

"THE STILL"

by

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EXT. PATCH OF VIRGINIA FOREST-DAY-MAY 6, 1864

Thick curtains of gray smoke drift into a tract of brush infested wilderness.

Black ash falls like wet snow to the forest floor.

EXT. EARTHWORK TRENCH-DAY

Situated at the edge of this wooded landscape is a stretch of mounded earth braced by pieces of freshly cut timber.

TWENTY CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS

huddle together in a muddy trench behind the earthwork.

Most of the men are gaunt and haggard looking, outfitted in slouched hats and soiled gray uniforms. Many are barefoot.

Enfield rifles with sharp bayonets sit close at their sides.

An ASH-STREAKED COMPANY BATTLE FLAG stands firmly in the mud.

CAPT. LEWIS ENDERS examines his weary company. Unlike the others, he is broad and sturdy in build. A trunk of a man.

The woods around them are EERILY SILENT, save for the SOFT CRACKLING of distant fires.

Suddenly, several RESOUNDING BOOMS shatter the forest calm.

Soldiers drop for cover into the muddied basin of the trench.

Almost a full second passes, then WHOOSH!

A CLUSTER OF CANNONBALLS part the smoke-filled air and HURDLE high above the earthwork, TEARING through bough and branch.

They land further off with a tremendous CRASH.

There are SHOUTS and SCREAMS in the distance.

Enders holds out a broad hand to steady his anxious soldiers.

ENDERS

Easy boys. Billy hasn't found the
mark just yet. Ready your rifles.

The men bite into ammo packs and fill their guns with powder.

EXT. OPEN FIELD / PLANK ROAD-DAY

Hundreds of blue-clad UNION SOLDIERS form ranks on a lush green field outlying the crop of smoldering woods.

A dusty road slices through one end of the open field.

SUPER: "BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS - MAY 6, 1864"

Stationed on a low-lying hill above the trail is a BATTERY OF SIX NAPOLEON CLASS HOWITZER GUNS, where ARTILLERYMEN toil furiously to load their deadly cannons.

An ARTILLERY CAPTAIN paces behind them. He is attired in a crisp blue uniform with gold epaulettes on his shoulders.

KABOOM!

The captain watches as a TWELVE POUND CANNONBALL arcs high up over the tree line, landing deep in the burning forest.

Not satisfied, he shouts at his men in a thick Irish accent.

ARTILLERY CAPTAIN
You're firing too high! Just roll
the shot along the ground like a
tenpin ball. The object, soldier,
is to knock their God damned
trotters out from under them!

The cannoneer cranks his cannon down to near ground level.

The captain nods his approval and takes a calming breath.

ARTILLERY CAPTAIN
Commence fire.

The lowered cannon spits out the ball with a DEAFENING ROAR.

The iron ball HURTLES across the field only inches above the earth, whipping up blades of grass as it passes.

It RIPS into the forest, PUNCHING through the brush, and SNAPPING apart smaller trees at their base.

The cannonball SMACKS the wooded floor with a tremendous THUMP and REBOUNDS into the air amidst a cloud of debris.

The ball SKIPS across the forest at full tilt, leaving DEEP SCARS in the earth as it destroys everything in its wake.

EXT. EARTHWORK TRENCH-DAY

Enders cautiously rises up over the muddy embankment.

Then he hears it. A STRANGE POUNDING SOUND, accompanied by the OMINOUS CRACKING of trees.

His jaw drops in sheer horror as the bouncing twelve pound cannonball STAMPEDES towards him out of the black mist.

ENDERS
INCOMING!!!

Enders DIVES to the ground below.

The ball SHATTERS the pieces of timber and SMASHES into the mass of earth protecting Enders and his men. Enormous clouds of dust and debris are jettisoned in all directions.

Panicked soldiers attempt to regroup and get to their feet, only to be greeted by

another SKIPPING CANNONBALL

which RAMPS up and off the diminished earthwork into a nearby tree and RICOCHETS back into the sea of screaming soldiers.

One UNLUCKY CONFEDERATE stands directly in front of the ball as it shoots back into the trench.

The ball PULVERIZES his face with a SICKENING THUD, tearing what remains of his head from his shoulders.

His headless body hits the ground. Blood gushes from a stump at the base of the neck. Parts of his spine are visible.

The cannonball finally rolls to a stop, its dimpled surface splattered with blood and dotted with chunks of flesh.

Frightened soldiers SHRIEK in terror as another DEADLY SPHERE narrowly misses the trench, instead STEAM ROLLING an entire row of saplings and SMASHING into the base of a thick tree.

A RED HAired SOLDIER drops to his knees and PRAYS.

Enders bravely rises to his feet and dusts off his uniform.

A DEEP RESONATING BLAST suddenly rocks the crackling forest, followed by a LOW WHISTLING SOUND.

It comes closer, GROWS LOUDER... then...

AN EAR-SPLITTING EXPLOSION is heard as a UNION ARTILLERY SHELL detonates directly in front of the entrenched men.

FLAMING PIECES OF METAL SHRAPNEL shoot in every direction.

MOLTEN METAL slashes across the neck of a BEARDED SOLDIER.

Another LETHAL PROJECTILE claims the leg of a PIMPLE-FACED PRIVATE. He SCREAMS in agony and collapses.

Holding his ground, Captain Enders scans the outlying woods while ARTILLERY SHELLS continue to BOMBARD their position.

He turns and shouts out orders.

ENDERS

Boys, they've got us pinned! Fall
back at once to higher ground!

He points across a ravine towards a rise in the woods.

ENDERS

Only way out is up that hill! GO!
GO NOW! MOVE! MOVE!

Gladly following orders, a dirty gray river of able-bodied men STREAMS past Enders as they leave the earthwork.

Captain Enders is about to follow suit but stops in his tracks when he notices a WOUNDED SOLDIER crawling across the muddied, blood stained trench.

A hail of cannon fire SCREAMS overhead.

The stalwart captain grabs the distressed soldier and drags him over the mangled remains of a fallen comrade.

The soldier GROANS in pain.

With a tremendous GRUNT, Enders hoists the injured man onto his broad shoulders and heads for the rise in the woods.

The REPORTS of artillery fire gradually cease. The forest grows DEADLY QUIET.

Enders instinctively glances over his shoulder. He sees distant SHADES OF BLUE pushing through the woods behind him.

His face washes over with fear.

EXT. WOODS LEADING TO CONFEDERATE TRENCHES-DAY

Several hundred UNION INFANTRY advance through the forest.

They weave through the smoldering timberland and ruined earth with weapons ready.

EXT. CLEARING ABOVE WOODS-DAY

Enders' REMAINING MEN tumble up over the hill onto a large, grassy clearing in the middle of the vast forest.

It is clear that the rear of the Confederate line has not escaped the fury of the cannon balls and explosive shells.

The expanse is littered with TWISTED CORPSES, DEAD HORSES, and destroyed PUP TENTS.

An overturned AMBULANCE WAGON sits engulfed in flames.

Close to 150 CONFEDERATE REGULARS remain upright, but they are loosely assembled and visibly shaken.

Several PANICKED MEN peel off and retreat to safer ground.

RAGTAG CONFEDERATES stream onto the field from the surrounding woods.

RIFLE FIRE begins to POP and CRACKLE in the woods below.

CENTER OF CLEARING

Confederate BRIGADIER GENERAL BYRON WATTS surveys the nightmarish scene atop his trusted battle horse. He is somewhere in his forties, attired in a dark grey uniform with bright brass buttons. His face is angular and handsome, but his eyes are sad and lusterless.

He sways a bit in his saddle, then reaches down to examine a nasty SHRAPNEL WOUND in his lower abdomen.

Blood stains his fingers.

He winces in pain and reaches into his holster to retrieve his REVOLVER. He turns and glances behind him, as DESERTERS OF WAR streak past toward safety, then forward, to the SOUNDS OF WAR approaching from the woods below.

After pausing momentarily, he steadies himself on his horse and GALLOPS full charge ahead toward his remaining forces.

He barks out orders to DISORGANIZED SOLDIERS in a raspy yet commanding voice.

WATTS

You there! Line up the nearest ridge and take positions at once!

Most of the soldiers reverse their course and head to the ridge to defend against the coming attack.

A PANICKED CONFEDERATE continues to flee across the field.

Watts points his revolver at the fugitive and FIRES.

The soldier collapses to the lush grass in a lifeless heap.

With few options, the remaining Confederates rush to the ridgeline and form ranks.

Watts turns the reins on his mare and trots across the field to Enders' troops. Their faces tighten with anxiety.

WATTS

What command are you men under?
Where did you wander from? Speak!

A LOUD YELL is heard just beyond the ridge line.

EDGE OF CLEARING

Enders rises heroically up over the hilltop with the wounded soldier still draped over his shoulders. He lays the soldier to the grassy floor, then cups his hands around his mouth and shouts to his men and the general.

ENDERS

They're storming this side of the ridge! WE'RE BEING FLANKED!

The general quickly rides back across the field and discharges his revolver into the sky.

WATTS

Move at once! Form a line on the other side of this field! GO NOW!

Men remove themselves from their positions and make a mad dash to the other side of the clearing. Watts shouts out encouragement as they rush past him.

WATTS

Know that my eyes are upon you today! My brothers-in-arms!

SMALL ARMS FIRE fills the air.

The CACOPHONY OF WAR grows more furious.

Enders rushes over to the general. He screams above the DIN of advancing Union troops.

ENDERS

GENERAL! GENERAL WATTS! Can no one look to this soldier?

The general ignores the muscular captain, instead shouting out to the men forming on the other side of the field.

WATTS

I want forty dead men from each of your cartridge boxes! Rain fire upon them!

SOLDIERS CHEER OUT and lift up their slouch hats as they pass their commanding general. Watts staggers a bit in his mount from his injury.

General Watts turns his attention to Captain Enders and his small band of men. He examines them from his saddle.

Suddenly, a flash of insight blazes across his reddened eyes. Hope has returned to him.

Watts dismounts from his horse with surprising agility, and SLAPS it on the rear. The startled mare shoots off across the green divide. He starts reloading his pistol and turns to face Captain Enders.

WATTS

Captain Enders, I have chosen to defend this clearing with my men. If we can hold this ridge, then you will be afforded the time you need. We may have a chance, after all.

Not understanding, Enders steps closer to the general. A thin trickle of blood oozes from Watts' mouth.

ENDERS

And what of General Longstreet? The first corps has not arrived?

Watts finishes loading his pistol and snaps the chamber into place.

WATTS

He has not come, and Grant will not cease until every one of us is under foot. You will follow these instructions to the letter. They come directly from the War Department. I can no longer comply.

Enders is confused by the general's ramblings.

A ROW OF CONFEDERATES unleashes a DEAFENING VOLLEY OF GUNFIRE down into the woods below.

Unseen FEDERALS answer with a ferocious return of firepower.

MINIE BALLS BUZZ OVERHEAD like swarms of hornets.

All that is audible are the MADDENING SOUNDS OF WAR.

Watts pulls Enders close to him and whispers.

Enders' eyes widen as Watts fills his ears with information.

Watts reaches into the breast of his uniform and pulls out a

WEATHERED LEATHER BINDER.

He hands it over to Enders, who carefully secures it in his coat pocket and sprints over to his men.

ENDERS

Orders have changed. Prepare to evacuate these woods at once! We head to Andersonville!

Enders and his men rush across the verdant plain and disappear from the field of battle.

General Byron Watts watches for a moment as they dash away.

He summons a deep breath, raises his revolver, and rushes into the thin line of brave souls defending the clearing.

EXT. OPEN FIELD-DAY

The grassy, green field is flooded by a sea of blue as THOUSANDS of UNION TROOPS sweep across the tree line into the smoke-filled wilderness.

EXT. PLANK ROAD-DAY

FEDERAL ARTILLERY UNITS, drawn by horseback, travel down the dusty trail known as Plank Road for repositioning.

Dust drifts up into the crimson sky as the battle rages on.

EXT. PLANK ROAD-VIRGINIA-DAY-PRESENT DAY

A shiny Sports Utility Vehicle WHIZZES down Plank Road, now a cement covered ribbon of Interstate 3.

INT. CAR-MOVING-DAY

ANNA SLOANE, in her mid-twenties, sits in the driver's seat.

She has long blonde hair and even, almost noble, features. She is dressed in an attractive designer top.

A CLASSIC FOLK SONG plays on the radio.

Anna moves her head to the rhythm of the music.

Sitting next to her is MORGAN LINN, in her early twenties, of Asian-American descent. She is stunning, with silky black hair and a smooth, flawless complexion.

Her attire is less pricey than Anna's, but her short nylon shorts and tight tank top reveal long, muscular legs and a lithe runner's frame.

She taps her fingers along the window sill to the music.

MORGAN

Oh my God, I know this song! Turn it up, Anna.

Anna adjusts the VOLUME.

SPENCER GREENLEAF, in his late twenties, throws his hands over his ears and drives his fist into his thigh.

He has a thick crop of bushy brown hair and a pronounced jaw line. A slight pot belly is starting to take shape from years of partying.

SPENCER

Jesus Christ, Sloane, would you turn that hippie crap off?

Morgan, Spencer's girlfriend of six months, throws Anna a devilish grin and CRANKS up the MUSIC.

SPENCER

I'm serious, Morgan! My head is pounding!

Spencer childishly punches the back of Morgan's seat.

Behind Anna in the back seat is THOMAS GREENLEAF. His face beams as he watches his older brother embarrass himself.

Thomas is half a head taller than his brother, with long, near-black hair and well-manicured sideburns. He looks like a model from a preppy mail order catalog.

Crammed in the middle of the back seat is DUSTIN HOLBROOK. He is small in stature, with an unkempt mop of curly brown hair. Also in his mid-twenties, Dustin is attired in an oversized blazer and white button down shirt.

Uninterested in the squabbling among his friends, he picks up a TATTERED SATCHEL at his side and looks under the flap.

Thomas leans over and snatches a wrinkled road map at his feet. He unfolds it and studies it briefly.

THOMAS

I think we're close.

Anna quickly lowers the VOLUME of the radio and looks into the rear view mirror at Thomas, her long-term boyfriend.

ANNA

What's that?

THOMAS

I think we're almost there. Isn't it up here on 20?

Spencer SNORTS loudly.

SPENCER

About fucking time. How about you play something from this century?

ANNA

Yeah, we turn left when we hit 20, and it's a few miles past the exhibit shelter. The place should be right outside of the park grounds.

She cocks her head in Spencer's direction.

ANNA

Hey, Spence? Just because something's old doesn't make it lame. Besides, after last night's little performance, you deserve the aggravation.

SPENCER

For what? What the hell did I do?

ANNA

Let's not get started on this again.

Spencer forces a CHUCKLE and leans forward in his seat.

SPENCER

Started with me? Sloane, you'd be going on this little adventure all by yourself if I wasn't here.

He begins to mimic her.

SPENCER

Hey, guys, let's drive hundreds of miles and check out these battlefields. You know, the ones that all look the same with the same road signs and the same endless stretches of boring woods and the same, endless boring lectures about how many rifles this guy gave to that guy.

Anna rolls her eyes. Spencer doesn't let up.

SPENCER

And then, when we finally try to do something halfway cool and check out that one dude's severed arm, what did we see? That's right. Just another boring tombstone. Great life you've picked out for yourself, Sloane. I mean, shit! So what if I had a few drinks to pass the time? Sue me.

ANNA

A few drinks? Spencer, you carry a monogrammed flask! It never leaves your side! I'm sorry you think a career in history is worthless, but it's what I chose to do. You should have stayed home!

SPENCER

Easy to choose when Daddy pays the bills. Besides, lots of guys carry flasks. It was big in the forties.

ANNA

Actually, it was the twenties. Prohibition, remember?

Dustin reaches into his bag and retrieves a handful of CIVIL WAR ARTIFACTS.

In his palm are some MUSKET BALLS, MINIE BALLS, and a few COINS from the period.

He holds one item up for inspection. It is a MINIE BALL with the inscription R.I.P. clumsily scratched onto its surface.

DUSTIN

She's right, Spence. Trust me.

Spencer gives up and deflates back into his seat.

SPENCER

Whatever.

Dustin takes the hollowed out bullet and presses it lightly against his temple.

DUSTIN

Hey Tom, imagine what this minie ball could do to your skull! And check this out! Some sick fuck actually carved "rest in peace" into the side. See? Awesome.

He hands the grooved ammunition to Thomas, who rubs the object between his fingers.

DUSTIN

Don't fondle it, just look at it. You're costing me money.

Anna frowns and shakes her head.

Dustin notices her look of disapproval.

DUSTIN

I didn't come here for a romantic getaway like you guys.

(MORE)

DUSTIN (cont'd)
 You know I'm a businessman.
 Besides, you know how much this
 stuff sells for on e-bay? I'm
 gonna make a killing off these
 rubes.

Anna can't resist engaging him.

ANNA
 So you're saying you steal all
 these things from historic
 battlefields, then turn around and
 sell them for huge profits?

Dustin shrugs his shoulders.

DUSTIN
 I wouldn't say huge. And I only
 charge a modest percentage for my
 pain and suffering. You know, the
 exertion in digging these things
 up. Not to mention my overhead for
 shovels, flashlights, metal
 detectors --

ANNA
 Tell me you didn't bring a metal
 detector.

DUSTIN
 Sales only, Anna.

Anna sighs deeply, then refocuses on the road.

EXT. INTERSTATE-DAY-LATER

The SUV speeds down Interstate 20.

Lining each side of the roadway are stretches of seemingly
 ENDLESS WILDERNESS, populated with tall sinewy trees and
 abundant shrubbery.

An occasional expanse of lush green pasture divides the
 rolling layers of timberland.

EXT. ROAD TO LONGSTREET INN AND TAVERN-DUSK-LATER

Nightfall approaches as shadows begin their retreat across
 the Virginia landscape.

Anna's SUV makes an abrupt turn off of the interstate onto a
 WINDING DUSTY ROAD. The vehicle twists and turns down the
 narrow path, kicking up clouds of dust in its wake.

Looming in the background is the LONGSTREET INN AND TAVERN.

An opulent mansion in the mid-nineteenth century, the Longstreet Inn is now a time-worn bed and breakfast.

Dual chimneys rising from the inn's roof have lost some mortar and several bricks, and its once sparkling exterior has been marred by peeled paint and missing fixtures.

INT. CAR-DUSK-MOMENTS LATER

Anna throws the car into park, savoring a satisfying stretch.

The other occupants of the SUV squirm in their seats.

Dustin and Spencer gaze out the window at the dilapidated structure, not exactly thrilled with the accommodations.

SPENCER

I'm gonna guess that the pool isn't heated.

ANNA

Nice, Spencer.

Morgan turns to face her boyfriend. A thought occurs.

MORGAN

C'mon, Spence! It reminds me of one of those old romantic movies. Think of all the fun we'll have!

Dustin's face twists into a grimace.

DUSTIN

Make sure my room is nowhere near you two. I hear you moan once, dude, and I am out of here.

Anna and Thomas chuckle.

INT. LOBBY-DUSK-LATER

Anna and her friends enter through antique wooden doors. The inn's lobby is packed with groups of CIVIL WAR RE-ENACTORS, all dressed in period clothing, either milling about or waiting in line to register at the front desk.

The walls are plastered with CIVIL WAR MEMORABILIA, mostly replicas of old daguerreotypes taken of soldiers who posed for pictures before marching off to battle.

