbin's kneecap...

138 EXT. KINGSTON STATION - CONTINUOUS

138

BLAM! The *Texas'* engineer flops down in front of Fuller, shot in the face, rifle still in hand...

Shadrach drags Dorsey, bleeding but alive, back toward the *General*, the raiders giving cover fire...

The rebels finally get the Gatling going on the *Texas* and begin to strafe the raiders in the open yard...

ONE, TWO, THREE raiders are wasted, the rest running for cover and hitting the deck behind the *General's* chassis...

Buffum dives into the cab but can't stoke the engine, the gatling's hot torrent of lead pinning him down...

The rebels rip down the length of the *General* with the gatling, the momentum of the fire-fight reset...

139 INT. BOXCAR - THE GENERAL - DAY

139

Campbell hits the deck, his body a shield for the boy as the gatling shreds the boxcar around him. As the lethal spray swings back down the length of the train he sees...

A STONE WELL FOR COVER

140 INT. TELEGRAPH OFFICE - DEPOT - CONTINUOUS

140

Andrews and Whitsitt thrash about, grappling over control of the gun. The operator gets to his desk -- BLAM! A bullet ends him just before he can tap anything out. Whitsitt flings Andrews off, raises the pistol, and HAS HIM DEAD TO RIGHTS...

BLAM!

Pittinger wastes Whitsitt from behind. Andrews nods, grateful.

141 EXT. KINGSTON STATION - CONTINUOUS

141

Shadrach, Dorsey and the surviving raiders continue to be pinned down by the gatling, unaware that...

A dozen of the *Texas'* rebels use this cover to advance upon the raider's position across the open yard...

Campbell sees the deadly gatling swing back his way. Shielding Eli, he scrambles out of the boxcar to the WELL...

Almost there, Campbell gets tagged in the back by two militiamen. He collapses to safety behind the stone wall, looks back and wastes the two rebels. Looking back to Eli he finds...

THE BOY IS DEAD

The slug that ripped through Campbell has ripped through the boy, their mingled blood between them. Campbell pulls down the gag, heartbroken and enraged.

ALL AT ONCE THE GATLING STOPS

A142 INT. GENERAL - ENGINE CAB - CONTINUOUS

A142

Buffum pops up, relieved. He sees the GATLING IS JAMMED, cranks every lever he can, and the *General* lurches forward...

B142 INT. GENERAL - BOXCAR - DAY

B142

Shadrach and others pile into the departing train, dragging a gutshot Dorsey and blasting back rebels as they go...

142 INT. TELEGRAPH OFFICE - DEPOT - CONTINUOUS

142

Andrews and Pittinger smash the telegraph to shit. They see the *General* starting to pull away...

ANDREWS

Where the hell do they think they're going?

143 EXT. KINGSTON STATION - DAY

143

Campbell looks back and also sees the train roll, the focus of rebel fire going with it. This reveals...

A CLEAR LINE TO THE GATLING, which the rebels are still trying to unjam...

Something in Campbell snaps. He lays Eli to rest and pulls out two shotguns strapped to his back. People think he's a killer, then he'll give 'em what they want.

144 EXT. KINGSTON STATION - DAY

144

Andrews and Pittinger race out of the depot as Campbell bee-lines it across the yard, the departing General between them. Pittinger covers Andrews as he runs ahead to the switch...

145 OMITTED

145*

146 INT. GENERAL - BOXCAR - DAY

146

Shadrach and the raiders try to fend off the rebels advancing across the yard between the two trains, trying to block their escape. They look out gunned and outnumbered when...

A147 EXT. TEXAS - FLATBED - CONTINUOUS

A147

Campbell massacres everyone on the flatbed with the gatling, unjams it with his great strength, then turns it on the troops in the yard, mowing them all down...

B147 EXT. TEXAS - CAB/TENDER - DAY

B147

Fuller sees this, grabs the rifle from the dead engineer hand, and climbs the tender to ambush Campbell...

C147 EXT. SWITCH - KINGSTON STATION - DAY

C147

Andrews OPENS THE SWITCH just as the General rolls by, he and Pittinger jumping into the boxcar with all the men...

147 EXT. TEXAS - FLATBED - MOVING

147

Roaring as he fires, Campbell swings the gatling down the length of the troop train, shredding it -- a killing machine. Rebels dive to safety on the ground along the tracks.

148 EXT. GENERAL - BOXCAR - DAY

148

Andrews takes in his shot and injured men, Dorsey sucking for life and corpses piled in the corner. Carnage everywhere.

ANDREWS

Jesus.

Pittinger looks out the other side and sees...

Campbell behind the gatling about to be ambushed by rebels creeping up the tracks and Fuller from behind.

PITTINGER

Campbell!

149 EXT. TEXAS - GATLING FLATBED - CONTINUOUS

149

Campbell senses Fuller and swings the gatling around, exposing himself to the rebels creeping up behind. Fuller ducks the barrage and the rebels pop out, BLISTERING CAMPBELL IN THE BACK WITH BULLETS. The big man takes fifty rounds of lead like a rag doll.

150 INT. GENERAL - BOXCAR - CONTINUOUS

150

Andrews and the other watch this with utter horror. It sinks in that their little heist has now moved into all out war.

151 EXT. TEXAS - DAY

151

As the General races off, Fuller looks over the carnage of the station, then to Campbell who is slumped against the blood splattered gatling. The big man looks up at the darkening sky with dead glassy eyes as IT BEGINS TO RAIN...

A152 EXT. GEORGIA COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

A152

The bullet riddled General barrels through the downpour.

B152 INT. GENERAL - ENGINE CAB - DAY

B152

Buffum struggles to throw a tarp over the wood in the tender.

152 INT. GENERAL - BOXCAR - MOVING

152

Rain leaks in the countless bullet holes, soaking everything. The raiders, now only numbering 10, are freaking out.

Pittinger attends to Dorsey, a gurgling bloody mess. Shadrach furiously reloads. Andrews takes it all in, trying to grasp how he can salvage this.

PITTINGER
Shit! Shit! Shit! Shit!

DORSEY
They're coming for us aren't they?

Andrews nods.

SHADRACH
Speak for yer-self.

MASON
No. It's over. So over.

ANDREWS
Nothing is over, Goddam it!

Everyone is stunned silent.

ANDREWS (CONT'D)
The plan is to make this line
unpassable and meet Mitchell's army
in Chattanooga and that's what
we're gonna do. We blow one Goddam
bridge or tunnel and those rebels
back there can't touch us.
Everything will be right as rain.

PITTINGER
Tell that to the corpses back in
Kingston.

