"YOUNG MR. LINCOLN"

Original Story and Screenplay

by

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Revised Final
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"YOUNG MR. LINCOLN"

FADE IN

1 TITLE

1832

DISSOLVE TO:

2 EXT. NEW SALEM COUNTRYSIDE - DAY - WIDE ANGLE

as a covered wagon, drawn by two horses, and
followed by the family cow, jerks and lurches west-
ward along a narrow, rutted road, leading through
sparsely planted farm land, past intermittent wooded
places beside the muddy banks of the Sangamon River.

3 CLOSE MOVING SHOT - WAGON

driven by a bearded man in homespun clothes. At his
side is his wife, ABAGAIL CLAY, her face almost lost
in a sunbonnet. Behind their parents, in the body
of the wagon, are two boys, MATT, aged 15, and
ADAM, 11. Matt is slender, not too strong looking.
Adam is big for his age - eager - alert.

FATHER
(suddenly pointing ahead)
Son - what's that sign up
there say?

MATT
(spelling it out)
N-E-W --

4 ANOTHER ANGLE

holding the family in f.g., as the wagon jerks
past a rough, wooden road sign on which is crudely
printed "NEW SALEM ILL."

(CONTINUED)
4 (Cont.)

MATT
(spelling it out)

ADAM
(puzzled)
Reckon that's the name of the place we're comin' to, Pa?

5

CLOSE SHOT - WAGON SEAT

as the driver nods agreement.

FATHER
Reckon so, son, but it's a mighty peculiar name.

ABAGAIL
(with quiet resignation)
'Tain't no more peculiar than what folks told us we'd come across out here.

FATHER
(his eyes lightening up)
Well, younder it is -- whatever it is.

6

LONG SHOT - NEW SALEM - DAY - (FROM WAGON)

The little town consists of five or six cabins - homes, stores, churches and taverns, scarcely distinguishable from one another. At present, some fifty or sixty people are assembled in front of one of the cabins.

ADAM'S VOICE
(eagerly)
Hurry, Pa! Somethin's happenin'!

7

MOVING SHOT - WAGON

as the father cracks his whip in the air to spur the horses on a little faster, the boys leaning forward, anxious to have a part in what lies ahead.
as the good-natured, but rough, backwoods people
listen to the concluding words of a ranting polit-
ical speech by JOHN T. STUART, Lincoln's future law
partner, now a member of the State Legislature and
candidate for re-election. Stuart, who is better
dressed than his auditors, is a spellbinder from
way back - an orator of the old school. His "stump"
is the front steps of a small log cabin, actually
the Berry-Lincoln store, although it is not digni-
fied with a sign. At one end of the porch a barrel
of whiskey, an inevitable adjunct of electioneering,
has been set up; and several men are helping them-
themselves from a tin dipper. The crowd includes women
and children of all ages, as well as the entire male
voting population. Here and there buckskin breeches
and Indian moccasins are in evidence, indicating how
really close New Salem is to the wilderness.

STUART
(at the top of
his lungs)
I tell you Andrew Jackson, that
gr-eat volcano at Washington,
is belching forth a lava of
political corruption which is
sweeping over the length and
breadth of this land, leaving
unscathed no green spot nor
living thing! Sangamon County
- take warning! Send me - John
T. Stuart - back to the Legis-
lature, and I'll see that every
Jackson man in the place is
whipped out of office - like a
dog out of a meat house!

Instantly the crowd is roaring its approval, the
men giving vent to a series of deafening shouts,
though, as a matter of record, the Jackson men
probably outnumber the Whigs two-to-one.

MED. CLOSE SHOT - STUART

as, pleased with himself, he mops his brow with a
large handkerchief.

STUART
(holding up a
hand for quiet)
And now, friends, I bow to one
of your own citizens of New Salem,
who will address you further on
behalf of the great and incorrupt-
ible Whig Party - God bless it!

And, turning, he flings out an arm, indicating some-
one offscene, as the crowd again shouts with approval.
seated on an upturned keg of nails, with his back against the store, his long legs interlaced around each other. He is now 23 years old - a tall, homely youth already capable of extremes of humor and melancholy. At this time he is in the full flower of his manhood, with a physical strength which has already made him favorably known throughout the county. As the crowd continues to yell, Lincoln slowly unwinds himself and gets to his feet. His appearance is certainly not prepossessing. He wears pantaloons, stuffed into rawhide boots, galluses, cotton shirt, and no coat. His hair is tousled.

as he digs his hands into his pockets and moves off awkwardly toward Stuart. Every step seems to have in it an apology to the crowd for even considering himself fit for public office. As he reaches Stuart, the latter holds out his hand. Lincoln takes it, shakes it once, quickly drops it. Then, as Stuart moves back, Lincoln faces the crowd. An unshaven man in the crowd (Frank Ford) looks up at Lincoln and grins.

FRANK
(to crowd)
Shhh!

The crowd grows quiet, but before he can utter a word, a noisy rumpus breaks out near the liquor barrel. Lincoln turns his head and looks off in that direction.

as two drunken men - one tall and clumsy, the other - EFE - short, but cocky - tear into each other, fists flying, kicking, gouging, grunting. Suddenly, the smaller of the men gets in a good solid blow, which sends his opponent backward into the cheering crowd.

EFE
(like a crowing rooster)
I can throw-down, drag-out and lick any man in this county!
I love the women, and I'm plumb full of fight.

As Efe concludes this wild outburst, Lincoln enters, and, without a change of expression or word, catches

(CONTINUED)
Efe by the nape of the neck and the seat of the britches, propels him around the corner of the store and dumps him into the rainbarrel. As Efe sputters and the crowd yells with delight, Lincoln turns back, steps up on the porch of the store, reassuming his awkward pose, and starts to address the crowd — without gestures or other oratorical effort.

**LINCOLN**
*(straightforward, simple)*

Gentlemen and fellow citizens; I presume you all know who I am. I'm plain Abraham Lincoln, I have been solicited by many friends to become a candidate for the Legislature. My politics are short and sweet, like the old woman's dance. I am in favor of a national bank. I am in favor of the internal improvements system and a high protective tariff. These are my sentiments and political principles. If elected, I shall be thankful; if not, it will be all the same.

With a short bow, he is through. There is a half-hearted, half-disappointed cheer as the speech ends, almost before it starts.

**13 WIDER ANGLE**

as Lincoln turns away toward Stuart, who is scowling.

**STUART**
*(in a low voice)*

You ought to have lit into 'em, Abe. In politics, everybody's got to play a part.

**LINCOLN**
*(easily)*

That's right, Major. Some've got to talk, some've got to fight, everybody's got to holler. So if it's all the same to you, I'll just pick out my own part for a spell yet.

As the suggestion of a smile lights up his sober face for the first time, a man's voice hails him from offscene.

*(CONTINUED)*
MAN'S VOICE

Hey, Abe!

He turns quickly in response to the summons.

COVERED WAGON - MED. CLOSE SHOT

The family still in wagon. A man stands beside the driver's seat.

MAN
(calling to Lincoln)
Come here, Abe! Somebody wants to do business with you!

ABAGAIL
(quickly)
We ain't aimin' to interfere with his electioneerin' --

MAN
(turning back with a laugh)
That's all right, ma'am. Abe knows he ain't got no chance of gettin' elected. He's just runnin' to hear hisself talk. (as Lincoln enters)

Abe - these folks here is from Ohio. They figure on doin' a little trading with Berry and Lincoln, if you got the notion.

LINCOLN
(with a bow)
Howdy, ma'am. (holding out his hand to driver)

Howdy. (as they shake)
How you been makin' out?

FATHER

Right good.

ABAGAIL

we ain't hit the bad places yet.
CLOSER SHOT - LINCOLN AND FAMILY

LINCOLN
(hospitably)
Won't you get down - and rest a while?

FATHER
Thank you - we was amin' to stretch a bit.
(hesitantly)
My old woman figured she might get some flannen for shirts.

LINCOLN
I reckon that can be arranged.

FATHER
(disturbed)
But we ain't got any money.

LINCOLN
You can send it to me.

ABAGAIL
We don't aim to ask for no credit.

LINCOLN
(humorously)
Well, ma'am, if it'd ease your mind any, the whole shebang here's worked on credit. Berry and me never put up a cent to start with, and from the way things look, we never will.

ABAGAIL
(hopefully)
We got a old barrel in the wagon may be worth fifty cents to some folks.

FATHER
(truthfully)
Of course, there ain't much in it - just some things that was layin' around the house, and some books belonged to my grandpappy.

LINCOLN
(instantly alert)
Books?

ABAGAIL
They won't be worth nothin' where we're headin'.
WIDER ANGLE

as Lincoln moves off immediately toward rear of wagon.

LINCOLN
(as he goes)
I'll get the barrel. You folks just go on in the store and help yourself.

ABAGAIL
(getting out)
It's the last barrel.

LINCOLN
(smiling)
Don't worry! If there're books in it, I'd smell 'em a mile off.

REAR OF WAGON - MED. CLOSE SHOT - LINCOLN

as he pulls aside the rear-end covers. Abagail enters beside him.

ABAGAIL
(pointing to barrel just inside wagon)
That's it.

Lincoln reaches in and lifts the heavy barrel to the ground. It has no cover on it, and he delves in. First, he brings out several useless articles, kitchenware, etc.; then his hand falls on a book, and he draws it out, shakes it off against his thigh, looks at it eagerly.

CLOSE SHOT - BOOK

in Lincoln's hands. It is a weatherbeaten copy of "BLACKSTONE'S COMMENTARIES."

MED. CLOSE SHOT - LINCOLN AND ABAGAIL

as he looks at the book.

(CONTINUED)
LINCOLN
Blackstone's Commentaries!
(softly - pleased)
Why, that's law!

ABAGAIL
(puzzled)
Law! I always knew that book was about something.

LINCOLN
(blowing off dust)
There's hardly a thumb mark on it, either.

ABAGAIL
(nodding)
No, sir, we always took right good care of it, seeing how handy it came in for the children to sit on when they ate. (searchingly)
Reckon can you read it, mister?

LINCOLN
(smiling, kindly)
I may be able to figure head or tails out of it, if I set my mind to it.
(opening book, reading to himself)
Rumph! Law!

As Lincoln examines the book, Efe, covered with water, comes up to him.

EFE
(grinning)
Doggone, Abe, that rainwater's a mighty poor drink for a man with a weak stomach like mine.

As the crowd around laughs, and Lincoln smiles,

FADE OUT
FADE IN

20 CLOSE SHOT - LINCOLN'S FEET, RESTING AGAINST A TREE

A summer's day. CAMERA PANS DOWN to reveal him in his favorite reading posture, lying on his back, his face in the shade, with his feet high in the air. He is so absorbed in Blackstone's Commentaries that he doesn't even look up at the entrance of SQUIRE GODBEY, a fat, hearty man of the neighborhood. The Squire halts and looks down, a puzzled look on his face. He takes off his hat, mops his brow, but still Lincoln doesn't take his eyes from the book. Finally the Squire can stand the suspense no longer.

SQUIRE
Abe - what the Sam Hill are you readin'?

LINCOLN
(without taking
eyes from the book)
Not reading, Squire. I'm studying.

SQUIRE
(more puzzled
than ever)
Studyin'? Studyin' what?

LINCOLN
(still not
looking up)
Law.

SQUIRE
(amazed)
Law!
(then unable to
conceal his shock)
Good gosh a'mighty, Abe! Law!

Thunderstruck, he goes on toward the store, shaking his head. Lincoln cuts his eyes around, unobserved by the Squire, and smiles to himself.

21 CLOSE MOVING SHOT - THE SQUIRE

as he heads for the store, still puzzled by the contrariness of human beings. Suddenly he stops and looks back.

(CONTINUED)
SQUIRE

(sharply)
Law's bad enough any time, but settin' there in the sun all day!
It'll be the death of you!

CLOSE SHOT - LINCOLN

as he shifts his position to follow the shade.

LINCOLN

(without looking up)
I'm not just sitting, Squire.
I keep grinding with the shade.

As a derisive snort escapes the Squire, Lincoln smiles and returns to his absorbing reading.

LINCOLN

(thoughtfully - as he lays the book face downward on his knees)
Law! That means rights of persons and rights of things - rights of life, reputation, liberty...
Rights to acquire and hold property.
(opening the book again and reading)
Wrongs are violations of those rights.
(decisively)
By jing! That's all there is to it - right and wrong.
(after a slight pause for reflection)
Maybe I ought to begin to take this thing serious.

As he turns again to his book, the voice of ANN RUTLEDGE calls to him.

ANN'S VOICE
Hello, Mr. Lincoln -- Abe.

ANOTHER ANGLE

as Ann, a young, pretty girl comes up beside him.
She has a small book in her hand.

(CONTINUED)
LINCOLN
(startled,
looking up)
Oh, hello, Ann,
as he lowers his
legs and awkwardly
gets to his feet)
Just give me a minute to kind
of untangle myself.

ANN
(amused)
Aren't you afraid you'll put
your eyes out—reading like
that—upside-down?

LINCOLN
(smiling,
confidentially)
The trouble is, Ann—when I'm
standing up my mind's lying
down, and when I'm lying down,
my mind's standing up. Of
course, allowing I've got a mind.

Together they start off, Lincoln keeping his finger
on the page he was reading.

CLOSE MOVING SHOT - LINCOLN AND ANN
as they start off toward the river.

ANN
(sharply)
You have a wonderful mind, Abe,
and you know it! You think a
lot about things. Now don't you?

LINCOLN
(diffidently)
Well, my brain sort of itches
inside sometimes. I got to
scratch it.

ANN
(earnestly)
Father says you've got a real
head on your shoulders. And a
way with people, too. He says
it isn't all just making them
laugh. They remember what you
say because it's got sense to it.

(CONTINUED)
LINCOLN
(chuckling)
Mr. Rutledge is a mighty fine man, Ann, but if you ask me, I'm more like the old hoss the fellow was trying to sell — sound of skin and skeleton — and free from faults and faculties.

ANN
(angrily)
Stop saying things like that!
I know how smart you are —
and how ambitious you are, too.

LINCOLN
(half to himself)
Ambitious?

ANN
(fiercely)
You are — deep down underneath — even if you won't admit it.

They have now come to the riverbank — stroll on past the heavy foliage that marks the water course.

LINCOLN
(reaching high up in a tree and picking a leaf)
Maybe you're right, Ann. Maybe it is ambition inside me keeps gnawing at me all the time like a stomachache. But it won't do any good.
   (he hands her the leaf)
You've got to have education these days to get anywhere — and I never went to school as much as a year in my whole life. Too many stumps to light into — and rails to split.

ANN
(earnestly)
But you've educated yourself. You've read Shakespeare and poetry and now — law.
   (turning to him appealingly)
Oh, Abe, if you'd only have confidence in yourself! If you'd only pitch in and do what I know you could do —

(CONTINUED)
LINCOLN
(soberly)
Maybe the good Lord never inten-
tended me to pitch into any-
thing, Ann. Maybe He just
meant for me to hang around
like I'm doing — telling funny
stories to make people laugh —
and arguing whether Henry Clay's
got more sense than Andy Jackson —
and figuring out ways to get a
square meal now and then. Maybe
that's all He meant me to do, Ann.

ANN
(stopping, her
eyes flashing)
Oh, Abe, you make me so mad!
And I bet you make the Lord
mad, too!

LINCOLN
(quietly, after
a pause, during
which he studies
her)
Do I, Ann?

ANN
(touching
his arm)
I've just had my heart set on
you going over to Jacksonville
to college when I go to the
seminary there, and —

She breaks off as she sees him shaking his head
negatively. Again they start off.

LINCOLN
(after a pause)
Ann, you're a mighty pretty
something.

ANN
(suddenly
tremulous)
Some folks I know don't like
red hair.

LINCOLN
(quietly)
I do.

She stops again — looks at him.

(continued)
ANN

(softly)
Do you, Abe?

LINCOLN

(firmly, but with an effort)
I love red hair, Ann.

Having made so bold a declaration, Lincoln is quite speechless for another moment. Again they walk on in silence. Then, as they come to a large shade tree, they stop again, and Ann drops down on the ground, her back against the tree. Beyond them stretches the river. Lincoln throws himself at her feet - lies on his stomach facing her. He takes a piece of grass and puts it in his mouth. Ann opens her book.

CLOSE TWO SHOT - LINCOLN AND ANN

ANN

(quietly)
I brought my grammar, Abe.
Shall we begin?

LINCOLN

(after a pause)
You know, Ann, sometimes I get to thinking that if somebody was willing to put up with a fellow ugly as me, why I might -- I mean maybe I'd ---

(Ann is looking at him tenderly as he breaks off - takes a deep breath)

But shucks! I reckon I'd never be satisfied with anybody who'd be blockhead enough to have me.

Ann looks at him for a moment longer, saying nothing. Then she reaches out, takes a long piece of grass, puts it in her mouth and stares off - waiting. Lincoln looks at her, says nothing. The grammar lesson is forgotten.

CAMERA SLOWLY PANS to the water. The water ripples and goes out of focus. Then a headstone is seen - dimly at first - then with more and more clearness, as the water disappears, and the wooden gravestone is seen. It is now a winter's day. On the marker is crudely carved the name:

ANN RUTLEDGE

Died August 25, 18---

(CONTINUED)
The actual date of her death is blotted out by snow, which covers the grave. At the foot of the marker is a small earthen pot holding a few dead flowers. Lincoln's hand enters and takes up the pot.

WIDER ANGLE — ANN'S GRAVE

as Lincoln, wearing a coat for the first time and bundled up against the cold, dumps the dead flowers aside and replaces them with crocuses, flowers which often appear in the Spring before the snow is gone. His face shows no mawkish sentimentality, no particular grief. That is over and done with. Instead, he behaves as if Ann were alive and with him still.

LINCOLN
(inserting flowers in jar)
Pretty, aren't they? I got 'em up near Bowling Green's place...
You never saw the like of 'em in your life - setting there in the snow like scared rabbits. Bet the woods are full of 'em, too.

(setting the jar down in place - brushing away dead leaves with his foot)

Darn these leaves - tracking up the snow;

(reaching down and raking them into a little pile, and smoothing the snow)

Well, Ann, I'm still up a tree. Just can't seem to make up my mind what to do.

He takes a handful of leaves, and CAMERA PANS as he goes off to throw them away.

LINCOLN
There's Stuart, always after me to take up law and come in with him, but I don't know. Maybe I wouldn't make a go of it.

(CONTINUED)
LINDOLN (Cont.)

