

MARTYR'S RIDGE  
by  
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FADE IN:

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

An orb of light burns through the fog from down a tree-lined road. As it approaches, it stretches apart into headlights.

The drone of an engine breaks through the silence.

An army Humvee slows to a stop behind two five-ton military transports.

SUPER: "PRESENT DAY"

GENERAL DICKERSON, 60s, weathered and studious, opens the passenger-side door of the Humvee. He steps out dressed in ash-colored fatigues and slams it shut.

An awaiting LIEUTENANT MARKHAM, 45 years old whose rigid manner conveys a call to duty soul deep gives a salute.

Dickerson returns the salute.

A blinding flash of lightning ignites. Both look skyward.

DICKERSON

How long has it been like this?

MARKHAM

Since the incident, sir.

Dickerson looks Markham over.

DICKERSON

Not why you called me here, is it?

MARKHAM

No, sir. Search-and-rescue found something.

DICKERSON

Survivors?

MARKHAM

We have someone alive, sir. But, not from those missing birds.

Markham leads Dickerson off the road.

EXT. THICKET - CONTINUOUS

SOLDIERS dressed in rain gear comb the area as Dickerson follows Markham's lead through the brushwood.

DICKERSON  
I don't understand!

MARKHAM  
At this point, sir, none of us do.  
Uh... you need to see this.

They come to a cordoned-off ridge, its peak shrouded in fog.

Dickerson watches Markham plod up into the thick haze.

MARKHAM (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
(yelling down)  
You'll have to see it from here,  
General.

Dickerson stares up, unsure. He reluctantly trudges up the ridge...

... into the fog and meets up with Markham. Markham points down toward a darkened ravine.

Lightning strobos over SLAUGHTERED SOLDIERS that litter the ravine floor, all of them dressed in Civil War-era dirty gray and Union blue uniforms.

DICKERSON  
Mother of God!

Thunder ERUPTS like cannon fire.

DICKERSON (CONT'D)  
Where's the survivor?

INT. REAR OF MILITARY TRANSPORT - NIGHT

Private HENRY THOMAS HARRISON, 30's, clothed in grimy, Civil War-era Confederate gray, sits with his head down.

He rises as TWO SHADOWS engulf him; bright-eyed, face soot-stained and bearded with a classic Van Dyke Goatee.

DICKERSON  
What's your name son?

HARRISON  
Harrison... Private Henry Thomas  
Harrison.

DICKERSON

What happened on that ridge,  
private?

The deafening THUMP of rotor blades pounds the air overhead.  
The vinyl cargo cover violently billows and jerks.

Harrison peers upward with fear and amazement.

COMMOTION builds outside.

EXT. TRANSPORT - CONTINUOUS

A Sikorsky Pave Hawk helicopter hovers above.

A swarm of flashlights dance out from the tree line and  
encircle the transport among the turbulent wash.

Dickerson steps out the rear of the transport, surrounded by  
SOLDIERS dressed in ash-colored camouflage fatigues and grey  
berets.

The Pave Hawk lumbers a short distance away and settles down.

The silhouette of a MAN emerges from the glare of the Pave  
Hawk's lights and strides toward them. His appearance is  
chiseled, almost stony.

He speaks with unmistakable authority.

SILHOUETTED MAN

Clear the area immediately!

He points to the rear of the transport.

SILHOUETTED MAN (CONT'D)

That man is in the custody of  
Special Operations!

Dickerson surveys the surrounding soldiers... turns his  
attention to the ridge encased in

BLINDING FOG

moving through the whited air, past the CRACKLE of rifle-  
musket and blood-curdling CRIES of battle from unseen  
soldiers...

... coming upon A GHOSTLY FIGURE astride his steed, his sword  
piercing skyward.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - NIGHT

A statue of ROBERT E LEE, astride his steed, TRAVELLER, sits among the glare of trailer-mounted work lights, harnessed with straps and fittings.

A WORK CREW labors to dismantle the statue from its cement base.

A CROWD of onlookers snaps digital photos with their iPhones -  
- CHEERING.

SUPER: "THREE DAYS PRIOR"

COLT DAWSON, 28 years old, observes from across the square. His face is partially obscured among the early morning shadows dressed in army fatigues, shouldering a duffel bag.

He pulls a chrome Zippo lighter from his breast pocket, the United States Army EMBLEM embroidered on its face. He flips the Zippo over to show a military DOG TAG fused into its shell that reads:

"DAWSON, LANCE  
548 61 8162  
RH-POSITIVE  
BAPTIST"

DAWSON solemnly stares at the tag, FLIPS open the cam -- STRIKES the Zippo over his thigh -- lights up a cigarette. In the flickering glow, we see eyes seething with rage.

Dawson SNAPS the Zippo closed -- inhales a hit.

His eyes move back to the statue...

... being hoisted from its base to the bed of a waiting, lowboy hauler.

Bottles pelt the statue and coat Robert E Lee's bronze face with a white, viscous, substance.

The crowd chants...

CROWD  
We are... the revolution! We are...  
the revolution! We are... the  
revolution...

Dawson takes another hit of his cigarette, looks again at the Zippo's adorned shell and slides it back into his pocket.

The HISS of airbrakes nears... a bus pulls up alongside him. The doors pull open. Dawson passes a final look of disgust at the jubilant crowd and tosses his cigarette.

He steps on board the bus. The doors pull closed.

The bus pulls out onto the boulevard. Dawson's image disappears into the glare of street lights, watching as...

... the final strap is tightened over the statue to secure it to the bed of the lowboy hauler. More trash and bottles pelt the disgraced effigy.

EXT. MILITARY BASE - FENCED PERIMETER - DAY

Pow Wow Drums POUND the air amid the CHANTS of fervent PROTESTERS: "BURN! IT! DOWN! BURN! IT! DOWN!"

Twenty-eight-year-old, ZIGGY STONE, African American, reaches for the hand of his nine-year-old daughter, MICHELLE. She cautiously grabs hold and squeezes tight.

Stone kneels and makes eye contact; there is sadness in his stare, something defeated in his demeanor.

STONE

Hey there, little star.

He tugs Michelle's jacket collar snugly around her neck and kisses her on the forehead.

Michelle wraps her arms around him, her eyes leaking tears.

MICHELLE

Don't go, Daddy.

STONE

Hey... Daddy's last run. I promise.  
Then, no more goin' away.

MICHELLE

You said that last time.

Stone wipes the tears from her face. Michelle hands Stone a paper DRAWING.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

I made it for you.

Stone looks it over, takes a moment and smiles.

STONE

It's peach. Love it.

## INSERT - MICHELLE'S DRAWING

In crayon, Stone is adorned in military fatigues, arms curled at his side like Superman. A red cape extends from his back, with crudely drawn stars above. "Daddy" is spelled out, with an arrow directed to Stone.

A stick-figured little girl stands next to him, arms raised in victory.

## BACK TO SCENE

Stone's chin raises upward in joy, but his eyes sink.

He carefully folds the drawing and slides it into his breast pocket.

He directs her attention skyward.

STONE

Remember, when we're not together, no matter how far we are from each other, we can look up at the same sky. See the same stars. So, I'm always with you.

MICHELLE

Little star?

STONE

Yeah. My little star.

Both gaze up at the sky.

STONE (CONT'D)

So, no goodbye. It's see you soon.

Michelle smiles.

MICHELLE

See you soon, Daddy.

Michelle's mother, SHELLY, steps to them and places a protective hand on Michelle's shoulder.

SHELLY

Go on to the car, baby.

Michelle makes her way toward the car. Shelly turns to Stone and beams a cautionary look into Stone's eyes.

SHELLY (CONT'D)

Whatever it is...

She glances over the protests and impending chaos -- eyes back on Stone.

STONE

I'm her father--

SHELLY

You don't know what that is!  
Neither does she! It's more than  
words, Ziggy! It's being there!  
Just... keep it this time! Whatever  
you told her! You hear? Keep it!

STONE

I hear you, Shelly. Okay? And I  
will.

CRACKLES and POPS in the sky above them. They both look up at...

... tear gas canisters showering down over the PROTESTERS.

Shelly turns to stone, a look of fear in her eyes. She paces over to Michelle and scoops her up into her arms. They watch...

... Stone walk through the entrance gates to the Base.

He turns back for one last look.

MARKHAM (PRE-LAP)

Sergeant Stone, you're assigned to  
Fourth Squad, Attack Team Leader  
with Weapon Team Leader, Sergeant  
Dawson. Both of you report under  
Staff Sergeant McCrae.

INT. OFFICE BARRACKS - DAY

Stone stands at attention in front of Markham's desk. The walls are populated with framed photographs of various military brass and dignitaries.

MARKHAM

Capital's under threat of domestic  
siege. Calling it the 'Autumn  
Rising.' Makes you wonder what  
happened to God and country.

STONE

We lost God, sir!

Markham ponders Stone's response.



He rises from his chair, steps to a window that overlooks the drill area, and observes soldiers go through preparations.

MARKHAM

We still have a country.

STONE

What's left of it.

MARKHAM

Hell of an attitude for a man  
wearing that uniform.

Stone delivers a thoughtful nod. Markham glances back over his shoulder.

MARKHAM (CONT'D)

See that blue and gray infantry  
patch?

Centered on the wall is a 29th Blue and Gray Infantry Division Patch: a taeguk -- the heraldic dexter half blue and the sinister half gray with crossed musket rifles at the center.

MARKHAM (CONT'D)

Twenty-ninth takes pride in it.  
What it stands for. Keep that in  
mind when wearing it. Because  
during this deployment... you're  
part of the twenty-ninth.

OUTSIDE MARKHAM'S OFFICE

Dawson steps to the door. He raises his hand to knock... stops, and listens intently to the voices from the other side.

MARKHAM (O.S.)

Now, I know it's a bad time,  
family. Pressure on a marriage--

STONE (O.S.)

Don't have a marriage anymore, sir.

Dawson's palm flattens on the door. He shakes his head.

INSIDE MARKHAM'S OFFICE

Markham takes a sip from his coffee mug and places it on his desk. His voice lowers.

MARKHAM  
 Sorry to hear that. Difficult  
 time... but, duty calls.

KNOCK at the door.

MARKHAM (CONT'D)  
 Come in!

Dawson enters and delivers a rigid salute.

MARKHAM (CONT'D)  
 Sergeant Stone, meet Sergeant  
 Dawson. Weapon Team Leader.

Both nod and stretch a grin. Markham passes a look between  
 them.

MARKHAM (CONT'D)  
 Take it you two know each other?

DAWSON  
 A bit, sir.

MARKHAM  
 My, my. Small world.  
 (beat)  
 Get the hell outta here. Introduce  
 `em to McCrae and the boys.

DAWSON  
 Yessir!

Stone and Dawson turn to exit.

MARKHAM  
 Sergeant Stone. Sergeant Dawson.

Both turn to face Markham.

	STONE		DAWSON
Sir?		Yessir?	

MARKHAM  
 No use holding on to things we  
 can't change. Past is where it  
 belongs.

STONE  
 Yessir!

DAWSON  
 (glares)  
 Ab -- absolutely, sir.

EXT. OFFICE BARRACKS - DAY

Dawson leads Stone down the walkway where GROUPS OF SOLDIERS mass in file formation per squads, among the intense activity of military transports and humvees.

DAWSON  
Everythin's gone to shit.

STONE  
Toast soup. Sure as hell ain't the  
country we grew up in.

DAWSON  
Or, swore to protect!

Stone looks at Dawson and gives a sympathetic shake of the head.

STONE  
Sorry 'bout Lance.

DAWSON  
Yeah, well, you know, should've...  
should've been me.

Dawson nervously looks away, uncomfortable.

DAWSON (CONT'D)  
Thought you toured out.

STONE  
Naw. Signed up for one more run.

DAWSON  
How's your little one, Michelle?

STONE  
Scared.

DAWSON  
Better make it count then.

STONE  
Yeah. Just do the job, right? All  
'bout the fuckin' "job!"

Stone pulls a dip can out from his pocket. Taps it. Dawson glares at the can with an air of disgust.

DAWSON  
Lord mercy! Still, doin' that?

Stone pulls the lid off... draws a pinch with his thumb and index finger, SIGHS.

STONE

The Zig don't do zags. With this...  
world turns a li'l bit slower.

Stone stretches a grin and places the chew between his lip and gum.

He offers the can to Dawson.

DAWSON

My world's turnin' just fine.

Dawson rejects it with a shake of the head.

STONE

How's McCrae?

DAWSON

Pull your own, you'll be fine.  
Squad's solid. You're replacing  
Hoobler.

Stone spits and stuffs the dip can back into his pocket.

DAWSON (CONT'D)

(cringes)  
Went broke-dick on us.

Stone SMIRKS.

STONE

The coward will always live to see  
another day.

DAWSON

While the warrior finds his early  
grave.

Dawson motions his head for them to move on.

EXT. DRILL AREA - DAY

Attack Team Rifleman, Private First Class LARRY HITCHINS, mid 20s, kneels to inspect his M27 Infantry Automatic Rifle.

The lanky California bleach-head licks the palm of his hand and carefully runs it along the barrel.

Next to him is Weapon Team Machine Gunner, Private First Class EUGENE FLETCHER, late 20's, who watches with disgust. He is stocky and tone; a warrior hungry for war.

He shakes his head and places a spare barrel of an M-249 Squad Automatic Weapon (SAW) into the sleeve of his backpack.

HITCHINS

Heard we're sleeping in liners.  
S'pposed to piss on us all weekend.

FLETCHER

Ruck the fuck up, Hitchins! It's a camping trip for Chrissakes!

HITCHINS

Naw, dude. Camping you fish, drink beer, sit around a fire... shoot the shit. This? Kitted up hammer and nails. Serious bullshit.

Fletcher takes a moment... grins.

FLETCHER

Yeah, we're the hammer. Autumn thugs? Nails! Time to work!

Hitchins waves him off -- SCOFFS. He raises his iPhone and thumbs the screen.

HITCHINS

Screw that! After this little shit show, the "Hitch Man" gonna "hitch up" with a little Latin goddess I met over the wire.

Hitchins' eyes set to an image on the screen.

HITCHINS (CONT'D)

Caliente!

HUNT

(chuckling)  
Pathetic!

Hitchins lowers his iPhone and glares at...

... nerdy, but tough Fourth Squad Radio Specialist, JULIE HUNT, white, late 20's. A woman who knows all the current conspiracy theories floating around and may have started a few.

HUNT (CONT'D)

What happened to the days a guy approached a girl to ask her out? I swear, internet turned you all into eunuchs.

Hitchins turns to Hunt, lightly offended.

HITCHINS

Whoa! Not true, me lady! We can test that theory?

HUNT

Please! Gotta have the double "D," if you wanna be with me.

HITCHINS

Double "D"?

MENDEZ

Testículo.

Hitchins looks at Mendez -- furrows.

MENDEZ (CONT'D)

Dangling dice, "Dude."

SPECIALIST MENDEZ, 31, thick and burly, grins and shakes his head. A man who loves cooking and his Harley.

Hunt and Mendez share a fist bump.

HITCHINS

(pained)

Wait. That's triple. "Dude" makes three Ds. Triple.

Fletcher reaches over and grabs Hitchins' iPhone and tosses it to Mendez.

MENDEZ

¡Quema mis pantalones, esé!

Mendez passes a bewildered look at Hitchins.

MENDEZ (CONT'D)

How'd you do this?

HITCHINS

Dude! Give it back!

Hitchins lunges for his iPhone. Mendez lurches back and flings the iPhone like a hot potato to 28-year-old, quiet, and contained squad "Rocker," SPECIALIST CHAN.

Chan catches it and turns away from Hitchins to examine the image on the screen.

CHAN  
(deadpan)  
Spicy!

Hitchins' lips tighten. He yanks the iPhone from Chan's grip.