A visible layer of dust clings to the pictures.

CALDWELL POLK, owner and proprietor, smiles kindly as he greets the numerous re-enactors stepping up to the front desk. Polk is somewhere in his sixties, with sparkling eyes and a bright white beard.

Lining the walls leading up to the front desk are open air DISPLAY TABLES, loaded with CIVIL WAR COLLECTIBLES.

Dustin immediately notices the items and rushes over to one of the tables for inspection.

Anna and Thomas step up and get a place in line. Spencer and Morgan gaze at the dozens of pictures on the walls.

Anna tugs at her boyfriend while they wait to check in. He leans in close to her.

ANNA
So, was he right?

Thomas' face washes over with confusion.

THOMAS
Was who right?

ANNA
Spencer. About no one coming if it weren't for him.

Thomas grows a bit uncomfortable by her line of questioning.

THOMAS
C'mon, Anna, haven't we had this talk already? You know how he gets when he's hung over. Besides, why is it so important? I'm here, right?

ANNA
I want you to want to be here. Besides, I thought it would be a good way for us to, you know, reconnect. Try and get back to where we were.

Thomas comes closer and gently caresses her shoulder.

THOMAS
I'm glad I'm here, Anna. Really. We're all just tired. That's all.

ANNA
It has been a long drive.

She switches the subject.

ANNA
So, I heard the last time they did this here over five thousand people showed up.

Thomas studies a BEARDED UNION RE-ENACTOR, proudly showing off his belt buckle to another "soldier".

THOMAS

They are devoted, I must say.

Spencer and Morgan, having overheard a bit of their conversation, step up beside them and join the line.

SPENCER

If you ask me, these dudes are a bunch of over-weight, middle-aged men who need a reason to ditch their wives and get drunk all weekend.

Morgan giggles and pokes Spence in his beer belly.

SPENCER

Baby, please! I've been doing crunches for two weeks now. This little bit of flab will melt off any day. We Greenleafs are all blessed with a great metabolism.

Morgan grabs Spencer's waist and pulls him close.

MORGAN

C'mon, baby. Let's look around.

Spencer nods, and they drift out of the lobby.

Anna and Thomas step up to the front desk. Caldwell Polk saunters over and slaps his hand on the dusty counter.

CALDWELL

Caldwell Polk, at your service. Welcome to the Longstreet. Do we have a reservation at the inn, or are you renting out on the field?

ANNA

Reservations, please. We should have three rooms for the weekend. Last name is Sloane.

Polk pulls out a reservation book and leafs through the stack of pages. He presses his thumb down on one of the entries.

CALDWELL

Ah, yes, Miss Anna Sloane. I remember talking to you on the phone. The grad students, right?

ANNA

Well, two of us are. I thought the rest could use the history lesson.

Polk chuckles.

CALDWELL

All the way from Ohio, huh? I've got a grandson that plays for a rock band in Cleveland. God awfulest music you'd ever hear.

Thomas watches as Dustin hovers over one of the tables nearby that is filled with Civil War collectibles.

Dustin grabs a pair of GOLD-RIMMED SPECTACLES off of a small stand and tries them on. He removes the eyeglasses and proceeds to comb through the other artifacts on the table.

THOMAS

What the hell is he doing?

A large, handwritten sign posted on the wall reads: "PLEASE DO NOT TOUCH THE MEMORABILIA".

Caldwell Polk grabs a pencil off the desk and scribbles an amount down on a piece of paper. He slides it over to Anna.

CALDWELL

Total's on the bottom.

Anna pulls out a platinum Amex and hands it over.

Polk reaches underneath his antiquated counter and retrieves an old manual credit card imprinter. He processes the card and hands Anna her carbon copy. He throws her a toothy grin.

CALDWELL

You're going to love the Longstreet Suite, Ms. Sloane. It's up on the second floor. Best room in the house! And for our other honored couple, we have the Stonewall Jackson Deluxe. A true marvel, that one is. The third one's right across the hall on the first floor.

Dustin continues to rifle excitedly through the objects covering the display table.

He notices a CANNONBALL sitting prominently behind a small display card. It reads: "TWELVE POUND SOLID SHOT". He grabs the ball and hefts it up and down in his hands.

A ROUGH-LOOKING RE-ENACTOR notices Dustin playing with the ball. He steps forward.

ROUGH RE-ENACTOR

What do you think you're doing?

Dustin turns and faces the unsavory looking fellow.

DUSTIN
Uh, waiting to check in. Just like
everyone else here.

The man points up at the sign and then pokes Dustin's chest.

ROUGH RE-ENACTOR
Can't you read, boy? Sign says
don't touch the artifacts!

Dustin stiffens and drops the ball back onto the table.

DUSTIN
Look, man. Relax. I'm not hurting
anything. I know what I'm doing.
Hey, here's an idea. Why don't you
run along and go bother someone
else for a while? Great. Thanks.

The re-enactor steps close to Dustin and shoves him roughly
up against the wall. Dustin's eyes widen.

ROUGH RE-ENACTOR
You need to learn some respect.

DUSTIN
Look, I'm sorry! Don't get crazy!

Thomas notices the scuffle and rushes over. He places a
strong hand on the rough re-enactor's shoulder.

THOMAS
He said he was sorry. Leave him
alone.

The re-enactor shrugs his hand off and looks Thomas up and
down. He laughs derisively.

ROUGH RE-ENACTOR
What the hell you gonna do about
it, pretty boy?

Thomas boldly steps up into his face.

THOMAS
Push him again and find out.

Caldwell scurries out from around the counter and throws his
hands up. Anna runs over and grabs Thomas by the elbow.

CALDWELL
You two, either simmer down or show
yourselves the door!

The re-enactor takes a few steps back. He glares menacingly
at Thomas and Dustin.

ROUGH RE-ENACTOR
You boys best watch yourselves.

THOMAS
Whatever. Get lost.

The craggy-faced re-enactor spits on the floor and turns to leave through the lobby doors.

Dustin takes a relaxed breath, his face still white from the encounter.

DUSTIN
Thanks, Tom. Really.

THOMAS
Don't mention it.

Spencer and Morgan, unaware of the situation, stroll back into the lobby and join their friends.

MORGAN
Dustin, you OK? Looks like you just saw a ghost!

SPENCER
How can you tell? Dusty's the whitest guy I know!

Thomas laughs.

THOMAS
No worries, guys. Just some redneck giving Dustin a hard time. I took care of it.

SPENCER
Good to hear, but I've got even better news. I've located the bar.

Caldwell slaps his hands together and smiles.

CALDWELL
That would be Poague's Pub. But you better hurry. Happy hour's over in ten minutes.

Spence turns to face his friends.

SPENCER
You heard the man, time is of the essence.

ANNA
I thought you were hung over.

SPENCER
That's before I knew it was happy
hour!

Morgan steps forward.

MORGAN
Well I'm not going anywhere until
I've had a bath.

Spencer addresses the whole group.

SPENCER
OK, my friends, get yourselves
situated, and I will procure some
pitchers for the table.

The group nods their heads in amusement before splitting up.

Anna and Thomas wind up a rickety, spiral staircase, while
the rest file down the hall toward their accommodations.

INT. POAGUE'S PUB-NIGHT-LATER

Five MUGS OF BEER CLINK together across a hokey, wooden,
wagon wheel table.

EVERYONE AT TABLE (O.S.)
CHEERS!

Anna, Thomas, Spencer, Dustin and Morgan tilt their glasses
bottoms up and take a swig.

In front of them on the table are several EMPTY PITCHERS and
a stack of SHOT GLASSES.

The tavern surrounding them is dimly-lit, with a bar lining
one wall. A mirror behind the bar is accented with the
DARKENED SILHOUETTES of two LARGE CANNONS.

More OLD FRAMED PICTURES fill one of the far walls.

About twenty DRINKING RE-ENACTORS stand in the corners, sit
on tables, or line up alongside the bar.

A COCKTAIL WAITRESS, dressed in period clothing, walks over.

COCKTAIL WAITRESS
You doing alright? More pitchers?

Anna waves her hand in front of her face. Her head sways a
bit from the effects of alcohol. A half-full mug of beer
sits in front of her.

ANNA
I'm OK. How about you guys?

Morgan sets down her beer mug and gazes up at the server.

MORGAN

Maybe one more. But I'm in the mood for something sweeter. You know, kind of a girl's drink.

COCKTAIL WAITRESS

Hmm. Well, we do feature some specialty drinks. There's the Longstreet Tea, or the Vicksburg Lemonade. Oh yeah, and you'd probably like our Shiloh Sours.

MORGAN

What's in that?

COCKTAIL WAITRESS

Amaretto and sour mix.

Spencer rolls his eyes.

SPENCER

Real original recipe.

MORGAN

Sounds good. I'll take one.

The cocktail waitress scribbles down the request on her pad.

COCKTAIL WAITRESS

Anyone else?

Thomas raises a hand.

THOMAS

Another pint. Then the check, please.

Spencer adds his order.

SPENCER

Make that three. How about you, Dusty? One more might be a record!

Dustin shakes his head.

DUSTIN

No, thanks. I'm going to take a look around. I need to walk.

Dustin slowly gets up from the table and stumbles over to one of the tavern walls.

BAR WALL

Dustin examines some FRAMED PICTURES hanging on the bar wall in front of him.

He leans close to one of the photos, his eyes half-shut from over-indulgence. The picture is a sepia-colored shot of a WOODED AREA strewn with DEAD SOLDIERS piled on top of one another. He runs his finger over the photo's glass.

Beneath that are more GRUESOME PHOTOGRAPHS.

TWISTED CORPSES, their eyes wide-open.

EMACIATED AMPUTEES, leaning on crutches.

Dustin staggers backwards. He lifts his head and stares up at the wall again. A sign hanging overhead reads "REMEMBER".

AT THE TABLE

Spencer hoists a foamy brew into the air.

SPENCER

A toast.

MORGAN

Honey, I think this is the third one tonight.

SPENCER

But this one, this one is the most important. This one's for Sloane.

Anna snaps her head up from its relaxed position.

ANNA

Oh no, here it comes.

Spencer lifts himself from his seat.

SPENCER

To Sloane, for always reminding me of my many faults. For always winning every argument I've ever had with her. For placing several AA pamphlets on my bed when me and Tommy got home from Vegas last year. I know that was you, Sloane.

Anna rolls her eyes. Thomas shrugs his shoulders.

SPENCER

Wait, wait. I'm not done! For bringing all of her friends to some hole in the wall, in Shitsville U.S.A., we never would have thought of coming to in a million years! And, Sloane, I can only say one thing. Thanks. This place isn't half bad.

Anna cracks a smile. Thomas and Morgan lift their glasses. Thomas plants a kiss on his girlfriend's cheek.

THOMAS

To you.

Anna raises her glass in appreciation.

ANNA

Thanks, guys.

Dustin shuffles over to the table and collapses into his chair.

DUSTIN

The walls are covered with dead people. I'm going to bed.

The group breaks out into laughter.

INT. STONEWALL JACKSON DELUXE ROOM-NIGHT-LATER

Like most of the other spaces at the Longstreet Inn, the Stonewall Jackson Deluxe is decorated with a multitude of pictures from the Civil War Era.

Morgan relaxes on a fluffy, king-sized bed. Spencer is stretched out alongside her.

He leans over. They start kissing.

A large hand-painted portrait of General Thomas "Stonewall" Jackson hangs directly over the bed.

Spencer looks up and notices the picture.

The famous general looks down at him. His eyes are dark, piercing. Disapproving.

Spencer is distracted. Morgan grabs his chin.

MORGAN

What's the matter?

SPENCER

That old dude in the painting is totally creeping me out. Sorry.

Morgan smiles and pounces on top of him. She leans down and seductively kisses his face.

MORGAN
 Poor baby! Maybe this will help
 your concentration.

She pulls off her top to reveal two perfectly shaped breasts.

Spencer springs into action, grabbing her by the waist and rolling her beneath him. He kisses her passionately.

EXT. BALCONY-GENERAL LONGSTREET SUITE-NIGHT

Anna stands alone on a balcony which overlooks the back of the inn's property.

Her silhouette is visible in the yellow moonlight above a massive field salted with hundreds of GHOST WHITE PUP TENTS.

A gentle breeze blows across the plain, sending a silent ripple of white canvas across the recreation field.

A stretch of EMPTY BLEACHERS sit at the end of the expanse.

Anna shivers.

TWO ARMS emerge out of the darkness behind her and...

fold around her chest. She is startled for a moment, then looks up to see

THOMAS, smiling behind her. She sinks into his warm embrace.

THOMAS
 Did I scare you?

ANNA
 A little. But I'm OK now.

Anna clasps hands with Thomas.

ANNA
 I don't know what it is, but this place couldn't be further away from back home. It's like we've found something everyone's forgotten. That's probably why they all come here. To remember a lost past.

THOMAS
 People dwell on the past.

ANNA
 Maybe, they do.

She rotates in his arms. Thomas looks deep into Anna's eyes. She is struck with a sudden realization.

ANNA
OK, maybe I do.

THOMAS
The future isn't so scary.

Thomas kisses Anna's cheek sweetly.

A sly smile crosses her face.

ANNA
Which reminds me! You, sir, have a busy day ahead of you!

Thomas is confused.

THOMAS
I don't like the sound of that!
What are you up to?

ANNA
It's a surprise. Besides, I thought the future didn't scare you?

THOMAS
Not tonight it doesn't. Come here.

Thomas grabs Anna by the hand and leads her back inside.

EXT. ROW OF MERCHANT TENTS-DAY-NEXT DAY

A long row of white MERCHANT'S TENTS line one edge of the colossal grassy plain located behind the inn.

Towering behind them are tall, twisted trees and the beginnings of an abundant forest which surrounds the field.

Hundreds of TOURISTS and RE-ENACTORS trace their way down a grassy path which runs in front of the tents.

FAMILIES laugh together as they walk towards a large set of BLEACHERS looming off in the background.

RE-ENACTORS chit-chat as they inspect their rifles or adjust their uniforms. The mood is festive.

SHOPKEEPERS standing outside of their encampments show off their wares or HOLLER catchy slogans at potential customers.

At the edge of the grassy path a banner reads: "WELCOME TO ROBBER'S ROW".

One of the merchant tents has a hand-painted sign which reads: "GENUINE WALTHAM POCKET WATCHES".

Several groups of ONLOOKERS gather around a large tent with a sign which reads: "UNIFORMS AND RIFLES FOR SALE OR RENT".

In the midst of the crowd, Anna and Dustin pace back and forth outside of the tent hocking uniforms and weapons.

Anna is impeccably dressed in a trendy skirt and top.

Dustin is wearing the same outfit he had on the day before, an oversized blazer and button down.

DUSTIN

What's he doing in there?

ANNA

It has been a while.

Thomas, red-faced, pokes his head out of the tent.

THOMAS

You've got to be kidding, Anna.

Dustin removes a digital camera from his worn satchel.

DUSTIN

It's show time.

Thomas slowly exits the tent, dressed in a full CONFEDERATE UNIFORM. He clutches a shiny, Enfield replica rifle.

A large BELT BUCKLE fixed prominently on his midsection reads: "C.S.A."

Dustin SNAPS some pictures, loving every minute of it.

Anna's eyes sparkle mischievously.

TWO SALESPEOPLE pop out of the canvas shelter behind Thomas and attempt to make some last minute adjustments to properly fit his stretched frame.

One vendor hands Thomas a FELT CAP commonly worn by southern soldiers. He puts it on and smiles sheepishly.

Anna hands her credit card to the other shopkeeper, who retreats into the tent to process the transaction.

Morgan and Spencer, hand in hand, stroll over to the tent. Spencer removes his personal flask from his pocket and nips at it. Morgan nibbles on a puffy ball of pink, cotton candy.

SPENCER

Holy shit, bro, you must of fucked up something awful to deserve this. You look like a gay Mountie.

Morgan looks Thomas over.

MORGAN

I don't know, Spence, I think he looks hot.

SPENCER

Yeah, flaming.

Anna steps up to her gallant soldier and links her arm with his. She does her best southern drawl.

ANNA

You look dashing. My hero!

She leads Thomas over to a full-length fitting mirror propped up outside of the tent. He surveys his appearance and hangs his head low.

The sales person returns with Anna's credit card. She signs the invoice and slides her card into a skirt pocket.

Thomas removes his cap and sets it on Anna's head. She looks adorable in the over-sized head piece.

THOMAS

So, how much did you waste on this getup, anyway?

Anna smiles and snugly places the hat back atop Thomas' head.

ANNA

Whatever it was, it was worth it.

THOMAS

So, what's next? I guess I'm stuck in this monkey suit all day.

ANNA

We need to find you a unit.

THOMAS

A what?

ANNA

I sort of registered you this morning. Unattached soldiers have to find a unit. I'm sure one of these guys will take you on.

Spencer takes a stiff belt from his flask and rolls over.

SPENCER

Say no more. You have a recruiter.

He throws an arm around his younger brother and SHOUTS out into the sea of humanity.

SPENCER

Ladies and Gentlemen! We have a fine young man, Thomas Greenleaf, desperately in need of a unit. This man has no unit. I repeat, Thomas Greenleaf is lacking a unit!

A group of CONFEDERATE RE-ENACTORS take notice and laugh.

Thomas punches his brother in the shoulder.

THOMAS

Asshole.

Anna runs ahead of the sparring brothers.

ANNA

Oh, I almost forgot!

She reaches into her skirt pocket and retrieves a SILVER LOCKET. She steps close to Thomas and places it in his hand.

ANNA

I picked it up over at one of the novelty tents. I hope you like it.

Thomas flips the lid open. Set inside is a sepia-toned photo of Anna dressed in period clothing. He smiles warmly.

Spencer slides in between them and glances down at the photo. He erupts with laughter.

SPENCER

Jesus Christ, Sloane, I knew you were an egghead, but this is, without a doubt, the dorkiest thing you've ever done!

Thomas throws his brother a sour glance.

THOMAS

Lay off, Spence. I think it's great.

Spencer snickers, unconvinced.

SPENCER

Whatever you say, man.

Thomas steps close to Anna and delivers a sweet kiss.

Anna takes the locket from his hand and securely tucks it down into the front pocket of his uniform. Thomas smiles.

EXT. EDGE OF RE-ENACTMENT FIELD-DAY

The friends arrive at the end of the large grassy field.

Towering behind them, the once empty bleachers are quickly filling with EAGER SPECTATORS.

DRILLING RE-ENACTORS march across the field and prepare for the coming "battle".

MEN ON HORSEBACK gallop majestically across the green divide.

One MOUNTED FIGURE peels off from the others and gallops over towards Anna and Thomas.

As he gets closer, it becomes clear the rider is Caldwell Polk. He is regally attired in a general's uniform. His once, bright white beard is now dyed brown.

He dismounts from his mare and trots over to the group.

CALDWELL

Well, hello there my friends from Ohio! Glad you could make it to the show today!

Anna steps forward and shakes the elderly man's hand.

ANNA

How are you today, Mr. Polk?

CALDWELL

For the next hour I will be playing the part of General James Longstreet. I will ride up in the nick of time, and the first corps will save Lee's army from total ruin! IT WILL BE MAGNIFICENT!

Anna gleefully pushes Thomas forward.

ANNA

Any way we can get this soldier some action?

Caldwell sternly looks Thomas over.

CALDWELL

A fine shade of gray you're wearing there, Private. As a matter of fact, I did hear a bit of rumbling about needing another man out on the field.

