

The Walk

1 EXT. LONG HILLSIDE -- MORNING

Burnt gunpowder and faint screams crawl across the mangled landscape then slowly dissipate.

A PRIVATE of the CONFEDERATE ARMY, 18, lays curled up as the earth explodes showering the area with broken rock and dirt. CU: a WEATHERED CONFEDERATE, 30, his face is layered with mud, dried blood, and sweat. He yells...

WEATHERED CONFEDERATE

Run! God'damn Yanks are too many!
Retreat!

The Weathered Confederate turns and races downhill, missing explosions by sheer luck. He turns and fires his brass plated revolver towards the camera.

NOTE: (setup mirror, zoom into mirror to have W.C. in a MS: shoot a ball into the mirror, it shatters, we take it from the frame before to simulate the bullet hitting the audience/camera.)

Camera follows parallel to the Weathered Confederate fleeing downhill, he navigates through a mess of dead soldiers.

The Weathered Confederate slides behind cover of a tree, balled up before him is the young Confederate PRIVATE.

WEATHERED CONFEDERATE (CONT'D)

Up son! Or you'll be dead where you lay!
(beat)
Get upright! Come on!

The Weathered Confederate pulls the Young Private to his feet and drags him down the hill. The two make off into thick brush and disappear.

2 EXT. WOODS / THICK BRUSH -- MORNING

The two Confederates fight through a thicket of growth, W.C. slows his step, the young Private does the same, they crouch low. The two soldiers ease to a halt, kneeling they listen. Moments pass by... the clouds carry, trees sway, and the two soldiers wait in silence, looking towards each other... the sky. W.C. begins to move the Private follows.

The Confederates take a few steps, a branch breaks under the Private's boot, they keep moving.

FOUR FAINT SMALL CLICKS...

The Weathered Confederate stops, turn's, a revolver is pointed at his profile. Slowly rotating he eye's a very nervous CORPORAL of the Confederate Army. The CORPORAL lowers his revolver, decock's the weapon.

The Weathered Confederate take's a mild breath, releasing the fear.

No one says a word, they just glance at each other then move as a group deeper into the forest.

3 EXT. STREAM -- AFTERNOON

Water splashes as the Private carefully paces upstream trying not to slip. Ahead of him the Corporal, as the Weathered Confederate leads. They walk in a line ready with weapons hugging the shoreline.

A DISTANT GUNSHOT ECHOES, THEN ANOTHER.

The three glance around.

WEATHERED CONFEDERATE
Keep moving...

CORPORAL
(quietly to Private,
gesturing with a
whisper)
Keep moving...

The trio continue onward.

4 EXT. EDGE OF FIELD -- EARLY EVENING

The sun rest low nearing sunset. The three Confederates lay flat, their arms reaching into the field.

CORPORAL
Our best is to cross this field get a
bearing of direction.

WEATHERED CONFEDERATE
Not under the all seeing sun...
(beat)
There's only a few hours till darkness, we
can wait.

CORPORAL
We should cross.

WEATHERED CONFEDERATE
Survival is my decision Corporal.

The Weathered Confederate takes a long stare at the Corporal.

PRIVATE
We should keep moving... If we're tracked.

The W.C. eyes the terrain.

WEATHERED CONFEDERATE
Move soft, keep in the shadow of these
trees and eyes to the right I can't see
over the hill.

The Weathered Confederate leads the trio upward along the edge of the field. They traverse along the hill then down to another thick tree line.

5 EXT. HILLSIDE -- EARLY EVENING

A bearded Union Calvary Scout notices the Confederates through the lens of a pocket telescope.

BEARDED UNION SCOUT
(aloud, in a raspy voice)
Looks like three Confederates taking to the
woods...

The FIVE UNION CALVARY SCOUTS take off across the open hillside.

6 EXT. WOODS LINE -- EARLY EVENING

The Three Confederates enter the edge of the woods. Far off in the distance barley visible as a small blue blur the Yankee's maneuver on horseback.

7 EXT. WOODS -- EARLY EVENING

Fading light hits the three Confederates as they navigate the woods, a faint rumble of pounding weight and crackling branches echo through the foliage. The Confederates halt and listen.

WEATHERED CONFEDERATE
Horses...!

The men run, jumping over branches, racing for distance. The Union soldiers close in and a Yankee takes a shot, the Weathered Confederate nears a large tree, turns, aims and fires back.

YANKEE SOLDIER #1 jumps from his horse and takes a hit from a .44 caliber ball. The Union Calvary Scouts collectively return fire. And keep under cover near their horses.

The Confederate Private falls to his stomach from a bullet to his right leg. He lifts himself from the ground limping onward. The Weathered Confederate races by, turns and fires two rounds, then kneels to load. The Private hurries along limping and bleeding.