HITCHINS  
Respect, dude!

CHAN  
Whatever you say, mister  
"Caliente!"

Everyone goes back to readying their gear.

FLETCHER  
Tell you what, she's better off lining up for the local clearing barrel, cause once she sees what a scraggly, shitbird Hitch is, probably run back to Mexico.  
(chuckles)  
Shit, you could be the answer to our immigration problem.

Hitchins throws a towel at Fletcher. Flips him off.

Everyone's attention trails off toward the gates of the drill area -- Stone and Dawson making their way inside.

HITCHINS  
Well, well. Lookie there, Hoobler's replacement.

All of Fourth Squad move to place their gear on the line. Each member sports the 29th ID shoulder sleeve insignia on their left shoulder and the American flag on the right; Assaulting Forward.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Secretary of Defense, EDGER HOLMES, 55, distinguished and unctuous, stands next to an old repository.

An old rusted sign rests on a bent post next to Holmes. Though some of the letterings are smudged out, we can make out what it reads: "MAINTENANCE AND SUPPLIES."

A black Chevrolet suburban creeps up to him over the weed-infested parking lot and slows to a stop.

The door swings open. An African-American woman, Presidential Emissary, ANGELA WILEY, 45, steps out dressed in a black belted suit and heels.

Holmes joins her in stride toward the building: its entrance door oddly contrasted from the rest of the building with fresh paint, new hinges, and a lock.

Holmes slides a key into the lock.

INT. REPOSITORY - CONTINUOUS

Sunlight pours over elevator doors.

Holmes places his hand on a scanner positioned next to the doors. Light rolls underneath.

The elevator doors slide open. Both enter the

ELEVATOR

There is tense silence as it glides down hundreds of feet below the building.

HISSES -- slows to a stop. The doors pull open, exposing

A LONG CORRIDOR

Holmes and Wiley make their way down the dimly lit confines.

HOLMES

Emissary Wiley... surprisingly bold step coming here.

WILEY

One taken with caution. I don't like what I see, expect the First Army marching down this corridor.

HOLMES

Case you've forgotten, we're on the same team, madam.

WILEY

Really? Not sure who to trust these days.

HOLMES

If the president can't trust the Secretary of Defense, who can he?

Wiley glares at Holmes.



WILEY

Me!

They come to a steel, vaulted door. The figure of a rabbit holding a backward watch is mounted into the frame under a fixed nameplate, which reads:

“DEFENSE ADVANCED RESEARCH PROJECTS AGENCY  
PROJECT CHRONOS”

Holmes cautiously leans towards Wiley.

HOLMES

Keep one thing in mind. As  
presidents come and go, folks  
behind these doors don't.

The steel door rumbles open. Holmes motions Wiley to enter.

Wiley does a quick survey of the mounted Rabbit, steps into

INT. CHRONOS SUBTERRANEAN CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

populated with computer consoles and gauges. Overhanging TV monitors mutely display various news channels.

One side of the room is walled with darkened windows.

An energetic and slightly sloven, STEVEN CULLEN, 51, dressed in jeans and a wrinkled flannel shirt, approaches and extends his hand.

HOLMES

Director of DARPA, Steven Cullen.

Wiley extends her hand and gives an uncomfortably quick handshake.

CULLEN

Ms. Wiley. A pleasure.

WILEY

Likewise. Thank you.

They survey the TV monitors.

HOLMES

Autumn Rising. Shedding the old,  
burgeoning the new. Simple law of  
nature. Started as a whimper. Got  
louder as each one of our cities  
fell.

(MORE)

HOLMES (CONT'D)

Now deafening at its cusp and about  
to take the nation's capital.  
Tragedy is not the unrest itself,  
but failure to prevent it.

Holmes curls a reptilian smile and paces to the windows.

HOLMES (CONT'D)

Ever look at a pristine lake, Ms.  
Wiley? One drop sends ripples in  
every direction, disrupts  
everything in its path. No  
different than a cause and its  
effects, rippling through time...

Wiley looks up and tours the TV Monitors...

... each one shows upheaval and chaos in a different city  
throughout the country.

HOLMES (CONT'D)

What if I told you we could trace  
these ripples back to their source?  
To that one drop? That one point in  
time and alter it?

Holmes looks at DARPA Director, Cullen -- nods.

CULLEN

Let me introduce Project Chronos.  
The world of transdimensional  
physics.

Cullen steps to a console and adjusts a knob.

The darkened windows morph transparent to reveal...

... a steel-encased room that houses a donut-shaped  
structure. Revolving, superconductive magnets rest on circler  
tracks that envelope its voided core.

CULLEN (CONT'D)

Not only do we own the skies, we  
now own history... and its weather.

Wiley looks at the structure. She turns a skeptical eye back  
at Cullen.

WILEY

Time-travel?

CULLEN

Technically. Humans are psychologically unfit for temporal displacement. Weather modification proves a more subtle endeavor along the Temporal Ridge. Chronos simply tunes into the white noise of space-time and slightly adjusts the dissonance. The human Butterfly Effect avoided... its wings never disturbed.

Wiley's eyes widen with amazement as she examines the enhanced confines that house Chronos.

Cullen proudly grins.

CULLEN (CONT'D)

A well-constructed vacuum chamber of reinforced steel, titanium lined walls. Vital to contain and stabilize the device.

WILEY

So, what in our history books is Chronos responsible for?

HOLMES

One could question the thunderstorms of Ox Hill and the Battle of Chantilly. List could go on.

WILEY

What is your proposition, gentlemen?

Cullen and Holmes bounce an uncomfortable glance off each other. They bring their attention back to Wiley.

CULLEN

We found an intervention point. That "drop" in time. September ninth, eighteen sixty-two. South Mountain, Maryland.

HOLMES

Operation Fogbound. We manifest a layer of radiation fog, assist a resource through this area to secure General Lee's lost dispatch, Special Order One Ninety-One.

(MORE)

## HOLMES (CONT'D)

Fogbound will simply reposition this piece of history to its rightful place. By our assessment, it'll pull the roots of this current discord away, not to mention the rapid end to our Civil War.

Wiley looks over the TV monitors, troubled.

## WILEY

Dispatch One Ninety-One fell into Union hands. Secured victory. This sounds like a dangerous game of Chess!

## HOLMES

We look at it more as a golden opportunity to take our historical house cleaning to the next level.

Holmes gestures to a TV monitor -- footage of the Robert E. Lee statue removal mutely plays.

## HOLMES (CONT'D)

Stains of our iniquitous past can easily be wiped away. Autumn Rising has proved a necessary evil to eat away the dead flesh of a sick and dying nation. A stage, I'm afraid, drawing to its close.

The footage moves on to show A MAN holding the American flag surrounded by angry AUTUMN-RISING PROTESTERS throwing trash at him.

## HOLMES (CONT'D)

People's thoughts? Beliefs? Well, as you can see, the internal is a whole different ballgame. Not so easy to eradicate. Outside pressure only goes so far. Calls for something much more profound... evasive. The operant Societal conditioning with an invisible hand. Chronos will wipe it clean one stain at a time without a shot being fired.

## WILEY

Our job is to preserve truth, not wipe it away!

Holmes jabs a remote toward the TV monitors -- the screens go black.

HOLMES

Not if that "truth" never took place!

Wiley fixates on the darkened monitors; realization takes hold.

She turns to face Holmes -- eyes glaring.

WILEY

Your hubris is destroying our republic! Not its past sins!

Holmes steps to Wiley, his tone calm and direct.

HOLMES

Madam, your president is holed up in a bunker. As we speak, troops are being mobilized to secure the capital. That hasn't happened since the Civil War. Once Fogbound is successful, those troops become an occupying force. Our occupying force. Your administration will hardly be in a position of power, opinion, or authority.

Wiley sarcastically CLAPS.

WILEY

Bravo! Coup d'etat under the veil of thunder and fog!

He places a comforting hand on Wiley's shoulder and speaks almost in a whisper.

HOLMES

We're committed to a better, purer nation, emissary Wiley.

Wiley swipes his hand from her shoulder.

WILEY

No! You're committing treason!

An ARMED GUARD steps toward Wiley, draws his sidearm... holds aim at her.

HOLMES

A very serious charge. But, as you'll come to realize, what truly matters are the annals of history...

Holmes delivers a nod to Cullen.

HOLMES (CONT'D)

... and the role you're willing to play in our New Commune.

Cullen steps to the control panel and adjusts a knob.

INT. VACUUM CHAMBER - SAME

The superconductive magnets begin to slide over the tracks.

BACK TO CHRONOS CONTROL ROOM

Wiley scowls at the guard, then Holmes. Her eyes dissolve into helplessness.

INT. HELIPORT HANGER - DAY

Army STAFF SERGEANT MCCRAE strides up to Fourth Squad Patton-esque, wearing his Advanced Combat Helmet with the 29th ID insignia patch stitched into it. His eyes flare. He scours over the squad...

... among them are Stone and Dawson standing at attention.

MCCRAE

Nuts to butts, listen up! We've been called upon! Designated Bravo Fourth Squad, QRF! 29th Infantry Division, Blue and Gray! We will secure our nation's capital from this "Autumn Rising!" We'll be live on ammo. Team leaders will carry munitions. Traveling by helo to operation locale, junction with other units. This will be a rapid excursion! Ponchos and liners only! I need everyone to do their job. Do! Your! Job! Do not underestimate the volatility of this situation.

(beat)

Ruck up, Twenty-Nine! Hooah!

## FOURTH SQUAD

Hooah!

INT. CHRONOS SUBTERRANEAN CONTROL ROOM - DAY

TV monitors display intense unrest on a Washington D.C. street; federal police follow behind an armored personnel carrier -- the capital building looms in the background.

Cullen adjusts a knob on the control panel, looks at Wiley.

CULLEN

Operation Fogbound underway.

Holmes motions Wiley's attention to the Chronos chamber windows...

... circulating superconductive magnets revolve at lightning speed. The faint, ghostlike IMAGE of a landscape materializes inside the center core.

A deep, sonorous HUM bombinates through the facility.

INT. HELIPORT HANGER - SAME

Members of Fourth Squad stand cramped with other units. The ceiling of the hanger pulses and shudders. It escalates into a deep, sonorous HUM.

Hunt looks to the ceiling.

HUNT

Hear that, boys?

She raises her palm... stretches it up toward the ceiling rafters.

HUNT (CONT'D)

What do you think the Chem-trails are for? HAARP?

Everyone turns to face Hunt.

HUNT(CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Black Ops! And don't get me started on UFOs and the Greada Treaty.

MENDEZ

(aside)

Basta de tus tonterías.

HUNT

(scoffs)

One day you'll wake up Mendez. And  
I'll be there to pour the coffee.

McCrae walks up. Checks his radio.

MCCRAE

Ladies and gents! Time to dance!

They shuffle toward the hanger door as if stepping to the gallows -- the unnerving HUM grows louder in intensity.

The hanger door flings open! The thundering RHYTHM of rotor blades drowns out THE HUM as

EXT. HELIPORT - CONTINUOUS

Fourth Squad hustles out into the percussion of six idling Sikorsky Black Hawks. All of them lined up like menacing insects on the tarmac.

They move into FILE FORMATION; their ponchos shimmer in the glint of the overcast Sun.

The sliding door to the nearest Black Hawk is thrown open. A CREW MEMBER leans out, MOTIONS McCrae.

McCrae cues the squad to board.

INT. BLACK HAWK - CONTINUOUS

Fourth Squad files into the helicopter's narrow confines and adjusts their gear as they settle in. One by one, they give each other a THUMBS UP.

The sliding door is slammed closed, quieting the pounding of rotors.

Hunt smirks.

HUNT

Listen up, gentlemen! Rule one! The true intent of an operation is always kept hidden from those that serve to execute it.

Everyone reacts dismissive; eyes roll, heads shake.

STONE

What's rule number two?



HUNT

Orders are derived to preserve  
faith in the chain of command.

Everyone bounces amused looks off each other.

STONE

Three?

HUNT

Comes after rule number two.

Stone CHUCKLES, shakes his head in amusement.

STONE

Way I see it? America's a big-ass  
Humpty. We're just king's men,  
tryin' to put `em back together.

HUNT

We belong to the cabal, Sergeant.  
They point, you -- me shoot.  
Obedience to authority.

McCrae leans into the fray.

MCCRAE

Roll tide!

Everyone grabs for support; their backs plant firmly against  
their seats.

Dawson angles down to adjust his gear strap.

DAWSON

(aside)

Hoo -- fuckin' -- ah.

Stone pulls out his daughter's drawing from his coat pocket,  
fixes eyes on it. He grins and tenderly glides his thumb over  
it.

His attention moves out the port window as

EXT. HELIPORT - CONTINUOUS

The six Black Hawks steadily lift off the tarmac and lumber  
toward the horizon.

INT. CHRONOS SUBTERRANEAN CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Chronos pulses an unearthly, bright light as the overbearing HUM bombinates the facility.

Wiley leers at Holmes... glares at the control panel.

HOLMES

No different than ripping off a bandaid. Be over before you know it.

Wiley forces a compliant grin. The HUM grows into an ominous, overbearing MOAN.

Wiley cringes, repulsed. Sweat pads her face. Her eyes lock on a GUARD standing nearby.

Her breaths deepen, eyes narrow.

A heavy SHUTTER shakes the facility. Everyone grabs for support.

CULLEN

Perfectly normal. Should be a few more.

Another SHUTTER -- lights DIM -- computer monitors FLICKER. The nearby guard stumbles for support. Among the strobe of the monitors, Wiley lunges and grabs the guard's sidearm -- joust it at Cullen.

Everyone freezes -- stunned.

WILEY

Shut it down!

HOLMES

We can't! Abrupt shutdown will cause the device to become unstable! The amount of energy displaced will--

WILEY

Shut! It! Down!

Cullen stands motionless -- defiant.

Holmes cautiously steps toward Wiley.

HOLMES

We're sculpting a nation, renewed! Succeeding where God has failed! A nation free of transgression--

WILEY

You sculpted a nightmare! It ends... now!

Wiley turns the gun to the chamber windows -- FIRES! Bullets SLAM into the acrylic finish, shattering concentric circles.

Holmes lunges at Wiley and tackles her. Both look at the damaged chamber windows. The windows CREAK from the pressurized atmosphere. Then... POP!

Air BURSTS into the Chronos vacuum chamber -- blasts the windows white.

A low RUMBLE shutters the facility. Chronos wobbles unstable.

Holmes looks at Cullen in terror. He grips the console for support. The windows explode out -- white fire disintegrates everyone and everything in an instant...

... a SPHERE OF LIGHT balloons out from Chronos -- engulfs the facility.

EXT. PERIMETER OF PROVING GROUNDS - SAME

Ballistic ejecta erupts from the ground, expels a shock wave of light -- tosses the Black Hawk like a feather. It clips the rear rotor of another. The two spin wildly out of control.

INT. BLACK HAWK - CONTINUOUS

Everyone in Fourth Squad is hurled to the side of the helicopter by centrifugal force. They all grasp for stability as the Black Hawk gyrates wildly.

Alarms and radio chatter BLARE from the cockpit as the TWO PILOTS work desperately to tame the out-of-control beast.

Dawson braces himself on the aft door and looks at Stone bracing himself to the opposite side of the helicopter.

Michelle's drawing slips from Stone's grip. He helplessly watches it waft into the air as the helicopter SPINS and JOSTLES.

He moves his attention out the port window...

... to the rotating landscape as it becomes fluid and ripples like water. The scenery alters from a matted landscape into crude and fallow terrain.

GHOSTLY FIGURES appear on the ground... materialize into MEN... in blue and gray... flashes of gunfire... a Confederate Battle Flag... a tree line... widens... the air burns white...

