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"YOUNG MR. LINCOLN"

Original Story and Screenplay

by

Lamar Trotti

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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 westward 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)
S-A-L-E-M-I-L-L. New Sallymill.

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
acrost out here.

FATHER
(his eyes light-
ing up)
Well, yonder 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 dis-
tinguishable 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.

8 FRONT OF BERRY AND LINCOLN STORE - DAY - WIDE ANGLE

as the good-natured, but rough, backwoods people listen to the concluding words of a ranting political 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 dignified 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 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 Legislature, 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.

9 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 incorruptible Whig Party - God bless it!

And, turning, he flings out an arm, indicating someone offscene, as the crowd again shouts with approval.

10 NEAR CORNER OF STORE - CLOSE SHOT - ABRAHAM LINCOLN

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 melancholia. 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.

11 MOVING SHOT - LINCOLN

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)

Shhhh!

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.

12 AT WHISKEY BARREL - MED. CLOSE SHOT

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)

12 (Cont.)

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)

13 (Cont.)

MAN'S VOICE

Hey, Abe!

He turns quickly in response to the summons.

14 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.

15 CLOSER SHOT - LINCOLN AND FAMILY

LINCOLN

(hospitably)

Won't you get down - and rest
a while?

FATHER

Thank you - we was aimin' 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'.

16 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.

17 REAR OF WAGON - MED. CLOSE SHOT - LINCOLN

as he pulls aside the rear-end covers. Abigail
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.

18 CLOSE SHOT - BOOK

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

19 MED. CLOSE SHOT - LINCOLN AND ABAGAIL

as he looks at the book.

(CONTINUED)

19 (Cont.)

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)
Humph! Law!

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

EFE
(grinning)
Doggone, Abe, that rainwater's
a mighty pcor 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)

21 (Cont.)

SQUIRE

(sharply)

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

22 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.

23 ANOTHER ANGLE

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

(CONTINUED)

23 (Cont.)

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.

24

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)

24 (Cont.)

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)

24 (Cont. 1)

LINCOLN

(soberly)

Maybe the good Lord never intended me to pitch into anything, 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)

24 (Cont.2)

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.

25 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)

25 (Cont.)

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.

26 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)

26 (Cont.)

LINCOLN (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)

26 (Cont.1)

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

27 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.

28 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)

28 (Cont.)

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
hissself!
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)

29 (Cont.)

LINCOLN
(as they shake)
My Efe - you're kind of
shrunk 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:

30 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:

31 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 excep-
tionally large feet - Lincoln's.

32 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

(laying a calming
hand on both)

Now gentlemen, just hold your
hosses and sit down.

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

33 CLOSER SHOT

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)

33 (Cont.)

LINCOLN

(to Hawthorne)

And for that he demands two hundred and fifty dollars damages?

HAWTHORNE

I do!

LINCOLN

(scowling 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)

33 (Cont. 1)

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

(glowering)

'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 head-aches.

(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:

34 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.

35 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)

35 (Cont.)

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.

36 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.

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

pursuing their way through the crowd, followed by
NINIAN 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)

37 (Cont.)

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.

(CONTINUED)

37 (Cont. 1)

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)

37 (Cont. 2)

She holds out her hand, and Lincoln takes it.

LINCOLN

Good morning, Mrs. Edwards.

(to her husband)

Nice parade, Ninian. 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 here 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)

37 (Cont.3)

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.

38 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.

39 MED. CLOSE SHOT - LINCOLN

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

(CONTINUED)

39 (Cont.)

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.

40

WIDER ANGLE

as Lincoln wheels around and starts off, only to find himself face to face with Abigail 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)

40 (Cont.)

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:

41 SERIES OF QUICK DISSOLVES

showing the Admission Day Celebration.

42 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.

43 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:

44 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)

49 (Cont.)

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 excitement)

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:

51 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

(singling 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, Abigail and her family enter and look on.