8 EXT. STEEP SLOPE / ROCK FACE -- EARLY EVENING

The Confederate Corporal stops at a drop off, he begins climbing down. The other Confederates make it to the falloff, the injured Private begins his descent as the Weathered Confederate turns and fires off four rounds.

9 EXT. WOODS -- EARLY EVENING

The Union Calvary Soldiers ditch their horses, rapidly taking packs of equipment. Tying their horses off to tree branches.

UNION CALVARY SOLDIER #4

This land is our own, they're our god'damn prey and we're a hunting party. I don't wish'em creeping up on us.

UNION CALVARY SOLDIER #3

Creep up or not we could kill one of many or one of few. It don't matter anymore.

(beat)

We're the same, just kill.

UNION CALVARY SOLDIER #5

We need to move, finish packing carry it light. Follow our duties if it matters or not.

10 EXT. STEEP SLOPE / ROCK FACE -- EARLY EVENING

The Confederates manage their way down. The injured Private moves slow, blood drips down one leg and falls from his boot.

11 EXT. WOODS -- EARLY EVENING

The Yankee's boots trample the wooded area, rushing for the Confederates.

12 EXT. BOTTOM OF DROP OFF -- EARLY EVENING

The injured Private is helped into thick woods, above the Yankee's lean over the drop off looking down. The Weathered Confederate takes the Private's revolver and lets off the remaining five rounds at the Yankee soldiers while retreating.

13 EXT. WOODS -- NIGHT

The Weathered Confederate helps the injured Private as they move through the woods. Snapping tree branches, running sounds... The two take a knee, suddenly the Corporal appears from thick brush.

CORPORAL

There's a barn out about six hundred yards cross a stream. I believe it's deserted.

Both soldiers stare at the Corporal, he's nodding. CU: Weathered Confederate, his strained face.

14 INT. BARN -- NIGHT

Total darkness, a door bursts open, light blurs the scene, the W.C. and Corporal enter, revolvers cocked as they approach the camera scouting the abandoned barn.

15 EXT. BARN -- NIGHT

The injured Private leans against the barn, revolver in hand, holding his right leg, above the wound, blood pumping as he suffers and sweats. His eye's wanting to shut and his body giving out.

16 INT. BARN -- NIGHT

The two Confederates search the barn, peek out windows, they inspect the location. After a moment when it seems clear the Confederates look to each other. (Note: Shots of the floor leaking dirt as they walk upon the squeaking wood.)

WEATHERED CONFEDERATE

This'll suffice.

17 INT. BARN -- NIGHT

The Weathered Confederate tends to the Private's wound. He leaks Shine from a flask, alcohol on the wound. The W.C. fishes his finger through the open cavity searching for the .44 caliber ball.

WEATHERED CONFEDERATE

Got it...

(to the Private)

I got the ball out son.

PRIVATE

(barley conscious)

I can't feel much... the pains consumed me, hard to breathe. Corn whiskey.

The Weathered Confederate pours whiskey in the boy's mouth he chokes, closes his eyes.

The Weathered Confederate rips up clothing, knotting pieces together and wraps the Private's wound. The private is passed out, unconscious.

He stands and approaches the Corporal.

WEATHERED CONFEDERATE

I can't get fingers on that ball, he might make sunrise. I can't stop his bleeding.

CORPORAL

Well Sir I was never capable with wounds. If you could stay with him tonight I'll sleep outside for warning if we need to flee.

(confident)

I'll know if Yank's are approaching.

The Weathered Confederate nods, he hands off the flask. The Corporal takes a swig, hands it back.

CORPORAL (CONT'D)

See you first light.

The Corporal walks off into the darkness.

18 EXT. BARN -- NIGHT

The Corporal lays under a tree near the barn, his eyes slowly tire, and close.

19 EXT. UNDER A TREE -- EARLY EVENING / MAGIC HOUR

Light hits the Corporal's face, he's clean, shaved, laying on a blanket his hand grips another's. He turns his head, as a BEAUTIFUL WOMAN turns her's, they seem happy. It fades... (Note: get one shot from high above looking through branches)

20 INT. BARN -- MORNING

A CU: of the Weathered Confederate looking down, CU: the Corporal looking down, early morning light creeps through cracks in the wall and windows.

CU: The Private, his mouth open, his face blue, he's dead. FS: Of all three soldiers, standing motionless, blurry edges like a painting. No movement.

ECU: The two Confederates rummage through the Private's pockets, taking anything of use. A knife, some .44 caliber balls, and a small satchel laying beside the deceased soldier.