EXT. MARYLAND - SOUTH MOUNTAIN - DAY

The Black Hawk crashes hard to the ground, clouded among the heavy fog. Its rotor blades whimper to a stop amidst the distant CRACKLE of rifle-musket.

SUPER: "SEPTEMBER 9, 1862"

INT. BLACK HAWK - CONTINUOUS

Murky bands of light stretch through the interior from the aft sliding door windows.

Stone rises into view -- eyes feverishly blink. He looks down and sees Michelle's drawing among rumble. He reaches, grabs ahold, and presses it to his forehead, relieved. He plants the drawing into his breast pocket

Stone pulls himself through the mangled, narrow confines, to the sliding door -- to the light. He yanks the release handle and slides the door open.

Outside light floods in...

... Dawson squints into the sudden burst of light. He blinks, tries to focus.

STONE (O.S.)  
(muffled)  
Sound off!

Dawson takes a moment to catch his breath... comes to.

DAWSON  
Daw -- Dawson!

Stone looks in the direction of Dawson's voice. Moves his attention to the cockpit -- the two pilot crew sit motionless, bloodied, and dead.

FLETCHER (O.S.)  
Fletcher!

MCCRAE (O.S.)  
McCrae!

Stone snakes his way through the clutter, comes upon Hitchins -- unconscious. He checks his pulse.

McCrae appears next to Stone.

STONE  
He's alive!

Stone and McCrae work to pull Hitchins free; Stone grabs hold of Hitchins' shoulders, McCrae his legs. They struggle through the debris -- equipment POPPING and HISSING -- until they get Hitchins

EXT. OUTSIDE THE BLACK HAWK - CONTINUOUS

and lie him on the ground. Fletcher stumbles and collapses next to him, exhausted -- COUGHS.

STONE  
You good?

Fletcher delivers a nod.

HUNT (O.S.)  
I -- I need help!

McCrae motions Stone to go for Hunt. Stone rushes back inside

INT./EXT. BLACK HAWK - CONTINUOUS

and makes way toward Hunt's voice, comes face-to-face with Dawson. Stone motions Dawson to follow him through the mangled confines.

They find Hunt under Chan's motionless body. Stone checks Chan for a pulse. He shakes his head -- dismayed.

Stone rolls Chan's lifeless body off of Hunt.

STONE  
Can you move?

HUNT  
Yeah.

Stone makes way for the aft door and gestures Hunt to follow.

Hunt manages her way past Stone and reaches for Dawson's outstretched hand. Dawson grips her hand and pulls her through the open aft door.

Stone moves to Mendez, who sits impaled with a sharp object through his torso -- eyes wide open.

Stone SIGHS, reaches over and gently closes Mendez's eyes.

MCCRAE (O.S.)  
Clear the bird! Munitions!  
Everything! Out! Move!

Stone and Dawson grab containers of ammunition rounds and lug them to the aft doors. Hunt grabs them and hauls them safely outside.

They remove Mendez's and Chan's weapons and pass them outside to the others.

Dawson reaches for Stone.

DAWSON  
C'mon! She's gonna blow!

Stone veers back into the smokey darkness of the helicopter.

STONE  
Tags!

Dawson nods. Both rush back into the rolling smoke.

Stone re-emerges from the smoke, through the aft door. He reaches for Dawson's outstretched hand... pulls him out.

Each raises a fist clutching a pair of dog tags.

EXT. CLEARING - DAY

Dawson and Hunt drag Hitchins' unconscious body into the clearing to Stone, who goes to work examining Hitchins.

Smoke from the helicopter thickens. Stone and Dawson anxiously look at each other, motioning Fletcher to get down.

STONE  
Take cover! Down!

Stone flattens out onto the ground, covering Hitchins. The Black Hawk erupts into a fireball -- expels debris everywhere.

Hunt handles her radio.

HUNT  
HQ! This is Bravo, Fourth Squad!  
Helo is down! We have casualties!  
(MORE)

HUNT (CONT'D)

Need immediate medevac!  
Acknowledge!

Hunt releases the handle -- static HISSES back. She leans toward Stone.

STONE

Where the fuck are we?

Stone shakes his head; *no clue*.

Hunt SNAPS the handle.

HUNT

HQ! Come in! Do you copy?

Again, the HISS of static.

Hitchins starts coming to... rises to a sitting position. He grabs his head and MOANS in pain.

Everyone moves to help Hitchins to his feet and dusts him off. He stands facing them, shakes the cobwebs loose.

Behind him, a shot-torn CONFEDERATE BATTLE FLAG bleeds out from the dense fog.

A band of CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS wearing forage caps and dressed in a squalor mix of dirty gray and butternut brown frock coats comes into view.

They halt! Both sides stare confounded at each other.

Indistinct MURMURS sift from the Confederate soldiers.

A CONFEDERATE SOLDIER steps closer... takes notice of Dawson's right shoulder American flag patch.

CONFEDERATE SOLDIER

Yanks! Yanks, in the pall!

CONFEDERATE VOICE COMMAND

Ready arms!

The CLATTER of rifles emits from the befogged soldiers as they position their smoothbore muskets.

CONFEDERATE VOICE COMMAND (CONT'D)

Aim!

Fourth Squad stands frozen in bewilderment.

Fletcher raises his M-249 SAW at the ready -- looks at McCrae.

FLETCHER

Sir?

McCrae looks at Fletcher -- indecisive.

Dawson snaps out of it!

DAWSON

Get the fuck down!

CONFEDERATE VOICE COMMAND

Fire!

The Confederate soldiers open fire. Fourth Squad hits the ground. Hitchins isn't fast enough.

Minié balls tear into Hitchins' back and neck. He falls to the forest floor.

FLETCHER

Hitch!

Fletcher fumbles for a smoke grenade -- pops it live and hurls it at the Confederate soldiers.

Fletcher crawls to Hitchins. He freezes in disbelief as Hitchins plants a hand firmly over his throat -- his fatigues darken with blood.

Stone nudges Fletcher aside and hoists Hitchins' body over his shoulder, SLAPS Fletcher on the shoulder -- treks backward.

STONE

Peel back!

Everyone hustles behind the burning Black Hawk, lugging the duffel bags and munitions. They plod into the tree line.

Commands overlap from the distance.

CONFEDERATE VOICE COMMAND #1

Reload!

CONFEDERATE VOICE COMMAND #2

Fire at will!

The CRACKLE of rifle-musket erupts. Minié balls rip through the trees.



EXT. THICKET - CONTINUOUS

Stone carries Hitchins. Fletcher stumbles through the blinding fog in front of them -- frantic.

FLETCHER  
Three-sixty! Three-sixty!

Fourth Squad hurries into a protective perimeter around Stone and Hitchins -- M27s at the ready.

Rifle-musket CRACKLES!

FLETCHER (CONT'D)  
Ammo! We're black on fucking ammo!

Stone carefully, but quickly lies Hitchins down and rips loose Hitchins' fatigues, applying bandages and pressure over his wounds.

McCrae frantically gestures to Hunt.

MCCRAE  
Your cell!

Hunt pulls out her iPhone -- fingers press at the screen. She brings it to her ear -- shakes her head.

HUNT  
Nothing!

McCrae yanks out his cell. He jabs his thumb at the screen.

Minié balls WHIZ like wasps from behind. McCrae drops his cell phone, looks in the direction of the firing, and sees...

... the Stars and Stripes of a United States Flag hang over a line of UNION INFANTRY partially veiled amidst the fog. Their rifle muzzles explode in rhythmic secession.

MCCRAE  
We're in a crossfire!

The heavy THUMP of rotor blades cuts in -- grows rapidly close.

All firing stops.

Amidst the whiteness, the obscured form of a Black Hawk helicopter rotates above them, out of control; the tail rotor violently chops away at the treetops.

Fourth Squad watch in stunned disbelief.

The Black Hawk pitches downward and crashes to the ground in an EXPLOSION of metal and foliage over the Union line.

EXT. BLACK HAWK CRASH SITE - DAY

Fourth Squad approaches the downed craft clouded in smaze; a macabre scene of smoldering metal and charred body parts.

The United States flag burns; flames slowly eat away at the thirty-four stars.

Dawson picks up a smoldering rifle.

DAWSON  
Fifty-eight caliber, Springfield.

HUNT  
Doesn't make sense.

A Confederate flag emanates through the fog among the forest trees. SOUNDS of soldiers head their way!

McCrae grips his M27 and backs away from the scene.

MCCRAE  
Pull out!

They all turn their attention to the Confederate flag making its way closer.

DAWSON  
We gotta secure this!

McCrae nervously looks over the area

MCCRAE  
Fletcher! Hunt! Secure Hitchins!  
We're moving the fuck out!

Fletcher and Hunt break out a collapsible stretcher and hastily position Hitchins onto it.

Everyone files from the scene, adjusts themselves into formation weighted with supplies, and disappears into the murk.

EXT. THICKET - DAY

Fletcher and Hunt carry Hitchins behind Dawson, Stone, and McCrae. They blindly flounder through forest undergrowth in FILE FORMATION.

They come to a dirt road and clearing. Stone raises his hand, motions STOP AND HOLD.

He tries his best to survey the area across the road where...

... ghostly forms of bloated, DEAD SOLDIERS lie fore of a battle-shard wooden fence. Rats scurry about them, feeding.

Stone motions the squad to COLUMN FORMATION.

McCrae plants next to him.

MCCRAE

Across there! The trees. Good place  
to regroup.

Stone motions GIVE COVER. He quickly dashes across the road in stealth fashion.

He passes the wooden fence... disappears into the whiteness.

Everyone waits.

STONE (O.S.)

Clear!

Fletcher and Hunt quickly hustle across the road, carrying Hitchins. They approach

EXT. THE WOODEN FENCE - CONTINUOUS

Hunt trips over one of the dead soldiers, scattering rats out from under the swollen, disfigured bodies.

Hitchins rolls off the stretcher, and THUDS to the ground. He CRIES out in agony.

Hunt quickly gets to her feet, and hurriedly goes to pick up Hitchins... sees maggots squirm in the eye sockets of one of the dead.

She heaves... retches vomit!

FLETCHER

Jesus, Hunt! Really?

HUNT

Need a sec!

(catching her breath)

I'm okay! I'm okay!

They lift Hitchins onto the stretcher, both sawing rancid air through their mouth. They secure Hitchins -- continue to...

... Stone positioned at a copse of trees. He motions them into its midst.

McCrae and Dawson follow suit -- RUMBLE of battle pound the distance.

EXT. COPSE OF TREES - DAY

Fourth Squad dismounts their gear. Fascination and disbelief pain over their faces.

Stone and Dawson approach McCrae and make sure the others are a safe distance away.

DAWSON

Sir. Communications. Shouldn't we send a distress?

MCCRAE

Dead air. We're radio silent.

Stone shakes his head.

STONE

We're too heavy, sir. Haulin' all this--

MCCRAE

Just hold lock-step with me and I'll make sure the others don't lean on the wrong foot--

STONE

We need head back to the bird. Our only reference--

FLETCHER (O.S.)

Fuck you!

Hunt and Fletcher are in each other's faces.

McCrae darts over and grabs Fletcher by the arm. Fletcher backs away and jousts a finger at Hunt.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)

Bullshit!

Hunt mockingly holds up her hands in surrender.

HUNT

Am I the only one who notices how empty the sky is? Nothing flying up there!

FLETCHER

What about that "Crash Hawk"? Came from somewhere!

HUNT

So did those gray coats! They fired what looked like--

FLETCHER

Civil War? That's what you're saying?

Fletcher skips a frantic look over the others.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)

Fucking impossible!

HUNT

Got a better explanation? We're all ears, cowboy!

FLETCHER

Some type of reenactment, or something! I've seen some of those! Pretty damn realistic!

HUNT

(scoffs)

Right! Actually shot each other!

Hunt points at Hitchins lying on the stretcher.

HUNT (CONT'D)

Look, whatever put us here, has to have a point... that'll put us back! Simple physics!

The others respond dismissively; *here she goes*.

Fletcher feeds off their reaction.

FLETCHER

Yeah! You believe this? Like she read it in a textbook or something!

Fletcher shakes his head and stomps off. Stone beams at Hunt, intrigued.

STONE

Hey. What do you mean? What point?

HUNT

Point of Flexure.

(scoffs)

Doesn't matter.

Hunt raises her hands again in surrender and steps away.

DAWSON

Civil War?

Dawson steps close to Stone... leans in, CLICKS his tongue.

DAWSON (CONT'D)

(quietly)

War for Southern Independence.

They lock eyes. Dawson stretches a grin and strolls off.

EXT. BLACK HAWK CRASH SITE - NIGHT

Charred bodies are laid out in a row stripped of their boots. CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS comb through the wreckage.

LIEUTENANT WOLFF stands among the smoldering fires. His face is scarred. Eyes stained with the horrors and ravages of war.

He watches A CONFEDERATE SOLDIER curiously pick up an MK-17, points it towards the dirt, and accidentally fire off a rapid burst.

Everyone jerks in surprise, except Lieutenant Wolff.

The soldier approaches Wolff and gingerly hands him the MK-17 and a gray beret.

CONFEDERATE SOLDIER

Lieutenant Wolff, sir. Ain't nothin' like I seen before.

Wolff closely examines the MK-17. Then, the tattered gray beret.

WOLFF

(heavy southern drawl)

I'll be damned if this ain't somethin' fierce. How many?

CONFEDERATE SOLDIER

Pick out 'bout four of `em. Men clothed strange too.

(MORE)

## CONFEDERATE SOLDIER (CONT'D)

Like I said, ain't nothin' I seen before. And the machines sir... one blow apart. The other down in that open field. Got two dead men inside.

The soldier looks away, uneasy.

## WOLFF

What?

## CONFEDERATE SOLDIER

A sense sir... with this unnatural fog. Somethin's unholy here. Maybe... let all this rest where it lay.

Wolff shoots the soldier a discontented look. He examines the MK-17 and beret... glares skyward.

He looks at the soldier.

## WOLFF

We're at war! Retrieve everythin'!  
Both areas!

## CONFEDERATE SOLDIER

Yes, lieutenant.

Wolff motions the soldier to carry on and steps over to a BEARDED SOLDIER, 50s, examining impressions in the mud.

## BEARDED SOLDIER

Looks like a heap.

Wolff kneels beside him.

## WOLFF

How many?

## BEARDED SOLDIER

Five... six maybe. Reckon they looked over the area, headin' northeast.

## WOLFF

Reckon we'll do the same.

## EXT. COPSE OF TREES - NIGHT

Fourth Squad sits facing a collapsible led lantern. Its fluid glow feeds refuge from the cold darkness beyond.

Stone pulls out Michelle's drawing from his coat pocket. He looks it over. His eyes narrow -- troubled.

INSERT - MICHELLE'S DRAWING

Stone's thumb tenderly glides over the drafting; crayoned lines faded.

DAWSON (O.S.)  
Do believe fog's liftin'.

BACK TO SCENE

Stone slides the drawing back into his pocket. Joins Dawson's gaze skyward.

STONE  
Shit, `bout time.

THE HUM resonates overhead. Everyone stops quiet until the SOUND drifts off.

They look at Hunt, who shrugs a "told-you-so" back.

Dawson and Stone look at each other. Stone shakes his head in uncertainty.

STONE (CONT'D)  
If this is history... we'd better  
stay on the right side of it.

Dawson weighs in thought... nods.

DAWSON  
What side is that?

Stone furrows and glowers at Dawson.

DAWSON (CONT'D)  
(smirks)  
Kiddin'!

Stone pulls out his dip can, grabs a pinch, and tucks it between his lip and gum.

Dawson looks him over, incredulous.

DAWSON (CONT'D)  
(chuckles)  
Helleva an HLZ, huh? Whaddya think  
happened?



STONE  
Hell if I know.

McCrae approaches.

MCCRAE  
How's Hitchins?