(CONTINUED)

51 (Cont.)

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

The two factions start pulling..

52 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)

52 (Cont.)

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!

ABAGAIL

(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 Abigail
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. Abigail 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 Abigail comes in closer, drying her hands on her apron.

ABAGAIL
Where's Adam and Carrie Sue?

MATT
(nodding off)
Over yonder.

Abigail 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)

57 (Cont.)

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.

58 CLOSE TWO SHOT. - ADAM AND CARRIE SUE

as she impulsively throws her arms around his neck.

CARRIE SUE

Oh, Adam, I wisht 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)

58 (Cont.)

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.

59 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 Abigail 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.

60 ANOTHER ANGLE

as Adam and Carrie Sue hurry in.

ADAM

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

ABAGAIL

(indicating sleeping child)

Shhh!

(then taking Hannah's arm)

Go on - the four of you.

(CONTINUED)

60 (Cont.)

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 wisht you was comin' too, Miz
 Clay. I sure do.

ADAM
 (half-heartedly,
 as Abigail 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 Abigail 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.

61 LONG SHOT - TOWARD FAIRGROUNDS

as the flames leap up - leaping higher and higher -
 until the whole sky seems ablaze.

DISSOLVE TO:

62

CAMP - SEVERAL HOURS LATER - CLOSE SHOT - ABAGAIL

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!

Abigail stirs, but does not awaken.

63

ANOTHER ANGLE

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!

Abigail 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 Abigail
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 be-
gins to cry)
Oh, goodness - now we've
woke up the baby!

64 MOVING SHOT - ABAGAIL

running across the campgrounds - through the dark-
ness - 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 pant-
ing 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.

67 CLOSE MOVING SHOT - ABAGAIL

running and calling.

ABAGAIL
Matt! Adam! Adam!

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

68 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 Abigail 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)
Ma!

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

69 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!

70 CLOSER SHOT - ABAGAIL, MATT AND ADAM

as they look at one another, helplessly. Abigail'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!

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

(CONTINUED)

73 (Cont.)

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!

74 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.

75 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.

76 CLEARING - WIDER ANGLE

as the crowd from the Fairgrounds comes rushing in,
full of excitement. Lincoln and Efe with the crowd.
Abigail and the boys still stand to one side, speech-
less. 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.

77 ANOTHER ANGLE

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.

78 ANOTHER ANGLE

favoring Abigail 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.

79 CLOSE MOVING SHOT - SHERIFF BILLINGS

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)

Scrub 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 Abigail 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)

81 (Cont.)

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?

82 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.

83 MED. SHOT

favoring Abigail and sheriff - with Lincoln listening in.

SHERIFF
(turning to her)
Who're you?

ABAGAIL
Their mother.

(CONTINUED)

83 (Cont.)

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

SHERIFF

(sharply)

Well, which one was it?

Abigail 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)

83 (Cont. 1)

The boys are silent as they try to comfort the girls. They look at Abigail, 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. Abigail 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.

84 CLOSE SHOT - ABAGAIL, HANNAH AND CARRIE SUE

as they stand looking after the boys. The girls are sobbing, but Abigail is staring after them, dry-eyed.

85 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.

86 FLASH CLOSEUP

FIRST MAN

Mean or not - folks haven't
got no right to come to town
and start cuttin' people up.

87 FLASH CLOSEUP

FIFTH MAN

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

88 FLASH CLOSEUP

SECOND MAN

And in the back, too!

89 FLASH CLOSEUP

THIRD MAN

What they need is a little
taste of rope.

90 MED. CLOSE SHOT - LINCOLN, ABAGAIL AND GIRLS

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

GIRLS

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

VOICES

(coming over)

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!

91 WIDER ANGLE

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)

91 (Cont.)

VOICES

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

92 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 some-
body stop 'em? Matt! Matt!

