

LINCOLN (working title)

a screenplay by

PAUL WEBB

*UK Agent: St John Donald at PFD
US Agent: Bob Bookman at CAA*

*Paul Webb
2 Laurence Allison Mews
The Warren
Mapledurham
Reading RG4 7TQ
England*

Tel: 0118 9484114

EXT

SPRINGFIELD

DAY

LINCOLN is posing for a campaign-trail photograph outside his house. He stands with sleeves rolled up, a five-foot straight log in one hand, a large axe in the other. A PHOTOGRAPHER is bent over his camera. There's a small CROWD of spectators.

GRACE BEDELL (VO)

October 15 1860, Honest Abe Lincoln, Dear Sir, I am a little girl only eleven years old, but want you should be President of the United States very much

The flash goes off and the photo is done. Applause from the CROWD as LINCOLN smiles and relaxes. Then with one easy movement he lets go the log and while it's balanced in the vertical he splits it in two. It's an impressive show of coordination and strength – from a six-feet four, athletic fifty year-old. His lean, clean-shaven face is the face of a man in his prime.

INT

TOWN HOUSE

DAY

GRACE BEDELL, a pretty dark-haired eleven year-old, sits at a kitchen table reading aloud a letter she's just finished writing. Next to Grace a small baby sleeps in a rocking-cradle. As GRACE reads she rocks the cradle with her foot. In front of Grace on the table is a presidential campaign picture of Abraham Lincoln - Honest Abe, the 'rail-splitter' candidate. To emphasise the point, the picture has a decorative border of rail fencing.

GRACE BEDELL

. . . I hope you won't think me very bold to write to such a great man as you are. Have you any little girls about as large as I am if so give her my love and tell her to write to me. I have got four brothers and part of them will vote for you any way and if you will let your whiskers grow I will try and get the rest of them to vote for you. You would look a great deal better for your face is so thin. All the ladies like whiskers and they would tease their husbands to vote for you and then you would be President.

GRACE has stopped rocking the cradle. The BABY whimpers. The BABY is awake, smiling up at Grace. GRACE BEDELL, all love and competence, rocks the cradle with her foot, then picks up her pen and writes:

GRACE BEDELL (VO)

(proudly) I have got a little baby sister she is nine weeks old and is just as cunning as can be. *(pause)* I must not write any more.

INT

LINCOLN'S HOUSE

NIGHT

LINCOLN is sitting at a small writing-desk answering correspondence, a large quantity of which lies all over the desk. It's late and Lincoln is tired. He's reading a letter with a soft smile on his clean-shaven face.

GRACE BEDELL (VO)

Answer this letter right off. Goodbye. Grace Bedell.

TITLES BEGIN

EXT SPRINGFIELD STATION DAWN

Three months later. A four-car Presidential train, decked out in celebratory flags and inaugural banners, waits in the station, steam gently hissing in the cold and sleet.

INT LINCOLN'S HOUSE DAWN

The first thing we notice – as LINCOLN knots a rope around a trunk then writes on the label 'A Lincoln, White House' – is that he's grown a beard. MARY Lincoln enters, a girlish forty year-old, still sleepy in her nightdress but radiant with pride. They embrace.

INT BARBER SHOP DAY

BILLY THE BARBER, a black man, has just finished cutting LINCOLN's hair and beard. BILLY fusses around Lincoln, brushing his neck and shoulders, then for a moment they just stand and smile at each other. LINCOLN puts out his hand. BILLY clasps it with both hands.

INT LAW OFFICE DAY

Two men sit facing each other – Abraham LINCOLN and his law partner of twenty years, Billy HERNDON, some years younger than Lincoln and his junior in every sense. Everything's been said and all that's left is the parting. LINCOLN, smiling sadly, slowly gets up from his chair, followed by HERNDON – who has tears in his eyes as they shake hands.

EXT OUTSIDE LAW OFFICE DAY

Watched by Billy HERNDON, LINCOLN steps out of the office onto the street. He gives the sign on the office front - 'Lincoln and Herndon – Law Practitioners' - a look of fond farewell before he's surrounded by WELL-WISHERS and OFFICE-SEEKERS.

EXT CEMETERY DAY

It's sleeting heavily now. LINCOLN stands in front of a grave, his arm round MARY, who is weeping. The gravestone reads 'Edward Todd Lincoln born 1845 died 1850'. LINCOLN moves forward, pulls off a glove, puts the hand to his lips then places it on the headstone. The big hand tenses, taking a powerful grip on the stone – before relaxing and letting go as he turns and guides MARY away.

EXT SPRINGFIELD STATION DAY

A large CROWD has gathered to see their man off to the White House. Billy HERNDON is at the front. There's a brass BAND, playing an up-tempo version of 'When Johnny Comes Marching Home'. The sleet has turned to rain. LINCOLN, MARY and their three sons - TAD, 7; WILLIE, 10; ROBERT, 17 – stand on the platform at the back of the Presidential car. LINCOLN lifts his hand in farewell. We rise into the mist and rain as below us the train begins to pull out.

A MONTAGE SEQUENCE:

To the sound of the band playing 'When Johnny Come Marching Home', the Presidential train pulls in and out of stations, past people gathered in cities, villages, or just alongside the track in the middle of nowhere. Farmhands wave in fields; children wave from bridges as the train passes beneath.

EXT WESTFIELD STATION DAY

LINCOLN is standing on the rear platform and addressing a CROWD at a station whose sign reads 'Westfield'. He's grown a beard.

LINCOLN

Three months ago I received a very pretty letter from a young lady who lives here, advising me to let my whiskers grow. Well the letter was certainly prettier than the result – but I wonder: is there a Miss Grace Bedell here?

Silence. The camera reveals GRACE BEDELL is indeed present – but is too shy to announce herself. Then a sudden cry.

BOY

There she is!

A BOY sitting on a post, points to GRACE BEDELL. She's standing with her FATHER and MOTHER, who holds the five-month old BABY girl in her arms. LINCOLN walks over to GRACE BEDELL and lifts her up in his arms.

LINCOLN

What do you think, Grace? Am I improved?

GRACE BEDELL just smiles at him for a moment, inspecting him in that self-possessed way of hers.

GRACE BEDELL

(decidedly) Yes. (her FATHER prompts her and she adds) Mr President.

LINCOLN kisses her on both cheeks and lowers her to the floor.

LINCOLN
(a hint of sad finality) Goodbye Grace.

LINCOLN turns and walks back to the train amidst loud cheers.

TITLES END

EXT WASHINGTON DAY
Washington. Inauguration Day, March 1861. A wide shot shows construction of the Capitol Dome has barely begun. Nearby, Inauguration guests and officials are taking their seats on the podium. Beyond and below them a crowd is gathered and waiting. Closer shots reveal: sharpshooters positioned at various vantage points, including the rim of the nascent Capitol dome; soldiers blocking off side roads onto the procession route; soldiers searching people; soldiers manning a light artillery battery on Capitol Hill.

LINCOLN (VO)
Fellow citizens of the United States: I appear before you to address you briefly, and to take, in your presence, the oath prescribed by the Constitution of the United States . . . Apprehension seems to exist among the people of the Southern States, that by the accession of a Republican Administration, their property, and their peace, and personal security, are to be endangered . . .

EXT CAPITOL WALKWAY DAY
A covered walkway. It's normally open on both sides but has been shuttered by temporary, bullet-proof steel barriers. SOLDIERS are posted at intervals along these shields.

LINCOLN (VO)
I declare that 'I have no purpose, directly or indirectly, to interfere with the institution of slavery in the States where it exists.

INT CAPITOL WALKWAY DAY
LINCOLN, surrounded by a small group of DIGNITARIES, with SOLDIERS in front and behind, walks along the sealed walkway in silence. LINCOLN's long easy stride makes him seem to glide while some of the DIGNITARIES have almost to scurry. LINCOLN is calm and dignified.

LINCOLN (VO)

I believe I have no lawful right to do so, and I have no inclination to do so.'

EXT **INAUGURAL PODIUM** **DAY**

Cut to LINCOLN on the podium, poised to deliver the two final, inspired paragraphs of his Address. He's surrounded by grave faces. His voice is strong but natural, without the cultivated richness of the professional orator. It's a little on the high side, but remarkably clear and carrying, resonant with sincerity and conviction.

LINCOLN

One section of our country believes slavery is right, and ought to be extended, while the other believes it is wrong, and ought not to be extended. This is the only substantial dispute. . . .

In *your* hands, my dissatisfied fellow countrymen, and not in *mine*, is the momentous issue of civil war. The government will not assail *you*. You can have no conflict, without being yourselves the aggressors. *You* have no oath registered in Heaven to destroy the government, while *I* shall have the most solemn one to "preserve, protect and defend" it.

A long, heartfelt pause.

I am loth to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature.

LINCOLN folds his papers amidst silence far and wide.

INT **LINCOLN'S BEDROOM** **DAY**

The day after the Inauguration and the morning of the first cabinet meeting. MARY is proudly tidying her husband. LINCOLN acts patient but he's enjoying this moment as much as she. She stops wiping and smoothing, looks satisfied, then looks at his hair and sighs. She picks up a brush. He gives a groan of reluctance.

LINCOLN

Mother. I'm going to be late.

MARY

They'll wait. Come down!

LINCOLN bends all the way down to her and she brushes his hair.

MARY

Good.

LINCOLN grins and kisses her. MARY takes hold of his face and looks into his eyes.

MARY

When you walk into that room remember: every man in it wants your job. Seward and Chase think it's theirs by right - and that you are a second-rate compromise candidate who fluked his way into office and is completely out of his depth!

LINCOLN smiles.

LINCOLN

Mother. Do you have to sound so convincing?

INT WHITE HOUSE DAY

LINCOLN strides down a corridor towards a half-open door.

INT HAY'S OFFICE DAY

HAY lounges at a desk, waiting. HAY is an attractive, spirited young man in his mid-twenties - and Lincoln's secretary.

HAY

Good morning, Mr President.

LINCOLN grins at him. HAY grins back, congratulatory, delighted.

LINCOLN

Alright John. Let's go.

INT WHITEHOUSE HALL DAY

A few hundred OFFICE-SEEKERS, PETITIONERS and curious VISITORS mill around in the main entrance hall.

CHASE (VO)

It's a bear-park down there. He's told his staff to admit anyone - anyone - who wants to see him.

INT CABINET ROOM DAY

Seven men - Lincoln's cabinet - are seated around a large table, waiting.

CHASE

And we have one hour! The country in crisis and he decides to give his *cabinet* one hour. So the rest of the day can be passed in conversation with nonentities!

SEWARD – more urbane than Chase, less intense – smiles.

SEWARD

He's a man of the people, Chase. Man of the people.

CAMERON

And what must hurt is: a little more of the common touch from either of you at the convention - he'd be sitting there right now waiting for one of you.

BATES

That's assuming either one of them would invite his chief rival into his cabinet.

SEWARD

Oh I'd have chosen Honest Abe for *my* cabinet. You, Chase?

CHASE remains coldly silent. SEWARD smiles to himself.

INT WHITE HOUSE DAY

LINCOLN, HAY and NICOLAY approach a door. LINCOLN pauses before it and raises his hand to give a polite knock – then stops. He gives HAY and NICOLAY a little smile and a gesture which says 'Of course. I'm the President. I don't have to knock.' He opens the door.

INT CABINET ROOM DAY

From Lincoln's POV: seven men get to their feet and look at him.

LINCOLN

Morning gentlemen.

VARIOUS

Morning Mr President.

LINCOLN

You know my secretary Mr John Hay . . .

They do. LINCOLN and HAY take their seats.

LINCOLN

Gentlemen I'm here to listen to anything you want to say.

INT WHITEHOUSE DAY

A wide shot of the Hall and the CROWD of petitioners, office-seekers and curious members of the public. We go closer and find MARY meandering, alone and unrecognised, listening and observing. MARY pauses by a group of CRITICAL LADIES.

CRITICAL LADY 1

Well I know of several finer houses in this town alone.

CRITICAL LADY 2

It's so faded and jaded. Looks like a run-down, second-rate country hotel.

CRITICAL LADY 1

But it'll look like a palace to the Lincolns. They're Westerners, remember. *He* was born and brought up in a one-room log cabin. Can you imagine the squalor?

CRITICAL LADY 3

They will not have an idea about style. How could they, poor things?

MARY doesn't look offended – just thoughtful. She moves off.

INT CABINET ROOM DAY

Continuation of the cabinet meeting. Treasury Secretary Salmon CHASE, a leading Abolitionist, is holding forth in a typically lofty moral tone.

CHASE

The Republican Party we serve was created to oppose the spread of slavery. Now, the slave owners' rebellion makes the outright *abolition* of that disgraceful institution a *political* as well as moral *necessity*. God has placed in *our* hands a sacred opportunity and a sacred duty: the destruction of *servitude*, the establishment of *liberty*, and the fulfilment of this nation's *destiny!*

They wait for LINCOLN to respond. To CHASE's irritation, LINCOLN remains silent. SEWARD steps into the vacuum.

SEWARD

I'd like to mention a more mundane matter, Mr President. Despite the admirable certainties expressed by the Secretary for the Treasury the fact remains this administration has no clear statement of policy. Which in the

country means we *have* no policy. I respectfully suggest it's time we did. *(a brief pause)* As Secretary of State I believe I can best assist you, Mr President, this cabinet, and the country, by drawing up a statement of general policy as soon as possible.

SEWARD is making an innocuous-sounding but, in fact, bold play to pick up the reins of power. He looks calmly into LINCOLN's eyes – which betray a glint of amusement, even appreciation. LINCOLN admires the nerve and style of this man.

LINCOLN

Thank-you, Mr Seward.

Is that a 'yes' or 'no'? LINCOLN picks up his glasses and begins to spin them between thumb and forefinger. A strange suspense takes hold as SEWARD and the CABINET wait for Lincoln to speak again. The spin of the spectacles is becoming hypnotic. Bang! The moment is shattered by a crash against the door, so loud some of the CABINET start in alarm. Then there's laughter and a commotion as the door flies open – to reveal WILLIE holding the halter of a GOAT harnessed to a box containing TAD. WILLIE immediately drives the GOAT and TAD into and around the room.

WILLIE

Look Pa! We made a chariot!

LINCOLN bursts into laughter. The CABINET is appalled.

LINCOLN

Boys! Boys! John! Get these rascals out of here!

The BOYS take not a jot of notice. A small table and chair go flying. Chaos reigns. Shock and disapproval on CABINET faces. John HAY gets up, holds the door open wide, and shouts.

HAY

Willie! Tad! *(cracking up)* You are not members of this cabinet! And neither is that goat!

LINCOLN

Not that he didn't receive serious consideration.

At this HAY cracks up completely. LINCOLN, too. Most of the CABINET are unamused.

HAY

Willie! Tad! *Out!*

WILLIE decides to oblige and the chariot team continues on its way, leaving a stunned cabinet behind it. SEWARD looks suspicious, as if he's wondering whether the stunt was

somehow contrived to undermine him and the meeting. (Its timing was so perfect.) HAY closes the door and sits down, still grinning. LINCOLN, too.

LINCOLN

I'm sorry gentlemen but they're young. Time enough for them to get old and pokey.

CHASE gives Lincoln a look of utter incomprehension. He's at a loss.

LINCOLN

Mr Chase. Do you know the story about the young man about to go to war whose sisters were embroidering his belt?

CHASE

(irritated) No.

LINCOLN

They were embroidering his belt with the words 'Victory! Or Death!' "Victory or Death"? said the young man. 'Oh no, no,' he said, 'don't put it quite that strong. Put it . . . "Victory! Or Get Hurt Pretty Bad."

LINCOLN beams and chuckles. SEWARD grins. HAY smothers his laughter.

LINCOLN

My point Mr Chase is that your tone just now reminded of those sisters. I see more the young man's point of view. I'm not sure any cause justifies the destruction of human life. In other words Mr Chase I want very much to avoid a war. *(pause, without bitterness or self-pity)* My father, instead of sending me to school, would put me to work for neighbouring dirt-farmers. Servitude is not something about which I feel indifference. If slavery is not wrong, nothing is wrong. But my primary duty, be it sacred or any other kind, is *not* to abolish slavery. My primary duty, your collective task, and *(looks at Seward)* the *entire policy* of this administration, is to hold this country together. To preserve the Union. *All else* is secondary. Because from that preservation *all else . . .* will flow.

LINCOLN gets slowly to his feet. It's over.

LINCOLN

Thank-you gentlemen. We'll meet again in four days. When there'll be plenty of official business. Meanwhile forgive me but I have an appointment.

LINCOLN leaves, followed by HAY. HAY is trying not to grin. SEWARD stares after Lincoln for moment then lights a thin cigar. He's thoughtful – and impressed.

SEWARD

Not bad - for a boy who had to teach himself to read and write.

CHASE

You think a man who can't control his children can run a country? And handle a crisis of this magnitude?

SEWARD's expression is non-committal for a moment.

SEWARD

Well, Chase . . .

SEWARD takes a puff on his cigar, turns and looks at Chase.

SEWARD

. . . he certainly handled us.

INT

WHITEHOUSE

NIGHT

MARY sweeps along the corridor leading to Lincoln's Office. There's a line of OFFICE-SEEKERS, many asleep, lined up waiting to see Lincoln. Managing the queue is an old black servant called JIMMY, seated at a desk outside Lincoln's door.

MARY

Jimmy, you look exhausted and no wonder! Bid these people goodnight!

JIMMY

(grinning) Yes Mrs Lincoln!

MARY sweeps on through the door.

INT

LINCOLN'S OFFICE

NIGHT

LINCOLN is doing some paperwork - like a doctor between patients. MARY enters. LINCOLN lights up.

LINCOLN

Hello Mother!

MARY

These people will *wear you out!*

LINCOLN

Ohh they don't want much, and they get but little. Least I can do is see them.

MARY

No-one can move around here for office-seekers!

LINCOLN

This house belongs to the people.

MARY

Their house - but *our* home. I want to talk to you about that.

MARY takes him firmly by the hand.

MARY

Come with me.

LINCOLN allows himself to be towed from the room.

INT GRAND STAIRCASE NIGHT
MARY leads LINCOLN down the stairs to the hall.

MARY

Look around. Look! What does this place remind you of?

LINCOLN

Nowhere *I've* ever been before.

MARY

You never been in a run-down, second-rate country hotel?

LINCOLN

I been in *all* of them.

MARY

(putting an arm round his waist, leaning against him) I want to make this place fit for the President of the United States. A place the people can be proud of. A place which tells them the Administration is strong and well. And *knows* what it is *doing*.

LINCOLN is being persuaded. Above them, unseen, small pieces of paper are falling through the air. MARY turns to LINCOLN.

MARY

I'm so proud of you darling. *(eyes moving around the hall, seeing a transformed White House)* And I'm going to make you proud of me.

LINCOLN

I'm already proud of you. I always have been.

INT

WHITE HOUSE

DAY

WILLIE and TAD are at lessons with a GOVERNESS. TAD is clearly unhappy and struggling. WILLIE finishes writing and puts down his pen. He watches TAD struggling with a look of concern. The GOVERNESS picks up Willie's book and reads. She is seriously impressed. This is a gifted child.

GOVERNESS

Oh this is wonderful William. Listen to this, Thomas –

WILLIE

No, don't . . .

The GOVERNESS looks at Willie and understands. He doesn't want his cleverness paraded before his already demoralised brother.

GOVERNESS

Alright, William. You can go. Your mother's waiting. Thomas and I will have to persevere a little longer.

As WILLIE begins to leave, she turns to Tad and looks down at his dyslexic scrawl with a despondent sigh.

INT

WHITE HOUSE

DAY

MARY sits next to WILLIE, listening to him play the piano. He's good, naturally. MARY is pleased. He stops playing, abruptly.

WILLIE

Ma. Can I go and get Tad now? He's been in that lesson too long.

INT

WHITE HOUSE

DAY

TAD is manfully but miserably struggling on with a writing exercise. The GOVERNESS, not an unkind woman, looks on despondently. WILLIE enters and without a word walks over to TAD, takes him by the hand, and leads him gently out of the room. WILLIE pauses as he's about to close the door. He gives the GOVERNESS a sweetly apologetic smile. The door closes behind them, leaving the GOVERNESS looking somewhat helpless but understanding.

EXT

WHITE HOUSE ROOF

EARLY EVENING

LINCOLN walks out onto the flat roof carrying three four-foot logs under each arm. Slung over his back is a telescope. WILLIE and TAD have built mock fortifications and

gun-emplacements with sandbags along the parapet. They're happily painting a couple of logs black to resemble cannons.

LINCOLN

Here's the rest of your artillery, boys.

LINCOLN puts down the logs. His face is very close to Tad's. LINCOLN smiles at him. TAD stops painting only long enough to give the grin of a boy who's having such a good time he can hardly bear it.

TAD

Ankshpa! (*Thanks, Pa!*)

TAD's speech is hard to understand. It's immature, comes in a rush and is scrambled by a speech impediment. But this only adds charm to his enthusiasm. WILLIE gives his father a glowing smile. In this one look we see the maturity of Willie and the depth of his love for his father. LINCOLN raises the telescope to his eye.

EXT FORT SUMTER DAY

Seen through a telescope: above Fort Sumter, a fortress on an island out in the bay beyond Charleston Harbour, flies the Union flag.

EXT CHARLESTON HARBOUR DAY

A Confederate OFFICER is looking through a telescope. He lowers it.

OFFICER

Fire!

The shot widens to show several pieces of artillery opening up. In the background a large CROWD of civilians starts cheering and throwing hats in the air.

INT LINCOLN'S OFFICE DAY

LINCOLN, appalled, stares at a telegram. He looks up at HAY, standing nearby having just handed Lincoln the telegram. HAY's eyes are full of empathy and regret. LINCOLN slumps back in his chair, as if suddenly exhausted.