STONE  
Lost a lot of blood. We don't get  
the help he needs...

Stone spits, locks eyes with McCrae, and communicates the rest of what needs to be said with a dire shake of the head.

STONE (CONT'D)  
Might have to break off, sir. Brin'  
help to `em. I can--

MCCRAE  
None of the terrain looks familiar.  
We hold together.

Stone nods... leans off, spits.

STONE  
Maybe Hunt's right. We head back to  
the bird, see if that point is  
there?  
(beat)  
My -- my little girl, sir--

MCCRAE  
We all got something, Stone! Now? I  
need everyone's focus! Understood?

STONE  
(vexed)  
Yeah.

McCrae surveys the ammo boxes nearby.

MCCRAE  
We can't lug all this through the  
sticks. You, Dawson, secure it.  
Don't want locals stumbling on it.

STONE  
Yessir.

McCrae takes a moment and assimilates.

MCCRAE

Recon tomorrow. Find out just where  
the hell we are.

STONE

Sounds good, sir.

McCrae walks-off.

Dawson looks over the ammo cases and guns.

DAWSON

Go. Take care of Hitchins. I'll  
stash this.

Stone nods and steps to Hitchins.

He opens his medical pack and pulls out fresh bandages and  
goes to replace the blood-soaked bandages on Hitchins' neck.

Hitchins looks up at Stone and manages a grin. His voice  
struggles.

HITCHINS

Thank you, Zig.

STONE

For what?

HITCHINS

Saving me.

STONE

It's what we do, man. You'd do the  
same.

HITCHINS

(grins)

My little weekend excursion is  
gonna have to wait though, dude.

STONE

Rest. We'll be gettin' you help  
soon.

HITCHINS

Don't lie to me. No help's coming.  
I'm not making it out of this. You -  
- you know that. Look at me.

STONE

No! I ain't lettin' you die!

Hitchins gives a slight chuckle, more to appease Stone.

HITCHINS

Okay...

Stone rummages through his medical pack. His tone light and jesting.

STONE

You see, you die, that's a mark on my report. And you know I can't allow that. Not now, not ever--

His eyes veer back toward Hitchins to discover Hitchins' eyes wide and lifeless.

STONE (CONT'D)

Hitch!

He nudges Hitchins -- no movement. Hitchins is dead!

Stone drops the bandages, fingers pinch his temple.

STONE (CONT'D)

Fuck!

He turns to discover McCrae and the rest of the squad behind him, ruefully looking on.

MCCRAE

We'll have a memorial `0 -- six -- hundred.

STONE

Copy that.

McCrae and the others step away.

Stone moves Hitchins' coat over his lifeless face.

EXT. MOONLIT FOREST - NIGHT (DREAM)

Stone's daughter, Michelle, runs terrified through bars of moonlight to Stone's rhythmic BREATHING.

MICHELLE

(sobbing)  
Daddy! Daddy!

She trips over the thick undergrowth.

Stone BREATHING intensifies. Michelle stands.

A DARK FIGURE on horseback appears from the shadows behind her.

The figure pierces his sword skyward, horse rears.. Other shadowy figures materialize... SOLDIERS. They raise their rifle muskets at the ready.

Michelle screams in terror.

STONE

No! No!

CRACKLE of rifle musket explodes--

EXT. COPSE OF TREES - CONTINUOUS

Stone wakes in a panic. Sweat pours from his brow. He fumbles into his coat pocket and pulls out Michelle's drawing.

INSERT - MICHELLE'S DRAWING

Most of the crayoned colors are washed out.

BACK TO SCENE

Stone gasps and anxiously looks around. His eyes draw to Hitchins' covered body. He surveys the others sleeping... scrambles into the

EXT. CLEARING - CONTINUOUS

and scurries into the wood, disappearing into the darkness.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Stone makes his way through the vegetation, his eyes scanning the darkness. VOICES in the distance carry in. He stops, crouches... waits.

His gaze moves up to the treetops...

... they pulse an orange glow of a campfire. VOICES waver in with the breeze.

Stone focuses on the night sky. He takes a longing breath.

STONE

(to self)

I'm here... little star.

He stands and stealthy heads back into the night's shadows.

EXT. CLEARING - NIGHT

Stone is grabbed by the arm and turns to face Dawson in surprise.

DAWSON  
Out for a night's stroll?

STONE  
Had to take a piss.

DAWSON  
(grins)  
Yeah... hit the commode myself.

Dawson watches Stone step back into

EXT. COPSE OF TREES - CONTINUOUS

Everyone is awake, staring at Stone with concern and scorn. Stone settles down and avoids their stares. His eyes shift up to the vibrant night sky.

EXT. CLEARING - DAY

Morning light spreads across the sky. THE HUM resonates like thunder... rolls into the distance.

Fletcher and Hunt place Hitchins' helmet on the ammunition cases. A make-shift Battlefield Cross sits next to it.

McCrae steps forward and hangs a pair of dog tags over the battlefield cross. The dangling tags read:

"HITCHINS, LARRY J.  
123-54-6785  
O POS  
CATHOLIC"

He takes a moment and hangs another set of dog tags that read:

"CHAN, ANDREW A.  
321-67-3254  
O NEG  
CAISHEN"

McCrae takes a breath and hangs the final pair of dog tags over the Battlefield Cross:

"MENDEZ, JOSE S.  
692-34-9021  
O NEG  
CATHOLIC"

Everyone takes a step back, drops to one knee, and bows their head in silent, meditative prayer.

Each one stands and delivers a salute. One by one, they step away.

Dawson is left standing alone. He pulls out his Zippo and appraises his brother's fused dog tag.

LATER

Stone walks into the open. Morning steam rises into the sunlight. Everything is tranquil. Beautiful.

He unzips his pants... relieves himself.

His eyes draw to a tree line a short distance away... a small spring trickles down along a slope.

His gaze follows the flow of the spring until it comes upon a CONFEDERATE SOLDIER filling his canteen.

The two lock eyes. Stone finishes his business and calmly zips up.

The Confederate soldier looks over Stone and his uniform -- perplexed. He carefully backs away... scurries off.

Stone sighs, steps back into

EXT. COPSE OF TREES - CONTINUOUS

Everyone's eyes land on him. He stands still for a moment, quietly processing what just took place.

STONE  
Just shared an interestin' moment  
with Johnny Reb.

Commotion builds from the clearing.

DAWSON  
Fuckin' catawampus!

Stone and Dawson peer out into the

EXT. CLEARING - CONTINUOUS

CONFEDERATE SKIRMISHERS of ten clamor into a line, ready their muskets under the direction of Lieutenant Wolff.

EXT. COPSE OF TREES - CONTINUOUS

McCrae crawls to Stone and Dawson.

MCCRAE

What's our situation?

DAWSON

Same squad yesterday. Must've tracked us. 'Bout to smoke-check our ass with muskets.

MCCRAE

No one fires unless ordered!

EXT. CLEARING/COPSE OF TREES

LIEUTENANT WOLFF - stands stone-faced and statuesque in front of his unit.

His voice -- weathered and horse.

WOLFF

Y'all come on out!

MCCRAE - looks around. Grips his M27.

MCCRAE

(yells)

I cannot give that order! We will defend ourselves!

(beat)

You willing to talk? No one has to get hurt!

Dawson shakes his head.

DAWSON

I say we pop smoke, sir! Haul ass outta here!

MCCRAE

Negative! We're not risking another casualty!

WOLFF - steps back... behind the skirmish line.

WOLFF

Fire!

CRACK! The Confederate soldiers open fire.

FOURTH SQUAD - flatten on the ground, cover their heads -- shards of wood shower over them like confetti.

Hunt's eyes find Fletcher.

HUNT

Must be one of those reenactments,  
huh, Fletch?

Fletcher flips her off.

The distinctive sound of an MK-17 CLATTERS. Everyone in Fourth Squad looks at each other -- stunned.

Fletcher rises and aims his M246.

FLETCHER

Fuck this!

He fires a rapid BURST.

FOUR CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS - are hit and fall lifeless.

MCCRAE

Goddamnit! Hold that fire!

The remaining Confederate soldiers attempt to refill their rifle-muskets -- scurry backward. Wolff aims his Lemat Revolver and fires. He back-steps into the wood.

FOURTH SQUAD - Minié balls WHIZ past. The MK-17 RATTLES off!

MCCRAE (CONT'D)

Lay suppressing fire!

All but Dawson light up the tree line.

MCCRAE (CONT'D)

Hold your fire! Hold your fire!

All is quiet.

FLETCHER

(exasperated)

Fuck! We might've killed `em all!

DAWSON

S'pposed to be suppressin' fire!



Dawson readies his M27, moves into the clearing, makes way to

EXT. INSIDE THE TREE LINE - CONTINUOUS

He cautiously steps over bodies of slaughtered CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS; some old, some young. All of them are riddled with gaping wounds; the horrible efficiency of modern weaponry.

Dawson's eyes land on Wolff and two other CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS huddled behind a tree. They lock eyes.

The two soldiers scamper into the forest shadows. Wolff doesn't move. His eyes lock on Dawson; looks into his soul. Dawson stands in a stupor.

Wolff steps back and disappears into the shadows.

Dawson shakes it off and motions ALL CLEAR.

Stone steps into the macabre scene first. He surveys the shattered bodies... looks at Dawson.

STONE

Hey! You good?

DAWSON

(coldly)

Peachy!

McCrae, Fletcher, and Hunt make their way onto the bloody scene. They survey the carnage.

Fletcher pumps his fist.

FLETCHER

Caked all these slave-holding fucks! We could end this shit in a couple weeks!

DAWSON

This a game to you?

FLETCHER

They opened up on us, we--

MCCRAE

Enough! Everyone comb through, find those weapons from the bird.

Everyone goes to rummaging through the slain soldiers.

Dawson notices an MK-17 partially protruding from under one of the DECEASED SOLDIERS. He kneels, tugs it free. Stands.

DAWSON  
 Uh, yeah, Houston?

He glares at McCrae -- resolute.

                  DAWSON (CONT'D)  
 Here's your fuckin' problem!

Moaning grows among the slain soldiers. A YOUNG MAN, no older than 18, crawls out from under a body.

Everyone freezes.

                  HUNT  
 Oh, God! What do we do?

                  FLETCHER  
 (coldly)  
 Nothing.

                  STONE  
 He needs help... we should help  
 `em.

                  MCCRAE  
 We can't. We don't have--

                  DAWSON  
 Fuckin' serious?

                  HUNT  
 (empathetic)  
 My God you guys--

                  YOUNG CONFEDERATE SOLDIER  
 Thirsty. Please. Water.

Fletcher steps to the young soldier and makes eye contact. He raises his M-249 SAW.

Stone lurches toward Fletcher and reaches for the weapon.

                  STONE  
 No!

                  YOUNG CONFEDERATE SOLDIER  
 Please, sir--

THUMP! A round tears into the boy's head.

Everyone stares in shock.

Stone yanks the M-249 from Fletcher's grip. Fletcher glares into Stone's eyes.

FLETCHER  
Why aren't you thanking me?

Stone SCOFFS, shakes his head in disdain. He tosses the M-249 to McCrae.

Dawson steps to Fletcher, eyes burning with rage. He strikes Fletcher in the face. Fletcher lunges at him. Both hit the ground like wild beasts -- arms flailing.

McCrae and Stone pull the two apart; both dirty and bloodied.

MCCRAE  
Hold it together!  
(to Dawson)  
No one wanted this!

DAWSON  
Oh, yeah! Bet you're just torn the fuck up!

MCCRAE  
They opened up on us, we defended ourselves!

DAWSON  
Defended ourselves?

Dawson picks up one of the slain Confederate's rifle musket. Peruses over it.

DAWSON (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
Compared what we have...

He hurls the rifle musket into a nearby tree.

DAWSON (CONT'D)  
Kids with cap guns!

MCCRAE  
Tell that to Fletch!

McCrae passes a look over everyone.

MCCRAE (CONT'D)  
Find those weapons!

Dawson watches the others search through the dead Confederate soldiers, seething.

EXT. RIDGE OVERLOOKING VALLEY - NIGHT

Dawson stands, brooding over a cigarette. Blooming clouds of artillery and powdered musket illuminate the night from below amid CONCUSSIONS of a battle.

FOOTSTEPS approach. Stone appears in the pulsing glow.

DAWSON  
Beautiful, ain't it?

Both lock into the battle below.

STONE  
Men killin' each other. Nothin'  
beautiful 'bout war.

DAWSON  
Yeah, well... depends who writes  
the books.

Dawson CLICKS his tongue... inhales a hit.

DAWSON (CONT'D)  
Evil Confederacy, right?  
(mocking tone)  
Kill those bastard slaveholdin'  
Southerners!

He gestures to the battle below.

DAWSON (CONT'D)  
What you're seein' down there is  
the killin' of state rights.  
Slavery?  
(scoffs)  
Rest the world gets a pass, runnin'  
'round actin' like they didn't  
participate.

STONE  
Isn't our war, Colt. You need to  
step off this, let it go!

DAWSON  
Fuck that! We've stepped our boots  
deep in this shit! Can't just  
scrape it off! I'm s'posed to just  
walk away? Whistle Dixie? Act like  
none of this matters?

STONE  
Dabbin' our righteous hands in this  
ain't gonna make it better.

DAWSON

Hold a hot minute... ain't you the  
one who said our job was to fix  
"Humpty"?

Dawson stretches out his arms, gesturing to the entirety of  
the South.

DAWSON (CONT'D)

Well, here the fuck he is!

STONE

Don't twist shit 'round! Not what I  
meant!

DAWSON

What did you mean, Zig? Cause way I  
see it, ain't 'bout color. Lo' and  
behold, it's where we're from.

(grins)

Imagine that. Damn... lonely place  
knowin' the truth, ain't it?

STONE

Whose truth we talkin' 'bout?

Dawson steps close to Stone... studies him over.

DAWSON

There's only one.

STONE

Who decides that? You?

(scoffs)

We need to focus on gettin' back  
home! Understand? Not standin' here  
tryin' to justify some f'd up moral  
wrong!

DAWSON

Wasn't me that murdered that boy  
back there!

STONE

You know what I'm sayin'!

DAWSON

I ain't gonna be lectured by a wash-  
out!

Stone's face tightens, rage brimming in his eyes.

STONE

Fuck you!

Dawson grins.

DAWSON

I ain't the enemy! Okay? They deep-  
sixed our ass! Took everythin'!  
Lance! Your little girl! Gone!

STONE

She ain't gone!

DAWSON

Wake the fuck up!

STONE

You think changin' this'll make  
everythin' right? This here, all  
this?

Stone gestures the surroundings.

STONE (CONT'D)

Done! Over! Run its course!

DAWSON

Run its course?

Dawson's eyes flare.

DAWSON (CONT'D)

I watched those autumn thugs storm  
through our home! Trashin'  
everythin'! Smashin' bottles!  
Laughin'! My brother's in a box!  
Dead! For what? Them? Not one of  
those cowards from the South! Not  
one! But, there they are, trashin'  
everythin'! Like they know better!  
Nothin' but a modern-day Sherman  
march! No! This war was never over!  
We were fools to believe it was!

Dawson stares back into the conflict below, eyes ablaze with  
the flashes of battle.

DAWSON (CONT'D)

"We cannot be said to have lived,  
but rather to have crawled in  
silence, the young toward the  
decrepitude of age and the old to  
dishonorable graves!"

Dawson glares at Stone.

DAWSON (CONT'D)

Comes time when you gotta step into  
the fire! Choose a side!

STONE

What side is that, Colt? Keepin' us  
in chains?

Dawson steps back and shakes his head.

DAWSON

Not gonna let them turn the South  
into a historical sewer, Ziggy. My  
South. The South we grew up in.  
Where our families live, breathe.  
Every dirt road. Every tree we  
climbed. Fuck that! Not on my  
watch!