Lincoln quickly steps up beside Abigail, 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,

DISSOLVE TO:

93 CLOSE SHOT - JAIL WINDOW - NIGHT

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

94 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.

95 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!

96 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)

96 (Cont.)

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.

97 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.

98 FLASH SHOT - MAN WITH COIL OF ROPE

MAN
(shouting)
Burn it down!

99 FLASH SHOT - SECOND MAN

SECOND MAN
Blow it up!

100 FLASH SHOT - THIRD MAN

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

101 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
height.

102 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.

103 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.

104 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!

105 ANOTHER ANGLE

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.

106 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)

106 (Cont.)

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!

109 CLOSE SHOT - A LITTLE SAWED-OFF MAN
with a potful of liquor.

LITTLE MAN
Me! I can lick you myself!

110 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!

111 ANOTHER ANGLE

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

112 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.

113 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.

114 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!

115 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

(seriously)

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)

115 (Cont.)

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)

117 (Cont.)

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 Abigail 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. Abigail 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.

120 INT. JAIL - NIGHT - MED. SHOT

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 Abigail come in, Lincoln's arm around her shoulder. Abigail looks off at the boys - then at the sheriff - then at Lincoln. He smiles and gently urges her forward.

LINCOLN

(as Abigail 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:

121 ABAGAIL'S CAMP - AT DAWN - MED. CLOSE SHOT - HANNAH,
CARRIE SUE AND THE BABY - IN WAGON

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)

121 (Cont.)

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
Abigail, dropping an arm around her.

122 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.

(CONTINUED)

122 (Cont.)

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

DISSOLVE 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)

125 (Cont.)

LEADER

(as the couples
quickly 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.

126 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.

127 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!

128 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 charm-
ing partner.

129 . MOVING SHOT - MARY AND DOUGLAS

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 her-
self 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.

130 MED. CLOSE SHOT - LINCOLN

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)

130 (Cont.)

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

(lightly - 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.

131 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)

131 (Cont.)

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 anything interfere with justice in these matters.

132 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)

132 (Cont.)

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.

133 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.

134 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.

135 MOVING SHOT - LINCOLN AND MARY

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.

136 CLOSE SHOT - DOUGLAS

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.

137 PORCH - NIGHT - MOVING SHOT - LINCOLN AND MARY TODD

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.

138 SHOT OF RIVER - FROM PORCH

silvery in the moonlight.

138-A LINCOLN AND MARY - ON PORCH

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)

138-A (Cont.)

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:

139 SPRINGFIELD - STREET - DAY - MOVING SHOT - LINCOLN
AND EFE

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)

140 (Cont.)

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)

140 (Cont.)

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.

145 ABAGAIL'S YARD - DAY - MED. CLOSE SHOT - LINCOLN

in his shirt sleeves, chopping firewood for Abigail's kitchen. In the b.g. are Abigail and Carrie Sue, seated on a bench outside the kitchen door, in which stands Hannah with the baby. Abigail holds a letter tightly in her hands. Efe 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

(pausing to
study the house)

This house certainly takes me
back to the time when I was just
a little old shirrtail 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)

145 (Cont.)

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.

146 CLOSE SHOT - HANNAH - IN DOORWAY

with baby in her arms.

LINCOLN'S VOICE

Only she died when her baby was
born.

147 CLOSE SHOT - CARRIE SUE

LINCOLN'S VOICE

I used to know a girl too - like
you, Carrie Sue. Named Ann.

148 MED. CLOSE SHOT - LINCOLN

as he straightens up.

LINCOLN

(in a low voice)

Ann died too.

(CONTINUED)

148 (Cont.)

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)

148 (Cont.1)

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 fixing 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 Abigail'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. Rockon could you write on it?

(CONTINUED)

148 (Cont.2)

LINCOLN

Almanac? Why yes, that's the very thing.

(to Carrie Sue, as
Hannah turns away)

Carrie 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 Abigail and goes inside. Lincoln looks down at the child and smiles.