EXT FORT SUMTER DAWN

The Confederate flag is raised over the ruins of Fort Sumter.

EXT CHARLESTON HARBOUR DAY

Scenes of jubilation amongst the crowds watching the flag go up over the fort.

INT

LINCOLN'S OFFICE DAY

Crisis atmosphere. General SCOTT – commander of the US Army – is addressing LINCOLN and the CABINET. He's a huge 75 year-old, fast losing a war against old age, tightly clad in a splendid uniform. He looks like something from a bygone age. Nevertheless Scott is an experienced and highly respected commander. He's standing in front of a large wall-map of the once-United States using a stout walking cane as a pointer. The map picks out the Confederate states, the Border States and the Union states in different colours.

SCOTT

The attack on Fort Sumter – an army outpost in a southern harbour - was a symbolic gesture, more an assertion of independence than an act of war. Secession is by definition defensive and isolationist, not aggressive. Our response should be to establish a naval blockade of rebel ports; take control of the Mississippi from Cairo to the Gulf of Mexico, sealing off the entire Confederacy politically and economically. Then wait! For pro-Union sentiment, and good sense in general, to force their leaders to negotiate peace - and re-unification. *(pause)* While we need most assuredly go to arms - there is *no* need to go to war. This rebellion can be put down without spilling one drop of Northern blood!

SCOTT's final flourish resounds with confidence. But LINCOLN's expression doesn't change - he just stares thoughtfully at the map.

LINCOLN

General. I find your analysis and your strategy appealing. Very appealing. *(brief pause)* I have two concerns. Effective isolation of a resourceful people occupying a vast area is difficult to achieve. Even if achieved it could require years of commitment – human and financial - to take effect. *(pause)* I'm a patient man by nature General. But I'm not prepared to wait years for an uncertain outcome.

SEWARD

(searchingly) But are you truly prepared to let slip the dogs of war?

LINCOLN looks at Seward for a moment then pauses thoughtfully, and smiles.

LINCOLN

I remember before the Mexican War broke out there was a lot of excitement in Springfield. Even the old town loafer caught it. He said, 'Damn I feel so patriotic!' I asked him what he meant. 'Well!' he said, 'I feel like I want to kill somebody or steal something!'

LINCOLN chuckles affectionately at the memory of the old miscreant.

CHASE

Can we be clear on your point, Mr President?

LINCOLN

My point is there's a great deal of *patriotism* out there. On both sides.
(pause) Take a telescope to the roof of this building and you can see rebel flags just across the Potomac. Only *twenty-six* miles from here there's a Confederate army gathering at Bull Run. *(pause)* General I'm not prepared to accept a military strategy based on the arrogant assumption that the other man won't fight. Particularly when he's just a day's march down the road!

Demolition complete. The GENERAL looks pained and humiliated.

LINCOLN

I've delayed this too long - because I believed it would be inflammatory. I'm going to issue a proclamation instructing the loyal states to start recruiting urgently. I want 75,000 men in uniform as soon as possible.

INT

WHITEHOUSE

NIGHT

LINCOLN strides towards the porch of the main entrance. A carriage has drawn up outside. There's distant lightning flickering and thunder rumbling. SCOTT is about to hobble out to his carriage.

LINCOLN

General!

SCOTT turns. LINCOLN comes up to him, close.

LINCOLN

General I was too hard-pounding in there just now. I ask your forgiveness.

SCOTT

(touched, dismissing it) Ohh . . . Sir . . .

LINCOLN

I very much hope you will remain in overall command of the army - but I also need someone to lead that army in the field.

Brief pause.

SCOTT

Lee. Colonel Robert E Lee.

INT

LINCOLN'S OFFICE

NIGHT

There's a thunderstorm rumbling outside. Lightning flickers at the window. LINCOLN is sitting at his desk. Opposite him, standing, too unhappy to sit, is a distinguished-looking officer in US Army uniform, Colonel Robert E. LEE. There's been a long silence as LEE agonises.

LEE

Mr Lincoln, I see secession as anarchy. I'd free every slave in the South for the sake of the Union. But lead an army against my own state? Against my home, my family, my friends? I could not do that.

Silence. The air is full of bitter regret. LINCOLN nods – with acceptance and understanding.

LINCOLN

What will you do, Colonel?

LEE stares at Lincoln for a moment.

LEE

Resign my commission. Go home.

LINCOLN

And?

LEE

Stay there. Until the country returns to its senses.

LINCOLN looks at LEE with sympathy and understanding.

INT

CABINET ROOM

DAY

Close-up of General McDOWELL.

SCOTT (OFF-CAMERA)

General McDowell has presented his plan of battle. Which I fully support.

The room contains LINCOLN, John HAY, the CABINET, General SCOTT and McDOWELL – who looks like a younger version of Scott. There's a large, detailed, hand-drawn map of the Confederate positions at Bull Run hanging over the printed map of North America. The atmosphere in the room is momentous and troubled.

SCOTT

At the same time I fully share his reservations. The General needs more time to train and to discipline.

Silence.

CHASE

The country has been screaming 'Onward to Richmond' for weeks now. No administration can risk losing the confidence of the people by prolonged inaction.

SEWARD

No. But there's a quicker way: defeat.

Stalemate. Everyone waits for LINCOLN to speak. When he does, it's the lawyer we hear.

LINCOLN

(to McDowell) In the Virginia theatre we have 50,000 facing 30,000. You're green it's true; but they're green also; you're all green alike. The argument for action is numerical superiority - an advantage we possess now but may not possess much longer. That, General, is why I believe we should fight them. Now.

General approval from the CABINET, with the exception of SEWARD, who looks neutral. Silence from the MILITARY. McDOWELL looks at Scott. SCOTT gives him a look which says 'That's an order. What can I do?'

INT WHITE HOUSE NIGHT

MARY is in bed, asleep. There's a thunderstorm outside. She's woken by a clap of thunder - and is immediately terrified. She steadies herself, then gets out of bed and opens the connecting door to Lincoln's bedroom. His bedside lamp is on but Lincoln's bed is empty. There's a book lying on the covers. MARY walks over and picks it up. It's 'Elements of Military Art and Science' by Henry W. Halleck. A louder clap of thunder shatters her fragile composure. She drops the book on the floor and heads for the main door.

INT LINCOLN'S OFFICE NIGHT

LINCOLN is in his nightshirt studying a map. This is a man in a state of debilitating anxiety. MARY enters. He looks up - and, emerging from his absorption, hears the storm for the first time.

LINCOLN

Ohh Mother. I'm sorry. I didn't . . . hear the storm.

MARY

Don't worry. It's an Eastern affair - all fuss and feathers.

(shouts) Half of Washington society's on that hill!

GUNNER

(shouts) Well sir, seems only polite we give 'em a show to remember!

Nervous cheers and laughter from the GUN-CREWS. The camera pulls back to show the UNION FORCES advancing towards the Bull Run river and the CONFEDERATE FORCES on higher ground on the other side.

EXT PICNIC HILLSIDE DAY

A group of picnickers is settled down on rugs – two foppish BEAUX and two LADIES. The LADIES have opera glasses, the BEAUX have telescopes.

BEAUX 1

They're going to move on their left flank over there. Turn 'em out, isolate 'em, then they'll move on the centre, drive 'em south. They'll be back in Richmond this time tomorrow.

BEAUX 2

No Charlie. They'll be dead by nightfall or marching in chains to Washington. We got 35,000 men down there. They only got 20,000.

LADY 1

How d'you know all this?

BEAUX 2

How do I know? It's been in the papers all week!

LADY 2 looks puzzled and turns to LADY 1.

LADY 2

In the papers . . . ? Shouldn't it be a secret?

The LADIES – obviously more intelligent than their Beaux – look at each other doubtfully then raise their opera glasses.

THE UNFOLDING OF THE BATTLE HERE. SHOW CONFEDERATE REINFORCEMENTS ARRIVING BY TRAIN AND SWINGING THE BATTLE.

EXT PICNIC HILL DAY

The two BEAUX and their LADIES are transfixed by the disaster unfolding before them. The LADIES are the first to realise their danger. LADY 2 scrambles to her feet.

LADY 2

Get us out of here, Charlie! Come on, Sis'!

LADY 1 gets to her feet and follows LADY 2 to their carriage. CHARLIE starts to pack up the picnic gear.

LADY 2

For pity's sake, Charlie! *Leave it!!*

LADY 2 pushes LADY 1 into the carriage. The shot widens to reveal an entire hillside of PICNICKERS running, scrambling into buggies and carriages, whipping up horses. In a few moments it looks from a distance like a mad, reckless cross-country race – the start of a landrush. We go closer and see carriages crash into one another and overturn as they converge on the road.

EXT BULL RUN DAY

UNION FORCES, under fire and in extreme disorder, retreat across a ford in the river. But the numbers are such that most of the soldiers are forced into deeper waters, where pressure from soldiers piling in behind creates a desperate struggle to stay upright, non-swimmers thrashing at the margins as they begin to drown. The ford itself is becoming clogged with fallen bodies. SOLDIERS turn to extricate fallen friends and comrades – but are driven back. General McDOWELL comes riding along the bank with a couple of AIDES.

McDOWELL

Reform, men! Reform! We must reform - and counterattack!

Here and there, SOLDIERS steady and regroup, but are swept into disarray by the majority who just keep on going, throwing down their weapons as full-scale panic takes hold. SOLDIERS trample over dying and wounded in the river, repeatedly forcing them under until their strength is gone and all they can do is drown. Bodies float gently downstream, except when heaved into the air or onto the banks by cannon fire.

McDOWELL has reined in, motionless, staring at irreversible defeat as soldiers flood past, ignoring him. A strange sound rises in the distance, its savage intensity piercing the noise of battle. McDOWELL looks across the river to the brow of the hill opposite as CONFEDERATES pour over it in a bayonet charge, yelling like furies. The sound rises and rises. McDOWELL is horrified. It's the first time McDOWELL has witnessed troops gripped by the ruthless passion of battle. And the first time any Union soldier has heard the rebel yell.

INT LINCOLN'S OFFICE NIGHT

LINCOLN is alone, expressionless, lying on the chaise-longue and staring at the wall. The door opens and MARY appears. She stays in the doorway. She doesn't know what to

INT MARY'S BEDROOM MORNING

MARY has fallen asleep fully dressed on the bed. LINCOLN enters. MARY wakes. LINCOLN, still holding his memoranda, walks over to her. He offers his hand and she takes it. She lies there without moving, looking up at him. He smiles down at her, a sad but strong, encouraging smile.

INT HOSPITAL DAY

An OFFICER shows LINCOLN and MARY into a huge public hall that's now crammed with beds of all kinds, many of them makeshift, containing wounded and dying soldiers. MARY cannot hide her horror. She recoils and nearly faints. A NURSE takes MARY out. LINCOLN moves forward amidst the beds. We see in his face the immense and formative impact the terrible scene makes on him. He seems literally and metaphorically to age before our eyes.

EXT CAMP DAY

LINCOLN, flanked by a chastened-looking McDOWELL and a couple of his OFFICERS, rides at walking pace through an army camp. It's a demoralised, disorganised mess. SOLDIERS are sitting or lying around, quiet and listless. As LINCOLN passes by, some SOLDIERS get to their feet to see what's happening.

EXT CAMP DAY

Hundreds of SOLDIERS have gathered together, others still moving onto the fringes. At their centre is the tall imposing figure of LINCOLN on horseback. Around LINCOLN's humane, caring presence, a mood is taking hold – they're silent and ashamed, waiting for Lincoln to speak, like sinners hoping for absolution. As he looks around at their needy, trusting faces LINCOLN is deeply moved.

LINCOLN

Gentlemen. You do me . . . too much honour

For a moment he's lost for words. A powerful pulse of empathy and understanding passes between LINCOLN and the SOLDIERS. LINCOLN goes on looking into their faces – as if he wants to look into the eyes of every man he sent into battle. A voice comes out of the crowd.

SOLDIER 1

We let you down, Abe!

LINCOLN shakes his head and murmurs.

LINCOLN

No . . . No . . .

SOLDIER 2

We ran like jack-rabbits!

The briefest of silences.

SOLDIER 3

I ran faster than that!

A ripple of laughter. LINCOLN gives a sudden grin.

LINCOLN

I never knew but one man could run like that. Jimmy Hanson. Friend of mine back when we were both young men in Illinois. Jimmy was sparking this fine looking girl – with some success. But the girl’s father took such a dislike to Jimmy he threatened to shoot him if he ever caught him on the farm again. Then one evening Jimmy hears the old man’s gone to the city, and he ventures out to the girl’s house. He’s sitting in the parlour with his arm round the girl’s waist when suddenly he sees the old man coming round the corner of the house with a shotgun in his hand! In two seconds flat Jimmy’s out the window and travelling along the garden path like greased lightning - when out in front of him jumps this jack-rabbit. In about two strides Jimmy’s right up behind him. Jimmy gives the rabbit a great kick up in the air and he yells ‘Out of the road, gosh dern you, and let somebody run that knows how!’

LINCOLN grins and chuckles as warm, appreciative laughter moves through the crowd, gathering strength. Then LINCOLN raises his hand in an appeal for silence. LINCOLN pauses. The silence is profound.

LINCOLN

You are not responsible for what happened yesterday. That responsibility is mine. I asked too much, too soon. Of you and your officers. We have learned a hard lesson and having learned it we can gather strength and we can go on and win this fight. But only if you’ll stay with me for as long as it takes. If you’ll re-enlist to serve our country throughout the hour of its greatest need. *(pause)* If you do, I promise you I will not spare myself to give you every possible means of support. *(pause)* So tell me. Are we together on this?

A roar of affirmation. He has won them completely. Cheer after cheer.

INT

LINCOLN’S OFFICE

DAY

The CABINET plus SCOTT is reading a four-page document – Lincoln’s ‘Memoranda of Military Policy Suggested by the Bull Run Defeat’ written just a few hours before - in a

collectively awed silence. HAY watches them with a degree of satisfaction. SEWARD closes the document, purses his lips and looks profoundly mystified.

SEWARD

He's covered *everything*. A total reorganisation of the army . . . a move towards a new *three-year* enlistment policy . . . retraining of officers . . . dismissal of incompetents . . . a new strategy embracing every theatre of war on the continent . . . even international relations . . . it's staggering. No-one I've ever known could've produced this overnight - let alone *last* night.

CHASE

It was probably done earlier. As a contingency.

SEWARD

(smiling, shaking his head) Chase . . . Chase . . . That's beneath you. Beneath all of us.

LINCOLN enters, pale with fatigue. LINCOLN lowers himself into a chair and gathers himself.

LINCOLN

I owe everyone in this room and particularly you General an apology. I failed to understand that green troops against green isn't an equal equation, it's a lottery. I was seduced by the easy notion of a single decisive blow. By the idea that the rebels would collapse after a single defeat. But the fact is they were no more going to do that than we are now.

Slow, reluctant murmurs of agreement. Silence.

LINCOLN

Has everyone had time to read this?

Nods and murmurs of 'yes'.

LINCOLN

Any reactions?

SEWARD

Yes.

Brief silence as SEWARD returns LINCOLN's steady gaze.

SEWARD

Hail.

SEWARD raises the document in one hand.

SEWARD

Hail to the chief.

A moment between LINCOLN and SEWARD. LINCOLN looks at every face in the room and senses unity. LINCOLN gives a brief, humble smile and a barely perceptible nod of the head.

INT

TREMONT HALL

NIGHT

An Abolitionist rally. DOUGLASS is addressing a crowd of black and white ABOLITIONISTS. Banners proclaim 'No Union With Slavery!' 'A Fight For The Union Must Be A Fight For Abolition!' DOUGLASS is very powerful rhetorician with a masterful range of tone and emotion.

DOUGLASS

So now at last Mr Lincoln understands: this is a country at *war!* But at war for what? That, it seems, is something our President has yet to comprehend!! This is a war *caused* by slavery and being fought by our enemies to *preserve* slavery! And yet this President tells us it has nothing to *do* with slavery! But this is the man I heard with my own ears, in this very place, precisely where I stand before you tonight, speak these wonderful words: 'Let us have faith that *right* makes might, and in that faith, let us, to the end, dare to do our duty as we understand it.' *(pause)* 'Faith.'! 'Right'.! 'Dare.'! 'Duty.'! Oh yes indeed Mr Lincoln! Yes indeed! Noble words and a noble sentiment!

A group of suspicious-looking men in bulky coats quietly filter in at the back of the hall, unnoticed by most people in the audience. (These men will shortly be revealed as anti-abolitionist THUGS.) DOUGLASS sees them, however, and we see the flicker of recognition in his eyes, before he continues with equal passion.

DOUGLASS

So how can *that same man* tell us this war is about the survival of democracy and *not* about the destruction of slavery? About an eternal Union and *not* about the deepest division in our land? There can only be one conclusion: our President has no moral certainty, and no moral courage! Oh Mr Lincoln, when will you understand? When will you comprehend? To fight against slave-holders without fighting against slavery is but a half-hearted business. War for the destruction of liberty must be met with war for the destruction of slavery! This is a war for Abolition!

THUG LEADER

(roaring above the general clamour of approval) Bollocks!

A shocked silence. But DOUGLASS is unfazed. He's been expecting this.

THUG LEADER

We'll fight all right! For the Union! But *not* . . .for the nigger!

The racist THUGS have taken clubs and bats from under their coats. Two strong-looking young black men in the front row either side of the central aisle – LEWIS and CHARLES, whom we assume to be Douglass's bodyguards - get to their feet, ready to move. DOUGLASS stills them with a gesture.

DOUGLASS

This is a private meeting! And *you* are not welcome!

THUG LEADER

Oh really? Is that right?

The THUG LEADER strides up onto the platform, brandishing his club. DOUGLASS takes his glasses off and puts them in a case. The THUG LEADER mounts the platform, grabs hold of Douglass's speech, tears it in two, and throws the pieces into the air – and glares contemptuously and challengingly at Douglass. DOUGLASS punches the THUG LEADER clean off the platform. LEWIS and CHARLES surge forward to meet the RACIST THUGS storming up the aisle. The hall erupts into a brawl.

INT LINCOLN'S OFFICE NIGHT

That night. A clock tells us it's ten o'clock. LINCOLN is reading a newspaper – one of many piled on his desk. The one he's reading is entitled 'Douglass Monthly'. HAY comes in.

LINCOLN

You read this?

LINCOLN indicates the article.

HAY

Yes sir. Quite a speech.

LINCOLN is suddenly angry – something we see for the first time – with a combination of personal hurt, sheer frustration and above all a fierce intellectual conviction. He slams the paper down on the desk.

LINCOLN

I'm surrounded by people who seem to think this war is a damn fine thing! But even if that were so – and it is *not!* - a war with the South *cannot* be won without control of the Ohio and the Mississippi! And what Chase and

the radical wing of the party, and agitators like Frederick Douglass, *will* not understand - in the *ecstasy* of their righteousness! - is that *they* may demand abolition at the tops of their voices but if *I* just *breathe* the word, every one of those Border States could join the Confederacy. And if that happens . . .

LINCOLN's intensity subsides as he shakes his head hopelessly at the thought.

LINCOLN

. . . the bottom is out of the tub.

HAY

Never fear Mr President. You have God on your side.

LINCOLN

John, I do hope so. *(a sudden grin)* But I *must* . . . have Kentucky.

EXT

HILLSIDE

DAY

Several weeks later. Two impressive batteries of artillery open up on each side of a wide hill brow. Then between the batteries an immaculate tide of blue infantry crests the hill and starts moving down the slope in perfect formation. Then, in a movement of abstract perfection when seen from distance, the solid massed rank of blue infantry begins to split from front to back into two columns, between which comes thundering a large cavalry formation. Cut to:

EXT

OBSERVATION POST

DAY

General George McCLELLAN – powerfully-built, shortish, young, strikingly handsome, charismatic – watches the large-scale training manoeuvre. He is immaculately dressed, exuding confidence and power. He is surrounded by an impressive-looking STAFF. Also present are LINCOLN, MARY, and Secretary of War, Edwin STANTON. They are being studiously ignored by McCLELLAN – who is well pleased with what he sees.

McCLELLAN

Excellent. Excellent. *(to his staff)* Congratulations, gentlemen!

The STAFF are thrilled.

LINCOLN

Very impressive, General.

With a deliberate delay, which makes it clear he thinks Lincoln is an unnecessary distraction, McCLELLAN turns to LINCOLN.

McCLELLAN

(coolly) I'm delighted you think so.

McCLELLAN turns back to watch the manoeuvre.

EXT **ARMY CAMP** **DAY**
An OFFICER escorts LINCOLN, MARY and STANTON on horseback through the camp where we saw Lincoln address the demoralised post-Bull Run troops. The camp, previously a shambles, is now immaculately organised, the SOLDIERS morale high. Lincoln observes the contrast with deep satisfaction.

EXT **ARMY CAMP** **DAY**
MARY, STANTON and some OFFICERS are seated on a low platform before the TROOPS. LINCOLN is addressing them.

LINCOLN
... I cannot recall seeing anything or anyone so quickly and so dramatically improved as this Army. If I were ...

LINCOLN pauses as his words are drowned out by a rising commotion coming from the rear of the TROOPS, a commotion quickly resolving into cheering. The cheering rises and moves forward through the Troops. McCLELLAN appears, striding around the far corner of the front rank. The TROOPS, cheering and shouting 'Little Mac!' with something close to passion, are entirely focused on McCLELLAN now as he strides onto the platform.

McCLELLAN
My apologies. It was a matter of some importance. (implying 'this isn't')

LINCOLN waits patiently for the cheering to subside, smiling with pleasure at his General in Chief's popularity. MARY, however, is furious.

INT **CARRIAGE** **DAY**
LINCOLN and MARY come away from the Army Camp in a closed carriage. LINCOLN grins.

LINCOLN
You don't like him do you?

MARY
No. I do not!