Stone jabs a finger into Dawson's chest.

STONE

No! You'll turn it into somethin'  
worse!

The CRUNCH of leaves and sticks grabs their attention.  
Someone or something moving.

They ready their weapons... move toward the sound.

Out from the shrubbery burst A MAN in gray through the glow  
of the battle.

Stone takes off in pursuit, followed by Dawson.

EXT. ROCKY INCLINE - CONTINUOUS

Stone leaps onto the FLEEING MAN. Both tumble down into the  
dirt and rocks.

Stone springs up and locks his weapon sights on a grimy,  
tattered HENRY HARRISON decked in Confederate gray.

STONE

Don't fuckin' move!

Harrison, lying on his back, nods, eyes wide as golf balls.

STONE (CONT'D)

Hands where we can see `em!

Harrison gingerly steadies his hands over his head.

Dawson scowls at Stone.

DAWSON  
Relax sergeant.

He looks at Harrison.

DAWSON (CONT'D)  
All right, go on, stand up.

Harrison slowly rises to his feet, hands open in compliance.

DAWSON (CONT'D)  
(grins)  
What's your name?

HARRISON  
Name's Henry. Don't mean anyone  
harm. Bit tuckered out. Got  
separated from the Fourth Regiment  
Infantry.

Stone forcibly frisks him... takes hold of his haversack.

STONE  
You seem in a big hurry, Henry!

Dawson reaches out his hand.

DAWSON  
Lemme' see that.

Stone hesitates... hands Dawson the haversack. Dawson takes hold of it... retrieves papers from inside. He quickly unfolds them.

Harrison intently observes Dawson.

Dawson's attention zeroes in on a YELLOWED PIECE OF PAPER: SPECIAL ORDER 191. He unfolds it and looks it over. He eyeballs Harrison.

McCrae approaches with Hunt in tow.

MCCRAE  
What's going on?

DAWSON  
Looks like we crossed lines with a  
scout.

McCrae holds his hand out for Special Order 191 and maps.

Dawson hands them over. McCrae shuffles through.



MCCRAE  
 (under his breath)  
 Holy shit.

DAWSON  
 Yeah. It's a dispatch, sir.

Stone peers over McCrae's shoulder at Order 191. He locks eyes with Dawson. Both stare at each other -- taken aback.

STONE  
 Sir, best we don't interfere, give `em back all this, send him on his way. Careful we don't overstep bounds here.

DAWSON  
 Li'l late for that, huh, Serg?

McCrae assimilates.

MCCRAE  
 He stays with us. For now. Don't want this running blind into the night.

McCrae hands Dawson back Special Order 191 and maps. Dawson carefully places them back into the haversack... hands it back to Harrison.

HUNT  
 (to Harrison)  
 Alright, follow me.

McCrae walks off toward camp with Harrison and Hunt.

Stone motions for Dawson to join him back to camp.

DAWSON  
 I'm good. You go.

Stone gives a thoughtful nod and walks off.

Dawson watches him leave, simmering thought.

EXT. CAMP - NIGHT

Dawson steps to McCrae and Harrison and crouches down to McCrae's ear.

DAWSON  
(whispering)  
Sir, Ziggy has concerns regardin'  
movement tomorrow. You should talk  
to `em.

McCrae looks at Stone intently placing a compass onto a map.

McCrae motions Harrison to follow.

DAWSON (CONT'D)  
I got `em, sir. You go on.

McCrae nods, and steps over to Stone.

Dawson leans toward Harrison. The ghostly glow of the fire dances fluidly over his face, distorting his features into an otherworldly appearance.

DAWSON (CONT'D)  
(quietly)  
Thee, Henry Thomas Harrison.

Harrison stares at Dawson -- puzzled.

DAWSON (CONT'D)  
Oh, I know all 'bout you.  
Longstreet's little errand boy,  
runnin' 'round with the key to this  
war right there in his little bag  
like a boy on his way to school.

Dawson scoots down next to Harrison, dusts off his pants, smiles... winks.

DAWSON (CONT'D)  
Count your lucky stars you stumbled  
into my hands.

Dawson points at Harrison's haversack.

DAWSON (CONT'D)  
That dispatch gets into the wrong  
hands? Whole fuckin' war is toast.

Harrison worriedly looks at his haversack.

MCCRAE AND STONE

study a map. Stone circles an area with a pen. His lips tighten.

STONE

Gotta get back to the hawk, sir. If that "point" Hunt mentioned is there, best chance we got of gettin' back home.

MCCRAE

Place is crawling with gray coats. Like stepping on a hornet's nest. No, we hold tight. Figure this out before someone else gets killed.

STONE

We get back to where it started. That's how we figure it out.

Stone looks over at Dawson and Harrison.

STONE (CONT'D)

Seams startin' to come loose, sir. We need a plan. We need it now.

MCCRAE

What's got you, sergeant?

STONE

(sighs)

Colt, sir. You don't know `em, like I do.

MCCRAE

He's under stress, like all of us. It's understand--

STONE

No! Tellin' you, keep his ass on a short leash! He's a dog that'll turn in a heartbeat! Trust me on that, sir!

Both look over at Dawson and Harrison.

STONE (CONT'D)

What 'bout this Harrison guy?

MCCRAE

We'll cut `em loose in the morning.

McCrae takes note of the tormented look in Stone's eyes.

MCCRAE (CONT'D)

Then we'll set gear and head back to the hawk. But together.

(MORE)

MCCRAE (CONT'D)

No running off at night when  
everyone's catching shut-eye! Am I  
clear?

STONE

As a bell, sir.

Stone's eyes veer to

DAWSON AND HARRISON

sitting by the fire. Dawson offers his Zippo to light  
Harrison's pipe. Harrison puffs.

HARRISON

Fog... came from the sky as if God  
was guidin' me Himself... 'til I  
got to y'all. I would've made it  
clear. Got that dispatch where it  
needs to be.

Dawson SNAPS the Zippo closed.

DAWSON

Fog brought you to me. Understand?  
Best thin' to happen to you and the  
cause.

Henry looks over Dawson, confounded.

HARRISON

What you want?

DAWSON

Same as you. Autonomy,  
independence.  
(grins)  
Gettin' that dispatch into the  
right hands.

HARRISON

How do you intend that?

DAWSON

We'll both find out soon enough.  
Fortunately, past ain't where it  
belongs.

Dawson takes note of Harrison's confused look.

DAWSON (CONT'D)

Might be ripe for the pickin'.

HARRISON  
Whose accord?

DAWSON  
Mine, scalawag! And you're gonna  
help me... help the both of us!

The Hum sounds. Both look skyward.

HARRISON  
(haunted)  
Haints.

DAWSON  
Naw amigo... that there is the  
singin' of angels.

Dawson and Harrison share a look... move it to McCrae and Stone standing among the shimmer of the campfire.

The campfire gives a loud POP and sends glowing embers heavenward. The embers swirl up into the darkness.

THE HUM trails off...

EXT. CAMP - DAY

Dawson steps to McCrae sorting through his gear with Harrison and Fletcher in tow.

DAWSON  
Sir. Our guest says he knows a  
freshwater spring not far from  
here. Thought we could fill the  
canteens before we head out.

MCCRAE  
Negative Dawson.

DAWSON  
Right sir... seems he knows how to  
stay clear of locals.

McCrae takes a moment -- assimilates.

MCCRAE  
Fletch!

Fletcher fast paces over to them.

FLETCHER  
Sir.

MCCRAE

Go with Dawson, fill the canteens.  
Keep an eye out. Clear?

FLETCHER

Yessir.

Fletcher grabs his M27 and steps to Dawson and Harrison.  
McCrae points at Harrison.

MCCRAE

Keep `em close!

DAWSON

Like my prom date, sir. Just won't  
try to fuck `em.

MCCRAE

(smirks)

Fill those canteens, get back on  
the double!

DAWSON

Yessir!

McCrae motions Dawson, Fletcher, and Harrison to move out.

Stone steps next to McCrae.

STONE

Where's he goin'?

Dawson holds up a canteen and gives it a shake. He stretches  
a grin at Stone while he, Harrison, and Fletcher head into  
the sticks.

Stone glares back at him.

MCCRAE

Hold fast, sergeant. Fletch is with  
them.

Stone shakes his head and steps to his gear.

McCrae looks at Harrison's haversack sitting unattended. He  
raises a brow and steps over. He kneels and sorts through it.

Stone watches...

... McCrae pulls out a cigar and glides it under his nose,  
inhaling the aroma. He smiles.

He pulls out two additional cigars and carefully rolls  
Special Order 191 over the three cigars.

McCrae places the rolled cigars into his leg cargo pocket.

STONE  
(to self)  
What the... fuck!

EXT. CREEK - DAY

Dawson, Fletcher, and Harrison make their way down a berm to the creek. Fletcher gathers the canteens and begins to fill them.

Dawson looks at Harrison... nods. Harrison nods back... steps next to Dawson.

Dawson carefully positions his M27 Infantry Rifle and aims -- at Fletcher!

DAWSON  
(quietly)  
Ever fire a rifle?

HARRISON  
I have.

DAWSON  
Well, this operates the same.

Dawson squeezes the trigger. The M27 fires a slight kick.

Fletcher falls into the creek -- mortally hit.

DAWSON (CONT'D)  
Except... great part...

Dawson SNAPS off another round!

DAWSON (CONT'D)  
... you don't have to reload after  
one shot.

Fletcher lies lifeless in the creek. Harrison looks at Dawson -- stunned.

EXT. CAMP - DAY

Dawson and Harrison approach. Both have M27s at the ready. McCrae looks at Dawson... then Harrison.

MCCRAE  
Where's Fletch?

Dawson doesn't answer. He shuffles toward McCrae, sharp aim at his face.

MCCRAE (CONT'D)  
(calmly)  
Dawson. You put that weapon down.

Tears leak from Dawson's eyes.

MCCRAE (CONT'D)  
That's an order! Stand down!

DAWSON  
Your weapon, sir! Retire it at my feet!

MCCRAE  
You know I can't and won't do that!

McCrae takes a step toward Dawson... lowers his hands.

MCCRAE (CONT'D)  
Damn it, Dawson! You took an oath--

DAWSON  
Hands high!

MCCRAE  
You'll follow the order given to you by your superior! I'm the leader of this squad! Now, put down the fuckin' weapon!

Dawson yanks off his dog tags and tosses them at McCrae.

DAWSON  
I ain't your fuckin' dog anymore!  
Your orders don't mean shit!

McCrae lunges at Dawson!

Stone and Hunt charge Harrison who dashes off into the sticks.

Dawson struggles with McCrae... throws him into the dirt. The M27 jettisons away.

McCrae leaps up and jabs a finger at Dawson.

MCCRAE  
Enough!

Dawson draws his Sig P320 -- aims at McCrae. His hand jitters... shakes.



MCCRAE (CONT'D)

You don't have the fuckin' balls--

CRACK!

McCrae staggers back. His hand grips his shoulder -- blood pours through his fingers.

Dawson's hand stops shaking. He takes a breath.

CRACK! A bullet rips into McCrae's jaw. He slumps and falls to the ground; his jaw mangled and bloody.

Stone and Hunt dart to his aid.

DAWSON

Back! The fuck up!

Dawson lurches his P320 at Stone and Hunt. They step back. Dawson excitedly gaits back and forth, amazed and terrified at what he's done.

STONE

All right... take it easy.

McCrae struggles to crawl toward Stone and Hunt... stretches out his hand for dear life.

Dawson yanks his M9 bayonet knife from his belt-strap sheath and steps to McCrae. He leans down... cuts McCrae's 29th infantry patch from his sleeve.

Dawson wipes it over McCrae's bloodied face.

He stuffs it into his pocket.

Dawson rips loose McCrae's Sig P320, steps to Harrison's haversack, and picks it up. He carefully slides the strap over his shoulder.

DAWSON

Take off your boots!

Stone and Hunt look around, addled. Stone points down at Hunt's feet.

STONE

C'mon, man. Let her--

DAWSON

I don't give two shits! Boots! Take  
`em the fuck off!

They remove their boots. Dawson picks up a duffel bag and tosses it over to them.

DAWSON (CONT'D)  
Put `em inside! Now!

Stone and Hunt comply.

Dawson's voice is eerily calm; even-keel.

DAWSON (CONT'D)  
Now, take off your socks, hand over your coats. I want rations and canteens, all that shit in front of you. Don't get clever, I know the count.

Stone and Hunt toss said items onto the dirt.

Harrison appears out from the sticks. Cautiously moves toward Dawson.

DAWSON (CONT'D)  
Mister Harrison! Make yourself useful, would you?

Stone and Hunt watch with disdain as he loads their canteens, rations, and clothes into two duffel bags. He slides the strap over his shoulder and avoids their stare.

DAWSON (CONT'D)  
After you, dear sir.

Dawson motions Harrison into the sticks. He turns back to Stone and Hunt.

DAWSON (CONT'D)  
Y'all follow me, come after me,  
I'll kill you! Won't like it,  
but... I'll do it!

Dawson keeps his Cig P320 pointed at Stone and Hunt, slowly steps backward, WHISTLES Dixie.

Stone takes a step toward him -- anguished.

STONE  
Colt! This ain't the way!

Dawson stops. The two share a look, a moment; Dawson's face softens for a beat, then hardens into a defiant, steely-eyed gaze.

DAWSON  
Deo Vindice!

He points his Sig P320 at McCrae.

CRACK!

A round tears into McCrae's head, killing him.

Dawson glares back at Stone, backpedals into the wood... disappears into its shadows.

The sound of an M27 RATTLES off. Bullets tear into the trees and branches around them. Hunt and Stone cower to the forest floor and cover their heads.

Hunt crawls over to McCrae and frantically checks his carotid artery for a pulse.

HUNT  
Oh, God! No!

She breaks down in tears.

Stone looks down at McCrae's body, takes out Michelle's drawing, and looks it over. He shakes his head, folds it, and rams it into his pocket.

Stone looks off into the direction Dawson and Harrison fled -- assimilates.

STONE  
What about that point?

HUNT  
It's over.

STONE  
No. Focus. I need you to focus. We gotta get back. You understand what I'm tellin' you?

HUNT  
It's over!

STONE  
This shit ain't over! I need to get back!

HUNT  
You don't even know she's alive! If she even exists anymore!

STONE  
She's alive! She exists!

HUNT  
You left, okay! You left!

Stone leers at Hunt.

STONE  
Where we crashed! The point! Is it there?

HUNT  
I -- I don't know! I'm sorry--

STONE  
Fuck!

Hunt buries her head into her hands. Stone shakes his head, pissed.

He looks at McCrae. Something dawns. He goes to McCrae's cargo pocket and yanks Special Order 191 and cigars free -- SIGHS. He holds it up.

Hunt glares at Stone; *what the fuck?*

STONE (CONT'D)  
Dispatch One Ninety-One!

Stone grips Hunt's shoulders and beams into her eyes.

STONE (CONT'D)  
Lee's movement through Maryland!  
North found it on a farm north of  
here! Probably helped seal the war!

Stone surveys the wrapped order like a prized jewel.

STONE (CONT'D)  
Yeah. Encampment near  
Fredericksburg. I can point it out  
on the map.

He carefully places the Special Order cigar assemblage into Hunt's hands.

HUNT  
You think this'll stop Dawson?  
Really?

STONE  
Goin' after `em barefoot, unarmed?  
That's a good tactic?

Stone SIGHS, takes in a deep breath.

STONE (CONT'D)

Help me get that to where it  
belongs. Historically. We don't  
have a lot of time. Please. Maybe,  
that piece of paper saves "Humpty."  
At least a piece of `em.

Hunt gives a tearful laugh and shakes her head in amusement.  
She wipes the tears from her face and regains her composure.

HUNT

Okay. Whatever you say, sergeant.