(starting back
to grave, CAMERA
PANNING)
Maybe it'd turn out just like
everything else I've started.
First, there was the store, but
it 'winked' out, leaving me
with the National debt on my
hands. Then it was the post
office, which I just got because
nobody else would have it, and
I liked the newspapers.
(getting another
handful of leaves
and starting off,
CAMERA PANNING)
Of course, the legislature wasn't
bad, but you can't go on fooling
all the people all the time. I
reckon I'm just like the old woman
whose horse ran away with her in
the buggy. She said she trusted
in Providence till the 'britchin'
broke, then she didn't know what
on 'airth' to do.
(dumping the leaves,
and starting back)
Well, that's me. I don't know
what on 'airth' to do. Sometimes
I think I'll just go to black-
smithing and use some of this
strength the Lord gave me. Then,
I figure I'll stick to chopping
wood and hoeing corn, and manage
somehow. Then again, I get to
thinking —

(he stops and looks
down at the grave)
If you'd lived, Ann — and things'd
gone the way we were planning —
(dismissing
this thought)
Maybe I ought to go into the law
and take my chances. I admit
I've kind of got the taste of
something different than this,
in my mouth... Still, I don't know.
I'd feel such a fool setting myself
up as knowing so much —

(CONTINUED)
LINCOLN (Cont.)

(he shrugs and

gathers another

handful of leaves

and starts off,

CAMERA PANNING)

Of course, I know what you'd

say. I been hearing it every
day - over and over again. 'Go

on, Abe. Make something of

yourself. You've got friends.

Show 'em what you've got in you.'

Oh, yes, I know what you'd say,

but I don't know.

He dumps the leaves and returns to the grave, CAMERA

PANNING. For a moment he is silent. Then, suddenly

he reaches down and picks up a small stick lying

beside the grave.

LINCOLN

(with decision)

Ann, I'll tell you what I'll

do. I'll let the stick decide.

(setting it

up on end)

If it falls back toward me,

then I stay here as I always

have. If it falls forward -
toward you - then it's - well,

it's the law.

(steadying

the stick)

Here goes, Ann!

He releases the stick, which falls forward toward

Ann's grave. For a long moment Lincoln says nothing,

just looks at it. Then, with a heavy sigh, he bends

down and picks it up.

LINCOLN

Well, Ann - you win! It's

the law!

(after a slight

pause)

I wonder if I could have tipped

it your way - just a little?

FADE OUT
FADE IN

MAIN STREET OF SPRINGFIELD, ILL. - DAY - FULL SHOT

Like most small towns of the period, the heart of the town is a public square with the courthouse in the center; the jail, stores, churches, banks and blacksmith shops lining the square. The streets and sidewalks are plain black Illinois soil. There is a "society" here, however, and smart carriages move through the streets, the men in ruffled silk shirts, the women in silks and laces... Into such a town, one fine day in spring, rides Abraham Lincoln, astride a borrowed pony, coming to Springfield to be a lawyer.

MOVING SHOT - LINCOLN

a comical figure indeed, with his long legs reaching almost to the ground. He has on a coat, but his pantaloons are still too short for him. He has on a hat, too - a high hat, a relic of his legislator's wardrobe. As he rides along, men hail him, for Lincoln is already known around Springfield, having been very helpful in getting the capital moved here from Vandalia.

FIRST MAN ON SIDEWALK
(hailing him jovially)
Howdy there, Abe! What you doing in Springfield?

LINCOLN
(with a friendly wave)
Figuring on setting myself up as a lawyer, Ed.

SECOND MAN ON SIDEWALK
(amused)
Law's a mercy! What the devil you know about law?

LINCOLN
(smiling)
Not enough to hurt me!

FIRST MAN ON SIDEWALK
(calling after him)
Your pants're too short, Abe. Better fix that.

(CONTINUED)
LINCOLN
It's not my pants, Ed, it's
these proud and conceited
socks of mine - trying to
show off.

Lincoln laughs with the others and turns his horse
in toward the curb in front of a small print shop
and newspaper office. A group of sidewalk loafers
are hanging around, their feet up, chewing the rag
about politics and one thing and another. They all
hail the newcomer in friendly terms.

LOAFERS
(heartily)
Look who's here!
Well, if it ain't Abe Linkern
hisself!
Where you headin', boy?

LINCOLN
(as he dismounts)
Howdy, gentlemen. I see you've
still got a toe hold on doing
nothing.

The men all laugh loudly at this sally.

29 MED. CLOSE SHOT - LINCOLN AND LOAFERS
as - still holding the reins - he shakes hands
around.

FIRST LOAFER
(grabbing Lincoln's
hand)
How you, old high-pockets?
How long air your legs today?

LINCOLN
Just long enough to reach
from my body to the ground,
brother.

This brings forth another laugh from the crowd,
Lincoln joining in. Efe, the little man Lincoln
once dropped into the rainbarrel, steps up.

EFE
(holding out
his hand)
Put her there, Abe!

(CONTINUED)
LINCOLN
(as they shake)
My Efe - you're kind of
shrunken up today, ain't you?

EFE
(grinning)
Doggone, Abe, I'm powerful glad
to see you! Got a watch here
rightfully belongs to you.

LINCOLN
(his eyes twinkling)
How come?

EFE
Fellow said I was to keep it
till I met somebody uglier than
me. Boy - you've won it, fair
and square.

LINCOLN
(as the others
roar)
If you're going on looks, Efe,
maybe you better throw in the
chain, too.

As the others roar with laughter and slap one another
on the back, Lincoln, smiling, crosses toward the
newspaper office, CAMERA FOLLOWING HIM. As he goes
on in, the CAMERA STOPS on the WINDOW SIGN:

SANGAMO JOURNAL

Job Printing

DISSOLVE TO:
CLOSE SHOT - PROFESSIONAL ADVERTISEMENT IN
SPRINGFIELD PAPER
reading:

J. T. Stuart and A. Lincoln,
attorneys and counsellors-at-
law, will practice conjointly
in the courts of the Judicial
Circuit -- Office No. 4,
Hoffman Row, Upstairs.

Dissolve to:

LAWYERS' SHINGLE -- NO. 4 HOFFMAN ROW -- DAY -- CLOSE
SHOT
reading:

J.T. STUART AND A. LINCOLN

UPSTAIRS

CAMERA PULLS BACK AND TILTS UPWARD to second story
window, out of which are protruding a pair of exception-
ally large feet - Lincoln's.

INT. LAW OFFICE - DAY - MED. SHOT

Lincoln is relaxing in a rocking chair - his feet
out the window - separating two very angry men. The
latter are shouting at each other. The office is a
small room with a couch, three or four straight
chairs, a wood stove, and a few loose board shelves
for law books - about 50 in number.

MEN
(belligerently)
You did!
That's a lie!
I can prove it!
Go ahead - prove it!

LINCOLN
(lying a calming
hand on both)
Now gentlemen, just hold your
hoses and sit down.

Under his pressure they subside, but they continue to
glow at each other over Lincoln's head.
favoring Lincoln.

LINCOLN
(jerking his head
toward one of the men
as he scans a legal
document)

Now, Brother Woolridge, Brother
Hawthorne here says you agreed
to furnish him two yoke of oxen
to break up twenty acres of
prairie sod-ground.

HAWTHORNE
(vehemently)
He did!

LINCOLN
(to Woolridge)
And that you were to allow him
to raise a crop of corn on
another piece of land?

HAWTHORNE
(angrily)
That's right! But he never done
one thing he promised - not one!

LINCOLN
(his eyes on paper)
He claims further that when he
talked to you about these promises
you did strike, beat, and knock
him down - pluck, pull, and tear
large quantities of hair from his
head.

(as Hawthorne nods
angry agreement)
And that with a stick and fists
you did strike him many blows on,
or about, the face, head, breast,
back, shoulders, hips and --
(looking Hawthorne
up and down)
- divers other parts of the body.
And with violence did push, thrust
and gouge your fingers in his eyes.

HAWTHORNE
(vehemently)
I got witnesses to prove it!

(CONTINUED)
LINCOLN
(to Hawthorne)
And for that he demands two hundred and fifty dollars damages?

HAWTHORNE
I do!

LINCOLN
(acowling at Woolridge)
Well, Brother Woolridge - what you got to say to that?

WOOLRIDGE
(jumping up)
I'll see him rotting in his grave first, before he gets a cent!

LINCOLN
(taking up another sheet of paper)
Now it says here, Brother Hawthorne, that you owe Brother Woolridge fifty-five dollars and fifty cents board, at the rate of a dollar and a half a week. (sternly)
How about that?

HAWTHORNE
(sullenly)
He'll get his money.

LINCOLN
(continuing to examine paper)
And you owe him ninety dollars for use of a team and wagon for eight months, besides one hundred dollars cash on a loan?

HAWTHORNE
(sulkily)
I never said I didn't.

LINCOLN
(slowly)
According to my calculations then you owe him two hundred and forty-five dollars and fifty cents. You're asking two hundred and fifty damages. Now my idea is to split the difference of four dollars and a half, which happens to be just exactly the amount of my fee - and the whole thing's settled. (as he gets to his feet)
Well, what do you say?

(CONTINUED)
Hawthorne and Woolridge continue to glare at each other, Woolridge undecided.

**HAWTHORNE**

I won't do it!

**WOOLRIDGE**

Me, neither! I'll go to court first!

**LINCOLN**

(confidentially)

Gentlemen, did you ever hear of the time back in the Black Hawk War when I butted two fellows' heads together - and busted both of 'em?

There is a brief, dramatic pause as he lets this sink in.

**WOOLRIDGE**

(weakening)

I'm willing - if he is!

**HAWTHORNE**

(glowing)

'Tain't fair, but I'll do it just to get shut of it.

**LINCOLN**

(reaching for his hat)

Thanks, gentlemen - that's going to save us all a heap of legal trouble - and headaches.

(clamping hat on his head)

Just give me my and Stuart's share, and I'll mosey on over to see the parade. There's going to be a heap of yelling and carrying on that's going to be quite a pleasure to listen to --- after this. Yessiree, bob!

As the two men reluctantly put their hands into their pockets, and Lincoln holds out his hand for his fee,

**DISSOLVE TO:**
CLOSE SHOT - POSTER
reading:

ILLINOIS DAY
Gigantic Celebration Of:
Illinois' Admission to the Union
American Independence
The Battle of New Orleans
Removal of Capitol to Springfield
Games! Fun! Speeches!
TAR BARREL BURNING!
Mammoth Street Parade Beginning at 12 o'clock Noon.

Over this comes the stirring music of a brass band.

FULL SHOT - STREET - COURTHOUSE SQUARE

as the parade passes. Men, women and children on
the sidewalks, waving American flags. The
SPRINGFIELD SILVER CORNETS lead the procession,
playing a stirring tune. Members of this band have
on elaborate hats and be-medalled coats, and not so
well-matched pants. They march and play with vigor,
and the crowds applaud enthusiastically. Behind the
band comes the Ladies' Auxiliary in the Parade of
States. Illinois rides on a float, holding a torch
of Liberty in her hand. She wears a flowing robe.
In front, on the sides and behind the float, march
other ladies of the Auxiliary, all in white robes,
and each with a large banner slashed across her
chest with the names of the States: Massachusetts,
Virginia, New York, etc...Behind the Ladies' Auxiliary comes the Springfield Volunteer Fire
Department, the men in firemen's hats and coats,
pulling a small fire truck garlanded in green vines...
Next, the children of Springfield - little girls in
white - one boy dressed as Uncle Sam - other little
boys trying valiantly to keep in step. They are
singing "AMERICA" in high shrill schoolchild voices...
As the children pass on, the veterans of America's
wars shuffle by. Two or three old men, soldiers of
the Revolution, are riding in a buggy drawn not by
horses, but by sterling patriots. The old men -
about 80 years old - wear remains of their colonial
costumes. Behind them - under a wide banner - come
the veterans of the War of 1812 - men of about 50.

(CONTINUED)
Then veterans of the Black Hawk War - including two or three feathered Indians. The music continues throughout, and the cheering is continuous.... In the rear of the parade comes one of the inevitable adjuncts of such a celebration - a trained bear and trained monkey, led by an organ grinder.

SIDEWALK - MED. CLOSE SHOT - LINCOLN

leaning against a tree, surrounded by several of the loafers, watching the parade. Among the loafers is Efe.

EFE
(pointing off at the monkey)
Hey, Abe -- who's that little fellow remind you of?

LINCOLN
(his eyes twinkling)
Well, Efe, I wasn't going to mention it, but now you've brought up the subject, there is a slight family resemblance - on your pappy's side.

Efe and all the others laugh uproariously at this "comeback." Lincoln grins, relishing their appreciation of his rough but ready wit. As they are still laughing and joshing, Lincoln's face lights up with new interest.

LINCOLN
(in a low voice)
Hold on, boys. Here comes Mr. Stephen A. Douglas, the little Giant himself - strutting like a peacock.

Curiously, the others turn and look off in the direction Lincoln indicates.

SIDEWALK - MED. CLOSE MOVING SHOT - STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS AND MARY TODD

pursuing their way through the crowd, followed by NITIAN EDWARDS and his wife. MRS. EDWARDS is Mary's sister. Douglas is about Lincoln's age, but there could be no greater contrast between two rivals. Whereas Lincoln is tall and angular, Douglas is short, about 5 feet 4 - and stout. His is a

(CONTINUED)
boyish face. He speaks in rolling periods. Again, unlike Lincoln, Douglas is a good dresser. A gallant companion of the ladies, he shines in society — whereas Lincoln is shy and almost boorish. Mary is likewise short, rather plump, and exquisitely dressed. She carries a parasol over her head, and wears a gay, extravagant bonnet. Edwards and his wife are simple, well-dressed people.

MARY
(with a smile at Douglas)
Mr. Douglas, I've been hearing some mighty fine things about you — even down in Kentucky. I told my sister you were the very first gentleman I wanted to meet in Springfield.

DOUGLAS
(highly pleased)
You'll forgive me, ma'am, but all Springfield has been warned not only against the beauty of Miss Mary Todd, but against the prettiness of her Southern speeches.

MARY
(pretending to be shocked)
Why, Mr. Douglas! Everybody who knows me, knows I'm awfully sincere. I just say what I mean.

DOUGLAS
(already in her toils)
So I'm beginning to see, ma'am.

MARY
In fact, my family and friends always say I'm too frank about the people I like. They say I'm only interested in men I think will be famous, but I tell them it's just because I can only admire intelligent men.

DOUGLAS
(delighted)
The thought does honor to one so young.
MARY
(with a slightly
disparaging laugh)
Sister says I'll never really
be happy until I marry a man
who'll be President. But I
tell her I'd rather marry a
good man with a good mind who
has a chance to be famous, than
to marry any other man, even
though he had all the negroes and
gold in the world.

They are passing under one of the trees that line
the sidewalk, and Mary's parasol suddenly gets caught
in one of the branches, and is jerked out of her
hand. She gasps, and they stop. Douglas reaches
up to get it, but due to his shortness, he is not
able to get it down without tearing it.

MARY
(concerned)
Oh, don't tear it!

Ninian Edwards steps up, and is about to extricate
it when Lincoln quietly enters. He towers above
them all, and is able easily to reach the parasol.

LINCOLN
(as he reaches up)
Excuse me, ma'am. I'll get it
down.

Easily he releases it.

MARY
(as Lincoln returns
the parasol)
Thank you!

LINCOLN
(bowing)
It was a pleasure, ma'am.
(then to Douglas)
Good morning, Mr. Douglas.

DOUGLAS
(raising his hat)
Mr. Lincoln.

At mention of the name, Mary looks at Lincoln with
quick interest.

MRS. EDWARDS
(cordially)
Good morning, Mr. Lincoln.

(CONTINUED)
She holds out her hand, and Lincoln takes it.

**LINCOLN**
Good morning, Mrs. Edwards.
(to her husband)
Nice parade, Minian. The children seem to have good lungs.

**MRS. EDWARDS**
(smiling - as the others laugh)
Mary, I want you to meet Mr. Abraham Lincoln.
(as Mary bows in acknowledgment)
This is my sister who's just come up to visit us from Lexington - Miss Mary Todd.

**MARY**
(giving him her hand, as Lincoln bows)
I've been hearing some mighty fine things about you, Mr. Lincoln.

**LINCOLN**
(lightly)
Don't you believe everything Douglas says about me, ma'am. We kind of straddle different political fences.

**MARY**
(with great earnestness)
Oh, but I haven't been discussing you with any other gentlemen! My sister's told me about you. You're in the legislature, aren't you?

**LINCOLN**
(his eyes fixed on her)
If you'll put that in the past tense, I'll plead guilty. I was in the legislature.

**DOUGLAS**
(with a "good-fellow magnanimity")
Mr. Lincoln's practicing law with John Stuart, who beat me for Congress.

(CONTINUED)
LINCOLN
(smiling at Douglas — as their eyes clash)
That's a mighty flattering way he puts it, ma'am, when what I'm really doing is wearing a hole in Stuart's best rocking chair.

There is a laugh at this, and a general movement to go along.

MARY
(giving Lincoln her hand again)
I hope you'll do us the honor of calling on us, Mr. Lincoln, being as we're both from Kentucky.

LINCOLN
(smiling)
It'll take a mighty sharp court order to stop me, ma'am.

Again for half a second their eyes meet and hold. Then she removes her hand, and with a smile goes off with Douglas. Lincoln looks after her.

CLOSE MOVING SHOT — MARY AND DOUGLAS

as they move off through the crowd.

MARY
(musingly)
So that's Abraham Lincoln?

DOUGLAS
(dismissing him lightly)
Very quaint character, but sharp as steel. You mustn't judge him altogether by — appearance.

Mary shoots a quick, calculating glance at him — is silent.

MED. CLOSE SHOT — LINCOLN

looking after her. The loafers who had withdrawn a few paces now turn back.

(CONTINUED)
EFE
(admiringly)
Mighty handsome young woman,
Abe.

LINCOLN
(thoughtfully)
Yes, sir - plump as a pigeon -
smooth as a persimmon!

The loafers smile agreement.

LINCOLN
(after a slight,
reflective pause)
Well, boys - the parade's
over - let's be heading for
the main doings.

as Lincoln wheels around and starts off, only to
find himself face to face with Abagail Clay and her
family. Lincoln smiles and steps aside. She is
about seven years older now, but the hard life of
the wilderness has taken its toll, and she looks
older. Matt, the older boy, is now about 22, a
thin, delicate boy, obviously unfitted for the
hard, demanding life he has had to live. HANNAH,
his wife, is a sweet-faced, gentle girl no better
suited to the wilderness than her husband. In her
arms she carries a child of 2. Adam, the younger
son, by way of contrast, is big, strong and capable
beyond his 18 years. CARRIE SUE, his sweetheart,
is a bright, gay child, full of youthful spirits.
Her eyes are sparkling with delight as she looks
after the parade.

LINCOLN
Excuse me, ma'am.

ABAGAIL
(hesitantly)
Mister - if it ain't too much
bother, would you tell us how
to get to the place they're
doin' the celebratin'?

(continued)
LINCOLN
(pointing off)
Just follow the parade and
you'll be there in no time
at all.

ABAGAIL
Thank you kindly.

LINCOLN
It's a pleasure, ma'am, and
I hope you enjoy yourself.

As their eyes meet for a moment and hold, Lincoln
smiles at her. Shyly she turns and starts off with
her family, Lincoln and his friends trailing along
behind.

DISSOLVE TO:
SERIES OF QUICK DISSOLVES

showing the Admission Day Celebration.