LINCOLN

Mother. George McClellan is recognised as the outstanding soldier of his generation. And he's certainly the only man *I* know can lick an entire army into shape in six weeks.

MARY

He's the only man *I* know can strut sitting down! And that six weeks was three months ago. Since then it's been parades, manoeuvres, reviews . . . When's he going to do some fighting?

LINCOLN looks at her thoughtfully.

MARY

You know, here we are, in the White House, but more and more I miss the early days, when we were just starting out. Because in those days you valued my opinion. Now you don't even ask for it.

LINCOLN gives a her a sad look.

LINCOLN

I miss those days, too. *(smiles teasingly)* So tell me, seriously, what is your considered opinion of George McClellan?

MARY gives him a brief, intense stare.

MARY

I think he's dangerous. And I don't mean to the Confederacy.

EXT

BOSTON COMMON

DAY

DOUGLASS addresses a crowd outdoors. He's on top form – shifting intriguingly between passionate outrage and baffled incredulity. He's flanked at a distance by his sons LEWIS and CHARLES, who look around warily from time to time, ready to defend their father from attack.

DOUGLASS

What on earth is the matter with the American Government and people? Do they really covet the world's ridicule as well as their own social and political ruin? What are they thinking about, or don't they condescend to think at all? . . . 'Men! Men! Send us men!' they scream . . . and yet . . . steadily and persistently refuse to receive the very class of men which have a deeper interest in the defeat and humiliation of the rebels than all others . . . What a spectacle of blind, unreasoning prejudice and pusillanimity is this! . . . Why does the Government reject the negro?

This continues as VO into

EXT

CONTRABAND CAMP

DAY

Frederick DOUGLASS is walking through a Contraband Camp - a very overcrowded refugee camp for slaves who have escaped from the South. Wooden huts and tents comprise the scant accommodation. DOUGLASS looks at the faces of the MEN he passes.

DOUGLASS (VO)

Is he not a man? Can he not wield a sword, fire a gun, march and obey orders like any other man? Instead of placing the many thousands who had the courage to escape into the Union in squalid camps or letting our armies use them as unpaid labour – that is as *slaves!* – let us put them in uniform. Let the slaves and free colored people be called into service and formed into a liberating army, to march into the South and raise the banner of emancipation. If persons so humble as we can be allowed to speak to the President of the United States . . .

LINCOLN (VO)

(picking up from Douglass) . . . We would tell him . . . Men in earnest don't fight with one hand, when they might fight with two,

INT

LINCOLN'S OFFICE

DAY

LINCOLN holds a newspaper and reads Douglass's speech to SEWARD and HAY.

LINCOLN

and a man drowning would not refuse to be saved even by a colored hand.' *(pause)* Brilliant! No-one could have put it better! *(deep respect, even incredulity)* This man was a *slave* . . . I've had to work hard on occasions – but him . . . I can't imagine how great *his* struggle must have been.

LINCOLN stares at a the newspaper portrait of Douglass. We see it in close-up.

INT

WHITE HOUSE MAIN HALL

DAY

A close-up of DOUGLASS. We pull back to reveal him in the main hall of the White House, which is packed with people. DOUGLASS enters the hall, dignified but wary, habitually prepared for rejection. He looks around for someone to approach. HAY comes hurrying through the hall with a bundle of different newspapers. DOUGLASS senses his officiality.

DOUGLASS

Young man! Excuse me!

HAY looks in the direction of the voice, then, recognising Douglass, he stops, smiles, and approaches.

HAY

I think you are Frederick Douglass!

DOUGLASS

Yes. I am.

HAY offers his hand.

INT

WHITE HOUSE CORRIDOR

DAY

We're looking along a line of OFFICE-SEEKERS and PETITIONERS, every one of them white, leading away from Lincoln's office door – where the queue is being administrated by JIMMY, an old, black member of the White House staff. A SHARPLY-DRESSED MAN steps out of Lincoln's office and closes the door. The OFFICE-SEEKERS and PETITIONERS stare at him, the question 'Well, did he give you what you asked for?' in every eye. The SHARPLY-DRESSED MAN strikes a bravura air.

SHARPLY-DRESSED MAN

Turned me down! Saw straight through me! But he was just so gentlemanly about it!

With a smile, a flourish of his cane, the SHARPLY-DRESSED MAN sets off, as HAY comes walking towards us with DOUGLASS. OFFICE-SEEKERS look surprised to see a black man who, judging by his dignified stride alongside HAY, is a respected official visitor. The next in the queue, a SELF-IMPORTANT MAN, hasn't seen them approaching, and steps forward and hands his card to JIMMY, with a certain disdain.

HAY

Jimmy . . .

JIMMY looks up and sees HAY arrive with DOUGLASS.

HAY

Anyone in there?

JIMMY returns the card to the Self-Important Man, with a certain satisfaction.

JIMMY

No.

The SELF-IMPORTANT MAN retreats in a state of shock at being superseded by a black man. DOUGLASS offers his card and JIMMY takes it –

DOUGLASS

Thank-you.

- without taking his glowing eyes off Douglass. He doesn't even glance at the card before dropping it into the box with dozens of others.

JIMMY

Thank-you, Mr Douglass.

HAY knocks on Lincoln's office door and goes in. DOUGLASS hesitates, staying outside though the door is open.

JIMMY

(quietly urging) Go in.

INT

LINCOLN'S OFFICE

DAY

DOUGLASS enters behind HAY. LINCOLN, who has seized the moment to go through a piece of correspondence, glances up and, seeing only the familiar HAY, goes back to the letter. DOUGLASS enters.

HAY

Sir. Mr Frederick Douglass.

LINCOLN immediately gets to his feet, smiling broadly.

INT

WHITE HOUSE CORRIDOR

DAY

JIMMY, looking at the disgruntled OFFICE-SEEKERS, gets up and closes Lincoln's office door – with a certain satisfaction. He looks down at the box of cards, picks out Douglass's and places it in his breast pocket – as a souvenir. He pats the pocket and sits down.

INT

LINCOLN'S OFFICE

DAY

There's a moment as DOUGLASS and LINCOLN, take in each other's powerful presence. Douglass is not as tall as Lincoln, but more powerfully built. HAY senses his presence is redundant. He turns on his heels and leaves. DOUGLASS takes Lincoln's extended hand, saying nothing. The handshake is long and slow.

LINCOLN

Thank-you for coming.

DOUGLASS

It's an honour.

LINCOLN

All mine, Mr Douglass. All mine. I'm very glad to meet you.

There is already a sense that these men instinctively like each other.

LINCOLN

Sit down.

DOUGLASS sits while LINCOLN stays where he is.

LINCOLN

You interest me greatly Mr Douglass. I think you are a man of the most enormous personal achievements.

DOUGLASS

Thank-you.

LINCOLN

However . . . I believe you regard *me* with some disappointment.

Brief pause.

DOUGLASS

Yes, sir. I do.

Silence.

LINCOLN

(grinning) Reticence is not normally one of your weaknesses Mr Douglass.

DOUGLASS

Very well. You came into office saying you had neither the right nor the inclination to interfere with slavery. Not a good beginning for those of us who can see no higher moral purpose in this war than the abolition of slavery. In recent months your entire conduct of the war has been slow and uncertain - devoid of purpose. The navy it is true has done some useful things. But you have an enormous army that does nothing but march and countermarch along the banks of the Potomac. You have a General in Chief who in peace was a declared proslavery, pro-Southern Democrat and who in war *behaves* as such! And you refuse to recruit the very soldiers who would fight this war out of desire rather than duty, as a righteous war of vengeance, to be fought with fire and sword! *(pause)* You wish me to say more?

LINCOLN

That'll certainly do to be going on with. *(pause)* But first . . .

LINCOLN pulls up a chair and sits down close to Douglass. LINCOLN's eyes shine with an intense curiosity.

LINCOLN

. . . I'd like to ask you: what is it that drives you?

DOUGLASS

The desire to see four million slaves set free.

LINCOLN

(with deep respect, even envy) Yes. *(pause)* You see what drives me is by comparison vague, even self-centred. *(intense, baring his soul)* Ever since I was a boy I have simply wanted to be remembered. Remembered – for doing something useful for humanity. Something . . . good.

Well now you have your chance. Take it!

Mr Douglass I'm by nature a moderate man. I'm slow to anger and, I hope, not slow to forgive. I have little time for the notion of vengeance. What's done is done and cannot be undone. Certainly not by vengeance. And since seeing the results of one small battle, the notion of full-scale war *appalls* me.

DOUGLASS

There is no alternative!

LINCOLN looks Douglass in the eye. He nods.

LINCOLN

I think you're right. Just that I cannot *hurry* myself . . . into the slaughterhouse.

Silence.

LINCOLN

But now. I have a question for you. If I were to offer you a formal commission to organise the recruitment of black troops, would you accept?

DOUGLASS is amazed – and delighted – by this question.

DOUGLASS

When can I start?

LINCOLN

When the time is right.

DOUGLASS

(disappointed, angry) I am not a man to be patronised or toyed with.

A sudden warm grin from LINCOLN. He reaches out and puts a hand on DOUGLASS's shoulder.

LINCOLN

I most certainly know that. *(pause)* Mr Douglass, I'm a cautious man – and you're going to have to be patient with me.

The two men look into each other's eyes in a frank stare of assessment.

INT WHITE HOUSE DAY

MARY is trying on a stunning white silk dress (more details here of the famous dress) aided by her seamstress MARY KECKLEY, a black woman of similar age to Mary.

MARY

This is simply wonderful. Simply wonderful. You're a genius, Mary Keckley. A genius.

MARY twirls.

EXT WHITE HOUSE DAY

Outside, an immense cylindrical object, a column of some kind, supported on slings between two rows of TRADESMEN, say thirty in all, is carried up the steps into the White House main entrance.

INT WHITE HOUSE DAY

MARY KECKLEY is marking an adjustment to the dress when LINCOLN, followed by WILLIE and TAD, appear in the door. MARY KECKLEY steps aside and MARY holds herself for inspection. LINCOLN stares at her for a moment, then admiration and approval spreads across his face. He steps forward, smiling and nodding. The BOYS, too, are impressed, open-mouthed in fact. The dress is spectacularly low-cut.

MARY

Well?

LINCOLN

Well, Mother . . . that is quite a dress. *(smiling, teasing)* But you sure some of the tail doesn't belong at the front?

MARY

Yes Mr Lincoln. Quite sure.

LINCOLN

Yes. Me too.

INT WHITE HOUSE DAY

The cylindrical object, now placed on the floor at one end of a huge empty room and stripped of its coverings, is a carpet. Several TRADESMEN are on their knees about to roll it out. The DESIGNER is there, too, with the FOREMAN. We cut to an overhead shot to witness a glorious transformation as rose-studded, brilliant green velvet sweeps across the floor like an ocean wave strewn with flowers.

INT CONSERVATORY DAY

MARY is the White House Conservatory surrounded by a wonderful variety and abundance of flowers. She's sad, seeming to take consolation in the beauty around her. She cuts a beautiful flower, an Iris.

INT WILLIE'S ROOM DAY

Close-up of a vase full of Irises. We pull back to see MARY and LINCOLN anxiously watching a distinguished-looking man, DOCTOR ROBERT STONE, examine WILLIE, who is semi-delirious with fever.

INT CORRIDOR OUTSIDE WILLIE'S ROOM DAY

LINCOLN and MARY listen intently to DOCTOR STONE. He addresses himself to Mary. He puts a gentle hand momentarily on her shoulder.

DOCTOR STONE

Mrs Lincoln, your son is very sick, but he's in no immediate danger. Given his strength and usual good health there is every reason for an early recovery. Every reason.

DOCTOR STONE offers LINCOLN his hand in a gesture of sympathy and support. They shake hands briefly. DOCTOR STONE leaves. Silence for a moment or two.

MARY

We have to cancel the ball.

LINCOLN

Mother. Doctor Stone is the best doctor in Washington -

MARY

I don't care what Doctor Stone says, I'm his mother and that boy is *sick* . .
. . and I . . . I'm *frightened!* I couldn't bear . . .

LINCOLN

(prompts her, gently, he wants it out) . . . to lose another child.

LINCOLN moves close and takes her shoulders in his hands.

LINCOLN

Mother. Eddie was a three year-old child, with tuberculosis. Willie is a strong, healthy boy, with a fever. Which will pass. *(pause)* The ball is ten days away; Willie will be on the mend if not recovered. And that'll be worth a celebration. *(pause)* You've worked so hard for this – and it'll be a triumph! For you. I don't want you to miss that . . .

MARY looks up at him. The look suggests 'Alright you win. But you better be right.'

EXT

WHITE HOUSE

NIGHT

The WHITE HOUSE windows are brilliantly lit in the dark of a February night. As we go closer we see carriages queuing along the drive to the main entrance where people queue to enter and be announced.

INT

WHITE HOUSE

NIGHT

Everywhere opulence and elegance – including striking displays of fresh flowers from the White House conservatory - as people mingle or wander from room to room admiring the splendour of the new White House interior. Amongst them, we pick out the three CRITICAL WOMEN (whom Mary overheard being condescending in an earlier scene). They're looking around, two of them trying their damndest not to be impressed.

CRITICAL WOMAN 1

Well I don't know which impresses most – the extravagance or the vulgarity.

CRITICAL WOMAN 2

Vulgarity is without question the victor.

CRITICAL WOMAN 1

In what has clearly been an epic contest.

CRITICAL WOMAN 3

Well . . . actually . . . I like it. I think it's . . . really rather wonderful.

Her two companions look at her in shock, then one smiles patronisingly.

CRITICAL WOMAN 2

Well I suppose there are certain colours and combinations which are not *entirely* offensive.

CRITICAL WOMAN 3 looks at her companions as if she's seeing them for the first time.

CRITICAL WOMAN 3

No. I love it. The whole thing. It's just gorgeous.

She turns away.

CRITICAL WOMAN 1

Jane. Where are you going?

CRITICAL WOMAN 3

To find Mary Lincoln - and congratulate her.

INT

WHITE HOUSE

NIGHT

We pick out MARY, receiving compliments from a GUEST. MARY is clearly going through the motions. She's repeatedly glancing at the stairs, and when LINCOLN, looking grave, appears at the top of them she becomes totally distracted, looking up at him anxiously.

MARY

(to the Guest) That's very kind. Would you forgive me? There's something I must attend to.

MARY moves away, heading for the stairs – but she's intercepted by CRITICAL WOMAN 3.

CRITICAL WOMAN 3

Mrs Lincoln. Mrs Lincoln . . .

MARY pauses.

CRITICAL WOMAN 3

Forgive me for breaking in on you – for one moment only I assure you – but I just have to say what a magnificent job you have done in this house. Quite magnificent. *And . . . (risking a tone of confidentiality)* worth every penny. No matter what *anyone* says.

MARY smiles. She's touched.

MARY

Thank-you. That's very kind.

Suddenly MARY is trying to hold back tears. She briefly touches Critical Woman 3 on the hand.

MARY

Thank-you.

Tears well into her eyes as she turns away. CRITICAL WOMAN 3, surprised and concerned, watches MARY walk quickly up the stairs. We watch her hurry towards LINCOLN. They have a brief but intense exchange – he holds her arm as they talk, trying to give her strength and reassurance, she all anxiety tinged with anger - before MARY hurries on up the stairs. LINCOLN straightens up, manufactures a smile, and advances into the party.

INT WHITE HOUSE NIGHT
MARY hurries along the corridor. She opens the door to Willie's room.

INT WILLIE'S ROOM NIGHT
WILLIE is in bed. His deterioration since we last saw him is shocking. He's just been retching into a container held by a NURSE. She lowers him back onto the bed. TAD sits by the bed, dressed for the party, just staring miserably at his brother. MARY hurries to WILLIE's side, sits on the bed and very gently takes him in her arms.

MARY
Hello my darling. My brave, brave boy.

He smiles - bravely.

WILLIE
Ma . . .

MARY has to put her ear to his mouth to hear him.

MARY
Yes my darling.

WILLIE
Tell Tad . . . he should go . . . to the party.

MARY
Ohh sweetheart . . .

MARY is deeply touched by Willie's concern for his brother even approaching extremis.

MARY

He doesn't want to be at some silly party – he wants to be with you.

WILLIE looks at TAD and puts out his hand. TAD holds Willie's hand. TAD has a lost, bewildered look, as if sensing his brother is slipping away from him.

INT

WHITE HOUSE

NIGHT

Downstairs, LINCOLN is surrounded by guests, whom he is entertaining with an anecdote.

LINCOLN

'... you are the most two-faced individual I have ever met!' So I said to him, 'Now. Be reasonable. If I had two faces, would I be wearing this one?'

Laughter.

LINCOLN

Reminds me of the old lady when I was a young man working in a field. She comes by on her horse then stops, looks down at me and says 'My you are ugly. I think you must be the ugliest young man in the county.' I said 'Well, ma'am, I'm sure sorry about it, but there's not a lot I can *do* about it.' She said, 'Well, you could've stayed home!'

More laughter. LINCOLN is laughing as loudly as anyone – but while he's laughing he's glancing up the stairs, watching for Mary.

INT

WILLIE'S ROOM

DAY

WILLIE lifts a hand to his face and as he does so he notices something.

WILLIE

Ma...

MARY

Yes my darling boy?

He holds up the emaciated hand to the light.

WILLIE

I can... see... the bones...

MARY stares at the hand in horror. TAD, too. Suddenly he starts to cry with fear.

TAD

Ma! Williegundie! . . . Williegundie! . . .

MARY puts out a hand over Tad's mouth – but too late. The same realisation hits WILLIE for the first time. He stares at his mother in shock. But MARY is frozen, helpless in the grip of her own terror.

INT WHITE HOUSE NIGHT
The party's over. Everyone's gone home.

INT WILLIE'S BEDROOM NIGHT
MARY, still dressed for the ball, has fallen into an exhausted sleep in a chair. TAD, too. LINCOLN is sitting on Willie's bed. He and WILLIE are gazing at each other with a calm, mutual love.

WILLIE

Pa . . .

LINCOLN leans forward and puts his ear to Willie's mouth.

WILLIE

. . . sing . . . to me . . .

Very, very gently, LINCOLN picks WILLIE up, cradling him in his arms. He stands, holding WILLIE like a baby, and walks the room with him, gently swaying, as he softly sings.

LINCOLN

(sings) Rock-a-bye baby in the tree top
When the wind blows the cradle will rock
When the bough breaks the cradle will fall
And down will come cradle baby and all.

LINCOLN's eyes betray just a gleam of tears.

EXT WHITE HOUSE DUSK
The next evening. The air is still and there are very few lights in the White House. Nothing moves.

EXT WHITEHOUSE ROOF DUSK
HAY stands on the roof, with TAD in his arms, watching the sunset

INT WILLIE'S BEDROOM NIGHT
LINCOLN, MARY, a NURSE and DOCTOR STONE are gathered round WILLIE. He's barely breathing.

EXT WHITEHOUSE ROOF NIGHT
TAD has fallen asleep in HAY's arms. HAY looks at TAD, smiles a very sad smile, and turns towards the door.

INT TAD'S ROOM NIGHT
TAD is sleeping restlessly, watched over by a NURSE. A rising cry of agony comes from the next room.

INT HAY'S OFFICE NIGHT
HAY is slumped over his desk, arms outstretched, hands clasped. He's praying. He looks up as he hears the cry from above.

INT TAD'S ROOM NIGHT
TAD wakes and looks at the NURSE.

TAD
(weakly) Oosatnoi? Satma? ('Who made that noise? Was that Ma?')

The NURSE has no answer.

INT WILLIE'S ROOM DUSK
MARY is sitting on the bed, eyes screwed shut, clasping WILLIE's hand. On the other side of the bed, the DOCTOR is rising to his feet, having just pronounced Willie dead. He straightens and looks at LINCOLN, who is standing at the foot of the bed looking at Willie. WILLIE's corpse is shockingly wasted, but the face is peaceful. A few feet from the bed, a NURSE sits in a chair, head bowed, still. The DOCTOR steps close to LINCOLN.

DOCTOR
I cannot tell you how sorry . . .

LINCOLN briefly meets the DOCTOR's eyes and gives a little nod with an expression which says, 'I know, don't worry, I know, you did your best'.

DOCTOR
(to Lincoln but with a slight inclination of his head towards Mary) I shall be close by.

LINCOLN turns to Willie again as the DOCTOR moves past LINCOLN towards the door. As he does so, the NURSE stands and walks with him to the door. They leave. Now MARY gives a long cry of agony and utter, utter despair - and another, and another, and another. LINCOLN moves towards her and puts a hand on her shoulder. At the touch she freezes momentarily - before turning away from Willie and clasping him about the waist with fierce intensity. There is nothing pathetic or needy in her action. It's ferociously demanding - and determined to make things otherwise by sheer effort of will.

MARY

He's not dead. He's not dead. He's not dead. Look at him. Look at him.
And tell me. I know. He's not dead. Tell me.

LINCOLN holds her gently about the shoulders. She looks up at him. His eyes move from hers - all demand and denial - to Willie. And now he, too, begins to sob. As MARY watches him weep she gradually releases her grip. Her denial fades, to be replaced by desolation and loneliness. She slowly turns to look at Willie - but she quickly turns away again, unable to bear the sight, and gives a piercing howl of grief.

INT HAY'S OFFICE NIGHT

HAY is no longer praying or weeping. He's just sitting back in his chair, staring out the window. The door opens. LINCOLN enters. The two men look at each other. LINCOLN is dazed-looking. Uncomprehending. HAY's expression is full of love and pity.

LINCOLN

Well John, he's gone. *(long pause)* My boy . . . is actually gone.

Now LINCOLN's eyes fill with tears and his body convulses. HAY begins to sob. The two men, without moving from their places, weep.

INT MARY'S ROOM DAY

MARY is wailing and thrashing on her bed, powerless in an avalanche of grief. DOCTOR STONE and the NURSE approach her. He opens his bag.