Both look down at their bare feet.

Hunt wiggles her toes.

Both look at their shirt sleeves, then... each other.

EXT. HILLSIDE - DAY

Stone and Hunt fix their eyes upward. THE HUM spreads across  
the sky... into the distance

Their attention goes back to placing the final helmet atop  
the last of two makeshift BATTLEFIELD CROSSES.

Stone hangs a pair of dog tags over one cross:

"MCCRAE, JOHN C.  
678-45-1289  
O POS  
CATHOLIC"

He hangs a second pair over the other cross:

"FLETCHER, EUGENE F.  
345-09-4390  
A NEG  
CHRISTIAN"

They take a step back, drop down to one knee and bow their  
heads in silent, meditative prayer.

Both stand and deliver a salute.

Stone kneels and tightens his makeshift footwear made of torn  
material from his shirt sleeves.

Hunt rolls the balls on her feet... stretches out her newly  
improvised foot coverings.

Stone unfolds a military map and points to the location.

STONE

Union camp, Best Farm... north,  
this area.

Hunt looks northward.

HUNT

After you sergeant.

Stone folds the map and places it into his pocket. He carefully steps into the sticks -- Hunt follows.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Dawson and Harrison skirt through the undergrowth, lugging the bags filled with weapons and supplies.

Dawson motions Harrison to stop and points his index finger skyward. They look up toward the treetops...

... smoke wafts through the top branches.

Dawson slides Harrison's haversack from his shoulder and opens it. He sorts through its contents.

He looks wide-eyed at Harrison.

DAWSON

Where the hell is it?

Harrison grabs his haversack from Dawson's grip -- shuffles through.

HARRISON

It was here!

Dawson's mouth tightens.

DAWSON

Sure as hell ain't now!

HARRISON

We go back, get it!

DAWSON

(scoffs)  
Fuckin' hell!

Dawson yanks his bayonet knife from his belt-strap sheath and jabs it into his right sleeve under the American flag patch. He cuts the patch loose.

He stuffs the patch into his cargo pocket.

Dawson peers into the dense forest... surveys the direction of the smoke's origin.

DAWSON (CONT'D)  
(quietly)  
Let's go!

He motions Harrison to follow.

They creep through the thicket -- indistinct VOICES grow in the distance. Dawson lets the bags slide down to the forest floor.

He grips his M27... clears away branches... advances through the trees.

Lieutenant Wolff and the two Confederate soldiers come into view, sitting around a small campfire.

Dawson engages his M27. Wolff and the two Confederate soldiers spin around.

Dawson holds aim at them. They hold still.

DAWSON (CONT'D)  
Howdy boys!

Wolff shows Dawson the palms of his hands.

DAWSON (CONT'D)  
Whaddya say we have a li'l  
discussion?

Wolff passes a look to the other two Confederate soldiers. All three look back at Dawson.

WOLFF  
What abouts?

Dawson reaches into his pocket, tosses McCrae's bloodied 29th infantry patch to Wolff.

Wolff catches it... looks it over.

DAWSON  
Southern independence!

Wolff stretches a grin.

EXT. THICKET - DAY

Stone and Hunt make their way through the sticks, their improvised foot wrap splotted with blood and shredding apart.

They hear VOICES. Both stop and crouch low, peering through the trees...

... at a freight wagon, stopped on a dirt path with its contents covered over by a dark tarp. Its DRIVER and OCCUPANT relieve themselves in nearby shrubbery.

Stone and Hunt stealthily scamper onto the dirt path... slip into the rear of the wagon under the tarp.

The driver and occupant SIGH relief and make their way back onto the wagon -- LAUGHING and JARRING at each other.

With a SNAP of the stirrups, the wagon lunges forward... rolls along the path.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY

The freight wagon jostles through the forest shadows.

EXT. REAR OF WAGON - UNDER TARP - CONTINUOUS

Stone and Hunt lie wedged between boxes and rolled blankets. Stone eyes his compass... shakes his head.

STONE

We need to get a fix on our location.

Hunt peers out from under the tarp. Frowns at...

... a woodlet of BOTTLE TREES that eerily haunt the roadside, decorated with aqua-hued whiskey and pepper sauce bottles over their skeletal limbs.

HUNT

Uh, yeah... not here.

She looks at Stone.

HUNT (CONT'D)

Need to get to a better spot.

STONE

(sarcastic)

Oh, you mean a posted rest stop?

(MORE)



STONE (CONT'D)

Maybe use the restroom? Grab some snacks?

HUNT

Don't get bitchy!

The sound of MEN'S VOICES.

Stone peers out from under the tarp...

... through the trees, four UNION SOLDIERS wad in the flowing water of a river... their brogans sit nearby on the riverbank.

STONE

(quietly)

Look!

Hunt's eyes lock onto the riverbank... the soldiers' brogans.

HUNT

Payday!

Stone MOTIONS Hunt off from the wagon. Hunt acknowledges with a nod.

They fluidly slide out from under the tarp and skulk into the shrubs.

EXT. RIVERBANK - DAY

Three pairs of brogans and a pair of cavalry boots sit, stuffed with socks to the SLOSH of feet wadding in the flowing water.

Stone's hand reaches out from the shrubbery -- snatches a pair of brogans.

Hunt's hand reaches out -- snatches the pair of cavalry boots.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY

A pair of brogans slog beside a pair of cavalry boots. Rising up -- Stone wears the brogans, Hunt wears the cavalry boots.

HUNT

I don't know if this is an improvement!

STONE

Why'd you snag `em?

HUNT

I grabbed.

STONE

Well, that's what grabbin' gets you. Horse boots.

HUNT

Cavalry! They're cavalry boots!

STONE

Whatever. You fucked up.

Hunt stops. Exhales in exhaustion.

Stone doesn't stop -- continues walking. Hunt shakes her head... continues.

HUNT

Don't have to be such a hard-ass.

Stone stops. Looks back at Hunt.

STONE

They that bad?

HUNT

I'll manage.

(sighs)

Jesus. Tell me something. Your daughter?

STONE

Michelle.

HUNT

Michelle. She a daddy's girl? I'm curious.

STONE

She's off-limits for discussion!

HUNT

Fine!

Hunt surveys their surroundings in thought. She turns back to Stone.

HUNT (CONT'D)

You know, I gotta ask. You could've stayed. But, you chose to go for another round. I don't get it. Why?

Stone's eyes veer down to his feet.

STONE

(sighs)

I -- I've seen friends killed. And I've killed friends of folks I've never met. That's the job. Trained well for it. One thing I wasn't trained for...

He turns to face Hunt.

STONE (CONT'D)

Home. The quiet. You know what hell is, Specialist Hunt?

Hunt looks away, briefly consumed by her own demons.

STONE (CONT'D)

When you realize you're doin' more harm bein' 'round the ones that mean the most to you, than bein' away from them. Why am I here? Cause I'd rather be in the chaos and blood than trapped in that silent dungeon.

HUNT

Of being home?

STONE

Yeah. Imagine that.

HUNT

Ziggy, I didn't--

STONE

Is what it is.

Stone looks away despondent, continues walking.

STONE (CONT'D)

What 'bout you?

HUNT

What about me?

STONE

That's my story. Let's hear yours.

Hunt shakes her head and looks up as if the answer were somewhere among the clouds.

HUNT

Not married. Guy I'm seeing, or lack of, seems we both prefer the back burner. Oh, God, let's see... parents... split when I was ten. Father ran off with someone younger. That's what my mom told me.

STONE

True? Did he?

HUNT

Can't say for sure. I just knew he wasn't there. He left. Never saw him again. Might as well disappeared. Like you, Ziggy. Seems everything falls apart at some point.

STONE

I intend to keep my promise, Specialist Hunt!

HUNT

Well... hope you do. For all our sake.

Stone raises his hand, shushes Hunt.

The distant sound of a carriage and horse hoofs pad over dirt. Stone motions Hunt off the road.

They scamper into the sticks and crouch low as the sound of the carriage nears.

TWO CARRIAGES race by, churning dust. In the rear of the carriages sit AFRICAN AMERICAN MEN dressed in shabby, dirty clothes.

Stone and Hunt step back onto the road and watch as the carriages disappear around a bend.

Stone pulls out the map.

STONE

We need to track those wagons. It's gonna be dark soon.

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF TOBACCO PLANTATION - DAY

Stone and Hunt lie camouflaged amidst shrubs and bushes, watching the two carriages unloaded by African-American slaves.

A tobacco field populated with SLAVES stretches out to a forest line. Their bare backs bake in the broiling sun as they arduously prime tobacco stalks.

An elegant Victorian house sits in the distance beyond the field. Swaying shadows paint over its Gothic architectural structure.

Stone moves his attention...

... to a cluster of slave quarters on the opposite side of the plantation.

Across from the slave quarters are two tobacco barns; tobacco stalks hang from wooden fences and rafters, curing in the Sun.

STONE

Wait `til night. Sneak inside one of those barns.

HUNT

You sure?

Stone stands.

STONE

I'm sure!

EXT. FOREST - DIRT PATH - NIGHT

Moonlight coats the landscape.

Dawson, Harrison, Wolff, and the two Confederate soldiers emerge from the tree line.

Dawson looks at Wolff.

DAWSON

Which way, amigo?

WOLFF

Road de' only way south.

Dawson peers down the path, into the darkness.

DAWSON  
So, we head south.

They start down the path.

Wolff puts a hand-wrapped cigarette into his mouth. Dawson takes out a cigarette of his own, reaches into his breast pocket, and takes out his Zippo.

He strikes the flint wheel over his thigh -- lights up.

Dawson offers the Zippo to Wolff. Wolff flips open the cam, flicks the flint wheel, leans in and lights up -- impressed. He examines the Zippo, surveys the fused dog tag.

Dawson takes a heavy hit of his cigarette. Exhales. Eyes narrow.

DAWSON (CONT'D)  
We were in the same company. Some shithead detonated an ED. Two sides got to firin'. They come rollin' in with someone wrapped like a Christmas gift. Wasn't til 'bout a day passed when they finally said who it was. Learned some time later it was friendly fire. Fucked term, you know? Ain't nothin' friendly 'bout it.

Dawson takes a heavy hit of the cigarette -- exhales.

DAWSON (CONT'D)  
They kept that shit under wraps. From me. Our mama. Army killed... my brother. Then lied. Truth is both sides fightin' that day were American. Kinda like this shit goin' on here. They want me to go back on my raisin'. Spit on my heritage! Well, ain't gonna do it!

Dawson glances over at Wolff and grins.

DAWSON (CONT'D)  
Me, my brother... guess you could say, we became invisible. But, know what?

Dawson takes another hit from his cigarette... flicks the butt into the dirt.

He turns to face Wolff. Exhales.

DAWSON (CONT'D)  
Ain't gonna be invisible anymore.

WOLFF  
Reckon not.

Wolff hands him back the Zippo. Dawson drops it back into his breast pocket, proudly smiles.

EXT. TOBACCO PLANTATION - NIGHT

Stone and Hunt hustle across the dirt among the pallid glow of the moon.

INT. TOBACCO BARN - CONTINUOUS

They step through bars of moonlight. Curing tobacco stalks hang from leveled, wooden rafters.

Hunt grimaces.

STONE  
Better than wanderin' the sticks.

The two share a look... smile.

HUNT  
Smells like some good chew.

STONE  
Yeah. Burn a hole in your throat.

LATER

Stone lies on the floor, gazing at the moonlight shaft through the ceiling boards.

Hunt massages her bloodied feet. She looks over at Stone... looks up toward the ceiling boards.

HUNT  
Looks the same, doesn't it?

STONE  
What?

HUNT  
Stars. Sky.

STONE

Looks like it did some two hundred years from now, just brighter.

Both smirk at Stone's analogy.

HUNT

Think that's why we all look up at it. At them. Gives us solace. Comfort. Things can be a mess down here, but up there? Nothing changes.

Stone reaches up and grabs a browned tobacco leaf and rubs his hand over it.

He brings the leaf to his nose and inhales the aroma, tosses it over to Hunt.

STONE

Wrap your feet with that. Wake up hundred percent better.

Hunt picks up the leaf and SNIFFS. Cringes.

Stone grins.

STONE (CONT'D)

Trust me.

Hunt pulls the leaf apart and wraps one of the pieces around one foot, then the other.

Stone places his brogans in front of Hunt, grabs the Calvary boots, and places them by his side.

STONE (CONT'D)

Might be a little big. But, definitely more comfortable.

Hunt smiles and mouths: "THANK YOU."

Stone retrieves his dip can, grabs a pinch, and tucks it between his lip and gum.

HUNT

How close are we to the drop?

STONE

Thinkin' tomorrow afternoon. We'll gear up, leave early. Place it. Get the hell out.



HUNT  
History will take care of the rest?

STONE  
Yeah.

Hunt studies Stone with uncertainty.

HUNT  
Just like that?

STONE  
Just like that.

HUNT  
Then what?

Stone broods in thought.

STONE  
Tell me more 'bout this "point."

Hunt looks at Stone, piecing together a response.

HUNT  
It's... a theory. Called 'Point of Flexure.' When a location of entry through space-time collides in on itself. That weird-ass humming... 'ambit ripple.' We're inside it and everything around us.

Stone nods, interested.

STONE  
Ambit ripple...

HUNT  
Yeah! Look...

Hunt demonstrates clamping her hands together -- palm-to-palm.

HUNT (CONT'D)  
... imagine a piece of paper... folded in half, everything within that space in flux... 'ambit ripple'...

Like a card magician, Hunt presents open palms.

HUNT (CONT'D)  
... its two ends collapsing together?

(MORE)

HUNT (CONT'D)

"Point of Flexure." Moment of truth. Everything comes to a head.

Stone SCOFFS, shakes his head.

STONE

You really think it's out there?

HUNT

Somehow punched our way here. Has to be a way back.

Stone looks to the floor and nods. They lock eyes. Both burst out laughing.

HUNT (CONT'D)

Ironic. I hated history in high school.

STONE

So did I. Can't say I much like it now.

Stone spits.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

Dawson, Harrison, the two Confederate soldiers, and Lieutenant Wolff slog the road under the pallid moon.

WOLFF

I need to know what we up against. This Ziggy fella--

DAWSON

He'll peter out.

WOLFF

An acquaintance of yours?

DAWSON

Could say that, somewhat. Ghost of who he was, though. Man's been cleaved. Ain't nothin' left.

SOUNDS of men and horses grow.

Dawson needles on tenterhooks and peers anxiously toward the approaching sound.

DAWSON (CONT'D)

Whaddya' say we make it official?

WOLFF

What?

Appearing from the shadows, a Confederate battle flag hangs over SOLDIERS and CAVALRY.

DAWSON

Me joinin' the Confederacy!

Dawson retrieves a pair of military-grade boots from one of the bags and walks toward the Confederate soldiers. He raises the boots high above his head.

The Confederate procession slows to a stop -- commands pass down through the line.

EXT. OUTSKIRT OF TOBACCO PLANTATION - DAY

Stone and Hunt skulk toward the forest line among the morning mist. Hunt slips but is grabbed by Stone before she falls. Both make eye contact... smile.

They continue into the wood.

EXT. CONFEDERATE CAMP - DAY

A-frame tents and ragged shebangs populate an open cut, clouded in campfire smoke.

Dawson sits on a hardened, mound of hay, covering his mouth and nose with a piece of cloth. Two duffel bags lay by his side.

He observes CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS gather around the other duffel bags, rummaging through their contents of modern military-grade boots and supplies.

Harrison and Lieutenant Wolff approach. Harrison hands Dawson a plate of something vile.

DAWSON

The hell is this?

HARRISON

Coosh. Cornmeal, pork grease.

Dawson examines the plate -- sniffs... dry-heaves! He drops the plate onto a bushel of hay.