153,154 OMITTED

153,154*

A155 EXT. COACH ROAD - DAY

A155

Miriam's coach bumps past Parrot and Wollam trudging along
the shoulder. She recognizes them immediately from before.

MIRIAM
Stop the coach. Stop the coach!

It stops and she opens the coach door.

MIRIAM (CONT'D)
Need a ride, gentlemen?

Parrott and Wollam swap nervous looks.

PARROTT

Uh, where you headed?

MIRIAM

North. As far as you need to go. If you make it worth my while.

The two raiders fish out ALL SIX GOLD COINS Andrews gave them in case of emergency and hand them over to Miriam.

WOLLAM

This is everything we got.

She sees her husband's "L" markings and smiles.

MIRIAM

Well what are you waiting for.

She slips the gold into between her bosom.

155 EXT. TUNNEL HILL - DAY

155

The General idles just north of a horseshoe shaped tunnel carved into the side of a hill, the rain continuing to fall. Andrews, Shadrach and Pittinger sprint from the mouth unspooling a wire. Buffum ties it to a detonation box, they all crouch down behind the tracks and Andrews throws the plunger. Nothing.

ANDREWS

(to Shadrach)

Shit. Go check what's wrong.

SHADRACH

Go your damn self.

No time to argue. Andrews runs back to the tunnel, its walls strapped with bricks of dynamite. He checks the fuses.

SOAKED

The rails start to vibrate around him. Someone's coming.

156 OMITTED

156*

157 EXT. TUNNEL HILL - CONTINUOUS

157

Andrews runs back up. A train whistle blows in the distance.

PITTINGER

They sure didn't waste any time did they.

ANDREWS
The fuses are soaked.

SHADRACH
What about them gunpowder kegs?

ANDREWS
No! Not enough time. The sticks
will blow if we can just keep 'em
lit.

A weak voice rasps from the boxcar.

DORSEY (O.C.)
I'll do it.

All eyes turn to Dorsey, more blood on him than in him.

DORSEY (CONT'D)
You need someone right up against
it. I can't do much, but I can do
that.

Andrews looks back to the tunnel, their pursuers' smoke now visible over the hill. He turns to his raiders. All but Pittinger look away. They carry Dorsey over to the tunnel.

158 INT. TEXAS - MOVING

158

Fuller barrels up the tracks in reverse, pushing a tender, loaded up with a gang of rebels out for blood. Murphy pilots the train while Anderson feeds the firebox. Tunnel's ahead.

FULLER
More steam, Mr. Murphy. I'm not
losing sight of them again.

MURPHY
What if they try to blow it?

Fuller pushes Murphy off the throttle and lays on it harder. Anderson glances back at the *WILLIAM R. SMITH*, following.

159 INT. WILLIAM R. SMITH - MOVING

159

Stephens commands the engine, keeping pace, the passenger cars filled with every last armed man from Kingston.

160 EXT. TUNNEL HILL - CONTINUOUS

160

Dorsey lies in a bed of dynamite. Andrews adds short fuses everywhere. Pittinger rolls a cigarette and lights it.

ANDREWS

You sure about this?

DORSEY

No one back home thought I'd survive this war anyway. Or if I did, it'd only be cuz I bumbled through. Guess they weren't wrong.

ANDREWS

Bullshit. You're about to give 'em something new to think about.

DORSEY

(grimacing in pain)

What's that?

Andrews grabs the smoke from Pittinger and sticks it between Dorsey's lips.

ANDREWS

Whether they'll ever do anything half as brave as what you're doing right here and now.

Dorsey eeks out a proud, toothy, blood smeared smile. He looks to Pittinger.

DORSEY

Just make sure the real story gets out, okay?

Pittinger nods, acknowledging how wrong he was. They squeeze hands and Andrews and Pittinger run off. Dorsey takes a long last drag, then lights the short fuse with the cigarette.

162 INT. TEXAS - MOVING

162

They're almost to the horseshoe shaped tunnel. Murphy looks to Anderson and they both brace themselves. Fuller stampedes into the blackness...

A163 INT. GENERAL - BOXCAR - DAY

A163

The General pulls away. Andrews and Pittinger dive into the boxcar with the rest of the guys.

B163 INT. GENERAL - ENGINE CAB - DAY B163
 Buffum looks back, lays on the throttle.

163 EXT. TUNNEL HILL - CONTINUOUS 163
 Dorsey, fading, sees the lit fuse spittle out as the *Texas* barrels toward him. The whole tunnel shakes...

164 INT. WILLIAM R. SMITH - MOVING 164
 The Kingston rebels ready their rifles, no clue about what's happening ahead. Stephens drives them into the tunnel...

165 INT. GENERAL - BOXCAR - MOVING 165
 Andrews, Pittinger, and the rest look back, holding their breath, watching for the blast, any blast...

ANDREWS
 C'mon Mr. Dorsey. Do it! Do it!

They race around a bend and the tunnel vanishes from view, still intact. Shadrach snorts at Pittinger. Of course.

167 EXT. TUNNEL HILL - CONTINUOUS 167
 Dorsey desperately tries to re-light the little nub of fuse, the *Texas* almost on top of him. Success! The fuse sizzles...

168 INT. TEXAS - MOVING 168
 Fuller and company whoosh past, almost to daylight, almost through. Stephens and the *William R. Smith* right behind...

BOOM!

169 EXT. TUNNEL HILL - CONTINUOUS 169
 The *Texas* shoots out the other side as the tunnel and mountainside BLOWS TO SMITHEREENS! The *William R. Smith* is buried in a spectacular avalanche of rocky debris.

170 INT. GENERAL - BOXCAR - MOVING 170
 The raiders cheer the plume of dust rising over the treetops. Andrews is ecstatic. Everyone celebrates until Pittinger sees

PITTINGER

Look!

SMOKE FROM A LOCOMOTIVE CHUGS AFTER THEM as the blast cloud dissipates.

ANDREWS

You have got to be shitting me.

172 INT. TEXAS - MOVING

172

Fuller hurtles them ahead, Ahab in his eyes. Murphy and Anderson glance back at the blown tunnel, now just rubble.

MURPHY

What about survivors?

FULLER

We're it. Now it's a race between who's hotter and who's heavier.

(to a rebel)

Soldiers, help us feed this firebox!

A173 INT. GREAT ROOM - LEADBETTER'S HEADQUARTERS - DAY

A173*

Vickers stands at attention as Leadbetter paces anxiously in front of his big map.

LIEUTENANT VICKERS

Still no reply from Atlanta about Mitchell's march on Huntsville.

Leadbetter studies the map.