INT HAY'S OFFICE DAY

LINCOLN and HAY weep. LINCOLN gets a hold of himself.

LINCOLN

I must go and see Tad.

INT TAD'S ROOM DAY

LINCOLN enters. The NURSE gets up and leaves. TAD stares at his father.

TAD
Zwillie de'? (*'Is Willie dead?'*)

A brief, agonised pause.

LINCOLN
Yes, Taddie. He is.

TAD bursts into tears. LINCOLN goes over to him, gently scoops him out of the bed and sits with the frail child cradled in his huge arms. They both weep freely.

TAD
Wasecim. Pa. Wasecim. (*'I want to see him.'*)

After a few moments, LINCOLN stands and carries TAD from the room.

INT MARY'S ROOM DAY
MARY is in bed, sedated but weeping steadily and incessantly. MARY KECKLEY is sitting alongside, holding her hand.

INT WILLIE'S ROOM DAY
LINCOLN is sitting alone by Willie's bed. WILLIE looks peaceful. He's been washed and tidied. LINCOLN reaches out and touches his still-warm face.

LINCOLN
It is hard. Hard to have you die. But then . . . I loved you. So very much.

INT CEMETERY EVENING
With the same expression we have just seen, LINCOLN stares at an empty vault. Standing at a respectful distance is the UNDERTAKER.

LINCOLN
It must be dry in there.

UNDERTAKER
. It will be.

LINCOLN
Because . . .

He begins to break down but retrieves his composure.

LINCOLN

Because when I go home to Springfield . . . I'm taking my boy with me.

Another moment, then LINCOLN nods his approval at the UNDERTAKER, and walks slowly towards a waiting carriage.

EXT FORT DONELSON DAY

A hand writes, 'I can offer you no terms except your immediate and unconditional surrender.' The camera now reveals the writer: a slight, intense man with a permanent undercurrent of anxiety in his eyes, Ulysses GRANT (check rank), seated at a table outside his headquarters tent. He folds the paper he's just written on and turns to a Confederate MESSENGER.

GRANT

Your commanding officer and I were friends at West Point. We fought together in Mexico. *(handing over the message)* With my compliments.

The MESSENGER salutes and mounts his horse. The shot widens to show Grant's army outside Fort Donelson.

EXT WHITE HOUSE DAY

A carriage pulls up outside the White House. STANTON jumps out, clutching a few papers in his hands.

INT LINCOLN'S OFFICE DAY

LINCOLN is working on some papers. He's a grief-stricken automaton. STANTON enters.

STANTON

We've taken Fort Donelson!

LINCOLN is quite still for a moment – then his entire body sags with relief. Slowly LINCOLN's eyes begin to glow.

LINCOLN

General Halleck's man again?

STANTON

Grant. Strange thing is all the talk says Grant is insubordinate, unreliable and addicted to whisky.

LINCOLN

Really? Then I want you to do three things. Make him a Major General. Find out what brand of whisky he drinks. Send a case to every general we got. *(looking up at the wall map)* What's he doing now?

STANTON indicates on the map the route of Grant's march along the Tennessee River from Donelson.

STANTON

Grant says Confederate forces are concentrating at Corinth, near Memphis. He aims to get there as fast as he can and force them into a decisive engagement. At the moment he's about here.

STANTON points to an area on the Tennessee, marked Pittsburg Landing. LINCOLN ponders.

EXT

GRANT'S HQ

DAWN

A hut. There's a camp-bed in the corner. GRANT sits down to eat breakfast alone, served by GEORGE, a black manservant, attentive yet totally self-possessed.

GRANT

Thanks George. Now go eat yours.

This is delivered considerately but also with a clear edge of 'Leave me alone I want to think.'

GEORGE

I already did.

GRANT looks up at George.

GRANT

Well have another one.

EXT

SHILOH

DAWN

GRANT'S ARMY encampment near some woods. It's very peaceful. Hardly anything is moving yet.

EXT

WOODS

DAWN

A CONFEDERATE ARMY moves quietly and purposefully through woods.

EXT

SHILOH

DAWN

GRANT'S ARMY encampment, spread over a wide area and in different large sections. Some way beyond the encampment is a river.

INT TENT DAWN
In the tent are four SOLDIERS. Three are sleeping peacefully, naked, one is quietly pulling on his breeches. SOLDIER 1 picks up a few pieces of torn newspaper and leaves the tent, heading for the woods.

EXT WOODS DAWN
The CONFEDERATE ARMY is moving more quickly now.

EXT WOODS DAWN
Three Union SCOUTS spot the CONFEDERATE ARMY moving through the woods and start to head back as fast as possible.

EXT SHILOH DAWN
In another part of the encampment, SOLDIERS are dressed and cooking breakfast

EXT WOODS DAWN
SOLDIER 1 is squatting in a dense thicket. He looks up as the birdsong goes quiet and he feels a pulse in the ground and in the air - which becomes a soft deep rhythmic percussion, picking up speed all the time, then breaking up into one steady roll of oncoming movement.

EXT SHILOH DAWN
In yet another part of the encampment, breakfasting SOLDIERS look up in amazement as the SCOUTS emerge from the woods in desperate haste, firing rifles in the air, and yelling.

SCOUT

The Rebs are right behind us! Their whole army! Their whole army's coming at us!

SOLDIERS start to grab for their weapons, shout for officers, take up defensive positions.

EXT WOODS DAWN
A mass of CONFEDERATE INFANTRY starts to break into double time and then into a run as they see the clearing and the encampment ahead.

SHERMAN

Well General. This is the devil. I'm afraid Beauregard got us on the back foot.

GRANT lights a cigar as he speaks. The odd bullet zips by and the roar of battle is close and loud but an uncanny calm develops around GRANT as he speaks in his matter-of-fact way.

GRANT

That he has. But he's letting his forces get fragmented. Which gives us something to work with. What we have to do today is stop them backing us down to the river. That's all we can do. And that's what we must do

EXT SHILOH DAY

We move over scenes of uncoordinated battle – fierce but separate actions taking place around the Shiloh church; in a cornfield; along a country lane. Everywhere Union forces are trapped, cornered and taking a fierce beating.

EXT SHILOH NIGHT

It's raining. Dead – mainly Union dead – lie on the ground: scattered around the wrecked encampment; the church; amidst the cornfield, plants levelled right across the field, cropped by gunfire; the Union dead are three or four deep in the lane.

EXT HUT NIGHT

GRANT dismounts outside his HQ. He looks exhausted - and beaten. He walks into the hut, feeling his pockets for a cigar. There isn't one. He's smoked every one. He opens a box, takes out a cigar, sits on his camp-bed. He gets up: the bed is wet. There's rain coming into the hut at several points. He smokes and thinks.

EXT HUT NIGHT

SHERMAN approaches Grant's hut. He steps inside. Its empty.

SHERMAN

General?

GEORGE appears.

GEORGE

Went for a walk. Said it was drier outside.

SHERMAN

You'd better start packing up, George. We'll be pulling out before morning.

GEORGE

Marse Grant didn't say nothing about pulling out.

SHERMAN

After the beating we took today, he doesn't have a choice.

EXT SHILOH NIGHT

GRANT is standing alone in the rain, smoking a cigar while sheltering under a tree. SHERMAN approaches.

SHERMAN

Well sir. It's been a bad day for us.

SHERMAN waits for the order to retreat. Grant briefly considers his cigar.

GRANT

Yep.

GRANT takes a short but thoughtful puff.

GRANT

Beat 'em in the morning though.

GRANT's expression is deadpan. SHERMAN goes from surprise to doubt.

INT BAR OF WILLARD'S HOTEL NIGHT

It's late. There are several late DRINKERS in the bar – but their mood ranges from lacklustre to morose. HAY strides in, looks around, receives a few nods and gestures of 'hello' then strides to the bar and leans back against it with a huge grin on his face.

HAY

Good evening gentlemen! I have news fresh from the White House. Do I have your full attention gentlemen? Are you listening? *(pause)* Grant . . . beat 'em! Counter-attacked this morning and whipped 'em all day! Grant's beat 'em again! Now! Who's buying me a drink?

There is no shortage of takers as DRINKERS jump delightedly to their feet.

INT WHITEHOUSE NIGHT

The Bad Dream: LINCOLN is wandering along endless corridors, searching for the source of a mysterious noise: men and women sobbing with grief. He passes a number of doors then stops in front of one. The sobbing is coming from the other side. He takes hold of the handle and very slowly begins to open the door.

INT LINCOLN'S BEDROOM DAWN
LINCOLN wakes from the Bad Dream. It's pre-dawn. He gets up.

EXT WASHINGTON DAWN
LINCOLN rides with urgency along an empty road.

INT TELEGRAPH OFFICE DAWN
LINCOLN stares in mounting horror at the information coming off the telegraph machine. The telegraph OPERATOR, too, looks deeply shocked.

LINCOLN
It must be a mistake. It must be.

EXT WHITEHOUSE STABLE YARD MORNING
LINCOLN clatters into the stable yard on horseback. It's still very early.

INT WHITEHOUSE STABLE MORNING
LINCOLN stands quite still, eyes closed, his head leant against the horse's neck.

INT WHITE HOUSE MORNING
LINCOLN is eating breakfast with TAD close alongside him. TAD looks up at him. He stands up on his chair and puts his arms round his father's neck. They're face to face.

TAD
Wassmapa? (What's the matter, Pa?)

LINCOLN lifts Tad into his lap.

LINCOLN
I'm upset, Taddy. There's been a lot of soldiers killed.

TAD
Monfor?

LINCOLN

A lot more than before.

INT

MARY'S BEDROOM

MORNING

MARY is sitting in a corner of the dark room, heavily dressed in mourning, staring into space. MARY KECKLEY is sitting nearby, sewing. LINCOLN enters, walks over to MARY, leans down and kisses her very gently on the cheek. He strokes her face. She doesn't move. He and MARY KECKLEY exchange a look; gratitude from him, sympathy from her. He turns and leaves.

INT

WHITE HOUSE

DAY

A cabinet meeting in Lincoln's office. LINCOLN is under siege.

BLAIR

The fact is Grant has killed -

STANTON

Lost.

BLAIR

- lost ten thousand men -

WELLES

- which is almost twice as many as at Bull Run, Wilson's Creek, Fort Donelson and Pea Ridge combined!

CHASE

Neither the party nor the country has the stomach for slaughter on this scale.

BLAIR

And as for the press (*reads from a newspaper*) 'It is little wonder our valiant troops were taken by surprise. It is commonly asserted their commanding officer had spent the preceding night in an alcoholic coma. And when finally aroused General Grant was in no condition to command an army.'

SEWARD

You believe that?

BLAIR

Does the public believe it? is more to the point.

CHASE

For your sake, for the sake of the party, for the survival of the Union and the cause of freedom, you must relieve General Grant of command! Immediately.

Silence. LINCOLN studies the floor with pursed lips. Then he raises his head and looks at Chase.

LINCOLN

No. I can't spare this man. *(pause)* He fights!

EXT HARRISON'S LANDING DAY

The huge encampment of the ARMY OF THE POTOMAC in the field, on the banks of a vast river. It's quiet.

INT McCLELLAN'S HQ DAY

A large, lined, floorboarded, sumptuously well-appointed tent. McCLELLAN is having breakfast with his OFFICER CORPS. It's silver service from a platoon of WAITERS.

INT HAY'S OFFICE DAY

HAY is working alone. LINCOLN enters in a state of utter dejection. He throws himself into a chair. Silence for a few moments.

LINCOLN

For God's sake John ask me what's the matter!

HAY

What's the matter?

LINCOLN

Stanton has just received a message from General McClellan. The General's scouts and spies tell him he is massively outnumbered. This cannot be the case! Where does he *get* such information? He's demanding reinforcements of 100,000 men before he will advance a yard! It's outrageous and impossible. But the devil is I *cannot* get rid of him. The army adores this man!

LINCOLN shakes his head in disbelief. He's poised between laughter and rage.

LINCOLN

I think his numbers game is a smokescreen. I think his motive for inaction lies elsewhere. What do you think, John?

HAY

(after a pause together his thoughts) I agree about McClellan. He's clearly looking for reasons not to fight. Why I do not understand. But I also think . . .

HAY hesitates.

LINCOLN

Go on, John.

HAY

. . . that there's a dangerous level of despondency in the public mind. On the one hand it cannot contemplate further losses like Grant's at Shiloh; on the other it cannot bear that McClellan is so close to Richmond yet unwilling to make the slightest attempt to take it. The two taken together make a paralysing brew. The public could lose all will to fight. And if the Border States see that happening, then . . .

LINCOLN nods, impressed.

LINCOLN

. . . the bottom is out the tub.

INT COMMITTEE ROOM/HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES DAY
LINCOLN is addressing several CONGRESSMEN from the Border States.

LINCOLN

Gentlemen let me put it as simply and earnestly as I can. You must get off the fence!

Protest.

LINCOLN

Your people cannot go on backing the Union with their heads and the Confederacy with their hearts!

Louder protest.

LINCOLN

It's time your people understood they *cannot* remain part of a victorious Union *and* hold their slaves! Slavery *cannot* long survive a Union victory! Nor should it.

LINCOLN pauses while the hubbub dies, then makes a powerful shift to the conciliatory.

LINCOLN

Now gentlemen, hear me out! Hear me out! I am proposing that the federal government pays Delaware, Maryland, Kentucky and Missouri *five hundred* dollars for *each* slave in their possession . . .

Total silence now.

LINCOLN

. . . *provided* your state legislatures enact a system of gradual emancipation to be complete within twenty years. This to give *ample* time for your economies to adjust to this profound change. If you accept, I believe Congress will ratify this generous proposal for the simple reason that it will require one-third of the expenditure required to support the *war* for *one* year. I urge you, by all that is reasonable, and all that is just, to accept this proposal.

LINCOLN looks around the room. But the room is silent and unresponsive. There's a hint of desperation in LINCOLN's disappointed eyes. Cut to:

INT RECEPTION ROOM/WHITE HOUSE DAY
the same look of desperation and disappointment in LINCOLN's eyes.

LINCOLN

Gentlemen. Thank-you for coming to see me.

A group of black CHURCHMEN sits or stands in front of Lincoln. There's a clear and sombre sense of occasion amongst the group. LINCOLN smiles warmly, without quite effacing his unease.

INT KITCHEN DAY
A kitchen in a modest but middleclass home. A black WOMAN prepares breakfast. LEWIS and CHARLES enter, each kissing the WOMAN on the cheek before sitting down.

DOUGLASS (FROM ANOTHER ROOM)

The man has no moral compass! He's a huckster! A mere opportunist!

ANNA DOUGLASS

Now I wonder who could this be your father's talking about with such enthusiasm.

DOUGLASS enters, eyes glued to a newspaper.

DOUGLASS

(reading) 'The President outlined a proposal to establish a colony in Africa or South America where freed slaves could go on a voluntary basis

to live independently and manage their own affairs.'! The *first time* a black delegation has been asked to set foot in the White House and what does he want to talk to them about? Colonization!

CHARLES

(dismissively) That old chestnut never has floated and it never will.

LEWIS

So long as it remains voluntary.

DOUGLASS

It will. Even Lincoln wouldn't attempt mass deportation.

CHARLES

He's probably only doing it to swing the Border States.

MRS DOUGLASS

So what's wrong?

DOUGLASS

What's *wrong!*?

DOUGLASS looks at his wife, outraged. She looks back, defiantly unimpressed.

DOUGLASS

(to Lewis and Charles) Finish your breakfast! And let's get to work!

DOUGLASS stalks out. LEWIS looks at CHARLES.

LEWIS

Finish your breakfast?

LEWIS sighs resignedly, grabs a piece of bread and gets to his feet.

INT

PRINTING WORKS

DAY

DOUGLASS, sleeves rolled up, stands by a printing machine operated by a black PRINTER, watching newsprint roll out into the tray. DOUGLASS picks up a sheet and reads. Through a glass partition we can see LEWIS and CHARLES in a small room, correcting proofs.

DOUGLASS (VO)

The nation's four million slaves are as much the natives of this country as any of their oppressors! And they have most assuredly earned a greater title to citizenship than their rebel owners.

John we're going down to see McClellan. See if I can find out what's going on inside his head. And get some time to think. I need to make my mind up about something important.

EXT JAMES RIVER AFTERNOON

The ARIEL, a steam yacht, makes its way in bright sunshine along a broad river. On the top deck in a spot of shade, LINCOLN sits alone, thinking.

EXT ARIEL AFTERNOON

On a covered lower deck some SAILORS are holding a contest of strength: who can hold an axe at arm's length the longest? A powerful-looking SAILOR is sweating it out, shaking with the effort, axe beginning to waver more and more, while a PETTY OFFICER times him.

PETTY OFFICER

Three minutes!

The SAILOR keeps it going for another few seconds then, with a great gasp of relief, lowers the axe.

(OFF-CAMERA) LINCOLN

Excuse me, gentlemen . . .

The SAILORS look up and see LINCOLN leaning over a rail above them.

LINCOLN

You mind if an old man takes a turn? For old times' sake?

EXT ARIEL AFTERNOON

LINCOLN stands in his shirtsleeves, axe at arm's length. Most of the CREW and OFFICERS have gathered to watch. JOHN HAY is there, too, smiling and shaking his head at this blatant piece of showmanship.

PETTY OFFICER

Four minutes!

Another few seconds and LINCOLN lowers the axe. He has a huge grin of boyish pride on his face.

EXT ARIEL EVENING

The boat is moored alongside a jetty. LINCOLN sits on the rear deck, alone, serious but relaxed, looking at the evening light on the river, and thinking. Behind him all along the

banks of the river is the Army of the Potomac's vast encampment. A few feet from Lincoln is a single empty chair.

A little distance beyond Lincoln, we see a gang of black LABOURERS slouch dispiritedly onto a neighbouring jetty. The Labourers are accompanied by a bad-tempered white CORPORAL.

CORPORAL

Come on! Move yourselves! Or get back to your plantations you lazy bastards!

Cut to LINCOLN, watching the Corporal and the Labourers. Cut back to the LABOURERS, standing before a small cargo boat, staring at LINCOLN.

CORPORAL

(threateningly) What the hell d'you think . . .

Now the CORPORAL sees Lincoln. He, too, is struck into silence – one which resonates with resentment. This man, we guess, is not fighting for emancipation. The CORPORAL, not knowing what else to do, salutes Lincoln. LINCOLN nods – and fixes the CORPORAL in a thoughtful stare. The CORPORAL is uncertain, guilty, thinking Lincoln may be about to say something. But it's not Lincoln who speaks.

LABOURER

Marse Lincoln. That you?

LINCOLN releases the CORPORAL from his powerful gaze and turns to the LABOURER – a strong-looking man who isn't humbled or over-awed, but simply delighted by the fact that Abraham Lincoln is sitting a few yards away from him.

LINCOLN

Yes. Except I'm not your master. Merely your President.

A moment between LINCOLN and the LABOURER – who knows exactly what Lincoln is saying. The LABOURER's eyes glow with appreciation. Then the LABOURER suddenly grins and turns to the other LABOURERS.

LABOURER

What you all staring at? Let's give President Lincoln some respect and some privacy! *(with a pointedly dismissive look at the Corporal)* And let's get this boat unloaded!

The LABOURER jumps aboard the cargo boat, followed by the other LABOURERS, grinning from ear to ear.

LINCOLN tenses a little. This is an extraordinary thing for a general to say - for 'their country' read 'their commander-in-chief'.

LINCOLN

I'm not sure I understand.

McCLELLAN

Then with your permission, sir, I will explain. Those men face vastly superior numbers and equipment. And as their commanding officer I cannot gamble against such odds with their lives and will not until 'their country' provides them with the resources they need. *(pause)* But there is also another and deeper source of discontent. *(pause)* My men believe radicals and emancipationists are gaining control of your administration. That the war my men volunteered to fight - the war to defeat a rebellion -- is being turned into a war to deprive the slave owner of his property. This is the heart of their disappointment. This the heart of their growing disaffection. I flatter myself their loyalty to me, and my power to command them, is undimmed. But - I tell you plainly, sir, - this army will not fight . . . for the negro.

Silence. The implicit threat is clear. The two men hold each other in an even stare. There is no possibility of further discussion.

INT

DINING TENT

NIGHT

LINCOLN is dining in some style with McCLELLAN and his resplendant OFFICER CORPS in a spacious, lined and floor-boarded tent. There is a sense not only of McCLELLAN's hostility but of LINCOLN's thoughtful detachment from his surroundings. HAY watches Lincoln, observing his dignified isolation.

EXT

HILLSIDE

NIGHT

LINCOLN and HAY have walked to the top of a hill. Beneath them is an extraordinary sight: the lamps and fires of the vasy Army of the Potomac, stretching for miles.

LINCOLN

John tell me, what is that we see below us?

HAY

The Grand Army of the Potomac.

LINCOLN

No, John. *That* is General McClellan's personal bodyguard.

LINCOLN turns and looks at HAY for a long moment.

LINCOLN

All my life I've believed that given time most people will see what's right and act accordingly. Which is why I'm a patient and compromising man. But these are uncertain times. My son is dead. My wife is nearly insane with grief. And that army down there, rather than defend the best form of popular government the world has ever seen, may choose instead to turn the United States into a military dictatorship. *(pause)* Uncertain times, John. Which is more foolish therefore -- to *act* in haste, or to *wait* for the right moment? *(pause)* I'm grateful to McClellan for providing me with the answer.

INT CABIN NIGHT
LINCOLN is asleep in his cabin on board the Ariel. The porthole is open. LINCOLN dreams:

EXT STEAM YACHT/RIVER DAY
the Good Dream: LINCOLN, back to camera, leans against the rail in the prow of a steam-yacht moving swiftly along a river.