WOLFF

Arranged a meetin' with the colonel.

DAWSON  
When?

                  WOLFF  
Soon.

                  DAWSON  
"Soon" is too late.

                  WOLFF  
You'll get your meeting Mr.  
Dawson... soon enough.

Dawson sighs and shakes his head.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Stone and Hunt watchfully slog through the foliage, their  
fatigues stained with sweat. The air BUZZES with insects.

                  HUNT  
You know where we're going, right?  
I mean...

She stops and surveys the sky and the Sun's position.

                  HUNT (CONT'D)  
This farm--

                  STONE  
Best Farm.

                  HUNT  
You sure this is the way?

                  STONE  
I'm sure!

                  HUNT  
We're not going in circles? All  
this going on. Confusion can--

Stone reaches back toward Hunt to direct her attention to...

... DEAD SOLDIERS lying amid the smoldering detritus of  
battle. White powdered musket suspends low in the air like  
ghosts over the dead bodies of UNION and CONFEDERATE  
SOLDIERS.

Both take in the haunting sight.

Stone pulls out his compass, does a quick take, and places it  
back into his pocket.

STONE  
(sighs)  
We gotta keep movin'!

He motions Hunt to follow him through.

Tuffs of flies leap from the bodies as Stone carefully steps over them. Hunt tracks his heels, gripping the back of Stone's shirt.

Stone glances down, kneels, and pries a rifle musket from the hand of a dead CONFEDERATE SOLDIER.

HUNT  
Leave it!

Stone shrugs.

HUNT (CONT'D)  
Dead man's rifle. Should rest with  
the hand that last fired it.

STONE  
You're serious?

HUNT  
Just saying... no good will come  
after you pick it up.

Stone studies Hunt's troubled look.

STONE  
Looks like no good came before.

Stone examines the rifle.

STONE (CONT'D)  
We need somethin' to defend  
ourselves.

He blows over the flintlock.

Automatic weapon fire ECHOES from the distance. Both turn and look toward the sound.

HUNT  
That doesn't sound like musket.

STONE  
Sure as hell don't.

The firing carries on. Then... silence.

EXT. CONFEDERATE CAMP - DAY

Dawson rises from crouching, gripping an M27. He moves the weapon's smoldering barrel to his lips... blows away the smoke like a Western outlaw.

Harrison and Lieutenant Wolff stands next to a CONFEDERATE COLONEL, 38, wide-eyed. Their attention focused on a makeshift target on a decayed tree trunk -- shredded.

The Confederate colonel looks from Dawson... to the duffel bags.

CONFEDERATE COLONEL  
Hellish weapon!

The colonel and lieutenant Wolff share a confounded look. The colonel beams back at Dawson.

CONFEDERATE COLONEL (CONT'D)  
I must know where they came from.

DAWSON  
All you need to know is I brought  
`em to you. You wanna win this war,  
or not?

The colonel assimilates.

DAWSON (CONT'D)  
Now, I can get the rest. Ammo and  
guns. Just need an escort to move  
it.

The colonel looks over the shredded target -- assimilates.

CONFEDERATE COLONEL  
We have members of the 3rd Regiment  
Cavalry here. They can take part in  
the escort. Ensure safe passage.  
Lieutenant Wolff can lead.

DAWSON  
When?

CONFEDERATE COLONEL  
As soon as I can assemble.

The colonel paces off.

EXT. THICKET - DAY

Stone and Hunt SNAP through the undergrowth. Hunt notices a shard of a helicopter rotor embedded in a tree trunk.

HUNT  
Wait! Hey!

Stone quickens his pace.

HUNT (CONT'D)  
Ziggy!

Stone clears the thicket. Hunt hurries behind him and breaks into the

EXT. CLEARING - CONTINUOUS

The scene is eerily familiar: burned skeletal frame of a Black Hawk helicopter sits where it crashed down.

Hunt looks over the area -- nonplussed.

She surveys the burned-out shell of the Black Hawk.

HUNT  
You -- you lied! This was never to get that to the drop point!

STONE  
Wouldn't have gotten to the Best Farm in time.

Stone anxiously looks over the area.

STONE (CONT'D)  
You said it would be here! The point!

HUNT  
All along it was about you! You! You getting back to--

STONE  
Her! Yes!

Stone yanks out Michelle's drawing! He glances at it and thrusts it toward Hunt. She hesitates, grabs it, and looks it over.

INSERT - MICHELLE'S DRAWING

All crayoned-color and lines are spent -- gone. Just the outline of the stars is left.

BACK TO SCENE

Stone slumps to a knee in despair.

STONE

Start fadin' when we crashed.  
Thought gettin' here would brin' it  
back, brin' her back. I gotta find  
a way. I'm... her dad. You  
understand? I -- I have to--

Hunt slaps Stone!

HUNT

Should've been honest with me! Not  
just about you!

Stone breaks down. Hunt watches him for a long moment, and steps close.

HUNT (CONT'D)

Ziggy? Love is without boundaries.  
Goes beyond space and time. I  
believe that. It'll find its way to  
her. Daddy... can make it right.

STONE

She's gone. I -- I've lost her.

HUNT

No. You can get her back. We can  
find... a way. Both of us.  
Together. Change this God-awful  
mess.

CRACK!

A minie ball PINGS off the metal frame of the Black Hawk. They crouch low, and look off toward the tree line as UNION SOLDIERS creep out, muskets at the ready.

Stone and Hunt sprint toward the forest line. The Union soldiers take off in pursuit. Stone out paces ahead of Hunt.

STONE

C'mon, damnit! Move!



Hunt struggles to keep up and stumbles through the tall grass.

CRACK! CRACK!

Hunt collapses into the grass and dirt.

Stone looks back... slows his pace. He looks at his hand -- Special Order 191, cigar assemblage tight in his grip.

He starts back to Hunt and pulls her to her feet.

STONE (CONT'D)

Take this! Go!

HUNT

I can't--

STONE

Go!

He crams the map into her hand with Special Order 191, cigar assemblage.

HUNT

What about you?

Stone looks at the advancing Union soldiers and looks back at Hunt.

STONE

Never mind that! Go!

Hunt runs, tears tracing down her cheeks. She looks back...

... sees Stone run toward the approaching soldiers. He is quickly encircled and trapped.

HUNT

Ziggy!

Hunt turns to the forest line and runs into its shadows.

EXT. CONFEDERATE CAMP - DAY

Three wagons are lined and set to move out. Colonel Bradley approaches Dawson, pulling a horse by the bridle.

BRADLEY

Challenger. You can ride `em at point. Good horse. Treat `em right.

Dawson takes hold of the bridle.

DAWSON  
We'll get along just fine.

Dawson pats Challenger's nose.

DAWSON (CONT'D)  
Used to ride horses on my  
granddaddy's farm.

Dawson runs his hand over Challenger's coat, grinning with admiration. He notices a leather scabbard by the saddle housing a sword.

Dawson grips the hilt, partially pulls the sword out, admires the grip... slides the sword back in -- smiles.

BRADLEY  
Keep clear of pickets and  
skirmishers.

Dawson climbs onto Challenger's saddle and straddles him.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)  
Once you load the munitions, Wolff  
will get you to Longstreet. God be  
with you.

DAWSON  
(grins)  
Indeed, He will, Colonel. We'll be  
in touch.

Dawson nudges Challenger and prances to the front of the wagons. The wagons lurch forward -- following Dawson. Harrison nestles into the rear of the lead wagon, waves a salutation at Bradley.

EXT. UNION CAMP - DAY

Stone is muscled by two Union soldiers as he shuffles passed A-Frame tents and smoldering campfires.

Soldiers pass him looks of disdain.

INT. UNION COMMAND TENT - CONTINUOUS

COLONEL COLGROVE, tufted beard over a rigid face and penetrating eyes, looks up from a map at Stone and the Union soldier.

COLGROVE  
What have we here?

UNION SOLDIER  
Found `em outside camp, sir.

The Union soldier and Stone glare at each other. The soldier stares down at Stone's cavalry boots.

Colonel Colgrove joins the soldier's stare.

COLGROVE  
Dainty footwear.

Stone passes a look between them. The three of them share an awkward stretch of silence.

UNION SOLDIER  
(clears throat)  
What you want to do with `em?

The colonel looks up from Stone's boots, tugs at his nose -- ponders.

He leers at the soldier... releases his nose.

COLGROVE  
Put `em with the other contraband.

UNION SOLDIER  
I'll see to it, Colonel.

Colonel Colgrove swipes his hand for them to leave as if brushing away a fly and goes back to studying the map.

The Union soldier tugs Stone outside.

INT. SLAB TOWN - CONTRABAND TENT - DAY

Stone is jostled in by the Union soldier. The soldier pushes him down next to a young, AFRICAN-AMERICAN MAN mid 20's, dressed in shabby clothing.

The soldier steps out.

The tent is full of AFRICAN-AMERICAN MEN -- all staring at Stone.

Stone tours their faces; all rigid and hard... but dignified.

STONE  
What is this place?

YOUNG MAN  
You in Slabtown.

STONE

What are they gonna do with us?

YOUNG MAN

Probably sen us off to help wit de  
canons and such. Bluecoats use us  
just the same.

An older, weathered African-American man, grayed and stark,  
steps out from the shadows. LUGE. Mid 50's. He holds up a  
worn, leather-bound Bible in a respectful fashion.

LUGE

Same as de Israelites in de desert.  
Freed, but not yet delivered.

Stone stares at Luge -- assimilates.

STONE

Don't get your hopes up.

LUGE

It's by God's hand. And no man can  
question God... His truth.

STONE

I've learned, every man has his own  
"God." His own "truth."

Luge looks Stone over. Grins.

LUGE

Only one truth! Where ever ye find  
dat truth, God's there!

Stone smirks.

STONE

Tell me what God has done for  
you...

Stone points at the young slave...

STONE (CONT'D)

Him?

... passes a look over the others.

STONE (CONT'D)

Any of us?

Stone beams back at Luge.

STONE (CONT'D)  
Not fuckin' much!

Luge is unfazed. He smiles. His voice full and calm.

LUGE  
Where you from?

STONE  
Somewhere... far from here.

LUGE  
Not as far as you thought.

STONE  
No. Guess not.

Luge crouches, crossing his arms over his chest. His hand squeezes the bible as he studies Stone like a concerned father.

LUGE  
A man angry with God... withal,  
believes. His faith in us far  
stronger than ours in Him.

Stone turns to Luge.

LUGE (CONT'D)  
You here for a reason. A  
testimonial.

STONE  
To what?

LUGE  
Between you and the Almighty.

Luge stands... relaxes his arms to his side. He gazes down at Stone's boots... smiles.

LUGE (CONT'D)  
Name's Luge.

STONE  
Sergeant... Ziggy Stone.

Luge gives a soft chuckle.

LUGE  
Soldier.  
(beat)  
Let's hope you on de right side.

STONE  
Is there one?

LUGE  
Oh, yes! But it ain't to serve men.

Stone studies Luge over, contemplating.

EXT. UNION CAMP - DAY

Hunt walks into the camp with her hair balled into her helmet -- raises her hands. UNION TROOPS surround her.

EXT. CLEARING - DAY

Dawson dismounts Challenger and paces

EXT. COPSE OF TREES - CONTINUOUS

steps to a mound of dried tree branches. The three Battlefield Crosses and hanging Dog Tags rest next to the mound.

Dawson stares at the crosses. He steps to the mound and clears away the tree branches, exposing a green tarp.

He grins ear-to-ear.

DAWSON  
Congratulations boys!

Dawson yanks the tarp away. Boxes of ammunition and machine guns sit undisturbed.

Wolff steps next to Dawson. He looks at the Battlefield Crosses... leans in to read the dog tags.

DAWSON (CONT'D)  
Price... of sacrifice!

Wolff smirks and steps back to the carriages.

Dawson looks at the others.

DAWSON (CONT'D)  
Load `em on the wagons! Don't have  
a lot of time!

The Confederate soldiers nod obedience, and step to the crates and guns.

INT. UNION CAMP - COMMAND TENT - DAY

A UNION SERGEANT stands at attention with Hunt at his side. Colonel Colgrove steeples his fingers over the desk -- SIGHS.

COLGROVE  
What is it now?

UNION SERGEANT  
Um...

The Union Sergeant clears his throat.

UNION SERGEANT (CONT'D)  
You need to hear this, Colonel.

Colonel Colgrove settles intently back into his seat.

EXT. SLAB TOWN - DAY

Stone is escorted by a Union soldier to Hunt and Colonel Colgrove.

Stone looks at the colonel, then Hunt.

STONE  
What is this?

Hunt steps close to Stone and proudly hands him the Special Order 191, cigar assemblage. Quiets her voice.

HUNT  
Stays with us until delivered to  
Union Brass.

Colonel Colgrove steps away.

Stone takes the order, his lips tighten with anger.

HUNT (CONT'D)  
What was I supposed to do? Let you  
stay in there? Excuse me, options  
are kinda limited!

Hunt wipes tears from her face. Stone softens.

STONE  
Hey... you could've left. Gone  
on...  
(beat)  
Thank you.

HUNT

Save what's worth saving, right?

Colonel Colgrove approaches with pensive COLONEL BERDAN, 45, esteemed and sharply dressed in green union threads accompanied by five of his SHARPSHOOTERS dressed in union green uniforms.

COLONEL COLGROVE

Colonel Berdan has agreed to send five of his men with the accompaniment. Each can rip a swiss-chasseur a hundred yards out. They'll see to it, escort you to General McClellan.

STONE

After that?

COLGROVE

All business with the Union army will cease.

Stone nods in confirmation.

STONE

We're on our own.

Colonel Colgrove returns the nod.

COLONEL COLGROVE

You'll ride the rear wagon. Come across any Rebs? You stay put! You understand?

STONE

Yeah.

Colgrove delivers a stern nod and walks off. Stone shakes his head and SIGHS.

HUNT

What?

STONE

It's all wrong. All of this. Ever since we crashed. Whatever punch us here, was an abomination. Huge mistake.

HUNT

What are you saying, Ziggy?



STONE

This is their world, their problems, their solutions. Us tryin' to fix it, we don't know the damage we're causin'. If we're not the answer?

Stone looks into Hunt's eyes. She nods, lips tighten.

HUNT

We're the problem.  
(beat)  
What -- what about Michelle?

Stone assimilates. He looks over at Luge staring back at him.

STONE

Give me a minute.

Stone steps to Luge -- Hunt watches them engage in MOS conversation. She turns and enters the rear of the carriage.

EXT. SLAB TOWN - LUGE'S TENT - CONTINUOUS

Luge closes his Bible and offers his hand. Stone hesitates... grips it tight and gives a firm shake.

STONE

Maybe you're right. We're here for a reason. Both of us. Remember, what to do.

LUGE

Yes.

STONE

Thank you, Luge.

Luge delivers a stern nod and grins.

LUGE

Thank you... Sergeant Ziggy Stone.

Luge lets go of Stone's hand... smiles. Stone returns the smile and paces back to the Union escort.

INT. COVERED WAGON - CONTINUOUS

Stone steps inside and settles down next to Hunt. Hunt gives him a playful look... shakes it off.

HUNT

What'd you say to him?

Stone reaches into his cargo pocket and pulls out the wrapped cigars. He hands it to Hunt. Hunt takes it and places it into her breast pocket.

HUNT (CONT'D)

Like carrying gold.

Stone and Hunt grapple for stability as the carriage lunges and rolls forward.

LATER

Stone and Hunt sit, gazing into nothingness as the wagon bumps and jostles against the road. Hunt looks at Stone, itching to break through the uncomfortable silence.

HUNT

Missing something?

Hunt reaches into her leg pocket and pulls out Stone's dip can. Offers it to Stone.

Stone hesitates... takes it. He looks it over... throws it out the rear of the wagon.