149 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)

149 (Cont.)

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. Oncet,
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?

Abigail 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)

149 (Cont.1)

LINCOLN (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!

LINCOLN

(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.

LINCOLN

(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.

LINCOLN

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
can't!

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

LINCOLN

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)

153 (Cont.)

SECOND BOY

(scornfully)

Pa says they got to hang 'em,
else he'll help string 'em up
hissself. 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, gossip-
ing, 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 MED. 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)

157 (Cont.)

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.

158 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)

158 (Cont.)

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

VOICES

C Here they are!
Here they come!

159 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 Abigail, 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 Abigail'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 any-
thing to win a case.

DISSOLVE TO:

160 INT. COURTROOM - DAY - MED. SHOT

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 stove-pipe. 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.

161 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 corncob 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?

162 MED. CLOSE SHOT - FELDER

as he rises and bows to the court.

(CONTINUED)

162 (Cont.)

FELDER

May it please the Court, the
State of Illinois is ready -
ready, sir, and waiting.

163 CLOSE SHOT - JUDGE BELL

as he looks off toward the defense table and scowls.

JUDGE

And the defense?

164 MED. CLOSE SHOT - LINCOLN

seated at a table beside Matt and Clay, with Abigail,
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!

165 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)

165 (Cont.)

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:

166 MED. CLOSE SHOT - JUROR IN WITNESS BOX

being cross-examined by Lincoln. The juror is hard-
faced, surly.

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:

167 MED. CLOSE SHOT - ANOTHER JUROR, ON STAND

This is a young man.

LINCOLN

(with a friendly
smile)

So your name's Bill Killian.

(CONTINUED)

167 (Cont.)

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:

168 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)

168 (Cont.)

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 dis-
advantage.

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:

170 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:

171 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)

171 (Cont.)

FELDER (Cont.)

3' (again rapping)

23 '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.

5-1

15 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 fight-
 ing 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 him-
 self, 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, gentle-
 men, sit his --

(turning and dramati-
 cally pointing off at
 Adam and Matt)

-- his murderers!

172 MED. CLOSE SHOT - MATT AND ADAM

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

(CONTINUED)

172 (Cont.)

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 tumultous outburst from the
spectators at this - yells and applause.

173 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.

174 CLOSE SHOT - MARY TODD

closely watching Lincoln.

175 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)

175 (Cont.)

FELDER

(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.

176 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)

176 (Cont.)

As the clerk calls out: Dr. Mason! Dr. Mason!

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

177 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)

177 (Cont.)

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:

178 MED. CLOSE SHOT - SHERIFF BILLINGS - ON THE STAND

FELDER

(extending 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)

178 (Cont.)

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)

178 (Cont. 1)

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)

178 (Cont. 2)

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)

178 (Cont. 3)

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.

179 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.

180 WIDE ANGLE

as Cass passes Matt and Adam, without looking at

(CONTINUED)

180 (Cont.)

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)

181 (Cont.)

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.

183

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)

183 (Cont.)

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 *and* 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)

183 (Cont. 1)

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.

184

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)

184 (Cont.)

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)

184 (Cont. 1)

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.

187 CLOSE SHOT - LINCOLN

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

188 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

Abigail)

Mrs. Abigail Clay!

189 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

Abigail Clay! Abigail Clay!

MATT

(excitedly - to Lincoln)

Don't let 'em!

(CONTINUED)

189 (Cont.)

ADAM
(appealing 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 any-
thing I can do about it now.

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

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

as the clerk holds out a Bible on which Abigail 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, Abigail 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)

190 (Cont.)

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!

191

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. Abigail 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)

191 (Cont.)

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!

192 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,
shaking her head)

(CONTINUED)

192 (Cont.)

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?

193

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, gentlemen, 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 Abigail 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.

195 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!

196 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 Abigail 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.

197 CLOSER SHOT - LINCOLN AND ABAGAIL

as she resumes her seat.

198 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)

198 (Cont.)

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.

199

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.

200

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)

200 (Cont.)

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!

201 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 knowed it!

202 CLOSER SHOT - ADAM, MATT AND ABAGAIL

with Lincoln looking on, as the boys look at each

(CONTINUED)

202 (Cont.)

other, and Matt shakes his head. Abigail, 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.

203 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!

204 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. Abigail 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

Abigail 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.

Abigail 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.

207 UPWARD SHOT - TOWARD LINCOLN'S OFFICE

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."

208 MED. CLOSE SHOT - ABAGAIL AND THE GIRLS

as they stand and look up, for a moment, then start off again. The sound of the jew's-harp continues.

209 ANOTHER ANGLE - TOWARD STREET

as a stylish carriage drives by. In the carriage are Mary Todd, Douglas and Mr. and Mrs. Edwards. They, too, look up.

210 CLOSER SHOT - CARRIAGE

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.

211 INT. LINCOLN'S OFFICE - NIGHT - MED. CLOSE SHOT - LINCOLN

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)

211 (Cont.)

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 re-
tire, 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 hosses 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)

211 (Cont.1)

LINCOLN

(as if tempted)

That's a mighty tempting offer!
Mighty tempting! But I'm afraid
it won't work. You see, I prom-
ised these folks I wouldn't
leave this game till every avail-
able 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 quiz-
zical smile on his face.

212 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

213 INT. COURTROOM - DAY - MED. SHOT

as the judge sits down and the audience noisily seats itself,

214 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.

215 ANOTHER ANGLE

as Cass starts forward for the cross-examination.
All eyes turn to him.

216 CLOSE SHOT - MARY TODD AND DOUGLAS

again in their places behind the prosecutor, as they
look off at Lincoln.

217 CLOSE SHOT - FELDER

his fingers folded complacently over his stomach,
a smile on his face.

218 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)

218 (Cont.)

CASS
That's right. He did.

LINCOLN
You're sure of that?

CASS
Sure I'm sure.

LINCOLN
(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?

CASS
Just about.

LINCOLN
Are you familiar with the
land over there?

CASS
Yes, sir.

LINCOLN
What's the nature of the
layout?

CASS
(thoughtfully)
Well, there's a little
clearing.

LINCOLN
Any trees?

CASS
A few.

LINCOLN
Where are they?

CASS
Between the clearing and the
Fair grounds.

LINCOLN
(quickly)
And you saw through those
trees?

(CONTINUED)

218 (Cont. 1)

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.

219 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)

223 (Cont.)

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.

224 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!

(CONTINUED)

224 (Cont.)

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, deter-
mined 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 be-
cause 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)

224 (Cont.1)

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
(relentlessly)
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)

224 (Cont.3)

LINCOLN
(suddenly letting
him go, elated)
That's enough!
(to Felder)
Your witness, Mr. Felder!

225 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. Douglas looks at Lincoln, bewildered. Felder is on his feet, loudly protesting to the court. The judge is rapping for order. The boys have risen, smiles on their faces for the first time. The jury is yelling with the others.

DISSOLVE TO:

226 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)

226 (Cont.)

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.

227 ABAGAIL'S WAGON - IN STREET - MED. CLOSE SHOT

as Lincoln comes in. Abigail 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 Abigail.

(CONTINUED)

227 (Cont.)

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)

227 (Cont.1)

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.

EFFE
(solemnly)
You know - there's something
peculiarsome about Abe some-
times - mightly peculiarsome.

They all nod solemn agreement.

228 ANOTHER ANGLE

as the wagon rolls along out of town.

229 CLOSE MOVING SHOT - LINCOLN

as he rides off in the opposite direction.

DISSOLVE TO:

230 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)

230 (Cont.)

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)

230 (Cont.1)

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 Fredericks--
burg - 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 some-
thing 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.

231 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.

232 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.

233 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

T H E E N D