Polk places his fingers between his lips and WHISTLES.

FOUR GREY FIGURES stand together in the center of the grassy plain. They cock their heads and begin the trek over.

The men grow more visible as they get closer. They are attired in filthy Confederate grey uniforms with slouched hats pulled low over their eyes.

In stark contrast to the bulk of re-enactors, these men are extremely thin in build.

Anna watches them as they approach.

ANNA

Wow. These guys are something else.

CALDWELL

Most God-damned, hard core group of re-enactors I've seen since we were allowed to do these events on National Park land. Look how dirty they got their uniforms? No one makes the effort anymore. A shame.

Caldwell waves over to the soldiers. They wave back.

CALDWELL

While we were drilling on the field, they mentioned one of theirs didn't show today. I saw you standing there all dressed up and pretty, so I rode over.

Thomas casts Caldwell an uncomfortable smile.

CALDWELL

The girls, I meant. You were the second thing I thought of.

Caldwell winks at Morgan. She waves "hello".

The DIRTY RE-ENACTORS arrive at the edge of the field.

One of the four men lifts up his hat and throws the group a crooked smile.

His face is gaunt. A large, PURPLISH BRUISE fills one of his sunken cheeks. His eyes are crystal blue.

The other three men are not as noticeable, their faces shrouded by their lowered hats.

The bruised re-enactor studies Morgan for a moment. He looks her up and down before turning his attention to Thomas.

BRUISED RE-ENACTOR

Yeah, he'll do. Just come along with us, and we'll show you everything you need to do. It'll be easy as pie.

THOMAS

Cool. Uh, sounds great.

Thomas smiles and shakes the re-enactor's hand.

Anna steps in between them and gives Thomas a big hug.

ANNA
I'll be watching you, baby. Have
fun out there!

Thomas kisses her gently on the forehead and joins the re-enactors on the field of battle.

EXT. BLEACHER SEATS OVERLOOKING BATTLEFIELD-DAY-LATER

Anna takes a nibble of a hot dog as she sits in a crowded row of bleachers looking down onto the large re-enactment field.

Spectators CLAP LOUDLY as a MILITARY BAND marches across the grassy field. A PATRIOTIC MELODY floats up to the bleachers.

Spencer takes another swig from his cherished hip flask.

Morgan rests her head on his shoulder.

Dustin chats with a FEMALE SPECTATOR. He reaches into his satchel of memorabilia and pulls out some HISTORIC COINS. He shows her one of the pieces. She waves him away and points down to the field of battle, not to be distracted.

A long column of UNION RE-ENACTORS begin to form an enormous line stretching across the lush field.

AMERICAN FLAGS carried by COLOR BEARERS flutter in a gentle breeze that blows over the rolling, green expanse.

The DRUMMER CORPS POUND their snares as the soldiers load their rifled muskets, heightening the drama of the moment.

At the other end of the field, CONFEDERATE RE-ENACTORS appear vastly outnumbered and look disorganized.

A crew of CONFEDERATE CANNONEERS position themselves behind an ominous looking row of artillery.

RETREATING CONFEDERATES stream past them.

Anna excitedly points at a far-away group of re-enactors.

One FIGURE stands out in a spick-and-span gray uniform.

ANNA
There he is! Look!

Morgan and Spence smile as they pick out Thomas from the hundreds of soldiers massing on the battlefield.

He attempts to stay in sync with a group of fellow rebels.

The cannoneers successfully load their equipment.

KABOOM!

Multiple cannons erupt with FLASHES OF ORANGE.

Awestruck spectators APPLAUD and WHISTLE.

Morgan looks down to the row in front of her. A FRIGHTENED LITTLE GIRL cups her ears from the blasts.

Morgan taps her shoulder and gives her a reassuring smile.

The girl removes one of her hands and gazes up at Morgan, who tenderly leans over to her.

MORGAN

It's OK, honey. It's only make-believe. Like the Fourth of July!

The anxious child relaxes and pulls her hands from her ears.

The line of Union troops respond with their first volley.

RAT-A-TAT-TAT!

White smoke rises cleanly from a neat row of UNION RIFLES.

RANDOM SOLDIERS dramatically clutch their chests and drop to the ground. They writhe on the grass in simulated agony.

CONFEDERATE CANNONS launch another "deadly" round.

Several UNION REGULARS collapse.

Anna studies the troop movements, savoring every over-dramatized second. She turns to her buddies.

ANNA

They really have this right! This was the middle of the second day of the Battle of the Wilderness. Did you know it was the sixth bloodiest battle of the entire war?

Dustin leans over to chime in.

DUSTIN

Exactly. There were like 25,000 casualties in two days.

Anna points out onto the field.

ANNA

See, look. All of the Confederates are in trouble because they're waiting for General Longstreet to arrive. But he was late.

(MORE)

ANNA (cont'd)

If it wasn't for William Poague's
cannons down there, Robert E. Lee's
entire army might have collapsed!

Spencer takes a long guzzle from his shiny flask and throws
Anna a sarcastic grin.

SPENCER

Thanks for the lesson, Professor
Sloane.

ANNA

I won't be professor of anything if
I don't finish my thesis.

Anna watches in disgust as he slurps down his beverage.

ANNA

And by the way, how on earth are
you still able to drink?

Spencer caps his flask and shrugs his shoulders.

SPENCER

Hair of the dog, Sloane. Proven
science.

Anna and Spence's bickering is interrupted by a series of
DEAFENING BANGS.

ORANGE FIRE shoots out of a row of Confederate cannons.

At least 50 UNION RE-ENACTORS tumble down to the ground.
Their advance is halted for a brief moment.

A LOUD BUGLE HORN sounds at the Confederate end of the field.

Rebels CHEER and throw up their hats.

A COLUMN OF FRESH TROOPS emerges from behind a thicket of
woods. They raise their guns into the air.

Behind the row of troops, a HEROIC FIGURE rides to the
frontline on horseback.

Anna laughs and takes another bite of her dog.

ANNA

There's Caldwell!

The elderly innkeeper raises a glimmering sabre and points it
in the direction of the enemy.

EXT. GROUND-LEVEL BATTLEFIELD-DAY

Thomas watches as Polk STRIDES past him. Mud flies up from his horse's hooves. The fabled General Longstreet has arrived in the nick of time.

The bruised re-enactor rushes over to Thomas and slaps him on the back in celebration. He raises his pistol into the air and FIRES. He lets out a loud, SHRILL YELL.

He slides his pistol into a holster at his side and snaps his head back at Thomas.

BRUISED RE-ENACTOR
 OK, friend! We're almost to the
 end of this. We rush in on the
 next volley! That's when you go
 down. I want your best fall!

Thomas, filled with adrenaline, beams and turns to face the enemy. He DASHES across the field toward the advancing army.

EXT. BLEACHER SEATS OVERLOOKING BATTLEFIELD-DAY

Anna watches as the armies COLLIDE.

A CLUSTER OF CONFEDERATES engage in hand-to-hand combat with some SCRAPPY FEDERALS.

Re-enactors playfully shove their dulled bayonets through the sweaty armpits of their opponents, coming out cleanly on the other end.

One STABBED UNION MAN twirls around. He throws his arms into the air, then falls backwards to the grass below.

Row after row of soldiers RAIN FIRE upon each other.

CLOUDS OF COTTONY SMOKE hang over the entire field of battle.

EXT. GROUND-LEVEL BATTLEFIELD-DAY

Thomas waves his hands in front of him as HEAVY SMOKE obstructs his view.

FIGURES dart in and out of the smoky landscape.

The BARREL OF A RIFLE pokes through the cloudy mist.

CRACK!!

A REDDISH-ORANGE FLAME leaves its tip.

Thomas jerks backwards convincingly, then slumps down into the grass.

EXT. BLEACHER SEATS OVERLOOKING BATTLEFIELD-DAY

A tremendous SERIES of EXPLOSIONS rock the battlefield.

The audience ROARS with delight.

THICK SMOKE envelops the entire grounds.

Anna bolts to her feet and heartily applauds.

ANNA

Pretty good, huh?

Spencer smiles and wraps his arm around Morgan, who puts her fingers between her lips and WHISTLES.

Dustin raises his fist into the air in appreciation of the re-enactment.

EXT. GROUND-LEVEL BATTLEFIELD-DAY

TWO PAIRS OF HANDS drag Thomas across the grassy landscape.

One of the faceless figures shouts to another.

FACELESS VOICE

Hurry up! Move! MOVE!

Thomas' eyes remain closed. A small black hole can be seen in his uniform over the right breast pocket.

The gray fabric darkens in an expanding arc below the hole.

EXT. BLEACHER SEATS OVERLOOKING BATTLEFIELD-DAY

Anna watches the smoke begin to settle over the battlefield.

"Dead" soldiers slowly pick themselves up from the ground.

Her eyes dart back and forth across the large clearing.

EXT. GROUND-LEVEL BATTLEFIELD-DAY

The HEELS of Thomas' new boots bounce silently as they slide over an uneven patch of earth.

Two men, their slouch hats pulled down over their faces, pull Thomas' limp body to the tree line bordering the dense forest surrounding the clearing.

A HORSE-DRAWN WOODEN CART sits at the edge of the forest. All that can be seen is the DRIVER'S BACK. He is attired in a large, CAMOUFLAGE PONCHO.

TWO FORMS, both wearing the same camouflage jackets as the driver, emerge from the woods.

One figure shouts over to the other.

JACKETED MAN
How long's he got, Doc?

The faceless figure leans over Thomas and examines him.

DOC
Move your asses. We've only got
thirty minutes, at most.

The uniformed men heave Thomas unceremoniously into the cart.

CRUEL SPURS dig into the sides of the harnessed horse, and the animal shoots into the forest at break-neck speed.

The remaining men watch as smoke evaporates off the field.

After a moment, they part the brush in front of them and melt wordlessly into the darkening forest.

EXT. BLEACHER SEATS OVERLOOKING BATTLEFIELD-DAY-LATER

Anna anxiously gazes out onto the sprawling battlefield.

Only a few re-enactors remain on the field.

The bleachers around her thin as onlookers leave their seats.

She sighs in frustration.

Anna's smart phone suddenly BUZZES.

She glances at the incoming number and quickly answers it.

ANNA
Morgan? No, he hasn't come back.
Are you sure? Did you check the
bar?

She listens, her face blanketed with concern.

ANNA
It's not like him to just vanish
without telling anyone. I'm really
getting worried.

She continues to listen.

ANNA
OK, I will. Bye.

Anna gathers a few of her belongings and slowly rises to her feet. She scours the field again for signs of her boyfriend.

EXT. ENTRANCE TO LONGSTREET INN AND TAVERN-DAY-LATER

Anna paces outside of the inn. Spencer and Dustin approach.

SPENCER

Is he here? Did he come back?

Anna sadly shakes her head.

Spencer runs his hands through his hair and reaches into his pocket. He retrieves his flask and takes a quick drink.

Anna throws him a strange look. Her eyes simmer with anger.

ANNA

This isn't some joke you guys came up with, is it? Because this isn't funny anymore. I swear to God, Spencer, if you think that --

Spence steps forward and grabs her wrist.

A serious expression takes over his countenance.

SPENCER

I know we've pulled some shit in the past, Sloane.

Anna delivers an icy stare.

SPENCER

I mean, Anna. Look, this isn't that. I'm worried, too. Thomas wouldn't just walk off and let you go crazy wondering what happened to him. He wouldn't put you through that. I'm sure of it.

Distant SOUNDS of ROLLING THUNDER ripple across the endless stretches of wilderness surrounding the re-enactment field.

Anna wipes a tear from her eyes.

ANNA

Then something isn't right. Something must have happened.

Gathering CLOUDS sweep over the darkening field.

EXT. ORANGE COUNTY SHERIFF'S STATION-RAINING-NIGHT-LATER

Anna's SUV sits in a parking lot facing the local police station, a modest one story brick building.

SHEETS OF RAIN pour down from the night sky.

INT. SHERIFF COLEMAN'S OFFICE-NIGHT

Perched behind a large mahogany desk is SHERIFF RANDALL COLEMAN. He is African-American, somewhere in his mid-thirties, with a kind face and a stubbled chin.

SMILING FAMILY PICTURES line the front edge of his desk.

Heavy rain from the outside PELTS the roof above.

Sitting across from him are Dustin, Spencer, Morgan and Anna.

Anna SOBS uncontrollably. Dustin looks down at the floor.

Spencer glares defiantly at the sheriff.

ANNA

Why are you saying this to me?
It's obvious something's wrong! He
wouldn't just disappear! He
wouldn't do that!

Sheriff Coleman reaches a hand across the table.

SHERIFF COLEMAN

I can see that you're upset. All
of you. Now, I have the
description of the gentlemen who
were last seen with Mr. Greenleaf
out on the re-enactment field, as
well as that of the re-enactor who
had words with Mr. Holbrook back at
the inn. But in my opinion, based
on the accounts you've given me,
there's no reason to suspect any
type of foul play was involved.
Miss Sloane, your boyfriend has
only been gone for a little over
eight hours. Most missing persons
return to their loved ones within
twenty-four. I'm pretty sure this
is the same case.

ANNA

No. You don't get it. He wasn't
the type of guy to just get up and
walk away!

Coleman studies a STATEMENT filled out in front of him.

SHERIFF COLEMAN

Now, Miss Sloane, I have to ask you this. You did indicate that the two of you had some sort of disagreement before you came to Virginia. How are we to know he didn't decide to go back home and clear his head?

Spencer rolls his eyes and huffs.

SPENCER

How does that make any sense? The car is here in the parking lot. Come on!

Anna continues to weep.

ANNA

We worked it out. There was no argument. There was nothing. Not anymore.

Coleman searches for soothing words.

SHERIFF COLEMAN

You've filled out the report for a missing person. You've given me detailed statements of your recollections of today's events. I also have the pictures from Mr. Holbrook's digital camera. If Mr. Greenleaf doesn't come back by tomorrow morning, I promise you I'll send out a few cars to comb the entire area. We'll even have Caldwell Polk scour his field registration records for us. OK?

Spencer gets to his feet. He points a finger at Coleman.

SPENCER

So you're telling us that my brother would just wander off in a Confederate uniform? That he'd just shut off his phone and clear his head for eight hours? None of that makes you the slightest bit concerned something happened to him? Great law enforcement tactics. You guys are top notch.

Coleman rises from his desk.

SHERIFF COLEMAN
 Mr. Greenleaf. I suggest you get
 yourself back home, sober up from
 whatever it is I smell on you, and
 wait till morning.

Morgan grabs Spence by the arm.

MORGAN
 Come on, let's go.

Spencer rips his arm away from Morgan and disgustedly tears
 out of the office.

Anna gets up from her chair. Morgan wraps an arm around her.

Sheriff Coleman walks out from around his desk and approaches
 Anna. She looks up at him with reddened, tear-filled eyes.

SHERIFF COLEMAN
 We'll find your boyfriend, Miss
 Sloane. Know we are doing
 everything we can. Just be patient
 and call me first thing tomorrow.

Sheriff Randall Coleman places a strong hand on her shoulder
 and leads Anna and her friends out of his office.

EXT. MOONLIT SKY-NIGHT-LATER

A JAUNDICED MOON hangs high in its arc.

BEAMS OF MOONLIGHT pierce the cloudy night sky.

EXT. DEEP WOODS-FOGGY-NIGHT

Light from the waxing moon falls intermittently on a section
 of sparsely timbered forest deeply nestled in a hollowed-out
 section of the woods.

The tumultuous downpour has ceased. A light DRIZZLE remains.

TALL, GNARLED TREES, twisted from the ravages of fire and
 age, lightly dot the wooded area.

MALE VOICES emanate from behind a ROW OF MANGLED TREES, their
 hardened limbs resembling outstretched hands and fingers
 riddled with arthritis.

EXT. CAMPSITE-NIGHT

A few scattered PUP TENTS are erected on the other side of
 the wall of intertwined tree limbs.

In front of the tents, several sets of rifles are set up as standing tripods, crossed at their bayonets.

Close to THIRTY MEN, attired in soiled grey uniforms, gather around THREE FLICKERING CAMPFIRES.

One DIRTY MAN sits in front of a raging fire, turning a spit. An unidentifiable mass of MEAT AND BONE turns steadily in the licking flames. He reaches over and plucks a piece of simmering meat from the odd looking carcass. He stuffs it in his mouth and eagerly devours it. Juices from the morsel of meat dribble down his soiled chin.

Smoke from the fire rises up to join the FOG and MIST hanging over the campsite.

One of the men sits nearby, strumming a HAUNTING TUNE on a hand-made BANJO.

A FEW MEN sing quietly to themselves.

At the edge of the hollowed-out area is a large WHEELED OBJECT that is almost as big as a covered wagon.

It is shrouded both by thick canvas sheets and a lack of proper moonlight.

A DARKENED FIGURE stands at one end.

He pulls a canvas flap off of the object to reveal

A SERIES OF COILED COPPER TUBES

leading to a small valve at the tubing's end.

He reaches to his side and grabs a TIN CANTEEN.

He unscrews the cap and holds it under the valve. He loosens the valve and fills the cap.

He steps forward. A RAY OF MOONLIGHT illuminates his facial features. He has a handsome, well formed face, with a pronounced jaw and full, rosy lips.

He is attired in a dirty Confederate officer's uniform.

MAN IN OFFICER'S UNIFORM
Come, friends, and join me for a
taste of the spirit.

He smiles, and raises the cap into the air.

MAN IN OFFICER'S UNIFORM
Ex mortuis vita!

He downs the beverage with a queer shiver.

GREY-SUITED MEN, carrying SMALL METAL DRINKING CUPS, drift out of the shadows and line up beside the large DEVICE mounted atop two enormous IRON WHEELS.

Bathed in the moonlight, the men's faces appear gaunt and hollow, their bones pushing up against thin, sallow skin.

One SKELETAL SOLDIER holds his cup under the valve. His fingers are long and bony, no wider than knotted pipe cleaners.

He drinks from the tin cup with relish, and hops out of line to accommodate his fellow drinkers. Despite his wasted appearance, he moves with surprising agility.

AT THE OTHER END OF THE CAMP

One of the MEN has not joined in the celebration. He sits all alone on a FALLEN LOG at the edge of a campfire.

He preoccupies himself by winding a GOLD POCKET WATCH.

Light from the fire reveals a repellent face marred by PUSTULOUS BLISTERS and broken blood vessels.

He looks up as a SHADOW hangs over the fire.

The man in the officer's uniform pours a capful of spirit from his personal canteen and offers it to the watch winder.

MAN IN OFFICER'S UNIFORM
It's been too long since you
celebrated with the men. You look
unwell, Ezra.

EZRA continues to wind his watch. He stops for a second.

EZRA
I have had enough. Let it be,
Riley.

RILEY gazes down at Ezra. He reaches down and pats him affectionately on the shoulder.

RILEY
For now, my brother.

Riley marches off and joins the celebration.

Ezra lets his gold time piece fall to the wet ground underneath the log and slowly rolls up his shirt sleeve.

His left forearm bears hundreds of THIN, WHITE SCARS.

He runs his fingers over the old wounds, which form THE SHAPE OF A CROSS.

He pulls his shirt down over the bumpy mass of raised tissue and hangs his head low.

INT. POAGUE'S PUB-NIGHT-LATER

Spencer's head sways over the bar. A column of empty SHOT GLASSES are stacked up in front of him.