FAIRGROUNDS - DAY - FULL SHOT

The parade is over and the celebration is under way. Picnic tables have been set up to one side. In the center of the field tar barrels and wood are being piled up for a bonfire. Children are dashing here and there — ladies in white busy themselves with visiting. Games are under way.

MED. SHOT - TAR BARRELS

as men and boys run in with added combustibles, and hurl them onto the mounting pile.

BOY
(as he dashes in)
We got a gate! We got a gate!

He hurls part of somebody’s front gate onto the blaze.

DISSOLVE TO:

GROUP SHOT

around the trained bear and monkey, as the bear wrestles with its owner — young and old egging them on. In the crowd are Lincoln, Efe, Frank Ford and others.

EFE
(to Lincoln)
Go on, Abe! Show 'em how you can wrestle.

LINCOLN
(smiling and shaking his head)
I'm afraid that's too heavy a hog to hold, Efe. But don't let me stop you and the monkey from having a go at it.

DISSOLVE TO:
45 TURKEY SHOOT

Several men - and one woman - are competing in a shooting match, the target a painted turkey.

DISSOLVE TO:

46 LEMONADE STAND

People drinking. A small child is screaming and tugging at his mother. The mother hurriedly downs her lemonade while trying to fight off the youngster.

DISSOLVE TO:

47 PIE JUDGING CONTEST

An open pavilion has been set up, and the ladies of the community have rows of pies on display. Lincoln is acting as one of the final judges. He has two half pies in his hands, and is taking alternate bites. A group of anxious women look on. A sign in the b.g. reads: SPRINGFIELD PIE JUDGING CONTEST.

48 CLOSER SHOT - LINCOLN

as he stops eating and ponders. He can’t quite make up his mind. So he takes another huge bite - chews reflectively.

49 ANOTHER ANGLE

as Abigail and her family come in and look on curiously. Matt is holding the baby. As they watch Lincoln eating, several men step up behind them. Among them are "SCRUB" WHITE and PALMER CASS. Scrub wears a deputy sheriff’s badge on his suspenders. Tom is just taking a swig of liquor. He lowers the bottle, wipes his mouth with the back of his hand, while Scrub looks Hannah over. Then Scrub reaches down, plucks a blade of grass, and tickles Hannah’s neck. Hannah brushes her hand against her neck. Scrub, an amused smile on his face, repeats the tickling. This time Hannah turns and sees him.

HANNAH
(involuntarily - frightened)

Matt!

(CONTINUED)
SCRUB
(innocently, as
Matt turns)
Excuse me, ma'am.

Matt looks at Scrub uneasily, but the latter seems so
innocent, he turns back toward Lincoln. Scrub grins.
Hannah moves closer to Matt.

50

ANOTHER ANGLE - LINCOLN AND THE WOMEN

as he looks down at the remains of two pies in his
hands. The women are waiting eagerly.

LINCOLN
(shaking his head)
I'm sorry, ladies - but it looks
like I've got to call it a draw!
(as there is a
murmur of excite-
ment)
First I thought it was that
apple pie sure! Then I set my
teeth into that mince, and from
then on, I just couldn't make up
my mind. So I had to sample the
apple again - then the mince.
By the time I'd get the apple
down, the mince'd be smelling so
good I was sure it was better.
So it went on - first one, then
the other, till I made way with
both entries.
(grinning)
So - with your permission - I'll
just call it a dead heat - and
declare both you two ladies the
best pie makers in the whole
State of Illinois.

There is a burst of laughter and hand clapping. Even
the women laugh.

FIRST WOMAN
Mr. Lincoln, I ain't seen a man
enjoy one of my pies like that
since my husband died. I declare,
it was a pleasure just to watch
you.

SECOND WOMAN
It's the truth! It's just done
my heart good!

Lincoln grins and shakes hands with the ladies.

DISSOLVE TO:
TUG-O'-WAR

Two groups of men are lined up across a mud puddle, holding onto a rope. A crowd is gathered around, watching excitedly. An official stands in the middle ready to give the signal.

OFFICIAL
Step right up, gentlemen!
There's room for two or three more on both sides!

Lincoln and Efe and their crowd wander into the scene.

OFFICIAL
(singing them out)
Here - some of you boys - come on and try your hands at this tug-o'-war.

EFE
(backing off)
Not me! I got on my new pants.
(to official)
Get Lincoln, here. He can out-pull 'em all.

Several people recognize Lincoln, and instantly urge him to take a hand. He laughs and shakes his head.

OFFICIAL
Don't hold back, Lincoln! Come on - get in here!

CROWD
Go on, Abe!
You can lick 'em!
Come on over on our side!
Step right in here!

LINCOLN
(starting to remove his coat)
Very well, gentlemen - it looks like I've been out-talked.
(taking Efe's arm)
Go on over on the other side, Efe.

There is laughter and cheering at this, as Lincoln and Efe hurry into their places along the rope. As they are getting into place, Abagail and her family enter and look on.

(CONTINUED)
OFFICIAL
All right, men - get set!
(as they set them-
selves for the pull)
One....two....three....Go!

The two factions start pulling.

CLOSER SHOT - ABAGAIL AND HER FAMILY

looking on, as Scrub White, Palmer Cass and their
friends come in. Again Scrub puts out his hand and
touches Hannah's neck. Frightened, she turns around,
her eyes wide. Matt and the others turn too. Scrub
is smiling innocently. Excited yelling of the two
teams and their supporters continues.

MATT
(angrily)
Leave my wife alone!

SCRUB
(pretending to
be surprised)
Who? Me?

ADAM
(stepping in
close)
If you ain't lookin' for trouble,
get away from here!

CASS
(grinning)
Look out, Scrub - you might get
hurt.

SCRUB
(laughing)
Yeh - I'm scared most to death!

HANNAH
(anxiously)
Please - Adam! Don't do anything!

ABAGAIL
(to Scrub)
We ain't botherin' nobody. Leave
us alone.

SCRUB
(to Matt - in a
low voice)
Come on, brother - let's go off
somewhere and settle this.

(CONTINUED)
ADAM  
quickly)  
I'll go - if you want to, but  
leave him alone.

SCRUB  
grinning)  
What you goin' to use on me -  
knives - or guns - or just fists?

ADAM  
angrily)  
I'll use anything you say!

MATT  
Me too!

ÁBAGAIL  
sharply - catching  
both boys' arms)  
Adam! Matt!

For a moment the situation is tense, then Cass takes Scrub's arm.

CASS  
Come on, Scrub - you got plenty  
of time later.

Scrub holds back for a moment, then a big smile  
crosses his face, and he starts off.

SCRUB  
as he goes)  
Don't let me stop you folks from  
enjoying the fun.  
(to Hannah)  
Goodbye, honey - See you later.

Both boys seem ready to spring at him, but Abagail  
holds them tightly. Scrub moves off with his compan-  
ions, just as the crowd breaks into tumultuous  
cheering.

53  
ANOTHER ANGLE

as Lincoln's team finally gets the better of the other,  
and the latter are pulled through the mud. Efe goes  
in up to his waist. There is a great deal of  
laughter and cheering. Some of the defeated drop out  
so as not to get wet, leaving the others to the mercy  
of Lincoln's team. Lincoln is grinning and pulling,  
having a good time.

DISSOLVE TO:
54  ABAGAIL'S WAGON HOME - CAMP GROUNDS - NIGHT -
MED. SHOT

in b.g. are the lights of the Fairgrounds. Band music
faintly heard on SOUND TRACK. A dying campfire lights
the scene. Abagail is washing the tin plates by
pouring over them dipperfuls of water from a wooden
bucket. Hannah is seated near the fire, the baby in
her arms, softly crooning to it. Matt is stacking
pieces of dead limbs and sticks, gathered from the
adjacent woods, in anticipation of a morning fire.

55  CLOSER SHOT - HANNAH AND BABY

MATT
(softly, bending
toward baby)
She asleep yet?

HANNAH
(in a whisper)
Just about.

She continues to croon, as Abagail comes in closer,
drying her hands on her apron.

ABAGAIL
Where's Adam and Carrie Sue?

MATT
(nodding off)
Over yonder.

Abagail looks off.

56  ANOTHER ANGLE

revealing Adam and Carrie Sue, some fifty yards off
from the fire, looking off at the Fairgrounds, their
arms around each other's waists.

57  MED. CLOSE SHOT - ADAM AND CARRIE SUE

looking off - listening.

CARRIE SUE
(tremulously - after
a silent moment)
Adam, you've got to promise me
something. You've got to
promise me we'll come to town
every single year we're a-livin'!
You just got to, Adam!

(CONTINUED)
ADAM
(teasingly)
You just say that now. You
wait till we're married and
have babies to 'tend to.
That'll be different.

CARRIE SUE
(distressed)
No, it won't neither! Look at
Hannah and Matt. They've got
a baby and they came.

ADAM
(grinning at her)
Yeh - but maybe we'll have lots
of babies. Maybe we'll have
twins or something.

CARRIE SUE
(vehemently)
I don't care! I don't care if
we have fifty babies, you got
to promise me!

ADAM
(looking at her,
nodding)
All right, Carrie Sue, I promise.

CLOSE TWO SHOT. - ADAM AND CARRIE SUE
as she impulsively throws her arms around his neck.

CARRIE SUE
Oh, Adam, I wish we was married
now, like Hannah and Matt!

ADAM
I've been meanin' to talk to
your family about us, soon as
we get home.

For a moment they cling together, then the girl breaks
away, her eyes sparkling with the memory of all the
glories they have seen.

CARRIE SUE
Let's go back, Adam - let's
hurry before they light the tar
barrels.

(CONTINUED)
ADAM
All right. Only I wish it was
going to be that fellow splitting
those rails again. I do - for
a fact.

They turn and start back toward the campfire.

CAMPFIRE - MED. CLOSE SHOT - AT REAR OF WAGON
as Hannah deposits the sleeping baby in a basket, and
carefully covers it with blankets, Matt and Abagail
bending over, looking on. There is a demijohn of
corn whisky on the ground nearby.

ABAGAIL
(quietly)
Now, you young ones, go on back.
I'll set here with her.

MATT
(quickly)
You go, Ma. It's my place to
stay.

HANNAH
I've seen a-plenty, Miz Clay.
You and Matt go!

ABAGAIL
(firmly)
No - I'll just set here and
look off at the lights.

ANOTHER ANGLE
as Adam and Carrie Sue hurry in.

ADAM
Ma! We're fixin' to go back
over yonder.

ABAGAIL
(indicating
sleeping child)
Shhh!
(them taking
Hannah's arm)
Go on - the four of you.

(CONTINUED)
ADAM  
(reaching for  
demijohn)  
Hey - Matt! Want a drink before  
we go?  
(he lifts it up -  
takes a swig)  
Here!

CARRIE SUE  
(hesitating - all  
a little conscience-  
stricken, as Matt  
takes a drink)  
I wish you was comin' too, Miz  
Clay. I sure do.

ADAM  
(half-heartedly,  
as Abagail shakes  
her head)  
Ma - I'll stay.

ABAGAIL  
(shaking her head)  
I've seen so much already I'm  
fit to pop.  
(as the young  
people start  
hurriedly off)  
Be keerful now, like I told you.  
And don't go lookin' for no  
trouble.

The young people ad lib goodbyes and promises of good  
behavior, as they run off. For a moment Abagail  
looks after them. Then she crosses to the fire and  
seats herself in a straight-back kitchen chair, folds  
her hands in her lap. Suddenly there is a wild cheer  
from the Fairgrounds. A sudden burst of music. She  
looks off.

LONG SHOT - TOWARD FAIRGROUNDS  
as the flames leap up - leaping higher and higher -  
until the whole sky seems ablaze.  

DISSOLVE TO:
stretched out on a blanket in front of the dying embers, asleep. Suddenly the voices of Hannah and Carrie Sue are heard calling anxiously.

**HANNAH**
**CARRIE SUE**
Miz Clay! Miz Clay!

Abagail stirs, but does not awaken.

---

as Hannah and Carrie Sue, both terrified and almost hysterical, come running toward the campfire, screaming. The light from the bonfire is much dimmer - almost extinguished.

**HANNAH**
**CARRIE SUE**
Miz Clay! Miz Clay!

Abagail quickly sits up, just as the girls rush in.

**HANNAH**
*hysterically*
Miz Clay! Matt!

**CARRIE SUE**
*breathlessly*
Adam! They're fightin'!

**ABAGAIL**
*jumping up*
Fightin'!

**HANNAH**
*bursting into tears*
That man - he came back and --

**CARRIE SUE**
He's drunk - and --

**ABAGAIL**
*sharply*
Where are they?

**CARRIE SUE**
*pointing off*
Yonder! In that clearin'!
*(as Abagail starts off)*
Wait - I'm comin' too!

(continued)
63 (Cont.)

ABAGAIL
(peremptorily)

No! You and Hannah stay here - with the baby!

She runs out of scene.

HANNAH
(hysterically)
He's got a gun! He'll kill Matt! I know he will!

CARRIE SUE
(as the baby wakes and begins to cry)
'Oh, goodness - now we've woke up the baby!

64

MOVING SHOT - ABAGAIL

running across the campgrounds - through the darkness - her eyes full of fear. As she comes to the top of a little knoll, she stops and looks off.

65

LONG SHOT - TOWARD CLEARING - FROM ABAGAIL'S ANGLE

Two men are fighting. A third stands to one side, looking on. The clearing is about 200 yards from the fairgrounds, separated from it by a grove of trees. It is fairly dark here, and the figures are only dimly seen. Beyond the trees, the bonfire glows faintly.

ABAGAIL'S VOICE

Adam! Matt!

66

CLEARING - MED. CLOSE SHOT - FIGHT

Adam and Scrub White are locked together, both panting hard. Scrub is trying to get out his gun. Matt off to one side.

MATT
(suddenly)
Look out! He's got a gun!

ADAM
(panting)
Get it! Get it!

Matt rushes toward them.
CLOSE MOVING SHOT - ABAGAIL

running and calling.

ABAGAIL

Matt! Adam! Adam!

She hurries along, tripping, stumbling. Suddenly there is a pistol shot. Abagail gasps - stops in her tracks - a horrified look on her face.

MED. SHOT - FIGHT

as Scrub White screams, clutches his body, reels, then falls forward, moaning. Matt and Adam are standing over him.

ABAGAIL'S VOICE

(full of horror)

Adam! Matt!

The boys turn as Abagail hurries into scene and stops. They look pleadingly at her - she questioningly at them - then all three turn and look at Scrub, who lies on the ground, doubled up and moaning.

ADAM

(stricken)

Mal

He is about to go to her, when the sound of running feet is heard. All turn quickly.

ANOTHER ANGLE

as Palmer Cass, Scrub's companion, rushes in and hurries over to Scrub. Matt and Adam, terrified, move over beside their mother.

CASS

(bending over Scrub)

Scrub! Scrub! SCRUB!

CLOSER SHOT - ABAGAIL, MATT AND ADAM

as they look at one another, helplessly. Abagail's face is horror-stricken.

(CONTINUED)
70 (Cont.)

ADAM
(helplessly)

Ma -- I --

MATT

Ma!

ABAGAIL

Shhh!

71

CLOSE SHOT - PALMER CASS

bent over Scrub's body so that it is half hidden from view. Scrub has suddenly ceased moaning, lies still. Slowly Cass turns and gets to his feet. He holds Adam's knife in his hand. There is a brief, dramatic pause - as he looks off at the family.

CASS
(quietly)
He's - dead.

72

CLOSE SHOT - ABAGAIL, MATT AND ADAM

as they stare, horrified and incredulous, at Cass.

ADAM
(brokenly)
Dead!

MATT
(in a whisper)
Dead?

ABAGAIL
(under her breath)
Lord have mercy on us!

73

WIDER ANGLE

including Palmer Cass, as he looks down at the knife.

CASS
This knife - right through his heart.

MATT
(helplessly)

Ma!

Abagail reaches out and gathers both boys' hands in hers.

(CONTINUED)
ABAGAIL (in a low voice)
Get the sheriff.

MATT (amazed)
Ma!

ABAGAIL (with quiet force)
Get the sheriff!

For a moment Cass looks at her and at the boys, then he drops the knife, turns, cups his lips with his hand, and begins shouting for help.

CASS (calling)
Come on over here - somebody!
There's been a murder! A murder!

FAIRGROUNDS - MED. SHOT - AT BONFIRE
favoring Lincoln and Efe, as Cass's voice is heard, rising above the music and chatter.

CASS'S VOICE (faintly)
Come on - there's been a murder! Murder!

VOICES IN CROWD (startled, excited)
Listen --
Murder?
There's been a murder!
Murder? Come on!

People rush off pell-mell toward the scene of the murder - men, women and children forgetting the fire in lieu of this new excitement.

EFE (urging Lincoln along)
Come on, Abe. Maybe you can get the case.

They hurry along with the crowd.
ABAGAIL'S CAMP - MED. CLOSE SHOT - HANNAH AND CARRIE SUE

looking off, terrified, as Cass's voice continues to summon aid.

CASS'S VOICE
Come on - there's been a murder!

HANNAH
(stifling a scream)
Matt!

She rushes off instantly, calling: Matt! Matt!

CARRIE SUE
Adam!

She too starts off, then she remembers the baby.

CARRIE SUE
(calling after Hannah)
Hannah! Hannah! The baby!

But Hannah is thinking now only of Matt. Carrie Sue turns back, rushes to the wagon. The shouting of the crowd increases in volume.

CLEARING - WIDER ANGLE

as the crowd from the Fairgrounds comes rushing in, full of excitement. Lincoln and Efe with the crowd. Abagail and the boys still stand to one side, speechless. Palmer Cass stands beside Scrub's inert form.

VOICES
What's happened?
Look - he's dead!
Who is?
Who did it?

As they crowd in closer for a better view, Hannah, followed a moment later by Carrie Sue with the baby, runs in.

HANNAH
(calling)
Matt! Matt!

As she sees him, alive, she bursts into sobs and runs to him, throwing her arms around him. Carrie Sue joins them.
favoring Palmer Cass - in the center of the curious crowd.

CASS
(to crowd)
It's Scrub White - stabbed
right through the heart.

CROWD
(shocked)
Scrub White?
Well, what do you know?
Stabbed! I thought I heard
a shot!
Who did it?

CASS
(turning and
pointing off
at Matt and Adam)
Them two!

Eagerly, curiously, the crowd turns to look at Matt
and Adam. Lincoln cranes his neck to see.

favoring Abagail and the boys. For a moment no word
is spoken, the crowd just staring at the speechless
"murderers."

MAN
(in rear of
crowd)
Here comes the sheriff now!
Hey, sheriff!

All turn quickly and look off.

as he hurries to the scene of the crime. Billings
is fat, husky-voiced.

SHERIFF
(as he runs in)
Hold everything till I get
there!

A lane is formed for him as he rushes in, panting
from exertion, and crosses to the side of Scrub White,
the crowd closing in around him again.
80 CLOSER SHOT - SHERIFF AND CROWD

as he bends down, quickly satisfies himself that Scrub is dead. Then he rises. At his side is Palmer Cass. Lincoln looks on - listens - in silence, following every word, however.

'SHERIFF
How'd it happen?

CASS
(indicating Matt and Adam offscene)
Scrubb and them fellows over there was fightin', and they cut him.
(indicates knife on the ground)
There's the knife they done it with.

The sheriff stoops and picks up the knife - glances at it - then he crosses toward the boys, the crowd again falling back. CAMERA PANS WITH SHERIFF.

81 MED. CLOSE SHOT - ABAGAIL AND THE BOYS

as the sheriff comes in, the crowd forming a circle around them. Lincoln edges to the front to hear better.

'SHERIFF
(sternly)
Which one of you fellows this knife here belong to?

ADAM
(quietly)
Me.

MATT
(quickly)
No! Me!

There is a quick, surprised murmur from the crowd, and Abagail looks startled at her sons. The sheriff scowls. The two boys look at each other - Adam dazed, Matt expressionless. Lincoln looks sharply at the boys.

'SHERIFF
(angrily)
I want the truth now. Which one of you cut him?

(CONTINUED)
MATT
(quickly)
I did.

ADAM
(firmly)
That's not so. I did it!

MATT
I tell you - it was me!
He was goin' for Adam with a gun and --

Again there is a murmur from the crowd.

HANNAH
(bewildered)
Matt!

Matt lays a firm hand quickly on her arm - silences her.

SHERIFF
(sternly)
One of you's lyin'. Now which one is it?

CLOSE SHOT - LINCOLN
interested and puzzled by the double confession.

SHERIFF'S VOICE
Anybody see it?

ABAGAIL'S VOICE
(quietly, after a slight pause)
I reckon I did.

MED. SHOT
favoring Abagail and sheriff - with Lincoln listening in.

SHERIFF
(turning to her)
Who're you?

ABAGAIL
Their mother.

(CONTINUED)
Again there is a murmur from the crowd. Lincoln is walking up close.

SHERIFF
(sharply)
Well, which one was it?

Abagail looks at the boys - then off at the girls, Hannah and Carrie Sue - then back at the sheriff. Their eyes meet - hers steady and unfailing. Lincoln's eyes never leave her.

ABAGAIL
(after a short dramatic pause)
I'm not sayin'.

For a moment longer her eyes meet the sheriff's levelly. Then he shrugs. Lincoln's eyes soften in admiration.

SHERIFF
It don't make no difference anyhow. Under the law, they're both equally guilty.
(taking them by the arms)
Come on - you're under arrest.
(turning to Palmer Cass)
Palmer Cass - I appoint you temporary deputy. Help me get these two fellows down to jail.
(singling out a couple of other men)
Jim - you and Jake here - take care of the body and this here knife. And don't let nobody move nothing till I come back.

As Cass takes Adam's arm, and the sheriff takes Matt's, Hannah and Carrie Sue throw their arms around the boys' necks.

HANNAH
I won't let 'em take you!
I won't!

CARRIE SUE
Adam! Tell 'em it wasn't you! Please - you've got to!

(CONTINUED)
The boys are silent as they try to comfort the girls. They look at Abagail, but her face is set, stolid.

ADAM
(quietly)
We got to go now.

Gently he removes Carrie Sue's arms. Matt tries to remove Hannah's arms, but she clings to him, sobbing. Abagail reaches out and draws her forcibly from Matt, holds her in her arms. Matt and Adam then move off with the sheriff and Cass through a suddenly silenced crowd, Lincoln watches them go - his eyes studying them closely.

CLOSE SHOT - ABAGAIL, HANNAH AND CARRIE SUE
as they stand looking after the boys. The girls are sobbing, but Abagail is staring after them, dry-eyed.

ANOTHER ANGLE - THE CROWD
closing in around Scrub's body, curious, with growing excitement in the air. Newcomers are running in.

FIRST MAN
They sure done a good job of it - for a fact!

SECOND MAN
Bet he never knew what hit him!

THIRD MAN
Wonder who those fellows are?

FOURTH MAN
(looking off after boys)
Look like country folks. Leastways I never saw 'em around here before.

FIFTH MAN
I kinda always liked Scrub. He was a mean cuss, but I kinda liked him.
Mean or not - folks haven't
got no right to come to town
and start cuttin' people up.

Two of 'em jumpin' him, too.
That's what I don't like.
Two against one!

And in the back, too!

What they need is a little
taste of rope.

as they listen, horrified, to this talk. The girls
cry out as the threats grow. Lincoln's eyes narrow
in sudden displeasure.

No! No!
You can't!
Miz Clay! Stop 'em!

That's right! Let's give 'em
a taste of their own medicine!
Let's get 'em!
Sure! String 'em up!
Lynch them!
Get a rope, somebody!
Get two ropes!

as the lynching fever takes hold of the crowd. Men
start to scatter for town, shouting threats as they
go. Boys, as well as men, catch the excitement.

(continued)
VOICES
Get on downtown!
Spread the word!
Tell everybody!
Meet at the jail!
String 'em up!
Lynch 'em! Lynch 'em!

MED. CLOSE SHOT - ABAGAIL AND GIRLS

ABAGAIL
(under her breath)
No -- no! You can't!

HANNAH
Stop 'em somebody! Oh, won't somebody help us? Won't somebody stop 'em? Matt! Matt!

Lincoln quickly steps up beside Abagail, seizes her arm.

LINCOLN
(starting her off)
Come on! Hurry!

ABAGAIL
(frightened -
drawing back)
Leave me alone! What do you want? Who are you?

LINCOLN
(urging her ahead)
I'm your lawyer, ma'am!

As he rushes her forward,
CLOSE SHOT - JAIL WINDOW - NIGHT

as a shower of rocks crash against the bars, splintering the glass windowpanes.

WIDER ANGLE - JAIL DOOR

as a dozen or more men and boys get a running start and ram a heavy pole squarely against the door, which quivers under the impact, but holds. This is now a yelling, crazed, lynch-mad, bloodthirsty mob.

MED. SHOT - ANOTHER WINDOW

as a group of men smash at the iron bars with the blunt ends of axes.

FIRST MAN
(excitedly)
Get a steel saw somebody!

Instantly the cry is taken up by others in the mob.

VOICES
Get a steel saw!
They want a steel saw!
Get a steel saw!

MED. SHOT - INT. JAIL

as Palmer Cass and Sheriff Billings struggle at the front door which Cass is trying to open,

Matt and Adam are locked behind the iron bars which separate the solitary cell from the jail office. The boys stand, clutching the bars, looking out with fear-ridden eyes, listening to the wild yelling of the mob and battering of the axes.

CASS
(fiercely)
Open it up! Let me out of here!

SHERIFF
(trying to drag him away)
I can't! They got to break in!

(CONTINUED)
CASS
(frightened)
Don't be a fool! They'll get us, too!

SHERIFF
(dragging Cass away)
Can't help it! They'll have to bust in first.

WIDE ANGLE - EXT. JAIL

as the frenzied mob assails the jail from every angle and with every available weapon. Again the heavy pole is rammed against the door; again a shower of rocks spatter against the window; again the axes fly.

FLASH SHOT - MAN WITH COIL OF ROPE

MAN
(shouting)
Burn it down!

FLASH SHOT - SECOND MAN

SECOND MAN
Blow it up!

FLASH SHOT - THIRD MAN

THIRD MAN
Open up, Sheriff - or we'll get you, too!

WIDER ANGLE

as the pole is again sent crashing into the door which sags dangerously. A few more such blows and it will go. The howling of the mob is at its heighth.
MOVING SHOT - COURTHOUSE SQUARE - LINCOLN, EFE, ABAGAIL AND THE GIRLS

running toward the jail. Hannah holds the baby. The women are stricken dumb with horror now, their eyes tortured.

LINCOLN
(sharply - over his shoulder)
You folks stay back here with Efe!

As Lincoln runs on, Abagail, Efe and the girls stop in bewilderment.

HANNAH
(crying out after Lincoln)
No! No! I'm goin' too!

CARRIE SUE
(weeping)
Adam! They'll hurt Adam!

EFE
(restraining them)
You better do like he said.

ABAGAIL
(as if in a trance)
Yes - it's up to him - and the Lord - now.

WIDE SHOT - EXT. JAIL

as Lincoln plows his way through the crazed mob. The yelling has never let up and the battering at the door and windows goes on unabated. As Lincoln forces his way forward, the pole is again sent crashing into the door, and this time it all but gives way.

CLOSE SHOT - LINCOLN

as he gets up in front of the crowd - towers above them. He lifts his hands for quiet!

LINCOLN
(loudly)
Hold on, men! Hold on - and listen to me!
as the men with the pole prepare to make another and perhaps final assault on the door. Lincoln plants himself directly in their path. One of the men is Frank Ford. As Lincoln demands quiet, he hisses: "Shhhh!" But no attention is paid him.

VOICES
(angry - crazed)
Look out!
Get out of the way!
We're coming!

LINCOLN
(determinedly)
Put down that pole - and listen to me!

VOICES
(as the pole is headed toward Lincoln)
Shut up and get out of the way!
Run him down!
Spit in his eye!
We ain't stoppin' now!

Several men reach out to grab him, but Lincoln flings out his arms, shoves them violently aside.

LINCOLN
(getting good and angry)
By jing! I said listen to me;
And by jing!...you will!

Quickly, he seizes one of the mob - holds him directly in the path of the pole. For a tense moment, the men with the pole are prepared to charge, but that towering form; that face set and determined; that ringing voice so full of authority, and the threatened destruction of one of their number, overcome such an impulse. They hesitate and in that moment, Lincoln takes command.

CLOSER SHOT - LINCOLN

as he looks out at the momentarily hushed mob.

LINCOLN
(quietly, after a slight pause)
That's better!

He releases the terrified mobster and jumps up on the steps from which vantage spot he can look down on the mob.

(CONTINUED)
LINCOLN
(forcefully)
Now, gentlemen - I'm not here
to make any speeches. All I've
got to say is that I can lick
any man here - hands down!

As he flings this challenge at them, there is an
outburst of angry, excited voices.

VOICES
We know you, Abe Lincoln!
Ain't nobody scared of you!
He can't stop us!
Come on men - let's get 'em!

LINCOLN
(pointing a finger
at one of the
leaders)
Hold on, Buck! I thought I'd
find that big mouth of yours
around here - telling people
what to do!

107 QUICK CLOSEUP - BUCK

a big, hard-faced rowdy.

BUCK
I'm Buck all right - the big
buck of this lick!

108 ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING LINCOLN BUT INCLUDING BUCK

LINCOLN
(sternly)
Then come on and whet your
horns! What's holding you?

The crowd roars defiantly, but Buck holds back.

LINCOLN
(as Buck still
hesitates)
Maybe some of you other gentle-
men would like to take Buck's
place!
CLOSE SHOT - A LITTLE SAWED-OFF MAN

with a potful of liquor.

LITTLE MAN

Me! I can lick you myself!

ANOTHER ANGLE

including Lincoln, as he looks at the little man.

LINCOLN

Is that a fact, neighbor - or just your notion?

ANOTHER VOICE

Get away from there, Lincoln, or we'll give it to you, too!

LINCOLN

(smiling)

Well, well, if that's not Bill Gentry! First time I ever heard of you trying to break into jail, Bill. I thought you were too busy trying to break out.

VOICES

Shut up!
Go on - get him!
He's said enough!

LINCOLN

(singling out another leader of the mob)

Howdy, Clarence! Last time I saw you, you were heading for the rock pile - for beating up your wife!

ANOTHER ANGLE

showing Clarence, the crestfallen, confused recipient of this assault. He clearly shows his guilt, as his friends look at him - some amused.

INT. JAIL - MED. CLOSE SHOT - MATT AND ADAM

still clutching the bars and listening, puzzled by the sudden cessation of the assault. Now there is the sound of scattered laughter instead of blood-curdling yells. Cass and the sheriff are as puzzled as the boys.
EXT. JAIL - MED. CLOSE SHOT - LINCOLN AND CROWD

as he takes advantage of the momentary quiet.

LINCOLN

Now gentlemen, all joking aside,
let's look at this matter from
my side.

CLOSE SHOT - ABAGAIL AND THE GIRLS

as they look off at Lincoln and the crowd - hope
beginning to dawn in their eyes.

LINCOLN'S VOICE

You all know I'm just a fresh
lawyer trying to get ahead, but
some of you boys act like you
want to do me out of my first
clients!

As several people laugh.

VOICES

Go ahead, Abe!
Go on - and talk!

MED. CLOSE SHOT - LINCOLN

as he sticks his hands in his pockets, just as if
making a political speech.

LINCOLN

I'm not saying you fellows are
not right. Maybe these boys do
deserve to hang, but, with me
handling their case, it looks
like you won't have to worry
much on that score.
(again there
is laughter)
All I ask is to have it done
with some legal pomp and show!

MAN IN CROWD

 seriou sly)
That's all very well, Abe, but
what about our side of it?
We've been to a heap of trouble
not to have at least one hanging!

(CONTINUED)
LINCOLN
(with mock solemnity)
Sure you have, Mac, and if these boys had more than one life, I'd say go ahead -- a little hanging mightn't do them any harm. But the sort of hanging you boys'd give 'em would be so permanent!

Again the crowd laughs, and the danger is now gone.

LINCOLN
(turning serious)
The trouble is that when men start taking the law in their own hands, they're just as apt, in the confusion and fun, to hang somebody who's not a murderer as somebody who is. Then next thing you know, they're hanging one another just for pure devilment, till it gets to the place a man can't pass a tree or look at a rope without feeling uneasy.

116

ANOTHER ANGLE - TOWARD CROWD

Now restive and slightly ashamed of themselves, as Lincoln continues.

LINCOLN
We seem to lose our heads at such times as this, and do things together we'd be mighty ashamed to do by ourselves. For instance, you take Jeremiah Carter yonder --

117

CLOSE SHOT - JEREMIAH CARTER

a middle-aged man, with a kindly face, as he lowers his head in shame.

LINCOLN'S VOICE
(earnestly)
There's not a finer, more decent, God-fearing man in Springfield than Jeremiah Carter, and I wouldn't be surprised if when he goes home he takes down a certain Book and looks into it. Maybe he'll just happen to hit on these words:
(slowly)
'Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.'

(CONTINUED)
Suddenly Jeremiah turns and pushes his way through the now silent crowd.

**118**

**MED. SHOT - FAVORING LINCOLN**
as he looks off after Jeremiah.

**LINCOLN**
(quietly - after a pause)
That's all I've got to say, friends....Goodnight.

Silently the crowd starts to melt away. The men with the battering pole, looking very ill at ease, put it down. One or two men, thoroughly chastened, hold out their hands, in passing, grasp Lincoln's. Then he is alone - except for Efe, who has come in closer.

**LINCOLN**
(quietly)
Efe, if I were a drinking man - like you - I know where I'd be heading about this time.

Efe gulps, and nods, and starts off. Lincoln slowly follows.

**119**

**MOVING SHOT - LINCOLN**
as he goes down the steps and off toward Abagail and the girls. CAMERA LEADS HIM in to them. He smiles.

**LINCOLN**
(quietly)
You can go inside - now.

Choking back sobs, Carrie Sue and Hannah look at him, then, without a word, run off toward the jail. Abagail stands, frozen in her tracks, looking at Lincoln, her eyes fairly worshipping him. Their eyes meet. She is speechless. Suddenly she seizes his hand and tries to kiss it. He shakes his head, drops an arm comfortingly around her, leads her off toward the jail.
as Sheriff Billings, still puzzled by the cessation of noise outside, opens the front door cautiously in response to the timid knocking of Hannah and Carrie Sue. Matt and Adam still stand behind the bars in the cell, looking out anxiously. Cass, his hat on, stands near the door, still full of fright.

**HANNAH**
(as the girls enter)
Matt!

**CARRIE SUE**
Adam!

They run across to the boys, Hannah weeping, cling to them through the bars. The boys are speechless. As the sheriff peers out curiously, Lincoln and Abagail come in, Lincoln’s arm around her shoulder. Abagail looks off at the boys - then at the sheriff - then at Lincoln. He smiles and gently urges her forward.

**LINCOLN**
(as Abagail crosses to the boys)
It's all right, Sheriff. The excitement's over now.

Cass suddenly goes past Lincoln and out of the door. Lincoln motions the sheriff to one side.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

The child is asleep in Hannah’s arms, and Carrie Sue, exhausted, is dozing with her head against Hannah’s shoulder. CAMERA PANS ALONG SHAFTS OF WAGON to LINCOLN AND ABAGAIL hitching up the mules together.

**LINCOLN**
(quietly)
Nice pair of mules you’ve got here.

**ABAGAIL**
(pausing - anxiously)
You won't let - nothin' happen to Matt and Adam!

*(CONTINUED)*
LINCOLN
(smiling - shaking
his head)
Now don't you worry about a
thing. I'll keep an eye on 'em all right.

ABAGAIL
(still worried)
Matt - he don't eat hardly a
thing, but Adam - he's just a
boy. He'll get hungry, sure.

LINCOLN
(busy harnessing
mules)
They'll get plenty - with the
sheriff's wife in the kitchen.

ABAGAIL
(with a great
effort)
I ain't the one to talk much,
but after what you done for us
tonight --

LINCOLN
(quickly)
Now - now! Save your thanks.
He quickly finishes buckling the mules and turns to
Abagail, dropping an arm around her.

CLOSE MOVING SHOT - LINCOLN AND ABAGAIL
as he leads her back to the wagon.

LINCOLN
Of course, you know I'm just a
sort of jack-leg lawyer without
much experience at this business,
but as long as you want me, I'll
do the best I can. Still, maybe you'd
feel a lot safer if my partner was
here - or you could get hold of
Steve Douglas. I hear that silver
tongue of his can be mighty useful
with a jury.
ABAGAIL
(as they come to
the wagon)
We don't know nothin' about
lawyers and things like that.

LINCOLN
(starting to help
her into wagon)
Well, at any rate, I'll drop
around tomorrow and have a
little talk with the boys, then
one of these days I'll ride out
in the country and let you
ladies know how things are
coming along.
(as she takes her
seat in the wagon)
You know - my mother - Nancy
Hanks - would have been just
about your age if she'd lived.
I've got an idea she'd have
been a whole lot like you too -
a whole lot like you!

For a moment their eyes meet and hold, his tender and
smiling, hers yearning to let him know what her heart
is saying. But the words won't come.

LINCOLN
(after a slight
pause)
Well - goodbye, ma'am - and
watch out for ruts.

She looks down and nods - but still is speechless.
Lincoln steps back.

LINCOLN
(to mules)
Giddap!

As the reins tighten in Abigail's hands, the mules
start off. Lincoln lifts his hat. The wagon rolls
out. Lincoln stands looking after it, a thoughtful
smile on his lips. In the distance a rooster heralds
the new day.

FADE OUT
FADE IN

123 CLOSE SHOT - A SHEET OF NOTE PAPER
on which is written in a lady's fine hand:

Dear Mr. Lincoln:

My sister, Mrs. Edwards, has asked a few friends to a supper
and dance at her house on Friday evening. We should feel very
honored if you would join us, so that we may tell you how much
we admire your conduct during the recent deplorable uprising.

Sincerely,

Mary Todd

DISOLVE TO:

124 EXT. EDWARDS' HOME - NIGHT - FULL SHOT

The house is brilliantly lighted. A punch bowl has been set up on the porch, and well-dressed couples - the socially elite of Springfield - stroll about the lawn. From inside is heard dance music.

125 INT. PARLOR - MED. SHOT

A group of young people, including Mary Todd and Stephen Douglas, are dancing a popular dance of the time, known as the Cuckoo Waltz. Mary and Douglas stand in the center of the room, with all the others circling to the left around them, while the leader of the small orchestra sings the numbers from the far end of the room.

LEADER

(singing)
Choose your pard as we go round, Choose your pard as we go round, Choose your pard as we go round.
(as those circling quickly choose their partners, and all join hands)

MEN

(singing)
We'll all take Susie Brown.

(CONTINUED)
LEADER
(as the couples
generally form fours,
circle left)
Fare thee well, my charming girl,
Fare thee well, I'm gone,
Fare thee well, my charming girl,
With golden slippers on.

As the music increases in tempo, the men seize their partners and all dance a lively two-step, whirling and dipping and laughing, while the whole orchestra sings.

CLOSE MOVING SHOT.- MARY AND DOUGLAS
dancing. Mary is a brilliant, vibrant, aristocratic figure in her elegant hoop skirt. Douglas is a worthy dancing partner, performing the steps with dash and vigor. Obviously he likes Miss Mary Todd. Mary, on the other hand, while following the numbers perfectly, is looking off, searchingly. Suddenly a burst of masculine laughter is heard, and she darts interested eyes toward its source.

MED. SHOT - LINCOLN AND GROUP OF MEN - IN HALL
The men are laughing heartily. Lincoln is "slicked up" for the party, but is far from being as well-dressed as the other men. Though awkward and gawky, there is a certain natural dignity about him, however.

MEN'S VOICES
That's a good one!
I've got to remember that!
Go on - Lincoln! Let's hear another one!

MOVING SHOT - DOUGLAS AND MARY
dancing, Mary's eyes on Lincoln. Then with a flourish the music and the dance end. Douglas applauds the dance and bows toward Mary.

DOUGLAS
(gallantly)
Upon my word, ma'am, in all my experience I have never danced with a more graceful and charming partner.
as she takes his arm and they move off toward the punch bowl.

MARY  
(smiling graciously — inclining her head)  
I'm awfully glad that you don't share Mr. Lincoln's aversion to feminine society.

DOUGLAS  
(glancing off — lightly)  
Oh, Mr. Lincoln's a great story teller. Like all such actors, he revels in boisterous applause.

MARY  
(as she fans herself with a lace handkerchief)  
And yet, Ninian says it was his wit that saved those two wretched boys.

DOUGLAS  
(magnanimously, as he reaches for a cup of punch)  
Unquestionably he has ability in handling an unthinking mob. Not even his enemies deny he has a certain political talent.

Mary looks at him and smiles enigmatically, as Douglas places a cup of punch in her hand. At this moment the music starts again offscene, and another young man steps up beside them.

YOUNG MAN  
Miss Todd, may I have the favor of this waltz?

MARY  
(graciously)  
I shall be delighted.  
(as she returns the untouched cup to Douglas and goes into the young man's arms)  
Thank you, Mr. Douglas.

He bows low, as Mary waltzes off.
surrounded by a group of men, including one thin, aesthetic man. A servant is passing a tray of sandwiches.

MAN
Mr. Lincoln, are you by any chance a member of the well-known Lincoln family of Massachusetts?

LINCOLN
(taking a sandwich)
Not by any chance I know of, sir.

MAN
A very fine old family - very fine.

LINCOLN
(as he takes a bite)
Then I'd say the evidence is all against us belonging to it. No Lincoln I ever knew amounted to a hill of beans.

MAN
Yet there's an odd similarity in Christian names. I remember there was an Abraham, a Solomon and a Levi Lincoln.

LINCOLN
(lifting his eyebrows)
Did you say 'Christian' names?

As the group of men laugh, Douglas joins them.

DOUGLAS
(with cordiality of the born politician)
Good evening, Mr. Lincoln. We don't often have the pleasure of your company at these little gatherings.

LINCOLN
(easily)
I don't often get invited, Mr. Douglas. Maybe that's why.

(CONTINUED)
DOUGLAS
(laughing - holding out his hand)
Anyhow, let me congratulate you - as one lawyer to another - on the way you saved your clients the other night.

LINCOLN
(lighty - as they shake hands)
You couldn't expect me to stand by and see my clients get hung before they paid me for getting 'em convicted.

DOUGLAS
(watching Lincoln closely)
You think then they will be convicted?

LINCOLN
(easily)
That all depends. Depends on whether I can get some of my relatives on the jury, or -- (searchingly) - on whether you're handling the case for the prosecution, Mr. Douglas.

CLOSE TWO SHOT - DOUGLAS AND LINCOLN
Lincoln towers above him and Douglas has to look up. Their eyes meet - both full of challenge.

DOUGLAS
(quietly)
I confess I've been approached in the matter - but unfortunately previous engagements --

LINCOLN
(his eyes twinkling)
Of a political nature --

DOUGLAS
(bowing)
- of a political nature - make it impossible for me to prepare the case.

(CONTINUED)
LINCOLN
(shrewdly)
However, I expect you'll not
deny the other side the benefit
of your advice.

DOUGLAS
(steadily)
As a duly elected prosecutor,
I consider it my duty to lend
my poor talents whenever they're
sought in the interests of
justice.

LINCOLN
(dryly - still
smiling)
Oh yes, we mustn't let any-
thing interfere with justice
in these matters.

WIDER ANGLE - SHOOTING TOWARD THE PARLOR

where dancing continues, as Mary Todd, her head high,
her manners imperious, heads toward Lincoln and the
group of men.

MARY
(as he comes in)
Mr. Lincoln -
(as the men step
aside)
In the part of the South I
come from, it's customary for
a gentleman to ask a visiting
lady to dance with him. Wouldn't
you care to ask me?

LINCOLN
(smiling)
I'd like to dance with you the
worst way, ma'am, but since all
the dancing I've ever done was
behind a plow, I'm afraid I
wouldn't cut much of a figure
alongside a fancy stepper like
Mr. Douglas here.

MARY
(with quiet force)
Mr. Lincoln, I shall be very
glad to dance this dance with
you.

(CONTINUED)
She reaches out, takes his hand and draws him away.
As they go, Douglas and the other men look after
them, Douglas far from pleased.

INT. PARLOR - MED. CLOSE SHOT - LINCOLN AND MARY

as she goes into his arms. The music is still
playing, couples are dancing.

LINCOLN
(hesitating)
You've heard of the old saying:
'Don't let your left hand know
what your right hand is doing.'
Just apply that to my feet, and
you'll have a rough idea of what
you've got yourself into.

She holds him firmly, however, and they start off.

MOVING SHOT - LINCOLN AND MARY

dancing. But Lincoln was right. He is no dancer.
He stumbles and slides, and Mary almost loses her
balance. They bump into other couples, thoroughly
disrupt the dancing. Finally Mary has to stop.

MARY
(laughing despite
herself)
Mr. Lincoln, at least you're
a man of honor. You said you
wished to dance with me the
worst way, and I must say
you've kept your word. This
is the worst way I've ever
seen.

LINCOLN
(smiling)
I warned you.

MARY
(determinedly)
Shall we go outside and talk
instead of dancing, Mr. Lincoln?

LINCOLN
It'd be a pleasure, ma'am.

She takes his arm, and they start off.
as she leads him out of the parlor, across the hall, onto the porch, past laughing, gay, chattering, well-dressed men and women. Not a few eyebrows are lifted as the brilliant, well-born Mary Todd thus publicly promenades with the tall, gangling, jackleg lawyer, who first saw light of day in a cabin of logs.

surrounded by group of men, as he looks off after them, already dimly aware perhaps that there goes not only his rival for the hand of Mary Todd, but the one man who will stand between him and the goal of his dreams - the White House.

as they come from the house and stroll across the porch. Lincoln has suddenly become absent-minded - almost indifferent. Mary shoots sly glances at him, taking his indifference for shyness. As they come to a porch bench, Mary disengages her arm, arranges her skirt and sits down. Lincoln, almost forgetful of her, looks off at the river.

silvery in the moonlight.

as Lincoln looks off at the river, and Mary looks up at him. To Lincoln the river means one thing only - Ann, the woman he has loved. Mary, of course, suspects nothing of this. To her Lincoln is just an awkward man - from a different sphere of life - ill-at-ease in the presence of a glamorous woman. She will set him at his ease - will give him to understand that, great lady though she is, she is not inaccessible, if only the man will do her bidding.

Mary
Mr. Lincoln - are you going to win that case and save those two boys?

(CONTINUED)
LINCOLN
(still gazing off)
I'm going to try like all get-out ma'am. That's all I know.

For a moment longer, Mary looks at him - a smile on her face - shrewd and calculating.

MARY
(softly)
Mr. Lincoln.

Slowly Lincoln turns back toward her.

MARY
(indicating the place beside her)
Won't you sit down?

She is smiling up at him - invitingly. He hesitates for just a second, then slowly crosses and seats himself beside her.

DISSOLVE TO:
on horseback, as they ride past Speed's store, in front of which sit the same loafers who greeted Lincoln on his first appearance in Springfield as a Lawyer. It is Fall now, and Lincoln wears a protective shawl around his shoulders. From the band of his high hat protrude several papers. His long legs dangle almost to the ground.

FIRST LOAFER
(hailing them)
Hey, Lincoln - what're you up to now?

LINCOLN
(with a friendly wave)
Oh - I've just got the smell of the country in my nose, boys, and I'm riding out.

SECOND LOAFER
(calling after them)
If anybody comes looking for you, where'll we tell 'em you're at?

LINCOLN
Why in my office, of course!

SECOND LOAFER
(laughing)
Where's that, Abe?

LINCOLN
(touching papers in his hat)
In my hat!

A roar of laughter greets this, Lincoln and Efe smiling as they turn aside to permit a stylish carriage, drawn by a spanking pair of horses, to go by. In the carriage are Douglas and Mary Todd. They bow - and Douglas lifts his hat. Lincoln raises his hat - and bows.

DISSOLVE TO:
riding along the river's edge, through sparsely settled country. Lincoln, as usual, is enthralled by the river. Efe looks at him, off at the river, back at Lincoln.

EFE
Abe, you sure love that river, don't you?

LINCOLN.
(nodding - non-committally)
It's a mighty pretty river, Efe.

EFE
(puzzled)
I never saw a man in my life look at a river like you do.
(with a grin)
Folks'd think it was a pretty woman, or something - the way you carry on.

Lincoln just looks at Efe, holds his tongue. Then he puts his jew's harp to his lips - starts to play. The tune is hardly recognizable. (This may be a slight anachronism, but the history of the tune "Dixie" is not accurately known - it's origin a disputed point.)

EFE
(puzzled)
How come they call that thing you're playin' a jew's harp?

LINCOLN
(removing harp to reply)
Comes down from David's harp in the Bible.

EFE
(solemnly - after a slight pause, as Lincoln starts to play again)
I don't want to say nothin', against the Bible - but those people back there sure had funny tastes in music.

Lincoln looks at Efe out of the corner of his eye, amused, and continues with "Dixie,"

(continued)
EFE
(after another
pause)
Abe, which one of those boys
you reckon really killed Scrub
White?
(as Lincoln shakes
his head)
What do they say about it?

LINCOLN
(casually)
Oh, they just say Scrub tried
to make up to Hannah. And that
when they ran into him again
that night he was in a pretty
bad temper about something, and
the first thing they knew they
were over there fighting. Scrub
had a gun and one of them, I don't
know which, pulled a knife. That's
all they'll say - except each one
claims he did it.

(CONTINUED)
EFE
Reckon you can make out a 
case on that?

LINCOLN
Well, Efe, I don't know. It 
looks bad. But maybe something'll 
pop up to help me out.

EFE
(as Lincoln plays 
again)
I hope it does, Abe - because 
those fellows you poked fun at - 
Buck and Fred and them - they've 
been doin' a powerful lot of 
grumbling. They claim they're 
goin' to whip you clean out of 
your boots, or know the reason 
why.

LINCOLN
You don't say. Well, Efe, that's 
bad - that's sure bad.

As Efe shakes his head, Lincoln resumes the playing 
of "Dixie," this time with better effect. Gradually 
the tune takes hold of Efe, too, and he listens 
intently.

EFE
What's that tune you're playin'?

LINCOLN
(pausing momen-
tarily)
Don't know. Sounds kind of 
catchy, though.

Again he plays. Efe's head wags in time with the 
music.

EFE
(approvingly)
Makes you want to - march or 
something!
SCENES 141 TO 144 INCLUSIVE HAVE BEEN ELIMINATED.
ABAGAIL'S YARD - DAY - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT - LINCOLN

in his shirt sleeves, chopping firewood for Abigail's kitchen. In the background are Abigail and Carrie Sue, seated on a bench outside the kitchen door, in which stands Hannah with the baby. Abe holds a letter tightly in her hands. Abe is asleep on the ground, his back resting against the house. The log cabin is not unlike Lincoln's own birthplace.

LINCOLN
(as he blows on his hands)
People used to say I could sink an ax deeper than anybody they ever saw.

He raises the ax. It flashes through the air and sinks into the wood, splitting it apart.

LINCOLN
(tossing the ax aside)
Well, that's still not bad for a city fellow.

He bends over and tosses the wood on the pile, then crosses toward the house, CAMERA PANNING. The women follow every move, silent, staring.

LINCOLN
(pauses to study the house)
This house certainly takes me back to the time when I was just a little old shirttail boy down in Kentucky.
(his eyes half closed in retrospection)
Our place was just about this size. It had one window, I remember, and a dirt floor.
(looking around)
There were some wild crab apple trees in the front yard, and a big hearth inside where I used to stretch out while my mother read to me.

(lost in thought)
I remember how bad I felt the day we decided to pull up stakes and head for Indiana.

He shakes his head at the memory, and reaches for a bucket of water.

(CONTINUED)
LINCOLN
(as he pours water
into a wash basin)
Kentucky was a mighty fine
place to live in, but with so
many slaves coming in, white
folks had a hard time making
a living. A good slave didn’t
have to worry. The people who
owned him looked after him, but
all we ever had was the right
to go and come as we pleased.
Not that I stand up for slavery,
but I can see it has its advan-
tages when your stomach’s empty.
(as he starts
to wash his hands)
And you folks – just like my
folks. I said that to myself
the minute I laid eyes on you.
'My mother'd feel right at home
with Mrs. Clay,' I said. And
now I know she would.
(splashing water
over his arms)
Hannah, I bet you didn’t know
I had a sister once – just about
your age – named Sarah.

CLOSE SHOT – HANNAH – IN DOORWAY
with baby in her arms.

LINCOLN’S VOICE
Only she died when her baby was
born.

CLOSE SHOT – CARRIE SUE

LINCOLN’S VOICE
I used to know a girl too – like
you, Carrie Sue. Named Ann.

MED. CLOSE SHOT – LINCOLN
as he straightens up.

LINCOLN
(in a low voice)
Ann died too.

(CONTINUED)
He turns and shakes the water from his head and hands, then dries his face on the sleeve of his shirt, no towel being available. At the same time he shakes off his melancholia. CAMERA PANS as he crosses to Abigail:

LINCOLN
(cheerfully)
Well, you read your letters yet?

HANNAH
(quickly)
I read mine — by myself!

ABAGAIL
(simply)
I never learned to read.
(handing him the
unsealed letter)
I figured maybe you'd read it
to me.

LINCOLN
(taking the letter
and dropping down
beside her)
Why certainly — I'll be glad to.

Lincoln quickly unfolds the letter, and begins to read.

LINCOLN
(reading)
'Dear Ma: I seat myself this
evening to inform you that I
and Matt are well and hoping
these few lines may find you
all enjoying the same blessings.
We had turnip greens and pork
chops for supper, but Oh me!
Nobody can cook turnip greens
like you, Ma!'

CARRIE SUE
(as Lincoln pauses
and smiles)
I can cook turnip greens good,
too!

HANNAH
(quickly)
Matt always said nobody could
cook turnip greens better than
me.

(Continued)
ABAGAIL
(nodding)
Hannah can cook as nice turnip greens as anybody. Carrie Sue, too!

LINCOLN
(reading again)
'We've been treated mighty nice. The sheriff says he never had anybody in here who could beat me playing checkers.'
(as Abigail nods)
'Well, Ma, I bet you wish we were there to do some plowing and laying in fresh meat. Oh, me! Wouldn't a squirrel stew taste good.'

ABAGAIL
(quietly)
They were great boys for huntin' - especially Adam...

LINCOLN
(reading again - as Carrie Sue smiles, and Hannah looks distressed)
'A preacher comes in regular and reads us the Bible. I'm fixin' to learn me a whole Psalm, if I don't get hung first. Well, my pen is bad, my ink is pale, my love for you will never fail. Adam.'

Slowly Lincoln folds the letter, lays it in Abagail's lap. Her hands close over it - hold it tightly.

LINCOLN
(turning to Hannah)
Hannah, I wonder if you've got an extra piece of paper handy in the house. I want to make a few notes while I'm talking to your mother.

HANNAH
(disturbed)
We ain't got any paper that I know of - but we got a new almanac. Rcken could you write on it?

(CONTINUED)
LINCOLN
Almanac? Why yes, that's the very thing.
(to Carrie Sue, as Hannah turns away)
Carric Sue, my mouth's beginning
to water for some of those turnip greens of yours. You think you
could do anything about that?

CARRIE SUE
(jumping up,
eagerly)
Hannah and me'll fix 'em together!

As she starts indoors, happy to serve him, Hannah reappears with the almanac, which she hands to Lincoln.

LINCOLN
Thank you, Hannah.

CARRIE SUE'S VOICE
Hannah! Come on - and help.

ABAGAIL
(as Hannah starts back to the house)
I'll hold the baby.

Hannah quickly hands the child over to Abagail and goes inside. Lincoln looks down at the child and smiles.

CLOSE TWO SHOT - ABAGAIL AND LINCOLN

LINCOLN
Now then - suppose you tell me something about the boys.

ABAGAIL
(hesitantly)
There ain't much to tell.

LINCOLN
Your husband - he die?

ABAGAIL
(nodding)
The summer after we came here,
We'd just finished buildin' the house --

(CONTINUED)
LINCOLN
(admiringly - as he makes a note on the almanac)
It's a nice house, all right.
Not a nail in it.

ABAGAIL
(a hint of pride in her voice)
My husband was always right good with his hands.
(after a slight pause)
He was killed by a drunk Indian.
(looking off)
It was along toward sundown. I'd just come in from the milkin'.
(after another slight pause)
Adam was out clearin' timber.
Matt was down with fever.

LINCOLN
(with a tender smile)
That Adam - I bet he knew what to do with an ax.

ABAGAIL
(agreeing)
He took after his father. Matt was always the puny one. O'neet, when he was a baby, I held him in my arms two whole days - with him burning up with lung sickness.

LINCOLN
(quietly - after a pause)
Mrs. Clay, which one of your boys killed Scrub White?

Abagail looks at him, a startled, frightened look on her face.

ABAGAIL
(in a frightened whisper)
I can't tell you! I just can't!

LINCOLN
(persuasively)
But I'm your lawyer. You can trust me.

(CONTINUED)
LINDON (Cont.)
(as Abigail
shakes her head)
I don't want to scare you, but
we've got a fight on our hands.
I've got to know what I'm doing.

ABAGAIL
(her body rocking
with grief)
I can't! It'd be like choosin'
between 'em!

LINDON
(worried)
What do you suppose made them
both say they'd done it?

ABAGAIL
Matt said it because he's the
oldest - and Adam said it because
Matt's got a wife and a baby, I
reckon.

LINDON
(quietly)
There's a lot of people who'd
like to see those two boys hang.

ABAGAIL
(rocking back
and forth, but
tearless)
I know -- but I just can't.

LINDON
They've got a pack of witnesses
and some mighty fine lawyers on
the other side.

ABAGAIL
It ain't no use! I can't! I

There is a slight pause as Lincoln studies the woman
beside him, then shrugs.

LINDON
No, I reckon you can't!

And as he looks down at her and the baby, and
attempts a smile of encouragement,

FADE OUT
FADE IN

150  A COUNTRY ROAD - DAY - FULL SHOT

as a stream of wagons, buggies, riders on horseback
flows toward Springfield and the scene of the trial.

151  MOVING SHOT - A WAGON

in which ride a whole family - men, women and children
- the women seated in straight-back chairs, one
nursing a baby. A man on horseback is passing.

     MAN ON HORSEBACK
     (calling out, jovially)
     Better hurry, folks, or the trial'll be over before you
     get started!

     WAGON DRIVER
     (yelling back)
     Don't worry, brother. There won't
     be any fun till we get there.
     (holding up rope)
     I've got the rope!

The men laugh and the ladies smile.

152  MOVING SHOT - TWO BUGGIES

moving along, side by side.

     FIRST DRIVER
     (leaning out)
     Plannin' on stayin' for the whole trial, Jim?

     SECOND DRIVER
     (grimly)
     Yep - I'm stayin' - seein' Scrub White and my wife was second
cousins.

153  MOVING SHOT - TWO BOYS

walking toward Springfield. They are about fifteen.

     FIRST BOY
     (worried)
     Maybe there won't be no hangin'.
     Maybe they'll get off.  
     (CONTINUED)
SECOND BOY
(scornfully)
Pa says they got to hang 'em, else he'll help string 'em up himself. And the jury too.

FIRST BOY
(delighted)
Oh boy! Let's hurry!

Their eyes sparkling with excitement, they break into a jog-trot.

DISSOLVE TO:

154 COURTHOUSE SQUARE - SPRINGFIELD - DAY

as crowds on foot move toward the courthouse, gossiping, chatting, enjoying the great American pastime - a murder trial. Around the square, horses and wagons are hitched.

155 CLOSE MOVING SHOT - GROUP OF MEN

with set, determined faces, pushing their way toward the courthouse. Among them are Buck, Fred, Bill, and the other men singled out by Lincoln for ridicule the night of the attempted lynching.

156 MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT - PALMER CASS

and several of his friends, lounging near courthouse entrance. These are identified as members of Scrub's party the day of the killing.

157 CLOSE MOVING SHOT - NEAR JAIL - LINCOLN

followed by two small boys, both quarreling bitterly. Efe and several of his cronies are standing by. They hail Lincoln. The boys are saying: It's mine! No, it ain't. 'Tis too! Etc.

(CONTINUED)
LINCOLN
(without pausing)
Just what's the matter with the
whole world, Efe. I've got three
walnuts in my hand - and each of
'em wants two!

As Efe and his friends laugh, Lincoln heads into the
jail, the boys following.

NEAR COURTHOUSE ENTRANCE - MOVING SHOT - MARY TODD
AND MRS. EDWARDS

followed by Douglas and John Felder, the prosecutor,
as they push their way through an admiring crowd.
Felder is a pompous, extravagantly-dressed man, with
an imposing manner,

MRS. EDWARDS
(anxiously)
Oh, Mary - why did I ever let
you drag me here? It's all
so --- vulgar!

MARY
(firmly)
I wouldn't miss a moment of it
for anything! Not one moment!

As the women move on, CAMERA MOVES with Douglas and
Felder.

DOUGLAS
(earnestly)
I confess that if I had my choice
I'd never urge any man to demand
the supreme penalty. Still, in
a case like this, it seems to me
you have no other choice.

FELDER
(for the benefit
of the crowd)
I yield to no man in my regard
for the sacredness of human life,
sir, but I expect to lose no
sleep, or shed no tears over
these two murderers; They are
guilty, and they shall hang for
it!

(CONTINUED)
To the accompaniment of an approving chorus, Felder and Douglas enter the courthouse, as a cry is heard offscene.

**VOICES**

Here they are!
Here they come!

**EXT. JAIL - DAY - MOVING SHOT**

as Matt and Adam, securely handcuffed to Sheriff Billings and a deputy, are led toward the courthouse, followed by Lincoln and Abagail, Hannah and Carrie Sue. All are serious. As they move along, open threats are hurled at the boys. Even the women of the crowd are hostile.

**VOICES**

(harshly)
You'll get yours!
You're as good as hung right now!
Hey, Adam - reckon it'll hurt much?
What kind of necktie you like, Matt?
Well, Lincoln, let's see you joke your way out of this one!

Lincoln looks out at the crowd. His hand tightens on Abagail's arm. Efe steps up beside him.

**EFE**

(in a low voice)
Abe - how you goin' to handle it?

**LINCOLN**

(solemnly)
Looks like I'm going to have to tell the truth, Efe.

**EFE**

(astonished)
The truth?

**LINCOLN**

(secretly - behind his hand)
Yes, sir - lawyers'll do anything to win a case.

**DISSOLVE TO:**
as the clerk summons the room to order. The courtroom is now crowded to capacity, some even standing, or sitting in the windows. The room is finished in the uncompromising style of the time - hard white walls, unpainted woodwork, wooden benches. In one corner is a large Franklin stove with yards of stovepipe. Courts in Illinois in those days lacked dignity and formality, even the judges indulging in practices that would be abhorrent today. They might smoke a pipe, chew tobacco, and spit at the stove without anyone's objecting.

CLERK
(singing out)
Oyez! Oyez! The honorable court of the Eighth Judicial Circuit of the State of Illinois is now in session, Judge Herbert A. Bell presiding.

CLOSE SHOT - TOWARD BENCH
as Judge Bell enters and takes his seat. He wears a slack coat, weighs about two hundred pounds, and is smoking a corn cob pipe as usual. He looks out at the courtroom through spectacles, and sharply raps with his gavel. As he sits down heavily into the squeaking chair, the spectators likewise are seated, the noise of seating coming over.

JUDGE
(matter-of-factly)
All right, Mr. Clerk. Let's get started.

The clerk rises and sings out again.

CLERK
The State of Illinois versus Matt Clay and Adam Clay - charged with the murder of Henry C. 'Scrub' White.

JUDGE
Is the State ready, Mr. Felder?

as he rises and bows to the court.
FELDER
May it please the Court, the
State of Illinois is ready —
ready, sir, and waiting.

CLOSE SHOT - JUDGE BELL
as he looks off toward the defense table and scowls.

JUDGE
And the defense?

MED. CLOSE SHOT - LINCOLN
seated at a table beside Matt and Clay, with Abagail,
Hannah and Carrie Sue just behind them. Lincoln is
leaning forward, talking to the clerk of the court,
paying no attention to the judge. Obviously he is
telling a funny story, for suddenly the clerk, for-
getting his whereabouts, almost chokes with laughter.

CLERK
I swear, Lincoln, you could
make a cat laugh!

WIDER ANGLE
including Judge Bell, as he looks down at Lincoln,
scowling fiercely.

JUDGE
(rapping for order)
Come — come, Mr. Lincoln;
There's no use trying to carry
on two courts. I'll have to
adjourn mine or you yours, and
I think you'll have to be the
one.

LINCOLN
(getting to his
feet - snapping
button on galluses)
Sorry, Your Honor - just wait
till I fix this plug on my
galluses here, and I'll pitch
into this business like a dog
into a root.

(CONTINUED)
JUDGE
Then go ahead, gentlemen -
pick yourselves a jury!
(to clerk)
And you, Mr. Clerk - I fine
you fifty cents for contempt
of court.

DISSOLVE TO:

LINCOLN
How you stand on capital punish-
ment?

JUROR
(grimly)
If you mean - do I want to see
them two fellows hung - I do.

LINCOLN
(as there is a
laugh from some
of the crowd)
You're a blacksmith, aren't you?

JUROR
(sullenly)
Yep. Why?

LINCOLN
There's going to be a heap of
horseshoeing around here this
week - and I wouldn't want to
keep you from your job. You're
excused.

DISSOLVE TO:

LINCOLN
(with a friendly
smile)
So your name's Bill Killian.

(CONTINUED)
JUROR

Yes, sir.

LINCOLN

You don't like my clients, do you, Bill?

JUROR

(frankly)

No, sir.

LINCOLN

(unruffled)

Well - tell me this - are you any kin to old Jake Killian - who used to live down in New Salem?

JUROR

Yes, sir - I'm his son.

LINCOLN

Well, Bill, if you take after your dad, you're a smart boy - and an honest one, too. I reckon he's all right with us, Your Honor.

As the juror looks at Lincoln, surprised,

DISSOLVE TO:

MED. CLOSE SHOT - THIRD JUROR, ON STAND

He is a shifty-eyed man, who seems over anxious to serve.

LINCOLN

You say you've never discussed this case?

MAN

No, sir, I never did.

LINCOLN

Ever hear anybody else discuss it?

MAN

(obviously lying)

No, sir.

(CONTINUED)
LINCOLN
(rubbing his chin)
How long you been a barber in this town?

MAN
Oh - about eighteen years - going on.

LINCOLN
And you never heard it mentioned?

MAN.
No, sir. Not that I remember.

LINCOLN
You know the gentleman who's prosecuting this case - Mr. Felder?

MAN
I guess I know him.

LINCOLN
(turning away)
Then you're excused!

169 WIDER ANGLE
as Felder jumps to his feet.

FELDER
(angrily)
Your Honor - this is a waste of time. Mr. Lincoln should know that the mere fact that a prospective juror knows counsel for the State doesn't disqualify him.

LINCOLN
(laughing - toward Felder)
Oh I know that, John. What I'm afraid of is that some of the jurors might not know you, and that'd put me at a great disadvantage.

And he sits down, as Felder glares at him, and several chuckles are heard through the room.

JUDGE
(to Juror)
Step down. Call the next juror!

DISSOLVE TO:
FOURTH JUROR - ON WITNESS STAND

This is a big, bleary-eyed old reprobate, who never once opens his mouth to say anything.

LINCOLN
(with a quizzical smile)
You drink liquor?
(witness jerks his head in assent)
Cuss?
(again assenting)
Go to church regularly?
(witness shakes head no)
Enjoy hangings?
(witness assents)
Got a job?
(witness shakes his head no)
Just like to loaf, eh?
(witness assents)
Ever tell a lie?
(witness again nods)
Then you're just the kind of honest man we're looking for on this jury. Take your place.
(turning to prosecutor)
All right, Mr. Prosecutor, it's your move,

DISSOLVE TO:

MED. CLOSE SHOT - FELDER

making his opening address to the now completed jury. As he talks he paces up and down in front of the jury box, like a caged animal.

FELDER
Gentlemen of the jury!
(rapping on jury box for dramatic effect)
'Thou shalt not kill!' So says the Sixth Commandment - as handed down to Moses on Mount Sinai by the Lord God of Israel, Himself!

(CONTINUED)
3. (again rapping)

'Thou shalt not kill!' But Matt Clay and Adam Clay did not heed that Commandment! They killed Scrub White! Two against one, they came at him with their deadly weapons! Two against one - and that one a peace-loving servant of the law.

Lincoln is slumped forward in his chair, his eyes closed, as if asleep.

LINCOLN

(without looking up)

From all I hear, Scrub was doing some mighty fancy fighting for a peace-loving man.

FELDER

(scowling fiercely at Lincoln)

True, Mr. Lincoln - true! Scrub White was a man! - An American - in whose veins flowed the blood of pioneers who braved the wilderness to make this great State what it is! He fought to defend himself, as he would have fought against the wild beasts of the forest.

(turning to jurors, who follow every word with approval)

For Scrub White loved life, loved God's blue heavens, the soft caress of the South Wind, the gentleness of a woman's smile. He loved life - but he is dead! And there, gentlemen, sit his --

(turning and dramatically pointing off at Adam and Matt)

-- his murderers!

172 MED. CLOSE SHOT - MATT AND ADAM

both looking uncomfortable, shy. Behind them are Abagail, Hannah and Carrie Sue.

(CONTINUED)
FELDER'S VOICE

(with great scorn)
I tell you, gentlemen, they
ought to be wiped out — as
a man wipeth a plate!

There is a sudden tumultuous outburst from the
spectators at this — yells and applause.

WIDE ANGLE

as the audience gives vent to its approval. Felder
looks out at the crowd with satisfaction, waits for
the demonstration to end. The judge, meanwhile,
pounds on his desk.

CLOSE SHOT - MARY TODD

closely watching Lincoln.

MED. CLOSE SHOT - FELDER

in front of jury box, as the applause dies down.

LINCOLN
(as a semblance of
order is restored)
John, it's a pure shame you
aren't running for Congress
or something. Or are you
running for Congress — or
something?

FELDER
(to Lincoln)
No, Mr. Lincoln. I am here
for the sole purpose of seeing
justice done. Justice!

LINCOLN
(with a wave of
his hand)
My error! I thought you were
just spellbinding.

Felder glares at Lincoln, then resumes his tirade
to the jury.

(CONTINUED)
(with an oratorical rhythm)
As attorney for the State of Illinois, gentlemen, I shall prove that by their own admission the defendants did stab unto death the deceased! I shall prove that they made open threats against their victim at least six hours prior to the commission of their heinous crime. I shall prove that they were under the influence of an alcoholic beverage at the time!

Several of the jurors involuntarily reach for their pockets.

MED. CLOSE SHOT - JURY
as Felder concludes.

FELDER
And when I have proven these facts, I shall expect you, as twelve loyal, intelligent, red-blooded citizens - (the old reprobate blinks solemnly) - unswayed by emotion, sympathy, or prejudice - to find Matt and Adam Clay guilty of murder - knowing that such a verdict must carry with it one sentence - and one sentence only - Death!

As he concludes there is another stormy outburst from the audience. Felder turns and bows to the audience.

LINCOLN
(dryly)
John, I hope you aren’t going to charge the State mileage for all the traveling you’ve done up and down in front of that jury.

Felder looks at Lincoln with supercilious confidence.

FELDER
Your turn, Mr. Lincoln.
(as Lincoln waves him aside)
Call Dr. Mason to the stand.

(CONTINUED)
As the clerk calls out: Dr. Mason! Dr. Mason!

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

MED. CLOSE SHOT - DR. MASON - ON STAND

a nervous, fidgety, little man.

FELDER
(leaning forward)
Dr. Mason - you say you examined the body of Scrub White?

MASON
I did.

FELDER
What would you say caused his death?

MASON
An incised wound, which penetrated the heart.

FELDER
Was there more than one wound?

MASON
Yes - two. One in the shoulder -
(indicating)
- about here - which didn’t amount to anything. And one in the back.

FELDER
Then it was the wound in the back that was fatal?

MASON
Yes, sir.

FELDER
(as an angry murmur is heard in the audience)
Thank you, Doctor.
(to Lincoln)
Your witness.

LINCOLN
(half rising)
Doctor, could Scrub White have died of something else - like shock, say - or too much to drink? (CONTINUED)
MASON
(dryly)
He could have, but he didn't.
He died from a knife wound in
the heart.

LINCOLN
(sinking back)
Well, as long as we prove be-
yond a reasonable doubt that
he's dead, I reckon we won't
stop to argue about details.
Step down.

FELDER
Call Sheriff Billings.

DISSOLVE TO:
MED. CLOSE SHOT - SHERIFF HILLINGS - ON THE STAND

FELDER
(extend[ing knife
found at scene of
killing)
Sheriff, have you ever seen
this knife before?

SHERIFF
(examining it
carefully)
Yes, sir, it's the knife they
killed Scrub with.

LINCOLN
(not bothering
to rise)
Did you see them do it with
the knife?

SHERIFF
(scowling)
No - but --

LINCOLN
(quickly)
I just wanted to get you
back in your groove. Go
ahead.

FELDER
(sarcastically -
to judge)
Your Honor, I must insist
that if the learned counsel
for the defense wishes to
object, let him address the
court - not my witness.

JUDGE'S VOICE
(to Lincoln)
Counsel will voice his objections
to the court henceforth.

Lincoln nods.

FELDER
One thing more, Sheriff.
Did you visit the wagon
owned by these defendants?

SHERIFF
Yes, sir.

FELDER
What did you find there?

(CONTINUED)
SHERIFF
A jug of liquor! About three-quarters full.

FELDER
Did the boys deny they'd been drinking on the night of the crime?

SHERIFF
No, sir. They said they'd had a snort or two as usual.

FELDER
As usual?

SHERIFF
Yes, sir - that's what they said - as usual.

FELDER
Thank you, Sheriff. That's all.

LINCOLN
(quickly)
Where's that jug now?

SHERIFF
In my jail.

LINCOLN
Empty?

SHERIFF
(uneasy)
There's some left.

LINCOLN
How much?

SHERIFF
(squirming)
About one-fourth full.

LINCOLN
Who drank it?

SHERIFF
(in a spot)
Well --

(CONTINUED)
LINCOLN
(Confidentially)
Never mind. This'll be our little secret. Just tell me this, Did Scrub White have a pistol?

SHERIFF
He was a deputy. He had to have one.

LINCOLN
You 'know whether he tried to use it on the defendants?

SHERIFF
No, sir.

LINCOLN
You don't know he didn't?

SHERIFF
No, sir.

LINCOLN
Sheriff, did you ever hear of the fix the man was in when he was going along the road with a pitchfork on his shoulder, and a farmer's dog ran out and bit him on the leg?

SHERIFF
(thoughtfully)
No, sir - that must've been out of my district.

LINCOLN
(suppressing a smile)
Then of course you don't recall that in defending himself with the pitchfork the man stuck one of the prongs into the dog and killed him?

(As the sheriff shakes his head)
The farmer was pretty mad. 'What made you kill my dog?' he asked. 'What made him try to bite me?' said the man. 'But why didn't you go after him with the other end?' said the farmer. To which the man replied: 'Why didn't your dog come at me with the other end?'

(continued)
There is a general laugh at this.

LINCOLN
(leaning forward confidentially)
Now, Sheriff - let's just suppose my two clients here were like that man with the pitchfork. Only let's say they had a knife. And Scrub White was the farmer's dog. Only instead of teeth, he had a pistol. Now wouldn't you say it was a matter of self-defense to use that blade as long as Scrub didn't come at them with the other end of his pistol?

FELDER
(jumping up)
I object, Your Honor - and move that these remarks be stricken from the record. Counsel is presenting an argument.

JUDGE
Counsel's remarks will be stricken from the record. The jury will disregard them.

LINCOLN
(to jury)
Now you jurors watch out, and don't remember about that dog!
(to Sheriff)
That's all.

FELDER
.quickly
Just a minute. You don't of your own knowledge know that Scrub White came at them with the shooting end of his pistol?

SHERIFF
.turning to Felder
No, sir.

LINCOLN
That's the end the bullets usually come from, isn't it?

(CONTINUED)
SHERIFF
(turning back to Lincoln)
Yes, sir.

FELDER
But you didn't see a shot fired?

SHERIFF
(turning to Felder)
No, sir.

LINCOLN
But you heard it?

SHERIFF
(turning to Lincoln)
I heard something that sounded like a shot.

LINCOLN
What do you figure you're best at - seeing or hearing?

SHERIFF
(bewildered)
Why - er - both.

LINCOLN
That's what I figured. Come down.

FELDER
Call Palmer Cass.

CLERK
(rising and calling)
Palmer Cass - take the stand.

CLOSE SHOT - CASS

seated near front of courtroom, as he gets up and starts for the stand. There is a shifty look in his eyes, but he swaggers toward the stand as if eager to testify.

WIDE ANGLE

as Cass passes Matt and Adam, without looking at

(CONTINUED)
them, and crosses to the stand where the clerk stands, waiting to swear him in. Lincoln watches the witness closely.

CLERK
Do you solemnly swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you God?

CASS
(firmly)
I do.

CLERK
What's your name?

CASS
(as he sits down)
J. Palmer Cass.

181 CLOSER SHOT - CASS

as Felder steps up beside him.

FELDER
You knew Scrub White?

CASS
Sure, I knew him.

FELDER
When was the last time you saw him?

CASS
The night he was killed.

FELDER
You had been with him a great part of that day?

CASS
I was with him all day - nearly about.

FELDER
Mr. Cass, just what did you and Mr. White do that day?

(CONTINUED)
CASS  
(thoughtfully)  
Well, we went to the parade first. Then we went to the Fairgrounds. We ate supper down at the People's House, then we went back to the Fairgrounds.

FELDER  
Do you recall where — and under what circumstances — you first saw the defendants?

CASS  
We run into them at the pie contest. Scrub kind of took a fancy to one of their girls, and I reckon she'd taken a fancy to him, too, because the fellow she was with started actin' kind of sore.

182  
MED. CLOSE SHOT - HANNAH AND CARRIE SUF  
as Hannah looks off, not believing her ears.

HANNAH  
(under her breath)  
No! It's not true!

Lincoln turns around and motions her to be quiet.

193  
MED. CLOSE SHOT - CASS AND FELDER  

FELDER  
What was Mr. White's attitude?

CASS  
How's that?

FELDER  
I mean — what did he do when one of the defendants 'acted sore'?

CASS  
Oh - he just laughed and went on off with us fellows.

(CONTINUED)
FELDER
I see. And where did you see
the defendants next?

CASS
We went on down to the tug-o'-
war and there they were, and
first thing I knew both of
'em were cussin' Scrub out
and wantin' to fight.

FELDER
What did Mr. White do then?

CASS
He just laughed some more,
and asked 'em what they wanted
to fight him with - knives or
pistols or fists?

FELDER
How'd he ask that? Jokingly?

CASS
Oh, he kept laughin' all the
time.

FELDER
And that night - Mr. Cass -
just before the killing.
Tell the jury what happened
then.

CASS
(turning toward
jury)
Well, Scrub and I went had a
little argument and he went
off by himself. The next thing
I knew I heard a shot, and I
ran as fast as I could, and
when I got there Scrub was
layin' on the ground, and those
two fellows were standin' over
him.

FELDER
And the knife was on the ground
between the defendants?

CASS
Yes, sir.

(CONTINUED)
FELDER
Where was Mr. White's pistol?

CASS
In his holster.

FELDER
So it went off then — while he
was trying to get it out of his
holster?

CASS
Yes, sir. I guess it did.

FELDER
Thank you.
(turning to
Lincoln)
Your witness.

ANOTHER ANGLE

as Lincoln gets to his feet and crosses toward
Cass.

LINCOLN
(as he crosses)
What's the J stand for in
your name?

CASS
John.

LINCOLN
Then why J. Palmer Cass? Why
not John P. Cass?

CASS
Well, I —

LINCOLN
(quickly)
Anything the matter with
John P.?

CASS
No, but --

LINCOLN
Has J. Palmer Cass anything to
conceal?

(Continued)
CASS
(getting angry
and nervous)
No!

LINCOLN
Then what do you part your
name in the middle for?

CASS
(angrily)
I got a right to call myself
anything I please.

LINCOLN
All right — but if you don't
mind, I'll just call you
John P. Cass.

FELDER
(jumping up)
Your Honor, I object to this
ridiculous line of question-
ing. Mr. Lincoln's clownish-
ness may win him a laugh from
his friends, but I assure him
his entire game of buffoonery
is lost on this jury!

JUDGE
(sternly)
Stick to the point, Mr. Lincoln.

LINCOLN
(with a smile)
I'll do my best, Your Honor.

FELDER
(to Lincoln)
Ad captandum vulgus, eh, Mr.
Lincoln? Anything to catch
the crowd.

LINCOLN
(as if puzzled)
Now hold on, John — if that's
Latin you're running in on
me, you'll have to get yourself
another witness.

(then as Felder
resumes his seat,
still annoyed — to
Cass)

Now — J. Palmer Cass — you say
you and Scrub White had a
little argument. What was this
argument about?

CASS
(sullenly)
I'd rather not say. (CONTINUED)
LINCOLN
Oh, you’d rather not say. Well, J. Palmer, suppose I told you I’d rather you did say?

CASS
(glaring at Lincoln)
All right - if you want to know. We were arguing about politics.

LINCOLN
(amused)
That’s something new to argue about!
(as there is a mild laugh)
What kind of politics?

CASS
Well, I’ve learned different now - but I said I figured you had more sense in politics than Steve Douglas, and Scrub got mad as a wet hen and said you didn’t.

There is an instant outburst of laughter throughout the courtroom at this reply, and Lincoln scratches his head and grins.

185
ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING MARY TODD AND DOUGLAS
both laughing at Lincoln’s predicament. The crowd guffawing.

186
ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING LINCOLN
as he continues to grin. Cass smiles, now pleased and confident.

LINCOLN
It looks like I scratched up a snake that time.
(as the laughter dies down)
Well, J. Palmer, I reckon we can allow all you’ve said to go in - till we hear from my side. Step down.

Very confident and jaunty, highly pleased with his victory over Lincoln, Cass rises and starts for his seat.
CLOSE SHOT - LINCOLN

as he starts back toward his chair. He pauses - looks off curiously.

MED. CLOSE SHOT - FELDER AND DOUGLAS

as Felder leans backward to consult with Douglas. Douglas looks a little uncertain. Mary Todd is looking on, but does not hear the conversation.

JUDGE'S VOICE

(impatiently)
Go ahead, Mr. Felder. Call your next witness.

As Douglas shrugs - still uncertain - Felder turns and gets to his feet.

FELDER

(unctuously)
May it please the Court. The next witness for the State is not, in the strictest sense, a witness for the prosecution. However, in the interests of mercy as well as justice the State desires to call at this time an eyewitness to the killing of Scrub White!

(turning toward Abagail)
Mrs. Abagail Clay!

ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING ABAGAIL

as a startled, frightened look crosses her face. Hannah and Carrie Sue look at her, stunned. The boys turn, appealingly. Lincoln looks at Felder, frankly surprised. Intense excitement is evident throughout the courtroom, a hubbub of talk - and the judge raps for order as the clerk's voice calls out:

CLERK'S VOICE
Abagail Clay! Abagail Clay!

MATT

(excitedly - to Lincoln)
Don't let 'em!

(CONTINUED)
ADAM
(appelling to
him)
Tell 'em I did it!

For a moment Lincoln hesitates - considers - then he slowly gets to his feet, turns to the stricken woman.

LINCOLN
(in a low voice)
I reckon there isn't anything I can do about it now.

Gently he assists her to her feet, and leads her, bewildered, toward the stand.

MED. CLOSE SHOT - ABAGAIL AND LINCOLN - AT WITNESS STAND

as the clerk holds out a Bible on which Abagail is to be sworn. Felder stands to one side, waiting.

CLERK
Do you solemnly swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you God?

LINCOLN
(nodding to her)
Say: I do.

ABAGAIL
(in a whisper)
I do.

CLERK
Take the stand.

As one in a daze, Abagail is seated. Lincoln presses her hand, then he steps aside but remains near at hand. His eyes meet those of Felder. The latter is smiling with triumph, but Lincoln's eyes are unsmiling.

FELDER
(making a gentle approach)
You are the mother of Adam and Matt Clay?
(as she nods her head)
You love your boys, don't you, Mrs. Clay?
(as she again nods)
You'd like to save their lives, if you could?

(Continued)
FELDER (Cont.)
(as she again
nods)
I am sure you would, Mrs. Clay.
(as she looks at
him, bewildered)
You were present the night
Scrub White was killed, weren't
you?

ABAGAIL
(looking at Lincoln,
who nods)
I saw them - fightin'

FELDER
(leaning toward
her - softly)
Don't be afraid of me. I'm
not a bloodthirsty man. I
have no desire to see you
lose your two sons. In fact,
no man could wish that less.
So, Mrs. Clay, on behalf of
the great State of Illinois -
on behalf of the people - I
am prepared to offer you --
the life of one of your sons -
provided you tell us which
of your boys stabbed and
killed Scrub White!

WIDE ANGLE
as the whole courtroom listens - everyone intent.
Matt and Adam are bent forward, Hannah and Carrie
Sue look at her, pleadingly. Lincoln's hand grips her
chair. Douglas and Mary are straining to hear. The
judge looks down, waiting. The jury, as one man, is
bent forward. Abagail looks at Lincoln, her face full
of agony. He makes no sign.

FELDER
Don't prompt her, Mr. Lincoln.
Let her answer.

ABAGAIL
(in a whisper)
I can't!

There is a slight pause, but the tension is not
relaxed.

(CONTINUED)
FELDER  
(still gentle)  
Mrs. Clay, you believe in God?  
(as she nods)  
Do you believe that if you take a solemn oath in the sight of God — and on His Holy Bible — you are bound to speak the truth?

ABAGAIL  
(piteously)  
Yes, but I can’t tell you!  
I can’t!

CLOSER SHOT  
as Felder bends even closer.

FELDER  
(softly)  
Mrs. Clay, do you appreciate the grave situation your two boys are in? Do you know that under the law, they are equally guilty of murder — and that under the law — they may both be hanged for it?

ABAGAIL  
(her body swaying)  
I won’t tell you! You can’t make me tell you!

FELDER  
(sternly)  
Don’t you understand? I’m offering you the life of one son! Take it — and tell us which one killed Scrub White.

ABAGAIL  
No! No!

FELDER  
(his voice rising)  
Don’t you know that this court can make you answer my question?  
(as she looks at him, shaming her head)

(CONTINUED)
FELDER (continued)

Don't you know you can be sent to jail yourself? That shielding a criminal makes you an accessory to that crime? - That - by your mistaken affection - you are deliberately sending both boys to the gallows? - Don't you know --

As he now goes after her, hammer and tongs, and she shrinks back, frightened, bewildered, Lincoln quickly grasps Felder's arm - jerks him away from Abigail.

LINCOLN
(with suppressed fury in his voice)

That's enough of that!

The two men stand face to face, their eyes burning. Lincoln is filled with wrath, and for a moment it is a struggle not to strike Felder. Then slowly he releases his hold and turns to the judge.

LINCOLN
(with suppressed passion)

Your Honor - I protest against the prosecution's attempt to force this woman to decide which of her two sons shall live, and which shall die! In her eyes - those boys hold an equal place!

FELDER
(coldly)

Perhaps if my learned friend knew more of the law --

LINCOLN
(heatedly)

I may not know much of the law, Mr. Felder, but I know what's right and what's wrong! And I know that what you're asking is wrong!

(again to the judge, pleadingly)

Put yourself in this woman's place, Your Honor! Can you truthfully say you would do differently?
MED. CLOSE SHOT - DOUGLAS AND PALMER CASS

as the latter leans over and whispers something into Douglas's ear. The latter shows surprise. Then Cass straightens up and beckons to Felder. Over this Lincoln's voice continues.

LINCOLN'S VOICE

Look at her. A plain ordinary country woman who can't even write her own name --

194 MED. CLOSE SHOT - LINCOLN

as Felder starts off toward Douglas.

LINCOLN

Yet has she no feelings? - no heart?

(turning to the
jury, passionately)
I've seen Abigail Clay exactly three times in my life, gentle-
men, and yet I know everything there is to know about her. I
know her, because I have seen hundreds of women just like her,
working in the fields, kitchens, hovering over some sick and
helpless child - women who say little and do much - who ask
nothing and give all. And I tell you that such a woman will
never answer the question that has been put to her here!
Never!

(turning back to
Abagail and taking
her hand)
I'd rather, Mrs. Clay, see both your sons taken from you, than
see you break your heart by saving one at the expense of the
other! So don't tell them!

FELDER'S VOICE

(from offscene)

May it please the Court!

Lincoln turns and looks off at Felder.
MED. CLOSE SHOT - FELDER

looking off at Lincoln and smiling. Douglas is just behind him.

FELDER

To spare the jury any more of these harrowing outbursts - the State will withdraw the question and excuse the witness.

(starting forward
CAMERA MOVING)

No doubt Mr. Lincoln will be glad to hear that she was not the only eyewitness to the murder of Scrub White!

(pausing dramatically)
Recall Palmer Cass to the stand!

WIDE ANGLE

as this announcement produces another moment of intense excitement in the courtroom. A hubbub of excited talk rises, and people stand up and crane their necks as Cass crosses back toward the stand, as Lincoln assists Abagail back to her seat. He is watching Cass, a puzzled look on his face. The boys and girls look at the witness, terror in their eyes.

CLOSER SHOT - LINCOLN AND ABAGAIL

as she resumes her seat.

MED. CLOSE SHOT - CASS

with Felder at his side, as Cass resumes his seat in the witness chair.

FELDER

Mr. Cass, where were you at the time Scrub White was killed?

CASS

I was about - well, a hundred yards away, I reckon.

FELDER

You saw the killing with your own eyes?

(CONTINUED)
CASS

Yes, sir, I saw it.

FELDER

Why didn't you tell us this before?

CASS

Nobody asked me.

FELDER

Have you told anybody else about this?

CASS

No, sir.

FELDER

Why not?

CASS

(reluctantly)
Well, I didn't want to help get anybody hung.

FELDER

And that was your only reason - this natural reluctance to be a party to any man's hanging?

CASS

Yes, sir.

CLOSE SHOT - LINCOLN

leaning forward, listening with great interest.

FELDER'S VOICE

And why do you tell us now?

CASS'S VOICE

Well, I - I just realized that if I don't tell, maybe both of 'em'll get hung.

MED. CLOSE SHOT - CASS AND FELDER

FELDER

How could you see so clearly - from a distance of a hundred yards - at eleven o'clock at night?

(CONTINUED)
CASS
It was moonbright.

FELDER
I see. Moonbright!
(after a brief pause)
And you clearly saw which boy pulled the knife?

CASS
(after a slight pause)
Yes, sir.

FELDER
(turning to boys)
The defendants will stand up!

WIDE ANGLE
as Matt and Adam shyly rise and face the witness.
Lincoln is watching every move.

FELDER
(slowly)
Now tell us, Mr. Cass - which defendant stabbed and killed Scrub White?

CASS
(after a moment's hesitation)
That one --
(pointing at Adam)
- the big one - Adam!

As he makes this dramatic identification, pandemonium breaks out in the courtroom, men jumping up on benches and yelling.

VOICES
Yippee!
Hang him!
That's him!
I knewed it!

CLOSER SHOT - ADAM, MATT AND ABAGAIL
with Lincoln looking on, as the boys look at each

(CONTINUED)
other, and Matt shakes his head. Abagail, horror in her face, looks at them and involuntarily shakes her head. The judge is pounding for order.

FELDER'S VOICE
Your Honor, the State rests.

But the courtroom is beyond control now, a wildly cheering, excited mob, and the possibility of cross-examination is remote.

CLOSE SHOT - JUDGE
as he pounds for order.

JUDGE
(shouting)
Quiet! Quiet!
(realizing the hopelessness of restoring order)
This court is adjourned until tomorrow morning at nine o'clock.
(to sheriff)
Take the prisoners away!

MED. CLOSE SHOT - LINCOLN AND FAMILY
as Sheriff Billings and half a dozen armed deputies surround the boys, handcuff them, and forming a cordon, start them from the courtroom, the excitement and mob spirit at its height. The deputies literally have to fight their way through the crowd. Lincoln looks after the boys, a puzzled expression on his face. Abagail and the girls are stricken dumb with fear and bewilderment. On this note of intense excitement in the courtroom,

FADE OUT
FADE IN

205 INT. JAIL - NIGHT - MED. SHOT

Abagail and the two girls have come to spend the evening with Matt and Adam. Now they sit - all five of them - silent - helpless - waiting - speechless with despair. There is a long moment of silence before Sheriff Billings appears in front of the iron-barred door leading to his office.

SHERIFF
Sorry folks, I'll have to ask you to leave now.
(as he starts to unlock the door)
We've all got a hard day ahead of us tomorrow.

As he is opening the door, all five rise. Carrie Sue and Adam look at each other, Matt and Hannah look at each other. Without a word, the boys take the girls in their arms, hold them close, nobody speaking. Then Adam turns away and looks at his mother. Their eyes meet. He puts his arms around her. She strains toward him, speechless. Then she turns to Matt. He, too, takes her in his arms, holds her close. Then the women start out.

ADAM
(softly - as they go)
Goodnight, Ma. 'Night,
Carrie Sue.

Abagail just nods her head, unable even to say goodnight. Once more, for a long moment, they look at one another, then the women turn and leave. The sheriff closes the iron door and bolts it behind them. Adam and Matt cross to the cell bars - look after their mother and the girls.

DISSOLVE TO:

206 EXT. STREET - OUTSIDE LINCOLN'S OFFICE - NIGHT MOVING SHOT - ABAGAIL, HANNAH AND CARRIE SUE

As they come along the sidewalk, still silent. As they come to Lincoln's office, they stop and look up.
Lincoln's feet are protruding through the window, through which a light is shining. The faint sound of his jew's-harp is heard. The tune is "Turkey in the Straw."

as they stand and look up, for a moment, then start off again. The sound of the jew's-harp continues.

as a stylish carriage drives by. In the carriage are Mary Todd, Douglas and Mr. and Mrs. Edwards. They, too, look up.

as all look up.

DOUGLAS
(disturbed)
Nero fiddles, while Rome burns.

Mary looks up, her eyes flashing. Then she turns to Douglas.

MARY
Mr. Douglas, you were telling us about your political plans. Please go on.

DOUGLAS
(smiling)
Oh yes, ma'am - gladly.

Again he casts a swift glance upward and again he smiles.

seated in his favorite rocker, his feet out of the window, playing "Turkey in the Straw" on his jew's-harp. In his lap is Goudy's Almanac - a thoughtful look on his face. The door opens behind him, and Lincoln turns as Judge Bell comes in to him, puffing from the climb.

(CONTINUED)
LINCOLN
(affably)
Oh hello, Judge.

JUDGE
(as Lincoln starts
to rise)
Doggone it, Lincoln - this is against all my principles, but
I want to talk to you, as an older man.

LINCOLN
Go ahead, Judge. I'm listening.

JUDGE
What I mean to say, dad-blame it, is - don't you think you ought to get some older lawyer -
with more experience - to help you out tomorrow?

LINCOLN
(looking at him
quizzically)
Are you suggesting that I retire, Judge - or just take a back seat?

JUDGE
I'm just suggesting that if you want me to, I'll speak to Mr. Douglas - get him to act
in a sort of advisory capacity.

LINCOLN
I had an idea Mr. Douglas had his hands full with the prosecution.

JUDGE
(firmly)
He'll do anything I tell him to.

LINCOLN
(shaking his head)
I'm sorry, Judge, but I'm one of those fellows who don't believe in swapping horses in
the middle of the stream.

The judge looks at him, disturbed and annoyed.

JUDGE
Then at least change your plea - accept sentence for your guilty client, and I'll guarantee the State'll be lenient with the other.

(continued)
LINCOLN
(as if tempted)
That's a mighty tempting offer! Mighty tempting! But I'm afraid it won't work. You see, I promised these folks I wouldn't leave this game till every available card had been played.

JUDGE
(exasperated)
But Man - you'll send both defendants to the gallows, as surely as the moon sets.

LINCOLN
Maybe! But just the same that's the way it's got to be. Goodnight, Judge.

For a moment their eyes meet, then the judge snorts and turns away. Lincoln watches after him, a quizzical smile on his face.

EXT. ROOM - MOVING SHOT - JUDGE BELL

as he clumps down the steps.

JUDGE
(to himself)
Doggone that fellow! I could've sworn he was laughing at something inside all the time!

He stumps angrily out of the building, then turns and looks up as the sound of Lincoln's jew's-harp is again heard.

JUDGE
(pausing)
But he'll find it'll take more than a joke to save him this time.

CAMERA AGAIN TILTS UPWARD to Lincoln's feet out of the window, as he continues to play.

FADE OUT
FADE IN

INT. COURTROOM - DAY - MED. SHOT

as the judge sits down and the audience noisily seats itself.

MED. CLOSE SHOT - LINCOLN

as he remains on his feet, facing the court.

LINCOLN

Your Honor - the defense would like at this time to cross-examine the last witness for the State - J. Palmer Cass.

CLERK

J. Palmer Cass take the stand.

ANOTHER ANGLE

as Cass starts forward for the cross-examination. All eyes turn to him.

CLOSE SHOT - MARY TODD AND DOUGLAS

again in their places behind the prosecutor, as they look off at Lincoln.

CLOSE SHOT - FELDER

his fingers folded complacently over his stomach, a smile on his face.

MED. CLOSE SHOT - CASS - ON STAND

as Lincoln steps up beside him. Lincoln holds the almanac in his hand, but it is crumpled up so as to be unrecognizable.

LINCOLN

(quietly)
Mr. Cass, yesterday you identified Adam Clay as the killer of Scrub White.

(Continued)
That's right. He did.

You're sure of that?

Sure I'm sure.

(nodding)
Well, I just wanted to know.
(after a slight pause)
Now you say you were about one hundred yards from the scene of the fight?

Just about.

Are you familiar with the land over there?

Yes, sir.

What's the nature of the layout?

(thoughtfully)
Well, there's a little clearing.

Any trees?

A few.

Where are they?

Between the clearing and the Fair grounds.

(quickly)
And you saw through those trees?

(continued)
CASS
No - I was already through them when I saw them fighting.

LINCOLN
(as if worried)
Oh, I see.
(again he pauses)
I suppose the clearing was lit up by lights from the bonfire.

CASS
No, sir.

LINCOLN
(eagerly)
Then how'd you see so well?

CASS
I told you it was moon-bright.

LINCOLN
(as if stricken)
Moon-bright.

CLOSE SHOT - FELDER AND DOUGLAS
as they look at each other and shake their heads, pityingly.

LINCOLN'S VOICE
(seemingly worried)
If it hadn't been moon-bright, you couldn't have seen a hundred yards, could you?

CASS'S VOICE
No, sir.

LINCOLN'S VOICE
But you did see it?

CASS'S VOICE
I told you I did.
220  MED. CLOSE SHOT - CASS AND LINCOLN

LINCOLN
(as if he didn't know what to do next)
And the only reason you're telling this now is that you feel sorry for one of the defendants?

CASS
I don't want to see 'em both get hung.

LINCOLN
(pauses - as if undecided)
Well, I reckon you wouldn't lie about a thing like that.
(then, seemingly helpless)
Step down.

Cass grins with relief, and rises.

221  CLOSE SHOT - ABAGAIL AND GIRLS:
looking at Lincoln, frightened.

222  CLOSE SHOT - MARY TODD, DOUGLAS AND FELDER

Mary looks at Lincoln coldly, disgusted with his feeble efforts. Felder grins and pantomimes that Lincoln has put a noose around the boys' necks.

FELDER
(indifferently)
No further questions, Your Honor.

223  WIDER ANGLE

as Cass heads back toward his seat. Lincoln is apparently a badly defeated man. But suddenly he turns.

(CONTINUED)
LINCOLN
(quietly)
Oh, Mr. Cass - I forgot.
There's just one more
question I'd like to ask
you.
(as Cass stops)
You needn't bother to come
all the way back.

He quickly crosses to Cass himself.

CLOSER SHOT

as Lincoln steps up beside Cass.

LINCOLN
(quietly)
Cass - what'd you have against
Scrub White?

CASS
(frightened)
Why I -- nothing!

LINCOLN
(with startling
force)
Then what'd you kill him
for?

CASS
.(caught off his
guard)
I - I - I don't know what
you're talking about.

Felder and Douglas both jump up and the courtroom
buzzes with sudden excitement.

LINCOLN
(with mounting
sharpness)
Oh, yes, you do!
(opening almanac)
Look at this! It's Goudy's
Almanac! Go on - look at
it!
LINCOLN (Cont.)

(as Cass takes it)
Look at page twelve - the night of the murder! See what it says about the moon? That the moon was only in its first quarter that night, and set at ten twenty-one - forty minutes before the killing took place! So it couldn’t have been moon-bright, could it?

(as Cass stares at him in terror)
You lied, didn’t you, Cass? You weren’t trying to save these boys’ necks, were you? You were trying to save your own, weren’t you? Well, come on, weren’t you?

CASS
(backing off)
No -- No!

LINCOLN
(pressing him)
Then why did you lie?

CASS
(backing off)
I didn’t!

LINCOLN
(following him - now a stern, determined accuser)
You did lie! That’s as plain as the nose on your face! But why? Come on - tell us! What made you tell a lie about that moonlight?

CASS
I -- I don’t know what you’re talking about.

LINCOLN
Then I’ll tell you what I’m talking about! You lied because you and Scrub had a fight - but it wasn’t about politics! You never mentioned politics. That was your first lie, wasn’t it?

(CONTINUED)
CASS
(still trying to
brazen it out)
It was politics! It was! It was!

LINCOLN
No! You were fighting about
something else! Maybe it was
money - you owed him money -
or he owed you some --

CASS
(more and more
alarmed)
No!

LINCOLN
Maybe he was getting a little
graft here and there, and you
wanted to be in on it --

CASS
(shouting)
No --!

LINCOLN
Maybe it was some girl!

CASS
No -- !

LINCOLN
Well, what was it? Come on!
It was one of those things -
something that made you want
to get rid of Scrub!

CASS
(in a corner)
You're crazy! He was my friend!

LINCOLN
(as Cass retreats)
Maybe. But just the same you
lied. Now why? Why did you
say you saw what happened,
when you didn't see?
(as Cass shakes his
head, now thoroughly
shaken)
All right. I'll tell you what
happened. You heard a row,
and you saw the fight starting,
and you ran over there - and
you saw Scrub was still living.
And right there on the ground
you saw the knife Matt dropped,
and you bent over him -- and
picked up the knife --

(CONTINUED)
224 (Cont.2)

CASS
(hysterically)
No! No! No!

LINCOLN
And your body hid what you were doing --

CASS
No! No! No!

LINCOLN
(pantomiming death scene)
And you stabbed him - you stabbed him in the back - and killed him!

CASS
No! No!

LINCOLN
(relessly)
And these two boys - Matt and Adam - each knew he didn't do it, and there-fore each thought the other did! That's reasonable enough! And their mother - she saw the knife in Matt's hand - but she couldn't say so without putting a rope around his neck -- But you -- you killed him -- and you lied -- and your lie tripped you up. Your crude, cold-blooded lie that was going to cover up a crime you'd committed yourself - the lie you can't deny! Now can you?

(as Cass backs away, terror-stricken)

Can you?
(his eyes fixing Cass)
Answer me - you did kill him, didn't you? Didn't you?

CASS
(now in a semi- hysterical state)
I tell you I didn't mean to -- I'd -- I'd been drinkin', too -- (as Lincoln grabs his arm) Yeh -- we did have a fight -- but I didn't mean to -- Scrub was my friend, and I only --

(CONTINUED)
LINCOLN
(suddenly letting
him go, elated)
That's enough!
(to Felder)
Your witness, Mr. Felder!

WIDER ANGLE

as Cass breaks in hysteria. The sheriff and a
couple of deputies grab him. The little courtroom
is cheering. Mary Todd is applauding with the rest.
Douglass looks at Lincoln, bewildered. Felder is on
his feet, loudly protesting to the court. The judge
is repping for order. The boys have risen, smiles
on their faces for the first time. The jury is
yelling with the others.

Dissolve to:

EXT. COURTHOUSE — DAY — MED. MOVING SHOT — LINCOLN

as he comes out of the courthouse and starts down
the steps through a now cheering crowd.

VOICES
That's the stuff, Lincoln!
I knew you'd get them boys off!
Sure glad to see this happen, Abe!
You sure caught Palmer Cass, all
right!
I knew he was lyin' all the time!

LINCOLN
(smiling)
Don't thank me — thank the
gentleman who put out that
almanac!

Suddenly Mary Todd steps from the crowd, directly
into Lincoln's path.

MARY
Mr. Lincoln!
(as he stops)
I know now that you can go on —
and on — and on! I'm so glad
you won!

LINCOLN
(bowing)
Thank you, ma'am.

(CONTINUED)
For a moment their eyes hold. Each reads in the other's eyes that their futures are irrevocably linked. Then, as he again starts forward, Douglas steps up beside him.

DOUGLAS
(holding out his hand)
Mr. Lincoln - my congratulations.

LINCOLN
(taking his hand)
Thank you, Mr. Douglas.

DOUGLAS
(humbly)
Yesterday I made some remarks about you which I now publicly retract. Furthermore I give you my solemn promise never to make the mistake of under-rating you again.

LINCOLN
(with a grin)
I reckon neither of us better underrate each other - from here in.

Their eyes, too, meet and hold.

LINCOLN
(starting off)
Good day.

As he goes on, Mary steps up beside Douglas. They look after Lincoln.

DOUGLAS
(as to himself)
If anybody thinks that man is an innocent and unsophisticated character, he should be undeceived.

MARY
Quite so, Mr. Douglas.
(as he looks at her)
Good day.

She starts off with her sister. Douglas looks after her thoughtfully.
as Lincoln comes in. Abagail and the girls are already in the wagon, Hannah, holding the baby. The boys are on the sidewalk waiting for Lincoln.

LINCOLN
(smiling)
Well, I reckon there's nothing holding you people now.

ADAM
(grinning)
No sir, there sure ain't.

LINCOLN
(holding out his hand to Adam)
But you boys better not go around thinking you've killed anybody again. You'll get yourselves in trouble.
(taking Matt's hand, as the boys grin sheepishly)
Goodbye, Matt - and take care of yourself.

MATT
Yes, sir. I'm going to.

He releases Matt's hand, and turns to the women.

LINCOLN
Hannah - keep those turnip greens in the pot till I get out there.
(as she smiles and nods)
And, Carrie Sue - if you don't invite me to the wedding, I'll -- well, I'll --

But Carrie Sue, quick as a bird, has her arms around him and kisses him.

CARRIE SUE
I reckon I'd just about die if I didn't kiss you.

LINCOLN
(laughing, as he releases himself)
Better keep an eye on her, Adam! She's right gay!

As they all laugh, he turns to Abagail.

(CONTINUED)
LINCOLN

Goodbye, ma'am.

Abagail quickly holds out a handful of coins—nickels and dimes and quarters.

ABAGAIL

We ain't got much—but after what you've done—

Lincoln looks at the coins—undecided whether to take them. But he sees Abagail's anxious face, and decides it would hurt her feelings for him to refuse.

LINCOLN

(taking the coins)

Thank you, ma'am.

(as he puts the money in his pocket and jingles it)

I hope all my clients pay off as fast.

(then, taking her hand in his)

Now, be careful—and look out for the ruts.

She nods, smiles down gratefully at him. The boys quickly jump into the wagon.

LINCOLN

(to mules)

Giddap!

The reins tighten in Abagail's hands, and the mules start off. Lincoln raises his hat and smiles goodbye. They all wave—all call goodbyes. He stands looking after them, a tender smile on his face.

Then he turns and steps over to his horse, which is tethered nearby. As he is looping the reins over his horse's head, Efe and several of the loafers step up beside him.

EFE

Where you headin', Abe?

LINCOLN

(as he starts to mount)

Oh, just riding up the hill a piece, Efe.

SECOND LOAFER

If anybody comes around looking for you, what'll we tell 'em?

(continued)
LINCOLN
(as he gets on horse)
Oh, just say I've got the smell of the country in my nose, and I'm riding out.

They all laugh, and Lincoln turns his horse around and starts off.

EFE
(solemnly)
You know - there's something peculiar-some about Abe sometimes - mightily peculiar-some.

They all nod solemn agreement.

ANOTHER ANGLE
as the wagon rolls along out of town.

CLOSE MOVING SHOT - LINCOLN
as he rides off in the opposite direction.

DISSOLVE TO:
A SLOPING ROAD - COUNTRY - DAY. - MOVING SHOT -
LINCOLN

on his horse, as he rides slowly up the hill. It is
an eerie scene, mostly in shadows, as a storm is
about to break. His figure and that of the horse
are seen almost in silhouette - not too clearly.
Suddenly a voice speaks to him, a strange voice, yet
one with a familiar ring to it.

VOICE
Well, young fellow, it looks
like you're on your way!

Lincoln straightens up quickly, looks around.

LINCOLN
Who's that?

There is a chuckle, but no one appears.

VOICE
Just me.
(as Lincoln
continues to
look around)
Stop twistin' yourself all
out of shape. You know who
it is.

LINCOLN
(grinning)
For a minute, there, you sure
had me fooled.

VOICE
(with a chuckle
in it)
Mary Todd seemed right pleased,
didn't she?
(as Lincoln nods)
Fine woman, Mary, but a little
sharp-tongued and outspoken!
Still, if you hadn't married
her, there's no tellin' what'd
become of you.

LINCOLN
(sharply)
Married her!

VOICE
(philosophically)
That's the trouble. We men never
know what we'd amounted to if we'd
married the other woman.

(continued)
LINCOLN

(agreeing)
Yes -- I sometimes think if
Ann had lived ---.

VOICE

(after a pause)
Now, you take Douglas. Great
man, Steve Douglas! Some say
he was every bit as great as
you -- but you stood there --
right in the way of the one
thing he wanted most of all in
the world --

LINCOLN

(chuckling)
Steve always did have a touch
of the White House fever,
didn't he?

VOICE
He'd have found a cure for it,
too, if you hadn't talked him
into those fool debates.

LINCOLN

(laughing)
You could have knocked me down
with a feather when he said
yes to that.

VOICE

(thoughtfully)
On the other hand, Abe, if he
hadn't agreed, he'd have robbed
this country of some mighty
fine writing.

LINCOLN

(with the author's
pride)
I did get off a few nice phrases,
didn't I? For instance, that
'House divided against itself
cannot stand.' I always figured
that's what made me president.

VOICE
A heap of people would have been
proud to write that Gettysburg
speech, too.

(CONTINUED)
LINCOLN
(suddenly grave)
Gettysburg! Nearly fifty thousand men fell there....
Both sides.

VOICE
(softly)
But you weren't to blame for that, Abe. Everybody now knows you had 'malice toward none, charity for all - '

LINCOLN
(still brooding)
Fifty thousand at Gettysburg - Twenty thousand at Fredericksburg - Thirty thousand at Chancellorsville - Thirty thousand more in The Wilderness.

VOICE
But it's a free country - and I don't just mean slavery.
The finest democracy on earth!

LINCOLN
(lifting his head, looking off)
Free! I remember I wrote something about that once. 'I love my country,' I said, 'partly because it is my own country, but mostly because it is a free country.' Another time I said: 'Many free countries have lost their liberty, and ours may lose hers. But if she shall, be it my proudest plume, not that I was the last to desert her, but that I never deserted her.'

By now Lincoln has come to the top of the incline. From the distance comes the rushing sound of the wind. Lincoln pauses and looks off.

LINCOLN
The wind's rising.

VOICE
(softly)
That's not the wind. That's people moaning.
(as Lincoln shows surprise)
Look yonder.

Lincoln looks off.
LONG SHOT - INTO DISTANCE

as a small train, draped in black, slowly creeps along. The moaning rises in intensity until it seems to be the voices of grieving thousands.

VOICE

(sadly)
I forgot about that, Abe.
You'll have to ride on that, too.

CLOSE SHOT - LINCOLN

as he looks around.

LINCOLN

(smiling)
Why, that's nothing but one of those new-fangled railroad trains you're always hearing about......See?

There is no response.

LINCOLN

Hey! Where are you?
(as there is still no answer)
Humph!......That's funny! I must have been talking to myself again!

He clucks to his horse and starts over the hill, just as a peal of thunder is heard, and a flash of lightning.

MOVING SHOT - LINCOLN

as he rides over the hill and AWAY FROM CAMERA. The storm breaks in all its fury - thunder pealing and lightning flashing. But the thunder is now the thunder of many cannon - and the lightning is the flash of many guns, as Abraham Lincoln, Lawyer of the West, rides on to his Great Destiny!...........

Suddenly there is a blinding flash of lightning, and in that moment the seated figure of Lincoln in his great Memorial in Washington is revealed.

FADE OUT

THE END