21 EXT. STREAM -- EARLY MORNING

The remaining Two Confederates cross a stream, the Corporal stops near the edge, watches the water, he flips over a few rocks searching for crayfish. The Weathered Confederate watches as the Corporal snatches a few crawdad's.

CORPORAL

We can roast'em over a small ground fire.

WEATHERED CONFEDERATE

We'll need more then crawdaddie's.

The Corporal puts a few crayfish in his pocket.

22 EXT. WOODS / GRASSY PATCH -- MORNING

The Weathered Confederate slowly approaches a rabbit, he carries a sharpened spear. He inches closer to the sitting rabbit, holds out the spear, readies his arm to throw and releases. The spear misses, the rabbit runs off. The Weathered Confederate pulls his revolver, cocks the hammer, but he can't fire. Too loud...

WEATHERED CONFEDERATE

God damn you! God'damn everything!

He decock's his revolver, drops his head and falls to his knees. He lightly sobs. After a moment he looks up, CU: facing the camera. His muscles relax, no expression, just an emotionless stare.

23 EXT. WOODS / HILL OF TREES -- AFTERNOON

The Weathered Confederate spots a squirrel under a tree, he raises his spear, he releases the sharpened stick.

24 EXT. WOODS -- DAY

The Weathered Confederate approaches the Corporal sitting by a low burning fire. The W.C. tosses a dead squirrel on the ground.

WEATHERED CONFEDERATE

Not much, but something...

CORPORAL

Thank you lord, I would have expect to hear a shot for this squirrel. Lets eat.

25 EXT. WOODS / SMALL FIRE -- DAY

The crayfish cook over the fire speared on small thin branches. The Weathered Confederate lays the skinned squirrel on a small stick over the flames. They randomly pick at the crayfish and sip water from a pouch.

CORPORAL

We ain't making it home you know... If there's even a patch of land to settle.

The Weathered Confederate just listens.

CORPORAL (CONT'D)

One way the Yanks capture and kill us. Figure the the other way, to our Confederate brothers and we'll be executed as deserters. We have little food, depleting munitions, bare energy... Simply any direction its rolling hills, deep rivers, woods upon woods forever. How long?

(beat)

I don't see us surviving...

WEATHERED CONFEDERATE

To live or exist despite danger or hardship...to survive. It's all we have. It's only us...

(beat)

Traverse West cover terrain into uncivilized territory, if we can make it that far. Avoiding unknown tribes and a harsh winter. Become mountain men wait out the war if it's possible.

CORPORAL

You contain a mind stronger then your body. I have doubt. I'm not scared to die, I just...I'm soulless.

(beat)

I'll follow you but I feel this right here might be our last unencumbered moment. And that's questionable...

WEATHERED CONFEDERATE

I don't disagree. But I fought too long to die like this. My wife Dotti means everything, my son... I assume waits for his father's knock at the door. I can't fail for my family.

(MORE)

WEATHERED CONFEDERATE (CONT'D)

(beat)

I almost forget their features at times and I wonder how they've changed. Knowing only that I'm a different man... If I have a purpose it's only for them to see me once more.

The Corporal nods sympathetically, chewing on the tail of a crayfish.

CORPORAL

There's one someone I wish to see, again...

WEATHERED CONFEDERATE

It's only when we quit that we're done, and I don't think we'll be buried.

The Weathered Confederate takes the cooked squirrel and cuts it into pieces for the two. The W.C. takes only one third of the meat to consume.

26 EXT. WOODS / SMALL BURNT OUT FIRE -- AFTERNOON

The fire has burnt itself out, both Confederates lay peacefully... Their eyes closed. Reflections of sunlight slice through the thick foliage onto the face of the Weathered Confederate. His eyes move wildly under their lids.

27 EXT. FIELD -- MORNING

A rifle lifts into frame, then another, they both fire as a third barrel is raised. The Weathered Confederate, clean shaven holds a rifle. A YOUNG UNION SOLDIER rests on his knees aside two freshly dead Yankee soldiers.

YOUNG UNION SOLDIER

Please, don't pull that trigger... I have a family.

WEATHERED CONFEDERATE

We all have families.

The Weathered Confederate fires his rifle, the smoke clears, the soldier is dead. The scene goes dark, into...

28 EXT. PAINTERLY FIELD -- EVENING

CU: A woman's face, through a plastic lens, the colors are distorted and blurry, her face is soft.

WOMAN
(in a distorted
whispering voice)
Wake up my love... Run! Run!

29 EXT. WOODS / SMALL BURNT OUT FIRE -- AFTERNOON

The Weathered Confederate opens his eyes, unaware they fell asleep he wakes the Corporal.

WEATHERED CONFEDERATE
Wake up... Corporal...