He grabs a half-full pint of brew and guzzles it down.

DRUNK RE-ENACTORS line the bar or yammer at their tables.

Spence studies the scene for a moment, then motions to the BARTENDER.

SPENCER

Check, please.

The bartender reaches into a glass by the register and grabs the check. She sets it down in front of him.

He tosses some bills on the counter and springs off his seat.

INT. DUSTIN'S DOOR-NIGHT-MOMENTS LATER

Spencer RAPS loudly on Dustin's door.

Dustin whips his door open, rubbing the sleep from his eyes.

DUSTIN

Spence! Jesus Christ, did they find him?

Spencer ignores him.

SPENCER

Tell me you brought an extra flashlight.

DUSTIN

Of course, I always bring a back up, but --

Spencer grabs Dustin and leads him back into his room.

INT. BATHROOM-STONEWALL JACKSON DELUXE ROOM-NIGHT

Morgan stands in front of the bathroom mirror, her brow furrowed and her eyes cast down low.

She leans over and shuts off the faucet that has nearly filled an old claw foot tub with piping hot water.

She lifts her leg over the steamy bath and checks the temperature with the tip of her pedicured foot.

Morgan lowers her exhausted body down into a sea of inviting warmth and gentle bubbles.

As she sits, her long hair spreads out and floats for an instant before sinking into the water at her sides.

She scoots forward, then leans back to fully submerge herself for a moment.

LIGHTNING FLASHES through the far window, casting a DARK SILHOUETTE on the half open bathroom door.

INT. BEDROOM-NIGHT

A GAUNT FACE appears in the full window as rain sprinkles down from another approaching storm cloud.

The face vanishes into the wet night.

INT. BATHROOM-NIGHT

Morgan runs her hands over her face and down the back of her head as she comes up for air. She smooths her silky black hair behind her ears.

She rests her head on the back of the tub, finally ridding herself of some of the day's tension.

EXT. RE-ENACTMENT FIELD-RAINING-NIGHT

Dustin tags along as Spencer trots towards the dim outline of the forest. The tousle-haired fellow breathes heavily from exertion. Rain sprinkles down from pregnant clouds above.

DUSTIN

Are you sure about this?

Spencer stops for a brief instant.

SPENCER

I'm not waiting for the cops to show up tomorrow, when we can find my brother tonight. Hurry up!

DUSTIN

Where the hell are we going?

SPENCER

I'll let you know when we get there.

DUSTIN
Great to know we have a plan.
Super.

SPENCER
Let's GO! NOW!

Dustin reluctantly follows Spencer into the dark forest.

INT. BEDROOM-STONEWALL JACKSON DELUXE ROOM-NIGHT

Morgan stands at the edge of her bed, pulling a white tank down over her exposed belly.

She is clad in a pair of Spencer's boxers. Still wet from the bath, the underwear sticks to her body at every curve.

FLASH!

Morgan snaps her head as lightning strikes again. She looks over at the window. Darkness.

Rain TAPS on the glass. THUNDER bellows from beyond.

She turns back towards the fluffy bed, tired once again.

Morgan spreads out on top of the blankets, shuts off the lamp, and closes her eyes. Sleep comes quickly.

INT. BEDROOM-GENERAL LONGSTREET SUITE-NIGHT

Anna lays in bed, her eyes wide open.

She slowly rises from her bed and walks over to the picture doors leading out to the balcony.

SOUNDS OF THUNDER roll over the Virginia forests.

A HOWL of wind RATTLES one of the double doors.

Startled, Anna pulls the door closed and locks it. She takes a deep breath and walks back toward her bed.

EXT. BACK OF INN-NIGHT

A group of DRUNK RE-ENACTORS exit Poague's Pub and head over to their tents located out on the field.

There are SOUNDS of LAUGHTER.

DISTANT SHOUTS from other tents.

INT. BEDROOM-STONEWALL JACKSON DELUXE ROOM-NIGHT-LATER

Morgan lies sleeping on the bed.

The second rainstorm of the evening gasps its last breaths.

Water DRIPS from the large window to the wooden sill below.

The window is WIDE OPEN.

STIFF LACE CURTAINS blow about haphazardly in the breeze.

Morgan rustles in her bed.

The rickety window CREAKS.

Morgan opens her eyes and squints silently into the darkness.

As her eyes slowly adjust, the FIGURE of a MAN standing still in the corner takes shape.

MORGAN

Spencer?

A DIRTY GLOVED HAND clamps down hard on her mouth from the other side of the bed.

Morgan's eyes POP WIDE with TERROR, unable to scream.

Her body twists wildly as she is scooped from her bed.

Her legs KICK frantically in the air.

As she is pulled through the open window, her foot SMASHES through the raised glass, SHATTERING one of the panes.

EXT. WOODS-NIGHT-LATER

Morgan's BLOODY FEET drag over the muddy, wooded floor.

They come to an abrupt stop at the base of a tree covered in thin patches of scaly bark.

An ARM, clutching her throat, PINS her up against the tree in a standing position.

The RATTLING of METAL is heard against the distinct SOUND of LEATHER SLIDING OVER FABRIC.

The gloved hand releases its hold on her fragile neck.

Morgan COUGHS and WHEEZES, trying to get her breath back.

Before she can summon a breath, a WORN LEATHER BELT is looped around her neck from behind the tree.

Her head snaps back into the hard wood.

Her eyes go blurry as the belt is cinched tight through its RATTLING buckle.

The leather strap cruelly cuts into the skin under her jaw.

Morgan is trussed to the tree by her neck, unable to scream and unable to sit without hanging herself.

Light from a yellow, indifferent moon fills the wooded area.

TWO PAINFULLY THIN MEN in soiled gray Confederate uniforms stand on each side of the tree Morgan is strapped to.

The man behind the tree loosens the strap slightly. Precious oxygen enters Morgan's throat.

A tear streams down her face as the BRUISED RE-ENACTOR from the re-enactment lustfully swaggers over to her.

He looks her over. His breathing is erratic from arousal.

BRUISED RE-ENACTOR
I ain't never had no Chink
celestial before. But you sure are
a pretty thing.

He pulls a short, razor-sharp blade from a sheath at his side and holds it up in front of Morgan's shimmering eyes.

She rolls her head from side to side, soundlessly mouthing words. She cries freely.

The bruised Confederate presses the flat of the blade against her lips and wags his finger at her.

BRUISED RE-ENACTOR
Hush.

The soldier behind the tree rocks back and forth with WILD LAUGHTER that is decidedly out of place in the grim forest.

The bruised soldier runs his hands over his starved body, then gazes down at Morgan's boxer shorts.

Her delicate pelvic bone protrudes above the waist band.

BRUISED RE-ENACTOR
You won't be needing those now,
little one.

He lowers the blade to her waist and VIOLENTLY SLASHES down across her hip to the top of her thigh, cutting through skin and fabric with one motion.

Morgan SHRIEKS in agony as her boxers peel away with the shrinking elastic waistband and fall to the base of the tree.

The gaunt hyena behind the tree pulls the belt tight around her neck again, cutting her off in MID-SCREAM.

BLOOD flows steadily from the wound down her left leg.

She is naked from the waist down.

The bruised soldier removes his pants.

He crawls up under Morgan and lifts her legs off the ground, letting her hang by the neck for a moment.

Her face turns purple. He SNORTS loudly.

He then grabs her by the ass and presses her against the tree. He motions to the man holding her from behind.

BRUISED RE-ENACTOR
Loosen the belt. I like to listen
to them.

The second soldier loosens the strap.

Morgan SCREAMS as the filthy Confederate begins to go about his business. Before he can penetrate her,

A FIFTEEN-INCH BAYONET BLADE

PIERCES through the back of the rapist's neck and out through his larynx before embedding itself in the tree bark next to Morgan's cheek.

PIECES OF VOCAL CORD hang from the lodged blade.

There is a FLASH OF METAL as the bayonet is skillfully removed from the soldier's neck, making his lifeless head hang backwards like an open Pez dispenser.

The barrel of the rifle quickly raises and FIRES at the startled Confederate behind the tree.

A musket ball ROCKETS into the man's skull, sending hundreds of oozing pieces BURSTING out through the back of his head.

The belt slides through his dead hands, sending Morgan and the partially decapitated soldier tumbling to the ground.

The soldier lands on top of her, with blood and gore GUSHING out over her face and body. Unable to take any more, Morgan falls unconscious as this final horror washes over her.

Smoke curls from the end of the rifled musket. The gun-bearer steps out of the shadows.

It is Riley, the man in the officer's uniform.

EXT. WOODS-NIGHT-MOMENTS EARLIER

Dustin and Spencer push their way through a mass of tangled underbrush.

They both carry flashlights, which shoot narrow beams into the dense wilderness.

Dustin stops in his tracks and focuses his light on a large sign erected on a rusty metal fence. It reads: "NOW ENTERING FREDERICKSBURG AND SPOTSYLVANIA NATIONAL MILITARY PARK. NO TRESPASSING. VIOLATORS WILL BE PROSECUTED".

Dustin faces Spencer, who takes a long swig from his flask.

DUSTIN
Check this out. We're actually on
park grounds. Wow.

Spencer pokes his light in Dustin's face. He squints.

SPENCER
So?

Dustin steps closer to Spencer.

DUSTIN
You remember the re-enactment,
right?

SPENCER
Obviously.

DUSTIN
Well, this is where they actually
fought the battle. 150 years ago,
in these woods. Think about it.

SPENCER
Thought about it. Jesus, Dusty,
you sound like Sloane. Let's keep
moving.

Spencer scales the fence effortlessly. Dustin follows and strains as he lifts his body over the barrier. He lands with an awkward thud onto the soggy ground beyond the fence.

Suddenly, the CRACK of a RIFLE sounds off in the distance.

Dustin's head snaps to attention. His breathing quickens.

DUSTIN
What the fuck was that? Did you
hear that?

Spencer continues to push through the leafy tract of forest.

DUSTIN
Spence, I'm serious!

Spencer stops. He wipes a hand across his sweaty brow.

SPENCER
I heard it. Maybe someone's
lighting some fireworks.

DUSTIN
That was a gunshot. I know what a
fucking gunshot sounds like!

Spence pulls back some branches and continues into the woods.

SPENCER
OK, maybe it was. Probably some
drunk re-enactor firing blanks into
the sky. Relax.

Dustin throws up his hands.

DUSTIN
Relax? Spence, we're lost in the
middle of the woods! I'm still not
sure why we came all the way out
here. Jesus Christ, they're
probably printing our faces on two
milk cartons as we speak!

Spence chuckles darkly.

SPENCER
We're not lost. You saw the sign.
It said we just entered national
park land. We can't be more than a
few miles from the inn. Worst case
scenario, we find our way out when
the sun comes up.

DUSTIN
This isn't the Cleveland
Metroparks, Spencer. We are in the
middle of a six-thousand-five-
hundred acre stretch of forest!
Not to mention the fact that most
of these trees are like thirty feet
tall. We'll be lucky if we see the
sun by noon.

Spencer reaches into his pocket and grabs his flask. He
draws on it, but the container is empty. He shakes his head
in frustration and angrily stuffs it into his hip pocket.

SPENCER
Out of booze. Shit.

Dustin points the flashlight at Spencer, who throws him a surly stare.

DUSTIN

I think that's the least of our problems. Haven't you heard a word I've said? C'mon man, why don't we just go back and wait for the police to come in the morning? What do you think we're going to find out here?

Spencer's face grows serious.

SPENCER

I don't know. What if he hurt himself and he's lying out here in the woods and we never thought to look for him? Or what if, God forbid, someone did something to him? This whole place is surrounded by woods. If someone wanted to disappear, this is the best way to do it.

Irritated, Spence SNAPS off a branch and continues to trudge ahead. He suddenly stops and rests his hands on his hips.

SPENCER

Look, maybe this was a bad idea. I just wouldn't be able to live with myself if something happened to Tommy, and I just sat there at the inn waiting for the police to show up. I had to do something, for a change.

Dustin goes quiet for a moment.

DUSTIN

Alright, I'm with you. Let's go this way. Less pricklers.

Dustin begins to back up. Without warning, he sinks into the darkness.

EXT. CAMPSITE-NIGHT

VOICES drift through the heavy night air.

RILEY (O.S.)

This is the only way.

EZRA (O.S.)

But she is just a child. Don't we have enough?

RILEY (O.S.)
No one must know we are here.

Riley steps out of the shadows. He tosses two SOOT-COVERED UNIFORMS to the forest floor. An IMPOSING FIGURE, still shrouded in darkness, gathers up the crumpled clothing and addresses Riley.

IMPOSING FIGURE
They were good men. Could they not have been spared?

RILEY
These men, whom you hold in such high esteem, abandoned their post and have carelessly risked our exposure seeking base pleasures. This cannot be tolerated.

IMPOSING FIGURE
But, Sir --

RILEY
Enough! Your misguided loyalty has robbed you of your reason and weakened our cause. Question me again, Captain, and I'll have you put in chains.

The hulking shadow takes a step back and drops his head.

RILEY
Good. Now, burn the uniforms, then attend to their post. Make sure all is satisfactory at the reserve. Bring your best men. I am needed here. That is all.

The unseen figure wrings the dusty uniforms in his hands and leaves the scene without a word.

Riley walks over and places his hand on Ezra's shoulder, who is leaning over an unconscious Morgan. She is wrapped in blankets, laying on an inclined bench.

Morgan's eyes flutter open. She watches as Ezra leans over her, his blistered face filled with sadness. He dabs at her forehead with a handkerchief.

She gazes up into the night sky, her view shrouded by mangled tree limbs and SHADOWY FIGURES hunched over her.

She looks over at Ezra, who smiles down at her. His teeth are yellowed and decaying.

MORGAN
Where am I?

Ezra MUMBLES incoherently out into the wilderness.

He returns his attention to the girl and leans to whisper in her ear.

EZRA
You will have peace now, sweet
child.

MORGAN
What? I don't understand. Were
you the one who saved me?

Ezra pulls out a pocket Bible and thumbs through it to one of the passages. He reads out loud.

EZRA
Offer the sacrifices of
righteousness, and put your trust
in the Lord.

Riley rips the sacred text from Ezra's hands and tosses it to the ground.

RILEY
Don't play games with her, brother.
It's time.

Several CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS weave in and out of Morgan's view. They gaze down at her with fascination.

Ezra makes the sign of the cross over Morgan's forehead.

MORGAN
What are you doing? Please, will
someone talk to me? Please!

Ezra retreats into the shadows.

Morgan lays on the ramp, her eyes darting wildly. Suddenly, she is TUGGED halfway down the bench. She CRIES out in surprise.

MORGAN
What's happening? What are you
doing? What are you doing to me?

Fresh tears cut trails through patches of dried blood and earth smeared on her cheeks.

A RATCHETING SOUND shatters the night air, much like the sound of a ROLLER COASTER climbing to its summit.

This NOISE is soon accompanied by a rhythmic MECHANICAL POUNDING.

The POUNDING grows LOUDER.

Wild-eyed, Morgan thrashes in her seat, but she is wrapped in thick blankets, and her movement is limited.

Without warning, Morgan is yanked out of sight down the inclined chute with blinding speed.

GOD AWFUL SCREAMS are quickly muffled, replaced by an UNFORGETTABLE SCREECHING SOUND.

The NOISES abruptly terminate. All in the forest is quiet. Everything is still.

EXT. WOODS-NIGHT-MOMENTS EARLIER

Spencer rushes to the area where Dustin was standing.

 SPENCER
Dustin! Dustin, where are you?
Are you OK?

Dustin's voice curves up to Spencer from somewhere below.

 DUSTIN (O.S.)
I'm down here! My ass broke my
fall. Hey, check this out!

Spencer cautiously makes his way down a steep ravine that had been concealed by heavy underbrush.

EXT. WOODS-STREAM AT BASE OF RAVINE-NIGHT

A narrow BUBBLING BROOK winds its way through the woods at the base of a sloped ravine.

Dustin sits on all fours next to the creek, repeatedly sweeping his hands over a patch of rain-soaked earth.

Spencer, a few yards behind him, shines his light in Dustin's direction.

 SPENCER
What the hell are you doing?

Dustin continues removing underbrush from the forest floor.

 DUSTIN
I landed on something. Dude, get
over here and help me clear some of
this stuff off.

Spencer grudgingly trudges over and drops to his knees opposite Dustin to assist him in his endeavor.

Both men clear the last bits of dirt and fallen canopy from the forest floor to reveal a...

SMALL WOODEN TRAPDOOR

set flush in the ground, with a large IRON RING sunk dead in the center. The door is hinged along one side, and around three feet square.

DUSTIN

Look, I think this is some kind of handle!

Dustin lunges forward and grabs the iron ring. He GROANS as he strains to pull the door up out of the ground. After a moment's resistance, the door POPS open, sending him sprawling to his backside.

Chunks of dirt and mud shoot up into the air.

Spencer chuckles.

Still resting on his hands and knees, Spence leans forward. Dustin scrambles back on all fours to face Spencer.

Eyes wide with fascination, they gaze down into a PITCH BLACK OPENING leading underground.

Spencer picks up the flashlight beside him and points it into the inky blackness. Dustin follows suit.

A series of LADDER RUNGS lead down into a cavernous space. A patch of rocky ground lies about ten feet down.

Dustin hops to his feet and stuffs his light into the inside pocket of his open blazer.

DUSTIN

I can see the bottom.

Before Spencer can respond, Dustin places a foot on one of the rungs and vanishes from sight in a split second.

Spencer remains crouched over the hole, frozen in disbelief. He sits in silence above the door, illuminated in brief pale flashes from below by Dustin's pocketed flashlight as he makes his way down the ladder. The light from Dustin's torch grows dim the moment he steps off the last rung.

Spence slowly gets to his feet and gazes from side to side at the midnight forest wrapping around him. It is SILENT save for the SOUND of FLOWING WATER emanating from the stream.

Suddenly, off in the distant woods, a faint MECHANICAL POUNDING can be heard, followed by strange SCREECHING NOISES.

Spence cocks his head to listen, but the unique NOISES cease.

SPENCER

(to himself)

What the hell was that?

DUSTIN (cont'd)
Do you have any idea how much I
could sell these for? Holy God!

Spence takes a relieved breath.

SPENCER
I thought something was wrong.

DUSTIN
Hardly. There's like ten more of
them in the wall between these
tables.

Spencer steps forward and focuses his light over Dustin's shoulder on the wall above a row of NARROW TABLES and SHELVES. Several CANTEENS sit in slots recessed in the dirt wall. One of the slots is empty.

Spencer runs his flashlight over the walls and ceiling of the interior. He stands inside an

EARTHEN BUNKER

about twenty feet long and ten feet in width. The walls are comprised of densely packed earth braced with thick pieces of timber cut along their lengths. They form a crude frame.

Spence guides his beam to one of the ceiling braces and watches as water DRIPS down into a shallow pool on the rocky, slate floor of the cavern.

He proceeds to run his light along one side of the chamber. Dustin stands in front of a long NARROW TABLE piled with stacks of UNRECOGNIZABLE OBJECTS and SMALL WOODEN CRATES.

Nearest to the base of the ladder are several WOVEN BASKETS stuffed with articles of clothing.

SPENCER
What is this place?

DUSTIN
Check out the other wall. See
those ponchos?

Spencer turns and shines his light on the other side of the room. A ROW OF METAL HOOKS are embedded into the timber from which several RUSTY BEAR TRAPS and CAMOUFLAGE PONCHOS hang.

DUSTIN
Those are hunting jackets. And
obviously those traps are for game.

Spencer guides his light over to the far wall, which is bare save for a familiar COMPANY BATTLE FLAG tacked into the timber. An embroidered inscription runs across the lower half of the old flag.

It reads: "BIBI, VIDI, VICI".

Just below the flag, two IRON HOOPS protrude from another wooden crosspiece. A pile of CHAINS and thick IRON MANACLES sit in one corner next to a short WOODEN STOOL.

Spence picks one set of cuffs off the pile and points his light back at Dustin.

SPENCER

So what the hell are hunters doing
with these things?

Dustin is too preoccupied with the canteen to answer. He walks over, hefting it up and down in one hand as he goes.

DUSTIN

I can't believe these canteens are
still full.

Dustin loops the canteen over his shoulder and grabs the pair of iron handcuffs from Spencer. They drop several inches in Dustin's slender hand. He grunts softly.

DUSTIN

Classic. These guys are
collectors, alright. Soldiers used
manacles like these to keep
prisoners restrained during the
war. These were probably used to
transport enemy combatants to camp
prisons, like at Andersonville.
Awesome, but definitely too heavy
to carry.

Dustin drops the chains back onto the pile and floats back over to his table. He pries open one of the small crates.

DUSTIN

Oh my God, you have got to be
kidding me!

He shines his light onto a collection of items which resemble small books. He grabs one and inspects it. It is a PORTRAIT PHOTO ALBUM no larger than a paper back novel.

He hurriedly thumbs through some of the pages, arriving at a sepia-colored PHOTO of a YOUNG CONFEDERATE SOLDIER.

Spencer watches Dustin as he flips through the pages.

SPENCER

What is it? What did you find?

DUSTIN

These books, they're like mini
photo albums. The pictures inside
are called cartes de visite.

(MORE)

DUSTIN (cont'd)

The soldiers carried them everywhere they went. All of these are in perfect condition. Un-fucking-believable!

Dustin slams the book shut and proceeds to place it in his satchel. He grabs a few more and stuffs them in his treasured man purse.

DUSTIN

Give me a hand with some of these artifacts. We'll come back and get the rest later.

SPENCER

Umm. Doesn't all this stuff belong to somebody?

DUSTIN

It will. Imagine what the families will pay to have these priceless heirlooms returned to them!

SPENCER

Nice, Dusty. I'm serious.

Dustin marches over to the other side of the bunker and grabs one of the CAMOUFLAGE PONCHOS from its hook.

He carelessly tosses it to the ground.

DUSTIN

The hunting jackets, Spence. And the giant bear traps right next to them?

SPENCER

Yeah, I already saw them. So what?

DUSTIN

Don't you get it? These guys must be poachers. We're on national park land, remember? They come here all the time because the wildlife supplies are so rich. They probably stole this stuff off the battlefield and buried it here. So, technically, they don't actually own any of these --

Spencer sighs and snaps at Dustin.

SPENCER

OK, OK. Whatever! Let's just get the fuck out of here. We're supposed to be looking for Thomas, or did you forget?

DUSTIN

How could I forget being dragged out of my room in the middle of the night? I was getting some great REM sleep! Besides, I'll make you a deal. I'll let you and Tom take a third of my profits. Just let me grab a few things first, OK? Here, hold my satchel, will you?

Spencer reluctantly grabs Dustin's satchel and slings it over his shoulder. He shakes his head.

Dustin heads back towards the middle of the room and begins plucking canteens from their slots. He straps them over his narrow shoulders one at a time until all of the containers are around his neck. He can barely move under the weight.

He lumbers down the edge of the table and grabs an OLD NEWSPAPER from the Civil War era. He carefully rolls it up and places it in the satchel Spencer now carries.

Spencer grabs Dustin by the collar and pulls him in.

SPENCER

Now you're pushing it.

DUSTIN

Alright, alright! Let's go. We'll pour these canteens out in the river to lighten the load.

Spencer nods, and the duo exit the bunker.

EXT. WOODS--STREAM AT BASE OF RAVINE--NIGHT--MOMENTS LATER

Dustin leans out over the stream and pours the contents of one of the canteens out into the water. A pile of empty canteens lay at his feet. Only two of the tins remain still slung around his back.

Spencer paces impatiently back and forth behind him. A trickle of sweat slides over one of his temples. He instinctively pulls his flask out from his pocket for a nip before realizing that he has already gone through his supply.

Dustin gently places the empty canteen on the pile and starts to pour out another. Spencer studies Dustin for a moment and is suddenly struck with a thought.

SPENCER

Wait, hold up. Let me see one of those things.

DUSTIN

Sure, but be careful with --

Spencer snatches the open canteen from Dustin's hands and gives it a sniff.

SPENCER
Yeah. That's what I thought.

He greedily upends the container and gulps heedlessly from the spout. After a moment, his eyes bulge out in revulsion.

He spits the rest of what he hasn't swallowed out at Dustin's feet in a wild spray. He grabs his throat, choking and gagging on the foul liquid.

Spencer bends over, resting his hands on his knees.

SPENCER
Gross! This shit has gone bad.
Get rid of it.

Dustin picks up the discarded canteen.

DUSTIN
That's what I was doing, genius.

Dustin finishes emptying out the final two canteens. He attentively loops all ten of the tin relics around his neck by their straps and gives Spencer a thumbs up.

SPENCER
Come on. Let's get out of here.

The curly-haired entrepreneur remains firmly rooted. He pauses and looks longingly back at the bunker entrance.

SPENCER
What?

DUSTIN
I was thinking maybe one more pass
through the --

Spencer grabs Dustin's blazer and begins to lead him away.

SPENCER
Thomas isn't down there, dickhead.
And he sure as shit isn't --

Suddenly the SOUNDS of SNAPPING BRANCHES and HEAVY FOOTSTEPS shatter the tranquil forest.

Dustin and Spencer freeze, fear filling their eyes. They scan out into the hostile wilderness.

The SOUNDS are quickly followed by MUFFLED VOICES.

The NOISES grow LOUDER.

Spencer, his face white with fear, gazes through rows of narrow trees to see

DARKENED SHAPES pushing through the foliage.

A HOARSE VOICE shoots out from the nearby underbrush.

HOARSE VOICE
HEY, YOU THERE!

A shiver-inducing REBEL YELL pierces the night air.

Spencer shouts over to Dustin, paralyzed with fear.

SPENCER
We need to go! RUN. RUN NOW!

Dustin and Spencer make a mad dash away from their pursuers.

SPENCER

athletically plunges through the dense thickets, branches SLAPPING him in the face and POKING at his legs.

Fueled by pure adrenaline, he HOPS over protruding roots and LEAPS across a narrow section of the running stream.

DUSTIN

a few yards behind, breathes heavily as he attempts to catch up with Spencer. The ten canteens hanging from his thin neck WHIP from side to side as he runs. The syncopated CLATTER of the tin vessels ring out behind him like empty COWBELLS.

He gazes over his shoulder. SKELETAL FIGURES close in.

SPENCER

continues running straight ahead, his heart pounding in his heaving chest and his cheeks red from exertion.

DUSTIN

dodges a tree stump and veers sideways into a dense section of forest. The SHADOWY FIGURES instinctively follow the HOLLOW BANGING emanating from Dustin's latest acquisitions.

Wrought with fatigue, Dustin's legs tighten and soon turn to gelatin. He PANTS heavily.

Dustin stumbles to a stop. Aware of the noisy canteens hanging on his back, he quickly slides them around to his front and shakily gathers them up in his arms.

Dustin scans his surroundings for signs of his pursuers as he cradles the tins tight against his stomach, hoping to muffle their metallic clanging.

He begins to take long cautious steps through the dark forest, squeezing his eyes shut with every errant clink of the ten tin jumble in his arms.

GREY SHADOWS dance in the corners of his eyes, flickering through the dense woods on each side of him.

Dustin freezes mid-stride, frantically looking from left to right. Darkness.

SNAP! A small branch breaks with a POP directly behind him.

Dustin whispers out into the night.

DUSTIN
Spence, is that you?

Dustin twists to look over his shoulder. Nothing.

Sweat pours down the sides of his face, collecting under his chin and falling to the forest floor in shimmering droplets.

He slowly turns his head back around to see...

A GAUNT WHITE FACE

which slides smoothly around the edge of a sturdy cedar. It throws Dustin a ghastly disembodied smile as a bony, spider-like hand curves out of the shadows below and grips the ancient bark.

Soft, tittering LAUGHTER drifts out of the woods all around Dustin. Suddenly, the gaunt face lets out a PIERCING SCREAM.

Dustin SHRIEKS in fear and madly dashes into the black forest, releasing his hold on the canteens.

He pumps his arms hard as he runs, the tin vessels once again streaming out behind him with an awful CLATTER.

THIN SHADOWS HOOT and WHISTLE as they weave effortlessly through the trees just behind him, closing the gap. Dustin sprints through the forest with blind terror.

SMACK!

A low-lying tree branch SLASHES across Dustin's forehead, sending his skull snapping back and his feet flying out from under him.

CRACK!

His head SMASHES onto a SMOOTH OUTCROPPING OF ROCK. His eyes flutter back into his head as he loses consciousness. Blood oozes from the gash on his forehead into sweaty brown curls.

EXT. DEEP WOODS-NIGHT-MOMENTS LATER

Spencer slows his frenzied pace. He rests both hands on his knees, gasping for air. Sweat drips from his reddened brow.

He slowly lifts his tired frame and gazes into the dark woods behind him. There is no sign of Dustin.

The forest, once filled with the SOUNDS of SNAPPING BRANCHES and ANGRY VOICES, is now deadly quiet.

His breathing soon steadies.

He paces back and forth, his face awash with uncertainty.

He stops pacing, and begins to head back in the very same direction he just ran from.

EXT. WOODS NEAR CAMPSITE-NIGHT-LATER

A MUSCULAR ARM swiftly drags Dustin's unconscious frame face-down across an unforgiving forest floor.

The ten canteens rest on the small of Dustin's back. They CLATTER noisily together as Dustin is brutally dragged through a patch of razor-sharp prickles which tear at his pants and claw through his delicate flesh.

A SHARP STICK laying on the ground slices into Dustin's pants and punctures the fleshy tissue above his knee.

Briefly snagged, the FACELESS CAPTOR violently yanks at Dustin's wrist, sending the pointy end of the stick deeper into his leg. The stick finally SNAPS free, sending a thick stream of blood and chunks of torn flesh to the ground below.

Blood pours freely into the moist earth, leaving long dark streaks in Dustin's wake.

The unseen captor continues his frenetic pace, as he and his prey disappear into a thick patch of tangled underbrush.

INT. DOCTOR'S TENT-CAMPSITE-NIGHT-LATER

Dustin lays on a long rectangular table inside a large, white tent. A METAL TRAY is attached to the far end of the table.

A sheet is draped over Dustin's body, leaving only his face exposed.

An EMACIATED CONFEDERATE RE-ENACTOR enters the tent and leans in close to study Dustin's features. He runs a bony finger over Dustin's cheek, which is caked with dried mud and several thin lacerations. Blood and puss trickle down his forehead from a deep gash.

The cadaverous soldier pulls away and turns to face

RILEY

who enters the tent and stands a few paces behind him.

RILEY

So?

The gaunt confederate cracks a thin smile, revealing a row of broken, decaying teeth.

EMACIATED SOLDIER

Yeah, that's one of 'em. I
remember him from the field.

Riley nods, and the skeletal soldier drifts out of the tent into the dark night.

He steps close to Dustin and watches him laying prostrate on the table.

The boy's eyes remain closed and his features slack, a calm expression that in no way reflects the damage which covers his youthful face.

Riley lifts his hand and VIOLENTLY SLAPS the side of Dustin's jaw. Blood SPRAYS from his lips and speckles the lily-white sheet covering his body.

Dustin's eyes snap open and dart wildly from side to side.

He tries to sit up on the table but is unable.

Riley RIPS the sheet off of him. It flutters to the ground. THICK LEATHER STRAPS wrap around the boy's chest and thighs.

Dustin struggles to free himself, but the straps are secured by HEAVY METAL CLAMPS underneath the table.

DUSTIN

What the hell? Let me out of here!
I'M FUCKING SERIOUS!! This isn't
funny. Who the fuck do you think --

SMACK!

Riley delivers a CLOSED FIST to the bridge of Dustin's nose. Blood gushes from the wound out into his mouth. Dustin CHOKES on the crimson fluid. He goes limp.

Riley leans in. Dustin tries to move away, but he is firmly secured. Riley CLAMPS a GLOVED HAND over Dustin's mouth.

He presses his lips to Dustin's ear.

RILEY

Don't speak, just answer.

Dustin nods, fear filling ever-widening eyes.

Riley releases his hand and steps back slowly.

RILEY

Now. How many of you came out here tonight?

Dustin searches for an answer but is confused and in shock.

DUSTIN

What? I don't understand. Who are you? What do you --

Riley pounces on Dustin and DRILLS his thumb into the oozing gash on his forehead. Dustin lets out a SHORT SCREAM.

Riley yanks his gloved thumb from the wound. He holds it up and then wipes off the excess blood on Dustin's rumpled blazer. He smiles and stares deep into Dustin's eyes.

RILEY

Once more. How many of you came into the woods tonight?

Dustin speaks, his voice laced with terror. He stammers.

DUSTIN

There were two of us! We just came out here t-t-t- to... look for my friend! Please don't hurt me!

Riley walks behind the table. Dustin's eyes frantically follow him as he reaches down and picks up one of the tin canteens.

RILEY

So, where did these come from?

He violently tosses the empty canteen to the ground.

DUSTIN

We found this room, and I.. I thought it was deserted. If they're yours, I'm sorry we took them! I'm so, SORRY!

Dustin WEEPS uncontrollably. Tears stream down his face.

Riley's anger subsides, and his face softens. He smiles and reaches under the table to release the clamp holding the leather strap across Dustin's chest. It falls away.

RILEY

It's OK. You can sit up. I've heard enough.

Dustin slowly sits up. Riley stares down the length of his body. His dungarees are torn and the nasty flesh wound continues to bleed above the knee.

RILEY
Some cut you got there.

Dustin nods weakly.

RILEY
We'll get you fixed up and out of here. You'd like that, right?

DUSTIN
Please. God, please.

Riley walks over to the tent opening and pokes his head through the flap.

RILEY
Go get the Doc.

Riley crosses his arms and gazes down at Dustin.

EXT. DEEP WOODS-NIGHT

Spencer pushes through myriad clusters of branches and thick leafy shrubbery as he navigates his way back towards the underground bunker.

He melts into the forest as he pushes through the dense undergrowth.

INT. DOCTOR'S TENT-CAMPSITE-NIGHT

The flap opens, and DOC and Ezra enter the tent.

Ezra's appearance has worsened. Several of the pustulous blisters on his face have burst. He stares at Dustin for a brief moment then hangs his head down. Riley walks over and pats his younger brother on the shoulder.

The Doc is sharply attired in a dark black suit with a white apron covering his chest and upper legs. He is handsome, with slicked jet-black hair and a bushy moustache. He wears gold-rimmed spectacles and carries in his hands a rolled up piece of cloth containing some UNKNOWN ITEMS.

He steps up to the tray at the end of the table and meticulously unwraps the fabric. He turns and throws Dustin a wide smile, revealing a row of sparkling white teeth.

He leans over the table and examines Dustin's knee.

Riley walks over to the bench and adjusts its angle to allow Dustin to recline while sitting. He CRANKS it up and locks it into place. Riley remains directly behind Dustin.

DOC
For your comfort, of course.

Dustin gulps as he watches the Doctor hover over the metal tray at the end of the table. The Doc looks down to see

A VARIETY OF SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS

deeply stained with dark red blood, neatly arranged in a row. Several of the items are immediately recognizable, from a SCALPEL to a GLASS SYRINGE.

Dustin squirms with discomfort.

DUSTIN
Look, I'm OK. Really.

He struggles to remove his legs from their leather restraint.

Riley SPRINGS around the table and presses his forearm down on Dustin's chest.

Doc reaches down and grabs a SMALL SCALPEL. He lightly runs his index finger along the razor-sharp edge of the blade.

DOC
We wouldn't want that to get infected, would we?

The doc presses the blade down into Dustin's leg and SLICES through the first few layers of skin above his wound. Trails of blood trickle down to the edge of the table.

Dustin lets out a horrific SCREAM.

Riley continues to press on Dustin's chest. Dustin's entire body jerks uncontrollably.

Ezra watches from the darkened corner of the tent. He locks accusing eyes with Riley as the Doc tortures Dustin.

The doctor SLICES deeper. As he cuts, a demented smile forms at the corners of his mouth.

DOC
There we go, almost to the next step there.

Dustin's eyes start to roll back into his head.

Doc carefully places the scalpel on the metal tray. It is dotted with blood and skin.

He reaches beside it and grabs a SURGICAL SAW.

He guides it into the scalpel's incision and begins to SAW down into Dustin's leg. Blood squirts up into the air.

Dustin lets out a BLOOD-CURDLING SCREAM. He begins WAILING.

EXT. WOODS NEAR CAMPSITE-NIGHT

TERRIFIED SHRIEKS ripple through the forest. Spencer slackens his pace and pauses to listen. It is now QUIET.

His face tightens, grim. He drops to his knees and searches the forest floor.

He springs up, a SHARP ROCK in his clenched fist.

He places a delicate foot forward, and tightens his grip on the jagged rock.

INT. DOCTOR'S TENT-CAMPSITE-NIGHT

Dustin writhes in agony on the surgical table.

The Doc SAWS through Dustin's leg at a furious pace. There is the SOUND of METAL GRATING AGAINST BONE.

Dustin's leg hangs open, revealing quivering muscle tissue and a section of bone. Doc peels back a layer of flesh and taps his finger on Dustin's exposed bone.

DOC

All we do is slice through the femur, and we're there.

He places the saw on the femur and SLASHES away. Fragments of bone peel away like grated cheese.

Dustin HOWLS in UNBRIDLED AGONY.

DUSTIN

PLEASE DON'T CUT ANYMORE! PLEASE
DON'T CUT ME!

The Doc pulls his saw out of Dustin's leg. Thick strands of blood and gore drip from the saw's serrated edges.

He moves over to the tray and carefully sets the saw down.

DOC

As you wish.

Dustin goes limp. He WEEPS profusely.

Doc glances over at Riley, who releases his grip on the boy and exits the medical tent. Ezra remains in the dark corner, nervously wringing his hands.

Riley soon returns, followed by an IMPOSING FIGURE who is visible only from behind. The enormous frame stops short at the edge of the surgical table.

The Doc smiles at the hulking presence.

DOC
Nice of you to join us, Captain
Enders.

CAPTAIN LEWIS ENDERS steps forward and nods solemnly at the Doc. He is attired in a worn officer's uniform.

He removes his jacket and a sheathed HUNTING KNIFE.

He wears a thin undershirt. His arms are well-defined but marred by legions of time-worn scars.

Enders glances at Ezra, who avoids his gaze.

Dustin looks up at the behemoth, still CRYING. He begins thrashing in his restraint.

Enders reaches down and firmly grabs the lower half of Dustin's leg.

CRUNCH! SNAP!

He brutally RIPS Dustin's leg from his body.

Blood pours from the stump down the side of the medical table. Enders drops the leg to the ground.

Dustin watches as his severed leg hits the dirty floor.

He quickly fades into unconscious oblivion.

Riley glances at Doc.

RILEY
I know how you like to tinker, Doc.
Don't let this one bleed out. We
need him.

Doc rummages through his instruments and picks up a pair of CIVIL-WAR ERA BONE NIPS from the tray. He takes the device and SNIPS a piece of protruding bone from Dustin's stump.

DOC
No need to worry. I'll make sure
he lives.

Riley nods his approval.

EXT. WOODS NEAR CAMPSITE-NIGHT

Spencer crouches behind a thick grove of trees.

MALE VOICES drift through the night air.

About 20 yards away he observes an area of cleared-out wilderness, populated with TALL, GNARLED TREES.

Behind a unique row of mangled trees are SEVERAL FLICKERING CAMPFIRES. Smoke and ash rise up over the tree line.

Behind the fires are several GHOST-WHITE PUP TENTS.

Spencer takes a few steps forward. He shields himself from view behind a thick crop of prickly bushes.

MULTIPLE FORMS drift across the hollowed-out landscape.

Rifles with bayonets affixed to their tips sit in standing tripods in front of the tents.

Spencer stares down at the rock in his hand. He mumbles under his breath.

SPENCER
(to himself)
Great plan, Greenleaf. One of you.
A bunch of them. They've got guns.
You have a rock.

He cautiously steps back. He takes another step and suddenly FALLS backwards, slipping on a WET TREE ROOT sticking up from the ground.

Spencer SLAMS into the earthy floor, followed by a

LOUD SNAPPING NOISE as a

RUSTY BEAR TRAP

SMASHES its iron teeth shut, CLIPPING a lock of Spencer's hair from the back of his head.

INT. DOCTOR'S TENT-CAMPSITE-NIGHT

Riley whips his head in the direction of the disturbance.

Enders steps forward. Riley places a hand on his chest.

RILEY
No.

He turns to face his brother.

RILEY

Ezra, take two men and look into this. See to it.

Ezra nods and exits the tent.

EXT. WOODS NEAR CAMPSITE-NIGHT

A stunned Spencer slowly gets to his feet and searches the forest floor before he takes another step.

He inhales deeply and takes a small step forward, careful not to disrupt the branches and soil covering the ground.

He hesitates in his fixed position and watches through a patch of trees as THREE MEN grab bayoneted rifles from their standing tripod and head towards him.

Staring down at his feet, Spencer takes a few steps forward. He hears the TRAMPLING OF UNDERBRUSH. It grows closer.

Spencer increases his pace. He begins a slow jog when

SNAP!

A long branch rises from the debris-covered ground and discharges another one of the hair-trigger traps.

A HOSTILE VOICE shouts out into the timberland.

HOSTILE VOICE

Over there! After him! Fan out!

Spencer dashes away. He takes long, leaping strides.

He starts to gain on the men behind him when

ANOTHER RUSTY TRAP

snaps its iron jaws closed. It LEAPS from the forest floor like the gaping mouth of a Great White Shark.

As Spencer tears across the wooded plain,

MULTIPLE BEAR TRAPS

SNAP shut all around him, set off by debris disturbed by Spencer's heavy footfalls.

One of the ancient traps SHATTERS into pieces, sending metal fragments into Spencer's leg. He WINCES but continues sprinting through the tangled underbrush.

The SHOUTS behind him grow dimmer and dimmer.

Spencer HURDLES over a cluster of bushes and keeps running.

SNAP!

His body stops short mid-stride and SLAMS into the forest floor in a flailing arc. His right foot is firmly snared in the deadly booby-trap.

Spencer GRUNTS as he hits the ground face first. He rolls over onto his back, trying desperately to hold in a scream. He throws his arm over to his side to attempt to sit up when

SNAP! CRUNCH!

Another trap springs closed, biting into the yielding muscle and soft flabby tissue under his right arm.

He CRIES out in surprise and sheer horror as the sharp metal teeth violently join each other through his tender flesh.

Spencer stares up at the endless trunks of looming trees which surround him. He attempts to move his feet but GASPS in pain as the trap's linked tether pulls taut.

Blood soaks through the tongue of his sneaker, and streams to the ground through his shoelace holes.

Spencer MOANS uncontrollably.

There is the SOUND of RUSTLING BRUSH.

Tears well in Spencer's reddened eyes as a DARK FIGURE looms over him.

SPENCER
Please! PLEASE, HELP ME!

The figure leans over him, bayonet at his side. He kneels down and sets his rifle to the ground. He looks over his shoulder, back towards the camp.

Spencer tries to move in the trap. He WAILS and CRIES.

SPENCER
PLEASE! PLEASE! LET ME OUT!

The figure grabs his bayonet and pulls it back from Spencer. With one brutal stroke, the kneeling form drives the blade of his bayonet into Spencer's rib cage and rapidly rips it out.

He watches as Spencer convulses.

Spencer tries to speak as blood dribbles from his mouth. His gaze remains fixed on his attacker.

Then his eyes glaze over, staring at nothing. Still.

His murderer slowly rises to his feet. It is Ezra. He stares down at Spencer's corpse.

EZRA
 God forgive me, for I strike down
 the innocent to prevent a greater
 abomination.

Ezra takes one last look at the lifeless form and disappears into the woods.

INT. LOBBY-LONGSTREET INN AND TAVERN-DAY-NEXT MORNING

Anna Sloane hurries down the spiral staircase from her second floor suite, angrily stuffing her phone in her pocket.

Her hair is wet, and she now wears sleek tan slacks with a large-collared white button-down silk blouse. Deep bags line her eyes from lost sleep.

The lobby is empty, save for Caldwell Polk. He sits perched behind the front desk going over the previous day's till. A rapturous smile adorns his weathered face as he counts a sizeable pile of currency.

He notices Anna as she tramps down the stairs.

CALDWELL
 Well, a good morning to you, little
 Buckeye! Has that strapping young
 feller of yours found his way back?

Anna doesn't slow down to chat. She glances at Caldwell.

ANNA
 No. I mean, I don't know.

She turns from the base of the stairs and heads directly towards the rear of the inn and the first floor accommodations.

INT. FIRST FLOOR HALLWAY-LONGSTREET INN-DAY-MOMENTS LATER

Anna strides down the guest hallway and abruptly stops in front of Morgan and Spencer's room. She RAPS loudly on the door. She KNOCKS again.

No response.

She turns around to face the other row of doors and locates Dustin's room. She POUNDS on his door with her fist.

No answer there, either. Anna frowns.

ANNA
 Where could they be?

Unsure of what else to do, Anna marches back down the hall towards the lobby.

INT. LOBBY-LONGSTREET INN AND TAVERN-DAY

Caldwell Polk remains glued behind the front desk. He looks up again with a smile as Anna storms back through the lobby.

CALDWELL

Do be sure not to miss the fine
artillery display we've got set for
this afternoon, Miss Sloane. It'll
be a doozy!

Anna ignores the old man this time as she blows through the lobby and throws open one of the antiquated front doors.

Caldwell Polk's smile darkens as the old door CREAKS to a close behind her. He spits a phlegm-filled loogie on the floor, and wipes a hand over his mouth.

CALDWELL

Rich little cunt.

He snatches a fresh pile of bills from the desk and clears his throat. A small smile returns to his face as he busies himself with the count.

EXT. SIDE OF INN-PATH TO RECREATION FIELD-DAY-MOMENTS LATER

Anna follows a gravel path which leads around the corner of the inn. She stays close to the edge of the building to avoid stepping in the few puddles of rain that haven't evaporated in the morning sun.

In the near distance, hundreds of bright white pup tents stand erected on the lush green expanse. A handful of RANDOM RE-ENACTORS exit their tents for a morning stretch.

Anna continues following the path around the perimeter of the old building. She passes a few windows.

CRUNCH!

Anna jumps in surprise. She looks down to discover she has just stepped on a large piece of BROKEN GLASS.

She raises her head and peers up at a GUEST WINDOW, open wide, with one of the lower panes smashed out.

Dried blood is streaked down one of the remaining shards.

EXT. SIDE OF INN-CRIME SCENE-DAY-LATER

FLASH!

The entire window is illuminated in bright purple for a brief instant as a BURLY POLICE OFFICER takes a picture.

YELLOW BARRIER TAPE now stretches out across the broken window leading into the Stonewall Jackson Deluxe Room.

Sheriff Randall Coleman, wearing a cheerless expression, stands next to the window speaking with Anna. Tears stream down her face. He rests a reassuring arm on her shoulder.

Anna suddenly throws off his arm and pushes him away. She points an accusing finger at his face and begins SHOUTING.

ANNA

There's blood all over my friend's window! So don't just tell me to calm down. You have to do something! Please!

A large GROUP OF CURIOUS ONLOOKERS have gathered around the commotion. Caldwell Polk ambles into the crowd.

CALDWELL

Not to worry, folks! All events will proceed today as planned. Now head on back to your tents.

Caldwell turns from the crowd just as a VAN marked "K-9" pulls up around the side of the Longstreet Inn. His saccharine smile is quickly exchanged for an irritated scowl.

EXT. OLD CAMPSITE-DEEP WOODS-DAY-LATER

A trio of BLOOD HOUNDS strain against their leashes as Randall Coleman and THREE K-9 HANDLERS lead them through the thick forest. Another TWO DEPUTIES line Coleman's flank.

SHERIFF COLEMAN

Stay sharp boys! There was a fair amount of blood at the base of that tree back there.

The density of trees falls off sharply as the group pushes into a hollowed-out section of the forest, populated only by a small number of TALL, GNARLED TREES.

A FALLEN LOG rests on its side at the edge of the area.

Almost simultaneously, the blood hounds cease their barking as they enter the clearing and drop their heads to the forest floor.

After a moment, their handlers detach the dogs' leashes and allow them to scan the area with more freedom.

They randomly snuffle back and forth along the ground with their wet noses, hoping to rediscover the invisible line they had been following.

SHERIFF COLEMAN
Damn it all!

One of the deputies removes a blood-soaked cotton swab from a small container and gives the animals another whiff of the blood and tissue collected off of Morgan's window.

Coleman looks over at one of his deputies.

SHERIFF COLEMAN
Berman! Run the perimeter.

The young officer heads off around the edge of the clearing.

Coleman returns his attention to the dogs. They HOWL as they run in circles in one spot at the end of the clearing.

Coleman straightens up and BARKS at the dog handlers.

SHERIFF COLEMAN
Come on boys! We're not giving up
this easily. Trails don't just
disappear!

Agitated, Coleman rubs the thin growth of beard on his chin.

Something dark catches his eye in a patch of dirt on the forest floor. He digs one of his boot heels into the earth and starts scraping away some of the loose topsoil. A layer of greyed and blackened material is revealed underneath.

SHERIFF COLEMAN
O'Donnell! Check for scoring on
some of these rocks strewn around
the area. I've got some buried
ashes here.

Another of Coleman's deputies calls over from the opposite side of the clearing. He is standing next to the FALLEN LOG.

DEPUTY BERMAN
Sir! We've got something!

Coleman turns and marches over to join his deputies on the other side of the clearing.

EXT. DEEP WOODS-NEAR OLD CAMPSITE-DAY-LATER

Two DIRTY MEN in grey slouched hats crouch behind a thick, mossy tree trunk. The bumpy curve of their spines is visible through the threadbare material covering their narrow backs.

They watch in silence as the small forms of Randall Coleman and the three dog handlers make their way out of the clearing, back the way they came.

Two other deputies head in the opposite direction, pushing deeper into the forest.

The two men turn to look at one another briefly and then wordlessly slink away from the thick tree.

INT. BEDROOM-LONGSTREET SUITE-DAY-LATER THAT AFTERNOON

Anna sits on the edge of the oversized bed in her suite.

A portrait of General James Longstreet hangs on the wall above the bed's wooden headboard.

Light streams into the room through the double doors leading out to her balcony.

Anna looks around the room. It is silent. She is utterly alone.

She places her hands over her face and slumps down over her knees, SOBBING in silence.

Suddenly, her cell phone RINGS. Anna looks up in surprise and reaches for her phone. She places it to her ear.

ANNA

Hello?

She listens for a minute, her cheeks reddened and puffy.

ANNA

Yes, of course. I'll be right there.

Anna clicks off her smart phone and jumps off the bed.

INT. SHERIFF COLEMAN'S OFFICE-DAY-LATER

Anna sits in the same chair she sat in less than twenty-four hours ago. She gazes around the small space while waiting for Coleman to return to his office.

Coleman struts into the office and relaxes into a padded chair behind his large mahogany desk. He throws Anna a kind smile and reaches into a drawer under the desk. He retrieves a PLASTIC EVIDENCE BAG with a SMALL ROUND OBJECT inside.

SHERIFF COLEMAN

I appreciate you coming out here, Miss Sloane. Now I told you on the phone we found something, not someone. That's a good thing.

(MORE)

SHERIFF COLEMAN (cont'd)
I also wanted to assure you that as soon as we're done here, I plan to head right back to the Longstreet and interview as many people as I can so we can get to the bottom of this. But first, I need to have you take a look at this.

Coleman removes an ANTIQUE GOLD POCKET WATCH from the evidence bag and delicately places it in front of Anna.

SHERIFF COLEMAN
We found this underneath a log near the spot where the dogs lost the scent. We were hoping that this watch may belong to you or one of your friends.

Anna looks down at the timepiece. The surface is gold and shiny. A fine chain of tiny interlocking loops hangs from one end of the instrument. A small key used for winding the watch is attached to the chain.

Anna hesitates to touch the watch.

ANNA
May I touch it?

SHERIFF COLEMAN
Of course. It's already been printed.

Anna picks up the timepiece and holds it up to her ear. It is TICKING.

She places her nail in the clasp and opens the timepiece. She watches as the second hand floats around the dial.

An inscription on the inside of its clamshell cover reads "WATTS".

Underneath is another inscription, written in fine cursive which reads: "The promise of a Southern nation lies buried beneath the great stone wall".

Anna is puzzled by the odd engraving. She shakes her head.

ANNA
My friend Dustin collects historical memorabilia, but he never mentioned owning a watch.

Anna hands the timepiece back to Coleman, who gingerly slides it into the plastic evidence bag.

SHERIFF COLEMAN
Well if this was his, he'd be a rich man.

He places the watch in a drawer and locks it shut.

SHERIFF COLEMAN

We ran this over to one of the merchant's tents when we got back to the inn, and they ran a check on it. It's a period Waltham pocket watch, but there's no evidence of its existence. The serial number doesn't match any known collector's records. Now you're absolutely sure your boyfriend or the others never mentioned this?

ANNA

I'm positive.

Coleman leans forward and places both hands on the desk.

SHERIFF COLEMAN

So we find a watch, probably priceless, just sitting in the woods still ticking? There's got to be more to it than that.

Coleman runs his fingers through his beard stubble.

ANNA

You mentioned on the phone there was one other thing you found.

SHERIFF COLEMAN

Ah yes, I was just getting to that. The watch wasn't the only thing my deputies discovered.

Anna leans in, her eyes wide with anticipation.

EXT. TRAIL LEADING AWAY FROM OLD CAMPSITE-DEEP WOODS-DAY

Two MUDDY GROOVES run side by side along the forest floor. They extend as far as the eye can see ahead of and behind the two Orange County DEPUTIES.

They walk in between the pair of wide set tracks.

One of the deputies stops and sighs, wiping his forehead.

DEPUTY BERMAN

So how long did he say we had to follow these things?

DEPUTY O'DONNELL

Didn't. But knowing the Sheriff, till they end or we run out of forest.

They both chuckle and continue along the path in silence.

A soft WHISTLING starts up on the other side of a small rise.

Deputies Berman and O'Donnell exchange puzzled glances.

They slow their stride and unbutton the straps of black leather that cover the grips of their side arms.

The two men crest the wooded hill and look down to see a BEARDED MAN resting his back against a tree.

He is extremely thin in build, with a slouched hat that is pulled down low over his face. He wears a soiled uniform.

The bearded man rests his hand on the barrel of a bayoneted rifle, its wooden stock planted in the ground by his feet.

He seems to be unaware of the approaching deputies, casually whistling "Dixie". He stares at the ground.

DEPUTY O'DONNELL

You there. Identify yourself!

The man stops whistling, and slowly turns to look at the officers. He smiles broadly, his rifle still in hand.

BEARDED CONFEDERATE

You boys lost?

The bearded soldier grins and pulls his rifle up to his shoulder, aiming it directly at the deputies. They draw their pistols in a flash.

DEPUTY O'DONNELL

Drop your weapon! DO IT NOW!

The bearded soldier fearlessly strides towards the deputy.

Deputy Berman shouts over to O'Donnell.

DEPUTY BERMAN

TAKE HIM DOWN!

O'Donnell lowers his pistol and FIRES. The round strikes the bearded confederate in the leg and he drops to the ground with a GRUNT.

The two deputies slowly march through the underbrush towards the wounded soldier.

O'Donnell reaches to his side for his radio. He lifts the walkie-talkie to his lips. Before he can utter a word,

A FIFTEEN-INCH BAYONET BLADE

shoots out of his chest, reddened with gore.

A WICKED CONFEDERATE stands behind the bleeding officer with both hands grasped firmly around an Enfield rifle. He twists the blade with relish.

O'Donnell's radio drops to the ground from his lifeless hand.

Berman WHIPS his pistol over to the attacker. Before he can squeeze the trigger, a LANKY SOLDIER drops down from a TREE LIMB behind him and slides A ROUGH CANVAS BAG over the officer's head and shoulders with blinding speed.

Berman uselessly FIRES three shots into the ground as the lanky confederate wrestles him to the forest floor.

The wounded soldier hops to his feet and walks over to the other two men in grey uniforms. He moves confidently, without a hint of a limp in his stride.

BEARDED CONFEDERATE
Good work, boys. Bag the other
one.

The wicked soldier nods as he runs a rag across his bayonet.

INT. BEDROOM-GENERAL LONGSTREET SUITE-DAY-LATER

Anna sits at a small wooden desk in her suite. A laptop computer sits open in front of her.

At the top of the screen it reads: "KENT STATE UNIVERSITY-CIVIL WAR DATABASE".

She types "WATTS" into the search field.

A new web page instantly loads.

She scrolls down to the heading "BYRON WATTS".

Underneath it reads:

"Brigadier General Byron Watts, eldest son of influential plantation holder Keith Watts, was mortally wounded in the early morning of May 6th, 1864, the second day of the bloody Battle of the Wilderness."

"The Watts family was no stranger to tragedy. During Sherman's infamous March to the Sea, the Watts' plantation house was burned to the ground, where Keith and his wife Donna perished in the flames."

"Byron was survived by two younger brothers, who later died of unknown causes in the winter of 1865."

Anna is suddenly interrupted by a FRANTIC KNOCKING.

She springs out of her seat and heads over to the door.

ANNA
 Sheriff Coleman? I'm fine I --

She opens the door to reveal

SPENCER GREENLEAF

standing just outside the edge of the doorway.

His shirt is torn, and one of his shoes is missing. Dustin's school satchel is slung over his shoulder.

His face is ghost white.

Anna's face bursts with excitement and relief.

ANNA
 Spencer!! OH MY GOD!

She jumps up and throws her arms around his neck.

Then, just as quickly, she steps back and smooths out the wrinkles in her blouse. She frowns.

ANNA
 Where the hell have you been?

Spencer looks down into Anna's eyes.

SPENCER
 There's police tape all over my door. Something terrible is happening, isn't it?

Spencer pushes past her into the room.

INT. EARTHEN BUNKER-DEEP WOODS-DAY

Several SHADOWY MEN, dressed in dirty grey Confederate uniforms, move silently in the subterranean enclosure.

A series of OLD KEROSENE LAMPS hang on random timber braces, filling the chamber with a weak, greasy light.

The small flames flicker in their housings as the men move about the earthen bunker, stirring the dead air.

Some men stand at the back wall, carefully removing the embroidered COMPANY BATTLE FLAG. Others busy themselves packing various items from the long narrow tables into large leather-bound trunks that sit open on the slate rock floor.

Riley stands at the front of the bunker, monitoring his men.

A THIN SCOUT makes his way down the ladder rungs behind Riley and stands at attention.

THIN SCOUT

Sir!

Riley turns and motions for the man to continue.

THIN SCOUT

We have cleared and collected the perimeter traps as ordered.

Riley nods. The scout hesitates.

RILEY

Speak!

THIN SCOUT

There was no body, sir. And law men have been to the old camp.

Riley lowers his eyes and clenches his jaw.

RILEY

Then it is as I feared. Find my brother.

He quickly regains his composure, and turns back to his men.

INT. BATHROOM-GENERAL LONGSTREET SUITE-DAY-LATER

Spencer Greenleaf stands in front of a FOGGY MIRROR. He is shirtless, with a large cotton towel tied around his waist.

He snatches a hand towel sitting on the sink and hastily wipes steam from the mirror so he can study his reflection.

He takes a step back and stares intently into the mirror. He reaches across his chest and places a hand on a

CIRCULAR SCAR

located just below his arm pit. He raises his arm to reveal

A SEMI-CIRCLE OF PALE WHITE SCARS

which curve under his bicep. He traces over the bumpy tissue with a trembling finger.

He shakes his head in confusion and rests his hands on the sink. He closes his eyes and takes a deep breath.

His eyes snap open as Anna calls to him from the bedroom.

ANNA (O.S.)

Spencer, you almost finished?

Spencer hurriedly grabs a shirt draped over the basin and throws it on. He takes another grim look at his reflection and exits the bathroom.

INT. RILEY'S TENT-DAY

Riley Watts, in a plain cotton undershirt, sits alone in his tent at a pine resin desk, cradling a WORN LEATHER BINDER.

Lamp light flickers into the recesses of an open floor safe.

He sets the binder down and turns his attention to an OLD DAGUERRETYPE standing at the edge of his desk.

The picture depicts three young men standing proudly in front of a sprawling plantation manor.

It reads: "Riley, Ezra, and Byron Watts. January 16, 1853."

He rubs a layer of dust off the top edge of the frame.

Riley then lays the weathered binder flat on the desk in front of him and carefully unwinds its rawhide cord.

He opens the binder and flips through its contents.

At first there are several pictures. One is of a GROUP OF MEN IN HEAVY IRON MANACLES. Another is a CLOSE-UP of a YOUNG MAN, barely over the age of eighteen. His haunting gaze is eerily vacant. At the bottom of the photo is stamped: "ANDERSONVILLE TEST SUBJECT #445 - R.L. JENKINS - DECEASED".

Riley turns to the last segment of the binder, which he then unfolds into a LARGE SET OF BLUEPRINTS, the schematics for what appears to be a complicated piece of machinery.

He traces his finger over one of the diagrams, a familiar looking SERIES OF COILED TUBES.

Riley redirects his attention to the family photo for a moment, then finally drops his eyes back to the table.

He sighs wearily, slowly rises from his seat, and gazes into a long field mirror hanging from a wooden post next to his desk. His face is unreadable.

Suddenly, Riley snatches his officer's jacket from his chair and throws it over his shoulders.

He expertly repacks the leather binder and carefully secures it in his coat pocket.

Riley steps up to the mirror and firmly snaps each button of his jacket closed with a renewed sense of vigor.

He reaches down into the Wilder Patent Safe behind his desk and emerges with an ANCIENT REVOLVER. His face hardens.

INT. EARTHEN BUNKER-DEEP WOODS-DAY-LATER

A thin ray of daylight narrowly enters from the trapdoor at the far end of the underground chamber.

The walls are bare. The tables and shelves have been cleared. The woven baskets lay empty on their sides.

One man stands at the back of the darkened bunker. Another kneels on the ground before him.

Ezra cowers on his knees. His right hand is clamped in a thick IRON MANACLE and chained to an IRON HOOP that protrudes from a wooden timber brace behind him.

A single kerosene lamp sits on the floor next to him. It casts a sick yellow light on his wasted frame. Ezra's features are now almost unrecognizable.

The skin of his face is grayish and peeling badly where the acne-like blisters have burst. Dark veins spool out from the wounds like spider webs.

His lips are cracked, with a bony jaw that juts out over a neck that is little more than skin and sinew.

His carotid artery runs visibly up the side of his neck, bulging with every beat of his heart.

Deep purple bags cradle eyes that are dry and sunken deep into his skull.

Ezra looks up at Riley standing over him.

Riley removes the ancient revolver from the holster at his side and brandishes it in front of his brother.

RILEY

Byron died holding this. Our brother died. So that we may go on. And this is how you repay his memory. With treachery?

Ezra winces as if slapped.

EZRA

I swear. I didn't let the boy go. Someone must have --

Ezra trails off. Riley shakes his head slowly and holsters the revolver. He pulls a short WOODEN STOOL over from the corner. A small TIN CUP sits on top of it.

Riley leans over the stool and carefully pours a small amount of spirit from his personal canteen into the cup.

He squats down and look directly into his brother's ailing eyes. Riley's face is sad, disappointed. He whispers.

RILEY
It is a gift.

Ezra casts his eyes down low and turns his head slowly from side to side.

EZRA
It was a weapon. It was never meant to be ours alone.

RILEY
And when you laid dying of dysentery in that miserable rectory, what brought you relief? What made you whole again?

EZRA
That was long ago. The war is over, Riley. The machine was meant to save lives, to force negotiation, to end the conflict before there were none left to shoot down. We were too late. We failed.

RILEY
We live on. We preserve our way of life. We are all that is left.

EZRA
Left only to prey on the innocent.

RILEY
Yet, you have drank with me for many long years.

EZRA
I thought I was doing God's work. But I have been weak, afraid of His Judgement. I have lost my way.

Riley rises stiffly to his feet and turns his back.

RILEY
You must choose now, brother. I will not force you this time. You are my blood, and I cannot end your life. But I will not have you working against us.

Riley begins walking towards the front of the bunker.

RILEY
I will not say goodbye. You know where to find us.

Riley joins Captain Enders, who has been standing watch at the base of the ladder.

ENDERS

Orders?

RILEY

I need you to end this, Captain.
Take all of them. We move again
tonight. No one must know of this.

Ezra listens from the far end of the bunker as the words echo over to him.

The trapdoor above the bunker is VIOLENTLY SLAMMED shut, shrouding the chamber in heavy darkness.

EZRA

(to himself)
Lord, forgive us.

Ezra hangs his head down low, his only companion the flickering lamp resting beside him.

INT. BEDROOM-GENERAL LONGSTREET SUITE-DAY

Spencer exits the bathroom and slowly walks into the bedroom.

Anna sits in the center of her king-sized bed.

Dustin's satchel lays open, its contents strewn out over the mattress.

In her hands is one of the PHOTO ALBUMS from the earthen bunker. She sets it down and stares up at Spencer.

ANNA

So let me get this straight.
You're telling me you can't
remember a single thing after you
and Dustin found all these albums?

Spencer searches his thoughts. He shakes his head.

SPENCER

I told you. The last thing I
remember is running like crazy
through the woods. We were being
chased by somebody. Then I must
have blacked out because, next
thing I know, I'm laying all alone
in the middle of the woods, and
it's the next day.

Spencer walks to the edge of the bed and picks up a handful of SMALL ARTIFACTS. He stares at them briefly in his palm before letting them slip through his fingers onto the bed.

SPENCER

This is all my fault. I shouldn't have gotten so wasted. I should have waited. I could have protected Morgan, kept her safe.

One of the dropped items catches his eye. He plucks it off the bed and holds it up. It is the MINIE BALL with R.I.P. scratched across its surface. Sadness fills his eyes.

He tosses Dustin's engraved minie ball onto the bedspread.

SPENCER

Dustin would be here, too. He'd probably be sitting here going crazy, telling us we're costing him money by messing up his stuff.

Anna looks up at Spencer. She gives him a warm smile.

ANNA

You were looking for your brother.

Spencer slowly nods and takes a seat on the edge of the bed.

SPENCER

This doesn't make any sense. None of it. People don't just disappear. They would have called, come back, something.

His bottom lip quivers.

SPENCER

Unless they're already --

Anna gives him a wounded stare.

ANNA

Don't even say it.

Anna drops her head and refocuses on the items laying on the bed. She grabs another one of the photo albums. As she opens it, a SINGED PIECE OF PAPER flutters down. She gingerly picks it up with both hands and holds it up to read.

Visible on the back of the letter is a HAND-DRAWN BLUEPRINT of a STORAGE TANK filled with liquid. A SERIES OF COILED TUBES extend out from beneath the tank.

An arrow on the diagram points to the tubing. Scribbled next to it, are the words "vinum animorum".

Spencer stands up and walks over to the balcony doors.

SPENCER

If I had one minute with whoever did this to us.

Anna's eyes widen as she finishes reading the letter.

ANNA
Spencer, listen to this.

Spencer turns to face her.

SPENCER
What is it?

ANNA
Just listen. It's dated August
18th, 1864.

Anna reads directly from the yellowing letter.

ANNA
"Dearest Father. It has been three
long months here at Andersonville.
Rations have become scarce, and
sickness has fallen upon many of
the men. Do not worry for me, for
my spirit remains strong.

You should know that the device is
now in its final testing stages, as
we are currently perfecting the
boiling process. Once completed, I
am certain the overwhelming numbers
of our enemy will be speedily
turned to our advantage on the
field of battle. Perhaps your
vision of a true southern nation
will finally come to fruition.

As a servant of God, I often have
difficulty reconciling my calling
as Prison Chaplain with the daily
horrors to which I must bear
witness. Riley has reminded me
that serving the greater good
requires sacrifice. I pray he is
right. Send love to Mother. Much
love and affection. Your son.
Ezra Watts."

Anna flips the letter over and studies the diagram.

Confused, she reopens the album and places it back inside.

SPENCER
What was that all about?

ANNA

I don't know. I know the Confederacy was trying to build more ironclads and steamships toward the end of the war, but I'm really not sure what this means. Andersonville was a prison, not a shipyard. That's not what caught my eye, though. It's the name.

SPENCER

What?

ANNA

Ezra Watts. It's the same last name at the bottom of the letter.

Spencer approaches the bed.

ANNA

The name Watts was inscribed on the watch Sheriff Coleman found in the woods. There's a connection between the watch and the room where you and Dustin found these albums last night.

Anna begins to stuff items on the bed into Dustin's satchel.

ANNA

Spencer, do you think you can find your way back there?

SPENCER

I think so. It's the rest of the night that's still blurry.

ANNA

We need to tell Coleman about all of this, tell him what you remember. Maybe there's something else in that room, something that can help us find them.

Spencer purses his lips and lets out a long breath.

SPENCER

Alright, Anna. We'll do it your way this time. Let's go.

Anna and Spencer finish packing Dustin's satchel. They speedily exit the General Longstreet Suite.

EXT. DEEP WOODS-DAY

Enders dashes through the dense forest with UNNATURAL SPEED.

Several THIN FORMS trail behind him.

Captain Enders looks over his shoulder. His eyes simmer.

ENDERS
LET'S GO! MOVE! MOVE!

Enders charges ahead and vanishes into the dense wilderness.

EXT. RECREATION FIELD-DAY

Anna and Spencer navigate through HOARDS OF RE-ENACTORS who are making their way to the bleachers or the edge of the field to watch the afternoon artillery display.

A long row of NAPOLEON CLASS HOWITZER GUNS sit lined up in the center of the grassy expanse.

Anna whips out her cell phone and speed dials a number.

ANNA
Coleman said he'd be here doing interviews with some of the re-enactors.

She slides the phone back into her pocket.

ANNA
Voicemail. Let's head over to the soldiers' tents.

Anna and Spencer melt into the crowd as they make their way toward the rows of tents dotting the other side of the field.

EXT. TREE LINE BORDERING RE-ENACTMENT FIELD-DAY

AN EMPTY WOODEN CART stands at the edge of the tree line.

Several WOOLEN BLANKETS line the interior.

EXT. RE-ENACTOR'S FIELD TENTS-DAY-LATER

Anna and Spencer walk between ROWS of GHOST-WHITE TENTS set up to accommodate the numerous re-enactors who have rented space on the field for the weekend.

Spencer stops and places his hands on his hips.

SPENCER
Where the hell is he? We've been looking for like twenty minutes!

Anna turns and faces Spencer.

ANNA

He has to be here. I saw his car
when we came out here. Come on.

She resumes her course and looks down another row of tents.

KABOOM!

Anna is startled as one of the FIELD CANNONS erupts,
signaling the beginning of the afternoon artillery display.

She jumps back, accidentally bumping into a SINISTER-LOOKING
RE-ENACTOR.

SPECTATORS CHEER in the packed stands erected on the other
side of the field.

The re-enactor steadies her and slowly removes his hat.

SINISTER-LOOKING RE-ENACTOR

Watch yourself there, Miss!

Anna nods politely, backing away.

ANNA

Sorry.

Spencer and Anna continue to weave through the dense crowd as
VARIOUS RE-ENACTORS brush past them.

A TRIO OF UNION RE-ENACTORS exit their tent and dissolve into
the stream of pedestrians.

Spencer stops and peeks inside.

BOOM! Another cannon goes off.

He turns back around. Anna is gone.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

Three more explosions rock the re-enactment field, followed
by ROARING APPLAUSE and WHISTLING.

Spencer scans a sea of unrecognizable faces. He shouts for
Anna at the top of his lungs.

SPENCER

ANNA! ANNA, WHERE ARE YOU?

He calls out to her again, but his voice is silenced by
another series of THUNDEROUS BLASTS.

THICK SMOKE from the artillery display begins to drift
through the rows of tents.

Spencer waves his hands through the dense air. His face washes over with panic.

He stops in front of a tent and turns full circle.

HEAVY SMOKE continues to cloud his view.

Suddenly...

Two THICK HANDS emerge from the mist behind him and yank Spencer inside the tent as more EAR-SPLITTING EXPLOSIONS detonate.

INT. FIELD TENT-DAY

Lewis Enders pulls Spencer inside the tent and tosses him down to the hard ground.

Spencer scrambles to his feet and CHARGES headlong at the colossal captain.

They struggle briefly, falling to the canvas floor.

Spencer tears himself from Enders' mighty clutches and delivers a SWIFT KICK to his chest.

Enders stumbles backwards, stunned.

Free for an instant, Spencer scurries on all fours towards the tent opening.

He rises to his knees and pushes his hands through the flap. A beam of light shoots inside. Freedom is near.

SWISH!

A HUNTING KNIFE flies END OVER END and plunges deep into Spencer's back.

He CRIES out, frozen in pain, then slowly collapses forward.

EXT. FIELD TENT-DAY

Spencer's MOTIONLESS ARMS reach out of the tent onto the green grass, FINGERS OUTSTRETCHED.

They disappear from sight as his limp frame is speedily dragged back into the field tent.

INT. EARTHEN BUNKER-DEEP WOODS-DAY

Ezra Watts sits facing the back wall of the dark room, his frail arms wrapped around his knees. His head hangs low.

He MUMBLES to himself as water DRIPS from the ceiling.

Ezra falls silent and raises his head in the deep blackness.

He lifts his shackled arm off of his knees. The metal chain holding him RATTLES with every movement.

Ezra reaches up to grab his emaciated wrist below the iron manacle with his free hand. He grips it tightly.

Ezra leans forward and plants his boots against the wall.

He takes a deep breath and JERKS his body backwards.

The iron manacle cuts into the thin skin over his bony hand as the chain pulls taut.

Ezra PANTS as he struggles against his restraints. The artery running up his neck BULGES WILDLY with every beat of his racing heart.

Suddenly, Ezra is thrown to the ground as part of his hand and thumb are GRUESOMELY RIPPED from his arm.

The empty manacle CLATTERS back into the wall, dangling by its heavy chain. Blood drips down from the cuff.

Blood spurts from Ezra's wounded hand as he rolls over and crawls back into the corner where a WOODEN STOOL stands. He grabs the small TIN CUP sitting on top of the stool and quickly swallows the fluid it contains.

Ezra throws the cup to the ground in disgust and collapses against the back wall, his legs splayed out.

Within moments, his sunken eyes GLEAM with a queer luster.

The soiled uniform that hangs off his shrunken frame begins to fill out as Ezra's musculature swells rapidly.

The protruding bones of his skull retreat beneath the skin as his face puffs out robustly.

A healthy pink glow chases the dead gray coloration from his cheeks as the horrible open sores residing there begin to knit themselves back together.

Ezra looks down at his right hand to see that it has completely regenerated. He opens and closes his fist.

The pools of blood from his injury that dot the slate floor of the bunker slowly evaporate into thin red wisps that quickly disperse into nothingness.

Ezra gets to his feet, fully revitalized. His body is thick and well fed. His green eyes blaze like jewels set in a full, round face.

He solemnly rolls up his left sleeve to reveal the hundreds of THIN WHITE SCARS on his forearm that take the shape of a HOLY CROSS.

Ezra reaches down to grab a SHORT BLADE from his boot and holds it over his arm. A new scar circles his right thumb.

He STABS the tip of the blade into his forearm and SLICES the flesh just above the top of the cross.

The narrow wound heals almost instantly, leaving behind a fresh white scar that blends in with the others.

Ezra crosses himself silently and stoops to grab the old kerosene lamp resting on the floor.

He stops to look at the hanging manacle for a moment, then quickly exits the subterranean enclosure without a word.

EXT. VIRGINIA HORIZON-DUSK

A CRIMSON RED SUN dips behind a row of trees as night descends over the vast forest.

A warm southern wind bends the darkening treetops.

EXT. NEW CAMPSITE-NIGHT-LATER

Captain Enders and a group of CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS lead a HORSE-DRAWN WOODEN CART out of a dense patch of forest into a SMALL CLEARING in the woods.

A large CRACKLING FIRE burns at its center.

A MASSIVE WHEELED DEVICE is anchored at the edge of the clearing, several feet from the campfire.

The object is shrouded by several thick CANVAS COVERINGS.

Riley Watts stands next to the fire, looking off into the woods. He notices the burly captain's arrival and turns to greet his men.

RILEY

Report.

ENDERS

We have them. It is finished.

Riley looks down into the wooden cart. Several LONG FORMS squirm inside thick rolls of WOOLEN BLANKETS.

One of the forms on top is motionless. Riley pokes it with the tip of his revolver and looks up sharply at Enders.

ENDERS

That one didn't make it.

Riley sighs.

RILEY

Very well. Secure what we have and take the other one to the doc. I'm sure he'll think of something to do with it.

Enders nods and leads the wooden cart through the small clearing and back into the forest. The men follow closely.

The SOUNDS of RUSTLING UNDERBRUSH emanate from another edge of the clearing.

Riley watches as Ezra pulls down a tree branch and strides into the new campsite.

Riley smiles brightly. He throws out his arms and embraces his younger brother warmly.

He holds Ezra at arms length and looks him up and down.

RILEY

Dear brother. I am so glad to see you back to your old self again.

Ezra's green eyes meet Riley's.

EZRA

For the greater good.

RILEY

Yes, of course. We'll put all of this behind us tonight.

Riley places an arm around the hearty young man and leads him back towards the blazing fire.

EXT. DOC'S EXAMINATION AREA-NEW CAMPSITE-NIGHT

The doc hovers over Deputy O'Donnell's dead body. His corpse lies on a white medical table that has been hastily set up in another part of the forest. A HEARTY FIRE burns off to one side of the table.

The deputy's chest cavity has been cracked and pulled apart for a thorough examination.

Doc HUMS pleasantly to himself as he reaches into O'Donnell's corpse and removes one of his lungs.

He takes the purplish organ over to an old-fashioned scale that has been set up on the end of the table and gently places it on the weighing pan. He jots down the weight on a pad of paper.

The doc then drifts back over to the corpse and scoops it up with his arms. He casually dumps the mutilated body into the crackling fire.

EXT. NEW CAMPSITE-NIGHT

Riley stands next to the MASSIVE WHEELED DEVICE. He lifts a canvas flap away from a series of COILED COPPER TUBES. He holds his canteen under the valve at the end of the looped metal tubing and fills it to the brim.

He closes the valve and takes a quick nip from the container.

Near the wheeled machine is a CRACKLING CAMPFIRE, which Riley passes as he heads over to a group of thick birch trees.

Anna, Sheriff Coleman, Deputy Berman, and a handful of RANDOM UNION RE-ENACTORS kneel helplessly before the trees, their arms chained around the trunks with thick IRON MANACLES.

Their mouths are gagged with strips of gray cloth. They struggle uselessly against their heavy shackles. MUFFLED CRIES echo through the forest clearing.

Riley leans over and looks directly into Anna's shimmering eyes. He pats her roughly on the head.

RILEY

I think it's about time you found
out what happened to your poor,
missing friends.

He looks over at an EMACIATED SOLDIER hovering nearby.

RILEY

You. Process the law man.

EMACIATED SOLDIER

We never tested it on no niggers at
Andersonville. What if it don't --

RILEY

Blood is blood. Put him through.

Two CONFEDERATES grab Sheriff Coleman roughly by the arms and pull him to his feet. One of the soldiers removes his cuffs.

Coleman glances down at Anna, his eyes filled with remorse.

Suddenly, Coleman WHIPS his body back and forth, trying desperately to shake off the men holding him.

He is about to break free, when Captain Enders steps forward and brutally CLUBS his head with the butt of his rifle.

Anna SCREAMS through her gag, pulling her chains tight.

Coleman slumps into the soldiers' arms, barely conscious.

The confederate soldiers drag the sheriff a short distance away to the massive covered object.

One soldier pulls a LARGE CANVAS FLAP off the back of the enormous wheeled machine to reveal a LONG WOODEN CHUTE.

They grab Coleman and roll him up onto the inclined bench.

Laying face-down on the ramp, the sheriff stirs and reaches out in front of him.

Riley notices the movement and BARKS out another order.

RILEY

Pen him in! I want him to feel it.

The skeletal confederate retrieves a THIN WOODEN PLANK from the ground and slides it through a pair of grooves cut into the chute's side walls, covering Coleman completely.

FAINT POUNDING can be heard coming from inside the closed chute as another soldier slides IRON PEGS into the lid, securing it.

Anna watches with tears streaming down her face as Riley throws a ROUNDED METAL HANDLE on the side of the machine.

Ezra watches in silence, his face shrouded in sadness. He clamps his eyes shut and MUMBLES quietly to himself. He begins to pace.

INT. MASSIVE DEVICE-COVERED WOODEN CHUTE-NIGHT

Randall Coleman, fully awake, FLAILS wildly inside his coffin-like enclosure.

He POUNDS on the wooden walls that surround him.

It is dark, except for a PALE SQUARE OF LIGHT visible at the far end of the inclined bench where it is open to the air.

Coleman looks out at the starry sky. It is the only way out.

He starts to crawl towards the opening.

Suddenly, something GRABS his feet and pulls him halfway down the ramp, deeper into the machine.

Coleman GRUNTS in surprise.

HEAVY RATCHETING NOISES echo in the chamber.

The machine SHAKES VIOLENTLY as a DEEP METAL POUNDING bellows in his ears.

Coleman digs his fingernails into the wood, trying desperately to pull himself out of the wooden chute.

A HORRIBLE SCREECHING SOUND screams up from below as three rows of razor sharp THRESHING TEETH spin into a blur beneath his feet.

The pale silhouette of the chute's opening races away as Coleman is SUCKED into the spinning blades behind him with blinding speed.

Blood SPURTS out around Coleman's gag as he is swallowed into the belly of the awful machine.

The massive device falls silent. The forest is still.

EXT. DOC'S EXAMINATION AREA-NEW CAMPSITE-NIGHT

Spencer's body now rests on the cold white table. His shirt is pulled up, exposing his lower chest and abdomen.

The doc grabs a bloody scalpel off of the tray.

DOC

Let's see what we've got in there.

He begins to HUM another tune as he heads back to the table.

Doc wipes some of the blood from the scalpel onto his white smock and repositions the sharp blade in his hand.

He leans over Spencer and makes a deep vertical incision below the sternum. He slices down towards the stomach.

Dark blood and fatty tissue bloom out of the wound.

The doc leans in for another pass with the blade.

Suddenly, the open flesh miraculously pulls itself together, sealing the injury completely. A long white scar raises up off the skin.

The doc GASPS and recoils in utter astonishment, dropping his scalpel down onto the table.

Spencer's eyes SNAP open, and his face FLUSHES with color.

The Doc LUNGES towards Spencer and reaches for his knife.

Spencer hurriedly runs his hand down his side and seizes the steely blade before the Doc can grab it.

With one quick stroke, he BURIES the scalpel deep into the Doc's chest. A RED STAIN dribbles down his white smock. The doctor SCREAMS in agony and falls down to the forest floor.

Spencer sits up on the bench and looks over to see Deputy O'Donnell's body burning in the smoky flames.

He tears his head away in disgust, only to look down at a SMALL PILE OF DEAD BODIES stacked on the ground next to the examination table.

SPENCER

You sick mother fucker.

Spence hops off the table and glares down at the doc. The surgical instrument sticks out from his chest.

The doctor shudders in the dirt.

Spencer's eyes POP WIDE as the doc's fingers walk over his chest and curl around the instrument.

Doc plucks the scalpel from his chest wound and opens his eyes. He smiles broadly up at Spencer as the blood soaked into his smock evaporates into wisps of nothingness.

Spence grabs a heavy rock lining the campfire and HEAVES it up over his head.

The doc begins to sit up.

Spencer SMASHES the rock down into the doc's jovial face, throwing him back down to the dirt floor.

SPENCER

You sick fuck!

Spencer drops to his knees over the doctor and lifts the rock with both hands.

The doc's sparkling teeth dangle from his gums by thin strands of roots. His front teeth are completely missing.

Spencer hesitates over the motionless doctor.

He watches in utter disbelief as a neat row of flawless white teeth pushes cleanly out of the doc's bloodied gums.

The doc flashes another hideous grin and raises the scalpel still clutched in his right hand.

Spencer swings the rock down hard with a vicious GRUNT, pulverizing the delicate bones circling the doc's left eye.

The rock sticks briefly in the fleshy crater as Spence pulls it out of the wound.

Before he can lift the stone, the doc's burst eyeball is rolled out of the socket by a fresh orb as the bones begin to repair and realign themselves, sliding just under the broken red skin.

Consumed by rage and horror, Spencer BLUDGEONS the man repeatedly with the jagged rock. He screams wildly.

SPENCER
YOU SICK FUCK! DIE, YOU SICK FUCK!

The doc's head caves in completely. BONE and BRAINS spread out from where his head used to be. Blood gushes out in TORRENTS from his wide open skull.

Unbelievably, the doc's wounds continue to heal, but finally slow to a stop as more and more vital fluids SPEW from the doctor's head cavity.

Suddenly, the doc's body deflates and breaks up into fine ash.

Spencer drops the rock and sits back, breathing heavily.

Spencer looks down in bewilderment, now sitting on a SOOT-COVERED BLACK SUIT. A pair of ruined gold-rimmed spectacles lay where the doctor's finely groomed head once rested.

EXT. NEW CAMPSITE-NIGHT

A BONY HAND removes the gray gag from Anna's mouth. She cries out into the night.

Riley cackles and ambles over. His DARK SHADOW falls on her.

EXT. DOC'S EXAMINATION AREA-NEW CAMPSITE-NIGHT

Spencer pulls away from the ashen remains of the doc and slowly rises to his feet.

He runs his hands delicately over the area where Doc cut him with the scalpel. He shakes his head in disbelief.

He searches the area, unsure of his next move.

Spencer looks back down at the group of dead bodies lying next to the examination table.

He notices a pile of PERSONAL EFFECTS sitting in the dirt a few feet away from them.

He drops to his knees and hurriedly searches through the pile. He comes up with an EMPTY GUN HOLSTER.

Spencer tosses it down to the ground.

SPENCER

Shit!

He continues to rifle through the pile. Then he sees it, resting next to some stray clothing.

It is the SILVER LOCKET Anna gave to Thomas.

Spencer grabs the keepsake and flips the lid open.

He takes a moment and stares at the picture of Anna. His eyes well up with tears.

Spencer snaps the lid shut, squeezes the locket tight, and stuffs it deep into his pocket.

Refocused, he digs back into the pile of belongings. His face brightens as he snatches up a POLICE RADIO.

Spencer pulls the walkie-talkie to his lips. He speaks into it, switching blindly from channel to channel.

EXT. NEW CAMPSITE-NIGHT

Riley removes Anna's cuffs and roughly grabs her wrist. She SHRIEKS as he drags her across the forest floor towards the deadly contraption.

Ezra and several LANKY SOLDIERS watch as she struggles to release herself.

Anna desperately pleads with Riley as he takes her closer to the inclined bench.

ANNA
PLEASE! PLEASE DON'T DO THIS!

She looks over to the group of men observing her.

ANNA
PLEASE HELP ME! SOMEBODY PLEASE!

Anna releases a TERRIFIED SCREAM as Riley lifts her in the air towards the hungry jaws of the machine.

EXT. DOC'S EXAMINATION AREA-NEW CAMPSITE-NIGHT

Spencer's face turns white as he hears Anna's SCREAMS penetrate the night air.

He grabs the scalpel sitting atop Doc's crumpled suit and runs as fast as his feet will carry him in the direction of Anna's horrifying calls for help.

EXT. NEW CAMPSITE-NIGHT

Anna lays in the inclined chute. Tears stream down her face.

Riley grabs a thick blanket nearby and stuffs it on top of her, tucking the edges into her sides. He sadistically grabs her by the hair and lifts her up so he can wrap the blanket underneath her.

He pushes his face close to Anna's. She starts to weep.

RILEY
Your little chink friend didn't
know what was happening when she
laid here. But you do, don't you?

Anna starts to thrash, but her movement is restricted by the thick blanket and the narrow width of the chute.

She screams again, begging for her life.

ANNA
PLEASE, GOD! NO! I DON'T WANT TO
DIE! PLEASE GOD, HELP ME!

She whimpers uncontrollably.

Ezra, standing a few feet away near the roaring fire, takes a step forward.

EXT. WOODS NEAR NEW CAMPSITE-NIGHT

Spencer hurtles through the woods, drawn to the sounds of CRYING AND WAILING in the distance.

He leaps over a pile of dead branches and quickly disappears amongst the trees.

EXT. NEW CAMPSITE-NIGHT

Riley takes one last look at Anna and walks over to the rounded metal handle that activates the machine.

A FIRM HAND reaches out and grabs his shoulder. Riley spins on his heels to see

EZRA

his face purple with righteous rage and his other fist clenched at his side.

EZRA
It ends now, brother.

Riley removes Ezra's hand with one sudden movement. He turns to look back at Anna, then delivers a CRUSHING PUNCH to Ezra's face.

Ezra falls to the ground. Blood pours from his nose.

Captain Enders SPRINGS into action and rushes over from his spot by the blazing fire.

Riley shouts out into the night, spittle shooting from his mouth.

RILEY
AS YOU WERE, CAPTAIN!

Enders stops mid-stride.

Riley takes a step forward. He reaches to his side and grabs his canteen. He unscrews the cap and swigs directly from the rounded tin. Clear liquid drips down his chin. He replaces the cap loosely, still grasping the canteen in his hand.

He steps closer to Ezra, who holds his hand up to his nose. The trickle of blood there evaporates into thin wisps.

RILEY
This is between me and my brother.

Enders retreats into the shadows.

Ezra picks himself up from the dusty ground. Riley steps over and places his hand directly above the rounded handle.

RILEY
You've never had it in you, boy.

Ezra RUSHES towards him like a WILD ANIMAL. He SLAMS into Riley, knocking him back into the side of the machine.

Riley's arms fly out, losing his grip on the canteen. It falls to the ground below the device.

The cap pops free as it lands, spewing clear distilled fluid out onto the forest floor.

Riley VAULTS off the machine and drives his elbow in the side of Ezra's head.

He stumbles backwards in a daze.

Fluid from the canteen pools around its spout and forms a narrow muddy stream which runs down towards the campfire.

Riley springs back to the machine and SMASHES his fist onto the metal switch, activating it.

The massive device WHIRS to life.

Anna is yanked halfway down the wooden chute. She lets out a PIERCING SCREAM.

The CRACKLING CAMPFIRE POPS, shooting a FIERY EMBER into the stream of flammable liquid.

It IGNITES, sending a BLUE FLAME streaking up the trail of fluid into the puddle surrounding the fallen canteen.

FIRE ERUPTS under the machine, spreading to one of the canvas coverings draped over its side.

ORANGE FLAMES LEAP up the side of the device.

SMOKE billows up into the night sky.

An OMINOUS RATCHETING NOISE spools out into the smoky air.

The device SHAKES AND SHUDDERS as fire ravages its exterior.

FLUID BURSTS from one of the copper tubes.

Riley watches in horror as the nefarious device burns.

RILEY

NO!!!

Ezra seizes the moment and grabs the razor-sharp blade from his boot.

Riley's eyes widen in shock and disbelief as Ezra brings the blade down into his jugular vein with lightning fast speed.

BLOOD SPRAYS out in a fine mist from Riley's wound. He locks eyes with his brother and lets out a BLOOD-CURDLING SCREAM.

SMALL EXPLOSIONS RUMBLE inside the device as MECHANICAL POUNDING SOUNDS are generated deep within the inner workings of the machine.

Anna HOWLS MADLY from her restraint. Suddenly...

SPENCER springs out of the dark forest and BOLTS over to Anna. He wraps his arms around her and TUGS with all of his might to free her. His face turns purple and veins bulge in his forehead.

An UNGODLY SCREECHING SOUND flies from the chute as the threshing blades spin into position.

Anna is pulled deeper into the machine. Spencer holds on for dear life as the blades begin to devour her.

Her VOICE CRACKS as she lets out an AGONIZED SOUND unlike any other.

Without warning...

The machine releases its hold on Anna's lower half, as she and Spencer tumble backwards to the dirt covered floor.

Spence drags Anna to safety away from the blazing piece of machinery.

Riley takes a step closer to his brother. His face is pale as RIVERS of bright red blood leave his body.

He leans up against Ezra. His voice GURGLES.

RILEY
Why? For them? I GAVE YOU
EVERLASTING LIFE!

Ezra pulls his blade up into the air. He looks into his brother's eyes one last time.

EZRA
Everlasting life is found in
Heaven, not on earth.

Ezra plunges the blade into his own throat.

Blood GUSHES from the wound as his knife falls from his hand and clatters to the ground below.

KABOOM!!

The infernal distillery VIOLENTLY EXPLODES behind them.

Hundreds of flaming metal fragments RIP through their bodies, tearing the two brothers limb from limb.

Ezra and Riley dissolve into ASH AND OBLIVION as an enormous FIREBALL engulfs them.

Captain Enders and the remaining men recoil as the machine blows to bits.

The muscular soldier gazes up into the night sky.

A POLICE HELICOPTER SWOOPS overhead.

EXT. TREE LINE SURROUNDING WOODS-NIGHT

Thick black smoke rises up from the historic forest as DOZENS OF POLICE OFFICERS in Kevlar vests sweep across the tree line into the darkened woods.

EXT. NEW CAMPSITE-NIGHT

SKELETAL CONFEDERATES gather around Captain Enders as the hulking device smolders behind them.

ENDERS

Orders have changed, men. Prepare
to evacuate these woods at once!

Enders and his band of men dash away, evaporating into the
smoke-filled thickets.

INT. ORANGE COUNTY HOSPITAL-DAY-THREE WEEKS LATER

Anna Sloane rests in a clean white hospital bed.

The SILVER LOCKET hangs from a lamp on the night stand.

Spencer Greenleaf sits in a chair next to Anna's bed, keeping
her company.

SPENCER

Do you think they'll ever believe
us? I mean --

Anna looks up at him. Tears stand in her eyes.

ANNA

It doesn't matter.

She looks down the length of the bed in anger. The crisp
white sheet that covers her falls flat to the mattress just
below her knees. Her legs are gone.

Spencer reaches over and squeezes her hand, unable to find
the words that might give back part of what the machine stole
from her that night. He lowers his head.

He gets up from the chair and walks over to the window.
Spencer looks down into the parking lot, then further out at
the endless wilderness standing on the horizon.

SPENCER

We're alive. That's enough.

Spence catches a glimpse of his thin reflection coming off
the window glass.

He leans in for a closer look and brings a hand up to his
face. His fingers tremble as he touches

a small cluster of PUSTULOUS BLISTERS that fill the hollow of
his right cheek.

Spencer's eyes grow dim as his fate closes in on him.

EXT. LACY FARM-NIGHT-RAINING-TWO WEEKS LATER

A familiar GOLD POCKET WATCH lays open in the palm of a
sinewy hand.

The SECOND-HAND NEEDLE marches resolutely around its dial.

Engraved on the inside cover it reads: "The promise of a Southern nation lies buried beneath the great stone wall".

Captain Lewis Enders, noticeably thinner in build, snaps the watch closed and carefully secures it in his pocket. DROPS OF RAIN pelt him from above as THUNDER BELLOWS from afar.

He looks up at several of his men gathered around a SOLITARY TOMBSTONE in the middle of a small plot of grass.

Enders barks out orders.

ENDERS

Dig, my brothers. Dig! Your very
lives depend upon it!!

A pair of SKELETAL CONFEDERATES furiously plunge their shovels deep into the wet earth before the granite tombstone.

LIGHTNING FLASHES, revealing part of the stone's engraving.

It reads: "MAY 3, 1863".

SOUNDS OF THUNDER roll across the grassy field.

The emaciated soldiers abruptly cease their digging and stare reverently into the muddy earth.

Enders rushes forward and drops to his knees. He claws deep into the upturned soil. His eyes suddenly widen. He looks up and nods his head solemnly.

Enders' men gather eagerly around him. The captain's hands shake as he lifts a WRAPPED OBJECT from the earth.

Another FLASH OF LIGHTNING illuminates the entire gravestone. It reads: "HERE LIES THE ARM OF STONEWALL JACKSON".

The ragged group of men vanish quietly into the stormy night.

FADE TO BLACK