INT CABIN DAY
Next morning. LINCOLN, his shirtsleeves rolled up, is seated at a desk in his cabin, deep in thought. There's a blank sheet of paper in front of him. It's hot. He's sweating.

EXT ARIEL/RIVER DAY
The ARIEL makes its way back up the river.

INT CABIN DAY
LINCOLN turns towards the open porthole. He gets up, goes to the porthole and looks out. He smiles as he sees:

EXT RIVER DAY
a naked boy swimming alongside the Ariel. It's WILLIE. He doesn't look at Lincoln -- but he's smiling and happy.

INT ARIEL DAY
LINCOLN stands at the porthole, smiling. He lurches sideways, regains his balance, and goes back to the porthole. His look of disappointment tells us he can no longer see Willie. The door opens and HAY appears.

HAY

We're aground.

LINCOLN nods and smiles.

EXT

ARIEL

DAY

LINCOLN, seen from behind, stands in the prow of the Ariel. The sun beats down overhead. LINCOLN is wearing only a light silk dressing-gown. He throws it off and plunges headlong into the river.

EXT

RIVER

DAY

LINCOLN surfaces and gives a profound sigh of relief. Then he starts to swim away from the boat, striking out against the gentle current, his body surprisingly elegant and powerful in the water. The boat seems a long way behind him. He continues to swim, powerful, still thoughtful, but somehow at peace. He's smiling. The camera rises to look down on LINCOLN moving gracefully through the water – and revealing WILLIE a few feet away from him. They swim side by side, neither looking at the other.

EXT

ARIEL

DAY

HAY watches LINCOLN swimming in the distance.

INT

ARIEL

DAY

LINCOLN, hair still wet, but dressed and back at the desk in the saloon, has the pen in his hand. He's staring at the blank sheet of paper. He looks at the hand holding the pen. It's shaking slightly. It stops shaking, and he puts pen to paper and writes 'Proclamation'. He continues to write. We don't see what he's writing, only the intense concentration and determination in LINCOLN's face.

INT

LINCOLN'S OFFICE

NIGHT

LINCOLN is writing – and judging by the same determined expression we assume it's the same document he began on the Ariel. There's a knock at the door and HAY puts his head round the door.

HAY

Anything you want me to do, sir?

LINCOLN

Just enjoy your evening, John.

INT **DRESSING ROOM** **NIGHT**

Close-up of a man staring at his reflection in a mirror. His hand comes into view and smears something black across his cheek. We pull back to reveal 22 white men, all 'blacking up'.

INT **LINCOLN'S OFFICE** **NIGHT**

LINCOLN writes. The door swings open. TAD appears in his nightshirt. LINCOLN is so engrossed he doesn't notice, until TAD appears at his side. LINCOLN smiles softly, reaches an arm around TAD and lifts him onto his lap. TAD immediately snuggles down and LINCOLN goes on writing.

INT **THEATRE** **NIGHT**

The AUDIENCE smiles and laughs. In the Audience we pick out HAY, with a YOUNG WOMAN, both smiling and laughing along with everyone else. Hooley's MINSTRELS are on stage, singing and dancing. Cut from a minstrel's face to:

INT **WHITE HOUSE** **NIGHT**

a close-up of JIMMY. He's sweeping and generally tidying along the corridor leading to Lincoln's Office.

INT **LINCOLN'S OFFICE** **NIGHT**

LINCOLN, with TAD now sleeping in a chair next to him, puts down his pen. He's finished. For a moment he looks at the sheets of paper, then evens them up in a neat little pile. He stands, gathers TAD up, and heads for the door.

INT **WHITE HOUSE** **NIGHT**

JIMMY is working in the corridor. LINCOLN, carrying TAD, comes out of his office and turns the other way – then stops. He turns.

LINCOLN

Jimmy.

JIMMY turns and sees Lincoln and Tad. He approaches Lincoln.

JIMMY

(quietly so as not to wake Tad) Yes Mr President.

LINCOLN

There's a brief proclamation on my desk. Which I'll announce to the cabinet in the morning. But it occurs to me it would be more fitting for

you to be the first to read it. So, as a favour to me Jimmy, go into my office, sit down, and read what's on my desk.

LINCOLN turns away and walks on. JIMMY looks mystified.

INT LINCOLN'S OFFICE NIGHT
JIMMY sits at Lincoln's desk, reading with rapt attention. He's holding the Proclamation in his hands. His hands start to shake as emotion begins to overwhelm him. He puts the document back on the desk – and very slowly gets to his feet. He leans forward on the desk with both hands and looks up at the ceiling, eyes gleaming with tears.

INT WHITE HOUSE DAY
LINCOLN strides along a corridor and then up a flight of stairs, holding a few sheets of paper one hand. From the landing he turns and walks along another corridor. It's a part of the White House we've never seen before. It's reminiscent of the Bad Dream, particularly when he approaches a door, and hesitates before it. He opens the door, goes through and closes it behind him.

INT OVAL LIBRARY DAY
LINCOLN stands in the oval second-floor library. The entire CABINET is gathered there, waiting in an atmosphere of curiosity and puzzlement. LINCOLN sits down.

LINCOLN
Gentlemen. This is not a cabinet meeting. Hence this room rather than the cabinet room. *(pause)* I intend to make a Proclamation. But first I want to read it to you. Then I will listen to your response, if any. But there will be no debate. I have given this a great deal of thought. And my mind is made up.

EXT FIELDS DAY
SLAVES at work in cotton fields.

LINCOLN (VO)
I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States of America, by virtue of the power in me vested

EXT FIELDS DAY
SLAVES at work in cornfields. Amongst them are NURSING MOTHERS with BABIES strapped to their backs.

LINCOLN (VO)

as Commander-in-chief of the Army and the Navy of the United States in
time of actual

INT IRON FOUNDRY DAY
SLAVES at work in the heat and molten glow of iron, casting cannons.

LINCOLN (VO)
armed rebellion against authority and government of the United States,
and as a fit and necessary war measure

INT ARMS FACTORY DAY
SLAVES, many of them children, at work making rifles, bullets and shells.

LINCOLN (VO)
for suppressing said rebellion, do hereby proclaim and declare . . . that it is
my purpose, upon the next meeting of Congress to . . .

EXT EARTHWORKS DAY
*Hundreds of SLAVES, watched over and instructed by CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS,
build huge defensive works outside a town.*

LINCOLN (VO)
recommend that on the first day of January in the year of our Lord, one
thousand eight hundred and sixty-three,

INT OVAL LIBRARY DAY
LINCOLN reads to the CABINET.

LINCOLN
all persons held as slaves . . . shall be then, and thenceforward, forever
free.

*Everyone in the room looks stunned. Then mixed reactions begin to show themselves on
the faces of the CABINET. The CABINET gather their thoughts. First off the mark is
Chase.*

CHASE
Sir this is premature. Dangerously premature. Emancipation as a declared
war-aim is one thing. As a great and glorious prize of victory. But this . . .
this will create depredation and massacre across the Confederacy! It
reduces a noble cause to a vicious and contemptible act of spite which

could seriously damage our cause - and bring international support to the Confederacy.

LINCOLN stays silent and shows no reaction.

BLAIR

Mr President you have never, unlike Mr Chase, underestimated the strength of racist feeling in the *North*. With this measure you're doing exactly that. Not only could we lose the Border States but we risk a backlash *across* the country. And for what? To announce the freedom of slaves that are beyond your powers to free! For a Proclamation made on the grounds of military necessity which will make no difference to a single slave in the Confederacy while having no effect whatsoever on the Confederacy's ability to wage war.

LINCOLN shows no reaction. Neither Chase nor Blair has said anything which Lincoln hasn't already considered.

SEWARD

(cautiously) I approve –

STANTON

So do I!

SEWARD

I approve. In principle. But I question the wisdom of its issue at this juncture. In our current situation it could be seen as the last desperate measure of an exhausted government on the road to defeat. *(pause)* Mr President. I think you should delay. Until we have a military victory.

SEWARD looks at Lincoln now with powerful empathy.

SEWARD

This is too profound a measure for it to be said 'He only did it . . . because he was losing the war.'

LINCOLN's expression gradually changes now – from imperturbable certainty to deep disappointment and, finally, to acceptance. This is the one objection he hadn't anticipated. And he sees its wisdom unreservedly.

INT

LINCOLN'S OFFICE

DAY

HAY looks up expectantly as the door opens and LINCOLN enters. He opens a drawer, drops the Proclamation into it, and shuts it.

LINCOLN

I need a victory John. I can't have that without a battle. Grant isn't ready.
And George McClellan is simply disinclined to oblige.

INT WHITE HOUSE NIGHT

LINCOLN walks along a corridor in deep depression. Once again this is reminiscent of the Bad Dream. He stops outside a door – and listens.

INT WILLIE'S ROOM NIGHT

A séance in progress. MARY is there, MARY KECKLEY at her side, in a group of about eight SPIRITUALISTS. The MEDIUM is an exotic-looking man with long white hair.

MEDIUM

Yes . . . Yes the presence is growing stronger . . . A boy . . .

There's a look of rapturous expectancy on MARY's face.

INT WHITE HOUSE NIGHT

LINCOLN listens a little longer – with a look of desperation, despair, and anger. He walks on.

INT LINCOLN'S OFFICE NIGHT

LINCOLN and HAY are working in silence. MARY enters – in a state of exultation.

MARY

It happened! He came to me! My darling boy came to me!

LINCOLN gives a HAY a look. HAY gets to his feet and leaves. MARY approaches Lincoln, full of pity for his exclusion from her joy.

MARY

Oh dearest. Join me! And you'll see how thin the veil between us and our son really is! I witnessed a miracle tonight!

LINCOLN

(coldly, bitterly) I'm too busy praying for a miracle of my own.

MARY

What miracle could be greater than being in the presence of your son once again? *(accusingly)* What could be more important to you?

There's a look of intense emotional pain on LINCOLN's face.

LINCOLN

(anguish) Nothing! . . . Ohhh . . . Nothing . . . Nothing . . .

He begins to weep.

MARY

Oh dearest. Dearest. Join me. You'll see.

LINCOLN's grief suddenly becomes intense anger. He seizes MARY violently – an unprecedented act which shocks her to the core – and pulls her towards a window.

LINCOLN

You see that light? The one on top of the hill? Do you know what that place is?

She's speechless with shock and fear.

LINCOLN

(shouts) Do you know what that place is?

MARY

No . . . No . . .

LINCOLN

You do, Mary. You do! It's an asylum for the insane!

LINCOLN holds her head to the window, virtually shoving her face against it.

LINCOLN

Look at it! Think about that place! Because Mary if you don't stop all this, if you don't *come back* to us – to me and Tad - I'm afraid, very afraid! that I will put you *inside* it!!

LINCOLN is trembling with rage. MARY is trembling on the edge of collapse. She looks very frail – she's been eaten away by grief - and more vulnerable at this moment than he's ever seen her. LINCOLN closes his eyes in despair and misery. He turns MARY towards him and folds his arms around her. For some moments it looks as if they've found each other – then suddenly she pushes away from him and rushes to the door, pausing to give him a look of fear and loathing, before she slams it shut. He stares at the door, drained of all emotion except a crushing sense of isolation.

EXT

ROAD

DAY

LEE turns in the saddle to look at his ARMY, on the march. His expression mingles pity, pride and admiration. They're strikingly less well-equipped than the Union troops. The weaponry and uniforms vary in type and quality. Many are ragged. Some men march on

feet that are bare or bound with rags. But the overwhelming impression is of a disciplined, purposeful, determined force. Cut to:

INT **WAR OFFICE** **DAY**
a close-up of LINCOLN, grim, cold. He's reading a despatch. Behind him STANTON looks deeply concerned, even scared. SEWARD enters.

SEWARD
What's happening?

STANTON
Lee has struck north -- and crossed into Maryland.

SEWARD is appalled.

SEWARD
Damn McClellan. Damn him.

LINCOLN looks up with an intense expression of hope that belies the air of crisis.

LINCOLN
Yes. But Lee has put McClellan where we want him. Because now the North is being *invaded*, even McClellan has no choice but to fight.

EXT **STEAM YACHT/RIVER** **DAY**
The Good Dream: LINCOLN, back to camera, leans against the rail in the prow of a steam-yacht moving swiftly along a river.

INT **LINCOLN'S BEDROOM** **DAWN**
LINCOLN wakes from the dream. There's a faint look of hope in his eyes.

EXT **FIELD** **DAY**
An envelope, unsealed, lies on the grass. We pull back to see a small Union CAVALRY DETACHMENT pull up at a nearby stream to rest and water the horses.

EXT **FIELD** **DAY**
Two CAVALRYMEN stretch out on the ground, failing to notice the envelope a few feet away. One rolls over on his front, stretches -- and sees the envelope. He reaches out, picks it up and takes out a couple of sheets of paper wrapped round three cigars. His face breaks into surprise and delight as he drops the paper and holds the cigars to his nose, inhaling with rapture.

CAVALRYMAN 1

(holding up his find with a big grin) Peter. You got a light?

EXT

FIELD

DAY

The two CAVALRYMEN are lying on their backs enjoying the cigars. CAVALRYMAN 1 absentmindedly reaches out, takes hold of the discarded paper and looks at it. A gradual coming to attention moves through his entire body. He stops smoking and stares at the paper in amazement. Suddenly he sits up.

CAVALRYMAN 1

(yells) Captain!

EXT

McCLELLAN'S HQ

DAY

By the look of astonishment on McCLELLAN's face, we know the sheet of paper in his hand is the same one discovered in the field. He looks up at the OFFICERS gathered round him.

McCLELLAN

Well, gentlemen. This is, it really is, a copy of the battle plans for the Army of North Virginia.

Wonderment slowly becomes excitement.

McCLELLAN

Now. If I can't whip Bobby Lee with this piece of paper I'll be willing to pack up and go home!

BATTLE OF ANTIETAM – A BLOODY STALEMATE, BUT TACTICALLY A VICTORY. LEE IS FORCED TO WITHDRAW FROM MARYLAND.

EXT

STAIRCASE

DAY

LINCOLN walks up the stairs, restraining a desire to take them two or three at a time. He walks rapidly along a corridor. He's passing Willie's Room, when he notices the door is open. He stops and begins to pull the door shut, then pauses and opens it instead. He sees:

INT

WILLIE'S ROOM

DAY

MARY is alone in the room, dressed in mourning, standing by a window with her back to the door. LINCOLN enters. He watches her for a moment, hesitating – but then cannot resist sharing his great news with her.

LINCOLN

Mother . . .

MARY turns and looks at him, giving nothing.

MARY

Don't call me that.

LINCOLN is a little like a BOY too desperate for contact and approval to back off.

LINCOLN

Mary. We've beaten Lee at Antietam. This time – *this* time - we beat him!

Still she gives nothing. He waits. Finally, she speaks.

MARY

How many died?

LINCOLN becomes crestfallen – and a little ashamed of his excitement.

LINCOLN

(kindly, beginning to retreat) I'm sorry Mary I should -

MARY

(coldly insistent) How many?

The light begins to drain from LINCOLN's eyes.

LINCOLN

They say we lost . . . twelve thousand.

She looks at him as if there's something about him she finds deeply puzzling. Then her expression hardens.

MARY

Twelve thousand?

LINCOLN

Yes.

MARY

And the Confederates - even more presumably.

LINCOLN

(grim humour) Not necessarily. Not with our Generals.

Silence. He goes to her and gently takes her face in his hands, like something indescribably fragile.

LINCOLN

Mary I should go. I need to –

MARY

Fact is I don't care how many. Any more than you do.

LINCOLN goes on holding Mary's face, looking into her eyes – which are angry and challenging. LINCOLN looks deeply uncertain. He hasn't been here before and he can't read the signs.

LINCOLN

I care, Mary. We both do.

MARY

No.

MARY takes Lincoln's hands from her face, lowering them and releasing them as she turns away to the window.

MARY

This entire country is drowning in blood. But all the pain I feel is for Willie. No-one else.

LINCOLN

Mary. I know your nature. Your pain is for all of them. That's why it's so great.

MARY

(sudden intensity) No!

MARY turns on him.

MARY

You maybe! My pain is *all . . .* for my son!

LINCOLN nods sadly, patiently, understandingly.

MARY

Don't give me that understanding look! Because you don't. Because there's a difference between you and me. *(pause)* You know what that is? The real deep-down, honest-to-God *difference?*

LINCOLN

No Mother. Tell me.

MARY

No matter how terrible the loss, you always find some great work to bury it under. Some great cause. Some great disaster. Some great victory.

LINCOLN gazes at her, struck by the truth of her claim.

MARY

The difference is *I* never can. There is *nothing* for me - but to endure!
That's how it is with me. *(pause)* With *us*.

A long painful moment. LINCOLN is shocked by Mary's anger - but more, much more, by her sense of isolation.

LINCOLN

Have I done . . . so little for you? Do you really feel so alone?

Their eyes meet and hold.

MARY

Finally . . . yes. Always.

LINCOLN

Oh Mary . . . Ohh Mary . . .

Silence.

MARY

Leave me. Please.

MARY turns away to the window - with finality. LINCOLN stares bleakly at her back for a while.

LINCOLN

If you wish.

MARY

I do.

LINCOLN is deeply wounded. He moves to the door and opens it.

MARY

Don't talk of the war to me again. *(pause)* Not in this room. And *never . . .*
in the presence of my son!

LINCOLN stops, alarmed by this last note of incipient madness, and turns, but she still has her back to him. There's nothing to be said. He carries on and closes the door behind him.

EXT CORRIDOR DAY
LINCOLN stands outside the door, still, eyes closed, breathing deeply. After a moment or two, he opens his eyes, turns and walks purposefully down the corridor. His focus has shifted back to the war – and the Proclamation.

EXT TREMONT TEMPLE DAY
Several weeks later. A large CROWD, many of them black, is gathered in the bitter cold outside Tremont Temple in Boston. They're waiting in silent expectation.

INT TREMONT TEMPLE DAY
The hall is packed with ABOLITIONISTS, including DOUGLASS, his FAMILY and the SHAWs. The tension is verging on deep anxiety.

DOUGLASS
(reassuring) If he has taught us anything it is that we can trust his word. He will sign. Never fear. He will sign.

INT LINCOLN'S OFFICE DAY
In close-up, LINCOLN's hand trembles, pen poised for signature by the date 1st January 1863. His other hand comes across to steady the pen hand. The shot opens out to show LINCOLN in his office, surrounded by HAY, SEWARD, CHASE and other members of the CABINET plus assorted foreign DIPLOMATS and GRANDEES. The door is open revealing a major New Year's Day reception in the White House beyond. Everyone is formally and festively dressed.

LINCOLN
(holding his hand and grinning) I've been shaking hands flat out for three hours.

Laughter. LINCOLN holds out his hand. It's stopped shaking. He lowers it to the Proclamation . . . and signs.

EXT BOSTON DAY
A MESSENGER runs flat out through the streets of Boston – and through the crowd outside Tremont Temple like a running quarter-back - and on up the steps and inside.

INT TREMONT TEMPLE DAY
DOUGLASS and TREMONT TEMPLE erupt into joy.

EXT CONTRABAND CAMP DAY
LINCOLN, HAY and TAD ride through the camp on horseback. The CONTRABANDS (escaped slaves) are lined behind a rope barrier, cheering and waving with joyous enthusiasm. Occasionally a CONTRABAND ducks under the rope to run up and seize Lincoln's hand. TAD, dressed in a Union army uniform, beams and salutes.

LINCOLN
(to Hay) My word is out to these people. And I won't let anyone take it back.

In the background is the incomplete Capitol Dome.

EXT MEETING HALL NIGHT
DOUGLASS addresses an enlistment meeting. There are banners for the 54th Massachusetts. (More detail here.)

DOUGLASS
Now for the first time during this war I am at liberty to call and counsel you to arms. By every consideration which binds you to your country, by every aspiration which you cherish for yourselves and for your children I urge you to fly to arms -- and smite with death the power that would bury the government and your liberty in the same hopeless grave.

INT HARVARD YARD DAY
DOUGLASS addresses an enlistment meeting. (More detail here.)

DOUGLASS
. . . you will stand more erect, walk more assured, feel more at ease, and be less liable to insult than you ever were before . . . Once let the black man get upon his person . . .

INT SMALL TOWN HALL NIGHT
DOUGLASS addresses an enlistment meeting. (More detail here.)

DOUGLASS
. . . the brass letters 'US'; an eagle on his button, a musket on his shoulder, and bullets in his pocket, there is no power on earth which can deny he has earned the right of citizenship in the United States!

EXT SMALL TOWN SQUARE DAY
DOUGLASS addresses an enlistment meeting. (More detail here.)

DOUGLASS

Do you say you want the same pay that white soldiers get? I believe that the justice and magnanimity of your country will speedily grant it. Do I hear you say you want black officers? I have not the slightest doubt that in the progress of this war we shall see black officers, black colonels, and generals even!

For the first time we see LEWIS and CHARLES at a recruitment rally. They are both in Union army uniform.

INT OFFICER'S MESS NIGHT
McCLELLAN is sipping brandy and smoking a cigar amongst an intimate group of OFFICERS.

McCLELLAN

I seriously regret not coming out against the Original Gorilla's Proclamation – his infamous call for servile insurrection. Now we face black recruitment. But the fact is gentleman I have a strong presentiment the first time a negro regiment goes into battle, it will cut and run. And that'll be the end of the negro bearing arms.

EXT FORT WAGNER DAY
In close-up we see two young black soldiers, Douglass's sons – LEWIS and CHARLES. LEWIS is a sergeant. We pull back to see the black 54th Massachusetts regiment on the march. Then we see that at their head is a young white Colonel on horseback, COLONEL SHAW, with two other white OFFICERS. The regiment is marching along a sandy beach towards Fort Wagner. It looks formidable. Not far ahead of the regiment, shells are beginning to explode. COLONEL SHAW halts the column, dismounts and hands the reins to a very young black ORDERLY. The belt of shellfire ahead intensifies. LEWIS turns his head slightly towards his younger brother, CHARLES, and speaks low and earnestly, while keeping eyes front.