He opens his eyes.

CORPORAL
Oh god we were fast asleep.

The wind...

WEATHERED CONFEDERATE
I hear movement.

The two quietly take defensive positions, they ready their firearms.

CORPORAL
(quietly)
You see anything?

The Weathered Confederate shakes his head. Then under green leaves he notices a blue cap and fires a round.

30 EXT. WOODS UPHILL -- CONTINUOUS

YANKEE SOLDIER #2 takes a bullet to the face, his head anchors back blood mists the air. The remaining three Yankees open fire.

31 EXT. WOODS -- AFTERNOON

The Corporal takes a bullet to his left shoulder, his arm goes weak. He continues to fire with one hand. The Weathered Confederate retreats a few yards behind cover and keeps firing.

WEATHERED CONFEDERATE
Fall back!

The Corporal stops firing and retreats behind the Weathered Confederate. Then lets off two rounds. One lead ball strikes YANKEE SOLDIER #3 in the chest, he goes limp. The Weather Confederate drops back again. And fires off two rounds.

WEATHERED CONFEDERATE (CONT'D)

Run!

The Corporal turns to run, a bullet hits him in the back, he falls. Then crawls...

32 EXT. WOODS UPHILL -- CONTINUOUS

One Yankee finishes loading a rifle, takes aim, he fires.

33 EXT. WOODS -- CONTINUOUS

The Weathered Confederate takes a bullet to the lower gut, he falls to the ground behind a tree. To his right he see the Corporal laying nearly flat loading a .44 caliber ball, then small rocks into the remaining cylinders. The Weathered Confederate, fires off another round.

CORPORAL
I'm out of lead...

The Weathered Confederate loads a lead ball, tearing off pieces from his shirt for wadding.

WEATHERED CONFEDERATE
Keep firing! I'm same!

Shots in random patterns hit the dirt and trees within inches of another devastating injury. Both Confederates load anything useful into their cylinders, small stones and pebbles, flakes of dirt, pieces of clothing. Each placing caps on the nipples of the cylinders, then turn, and fire!

34 EXT. WOODS UPHILL -- AFTERNOON

The YANKEES hide for cover then continue downhill, jumping over branches and ducking to avoid deadly wounds.

35 EXT. WOODS -- AFTERNOON

The Corporal cocks his revolver with a Yankee in his sights, he pulls the trigger and the cap ignites but the powder never catches. Cocking the revolver again... The Yankee soldier closes the gap and pulls his trigger! The ball lodges itself in the Corporals neck, he falls back. Bleeding profusely and choking.

The Weathered Confederate turns to witness the Corporals horror, he fires at the nearby Union Calvary Soldier #4 hitting him with a shot of pebbles. The Yankee Soldier falls over.

The other Union Calvary Soldier #5 takes a shot and hits the Weathered Confederate in the back, he falls to his stomach.

The Weathered Confederate watches the Corporal take his last choking breath, his hand looses strength and slides from his neck. The blood still pumping but his soul has retired.

CU: The wounded Yankee stands, holding his shoulder, small bits of blood seep through tiny holes.

UNION CALVARY SOLDIER #4
God'damn that was fierce.

The unwounded Union Calvary Soldier retrieves the tightly gripped revolver from the Weather Confederate, who quickly pulls a bowie knife and slices the Union Calvary Soldier's leg. The Union Calvary Soldier cocks his revolver and puts a lead ball into the Weathered Confederates hand. The knife drops.

UNION CALVARY SOLDIER #5
Nobody wants a dirtied brass revolver.

He tosses the pistol, grabs the Weathered Confederate by his shirt and drags him to the waters edge, the Weathered Confederate is helpless to fight back. The Union Calvary Soldier pulls the Weathered Confederate to his knees. Cocks his revolver and positions it carefully to the back of the Weathered Confederates head.

NOTE: (Dig a hole, put the cameraman below the Confederate looking up to see the Weathered Confederates face with the Yankee soldier behind him.) CU: The Weathered Confederate has no expression, just one last breath...

UNION CALVARY SOLDIER
To the annihilation of traitors.

He pulls the trigger. The Weathered Confederate takes the bullet and falls.

BLEEDING YANKEE
I'm taking a souvenir.

The bleeding Yankee pulls his knife and cuts off the ears of the Corporal, blood still oozing from his neck. The Union Calvary Soldier kicks the Weathered Confederate into the moving water. The Weathered Confederate's body floats downstream, lifeless and ruined.

Note: Place a camera with waterproof housing on the back of the Weathered Confederate as he drifts downstream, camera looking back at the Yankees on the edge of the water.

Then place the camera under water as his dead body passes from head to toes over the camera, water passes by...

THE END