

SCRIPT TITLE

Written by

Name of First Writer

Based on, If Any

Address
Phone Number

EXT. FOREST - 1864 - AMERICA - AFTERNOON

A battalion of Union soldiers sit comfortably around fires, some huddled in their tents whilst others laugh and bicker.

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! Multiple shots ring out at once, blood spews everywhere, Union soldiers topple over one another, it's barbaric...

...A group of Confederate soldiers emerge, eyes blazing with sickened glee.

The CAMERA can barely keep up with the carnage, death is being freely handed out to both young and old troops. The only sound that can be heard is that of gunshots and the sound of bodies falling to the ground.

A group of Union soldiers are able to find some decent cover and begin MOWING DOWN THE CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS WITH A FUCKING GATLING GUN. It slices through flesh and bone, it's a wonderful dance of death.

A rushing Confederate soldier tosses a stick of dynamite at the men, a Union soldier dives onto it, his body exploding into pieces.

His blood reaches the tips of trees.

UNION SOLDIER

Fall back!

They begin to run away, some still shooting whilst running. Before they can get far enough, they are flanked by another group of Confederates.

CONFEDERATE GENERAL

Hold!

(everyone stops shooting)

Now after marching through all this sludge I was able to identify that your general has been killed.

(he spits)

That is a mighty shame. Now, imma give you a choice, either you join the real brothers of America or quite simply I let my boys place a metal cylinder right between em' pretty eyes of yours. What do you say?

Nothing can be heard. Step. Step. Step. Multiple Union soldiers begin to walk towards the Confederate General as he smiles with glee. He raises his hand in the air and throws it back down as the rest are shot down dead.

CONFEDERATE GENERAL (CONT'D)

Well. You boys made a good choice, only problem is...I know you ain't loyal to the cause. That ain't good. Ain't fucking good at all. So here's the deal. I want--shit! How many of you: one, two, three, four, five--seven. I want you seven to fight, whoever is last standing gets their chance at living. To make it easier, I'll throw my knife in!

He pulls out his knife and hurls into the ground, the SEVEN MEN look at each other.

CU: their eyes darting back and forth.

With no hesitation MAN 1 grabs the knife and PIERCES IT through the eye of MAN 3. The others begin to unleash hell on one another, their once best friends and brothers now nothing more than a bug that needs squishing.

The General laughs. He's broken these good men, he pulls out his gun for the hell of it and SHOTS the fingers off one of the men who begins to writhe around in pain. Another man noticing his opponent crippled grabs a large rock...

...and begins to with all his strength SMASH the mans face in.

CONFEDERATE GENERAL (CONT'D)

Damn, you all seein' this shit?
Makes you stomach lurch don't it.

He fires another SHOT: It lands in the head of another man, only 4 are still alive.

The General kneels on the ground, he's smiling harder and harder, his skin looks like it's about to tear.

CONFEDERATE GENERAL (CONT'D)

Ok...ok...STOP!

He fires three shots into the air. Only 1 man remains.

BROKEN UNION SOLDIER

Please. Let me go see my wife and baby boy.

CONFEDERATE GENERAL

Did you not hear me? I said "chance at livin'", you deaf or somethin'.

BROKEN UNION SOLDIER
You fucking bastard, you fuck!

He tries to attack him but the General easily shoots him in the leg, he writhes around in agony.

Blood stains the ground, the dirt enveloping his blood.

CONFEDERATE GENERAL
Look at that, like a goddamn bug.

He walks over and puts a foot on the man's bullet ridden leg...he presses down on it HARD.

CONFEDERATE GENERAL (CONT'D)
You feel that? That's pain. Embrace it.

Both the General and soldier scream in unison one a mixture of despair and sadness, the other a primeval howl.

CONFEDERATE GENERAL (CONT'D)
I'll be sure to send your wife and precious boy to hell where you belong.

With that he points the gun at the man's head, loads a bullet and BANG. Half the man's head is splattered on the floor.