LEWIS

How're you doing?

CHARLES

Not bad.

CHARLES is frightened, but steady.

LEWIS

We're going to be all right.

CHARLES

I know that.

COLONEL SHAW takes out his sword. A white LIEUTENANT COLONEL behind him does the same.

COLONEL SHAW

Men of the 54th Massachusetts! You've made me proud to be your commanding officer! Now! Let us make Massachusetts proud of us all!

He turns to order the charge. As he does so, we cut to an aerial shot and watch them stream forth into the death zone of the shellfire – and on to the groundworks of the fort, suffering heavy casualties all the way. No-one 'cuts and runs'.

EXT FORT WAGNER DAY

The battle is over and lost. A Confederate BURIAL DETAIL loads dead of the 54th Massachusetts onto wagons. In the background there's an occasional shot.

EXT FORT WAGNER DAY

A WORK DETAIL, made up of Confederate soldiers and 54th Massachusetts prisoners and watched over by armed GUARDS, is digging a deep trench in soft sandy soil.

EXT FORT WAGNER DAY

The BURIAL DETAIL gathers corpses. Now we see, ahead of them, two Confederate EXECUTIONERS are picking out those casualties still alive, and shooting them.

EXT FORT WAGNER DAY

The WORK DETAIL has finished the trench. The Confederate soldiers who were part of the Work Detail have climbed out leaving only the 54th Massachusetts prisoners in the trench – some of whom begin to scramble upwards as Confederate EXECUTIONERS shoot them.

EXT FORT WAGNER DAY

The BURIAL DETAIL comes across the body of COLONEL SHAW. One of the BURIAL DETAIL calls across to an OFFICER.

BURIAL DETAIL

What we gonna do with the Colonel?

OFFICER

Put him in the trench with his niggers!

COLONEL SHAW is thrown onto the pile of dead in the wagon. He lies on his back, shot through the heart, but looking otherwise untroubled. Another body comes in to lie partly on Shaw's. They strike an attitude of sleeping lovers.

EXT

STATE HOUSE

DAY

Frederick DOUGLASS and MRS DOUGLASS ARE amongst a predominantly black CROWD waiting in solemn unity for an OFFICIAL to make an announcement. Next to the DOUGLASSES is an upper-class late-middle-aged white couple, the SHAWS, the woman weeping and both dressed in mourning.

OFFICIAL

As you know, other than the death of Colonel Shaw, the enemy has refused to give any information regarding our regiment. This is a list of confirmed survivors. *(brief pause)* Amelia, Joseph! Bowen, Laurence! Brown, Thomas! Chalmers, Henry! . . .

The OFFICIAL spits out the names, forcing himself through this awful task. As he does so, here and there in the CROWD, expressions of unbearable suspense collapse into sudden despair as the alphabet moves relentlessly onwards.

OFFICIAL

Colson, Christian! Douglass, Charles! Douglass, Lewis! Emerson, John!

Joy and relief on the faces of Frederick DOUGLASS and MRS DOUGLASS. They have already received news of their son's death. The DOUGLASSES and the SHAWS turn to each other, MRS SHAW smiling through her tears at MRS DOUGLASS – who takes MRS SHAW's hands in hers and holds them tight.

INT

COMMITTEE ROOM

DAY

DOUGLASS is addressing a mainly white New England RECRUITMENT COMMITTEE.

DOUGLASS

When I plead for recruits I want to do it with all my heart, without qualification. I cannot do that now. Black prisoners are being killed or taken into slavery. And not even a word of retaliation comes from Mr. Lincoln or the War Department. *(pause)* I can accept my sons may be killed in battle. I cannot accept they may be murdered in cold blood. Nor can I ask that of any other parent or child.

DOUGLASS gets to his feet and walks out. He's deeply wounded rather than angry. The look in his eyes is one of betrayal.

INT **DINING ROOM** **DAY**
DOUGLASS and ANNA DOUGLASS are eating in silence – because he's brooding, utterly distracted, the same look of betrayal in his eyes.

ANNA DOUGLASS
Go and see him. Don't wait for an invitation. He's a very busy man. Last thing he's going to *volunteer* for is an argument with *you!* But he won't turn you away. Go and see him!

INT **SEGREGATED RAILWAY CAR** **DAY**
DOUGLASS sits amongst other blacks in a railway carriage.

EXT **WHITE HOUSE MAIN ENTRANCE** **DAY**
DOUGLASS strides up the steps to the White House front door. A POLICEMAN sees him.

POLICEMAN
Hey you! Boy! Where do you think you're going?

DOUGLASS stops and turns towards the POLICEMAN.

DOUGLASS
I've come to see the President.

POLICEMAN
Do you have an invitation?

DOUGLASS
No. But he will see me.

POLICEMAN
(contemptuously) Like hell he will. Beat it. Nigger.

DOUGLASS turns away and continues walking into the White House. The POLICEMAN goes after Douglass, taking out his stick, and grabbing Douglass's shoulder.

POLICEMAN
Hey you! You're coming with me!

DOUGLASS turns and suddenly takes hold of the POLICEMAN's stick hand with an iron grip.

DOUGLASS

No. *You are coming with me!*

The POLICEMAN yells with pain as DOUGLASS turns the POLICEMAN's arm.

INT HAY'S OFFICE DAY
HAY is working. A knock at the door.

HAY

Come in . . .

The POLICEMAN is thrust into the room, sprawling onto the floor. DOUGLASS appears.

HAY

Mr Douglass . . . !

HAY almost immediately grasps the situation and starts grinning.

HAY

How good to see you again Mr Douglass!

The POLICEMAN looks up from the floor, defeated.

INT LINCOLN'S OFFICE DAY
LINCOLN and DOUGLASS shake hands.

LINCOLN

I'm glad to see you Mr Douglass. I hope you weren't kept waiting.

DOUGLASS

(allows him the slightest smile) No. I wasn't.

LINCOLN

Good. Now tell me what's on your mind.

LINCOLN smiles and moves away a few paces, towards the window. DOUGLASS stands, agitated and hesitant for a moment, then comes at it head on.

DOUGLASS

Do you regard black soldiers in your army as less valuable than white soldiers?

LINCOLN turns to face Douglass.

LINCOLN

After their valour at Milliken's Bend? Port Hudson? Fort Wagner? No. Certainly not.

DOUGLASS

Then why don't they receive equal pay? And why do you allow them to be murdered with impunity when captured? There are so many inequalities but these two will suffice for the moment.

LINCOLN

Then I can offer some reassurance. A substantial increase in pay will be announced next week.

DOUGLASS

(barely missing a beat) A 'substantial increase'? To what? Three-quarter manhood? Seven-eighths equality? *(pause)* Mr Lincoln, men I urged with all my heart to enlist, enlisted in the Massachusetts regiments under the promise from your War Department of *equal* pay.

LINCOLN

Mr Douglass. I can only ask for your patience. These things are subject to law *and* public opinion. Changes in either can only be achieved in the fullness of time.

DOUGLASS

That's what you said about emancipation! But when you found the *will*, you found the way!

LINCOLN barely reacts, but his expression intensifies just enough to show he's struck by the insight in Douglass's remark. He sits down in his desk chair -- giving the floor to Douglass. LINCOLN is intellectually engaged now, in that calm fearless way of his.

LINCOLN

That's true. That is very true. But if I'd made that proclamation just six months earlier neither the country nor the army would have stood for it. It would have been lost.

DOUGLASS

You can talk all you wish of political expediency -

LINCOLN

Imperatives, Mr Douglass. *Imperatives.*

DOUGLASS

There *are* no political imperatives! Only *moral* imperatives. What is *right*, and what is *wrong*. *(pause)* Mr Lincoln. Surely you're not going to tell me that political expediency accounts for your silence when prisoners of war from your army are being murdered?

LINCOLN

No.

LINCOLN turns to his desk and picks out a document.

LINCOLN

This is the draft of a Retaliatory Order. Which I will sign as soon as it has been properly drawn up. *(he reads)* 'the law of nations and the usages and the customs of war permit no distinction as to race in the treatment of prisoners of war . . . for every soldier of the United States killed in violation of the laws of war, a rebel soldier will be executed; and for every one enslaved a rebel soldier will be placed at hard labour.'

LINCOLN drops the document on the desk and looks at Douglass who, though he's had the wind taken out of his sails, shows only relief and approval.

DOUGLASS

That, sir, is well done. *Very* well done.

LINCOLN

You think it's right?

DOUGLASS pauses, understanding the weight of the question. His answer is a considered one.

DOUGLASS

I do.

LINCOLN

I think it's wrong. Show me the rebel who executed the prisoner and I will sign his death warrant. But this *(picks up the proclamation as if weighing it)* is indiscriminate retaliation. Once begun where does it end? This is stepping out on the slope to barbarism.

LINCOLN puts the document down.

DOUGLASS

(impatient, challenging) Then why are you going to sign it?

A pause.

LINCOLN

Political expediency.

LINCOLN stares at DOUGLASS, looking for understanding.

LINCOLN

I believe the recruitment of any black troops at all has been a major achievement. I believe unequal pay was a necessary concession to smooth the way. Right or wrong, I can only promise you in time they *will* receive equal pay. Paid retrospectively from the day they enlisted. I may err too much on the side of caution, Mr Douglass. I am certainly slow. But once embarked on a course I try hard to keep to it.

Brief silence.

DOUGLASS

Does that include your course towards colonization?

Brief silence. They both know that was a little below the belt. But LINCOLN's expression reads 'Alright. Fair enough.'

LINCOLN

No. I finally saw the limitations, even . . . the absurdity, of that idea.
(*pause*) God knows I am not a perfect man, Mr Douglass!

The two men look into each other's eyes for a long moment.

LINCOLN

I will do my best to correct the present injustices suffered by black soldiers. The Union needs them. Not only because they fight and die as well as any other but because it's essential they have a part in the struggle.

DOUGLASS

I understand that. Better than you.

LINCOLN realises he's being patronising, gives a little smile of acknowledgement and apology.

LINCOLN

Yes. Which is why I need your support. (*pause*) And your friendship.

A long silence. Finally, decisively . . .

DOUGLASS

No. Burnside is all lion; none of the fox.

LEE turns to the map and studies it for a moment.

LEE

He's moving towards the Rappahannock. At a good pace.

He nods to himself. He places a finger on the map and looks up at LONGSTREET.

LEE

Fredericksburg. He will try to cross at Fredericksburg.

EXT **BEHIND FREDERICKSBURG** **EVENING**

LONGSTREET sits astride a horse on a hill looking down at Fredericksburg, a pretty town on the banks of the Rappahannock. On the opposite bank of the river the Union army, 110,000-strong, is ranged. Their engineers are building three pontoon bridges, one directly at the town, one on its southern fringe and one downriver from the town. Alongside LONGSTREET are several pieces of artillery and, on foot, artillery Captain ALEXANDER, a graceful, artistic-looking man in his mid-twenties. Immediately behind the well-defined limits of the little town beneath them is a half-mile of open ground, open until it meets a strong stone wall behind which is a sunken road.

LONGSTREET

General Lee thinks Burnside will attempt surprise by sending his main force at the town. We will offer only moderate resistance. The town is the bait, Colonel. That open ground down there is the hook. They must not be allowed to wriggle off it . . .

ALEXANDER

General, a chicken couldn't live in that field once we open on it.

EXT **PONTOON BRIDGE** **NIGHT**

A bright moon amidst broken cloud above, shifting mist below on the river, where ENGINEERS are working feverishly to build a pontoon bridge. Occasionally there's a distant shot and the whine of a bullet, fired more in hope than belief and pretty much ignored by the ENGINEERS. Suddenly they pause and tense as the mist clears and the moon comes out. Immediately accurate rifle fire comes at them from the town. One of the ENGINEERS at the head of the pontoon is killed instantly and falls into the river. Another is wounded. He's gathered up in the hasty retreat back to the bank, and cover, where laid out in a row are about twenty dead ENGINEERS. The surviving ENGINEERS stand around in indescribable tension waiting for the moon to disappear and the mist to reform around the pontoon.

EXT **BURNSIDE'S COMMAND POST** **DAWN**
General BURNSIDE – a large man with extravagant sidewhiskers (the original 'sideburns') – studies the misty dawn scene through binoculars. The pontoon bridge is tantalisingly close to the opposite bank.

EXT **PONTOON BRIDGE** **DAWN**
ENGINEERS are retreating along it under fire. Dead ENGINEERS litter the bridge.

EXT **BURNSIDE'S COMMAND POST** **DAWN**
BURNSIDE, watching the Engineers' retreat, is deeply pained. He's a decent, sensitive man unsuited to command an army in battle.

BURNSIDE
Enough. Enough. *(to an Aide)* Convey my sincerest thanks to the Colonel and his men. Tell him he may stand down for the moment.

The AIDE goes. BURNSIDE turns to another OFFICER.

BURNSIDE
(grim reluctance) Begin.

EXT **RIVERFRONT** **DAWN**
Stillness and peace all along the quaint waterfront buildings of Fredericksburg – instantly shattered by a mass of explosions, up to a hundred, as an intense artillery barrage begins.

INT **RIVERFRONT BUILDINGS** **DAWN**
Three Confederate SHARPSHOOTERS in a pleasantly furnished bedroom, two asleep on the bed, one watching by the window, are blown apart.

SHARPSHOOTERS are killed instantly in:
an upstairs office;
a garret bedroom;
a junk-filled loft space.

SHARPSHOOTERS run through an exploding riverside warehouse.

Two SHARPSHOOTERS scramble into a cellar.

EXT **RIVERFRONT FREDERICKSBURG** **DAY**
Quiet. The riverfront is a smoking shambles now.

EXT **OPPOSITE FREDERICKSBURG** **DAY**
ENGINEERS rush onto the pontoon bridge, some carrying tools, others pulling pontoons. They reach the end and set to work putting the next ponton in place. A shot rings out. Then another. An *ENGINEER* is hit.

INT **RIVERFRONT RUINS** **DAY**
From behind huge timbers in the wreckage of the warehouse roof two of the three SHARPSHOOTERS we saw earlier are hard at work firing and reloading.

A SHARPSHOOTER lies on his belly, squeezing off a shot, in a rat-hole of a space amidst a pile of rubble.

From behind a wall of a top-floor room which is now ceilingless and roofless SHARPSHOOTER 1 fires, puts down his gun, quickly picks up another and fires again. SHARPSHOOTER 2 is sitting on the floor beside him, badly wounded, reloading for SHARPSHOOTER 1, who keeps up a pitiless rhythm of fire.

EXT **OPPOSITE FREDERICKSBURG** **DAY**
The ENGINEERS retreat along the pontoon bridge, carrying wounded and leaving dead behind.

EXT **BURNSIDE'S COMMAND POST** **DAY**
BURNSIDE's expression is beginning to set into dogged resolution, his thinking already losing all flexibility under the pressure.

BURNSIDE

Send in the boats.

EXT **OPPOSITE FREDERICKSBURG** **DAY**
TROOPS rush down the river bank towards waiting boats.

EXT **BOATS** **DAY**
OARSMEN, all large powerful men, row with every muscle and nerve at full stretch while between them SOLDIERS crouch and behind them the waterfront buildings erupt once again with artillery fire. Nevertheless the Sharpshooters are still at work – Oarsmen and Soldiers are being hit at an increasing rate as the boats surge through water, driven by a desperate desire to reach the bank. An OARSMAN falls forward onto his oar, shot in the back of the head. Behind him OARSMAN 2 cries out, his stroke faltering.

OARSMAN 2

Jimmy! Jimmy!

The dying OARSMAN's oar sticks up at an angle as if held there, allowing the others to continue rowing without interruption. OARSMAN 2 quickly regains his stroke and rows like a mighty automaton while staring at the blood pulsing gently from the head of the friend dying an arm's length away from him.

Ahead we can see the first boats hit the other side. SOLDIERS scramble out and crouch in the shelter of the bankside structures as the OARSMEN stow their oars and snatch up their weapons. Each boat has a number of casualties lying in it. The artillery barrage overhead subsides as the SOLDIERS gather to move forward.

EXT LEE'S COMMAND POST DAY
LEE lowers his binoculars.

LEE
Tell Barksdale to withdraw.

EXT FREDERICKSBURG DAY
SHARPSHOOTERS emerge from ruined building and start loping back through the streets, some dragging or carrying wounded. We see SHARPSHOOTER 1 emerge from a building alone.

INT ROOFLESS BUILDING DAY
SHARPHOOTER 2 has been left behind to die. He's slumped in a corner, hugging his rifle. His breathing is shallow and his eyes are closed. A Union SOLDIER enters the space, suddenly and aggressively. He doesn't see the Dying Sharpshooter at first and when he does he takes him for dead. SHARPSHOOTER 2 opens his eyes.

SHARPSHOOTER 2
(as if pleasantly surprised) Hello Yank . . .

Boom! The Union SOLDIER lurches backwards doubled up. He clutches his stomach and falls onto his side, screaming. SHARPSHOOTER 2 grimaces at the noise, as if it were disturbing his thoughts. He closes his eyes again and, despite the noise, goes unconscious.

EXT FREDERICKSBURG DAY
Union SOLDIERS move cautiously along the streets, hugging the sides of buildings, puzzled by the lack of any serious opposition.

EXT **FREDERICKSBURG** **DAY**
A few hours later. The pontoon bridge is complete and Union troops are pouring into the town.

EXT **SUNKEN ROAD** **DAY**
CONFEDERATE INFANTRY are taking up position all along the wall flanking the sunken road. As they do so, General George PICKETT, a long-haired dandy and all-round striking figure of a man, rides slowly along the road. He smiles at the men and doffs his hat with genuine affection and respect for the men. The feeling is evidently mutual. There are salutes, grim smiles and greetings of 'Marse George!'

EXT **OPEN GROUND** **DAY**
UNION INFANTRY come pouring out of the streets onto the open ground, shouting, cheering, standards flying.

EXT **HILLSIDE** **DAY**
ALEXANDER's artillery opens.

EXT **OPEN GROUND** **DAY**
The fire, as promised, is accurate and devastating. The UNION INFANTRY falter then fall back. As soon as they have reached the shelter of the town the shelling ceases.

EXT **HILLSIDE** **DAY**
ALEXANDER looks down on the open ground, waiting.

EXT **LEE'S COMMAND POST** **DAY**
LEE looks down on the open ground. LONGSTREET, too.

EXT **OPEN GROUND** **DAY**
UNION INFANTRY charge again, this time in greater numbers and with greater pace and determination. The concentration of fire on them is terrible but it lessens as they go forward, Alexander's fire keeping well beyond the wall and the Confederate Infantry, creating a sense of safety being ahead as much as it is behind. UNION INFANTRY press on with a desperate will, towards the wall.

EXT **SUNKEN ROAD** **DAY**
CONFEDERATE INFANTRY wait behind the wall, tense, quiet.

EXT OPEN GROUND DAY
UNION INFANTRY is within a hundred yards of the wall.

EXT SUNKEN ROAD DAY
OFFICERS all along the road yell orders - 'Take up your positions!', 'Wait for the order to fire! Wait!' - and the CONFEDERATE INFANTRY get to their feet. They form in four ranks.

EXT OPEN GROUND DAY
The UNION INFANTRY is within fifty yards of the wall.

EXT SUNKEN ROAD DAY
The first of the four ranks is now in position, aimed and ready.

OFFICER

Fire!

An explosion roars along the wall like some giant firework.

EXT SUNKEN ROAD/OPEN GROUND DAY
Seen from above: the four ranks of CONFEDERATE INFANTRY rotate with such efficiency they look from a height like one long, rippling organism. The sound is of one gigantic machine-gun, also organic in nature, lulling and surging but never falling silent. The UNION INFANTRY that has made it through the artillery fire is felled to a man. The entire field is littered with dead and wounded. The guns fall silent.

EXT LEE'S COMMAND POST DAY
LEE looks down on the scene with LONGSTREET in silence.

EXT OPEN GROUND DAY
There's only the sound of the wounded and the dying. Then suddenly a gathering roar of a 'Hoorrrraah' and out from the town surges another charge of UNION INFANTRY.

EXT SUNKEN ROAD DAY
The CONFEDERATE INFANTRY seem to be loading and firing with increasing speed, having found a deadly rhythm and concentration.

EXT CONFEDERATE BATTERY DAY

Captain ALEXANDER watches the latest wave of UNION INFANTRY break and dissolve before the wall. He is moved -- admiration and disbelief in equal measure.

EXT SUNKEN ROAD DAY

General PICKETT is watching from a vantage point at one end of the road.

PICKETT

Damn . . . Damn . . . They are magnificent . . .

EXT FREDERICKSBURG/OPEN GROUND DAY

Another 'Herrraaaagh!' -- now more a simple roar of distilled aggression - as another wave of UNION INFANTRY bursts out of the town and into the band of shellfire that greets it. No sooner has this attack been repulsed than another begins, the waves coming faster now. And as each wave advances:

EXT SUNKEN ROAD DAY

All along the wall CONFEDERATE INFANTRY rise in tribute to their enemy's courage, holding their rifles up in salute and cheering -- before dropping down to continue the slaughter.

EXT LEE'S COMMAND POST DAY

LEE watches with LONGSTREET. They are both deeply moved.

LEE

It's well that war is so terrible -- or we might grow too fond of it.

EXT OPEN GROUND NIGHT

The ground is covered in Union dead, so thickly we know the attacks have, incredibly, continued all afternoon. It's bitterly cold. Behind the wall CONFEDERATE INFANTRY shiver in inadequate clothing and blankets, doing their best to sleep, trying not to hear the cries of the freezing and the dying in the field beyond, while their sentries watch the UNION AMBULANCEMEN gather up the wounded in an unearthly light: above this Golgotha glows and dances a freak display of the Northern Lights.