Hunt grins -- pleasantly surprised.

THE HUM sounds overhead.

Both stare down at the floor of the wagon. THE HUM carries on.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY

Birds break from a tree at the side of the path. Straddled on Challenger, Dawson looks skyward as THE HUM spreads through the sky. He looks behind...

... to Harrison survey the sky from the carriage carrying the vital weaponry and ammunition.

Dawson turns and looks at...

... Wolff trod in front -- eyes focused ahead.

Dawson reaches into his breast pocket and pulls out a cigarette and his Zippo. He plants the cigarette into his mouth, SNAPS up the cam, and strikes the Zippo over his thigh.

THE HUM trails into silence.

Dawson surveys his brother's fused dog tag.

DAWSON  
 (to self)  
 Hold tight, Lance. We're close.  
 Damn close.

He drops the Zippo into his pocket.

EXT. RIDGE - DIRT PATH - DAY

The Hum resonates. A crystalized SHIMMER stretches from the sky and cascades like a scintillant waterfall into an open clearing. The Hum subsides... grovels into a LOW RUMBLE.

Fog materializes and thickens, like clouding tea.

DAWSON AND CONFEDERATE ESCORT

plod to a halt. Wolff reaches into his haversack, pulls out a brass, spy-glass telescope and peers through it down into the open cut...

... the TRANSLUCENT SHIMMER osculates the center of the field and displays a PHANTASMAL IMAGE of a landscape among a thick cloud, pouring out from the core of the SHIMMER.

WOLFF  
 In -- in the open! Down... about a  
 click!

Wolff hands Dawson the spy-glass telescope. Dawson peers through into the open cut where the SHIMMER osculates.

He glasses to a cloud of churned dust from Stone and his escort.

Dawson broods and lowers the scope.

DAWSON  
 (aside)  
 Fuck... me.

WOLFF  
 What is it?

DAWSON  
 Well, one... I reckon that there is  
 the dinner bell. But, I ain't ready  
 to go home yet. Two...  
 (MORE)

DAWSON (CONT'D)

if I were a bettin' man, which I am, lo and behold, my old friend stayed the course, tryin' to get dispatch One Ninety-One to Yank command.

(chuckles)

Swingin' dem balls, Ziggy! Bravo!

Dawson looks Wolff in the eye.

DAWSON (CONT'D)

Suggest you set for ambush. Time is somethin' we don't have.

Lieutenant Wolff furrows.

DAWSON (CONT'D)

Ready positions, lieutenant!

Wolff turns to his soldiers -- hesitant.

WOLFF

Ready -- ready positions!

Confederate soldiers hustle into position.

Wolff turns to Dawson -- looks deep into his eyes.

WOLFF (CONT'D)

What of the mission?

DAWSON

This was always the mission, lieutenant!

Wolff looks down into the clearing, uncertainty welling in his eyes.

EXT. CLEARING - DAY

Colonel Berdan's horse plods over the soggy ground. They come to the edge of the open field below the ridge -- the crystalized shimmer PULSES in the center.

Berdan's horse stops and refuses to venture any further. Colonel Berdan dismounts and peers out across the open cut at the SHIMMER.

EXT. REAR CARRIAGE - CONTINUOUS

Stone and Hunt leap out from the rear of the wagon and walk to the front of the line, toward the

EXT. CLEARING - CONTINUOUS

and step next to Colonel Berdan, staring at the SHIMMER and its ghost-like image of a landscape.

STONE  
That -- that what I think it is?

HUNT  
(awestruck)  
Must be where it all started.

STONE  
Point of Flexure.

Stone surveys the area.

STONE (CONT'D)  
Ripped everythin' we had away.

He moves his gaze to the ridge line -- senses something.

STONE (CONT'D)  
Colt.

Hunt surveys the ridge.

HUNT  
How do you know?

STONE  
He was led here. Like we were.

Stone turns and strides determined toward the rear of the line.

STONE (CONT'D)  
Colonel!

COLONEL BERDAN  
What is it?

STONE  
Ready your men! They're on that  
ridge!

Colonel Berdan eyes the ridge.

COLONEL BERDAN  
Ready arms!

Union soldiers scamper into position.

EXT. REAR CARRIAGE - CONTINUOUS

Stone throws off the cover. He grabs a rifle-musket. Hunt's hand grips his wrist. She beams into his eyes.

HUNT  
(quietly)  
We can go home, Ziggy! You can see  
her again! Be with her! Protect  
her!

Stone looks at the shimmering Point of Flexure. His eyes soften.

He looks back at Hunt.

STONE  
I lost `em well before we crashed.  
Like you said, it'll find its way  
to her. There's more than one way  
to go home.

Stone looks Hunt in the eye. Hunt gives a bereaved smile.

HUNT  
Let's save what's worth saving.

Stone looks to the front of the line and gives a determined nod to Colonel Berdan.

EXT. RIDGE - DAY

Dawson crouches, embracing his M27. His eyes gaze up to...

... hawks gracefully loll and circle in the sky.

His gaze moves into the trees; Lieutenant Wolff stands alone.

Dawson gives a determined nod. He stands and steps through the sticks and branches into the

EXT. WOOD - CONTINUOUS

and appears from the shadows behind Wolff.

Wolff holds McCrae's bloodied infantry patch, closely looking it over.

WOLFF  
Regardless of who is victorious...  
there will be no victory.  
(MORE)

WOLFF (CONT'D)

Devil has set roost, poisoned all  
precious to us. Curse it be upon  
me, I should have known...

DAWSON

Known what, lieutenant?

WOLFF

Stain... of betrayal.

Wolff rubs his thumb over the blood-smudged patch.

WOLFF (CONT'D)

Just matter of time before you'd  
make your move.

Wolff gives an amused shake of the head, turns, and tosses  
McCrae's blood-stained patch to Dawson. Dawson catches it --  
flashes a look of surprise.

His eyes harden back on Wolff.

DAWSON

This will be my lead. There's a  
higher hand at play. Destiny  
rightin' itself. Somethin' beyond  
you... me.

WOLFF

These weapons are in the hands of  
my men! My... men!

DAWSON

They are my men, now!

Dawson draws his Sig P320 on Wolff.

DAWSON (CONT'D)

My South!

Dawson slides McCrae's patch into his pocket.

DAWSON (CONT'D)

Purchased with blood!

Wolff draws his Lemat Revolver on Dawson.

WOLFF

There's only one South, sergeant!  
And it ain't yours! I will not  
allow it!

Dawson contemplates, looks Wolff over, gives a slight nod...  
grins. He slowly lowers his P320.

WOLFF (CONT'D)

Hand it over!

Dawson flips his P320 in his hand -- offers it to Wolff.  
Wolff carefully reaches for it.

WOLFF (CONT'D)

There will be charges!

DAWSON

Believe the word you lookin' for  
is...

In a flash, Dawson grabs Wolff's hand -- twists -- jabs a  
bayonet into Wolff's armpit.

DAWSON (CONT'D)

... consequences!

Shock bulges from Wolff's eyes.

Dawson grips Wolff's coat, guiding him gently to the ground.  
He carefully starts to unbutton Wolff's frock coat. Wolff  
looks on speechless... falls unconscious.

Dawson rolls Wolff over and pulls the coat free.

He carefully slides on the lieutenant's blood-stained frock  
coat... seals it with a sharp tug of the collar. Dawson steps  
out from the

EXT. TREE LINE - CONTINUOUS

donned in Wolff's Gray Confederate frock coat. CONFEDERATE  
SOLDIERS stop and stare -- perplexed.

Dawson surveys the soldiers, steps to Challenger, hoist  
himself over the saddle, and straddles the steed.

Soldiers glare at him, uncertain. One of them steps forward.

CONFEDERATE SOLDIER

Lieutenant Wolff. Where is he?

Dawson glares down at the soldier... scours over the rest of  
them.

DAWSON

Lieutenant Wolff didn't have the  
stomach! This will be my lead... to  
win this battle, this war!  
Independence will be ours! Ripped  
from the jaws of tyranny!



THE HUM resonates above -- heavy.

They all look skyward.

Dawson draws his sword and pierces it skyward.

DAWSON (CONT'D)  
Give `em a yell, boys!

Rebel YELLS erupt from the soldiers; high-pitched YELPS and BARKS.

DAWSON (CONT'D)  
Ready arms!

Dawson yanks the reins -- challenger rears.

The Confederate soldiers raise their muskets skyward. Dawson leads the way... down the sloped ridge to the clearing below.

EXT. CLEARING - DAY

Colonel Berdan balances upon his trotting horse, eyeballing the ridge.

BERDAN  
Take your aim... fire at will!

He heels the horse's side -- hastens out of the clearing.

TUFTS of powdered musket leap from the grass as Berdan's Sharpshooters fire into the ridge line.

EXT. RIDGE - DAY

Confederate soldiers fall and tumble down the slope as Minié balls tear into them.

EXT. CLEARING - DAY

Dawson charges out from the tree line astride Challenger.

He mows down the furtive, Sharpshooters with unfettered rage -  
- M27 blazing! TAT! TAT! TAT!

Stone focuses through the smoke -- sees Dawson and his Confederate soldiers spilling out from the ridge.

He grabs Hunt by the shoulders and pulls her close -- eye-to-eye.

STONE

Don't let--

A gut-wrenching YELL -- A CONFEDERATE SOLDIER springs out from the smoke.

CRACK!

A Minié strikes Hunt in the back. Stone grabs and aims his rifle musket.

CRACK!

Strikes the soldier in the chest. The soldier falls and tumbles into Stone. They stare at each other as the life drains from the soldier's eyes. Stone pushes the soldier away.

He lunges and grips Hunt's arms to keep her from falling.

Blood leaps from her mouth. One hand grabs Stone's arm for support, the other fumbles toward her pocket. Stone takes hold of her hand... reaches into her pocket and retrieves the wrapped cigars.

HUNT

(weak)

Ziggy...

STONE

(tenderly)

Ssshhhh. I'm here. It's okay.

Hunt smiles.

HUNT

Daddy... can still make it better.

Hunt forces a smile... slips off... dies. Stone lets her settle gently to the ground. He stares -- heartbroken.

He examines the wrapped cigars smeared with Hunt's blood. Stone looks skyward in thought. He carefully places the wrapped cigars into his cargo pocket.

His eyes beam into the whited air heavy with cries of unseen men in battle.

EXT. RIDGE - DAY

CONFEDERATE and UNION SOLDIERS battle in dense fog with M27s and rifle muskets blazing.

EXT. CLEARING - DAY

Stone flounders through the fog and battle.

Dawson bleeds out from the whited air astride Challenger. His eyes zero on Stone. Stone on him. Dawson aims his M27 --

CLICK! Empty magazine!

Challenger stumbles to a halt. Dawson fumbles for his ammo pack.

INTERCUT - DAWSON/STONE

STONE - yanks out a paper cartridge -- tears it with his teeth and pours gunpowder into the flash pan --

DAWSON - SNAPS free the empty magazine, bumbles for balance on Challenger... situates a new magazine.

STONE - JAMS the ramrod into the barrel.

DAWSON - SNAPS in the new magazine! Aims!

STONE - CLICKS the hammer back. Aims!

CRACK!

A Minié ball rips into Dawson's chest. He tumbles off Challenger.

EXT. CLEARING - DAY

STONE lowers his rifle-musket... drops it and strides to Dawson lying on the ground, gasping for breath.

DAWSON

Fu -- fucked term, ain't it?

He grabs Dawson by his frock coat and pulls him up.

STONE

What?

Dawson grabs Stone's hand and forces his Zippo into it.

DAWSON

(grins)

Fr -- friendly fire.

Stone surveys Lance Dawson's fused dog tag. Looks back at him.

STONE

Isn't our call, Colt. It never is.

Dawson struggles to breathe.

DAWSON

No... but it was always our war.

Stone takes hold of Dawson's hand and places the Zippo in his palm -- squeezes Dawson's fingers around it -- secure.

Dawson's eyes flutter... then, close into death.

CRACK!

Stone stumbles back, and THUDS to the ground -- his chest punctured by a Minié ball. The wrapped cigars fall from his grip and land on the ground.

Stone reaches -- grabs hold of it. A SHADOW looms over him.

INT. UNION CAMP - COMMAND TENT - SAME

A SHADOW spreads over Colonel Colgrove at his desk, studying a map.

UNION SOLDIER (O.S.)

Colonel!

The Colonel looks up at...

... A UNION SOLDIER. Standing next to him is Luge, ROLLED YELLOWED PAPER tight in his grip.

EXT. CLEARING - SAME

The SHADOW widens over Stone. Shoes CRUNCH over dirt... a pair of worn brogans step into view. A HAND reaches down and tries to yank the wrapped cigars from Stone's grip.

Stone looks up at... Henry Harrison. Harrison smirks.

HARRISON

Don't be a martyr. Holdin' on to that ain't worth dyin'.

Stone struggles to catch his breath. His lips tighten with determination.

STONE

Lettin' it go... ain't worth livin'!

Stone pulls the wrapped cigars tight to his chest.

INT. COMMAND TENT - SAME

Colgrove smooths open the rolled, yellowed paper.

INSERT SPECIAL ORDER 191 -- In handwritten form, the top portion of the paper reads:

"(CONFIDENTIAL)

ARMY OF NORTHERN VA.

SEPT. 9TH, 1862

SPECIAL ORDER NO. 191

III The army will resume its march tomorrow, taking the Hagerstown road. General Jackson's command will form the advance, and, after passing Middletown... "

BACK TO SCENE

Colgrove looks into Luge's eyes, his lips quivering with relief.

EXT. STONE - SAME

Harrison reaches down and pries the wrapped cigars from Stone's grip. He unrolls the paper around the cigars.

INSERT - MICHELLE'S DRAWING

The crayon drawing of Stone is fully figured; fatigues in full color with the cape. The stick-figured Michelle by his side, arms raised in victory.

The stars are bold and full above them.

BACK TO SCENE

Stone smiles. His eyes fix skyward. Peacefulness settles over him.

STONE  
(hushed tone)  
See you soon... li -- little star.

His chest heaves. He struggles for a breath. Dies.

Harrison SIGHS, regards Michelle's crayon drawing and places it upon Stone's chest.

The HUM heavily weighs the sky... the surroundings ripple like water and melt from a crude and fallow landscape to rich textured terrain... an unearthly light FLASHES overhead... the air burns white...

SILHOUETTED MAN (PRE-LAP)

(distant)

You are to clear the area  
immediately! That man is in the  
custody of Special Operations!

EXT. RIDGE - NIGHT

Lieutenant Markham stands by the military transport witnessed in the opening scene, watching Harrison forced out from its rear.

Harrison is guided to the waiting Pave Hawk sitting among a glowing, frenzied cloud of dust. He is muscled inside -- the aft door SLAMS shut!

SUPER: "PRESENT-DAY"

Markham and the Silhouetted Man size each other up. The Silhouetted Man turns and SIGNALS for the surrounding troops to disperse. He paces back to the Pave Hawk -- settles inside.

The Pave Hawk lifts off... ascending skyward... as WE see...

... search lights lance through the trees from atop a CONCRETE WALL topped with razor wire, the STAINLESS BANNER basking in the glow of floodlights... ascending higher... a mounted, weatherworn, METAL SIGN comes into view. It reads:

"MILITARY DEMARCATION LINE  
SOUTHERN BOUNDARY"

... a ravine... soldiers litter its floor dressed in Civil War-era dirty gray and Union blue uniforms... rising higher... the OPPOSITE SIDE of the wall... a 38 STAR AMERICAN FLAG waves majestically aglow in the wind; a surviving symbol of hope.

The Pave Hawk levels off and THUNDERS away... the landscape is vast and empty beneath it as it disappears into the night's darkness, only the strobe of its navigation lights rhythmically pulse among the countless STARS, as we

FADE TO BLACK