LEADBETTER

Something's afoot, Lieutenant. I want to know about every last telegraph we've received from every station down the line. Time, who from, the Goddamn message itself.

LIEUTENANT VICKERS

Sir?

LEADBETTER

Just do it.

Vickers goes. Leadbetter looks to a PHOTO OF HE AND MIRIAM on the wall there, posing at the soiree from the opening. Leadbetter notices, maybe for the first time, Miriam gazes at someone off camera. He stares at it, a sinking feeling.

173 INT. GENERAL - BOXCAR - MOVING

173

The countryside speeds by with smoke and embers, cargo being thrown out the door. The boxcar is a hive of activity. Shadrach and two others punch a hole between the walls of the last and middle boxcars. Andrews barks orders to everyone.

ANDREWS

Okay, raiders! We get one shot at this. Toss everything we need in that second boxcar and everything we don't out the door.

PITTINGER

(re: corpses)

What about--

ANDREWS

Them too. Everything but the rail ties. You, gimme that shotgun.

A shotgun is tossed over and Andrews turns it on the back wall BLASTING THREE FOUR BUCK SHOTS to create a hole.

THE TEXAS CAN BE SEEN RACING UP BEHIND

174 OMITTED

174*

A175 INT. TEXAS - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

A175

Fuller can see the raiders scrambling by the hole. The rebels on the tender open fire. They're lighter, faster, and closing ground quickly.

B175 INT. GENERAL - ENGINE CAB - DAY

B175

Buffum pushes the boiler to the red-line, but its still not fast enough.

C175 INT. GENERAL - BOXCAR - DAY

C175

Raiders return gunfire as Andrews, Shadrach and others start heaving out rail ties onto the track in an attempt to derail Fuller's train. The ties bounce up and smack the tender, or are sawed in half by the wheels, the *Texas* still coming.

ANDREWS

Again!

D175 INT. TEXAS - MOVING - DAY

D175

Fuller watches as more rail ties are tossed out, one bouncing over the lip of the tender and smacking a rebel off the moving train. He's unfazed, his hand steeled on the throttle.

E175 INT. GENERAL - BOXCARS - MOVING

E175

The raiders run out of rail ties as the *Texas* races up behind, now almost bumper to bumper. A RAIDER IS SHOT DEAD.

ANDREWS
Second boxcar, now!

They hustle through the hole over the gap between the tracks swapping fire with the rebels coming up behind.

THE TEXAS' TENDER SLAMS INTO THE BACK OF THE GENERAL

A second raider SLIPS TO HIS DEATH between moving cars.

The two trains are now abutted up against each other, that last boxcar a shooting gallery as the rebels swarm into it.

The raiders fend them off from the boxcar with all the kegs of gunpowder. Andrews looks to Pittinger, who holds a rope.

ANDREWS (CONT'D)
Okay, let 'em have it!

Pittinger PULLS OUT THE PIN between them and the last boxcar, separating it from the *General*. BLAM! Another raider takes a bullet defending him. Andrews lights a stick of dynamite and drops it onto the tracks between the cars.

BOOM!

F175 EXT. TRACKS WHERE THIS IS ALL HAPPENING

F175

The last boxcar is BLOWN OFF THE TRACKS and topples over onto its side with rebels still on it. The *Texas* slams into it, pushing it down the tracks, bringing Fuller's whole train to a sparking skidding stop as the *General* speeds away. *

Fuller jumps off and shouts, pointing to the obstruction. *

FULLER
Move your asses and help me clear
this thing! *

175-180 OMITTED

175-180*

181

INT. GENERAL - MIDDLE BOXCAR - DAY

181

Everyone who's left hoots and hollers -- Andrews, Pittinger, Shadrach, and two others -- their escape secured. Suddenly there's a THUNK on the roof. Someone is up there.

They all point their pistols up and start blasting, shredding the roof. A bullet riddled rebel falls through right onto a keg of gunpowder, smashing and splintering it so that...

GOLD SPILLS OUT ALL OVER THE FLOOR

Everyone looks back at Andrews, who's already working all the angles of the situation in his head, the deep deep shitstorm he's put everyone in evident to all. *

*
*
*

182

INT. COACH ROAD - DAY

182

The coach races north. Miriam whips out two pistols, each trained on the crouch of both Parrott and Wollam.

MIRIAM

Okay assholes. What's the plan?

PARROTT

Huh? Who's plan? What?

MIRIAM

I saw you outside the train station. Those coins you're carrying are from my husband's vault. Colonel Leadbetter? You came down here with Andrews. Part of his Union ruse to heist my gold.

The guys look at each other. Half clueless, half oh shit.

WOLLAM

Uh, you must got us confused with some other gents.

PARROTT

Gold?

MIRIAM

On that train he's stealing.

WOLLAM

We were stealing a train?

MIRIAM

Jesus, do you two know anything?

PARROTT

Well, I do know the good Lord--

She grabs his bible and tosses it out the window. Parrott gasps.

MIRIAM

Shut up. If you're the caliber of men Andrews has to pull this caper off I'm starting not to like his chances. Which means the wrong man might be waiting for me in Chattanooga.

(to the coachman)

Stop the coach.

It stops and Miriam opens the door for them to get out.

MIRIAM (CONT'D)

Out.

PARROTT

Wait. Please. Reconsider--

MIRIAM

What? You got no shoes and don't know shit.

Wollam clocks something out the window over her shoulder.

WOLLAM

True. But we can shoot straight.

PARROTT

Enough.

MIRIAM

What are you talking about?

They both point behind them. Miriam looks back and sees DUST KICKED UP down the road behind them, FOUR MEN ON HORSEBACK bearing down. McClintock, the sherrif, and three deputies.

MIRIAM (CONT'D)

Shit.

A183

INT. GENERAL - BOXCAR - MOVING

A183

Andrews finds himself surrounded by Shadrach, Mason, and a third surviving raider, all pissed. Pittinger opens keg after keg, each one packed with gold.

PITTINGER

They're all the same.

ANDREWS

I really don't see what the fuss is about? I told you men there would be parts of this mission you weren't privy to.

SHADRACH

What -- like we were robbing a Confederate bank?

ANDREWS

Hey, least you know you'll be well compensated.

SHADRACH

Oh, I got no doubt about that.

Shadrach sticks a pistol in Andrews face.

PITTINGER

Shadrach, what are you doing?

SHADRACH

What do you think? I'm relieving our commander here of his post. Along with the gold.

ANDREWS

Stand down, private. This is treason.

SHADRACH

Treason he says? Like throwin' us into a meat grinder so you can cash in? I wonder what Dorsey would have to say about that shit before he blew himself to smithereens. Or Campbell behind that gatling. Or any other of those suckers thought they were dying for something beside the United States of James Andrews.

ANDREWS

They'd say there's still a mission to finish.

SHADRACH

Not any more. This mission is over. Shit, this mission ain't even a mission. It's a heist.

ANDREWS
You can't do one without the other.

SHADRACH
Watch us.

His finger teases the trigger. Pittinger has a side to
choose.

BLAM!

Pittinger drops Shadrach. BLAM! Andrews shoots raider #1. BLAM! Mason tags Andrews. BLAM! Pittinger wastes Mason. In five seconds the boxcar is a scene of blood and gunsmoke, only Andrews and Pittinger left standing.

B183 INT. GENERAL - ENGINE CAB - DAY

B183

Buffum hears the shots and hits the breaks.

C183 EXT. TRACKS/INT. MIDDLE BOXCAR - DAY

C183

Clutching his gunshot wound, Andrews tries to save some of the gold spilling over the edge as the train lurches to a stop. Fed up, Pittinger draws his gun on Andrews.

PITTINGER
I should shoot you too you prick.
Shadrach's right.

ANDREWS
If this is about your cut of the
spoils?

PITTINGER
My cut! Of what? Gold?

He kicks a scattering of gold coins across the floor.

PITTINGER (CONT'D)
No one is dying out here for gold, asshole. They're dying for you. You and this mission you sold. Not because they were suckers, but because you gave 'em a shot. You made 'em believe they could be more than the screw-ups and shitheels the army took 'em for. And you were right. Look how they stepped up! Those raiders we lost were worth a hundred of any man who cares about
(MORE)

PITTINGER (CONT'D)
 gold. Worth a hundred of you,
 Goddamn it!

Andrews lets this sink in. Buffum shows at the boxcar door.
 Sees all the gold and Andrews bleeding through his fingers. *

BUFFUM
 Well ain't this just perfect.

ANDREWS
 Mr. Buffum, why are we stopped?

BUFFUM
 You tell me. Since when did this
 turn into a gold rush?

PITTINGER
 Mr. Andrews here was just
 motivating the men.

BUFFUM
 Let me guess: All Chattanooga or
 All hell.

A WHISTLE BLOWS. Once again smoke appears over the treetops.
 Here comes Fuller. And all hell.

183 OMITTED

183*

184 INT. TEXAS - MOVING

184

Still driving in reverse, Fuller still at the helm. Up ahead
 they come upon the MIDDLE BOXCAR abandoned in their path.

A185 EXT. MIDDLE OF TRACKS - CONTINUOUS

A185

Fuller and the others jump off, weapons up, ready for an
 ambush. Inside the boxcar they find the carnage of the
 raiders' last firefight -- Shadrach and his two turncoats
 dead on the floor. The gunpowder kegs with the gold are gone.

MURPHY
 What happened here?

FULLER
 Maybe these snakes are shedding
 their skins.

Fuller finds a STRAY GOLD COIN in the dirt.

185 OMITTED

185*

186

EXT. STEVENSON JUNCTION, ALABAMA - DAY

186

A small encampment of Confederate soldiers are on their knees having just surrendered to Mitchel's massive troop-train. A subtitle reads:

*"STEVENSON JUNCTION, ALABAMA
44 MILES WEST OF CHATTANOOGA"*

Lieutenant Arbuckle reports to General Mitchel, who walks the line of prisoners.

LIEUTENANT ARBUCKLE
I've fifty men in place to stay
behind and hold the junction.
Chattanooga is right over that
hill.

Mitchel's still not sure. The picket guard from before ushers up a MESSENGER.

PICKET GUARD
General Mitchel?

MITCHEL
Yes?

PICKET GUARD
This man here says he's from
Marietta.

MESSENGER
Henry Green Cole sent me.

The messenger hands over a sealed letter.

MITCHEL
Am I supposed to have heard of this
Mr. Cole?

MESSENGER
He's a friend of the cause.
Proprietor of the Fletcher Hotel
and an associate of a man you're in
league with -- James Andrews.

Mitchel and Arbuckle swap disturbed looks. Mitchel opens the letter and reads it. His demeanor blackens. He whips out a pistol and presses it between the messenger's eyes.

MITCHEL
You have thirty seconds to convince
me this isn't a confederate ploy.

MESSENGER
I... I... I...

The messenger pisses his pants. Mitchel turns to the picket.

MITCHEL
Jesus. Get him out of here.

The picket drags the messenger away. Mitchel looks to Arbuckle.

ARBUCKLE
What's it say?

MITCHEL
Whoever this Cole character is, he knows our every move. He claims Andrews is working for the Confederates and has no intention of carrying out his mission. Simply put, Chattanooga was meant to be an ambush.

ARBUCKLE
And what if this note is the ambush?

Mitchel has a big decision to make.

187 OMITTED 187*

188 INT. GENERAL - ENGINE CAB - MOVING 188

Andrews, Pittinger, and Buffum plunge ahead at frightful speed, cannibalizing the last remaining boxcar. They rip off planks and heave wood into the tender, next to the kegs of gold. The *Texas* is again behind them, now pushing the dropped boxcar. *

PITTINGER
Jesus, those assholes ever quit?

ANDREWS
(shouting to Buffum)
Buffum Goddamn it -- Can't you make this barnburner go any faster?

BUFFUM
Sure, fast as you tear up that boxcar and stop handin' me wet wood.

Pittinger grabs Andrews.

PITTINGER

You said we still have a mission to finish. We need to start blowing bridges.

ANDREWS

We will. And not just any bridge either. The only one that counts. Right after this next stop.

*
*
*

A189 INT. TEXAS - MOVING

A189

Fuller can see he's closing. He can almost taste victory.

FULLER

Dalton is coming up! The last telegraph on the line. These bastards'll attempt to clear the station and cut the wires north before we can shoot off a warning to Leadbetter.

*
*
*

He hands Anderson a note for "COL. DANVILLE LEADBETTER".

FULLER (CONT'D)

Let's beat 'em to the punch.

189 EXT. DALTON - DAY

189

The largest town on the line north of Marietta. The *General* barrels toward the red-brick depot at the center of town, the *Texas* closing behind. A subtitle appears:

"DALTON, GEORGIA
38 MILES TO CHATTANOOGA"

190 OMITTED

190*

191 INT. PAVILION - DALTON STATION - DAY

191

Passengers crowd the ornate, covered platform. The *General* stampedes toward it, showing no signs of slowing down. People begin to nervously backpedal from the edge, then scatter in terror as the raiders blister past in a whoosh of cinders and smoke...

192 INT. GENERAL - ENGINE CAB - MOVING 192
 Andrews looks back, relishing the havoc. He turns to Buffum *
 and Pittinger. *

ANDREWS

Alright. Soon as we get to the
 switch...

193 EXT. SWITCH - JUST NORTH OF DALTON STATION - DAY 193
 The *General* squeals to a stop just before a fork in the line,
 about 300 yards north of the station. They all dismount:
 Andrews running to the telegraph line alongside the track,
 Buffum pulling the pin on the boxcar, Pittinger covering both
 their asses with a pistol in one hand, rifle in the other.

194 INT. TEXAS - MOVING 194
 Fuller's train brakes as it approaches the pavilion...

195 EXT. SWITCH - JUST NORTH OF DALTON STATION - DAY 195
 Boots strapped into a spiked climbing wedge, Andrews quickly
 scales the telegraph pole. Buffum jumps back in the cab and
 gets it ready to roll. Pittinger keeps his eyes peeled as...

196 INT. PAVILION - DALTON STATION - DAY 196
 The *Texas* pulls up, slowing just long enough for Anderson to
 jump off. He dashes along the platform and into...

197 INT. TELEGRAPH OFFICE - DAY 197
 Anderson bursts in, causing a young TELEGRAPH OPERATOR to
 spill coffee on himself.

DALTON TELEGRAPH OPERATOR

What the heck?

198 EXT. SWITCH - JUST NORTH OF DALTON STATION - DAY 198
 A surly, unarmed RAILROAD MAN stalks up to Buffum in the cab.

DALTON RAILROAD MAN

Hey, you maniacs! You can't come
 barreling through like--

Buffum pops a warning shot at the guy's boots. The man turns tail and runs.

Andrews, atop the telegraph pole with the wire in front of him, pulls the knife from his boot.

Rifleshots SPLINTER THE POLE inches from his face, causing Andrews to DROP THE KNIFE.

The shots come from the *Texas*, pulling up the track from the pavilion. Pittinger blisters fire back...

199 INT. TEXAS - MOVING

199

Fuller gives it everything he's got. Murphy and the three rebels blast away.

200 INT. DALTON TELEGRAPH OFFICE - DAY

200

The telegraph operator looks over Fuller's note.

DALTON TELEGRAPH OPERATOR
Union agents in disguise? Disguised
as what?

ANDERSON
Just tap out the Goddamn message.

201 EXT. SWITCH - JUST NORTH OF DALTON STATION - DAY

201

Pittinger flips the knife back up to Andrews, bullets whizzing by.

Buffum blasts back at the *Texas*, now 150 yards and closing. A slug RIPS THROUGH HIS THIGH from behind, speckling the cover of *The Tempest*. *

It's the railroad man, who Buffum shoots dead.

202 INT. DALTON TELEGRAPH OFFICE - DAY

202

The operator taps out the message, OUR CAMERA SWOOPING UP the telegraph wire, as if following the transmitted signal...

OUTSIDE TO:

A203 THE TELEGRAPH WIRE THAT RUNS ALONG THE TRACKS

A203

...shooting northward to where Andrews is perched...

B203 EXT. SWITCH - JUST NORTH OF DALTON STATION - CONTINUOUS B203
 ...on the telegraph pole, getting there just as he CUTS THE WIRE, continuing our burst toward Chattanooga, Andrews climbing down from the pole as we go, no idea their fate has * just been sealed.

203 INT. TEXAS - MOVING 203
 Fuller and Murphy exchange an excited, uncertain look.

204 OMITTED 204*
 205 INT. GENERAL - ENGINE CAB - MOVING 205
 Andrews and Pittinger jump aboard under a maelstrom of gunfire, the General already rolling away, yet another boxcar left behind to slow their pursuers.

PITTINGER
 We good?

Andrews smiles. He can taste victory.

ANDREWS
 Good as gold.

They look to Buffum, slumped against the boiler, bloody and in pain.

206 OMITTED 206*
 A207 EXT. CONFEDERATE ENCAMPMENT - CHATTANOOGA - DAY A207
 Wood, miserable, labors alongside others in his regiment digging a trench. Everyone starts scrambling, mobilized for something. Leadbetter comes galloping through camp.

LEADBETTER
 Drop your shovels boys. We just got invited to a turkey shoot.

Wood's heart leaps in his chest.

207 EXT. COACH ROAD - DAY 207
 McClintock circles Miriam like a shark. The sheriff and two deputies stay on their horses, guns on their laps.

MIRIAM

Like I said, I heard the ruckus and went to investigate.

MCCLINTOCK

And what could possibly be happening on the railway that would be worth a woman's attention?

MIRIAM

There's a war on, Mr. McClintock, one my husband is very much in the thick of. That consumes much of a woman's attention.

The third deputy keeps his eye on the black coachman, who does everything he can not to reveal the raiders inside.

Parrott and Wollam CROUCH DOWN ON THE FLOOR OF THE COACH, guns in hand, undetected.

MCCLINTOCK

And what consumes the rest of it?

MIRIAM

Excuse me?

MCCLINTOCK

A woman's attention. What else consumes it? Party dresses, coffee cakes, gold.

Parrott and Wollam keep quiet and low. They use Miriam's powder mirror to decipher's everyone's position.

MIRIAM

I don't know what business you have with my husband, Mr. McClintock, but I am quite certain he would not be pleased by your tone with his wife.

MCCLINTOCK

Well then, let's all journey up and see him together. Have a little pow wow about my tone. Or..

He grabs Miriam roughly by the hair and FLINGS HER into the side of the coach. She bounces off and knocks to the ground.

MCCLINTOCK (CONT'D)

You tell me where I can find the thieves who stole that barnburner.

(MORE)

MCCLINTOCK (CONT'D)
And along with it, your husband's
freight.

Parrott looks ready to go, Wollam stops him.

MIRIAM
I have no idea what you're talking
about.

MCCLINTOCK
No?

McClintock KICKS HER. Miriam rolls over, gasping. The
coachman glances at his shotgun.

MCCLINTOCK (CONT'D)
I made an oath. An oath to bring a
man what's rightfully his. And I
intend to keep my oath. Unlike you,
who obviously views your union with
the Colonel as something you can
wantonly break. And for what?

*

He KICKS HER AGAIN. Miriam tries to claw away.

MCCLINTOCK (CONT'D)
Money!

AND AGAIN.

MCCLINTOCK (CONT'D)
Gold!

He winds up for the fatal blow--

MIRIAM
(rasping)
Freedom.

McClintock stops and smiles and kneels down over her. She
quivers and spits up blood.

MCCLINTOCK
What was that, little lady?

Their eyes meet for one long intimate beat, Miriam grappling
with what's about to come as she...

STICKS MCCLINTOCK IN THE GUT WITH A KNIFE

Parrott and Wollam spring to action inside the coach.

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

They DROP DEPUTIES #1 and #2 but miss THE SHERIFF, who WASTES WOLLAM. The coachman grabs his shotgun. CRACK! Both he and DEPUTY #3 are blasted off their mounts.

The coach horses SPOOK AND RACE OFF, the coach with them. PARROT TUMBLES OUT out onto the ground and is SHOT DEAD BY THE SHERIFF, who himself is BLOWN AWAY BY A SHOTGUN BLAST, Miriam behind the smoking gun.

Miriam turns it back on McClintock, who writhes in the mud there, slowly bleeding to death. She looks around her, corpses everywhere next to a scattering of gold coins, A LONELY ROAD in front and behind her.

She takes McClintock's gun, mounts his horse, and rides north.

208 OMITTED 208*

209 INT. GENERAL - MOVING 209

Pittinger scrounges for last scraps in the tender. The *Texas* is nowhere to be seen behind them. Andrews finishes tying a tourniquet on Buffum's leg.

ANDREWS
How is it?

BUFFUM
Long as I ain't gotta walk anywhere.

PITTINGER
We'll all be walking soon if we don't find some more wood to burn.

ANDREWS
How's that son of a bitch for some kindling?

He points up ahead to a scarey as shit train trestle, spanning a 100-foot gorge, white rapids raging below. It looks like it was built by matchsticks. Welcome to...

*"THE DEVIL'S TIGHTROPE
10 MILES TO CHATTANOOGA"*

210 EXT. DEVIL'S TIGHTROPE - DAY 210

The *General* races out across the terrifying structure.

211 INT. GENERAL - MOVING

211

Andrews and Pittinger peer down at the angry river below.

ANDREWS
We take this out. Mission
accomplished.

Only Buffum looks ahead, squinting at what looks to be...

SMOKE OVER THE TREETOPS

Buffum slams the breaks. Everything squeals and shutters to a stop. All three raiders are flung forward, Andrews almost off the side -- caught in just in time by Pittinger.

ANDREWS (CONT'D)
Christ, Buffum! You trying to kill us?

BUFFUM
No, but they are.

He points to a TWO-CAR TROOP TRAIN that emerges from the thick wooded northern embankment and pulls up on the other side of the gorge, blocking their way.

212 EXT. NORTHERN EMBANKMENT/DEVIL'S TIGHTROPE - DAY

212

Colonel Leadbetter and 50 rebel soldiers spill out. Leadbetter barks orders, Vickers at his side, his army fanning out into position.

LEADBETTER
I want our men dug in and those rails dug up. This is the end of the line.

*
*
*
*
*

Young Wood, the shanghaied raider, helps haul a small cannon into position.

213 INT. GENERAL - DAY

213

Andrews can't fucking believe it.

ANDREWS
Right. Get us the hell back. Off this trestle. They try to cross and we'll blow 'em to baby Jesus.

Buffum throws it in reverse. A whistle comes from behind.

215 INT. TEXAS - MOVING

215

Fuller and company come racing down the slope. The trestle comes into view, along with the *General* backing toward them.

MURPHY

You did it, Mr. Fuller! We got 'em!
We got 'em!

Fuller looks guarded. He's had them before.

216 INT. GENERAL - MOVING

216

Andrews sees Fuller's train. He can only laugh. Pittinger is incredulous.

PITTINGER

I'm starting to think we should've
let Mr. Shadrach shoot the bastard.

ANDREWS

You think?

The *Texas* screeches to a stop on the edge of the trestle, trapping the raiders. Buffum lays on the lever.

BUFFUM

Screw it. I'm gonna ram this rig
straight up their asses!

Andrews slaps his hand away.

ANDREWS

No! You do and we'll derail into
that gorge. I didn't come all this
way to die in some Goddamn train
accident.

A217 EXT. NORTHERN EMBANKMENT/DEVIL'S TIGHTROPE - DAY

A217

Leadbetter sees the *General* stop about two thirds of the way across the span, stuck between the hounds and the hunters.

LEADBETTER

Hold your fire men 'til I give the command. I wanna take this engine intact and these thieves alive and kickin'.

LIEUTENANT VICKERS

Alive, sir?

LEADBETTER
So I can personally gut these sons
'a whores.

Wood, dug in, watches Leadbetter stride by.

217,218 OMITTED

217,218*

219 INT. GENERAL - DAY

219

Andrews watches Leadbetter walk confidently out onto the trestle, his victory at hand.

ANDREWS
Great. Everybody's favorite
Colonel.

BUFFUM
Ain't he supposed to be gettin'
whooped by Mitchel's army right
about now?

ANDREWS
That was the plan.

He looks to Pittinger.

PITTINGER
We stepped up. So will General
Mitchell.

Andrews wants to believe this. He steps off onto the tracks.

BUFFUM
Where you goin'?

ANDREWS
Where do you think? Let this prick
know who he's surrendering to.

220 EXT. DEVIL'S TIGHTROPE - DAY

220

Andrews and Leadbetter meet each other half-way. Leadbetter is startled it's Andrews -- the last person he expected.

LEADBETTER
You?

ANDREWS
Afternoon Colonel. Fancy meeting
you here.

LEADBETTER

Am I to understand you're the man
behind this... act.

ANDREWS

One of 'em. Shouldn't you be back
in Chattanooga? Or did General
Mitchel already drive your ass out.

LEADBETTER

Mitchel? Mitchel's army stopped
short at Stevenson.

Andrews can't conceal the blow. Their last chance. Gone.

LEADBETTER (CONT'D)

Is that what this is all about?
Taking my city?

ANDREWS

That's right. You inspired me to
pick any side but yours. On behalf
of the Union Army, me and my...

(re: Buffum and Pittinger)
...forces, demand that you and your
men surrender your weapons and give
up Chattanooga immediately.

Leadbetter smiles, appreciating the joke.

LEADBETTER

I warned you your head was getting
too big, Mr. Andrews. Shame you had
to go and lose it so quickly.

He turns and goes.

ANDREWS

You and I both know you have a lot
more riding on that train than a
couple of Union spies.

Leadbetter stops. Andrews flips him a gold coin. Leadbetter
sees his marking: "L".

ANDREWS (CONT'D)

Like you said, I have friends all
over the map. Not all of 'em share
the same high opinion of the
Confederacy's chances, or yours.

LEADBETTER

(realizing)
Miriam.

ANDREWS

Let's just say we like each other.
Cut from the same cloth I think.
Might even cut some kids from that
cloth. Name 'em all Lincoln. The
boys and the girls. What do you
think?

LEADBETTER

You're never getting off this
bridge.

ANDREWS

Then neither is your "gunpowder".

He spits into the rapids below.

ANDREWS (CONT'D)

Unless we strike a deal.

LEADBETTER

What do you propose?

ANDREWS

I hand you the train and the loot.
You get us horses and let us go on
our way.

LEADBETTER

I do that in front of all these
men, all the gold in the world
won't save me from getting strung
up for treason.

ANDREWS

That would be a shame, but it's a
risk I'm willing to take.

Leadbetter is not amused.

LEADBETTER

How about this: I let you go. You
deliver me what's mine and your men
there, and you can walk away. Given
your reputation to play all sides
I'll say you were the one who
tipped me off. I'll even promise
not to slice up that whore I call a
wife next time I see her.

It's Andrews turn not knowing what to say.

LEADBETTER (CONT'D)

This should be easy for you. You've just been sold out by Mitchel, why not do the same. You are a man of enterprise after all.

Andrews glances back at Pittinger and Buffum, both bloodied and exhausted, heroes all. Andrews grapples with what to do, looking at once genuinely pained and cynically torn, at war with himself. Everything is on the line... *

221 OMITTED

221*

A222 EXT. GENERAL/THE DEVIL'S TIGHTROPE - DAY

A222

Andrews walks back and something catches his eye: MIRIAM'S RED SCARF tied to the cowcatcher. He removes it and feels the weight of it, the truth of it, his expression inscrutable. *

222 INT. GENERAL - DAY

222

Andrews steps back aboard swimming in his own head. Pittinger and Buffum look to him eagerly.

PITTINGER

What he say? What's our next move?

Andrews needs time to think. He sees Fuller stepping out in front of the *Texas*.

ANDREWS

Gimmie a second.

223 EXT. TEXAS/THE DEVIL'S TIGHTROPE - DAY

223

Andrews comes sauntering up, the spy and the conductor facing off. Fuller gestures for Murphy and his men to back off.

ANDREWS

That wife of yours sure picked herself a piece of work.

FULLER

I try.

ANDREWS

A little too hard if you ask me.

He hands over Fuller's TIMEPIECE, grinning like a snake charmer. Fuller takes it, wary. He pulls something of his own and flips it to Andrews. One of Leadbetter's GOLD COINS.

FULLER

And I thought I was chasing
patriots.

Andrews pockets it. He nods to Buffum and Pittinger.

ANDREWS

Some of us. When the dust settles
you should get a drink with those
men. If they aren't dead. I think
you'd like 'em. They're like you.

FULLER

How's that?

ANDREWS

They're loyal. And they got grit.

Fuller is disarmed. Andrews offers his hand. It's an offer of respect between worthy rivals. Fuller takes it.

ANDREWS (CONT'D)

I'm afraid I won't exactly be
returnin' your engine in the shape
it was took.

FULLER

That's okay. I'd wish you luck but
I'm glad it's run out.

With that, Andrews walks back to the *General*.

A224

EXT. NORTH EMBANKMENT - DEVIL'S TIGHTROPE - DAY

A224

Leadbetter steps back up to his army. Vickers and some guys *
pry up track at the edge of the bridge to force a derailment. *

LIEUTENANT VICKERS

Was that who I think it was?

LEADBETTER
Just get ready to take that train.

224

INT. GENERAL - DAY

224

Andrews hops into the cab one last time. Both Pittinger and Buffum look to him, expectant.

ANDREWS
Help me with those kegs.

BUFFUM
Tell us you just bribed 'em.

He glances back at Fuller, admiring.

ANDREWS
Not that man.

PITTINGER
Then what?

Andrews smiles like a rogue, cracks open one of the gunpowder kegs, and DUMPS THE GOLD OVER THE SIDE INTO THE GORGE.

225 EXT. DEVIL'S TIGHTROPE - CONTINUOUS

225

Leadbetter watches with shock and dismay as thousands of glittering coins go sprinkling down like confetti.

LEADBETTER
No!

226 INT. GENERAL - DAY

226

Andrews looks back to Buffum and Pittinger, their mouths agape. They know exactly what this means. Thus resigned they start cracking open keg after keg, dumping ALL THE GOLD.

227 EXT. TEXAS - DAY

227

Fuller's side looks on with amazement as LEADBETTER'S ENTIRE FORTUNE VANISHES IN THE RAPIDS BELOW. The dogged conductor cracks a curious smile.

228 EXT. NORTHERN EMBANKMENT - DEVIL'S TIGHTROPE - DAY

228

Leadbetter let's out a rancorous, guttural howl. He turns to Vickers. *

LEADBETTER
Get your best shots in position and
shoot to kill.
(to everyone)
Nothing gets off that bridge you
hear me? *

Wood watches as Vickers and a couple marksmen hurry along the ridge to better position. *

229 INT. GENERAL - CONTINUOUS

229

The deed done, Andrews unpochees the cigar given to him by Mitchel and splits it into thirds.

ANDREWS

Well, guys, I guess Hell is empty
and all the devils are here.

*
*

They light up like men in victory.

*

EXT. TEXAS/THE DEVIL'S TIGHTROPE - DAY

Murphy steps up besides Fuller.

MURPHY

What do these renegades think
they're doin'?

FULLER

Finishing what they started.

MURPHY

But they lost?

Fuller looks to his timepiece. He's not so sure.

230,231 OMITTED

230,231*

EXT. NORTHERN EMBANKMENT/DEVIL'S TIGHTROPE - DAY

*

Wood sees Vickers shimmy out onto a tree that leans out over
the gorge, rifle slung over his back. A GUSH OF STEAM blasts
from the General behind.

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*

232 OMITTED

232*

233 INT. GENERAL - DAY

233

The raiders scramble about stoking the engine for one last
run. They cannibalize the kegs and throw every last scrap of
wood, cloth, belts, you name it in the firebox. Buffum, who
looks pale, even flicks in the last nub of his cigars.

BUFFUM

I was really hopin' this would be
the first train I wouldn't have to
blow.

Pittenger is about to throw in his NOTEBOOK when Andrews
stops him.

ANDREWS

Not that.

Andrews pulls out Miriam's red scarf and puts it in Pittinger's hand.

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*

ANDREWS (CONT'D)

Mitchell put you here for a reason.
Everything those raiders did, this
whole mission, will be for shit if
you don't get their story out. They
stepped up, it's our turn.

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*

Pittinger looks to Buffum by the boiler, its pressure gauge red-lines off the charts, dynamite stacked all around. He nods. This is the only way.

A234 EXT. NORTH EMBANKMENT - DEVIL'S TIGHTROPE

A234*

Leadbetter draws his sabre and raises it above his head.

*

LEADBETTER

Okay boys, on my mark!

*
*

Wood sees Vickers sight his rifle and get a PERFECT SHOT ON ANDREWS IN THE CAB. The young raider jumps up onto a cannon there, turns his own barrel on Vickers before any of the rebels can react and...

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CRACK!

*

234 OMITTED

234*

A235 INT. GENERAL - DAY

A235*

The SHOT RICOCHETS off the tender, right behind Andrews. They all look back at the rebel lines and see VICKERS BODY plummeting into the gorge, picked off by Wood just in time.

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235 OMITTED

235*

236 EXT. NORTHERN EMBANKMENT - DEVIL'S TIGHTROPE - DAY

236*

Young Wood is surrounded by an angry mob of rebels, who looks to Leadbetter for a command. He drops his sabre.

*
*

LEADBETTER

Fire!

*
*

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! Wood is blown dead to the dirt.

*

50 rebels unload torrent of lead at the General. *

A237 INT. GENERAL - MOVING - DAY A237*

Pittinger dives into the tender, ducking down, bullets snapping around them. Andrews cuts the water line and pulls the pin. Buffum hits it. *

B237 EXT. THE DEVIL'S TIGHTROPE - DAY B237

The *General* launches off, Pittinger and the tender left behind. *

237 INT. GENERAL - MOVING - DAY 237

Andrews and Buffum plow through a shitstorm of enemy fire, building steam. Andrews looks back at... *

238 EXT. TEXAS/DEVIL'S TIGHTROPE - DAY 238

Fuller, who watches them go, a hint of admiration in his eyes. Both he and Murphy are too focused on the stampeding *General* to notice...

239 EXT. SPAN/DEVIL'S TIGHTROPE - DAY 239

Pittinger climbs under the bridge and finds a perch over a deep pool amongst the raging rapids below. He means to jump. *

240 EXT. NORTHERN EMBANKMENT/DEVIL'S TIGHTROPE - DAY 240

Leadbetter and the rebels blister fire as the engine snarls toward them like a missile. *

241 INT. GENERAL - MOVING 241

The cab is riddled with bullets, both Andrews and Buffum getting tagged. Buffum's hand slips off the throttle. Andrews grabs it and places it back, holding it there, one hand over another. *

BUFFUM
(grimacing)
Keepin' me clear headed, that it?

ANDREWS
Always.

242 EXT. SPAN/DEVIL'S TIGHTROPE - DAY 242
 Pittinger tries to muster the courage to jump but can't.

243 EXT. TEXAS/DEVIL'S TIGHTROPE - DAY 243
 Fuller and Murphy spots Pittinger under the span.

MURPHY
 A rifle! Quick!

Someone tosses him a rifle.

244 EXT. NORTHERN EMBANKMENT/DEVIL'S TIGHTROPE - DAY 244
 Rebels scatter as the *General* barrels down upon the ripped up section. Leadbetter calmly steps off to the side, not wanting to miss the spectacle of Andrews' certain death.

245 INT. GENERAL - MOVING 245
 The boiler gauge glass cracks it's so hot. Buffum nods to Andrews, who shovels all the dynamite they have into the firebox. They brace themselves... *

246 EXT. SPAN/DEVIL'S TIGHTROPE/RIVER - DAY 246
 PITTINGER JUMPS! Splashing down in the river below.

247 EXT. NORTHERN EMBANKMENT/DEVIL'S TIGHTROPE - DAY 247
 Leadbetter watches the *General* as it careens on by. The fire-breathing locomotive slams into the gap, skips, tips, and... *

A248 INT. GENERAL - MOVING A248*
 Andrews grins to Buffum as they go. *

ANDREWS
 Looks like we're down to all hell. *

KER-POW!

EXPLODES SPECTACULARLY, taking with it Leadbetter, his army, and much of the cliff supporting the bridge.

248 EXT. TEXAS/DEVIL'S TIGHTROPE - DAY

248

Fuller and Murphy look on in horror, their baby destroyed. Fuller feels the bridge start to buckle under their feet.

FULLER
Off the bridge! Off the bridge!

They get the fuck off the bridge.

249 INT. RIVER - DAY

249

Pittinger pops up from the rushing rapids, spitting out water, alive and kicking. Behind him...

THE WHOLE FUCKING BRIDGE COLLAPSES

250 EXT. TEXAS/DEVIL'S TIGHTROPE - DAY

250

Safe on the southern embankment, Murphy spots Pittinger in the river and raises his rifle. Fuller pushes it down.

FULLER
That's enough killing for today.

Murphy nods, getting it.

251 INT. RIVER - DAY

251

Pittinger is swept down the rapids, splashing wildly, Leadbetter's gold twinkling in the sunlight beneath his kicking boots. His voice over rises up:

PITTINGER (V.O.)
For their actions...

He flops onto the rocky embankment, catches his breath, and dashes off into the woods.

252-254 OMITTED

252-254*

255 EXT. NORTH EMBANKMENT - DEVIL'S TIGHTROPE - DAY

255

Pages of *The Tempest* swirl about a crater of the devastation, one flapping up against THE GENERAL'S NAMEPLATE.

PITTINGER (V.O.)
The Andrews raiders were the first
soldiers ever awarded the U.S.
(MORE)

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PITTINGER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Military's highest decoration for gallantry -- the Medal of Honor.

*
*

256 INT. HOTEL BAR - NEW YORK - DAY

256*

At a table, Pittinger sits across from Miriam having said all that can be said. He rises, takes his hat, and goes. Miriam watches him leave, then turns back to the table -- HER RED SCARF LEFT FOR HER.

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PITTINGER (V.O.)
As a civilian, James Andrews was not among the recipients. However his name became legend, a reminder of the sacrifice it takes to ensure the freedom of others.

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*

At first she's afraid to touch it, then she takes, smells it, thinking of Andrews. A slight sly smile overtakes her. He was thinking of her, he would have shown.

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257 EXT. BILTMORE HOTEL - DAY

257*

Pittinger, a little swagger to his step, walks out under the marquee of the BILTMORE HOTEL and disappears into the bustling New York City traffic.

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PITTINGER (V.O.)
'Course in coloring our story together, I might have left out one or two shades... of gold.

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