EXT FREDERICKSBURG NIGHT

BURNSIDE watches the last of the wounded brought ashore. He's a broken man.

BURNSIDE

Destroy the bridge.

He looks up at the Northern Lights, dancing overhead in mocking celebration.

BURNSIDE

Maybe God is a Confederate after all.

INT TELEGRAPH OFFICE DAY
LINCOLN is staring at a telegram. STANTON is with him.

LINCOLN

My god. My god. What will the country say?

LINCOLN lowers his head into his hands. This is a moment of real despair. STANTON moves forward and puts a hand on Lincoln's shoulder. STANTON has tears in his eyes.

INT WILLIE'S ROOM MORNING
MARY is sitting by the window, facing into the room, still dressed in black. But she looks almost serene. LINCOLN enters, eyes still haunted by despair. MARY's eyes harden a little when they meet his. He walks across the room to her, slowly goes down on his knees, puts his head in her lap.— and begins to sob inconsolably. She looks down at him, with a look of deep distaste. Then slowly, slowly, somewhere deep inside her, pity stirs. She puts out a hand and, very uncertainly, she begins to stroke his head.

INT PATENT OFFICE HOSPITAL DAY
The Patent Office has been converted to a crammed hospital ward. Wounded soldiers, not all of them in beds, lie amidst the strange ranks of specimen cases containing all manner of inventions. LINCOLN is shown in by an OFFICER. LINCOLN turns at the threshold and holds out his hand to someone. The hand draws MARY into the room, looking very fragile. The place gradually falls silent as the news travels through the place that the Lincolns are present. An ARMY SURGEON hurries past, oblivious. MARY is shocked by his blood-soaked apron. Someone nearby starts crying out in pain. An urgent voice says, 'Quit that can't you! The President's here - with his wife!'

MARY

No! No!

She turns and looks around, appalled. For a moment it seems that MARY, overwhelmed, is about to turn and run. LINCOLN reaches out to steady her.

MARY

No! Who is that?

MARY moves towards the sound of the wounded man.

MARY

If he needs to cry out he must cry out!

MARY walks round a specimen case and comes face to face with a PATIENT who has had both hands amputated. He's holding up his missing hands in self-supplication: 'Stop! Stop making that noise!', his face all misery and shame, his body trembling with the effort of keeping his jaw clamped shut. After a brief moment of shock MARY moves spontaneously to the man's bedside. She holds out her hands. He stares at her, trembling, for a long moment -- then slowly raises his arms. Even more slowly, with infinite gentleness, she takes his stumps in her hands. There are tears coursing down her face. Other PATIENTS watch transfixed while the PATIENT's tremors gradually subside. LINCOLN watches with a deep pride, drawing strength and inspiration from his wife.

BURNSIDE RESIGNS. LINCOLN APPOINTS MEADE IN HIS PLACE.

GRANT ATTACKS VICKSBURG -- CONFEDERATE STRONGHOLD, KEY TO THE MISSISSIPPI.

LEE INVADES THE NORTH AGAIN. MEADE SENT TO INTERCEPT.
MEADE AND LEE BLUNDER INTO EACH OTHER AT GETTYSBURG -- JUST SIXTY-ODD MILES DUE NORTH OF WASHINGTON.

ESTABLISH THAT IF GRANT TAKES VICKSBURG AND MEADE DEFEATS LEE,
THE WAR IS AS GOOD AS WON

TWO DAYS LATER. DAY THREE OF THE BATTLE. LINCOLN IN A STATE OF HIGH TENSION -- EXHAUSTED AFTER TWO DAYS AND NIGHTS VIRTUALLY NON-STOP IN THE TELEGRAPH OFFICE. HE HAS THE BATTLE POSITIONS MAPPED OUT IN FRONT OF HIM. HE PONDERES LEE'S NEXT MOVE. THERE IS ALSO A MAP OF THE VICKSBURG SITUATION ON THE WALL. ESTABLISH.

EXT

GETTYSBURG

DAY

A big HARE stands up and looks around. It's early morning on the third day at Gettysburg. A gentle breeze idles across a wide, sunlit field which rises to a wooded ridge on each side -- Seminary Ridge on the left of picture, Cemetery Ridge on the right. Only isolated birdsong breaks the silence. The hare takes off, up a gentle grassy slope. In the background we can see trees.

SOLDIER (OFF-CAMERA)

Run ol' hare! If I was ol' hare, I'd run too!

Laughter (off-camera).

EXT SEMINARY RIDGE DAY
The laughter comes from Confederate SOLDIERS leaning, lying, sitting in woodland at the foot of Seminary Ridge.

SOLDIER
Yeah! But sure as hell not in *that* direction!

More laughter – this time with an edge of 'Aint that the truth!'

EXT SLOPE DAY
The HARE crests the ridge at the top of the slope - and stops dead, staring across the field towards Cemetery Ridge.

EXT SEMINARY RIDGE DAY
Seen through binoculars as they pan through through the woods: thousands of CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS everywhere, silently waiting. Suddenly the binoculars shift focus.

EXT SLOPE DAY
The binoculars pick up the hare. It stands up, looking straight into our eyes. Then, as if alarmed by what it sees, it turns and takes off with a will, racing across the field, held captive all the way within the binoculars' circular frame.

EXT UNION BATTERY/CEMETERY RIDGE DAY
A Union ARTILLERY OFFICER, binoculars raised to his eyes, mouth smiling at the sight of the hare, stands on the wooded slopes amidst a battery of cannons. Below him, banked behind a wall are hundreds of RIFLEMEN. They, too, are at ease, waiting. The ARTILLERY OFFICER lowers his binoculars and looks across the half-mile expanse of field towards Seminary Ridge.

INT OUTSIDE GIBBON'S TENT DAY
Somewhere in the woods on Cemetery Ridge, GENERAL MEADE, GENERAL GIBBON, ETC. lounge and smoke cigars after a decent al fresco lunch. They too, like everyone else, are listening to the unnatural hush of a world contemplating apocalypse.

INT LEE'S HQ DAY
ROBERT E. LEE, 'PETE' LONGSTREET and a group of OFFICERS are staring intensely at a map on a table.

LEE

What would you favour, Pete?

LONGSTREET

Attack the southern flank. Turn them. Fall back towards Washington. Which will force them to attack us - on a ground of our choosing. Weaken them; counter-attack from a position of strength; and destroy them.

LEE

(with intense approval) Yes. Yes!

But LEE pauses, deep in thought. He takes a deep breath and exhales.

LEE

(carefully, thoughtfully) But for two days now the men have fought magnificently. *They* would see a flanking manoeuvre as retreat. Demoralising good men when their blood is up is deeply unwise. They're in the mood to fight. And win. Here. Today.

Brief silence. All eyes on Lee.

LEE

The enemy is *here* – and I will strike him. And strike him where we shall *finish* him – in the centre!

LEE jabs a finger onto the map: the section marked Cemetery Ridge. LONGSTREET is deeply troubled. LEE looks at him.

LEE

I see doubt in your eyes.

LONGSTREET

General . . . I believe there never was in any army twelve thousand men who could make that attack successfully.

LEE stares at the map with fierce concentration. A brief silence. LEE's eyes light up with conviction. He looks up at Longstreet.

LEE

Pete. I believe when their blood is up our boys can do *anything*!

LONGSTREET winces slightly – it's the shock of seeing something he's never seen before: Lee allowing his passion to rule his reason; Lee playing by a whole new set of rules.

EXT UNION BATTERY/CEMETERY RIDGE DAY
The ARTILLERY OFFICER has his binoculars trained on Seminary Ridge.

EXT CONFEDERATE BATTERY/SEMINARY RIDGE DAY
Seen through binoculars: Captain ALEXANDER the young Confederate artillery commander looking straight back. The binoculars move on, panning slowly across the Confederate guns – 140 of them.

EXT UNION BATTERY/CEMETERY RIDGE DAY
A raw YOUNG GUNNER watches the Officer and turns to his SERGEANT.

YOUNG GUNNER
Sergeant can he see their guns?

SERGEANT
Oh yeah.

YOUNG GUNNER
Why we not firing on them?

SERGEANT
Battle aint started yet.

The SERGEANT takes pity on the YOUNG GUNNER's mystification.

SERGEANT
We got the high ground son. They're coming to us. And we ain't using ammunition til they do – cos when they do, we gonna need all we got.

EXT SEMINARY RIDGE DAY
James LONGSTREET rides through the woods, barely able to look at the SOLDIERS as he passes by.

EXT CONFEDERATE BATTERY/SEMINARY RIDGE DAY
MESSENGER arrives with message telling ALEXANDER when to open up.
ALEXANDER returns message stressing limited ammunition and expressing doubt that barrage will be totally effective in reducing the Union firepower to the point where an advance can be made with any certainty of success.

EXT OUTSIDE GIBBON'S TENT DAY
Lunch scene continues.

EXT OUTSIDE GIBBON'S TENT DAY
GIBBON hears the whine of shells -

GIBBON
Yes!!

closely followed by the sound of the guns, and then the shells exploding. GIBBON is first on his feet, and running for his horse. .

EXT UNION BATTERY/CEMETERY RIDGE DAY
Union ARTILLERYMEN scramble into position and start returning fire.

EXT FIELD DAY
A wide shot of the valley shows both ridges ablaze with artillery fire and exploding shells.

EXT SEMINARY RIDGE DAY
Shells begin to fall amongst Confederate SOLDIERS waiting in the woods. Colonel ARMISTEAD walks calmly along the front rank of his Soldiers.

ARMISTEAD
Find shelter where you can, men! We may be here for some time!

INT TELEGRAPH OFFICE DAY
LINCOLN waits for news with STANTON. The telegraph machine starts clicking. The message gives the time of the commencement of fire. Or clock on the wall?

EXT SEMINARY RIDGE DAY
Colonel ARMISTEAD fearlessly walks his lines telling his men to 'Lie down! Lie down! Take any shelter you can find!' A soldier who wants to stand to see what's happening remains standing. Armistead barks 'Lie down!' 'But Sir, you aint doing it!' 'Yes but never mind me. We want men with guns in their hands. Now get down!'

LINCOLN AND STANTON IN TELEGRAPH OFFICE DISCUSSING WHERE CONFEDERATE ATTACK WILL COME. CLOCK ON WALL SHOWS 50 MINUTES HAS PASSED

CONFEDERATE OFFICER ORDERS CEASE FIRE

WIDE SHOT OF FIELD AS CONFEDERATE GUNS FALL SILENT, SHORTLY FOLLOWED BY UNION GUNS

LONG DEEP SILENCE

PICKETT RIDES TO LONGSTREET AND ASKS WHETHER TO ADVANCE

PICKETT

General, shall I advance?

LONGSTREET stares at his old friend and comrade – and cannot bring himself to speak the order.

PICKETT

General. Do I have the order to advance?

LONGSTREET can barely even nod 'yes'. Instead he lowers his eyes, sags forward in the saddle and lowers his head. A moment.

PICKETT

Sir, I shall lead my division forward.

PICKETT turns his horse and canters away.

PICKETT PULLS UP IN FRONT OF HIS TROOPS.

PICKETT

Up, men! To your posts! *(pause, then roars)* And remember! *You* are from old Virginia!

ALL THROUGH THE WOODS CONFEDERATE TROOPS GET TO THEIR FEET AND START FALLING IN

COLONEL ARMISTEAD ADDRESSES HIS MEN.

ARMISTEAD

Remember what you are fighting for! Remember your homes! Remember your wives, your mothers and your sisters! And your sweethearts!!

UNION GENERAL GIBBON WATCHES

UNION ARTILLERY OFFICER WATCHES

ARMISTEAD TAKES OUT HIS SWORD, TAKES OFF HIS HAT AND PLACES IT ON THE END OF THE SWORD, HOLDING IT ALOFT. 'FOLLOW THIS HAT ALL THE WAY TO THOSE GUNS OVER YONDER! (AND INDEED THEY WILL.)

Confederate spirit is broken and they fall back in a retreat which is almost as deadly as the advance.

Pickett stares in disbelief at the remnant of his troops. He says 'Where? Oh where is my division?' He weeps. 'Oh my boys. My brave brave boys . . .'

Lee rides along retreating line of troops, overcome with remorse and pity, saying over and over 'It is all my fault. It is all my fault.'

EXT MEADE'S COMMAND POST DAY
MEADE watches the Confederate retreat. He looks profoundly sad. GIBBON arrives.

GIBBON
General! Shall we prepare to counter-attack?

A silence. Other OFFICERS, as well as GIBBON look at Meade..

MEADE
No.

GIBBON
(incredulity) Sir?

MEADE
(quietly but emphatically) No.

GIBBON
Sir we can finish them - if we counter-attack *now*.

MEADE turns and looks GIBBON in the eye.

MEADE
General Gibbon. *(pause)* The men have done enough today.

(Note: Bruce Catton makes the point that one principal reason for so many failures to counter-attack – itself a major reason for the extent of the Civil War – was that the generals in these major battles were witnessing and directing, for the first time in modern history, slaughter on a stupefying scale.)

INT TELEGRAPH OFFICE EARLY EVENING
The wall-clock says six-thirty. LINCOLN is reading a telegraph despatch. STANTON can hardly restrain himself from jumping up and down with delight.

STANTON

Congratulations Mr President! Meade was an inspired choice! Inspired!

LINCOLN is staring at the telegraph despatch. He smiles happily but thoughtfully.

LINCOLN

Yes. It's a magnificent victory. Magnificent. *(pause)* But there's been no counter-attack. *(pause)* Send Meade a direct order: he *must* pursue at the earliest possible moment. He must capture or destroy what remains of Lee's army – *before* he escapes across the river.

STANTON

Sir, I don't think Meade needs that order.

LINCOLN

Send it all the same.

EXT

GETTYSBURG

LATE EVENING

It's getting dark. MEADE and some senior OFFICERS, including General GIBBON, ride slowly through shattered formations, assessing the situation. A COURIER rides up and presents a message to MEADE. He takes it and opens it. He raises his eyebrows and sighs with exaggerated patience.

MEADE

A somewhat redundant order from the President, gentlemen, instructing pursuit and capture of the enemy.

MEADE carelessly stuffs it into a pocket.

GIBBON

Shall I give the necessary orders General?

MEADE

No. There's no urgency. The Potomac is in flood. Our cavalry have already destroyed Lee's pontoons. Pursuit before we are fully ready makes us vulnerable to counter-attack. Lee will be there for the taking for some days yet.

INT

TELEGRAPH OFFICE

DAWN

LINCOLN watches a message come off the telegraph machine. STANTON takes it and reads. He is overjoyed.

STANTON

Vicksburg has surrendered! We have the Mississippi! The West is *ours!*

LINCOLN jumps to his feet and stands there, eyes tight shut with happiness and relief. He gives a long, deep sigh. Then he opens them and stares intently at the wall-map of the Gettysburg region – and the Potomac.

LINCOLN

Now! Now we can *finish* this!!

EXT

POTOMAC

DAWN

LEE is sitting on his horse Traveller in drenching rain on a bank of the swollen River Potomac. He watches anxiously as the last elements of his army hurry across a fragile pontoon bridge, improvised from miscellaneous timber. LEE looks up. On the brow of a hill on the opposite bank, UNION CAVALRY appear. LEE looks down. ENGINEERS are at the river's edge, smashing the holding points of the bridge. The bridge yaws away from the bank and quickly starts to disintegrate in the powerful current. The Union CAVALRY COMMANDER watches, grim-faced.

INT

LINCOLN'S OFFICE

DAY

HAY comes in and stops, shocked, by what he sees. LINCOLN is sitting at his desk, weeping. LINCOLN looks up at Hay in despair. He holds out a hand and opens it, palm upwards.

LINCOLN

Meade held the war in the hollow of his hand. And would not close it!

INT

LINCOLN'S OFFICE

DAY

LINCOLN shows GENERAL MEADE into his office. The clawmarks of stress, superhuman workrate and lack of sleep have been increasingly evident on Lincoln's face for some time now – but never more so than at this moment. MEADE's body-language is defensively erect and even arrogant.

LINCOLN

General, I wanted to add something to my public statements of admiration and deeply-felt gratitude for your historic victory.

MEADE, smelling something other than more congratulations, makes no response.

LINCOLN

General Meade. We lost twenty-three thousand men in that struggle. Twenty-three thousand. What was their achievement?

MEADE

To drive the invader from our soil. For ever.

LINCOLN looks at MEADE for a moment with unspeakable weariness. Then he turns to a map of America.

LINCOLN

So Lee and his army are nowhere to be found on this map? *(pause)* When will the officers of Army of the Potomac understand? The *whole country* is 'our soil'! *(pause, trying but failing to cool down)* General those men died so that men could be free, and this great country made whole again!

LINCOLN's expression softens – before the weariness and frustration get the better of him once again.

LINCOLN

Why did you pursue Lee's army with such lack of purpose? Why did you not attack *before* he could cross the Potomac?

MEADE

Sir. Taking into account all proper caution against counter-attack, I pursued General Lee's army with vigour!

Suddenly LINCOLN flares into anger. But this is the anger of a man too exhausted for rage. LINCOLN subsides into coldness – something we have never witnessed in him before.

LINCOLN

'Vigour'?! You know what your pursuit of the Army of Northern Virginia reminded me of?

MEADE

No.

LINCOLN

An old woman trying to shoo her geese across the creek!

MEADE is shocked. Outraged.

MEADE

(with fire) Sir! I object! You have no –

LINCOLN

(freezing intensity) Yes, General! You object! And yes - I have no right to address you, or anyone else, in this way. *(pauses, subsiding into infinite weariness and sadness)* But I am so deeply, deeply sick of the waste of so many men's lives . . .

MEADE is stilled by the sincerity and depth of Lincoln's pain. The anguish. A long silence.

LINCOLN

I ask your forgiveness.

MEADE gives a little nod. LINCOLN's composure rapidly reforms.

LINCOLN

I remember General McClellan claimed a great victory after Antietam. Because Pennsylvania and Maryland were 'safe'? (pause) Nowhere is 'safe' - until we destroy Lee's army!

EXT

MOUNTAINS

DAY

In long shot we see the ARMY OF NORTH VIRGINIA on the march through verdant mountains. We can hear them singing. In closer, we see LEE riding slowly along the column as if he's trying to make eye-contact with every single one. Many are in bare feet, they're hungry, skinny, but their morale is amazingly high, they're singing. The SOLDIERS respond to Lee in various ways, some with just a smile, some with a cheer of greeting and exclamations of 'Gen'ral!' or 'Fine day Marse Robert! Fine day!' There's an intimacy about this. And there's an intensity, too - it's the passionate semi-mystical devotion the great general can inspire in his soldiers.

LINCOLN DECIDES HE MUST GO TO GETTYSBURG TO CONSECRATE THE CEMETERY. HE LEAVES TAD ILL WITH A RAGING FEVER AND MARY FRANTIC. LINCOLN DEEPLY WORRIED AND GUILTY. LATE THE NIGHT BEFORE THE ADDRESS, AT HIS GETTYSBURG LODGING, LINCOLN RECEIVES WIRE FROM MARY SAYING TAD MUCH BETTER. NOW HE TURNS TO PUTTING THE FINISHING TOUCHES TO THE ADDRESS HE WILL DELIVER NEXT DAY.

EXT

STEAM YACHT/RIVER

DAY

The Good Dream: LINCOLN, back to camera, leans against the rail in the prow of a steam-yacht moving swiftly along a river.

EXT

GETTYSBURG BATTLEFIELD/CEMETERY

DAY

A big HARE moves cautiously through the grass and pauses by a carriage wheel lying on its side. The picture widens to show a broken gun-carriage. Then the camera moves on over the familiar landmarks of the battlefield, everywhere scattered with the remnants of battle, many already partly overgrown, and into a graveyard, moving low and close over thousands of fresh graves. It rises - over a large and sombre CROWD to arrive at its centre and a small platform bearing DIGNITARIES. SEWARD and HAY are there, too.

LINCOLN is on his feet about to speak. He holds a small piece of paper in his hand – which he only glances at from time to time – as if he had abandoned the speech in his hand and decided to speak spontaneously and directly from the heart.

LINCOLN

Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in Liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field, as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But, in a larger sense, we can not dedicate – we can not hallow – this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us – that from these honoured dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion – that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain – that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom – and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

EXT

STREET

DAY

It's cold. DOUGLASS, in overcoat, scarf and gloves, buys a newspaper at a stand which displays an advert 'President Speaks At Gettysburg'. He starts reading the front page as he walks. Cut to

EXT

BUSY STEPS

DAY

DOUGLASS, stands on a busy stone staircase, literally transfixed by what he's reading. Hurrying people flow around this rocklike presence on all sides.

LINCOLN (VO)

' . . . It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us - that from these

DOUGLASS's inner voice picks it up.

DOUGLASS (VO)

' . . . from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion - that we here highly

resolve that these dead should not have died in vain – that this nation, under God, shall have a *new birth of freedom* . . . ?

As the last five words ring out, joy and profound admiration burst through DOUGLASS's rapt expression.

DOUGLASS

(low and passionate) Now Mr Lincoln. Now I can be your friend!

He reads on, finishes, folds the newspaper and walks on down the steps radiant with a joyous certainty.

INT

WILLARDS HOTEL

DAY

In the lobby, GRANT stands before a DESK CLERK – who fails to recognise the non-descript, unkempt individual in front of him. (GRANT's been travelling hard for days and his worn old uniform is even dirtier than normal.)

CLERK

I'm afraid all rooms are taken, sir.

GRANT

You have nothing at all?

CLERK

Nothing. I'm sorry, sir.

GRANT

Look son. This is a large building and I'm a small man - with no great taste for luxury. Couldn't you find me a corner somewhere just for one night?

INT

GARRET ROOM

DAY

GRANT can barely stand in a tiny, bare attic room with a very small bed and a postage-stamp of a window.

INT

WILLARDS HOTEL

DAY

The DESK CLERK tidies behind the counter then turns to close the registrations book. He stops, staring in disbelief – at the last name and signature on the page: US Grant.

CLERK

My god . . . My god! US Grant!!

INT GARRET ROOM DAY

GRANT is lying on the bed smoking a cigar. He hasn't bothered to open the window. Smoke already thickens the air of the tiny room. There's a nervous knock at the door.

GRANT

Come in!

A smartly-dressed man in a state of embarrassed agitation enters. We guess he's the HOTEL MANAGER.

MANAGER

Mr Grant . . . Sir! . . . I mean General! General *In Chief*-

GRANT

Not 'til tomorrow. 'Til then just General will do.

MANAGER

General Grant, my desk clerk has made a quite ridiculous blunder. We have an entire suite available for your immediate use.

GRANT

That won't be necessary.

MANAGER

But . . . why, General? Because you are in some way offended . . . ?

GRANT

No! Because your desk clerk doesn't strike me as the blundering kind. And I suspect that suite will belong by rights to someone else. Which suspicion will make me less comfortable on that bed than on this.

GRANT settles back on the bed and smokes.

INT WHITE HOUSE NIGHT

Guests arrive at the White House for the weekly formal reception.

INT GARRET ROOM NIGHT

GRANT takes out his pocket watch, gets off the bed, feels in his pocket and takes out a key. He puts it to the lock on the trunk. It doesn't fit. It's the wrong key.

GRANT

Damn!

MARY

Instead of which he's rather ordinary. Like most butchers.

MARY moves away.

INT

LINCOLN'S OFFICE

NIGHT

LINCOLN and GRANT come in out of the reception and settle into chairs. LINCOLN eyes the modest-looking man in front of him.

GRANT nods - grimly. A moment of deep sadness shared by both men.

LINCOLN

All I ever wanted was a general-in-chief with the ability to make decisions and *act*. You are that man. I will not interfere with you in any way. I will simply do my best to make sure everything you ask of my government you shall be given.

GRANT

Thank-you, sir.

A twinkle in GRANT's eye sparks off a moment of warm intimacy between them, when each senses what's in the other's mind.

GRANT

How about another 250,000 men?

LINCOLN

(with a smile) Impossible. *(pause)* However while you're here I do have . .

LINCOLN unrolls a map of the Virginia campaign.

LINCOLN

. . . a suggestion.

GRANT smiles. GRANT knows Lincoln will always have his say – and it'll be worth listening to. LINCOLN knows Grant won't be pushed into anything unless he's in total agreement. It's clear these two will be a formidable team.

BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS. THE MOST HELLISH OF ALL THE CIVIL WAR BATTLES. FOUGHT AMONGST THE BONES OF THE DEAD FROM THE PREVIOUS YEARS' FIGHTING. WOUNDED MEN BURNED ALIVE WHEN THE UNDERGROWTH CATCHES FIRE. EVEN 'BUTCHER' GRANT CRACKS,

WEeping UNCONTROLLABLY AT THE HORRORS OF THE FIRST DAY'S FIGHTING.

GRANT AND LEE BECOME LOCKED IN A TITANIC, UNENDING-SEEMING STRUGGLE, FIGHTING A SEQUENCE OF BATTLES WITH ENORMOUS LOSSES CULMINATING IN THE SIEGE AT PETERSBURG.

LINCOLN VISITS GRANT AT THE FRONT. THEY REVIEW THE SITUATION. BOTH AGREE TO RESIST RISING CLAMOUR FOR NEGOTIATED PEACE. THEY BOTH BELIEVE THIS WOULD LEAD TO THE ABANDONMENT OF THE EMANCIPATION AND A BETRAYAL OF ALL THOSE WHO HAVE ALREADY DIED. THEY DETERMINE TO FIGHT ON FOR AN OUTRIGHT VICTORY.

LINCOLN

General I think we both know the spirit of resistance in the South just won't be beaten. It has to be crushed. Finally and quickly. What do you need?

GRANT

Two hundred thousand men.

LINCOLN DECIDES TO TAKE AN ENORMOUS RISK AND DRAFT 300,000 MEN.

LINCOLN

Now I know how exactly Macbeth felt.
'I am in blood
Stepp'd in so far that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er.'

DRAFT RIOTS IN THE NORTH. STANTON ORDERS GRANT TO SEND A SUBSTANTIAL NUMBER OF HIS BESIEGING ARMY AT PETERSBURG NORTH TO ENFORCE ORDER. GRANT PROTESTS SAYING HE COULD LOSE HIS GRIP ON PETERSBURG. LINCOLN SEES GRANT'S DESPATCH AND INTERVENES, SHOWING NERVES OF STEEL, WIRING GRANT:

'I have seen your despatch expressing your unwillingness to break your hold where you are. Neither am I willing. Hold on with a bulldog grip, and chew and choke as much as possible.'

GRANT RECEIVES LINCOLN'S TELEGRAM AND LAUGHS DELIGHTEDLY.

GRANT

That man has more nerve than all his advisers put together!'

INT

LINCOLN'S OFFICE

DAY

LINCOLN is working at his desk. HAY shows in a DELEGATION of eight men. They look a little sheepish. LINCOLN knows why they have come – and he's very unhappy about it.

LINCOLN

(coldly) State your case gentlemen.

CHIEF DELEGATE

Mr President we felt you should know from us, the representatives of your home state of Illinois, the depth of unpopularity and outright opposition being created by the draft. It is deeply felt that Illinois, from the beginning your staunchest ally, has already given more than its fair share of men. We respectfully ask that Illinois be granted an exemption.

LINCOLN stares at the DELEGATION in stony silence.

SECOND DELEGATE

It is becoming impossible, sir. There have been several riots. The situation is dangerously unstable. We ourselves, every one of us, are subject to public abuse on a daily basis.

LINCOLN

Abuse. On a daily basis . . .

LINCOLN suddenly gets to his feet, takes a box from a shelf –

LINCOLN

Abuse?

and throws the contents – dozens of letters – onto the floor. A shocked silence.

LINCOLN

Assassination threats, gentlemen! For the month of June!

LINCOLN towers over them, becoming incandescent with a scornful rage.

LINCOLN

I remember when we stood on the brink of this catastrophe – and I was praying for, working day and night for, and *beseeching!* moderation – *no-one* demanded war with greater clamour and righteousness than you gentlemen! *(cold fury)* So now I say to you . . . go back to Illinois! *And raise your quota!!*

McCLELLAN EMERGES AS DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE IN COMING
PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION!

BOMBSHELL: SEWARD TELLS LINCOLN THERE ARE MOVES TO OFFER THE
REPUBLICAN PARTY NOMINATION TO GRANT. LINCOLN IS STUNNED BY
THIS BETRAYAL – BUT IN A TYPICALLY LINCOLN MOMENT, HE RECOVERS
AND SAYS:

LINCOLN

Well I suppose I feel like the patient whose just been told he's got a fatal
disease. And he says 'Well Doc, this is very unwelcome news. But there's
one consolation. If I got to die of a disease, that's the one I'd choose.'

REPUBLICAN DELEGATION SECRETLY VISITS GRANT AT THE FRONT TO
PERSUADE GRANT TO ACCEPT THE REPUBLICAN NOMINATION, SAYING
'LINCOLN CANNOT WIN. TOO UNPOPULAR. YOU ARE THE ONLY MAN WHO
CAN BEAT GEORGE McCLELLAN.' GRANT TURNS THEM DOWN IN NO
UNCERTAIN TERMS. SAYS THEY ARE NOT WORTHY OF LINCOLN.

INT WHITE HOUSE/RECEPTION ROOM DAY
DOUGLASS waits, standing, looking out of the window.

LINCOLN (OFF-CAMERA)

How good it is to see you again, Mr. Douglass.

*DOUGLASS turns to see LINCOLN smiling at him. They meet in the middle of the room
and shake hands.*

LINCOLN

Thank-you for coming.

DOUGLASS

Thank-you for inviting me.

INT LINCOLN'S OFFICE DAY
DOUGLASS is settling into a chair. There's a brief silence.

LINCOLN

I believe I'm going to be beaten, MrDouglass, and beaten badly.

DOUGLASS

God forbid. But you know you have my unequivocal support. Is there
anything more I can do?

LINCOLN

There is. *(pause)* McClellan will make peace. And on terms which will leave slavery intact. *(pause)* Before that happens, I want to give as many slaves as possible the opportunity to escape North. *(pause)* I want to set up, as a matter of the greatest urgency, an underground railroad system that can bring people out from the furthest recesses of the South.

For a moment DOUGLASS stares at LINCOLN.

DOUGLASS

You, Mr President, are a true original. You never cease to surprise. *(clicking into gear)* But bringing them out is step two. I believe slaves in those places know nothing of the emancipation. Step one is to send in agents to spread the word.

LINCOLN

Yes. Yes of course. Will you to recruit those agents. Will you work with me on this?

DOUGLASS smiles at Lincoln – a smile which says ‘Well I once doubted your motives for the emancipation. But never again.’

DOUGLASS

Most certainly, Mr President.

EXT

CARRIAGE

EVENING

MARY and MARY KECKLEY are riding in an open carriage. They are virtually immersed in, and the carriage is literally full to overflowing with, fruit and flowers. The flowers look wonderful in the colour-rich evening light.

INT

HOSPITAL

NIGHT

MARY is sitting by a bed writing a letter dictated by a young dying soldier.

DYING SOLDIER

And Ma you must believe me that I . . . feel no pain but only . . . pride in the cause . . . and . . . deep affection . . . for all of you at home. *(exhausted, to Mary)* Does that say enough?

MARY

That says everything.

A few beds away, MARY KECKLEY approaches a double amputee with a basket of fruit.

MARY KECKLEY

Would you care for some fruit?

WOUNDED SOLDIER 1

Yes. But not from you.

MARY KECKLEY

Why not from me?

WOUNDED SOLDIER 1

Because your kind are the cause of all this.

MARY KECKLEY

(gently) No. We are not. And you know we are not.

She looks into the angry, bitter eyes of the WOUNDED SOLDIER for a long moment. He looks away. She sits on his bed.

MARY KECKLEY

You know I am not.

She can see tears of misery filling the man's still-averted eyes. She places her hand close to his.

MARY KECKLEY

Take my hand.

A long moment as the tears flow more freely. Then, still without turning his head, he slowly moves his hand, feeling for hers. It touches, hesitates, then takes her hand. He's sobbing now. Suddenly he turns towards her and they take each other in their arms. She strokes his head as he sobs like a child.

EXT CONTRABAND CAMP DAY

LINCOLN and MARY, sitting some distance apart, are being serenaded. The singing is wonderful – joyous and profound – a negro spiritual about deliverance. LINCOLN looks across at his still-distant and cold wife. MARY looks back at him, moved by the singing. There's the faintest spark of revival in her eyes.

INT WHITE HOUSE DAY

MARY is on the way out with MARY KECKLEY (one assumes to visit a hospital).

LINCOLN (OOV)

Mary!

MARY turns to see LINCOLN walking towards her, a slightly sheepish smile on his face. He hesitates. There's a touch of the first-date about what follows.

MARY

Yes? What is it?

LINCOLN

Would you like to take a carriage ride this afternoon?

MARY

Who with?

LINCOLN

(an apologetic smile) Me. *(pause)* Just the two of us.

MARY smiles warily.

MARY

Yes.

LINCOLN

Four o'clock?

MARY

Four o'clock.

LINCOLN

Good!

LINCOLN turns and strides away. MARY watches him for a moment.

MARY

(to Mary Keckley) Well . . .

MARY and MARY KECKLEY continue on their way out. MARY gives Mary Keckley a knowing look.

MARY

Something will come up.

EXT

OPEN CARRIAGE

DAY

LINCOLN and MARY are in the carriage, rolling along at an easy pace, looking out on opposite sides at golden afternoon light on Spring foliage. LINCOLN turns towards Mary. MARY turns towards him. Their eyes meet and hold. LINCOLN puts his arm round MARY.

LINCOLN

I don't want to lose this election. Because too much pain and sacrifice will be lost with it. But . . . I sure would be happy to go home, Mary.

She smiles in agreement – and moves in close to him.

EXT

WHITE HOUSE

DAY

The carriage pulls up at the back of the White House. The DRIVER starts to get down in order to open the door and hand the Lincolns down.

LINCOLN

That's alright, Charles. We can manage for ourselves.

DRIVER

You sure, sir?

LINCOLN

I'm sure.

LINCOLN gets out, folds down a step and holds out his hand for Mary.

LINCOLN

Mrs Lincoln.

MARY descends.

MARY

Mr Lincoln.

They turn towards the house, then stop and wait. TAD is running across the lawns towards them, pursued by a frisking young DOG. TAD leaps into LINCOLN's arms. LINCOLN swings him around twice then deposits TAD in MARY's arms. She's surprised and taken aback. Her eyes meet LINCOLN's – and she folds TAD in her arms. TAD hugs her tightly. LINCOLN watches them for a moment, smiles, then bends to pet the DOG.

VICTORY AT ATLANTA . NORTHERN VICTORY NOW LOOKS CERTAIN.
ELECTORAL MOOD CHANGES.

ELECTION DAY. ARMY VOTES EN MASSE FOR LINCOLN NOT McCLELLAN.

EXT

WASHINGTON/INAUGURAL PODIUM

DAY

The day of Lincoln's second inauguration. It's been wet and windy for days. The roads are deep in mud. As the Presidential party moves onto the platform and LINCOLN

appears, the crowd defies the gloom with a great display of flag-waving and with cheer on cheer. As LINCOLN steps forward to speak, holding a small piece of paper in his hand, a profound, even reverential, silence falls on the huge crowd. Suddenly a shaft of sunlight breaks through the clouds, striking LINCOLN, bathing him in an extraordinary radiance.

INT WHITE HOUSE DAY

The post-inaugural reception. MARY is radiant. LINCOLN is happy and relieved but also deeply tired. HAY stands in attendance. A White House STAFF MEMBER comes up to him and talks quietly to him. LINCOLN looks concerned, even annoyed.

LINCOLN

Of course he's to be admitted! *(turns to HAY)* John if you wouldn't mind. Find Mr Douglass. Tell him

EXT WHITE HOUSE DAY

DOUGLASS is standing to one side of the entrance stairway, maintaining his dignity (this is not the occasion for a fracas) alongside two POLICEMEN – one young and the other middle-aged. The OLDER POLICEMAN eyes Douglass somewhat offensively. But we get the idea the YOUNGER POLICEMAN is uneasy about the situation.

OLDER POLICEMAN

(to Younger Policeman) Relax. No negro has ever been a guest at a White House reception. *(looking at Douglass)* Maybe that's why they call it the White House.

HAY arrives.

HAY

(offering his hand) Mr Douglass.

DOUGLASS

(shaking hands) Hello again.

HAY

(loudly, making a point) The President apologises for your delay and says he'd take it as a compliment if you'd join him right away.

The OLDER POLICEMAN is confounded, the YOUNGER POLICEMAN angry with his colleague.

POLICEMAN

Sir. I apologise.

DOUGLASS looks at him for a moment, uncompromisingly -- then smiles and pats him on the shoulder.

DOUGLASS

Don't worry, son. After all, he's right. I'm the first.

DOUGLASS walks proudly into the White House.

INT

WHITE HOUSE

DAY

DOUGLASS accompanies HAY across the room, turning heads as he goes. LINCOLN sees him coming.

LINCOLN

Ah here's my friend Mr Douglass!

LINCOLN holds out his hand, smiling warmly. They shake hands.

DOUGLASS

Mr President.

DOUGLASS, watched by everyone around him and revelling in the moment with imperious confidence, takes MARY's hand and brings it lightly to his lips.

DOUGLASS

Mrs Lincoln.

MARY

(smiling vivaciously) Mr Douglass.

LINCOLN puts a hand on Douglass's shoulder and leans towards him.

LINCOLN

Now tell me. What did you think of my speech?

DOUGLASS smiles, flattered to be asked, yet somehow reluctant to answer. It seems he doesn't want to embarrass Lincoln with his disapproval -- particularly as all around him are waiting for his answer.

DOUGLASS

Sir on this great occasion my opinion is scarcely of importance.

LINCOLN looks at Douglass for a moment.

LINCOLN

Mr Douglass. There is no man in the country whose opinion I value more.

DOUGLASS knows Lincoln is utterly sincere. A long silence between these two extraordinary men at the centre of the crowd, of America in fact – a silence which resonates with mutual recognition and respect.

DOUGLASS

Mr Lincoln. That speech . . . was a sacred effort.

LINCOLN gives a smile of deep appreciation. Both men are moved, knowing this is one of the most profound moments of their lives.

EXT WASHINGTON DAY

A misty dawn in the capital. Suddenly we hear the roar of artillery. TRADESMEN, CLERKS, DELIVERY BOYS – anyone early to work – stops what they're doing and looks up in alarm.

Cut to rank upon rank of ARTILLERY firing in sequence.

Cut back to the faces we have just seen – the TRADESMEN, CLERKS, DELIVERY BOYS, ETC. Alarm is changing to realisation – and joy. With cries to everyone and no-one in particular - 'Lee's surrendered . . . It's over! . . . They've surrendered!' – these early people start to run in various directions to spread the news – as the five-hundred gun salute roars on and on.

EXT WHITE HOUSE NIGHT

A large jubilant crowd gathering outside the White House calls for LINCOLN. 'Abe! Abe! Abe!' 'Come on out Mr Lincoln!' 'Come and talk to us, Abe!' 'Abe! Abe! Abe! Abe!' In the background, every major building in Washington, including the Capitol, is lit up in celebration. Here and there fireworks go up into the night sky. A band forms up at the front of the crowd as the shouts for Lincoln continue. Then onto a second floor balustrade steps LINCOLN with MARY on one arm and the other around TAD. A great cheer goes up.

INT LINCOLN'S BEDROOM NIGHT

Four nights later. LINCOLN is sleeping peacefully. He stirs slightly. We close on his face and go into:

EXT STEAM YACHT/RIVER DAY

The Good Dream: LINCOLN, back to camera, leans against the rail in the prow of a steam-yacht moving swiftly along a river. The boat passes a small BOY swimming naked. The BOY seems not to notice Lincoln or the boat. LINCOLN turns and watches the swimming BOY as he recedes into the distance.

The following words are drowned out by shouts of affirmation from black members of the AUDIENCE. The camera picks out John WILKES-BOOTH – a strikingly handsome, somewhat dandified, man in his early thirties. He turns to Lewis PAINE, a powerful grim-faced man of similar age.

WILKES-BOOTH

That's it. He means to do it. He means to have nigger citizenship.

EXT CLOSER CARRIAGE/WASHINGTON NIGHT

The DRIVER drives Lincoln's closed carriage through Washington at a relaxed pace.

INT CLOSER CARRIAGE NIGHT

LINCOLN and MARY – dressed in formal evening wear - hold hands in silence.

LINCOLN

You know. There's been so much sadness. I think it's time we were happy again.

MARY looks up at him. Her smile fills with hope. He kisses her very tenderly on the lips.

INT BOX/FORD'S THEATRE NIGHT

In the Presidential box MARY leans close to LINCOLN, putting her head on his shoulder. LINCOLN takes her hand and arm in his. She smiles up at him.

MARY

(quietly) What will they think of us?

By 'they' Mary means in particular MAJOR and MRS RATHBONE who sit a few feet away, on another sofa.

LINCOLN

Whatever they want to think.

INT THEATRE CORRIDOR NIGHT

We can hear the laughter of a theatre audience. A large POLICEMAN sits along from a door bearing the sign 'Presidential Box'. By the door stands a DOORMAN. The POLICEMAN grimaces and gets to his feet holding his stomach, gesturing to the DOORMAN 'I got to go again'. The DOORMAN nods sympathetically and the POLICEMAN goes. John WILKES BOOTH comes striding confidently down the corridor. He's dressed in elegant riding clothes and wearing spurs. He approaches the door of the Presidential Box and presents a card. After inspecting the card briefly, with an expression of 'I know who you are, you're that actor fella', the DOORMAN opens the

EXT WASHINGTON STATION DAY

The horse-drawn hearse enters the station and approaches the nine-car Presidential funeral train. The hearse pulls up alongside. The car containing Lincoln's coffin is opened. Someone raises the drapes on one side of the catafalque, exposing the space underneath. Willie's coffin is taken out of the hearse and placed beneath Lincoln's. The drapes are lowered into position once again. The station is a sea of grief.

EXT WASHINGTON STATION DAY

The Presidential funeral train pulls out.

A MONTAGE SEQUENCE:

To the accompaniment of a slow, sombre version of 'When Johnny Comes Marching Home': the Presidential' funeral train very slowly passes mourners gathered in cities, villages, or just alongside the track in the middle of nowhere, farmhands kneeling in fields, the glass-sided car containing Lincoln and Willie lit up as it passes through the night.

The DOUGLASS FAMILY, deeply affected, are gathered, with the SHAWS, at the head of a black SOLDIERS delegation from the 54th Massachusetts, as the train pulls into a station.

At WESTFIELD STATION, the crowd stands aside before the steps into the funeral car, to allow a lovely young woman of sixteen, GRACE BEDELL, holding the hand of her 'cunning' little SISTER, now five years old, to enter the car in pride of place.

A black FAMILY – four generations - sits in silence in a horse-drawn cart, watching for the train to appear in the distance.

SCHOOL-CHILDREN scatter flowers down from a bridge as the train passes slowly beneath. Finally:

EXT SPRINGFIELD STATION DAY

The music continues, played by a band on the platform as the train pulls into Springfield. It's raining. As the train comes to a halt amongst the crowd of mourners, the sun bursts through the clouds and bathes the scene in a special glow: golden yellow light on wet surfaces.

FLASHBACK TO:

