

MOUNT MCGREGOR MEMOIRS

Written by

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Based on the life of Ulysses S. Grant.

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EXT. GRANT COTTAGE, THE ADIRONDACKS, WILTON, NY - DAY

A dense Adirondack forest gives way to a clearing on the property of Grant Cottage State Historic Site, located in Wilton, NY. Inside this modest dwelling the Narrator quietly visits each room, finally easing himself into a front porch rocking chair overlooking the mountainous terrain.

NARRATOR

If these walls could talk, what history they would tell! Of Point Pleasant and West Point, Hiram Ulysses Grant, U.S. Grant, Sam. The Mexican War, his marriage to Julia Boggs Dent, Sacketts Harbor NY, Fort Humboldt CA, Wish-ton-wish as a failed farmer near Saint Louis, Firewood Salesman, Real Estate Agent, building a home he named Hardscrabble, Galena, IL, Grant & Perkins Tanners, the Confederate attack on Fort Sumpter, and the 21st Illinois Volunteer Infantry he commanded as Colonel. Then, Brigadier-General in the Battles of Belmont, Fort Henry, and the first Union victory at Fort Donelson, soon to be labeled Unconditional Surrender Grant by the Northern Press! A Major-General at Shiloh, Champions Hill, Vicksburg, Chattanooga, then promoted to Lieutenant-General to lead the entire Union Army, the first such rank issued since George Washington. His chestnut horse, Cincinnati, the Wilderness Campaign, Cold Harbor, Petersburg, Sherman and Sheridan, the burning of Atlanta, the Dedication of Arlington Cemetery, Mobile Bay, and the gallant push up the Shenandoah Valley. Soon Richmond, Appomattox Courthouse, the surrender of Lee's Army of Northern Virginia, Grant's generous parole terms, Lincoln's tragic Assassination, and the subsequent surrenders of General Joseph E.

(MORE)

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Johnston in Durham, NC, General Richard Taylor in Citronelle, AL, General Nathan Bedford Forrest, future leader of the Ku Klux Klan, at Gainesville, AL, and finally General Edmund Kirby Smith in Galveston, TX.
 Children: Fred, Buck, Nellie, and Jesse.
 Duty!

INT. DELMONICO'S RESTAURANT, BEAVER STREET, MANHATTAN -
EVENING

Twenty-four year old Ulysses S. Grant, Jr., known by his family as Buck, attends an exclusive dinner party held in a third-floor private dining room at Delmonico's Restaurant on the evening of March 21, 1877. This event is hosted by the law firm where he serves as a Junior Member. The noise generated by the boisterous, all-male crowd is making direct conversation close to impossible.

WILL

It's nice to see someone here that's my age, relatively speaking.
 (looking about the room)

BUCK

Yes, it's quite, uh, gray in here.
 (chuckling)
 How are you connected with tonight's dinner?

WILL

I'm an Assayer with the U.S. Assay Office, here in New York. And you?

BUCK

Oh, I'm a Junior Partner with the law firm hosting this event. I hear the food planned for this evening is going to be fantastic!

Taking a sip of champagne from his glass.
 I'm sorry, Ulysses Grant, Jr.!

(standing to extend his hand across the table)

WILL

William Ward.

(taken aback by Grant's
presence)

It's a great pleasure to meet you.
You're originally from Galena,
right?

BUCK

Well, yes, but actually I was born
in Bethel, Ohio. And you?

WILL

Geneseo, in Upstate New York, near
Rochester. I served in the United
States Navy during the war, manning
gunboats on the Mississippi. I saw
your father, General Grant, a
number of times during the
Vicksburg Campaign. He was aboard
our boat the night we took more
than our share of shells. Mighty
dangerous out there, mighty
dangerous!

BUCK

I'll bet. My father's shared many
stories about that siege. I
practically know them all by heart.
(flashing a Grant smile)

WILL

So, what brought you to New York?

BUCK

Well, after Harvard I attended
Columbia Law School. After that, I
was appointed as an Assistant U.S.
Attorney, here in Manhattan, before
joining this law firm.

WILL

(raising his glass)

I attended Columbia, as well, and
graduated from their School of
Mining. That was some years back.
Looks like they're starting to
serve dinner.

Grant turns around, as waiters begin serving salad to the
dinner guests.

One hour passes.

BUCK
 (wiping his mouth with a
 dinner napkin)
 I'm really not interested in coffee
 and dessert, are you?

WILL
 Not after that meal! I'm stuffed...

BUCK
 Come on, I'll buy you a drink
 downstairs.

The two discreetly get up from the table and exit the room.

Arriving at Delmonico's first-floor bar, they each take up a stool.

WILL
 I'll buy.

BUCK
 Nonsense, I insist. Please. What
 will you have?

WILL
 I can't believe I'm saying this,
 but, I really don't know what to
 order.
 (turning to Buck)
 I don't usually drink anything
 stronger than wine. My father is a
 Presbyterian Minister.

BUCK
 No kidding.
 (pausing)
 Well, unless you object, may I
 suggest an Old Fashion.

WILL
 You're the expert, Ulysses...

BUCK
 Please, call me Buck.

WILL
 Ok, I'm known by Will.

BUCK
 Great...

Buck raises his finger to the bartender, who soon approaches the pair.

BUCK (CONT'D)
 Will, here, wants an Old Fashion
 and I'll have a Bourbon.

The bartender returns with the drinks, and Buck sets a Silver Dollar in front of him.

Here's to the future...
 (clinking his glass with
 Will's)

WILL
 Thanks. To the future. I'm an uncle
 now.

GRANT JR
 You don't say...

WILL
 Yes, my brother, Ferdinand, and his
 wife, Ella, just had a baby boy a
 week or so ago!
 (pausing)

GRANT JR
 Well, congratulations are in order,
 there, Uncle Will.

WILL
 Uncle Will. That sounds so strange.

GRANT JR
 So where is this Nephew of yours
 Will?

WILL
 Brooklyn. Brooklyn Heights, to be
 exact. On another subject, what are
 your father's plans now that he's
 out of the White House?
 (smacking his lips)
 My, this is good!

BUCK
 My father and mother, and a few
 siblings are heading off on a World
 tour. They depart Philadelphia in
 May. I hope to join them in England
 this Fall.

WILL
 He didn't waist any time!

BUCK
 He certainly didn't...

Both pause to take another swig.

Hey, on Saturday I'm heading to my lady friend's country house in Great Neck, to hunt Pheasant. She has a cousin, who could join us.

WILL

How old is her cousin?

BUCK

She's my age, close to twenty-five.

WILL

How old is your, um, lady friend?

BUCK

That's none of your business!

(laughing)

Let's just say she's of age. I don't believe it's going anywhere, though, her father dislikes me.

WILL

No. You?

BUCK

I know. I'll tell you something, Will, never court the only-child of a wealthy family.

WILL

I see...

BUCK

Anyways, how about Pheasant hunting this Saturday? I can meet you at the Chelsea Piers around, say, ten o'clock.

WILL

I'll be there! How about another drink?

BUCK

Sure.

Signaling for a bartender.

Will?

WILL

Yes.

BUCK

What do you call people from Great Neck?

WILL

I don't know. What?

BUCK

Great Neckers.
(smiling broadly)

WILL

(slapping his knee)
Ha, ha, ha...

EXT. ABOARD THE SS INDIANA, PHILADELPHIA DOCKYARDS,
PENNSYLVANIA - MORNING

NARRATOR

The SS Indiana departs Philadelphia on May 17, 1877. Eleven days later, Ulysses and Julia Grant, along with members of their family, arrive in the bustling dockyards of Liverpool. From there, they travel to the cities of Manchester, Birmingham, and London. Then, off to such countries as Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, Scotland, France and Italy, Egypt, Palestine, Turkey and Greece, the Netherlands, Norway, Russia, neighboring Poland, Austria, at the Schönbrunn Palace, Spain and Portugal. Later, India, Burma, Siam, China, and Japan. During this time, Grant was welcomed by world leaders and dignitaries, including Queen Victoria, Bismarck, General Li Hongzhang, representing China, Emperor Meiji of Japan, Czar Alexander II, Pope Leo XIII, King Chulalongkorn of Siam, Austrian Emperor Franz Joseph, King George of Greece, and the Maharaja of Jeypore. But perhaps the most enthusiastic reception Grant received while on his world tour, was reserved for a throng of one-hundred thousand grimy coal miners in Newcastle, England.

(MORE)

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Where before, during, and after his address to them, they lauded this hero of the ages.

INT. FERDINAND WARD HOUSE, PIERREPONT STREET, BROOKLYN HEIGHTS - MORNING

Inside the front parlor of Ferdinand and Ella Ward's stately Brooklyn Heights home, an ornate baby cradle, covered with a lace canopy, occupies a space next to a large marble fireplace. Ferdinand is standing in front of a nearby bureau, distracted by paperwork.

ELLA

You haven't once asked about your son?

Receiving no response, she walks over to check on him, before returning to the Davenport.

(pausing)

Ferdinand. Now that our baby is beginning to thrive, don't you think it's time that we...

(somewhat embarrassed)

Reconcile?

FERDINAND WARD

Well, how exactly is our son?

ELLA

He's well, dear, and feeding like a real champion.

(confidently)

FERDINAND WARD

Let me check for myself.

Walking over to the cradle, he moves some lace aside and peers into the tiny bed. He quickly turns around to address his wife.

My boy will be the talk of Wall Street someday.

(strutting across the floor, directly in front of her)

ELLA

You mean, *our* boy.

FERDINAND WARD

He won't have to suffer the gossip and slights that I endure every day... Envious wags!

ELLA

I believe it's time you invite your
mother for a visit!
(concerned about his manic
behavior)

FERDINAND WARD

He won't be some, some hayseed from
Geneseo, New York. No, he'll be the
very definition of success and
power. A regular Tycoon!

A maid enters the room and retrieves the baby from the
cradle.

ELLA

Rose, do be sure to check on his
belly button. It appeared to be a
little red yesterday.

MAID

Yes, Mam.
(sweeping out of the room)

FERDINAND WARD

I have to go into town to deal with
my insufferable investors! What
complete dolts. Fine people, mind
you, just a little slow to the
punch...

ELLA

(mustering up the courage)
You haven't said a word about our
reconciling?

FERDINAND WARD

Our what!
(aggressively)

ELLA

Our reconciliation. Our
relationship, Ferd.
(sheepishly)

Reaching out her hand.

FERDINAND WARD

My only thought at this very moment
is the Firm and my son's future in
the realm of high-stakes
investment!

Walking over to the closet to grab his hat and coat.

(returning to the parlor)
 Oh, I almost forgot my umbrella!
 It's supposed to rain all day.
 (peering out the window)
 I see my carriage has arrived.
 (touching his umbrella to
 his hat)

Ferdinand Ward leaves this breathtaking five-story brownstone through the front door, leaving his discouraged and very lonely wife, seated on their costly Davenport.

INT. PALMER HOUSE HOTEL, STATE & MONROE STREETS, CHICAGO, IL - NIGHT

Seated atop the head table at his friend's wedding reception at the Palmer House in Chicago, Ulysses S. Grant, Jr., proposes a toast to the bride and groom, Jane and Will Ward, on April 28, 1880. Dressed in an elegant formal Tuxedo, he looks the very image of his President-father.

BUCK
 (rising to his feet)
 My name, for those of you who don't
 know me, is Ulysses Grant, Jr.

Clapping erupts throughout the ballroom.
 I'd like to propose a toast to the
 bride and groom. In three short
 years, Will and I have become very
 close friends. We were roommates in
 New York for much of that time, so
 we've shared many happy times
 together. But, not as happy as
 today. Jane, always remember that
 you are Will's golden girl and the
 true woman of his dreams.
 (waiting for the applause
 to diminish)
 So, let us raise our glasses in
 tribute.
 (looking directly at the
 couple)
 May you both enjoy endless years of
 love, life, and laughter.
 Hear, hear!
 (raising his glass)

Later, Will requests that Buck meet his brother, Ferdinand, in a private parlor just off the ballroom floor. Grant soon complies and knocks on the door.

FERDINAND WARD

Come in.

Grant enters the room, as Ward meets him halfway across the floor.

Mr. Grant. Thanks for meeting with me. Please, sit down.

BUCK

Thank you. What is this about, Ferdinand?

(scanning the spacious quarters)

FERDINAND WARD

We'll get into that in a moment. Are you enjoying yourself this evening? Your toast was charming...

BUCK

Yes, very much, thank you.

(seating himself)

I, myself, am to be married in November to Miss Fannie Chaffee of Crown Heights, Brooklyn.

FERDINAND WARD

You don't say.

(pausing)

Wait a minute, Chaffee. Not Senator Chaffee?

BUCK

Why, yes. Her father is the U.S. Senator from Colorado.

FERDINAND WARD

Oh, how marvelous. You must be very excited, and what a catch! I hope you'll be very happy together. How about a drink? Brandy, or, I know, (snapping his fingers)

Cognac! Only the very best for ole' Judge Ward's wedding guests, aye.

BUCK

Cognac is fine, thanks.

Ferdinand gets up and goes over to a center table, where he fills both glasses halfway with Grand Marnier Cuvee.

FERDINAND WARD

And a cigar to go along with your drink?

BUCK

Sure, that sounds good. Your brother, Will, says your a new father.

Ferdinand sets both Cognacs down on a low table between their chairs. He opens a cedar-lined box and retrieves two cigars, cutting their ends and offering one of them to Buck. Ferdinand lights Buck's cigar before lighting his own.

FERDINAND WARD

Yes. My wife and I are very happy.

BUCK

You should be...

FERDINAND WARD

I am. I'm very invested in my son. I have big plans for his future.

BUCK

That's most admirable...

FERDINAND WARD

Well now, I understand you're a Harvard man...

BUCK

What's this all about, Mr. Ward?

FERDINAND WARD

(taken aback)

Why, business, of course!

BUCK

What kind of business?

FERDINAND WARD

Investments. I thought you might be interested...

BUCK

I am, but...

FERDINAND WARD

Will is starting to become very successful in the mining business out West, due to your generous influence. Silver and Lead, to be more specific. He's well aware of my approaching you on the subject. But, if you're not interested, I completely understand. Isn't this Cognac striking?

(MORE)

FERDINAND WARD (CONT'D)
(holding his glass up to
the light)

BUCK
I didn't say I wasn't interested.
(pausing momentarily)
What exactly are you proposing?

FERDINAND WARD
Working together. Why, with Will's
inside information in the metals
industry, well..., there's millions
in it, as they say.

Buck taps his cigar over the ashtray, setting it down on the edge.

BUCK
But, I'm a legal practitioner, not
a skilled investor.
(rubbing his face)

FERDINAND WARD
But, I am! Not convinced?
(frowning at Buck)
Will said you'd be a tough sell! I
admire that in a man. Tell you
what. When you get back to New
York, come to dinner at my house.
Here's my card.
(sliding it across the
table)
My Ella would love to meet...
(taking another puff)
Fannie, is it?

BUCK
Yes, that's right. Fair enough...
Dinner it is!
(slapping his knee before
picking up his cigar to
take a puff)

FERDINAND WARD
Now, about Harvard, I'll bet that
was fun. Can I pour you another
Grand Marnier?

These two complete strangers continue their conversation far removed from the noisy celebration going on outside.

EXT. MONTAGUE STREET, BROOKLYN HEIGHTS, BROOKLYN - AFTERNOON

Julia Grant and her soon-to-be daughter-in-law, Fannie Chaffee, meet at the head of Montague Street in Brooklyn Heights, on a sunny Spring afternoon.

JULIA

I received your telegram asking me to meet you here today. Is everything alright? Your message didn't let on...

FANNIE

Everything is fine. I just thought we could take a stroll...and talk.

Starting to take their stroll.

JULIA

This is such a lovely street.
(looking up into the trees)

Fannie remains quiet.

What is it, dear? Is it Buck?

FANNIE

Oh, no!
(stopping to turn towards Julia)
Well, yes...

JULIA

What is it?

FANNIE

I hope Buck and General Grant aren't making a mistake partnering with Ferdinand Ward.

JULIA

What makes you say that?

They continue their walk.

FANNIE

I get a bad feeling about him.

JULIA

How so?
(taking Fannie's arm)

FANNIE

Buck and I were invited to dinner
at his home, here in Brooklyn
Heights, a few weeks ago...

JULIA

Go on...

They are suddenly stopped short by a large baby stroller,
blocking the sidewalk.

FANNIE

Well, it was the most beautiful
house I've ever seen. It's one
block over, in fact.
(pointing toward
Pierrepont Street)
Anyways, it's everything a woman
would ever want, I mean, it had the
best of amenities, and yet...

With the stroller now removed from the sidewalk and stored
under a brownstone stoop, they continue on their way.

And yet, I never saw a more unhappy
woman in my life. Ella is her name.
Ella Champion Green. She's an only-
child just like me. You would think
she had the world at her feet! But,
while she didn't show it outright,
there was a tension between those
two that I've rarely ever
witnessed.

JULIA

I'm sure that they must have had a
squabble before you and Buck
arrived.

FANNIE

Oh, no, Mrs. Grant. I know the
difference between a fight and
being truly afraid of someone. It
was little things that I noticed. I
can't put my finger on any one in
particular, but, it was most
unsettling, I can assure you.

(thinking)

No, if I were Buck and General
Grant, my, that sounds funny me
saying, if I were General Grant -

Covering her mouth.

If I were those two, I'd stay well
clear of that man!

JULIA

I simply can't believe it!

FANNIE

Well, take it from me. He's a baddie. I'm not that old, but I know what fear in a woman looks like.

(looking Julia straight in the eye)

Any man who mistreats his wife will mistreat the best of men, no matter who they are.

JULIA

But his brother, Will, is such a fine person, and his father, a man of the cloth!

They stop at the end of Montague Street, and Fannie holds fast to the cast iron fence overlooking New York Harbor.

FANNIE

I'm frightened, Mrs. Grant.

They both study the Manhattan skyline and watch the boats drift up and down the East River, far below.

JULIA

(turning to Fannie)

Look, I trust Buck. I always have and I always will. You must, too. He's the most educated and legally experienced of all the Grants. But I'll have a word with him, if it makes you feel better. He won't know this came from you. I'll just say I'm relying on a woman's intuition!

(tapping Fannie on the arm)

Put your mind at ease, dear. Let me handle it. You have a November wedding to plan! Besides, my husband, Buck, and the man who owns Marine Bank, of all places, James Fish, have already formed a partnership with Ferd Ward and invested money together. They've opened up their brokerage in the General's Mexican Southern Railroad office on Wall Street. Why, they've already put their sign in the window.

FANNIE
(unintelligible)

The whistle of a large steamboat, sailing close by, drowns out Fannie's tepid response.

INT. HOME OF THE HONORABLE JEROME CHAFFEE, 26 W. 58TH STREET,
MANHATTAN - EVENING

It's now November, and Bride, Fannie Chaffee, while making last minute adjustments to her dress, hears a knock on her door.

FANNIE
Yes. Who is it?

JULIA
It's Julia Grant...

FANNIE
Oh, do come in, Mrs. Grant!

Julia comes into the bedroom, where Fannie greets her with a respectful kiss.

JULIA
You look wonderful, dear! Go on, go on, finish what you're doing.

Julia sits down on an elegant camelback couch. Everything looks so beautiful downstairs. I simply love weddings. Did I ever tell you about mine?

FANNIE
No. Please do...

JULIA
Well, I was a St. Louis bride, for starters. And it was so hot that summer! Star candles lit my footsteps as I made my way down the staircase.

(speaking almost dream-like)

My gown from Paris, was of watered silk with patterns of Cape Jessamine, my favorite flower! Ulys, bronze from his recent duty under the Mexican sun, was in full uniform, along with his attendants.

(MORE)

JULIA (CONT'D)

My guests marveled at how radiant my translucent veil made me appear on my father's arm. Oh, I was so happy that August night, just as I am now.

FANNIE

Such a beautiful story, Mrs. Grant...

Coiffing her abundant blond hair.

JULIA

Just as your story will be someday, dear!

FANNIE

(seated at her vanity)

I have to say, Mrs. Grant, that I am so happy to be marrying Buck. He's a man of great kindness and warmth, who has tremendous respect for me as a woman.

JULIA

He's so much like his Father...

FANNIE

And mother, too, if I might add.

JULIA

You're too kind. Buck's a good man!

FANNIE

Indeed, he is! You know, I never believed the talk in the gossip columns about Buck being promised in marriage to some wealthy West Coast heiress. Not one word of it!

Fannie rises from her vanity, facing Julia.

JULIA

I knew for a fact that it wasn't true. My husband has many detractors, you know. Particularly in the press!

FANNIE

To be sure.
(sitting down on the edge
of the couch)
Mrs. Grant...?

JULIA

Yes?

FANNIE

As you know, my mother died when,
when I was only one.

JULIA

I'm well aware.

FANNIE

And... well,
(looking at the floor)
without a mother to confide in, I'm
wondering what to... what to expect
tonight when I'm alone with Buck?
Please forgive me asking...

JULIA

No forgiveness needed. There's
really nothing to it, dear.

FANNIE

Really?
(her eyes widening)

JULIA

(taking Fannie's hand in
her own)
Do you have anything to wear during
your private time tonight?

FANNIE

Well, yes.
(blushing)

JULIA

Well, I suggest you first get under
the bedcovers and shimmy up close
to Buck.

FANNIE

Ok...

JULIA

Then, once the kissin', and
hugging, and petting begins, keep
as close to him as you can, and let
the rest kind of... fall into
place.

(squeezing Fannie's hand a
little tighter)

FANNIE

That's it?
(giggling)

JULIA

Uh hah...
(nodding and smiling
simultaneously)
Now, it doesn't have to be perfect,
mind you, and probably won't be the
first few times, or ever! As long
as it's between you two, and you
two alone. And it makes a baby
someday...
(lifting their joined
hands)

FANNIE

Oh... Oh! Yes, yes...!
(nodding enthusiastically)
Thank you, Mrs. Grant.

JULIA

Not at all, dear. Like I said,
there's really nothing to it.

FANNIE

That makes good sense...
(standing up and letting
out a big breath)
I'm ready!
(thoroughly reassured)
You best be getting downstairs now.

JULIA

Oh, yes!

FANNIE

Oh, and do tell General Grant that
Buck is bringing in the head chef
from Delmonico's for tonight's
celebration.

JULIA

I will.
(holding out both of
Fannie's hands)
Again, you look simply gorgeous,
dear.

FANNIE

Thank you!

Julia departs the room and descends the broad staircase to greet the wedding guests gathered in the parlor below.

EXT. ABOARD A MADISON AVENUE STREETCAR, MANHATTAN - AFTERNOON

It's late October 1884. Grant is riding in a horse-drawn streetcar with his personal attendant, Harrison Terrel. They are on route to the office of renowned throat specialist, Dr. John Douglas. Five months ago, General Grant fell victim to a massive Ponzi scheme involving his namesake son, Ulysses S. "Buck" Grant, Jr., and his business partner, Ferdinand Ward. As a result, Grant loses the bulk of his assets and is forced to sell his most precious Civil War memorabilia to help pay the mounting bills. While dozing off on the lumbering streetcar, Grant relives his financial downfall.

Five months earlier.

INT. GRANT HOUSE, EAST 66TH STREET, MANHATTAN - AFTERNOON

A well dressed, rather dapper gentleman appears unannounced at the front door of Ulysses Grant's Manhattan home on Sunday, May 4, 1884. He turns the Victorian doorbell and is soon greeted by Personal Attendant, Harrison Terrell.

HARRISON

May I help you, Mr. Ward?

FERDINAND WARD

I know my being here wasn't expected, particularly on a Sunday. But I wonder if General Grant is available? Kindly, extend my apologies for any unwanted intrusion.

HARRISON

Let me ask. One moment, please...

Harrison enters the parlor, finding his boss reading a children's book to his granddaughter, Julia, while seated in an oversized leather chair.

General, Ferdinand Ward is here to see you. He apologizes for the short notice. He's looking very haggard, sir.

GRANT

Tell him to come in.

HARRISON

Very well.

Harrison returns to the vestibule and admits Ward into the home. He now shows him into the parlor.

GRANT

Mr. Ward, I'm not surprised you're here. I've been expecting you.

Receiving no handshake, Ward proceeds to stand before a seated Grant.

What is it, Mr. Ward?

FERDINAND WARD

Something's come up.

GRANT

Not bankruptcy, I hope!
(hesitantly puffing on his
cigar)

FERDINAND WARD

Why, no.

(smoothly)

Nothing of the sort. But there is a bit of a problem. You see, the city chamberlain made a rather large withdrawal Friday afternoon from Marine Bank, where our investment deposits are held. So large, in fact, that the bank won't entertain any further withdrawals for the time being, rendering our client base vulnerable. And, well, given all the talk on the street about Grant and Ward, all false, as you know, we wouldn't want to be caught off guard if one of our investors should somehow demand that his shares be liquidated. A onetime, short-term infusion of money would help fend off a much publicized embarrassment.

GRANT

That makes a good deal of sense. What are you proposing?

FERDINAND WARD

A one or two-day loan of, say, \$150,000, to keep Marine Bank afloat. That would cover us in the event that such a securities liquidation is requested.

GRANT

A short-term loan...?

FERDINAND WARD

No more than two days! As an insurance policy, if you will.

GRANT

If that's all it is, tell you what I'll do. Let me talk to my neighbor, William Vanderbilt. I just might have a check from him today to deposit in the morning.

FERDINAND WARD

(dropping his guard momentarily)

General Grant, you have no idea how relieved this makes me.

GRANT

Not at all. Not at all.

(puffing away)

I'm counting on you to remedy this situation, Mr. Ward, with the understanding that this never happens again.

FERDINAND WARD

Oh, it, it won't. You have my solemn promise. Thank you, General. Good day!

Ferdinand departs the residence.

LITTLE JULIA

Grandpa, why was that man in such a rush?

GRANT

It's complicated, Julia.

Grant places his cigar back on the ashtray, before returning to their book.

Now, where were we...?

Little Julia settles herself back into Grant's arms, prompting her grandfather to put aside the thought of visiting William Vanderbilt for the time being.

I/E. OFFICE OF GRANT AND WARD INVESTMENT FIRM, WALL STREET,
MANHATTAN - MORNING

A few days later, Grant visits his Wall Street office, as is his usual custom, where he's met by a crowd of bewildered investors. He wades through the pack and enters the building, only to find Buck waiting for him near the elevator.

BUCK

You had better come upstairs. I
have some rather troubling news.

They escape the madness and enter Grant's office, which, up to that time, has conveniently served as the venue for Grant and Ward.

GRANT

You want to tell me what's going on
here?

BUCK

You'd better sit down.

Grant takes a seat behind his enormous Southern Mexican Railroad desk.

The \$150,000 check you endorsed
over to Grant and Ward yesterday
was apparently cashed by Ferdinand,
I'm guessing somewhere up in
Connecticut. Both he and the money
are now missing.

Grant freezes in his desk chair, tightly gripping the wooden armrests.

There's more. Ward told me
yesterday that the firm needs
\$600,000, not \$150,000, like he
relayed to you. When he left the
office, I went to see Jay Gould and
ran a list of our current stocks by
him.

GRANT

Continue...
(suddenly battle-ready)

BUCK

Gould informed me after looking
down the list, that our stocks
aren't worth the gold-leaf
parchment they're printed on!

(MORE)

BUCK (CONT'D)

I immediately went to see my law partner, Stanley Elkins, who suggested we pay a little visit to Mr. Ward.

The General now opens his center desk drawer, removes a sheet of paper and an ornate fountain pen, and begins making notes.

When we arrived at his Brooklyn Heights home, we were told by his wife, Ella, that he wasn't in. So, we camped out in his parlor and waited for five long hours, only to find out that he was upstairs all the time! During our wait, Ella entered the parlor a number of times, pleading with us to keep the conversation down, as there was a baby asleep in the house.

GRANT

That's news to me.

BUCK

Anyways, Ward finally came downstairs, where we confronted him. He proceeded to give us the same line that he apparently gave you the previous day, that everything was perfectly fine.

(stopping to study his father's expression)

Elkins, needless to say, wasn't buying any of this. He demanded that Ward write a check for \$400,000 to cover his client's investment. Ward demurred, but eventually agreed, saying the check would be available in the morning. We then left his residence and haven't seen hide or tail of him since! When I wrote out a check this morning for the \$400,000 owed to Senator Chaffee, Marine Bank refused to honor it. Come to find out, Ward has no more than \$1,000 left in his various bank accounts!

A stunned General Grant sets his pen down on the desk.

I suggest you go home, Father. It's going to get ugly here and I don't want you to be around if the police show up.

Grant stands up and walks over to one of the front windows, observing an even larger assembly of prattling investors. He soon departs the building by way of the back stairs, but not before admonishing Buck.

GRANT

Handle it the fairest way you're able, Son.

INT. OFFICE OF PHYSICIAN JOHN H. DOUGLAS, MANHATTAN - LATER

Stepping off the Madison line, Grant and Harrison walk to the office of Dr. John Douglas. The General enters the premises alone, as a nurse greets him just inside the door.

NURSE

General Grant, may I take your coat?

(he hands over his top-hat and coat)

Please take a seat. The Doctor will be with you shortly.

As she makes her way to the back of the practice, Grant studies the many certifications hanging on the far wall before finally resting his eyes on Dr. Douglas's University of Pennsylvania Medical School Diploma, written entirely in Latin. It's year of issue - anno Domini, MDCCCXLVII. The nurse now interrupts Grant's keen inspection of the doctor's credentials.

The doctor will see you now, General.

Grant rises and enters Douglas's private office. The esteemed doctor stands to greet him.

DR DOUGLAS

General Grant, it's a pleasure to meet you again. Please, sit down. It's been a while.

Doctor Douglas sits down behind his desk, while Grant takes a seat in one of the visitor's chairs, directly in front.

GRANT

Yes. I believe we met on several occasions during the war while you were detailed as Associate Secretary of the Sanitation Commission. Both times in Saint Louis, as I recall...

DR DOUGLAS

That's right! I had dinner with you and your wife, during one such meeting. And how is Julia?

GRANT

Oh, she's fine, thank you. And Josephine?

DR DOUGLAS

Equally fine, sir.
(leaning in more closely)
Now, what brings you here, General?

GRANT

Before I begin, Doctor, my wife doesn't know I'm here, so I trust my visit will stay within this room.

DR DOUGLAS

Of course, General. You have my word that your visit and my examination will remain strictly confidential.

GRANT

Very well.
(drawing in a deep breath)
This Summer, while vacationing in Long Branch, I happened to bite into a peach. I immediately experienced a sharp pain in the back of my throat. I have never had a sensation like that before, not in my mouth anyways. At the time, I attributed it to just a sore throat, but now I'm not so sure. Neither is my physician, Fordyce Barker.

DR DOUGLAS

(standing up)
Come with me, General. Let's go into my examination room.

GRANT

Very well.

Grant follows Dr. Douglas into an adjacent room.

DR DOUGLAS

Sit down on the table so I can see your throat under the light.

Dr. Douglas picks up a physician's mirror and swings a lamp over in front of Grant's mouth.

Now, open up your mouth as wide as you're able.

The doctor turns to grab a tongue depressor. He now places this instrument gently into Grant's mouth.

Tip your head back, General.

Grant complies.

Good. Now level your head and turn it to the left.

Grant turns his head.

That's good. Now, right...

Dr. Douglas soon sets down the tongue depressor and proceeds to feel around the outside of Grant's throat, working his way up to the regions of his lower jaw.

The doctor now retrieves a glass vile from his medicine cabinet.

Now, what do you say we do something about that persistent pain of yours?

Grant closes his eyes and nods.

I'm going to apply a solution of cocaine to the back of your throat. This may sting a bit. Open wide.

The doctor proceeds to cover the back of Grant's throat with the solution, intermittently dipping a cotton swab into the vile.

(withdrawing the swab for the last time)
How does that feel?

GRANT
(smiling broadly)
Better.
(laughing)
Much better, in fact!

DR DOUGLAS
Good. Let's go back to my office.

The pair depart the examination room, just as the nurse enters it to clean up. Grant and Dr. Douglas take their respective chairs back in the office.

GRANT
Doctor, is it cancer?

DR DOUGLAS

Well, whatever it is, it's a serious growth.

(narrowing his eyes)

General Grant, I know how open and direct you always preferred your after-battle reports, so I'll be blunt. I believe you have a form of epithelial cancer. But, until we obtain a biopsy to make absolutely sure, you are to visit me twice a day for a topical treatment of cocaine, like the one I applied today, as well as a coating of iodoform, to relieve that inflamed tonsil of yours.

Grant quietly ponders the news for a moment.

GRANT

If it is indeed cancer, is it curable?

DR DOUGLAS

I'm not going to lie to you, General. It's almost always fatal. But, that's not to say it isn't curable either...

GRANT

(nodding his head)

I see.

DR DOUGLAS

(now standing)

Let's not get ahead of ourselves. I'll see you tomorrow morning at nine o'clock.

GRANT

(rising to his feet)

Thank you, Doctor.

They shake hands and Grant makes his way to the foyer, where the nurse is waiting with his hat and coat.

NURSE

We'll see you tomorrow, General.

Grant gives her a slight smile and departs the premises, finding a very patient Harrison waiting for him outside. Two middle-aged amputees wearing tattered Union Army Shell Jackets soon approach their former commander on makeshift crutches.

FIRST AMPUTEE
General Grant, is that you?

SECOND AMPUTEE
Sure as I'm standin' here, it's
him! How are ya, General?

Offering his hand to Grant.

GRANT
(shaking hands with the
pair)
I'm doing fine, much obliged for
asking.
(tipping his hat to them)
Were you two injured during the
Great Rebellion?

FIRST AMPUTEE
Indeed. We're both Cavalry, sir. I
lost my leg on Champion Hill.

Turning to the other vet.

SECOND AMPUTEE
Mine was shot off during the
Shenandoah Campaign, while servin'
under General Sheridan.

GRANT
Such a sacrifice.
(shaking is head)

SECOND AMPUTEE
We's fine, sir.

GRANT
How you boys fixed for money?

Silence quickly overcomes them, as one of the veterans leans
forward on his crutches and scuffs the pavement with his
spared foot.

I'll take it that you aren't
properly fixed. Here...

Grant reaches into his vest pocket.
On behalf of a grateful General.

Pressing a \$10 Gold Eagle coin into each of their hands,
Grant proceeds to pat them on the shoulders.

Good luck, boys. You stick
together, now, you hear.

(MORE)

GRANT (CONT'D)
I'm on East Sixty-Sixth Street next
to Central Park, if you're ever in
trouble.

FIRST AMPUTEE
God bless you, General Grant.

SECOND AMPUTEE
Yah, thank you.
(scanning both sides of
the coin, before looking
his General straight in
the eye)
It's been a great honor, Sir.

They slowly depart, as Grant and Harrison now make their way
back to the Madison Avenue line.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE CENTURY BUILDING, UNION SQUARE, MANHATTAN -
MOMENTS LATER

HARRISON
Why are we stoppin' here?

GRANT
I have an urgent appointment,
Harrison! Wait down here. This
shouldn't take long.

INT. FIRST FLOOR SUITE, LUDLOW STREET JAIL, MANHATTAN -
MORNING

Soon after his arrest, Ella Ward is seated inside her
husband's first-floor cell at the Ludlow Street Jail. This
cell, composed of three rooms, affords inmates of means with
all the comforts of home, except for the front entrance,
which consists of heavy iron bars.

ELLA
(gazing about the room)
I've brought you some cash, like
you asked.

FERDINAND WARD
How much?
(directly)

ELLA
(reaching into her
undergarments)
Three hundred is all I could
manage.

(MORE)

ELLA (CONT'D)
 My banker is getting suspicious,
 Ferdinand. Besides, I have
 household expenses to think about.
 (handing over the cash)

FERDINAND WARD
 (sitting down to count it)
 We've discussed the household
 expenses before!

Pausing to finish his count, before looking up.
 I'm going to send you and Ferdinand
 upstate to live with my family. I'm
 worried your inheritance is being
 winnowed away, leaving me nothing
 for my own wellbeing...

ELLA
 But I can't live there!
 (covering her face)

FERDINAND WARD
 We'll see about that! Mother has
 already agreed, and everything's
 been arranged.

ELLA
 But, what about Ferdinand, he loves
 his nanny, Rose, so much.
 (recovering her composure)
 If you're perfectly content about
 my living with your family, what
 about him?

FERDINAND WARD
 (putting his feet on the
 marble table)
 My mother is perfectly suited to
 see to his needs. She raised me,
 didn't she?

ELLA
 But, Ferdinand...
 (anguished)

FERDINAND WARD
 It's done! You are to leave next
 week.

Ella takes out a handkerchief to dab her eyes.

ELLA

Ferdinand, I have a life here in New York. My family, my friends. And our house...

FERDINAND WARD

And what do I have? I'm stuck in jail, and probably won't get out for years. You talk about a life! I have no life!

(studying his wife closely)

Oh, stop your crying! If you want to cry about something, cry about me.

ELLA

I do. I do, Ferdinand...

FERDINAND WARD

Good! Let's get this straight, Ella. I simply cannot live the life I'm accustomed to without money. And you're the one who's going to give it to me. But you must make sure your inheritance holds out, that's all!

(standing up)

You need to go and pack your things. My attorney is due to arrive any minute. Go on!

Ella rises, kisses her husband, and walks over to the barred door.

ELLA

Warden Kiernan, I'm ready...

The Warden comes to the door and lets her out. Spotting Ferdinand's attorney in the hallway, she fast approaches him. There will be no bail money coming from me!

(sternly)

Ella Champion Ward leaves the Ludlow Street Jail with a fresh, determined look on her face.

INT. GRANT HOUSE, EAST 66TH STREET, MANHATTAN - THE NEXT DAY

Oldest child, Frederick, has frequented the Grants brownstone a great deal of late, serving his father as both researcher and fact-checker, for a series of articles he is writing for Century Magazine, namely about the Battles of Shiloh, Vicksburg, Chattanooga, and the Wilderness. Fred, as he is called, is in his father's study, standing behind the General's large wooden desk.

FRED
(calling out)
Mother, what's this?

Holding up what appears to be a formal agreement.

JULIA
(soon arriving in Grant's
study)
What is it, dear?

FRED
What's this?
(holding up the document)

JULIA
You'll have to ask your father. He
should be down any minute.

Fred continues to leaf through the pages of the document.

FRED
(pacing the floor)
It reads: This contract, dated the
16th Day of October, Eighteen-
Hundred Eighty-Four, between The
Century Company, publishers, with
offices operating at 33 E. 17th
Street, New York, NY, and Ulysses
S. Grant, author, of 3 E. 66th
Street, New York, NY, for the
expressed purpose of publishing and
marketing certain memoirs written
by the author, to include his life
story up and through his command of
the Union Army, to the conclusion
of the American Civil War.

Fred flips to the final page, which is signed by the president of The Century Company. As for his father's signature, it remains blank.

Mother, it's a contract to publish
father's personal memoirs!

JULIA

I know nothing about this, Fred.

Seating herself down on a leather couch, contemplating the news.

Your father has always dismissed
the idea of writing his memoirs.
I'm wondering, why the change? Why
now?

(pausing)

And another thing. Have you noticed
Ulys has stopped smoking cigars?

Fred quickly moves back to the desk and sets the contract down, just as Grant is entering the room.

INT. FRAUNCES TAVERN, PEARL STREET, MANHATTAN - EVENING

Brandy and cigars are the evening fare for Samuel Clemens and literary critic and author, William Dean Howells, in the Long Room of Fraunces Tavern.

SAM

(pulling a cigar out of
his mouth)

Howells, over here!

Clemens stands to shake hands with his close friend, William Dean Howells. They proceed to sit in well-worn club chairs set in front of a window overlooking Pearl Street. A tavern attendant takes Howells' coat.

HOWELLS

(lighting his cigar)

Nice to see you again, Sam!

SAM

Same here, William. I ordered us a
bottle of your favorite Brandy.

HOWELLS

A perfect night for it. There's a
chill out there, to be sure.

SAM

Summer can't come fast enough...

The bottle and two fine crystal snifters are set on a table, previously placed between them.

Thanks, Meldrick. So, what are you
working on these days?

(directing his attention
to his fellow author)

HOWELLS

Well, I'm in the process of writing a story about a character named Silas Lapham, a paint-retailer who loses his moral way.

SAM

Sounds appropriate...

HOWELLS

Other than that, I'm waiting for Houghton, Mifflin to publish *The Register Farce*...

SAM

Yes, I read through the early drafts you mailed me. Melancholy Street, is it?

HOWELLS

Melancthon Street, purely fictional. No such place. As for Silas Lapham, Century Magazine is poised to publish it in serial form, beginning in November, I believe.

Brushing off ashes on his vest.

SAM

Speaking of Century, do you know that Roswell Smith is paying General Grant a measly five-hundred dollars each for his accounts of the Battles of Shiloh, Vicksburg, Chattanooga, and the Wilderness?

HOWELLS

I've heard.
(making another cloud of smoke)

SAM

Can you believe it? Grant's not just any ordinary author...

HOWELLS

I tend to agree...

SAM

(turning towards Howells)
What's more, I had dinner the other night at Richard Gilder's house, over on 15th.

(MORE)

SAM (CONT'D)

He told me, rather candidly, that Century is certain to sign General Grant to write his memoirs.

HOWELLS

For peanuts, I'll bet.

SAM

Uh hmmm.

(stroking his white
mustache)

So, the next morning I rushed right over to the Grant home, only to find the General poised to sign the Century contract for a meager ten percent of all royalties!

Contributing to the cloud.

HOWELLS

A pittance!

SAM

I then suggested he cross out ten percent and replace it with seventy-five!

Howells bawls out a full-throated laugh, causing the other Long Room guests to turn their heads.

I did!

(pausing)

I then went on to explain to both he and Fred, that while seasoned publishers, Century has no concept of the new-fangled book subscription business, only the much-outdated trade publishing approach. Horse and buggy, if you ask me, I told them, stocking and restocking ho-hum, musty bookstore shelves.

Sam pours Howells and himself another drink. The General then made it clear to me, that he has an affinity towards Century, since they were the first company to set the wheels in motion, concerning his memoirs. So, I said to Grant and his son, horse feathers! Sentiment has nothing to do with it. It's a matter of good old Yankee business!

HOWELLS

Damn strait!
 (picking up his glass and
 taking a swallow)

Sam suddenly gets up and walks over to the window.

SAM

So, get this.
 (turning around to face
 his friend)
 I stood up, placed both hands
 firmly on my hips, and declared, I
 don't give a hoot nor holler what
 Century agreed to. Besides, if
 you're basing your loyalty solely
 on Century being the first to come
 to terms about publishing your
 papers, I should be the publisher,
 (jabbing his chest)
 since I came to you three years
 ago, in the company of William Dean
 Howells, suggesting that you write
 your memoirs!

HOWELLS

Ha! I remember! In fact, he invited
 us to lunch in his dining room that
 day.
 (pausing)
 So, what did he say?

SAM

He thought about it for a moment
 and said, well, that's true!
 Classic Grant...

HOWELLS

(nodding his head)
 As I remember it, he treated us to
 bacon, beans, and black coffee. A
 common soldier's meal.

SAM

Indeed. Getting back to yesterday,
 Grant then agreed to give the
 matter some thought over the next
 twenty-four hours. I knew then and
 there, that I could reel him in.

Walking over to sit back down.

The next morning, Grant balked
 again, much to Fred and my dismay.

(MORE)

SAM (CONT'D)

I can see why he won the war. He's as stubborn as any pack mule!

Taking another pull from his Brandy.

I then declared that I would double Century's offer, telling him I had a checkbook in my pocket, and was ready to write one out for fifty-thousand dollars, if he'd allow my publisher to draw up a better contract!

HOWELLS

Get to the chase, Sam. What's the bottom line...

Butting out his smoke.

SAM

Very well. Grant still demurred, but agreed to run the Century Contract, as well as my offer, by his good friend, George Childs. After careful consideration, Childs offered his advice: Give the book to Twain, he said!

HOWELLS

Childs has always enjoyed Grant's trust. That was a fine move, Sam.

SAM

I'll say! Royalties of seventy percent, due Grant and his successors, were ultimately agreed upon, along with a whopping \$25,000 advance...

Howells whistles in approval.

The contract was signed by all parties, and title to the memoirs of General Ulysses S. Grant was duly transferred to my publisher, Charles Webster, to guard against any creditors seeking to enjoin the royalties.

HOWELLS

(looking at his pocket watch)

I couldn't have done a better job myself, Sam.

SAM

I'm sure you couldn't!

Both men stand, shake hands, and head to the cloakroom, before stepping out into the chill Spring night.

INT. GRANT HOUSE, EAST 66TH STREET, MANHATTAN - DAWN

With a stylus pen and an ample supply of loose-leaf paper, Ulysses S. Grant begins his memoirs by providing an account of his father's ancestry, tracing his bloodline as far back as 1630 in Dorchester, England. On his mother's side, however, the Simpson family recorded history consists only of a few generations of Pennsylvanians.

GRANT

About half my school-days in Georgetown were spent at the school of John D. White, a North Carolinian, and the father of Chilton White who represented the district in Congress for one term during the rebellion. Mr. White was always a Democrat in politics, and Chilton followed his father. He had two older brothers -all three being school-mates of mine at their father's school -who did not go the same way. The second brother died before the rebellion began; he was a Whig, and afterwards a Republican. His oldest brother was a Republican and brave soldier during the rebellion.

TEACHER

Repeat after me. A noun is the name of a thing!

STUDENTS

A noun is the name of a thing!
(shouted by a whole range
of voices)

The teacher paces in front of the students, while flexing a newly retrieved beech switch.

TEACHER

Good. Now never forget it!

GRANT

Chilton is reported as having told of an earlier horse-trade of mine.

(MORE)

GRANT (CONT'D)

As he told the story, there was a Mr. Ralston living within a few miles of the village, who owned a colt which I very much wanted. My father had offered twenty dollars for it, but Ralston wanted twenty-five. I was so anxious to have the colt, that after the owner left, I begged to be allowed to take him at the price demanded. My father yielded, but said twenty dollars was all the horse was worth, and told me to offer that price; if it was not accepted I was to offer twenty-two and a half, and if that would not get him, to give the twenty-five. I at once mounted a horse and went for the colt. When I got to Mr. Ralston's house, I said to him:

YOUNG GRANT

(sizing up Mr. Ralston)

Papa says I may offer you twenty dollars for the colt, but if you won't take that, I am to offer twenty-two and a half, and if you won't take that, to give you twenty-five.

GRANT

It would not require a Connecticut man to guess the price finally agreed upon. This story is nearly true. I certainly showed very plainly that I had come for the colt and meant to have him. I could not have been over eight years old at the time. This transaction caused me great heart-burning. The story got out among the boys of the village, and it was a long time before I heard the last of it.

VILLAGE BOY

There goes Ulysses Grant, the dumbest horse-trader in Brown County!

A crowd of village boys jeer, as a thoroughly humiliated Grant passes by.

GRANT

Boys enjoy the misery of their companions, at least village boys in that day did, and in later life I have found that all adults are not free from the peculiarity. I kept the horse until he was four years old, when he went blind, and I sold him for twenty dollars.

By that time, the teasing had long since ceased, and Grant's father, Jesse, was pleased with the price his son negotiated.

JESSE

That was a fine piece of negotiation you conducted, Ulysses. Mighty fine!

Grant sets down his pen to relive the elation he felt that day.

GRANT

When I went to Maysville to school, in 1836, at the age of fourteen, I recognized my colt as one of the blind horses working on the tread-wheel of the ferry-boat.

Standing on the banks of the Ohio River, with tears in his eyes, a young Grant feels pangs of regret at the sight of the colt he once loved, strapped to such a dreary and laboring existence.

EXT. PARADE GROUNDS, WEST POINT MILITARY ACADEMY, WEST POINT, NY - MORNING

GRANT

During my first year's encampment General Scott visited West Point, and reviewed the cadets. With his commanding figure, his quite colossal size and showy uniform, I thought him the finest specimen of manhood my eyes had ever beheld, and the most to be envied. I could never resemble him in appearance, but I believe I did have a presentiment for a moment that some day I should occupy his place on review— although I had no intention then of remaining in the army.

A six-foot-five, fully framed, General Winfield Scott, in all his regalia, stands atop the review stand, high above the cadets.

The next summer Martin Van Buren, then President of the United States, visited West Point and reviewed the cadets; he did not impress me with the awe which Scott had inspired.

A rumpled President Van Buren walks between rows and rows of smartly uniformed West Pointers, their black plumes a waft in the breeze.

In fact I regarded General Scott and Captain C. F. Smith, the Commandant of Cadets, as the two men most to be envied in the nation. I retained a high regard for both up to the day of their death.

EXT. JEFFERSON BARRACKS, U.S. 4TH INFANTRY, ST. LOUIS, MO - DAY

GRANT

On the 30th of September I reported for duty at Jefferson Barracks, St. Louis, with the 4th United States infantry. It was the largest military post in the country at that time, being garrisoned by sixteen companies of infantry, eight of the 3rd regiment, the remainder of the 4th.

At West Point I had a classmate - in the last year of our studies he was roommate also - F. T. Dent, whose family resided some five miles west of Jefferson Barracks.

West Point Firsties Frederick Dent and Ulysses Grant are seen walking across the Parade Ground at West Point during the 1842-1843 academic year.

Two of his unmarried brothers were living at home at that time, and as I had taken with me from Ohio, my horse, saddle and bridle, I soon found my way out to White Haven, the name of the Dent estate.

Passing through the entrance of White Haven on his horse, Grant arrives at the front steps of the green country mansion dressed in a dark blue infantry uniform.

As I found the family congenial my visits became frequent. There were at home, besides the young men, two daughters, one a school miss of fifteen, the other a girl of eight or nine. There was still an older daughter of seventeen, who had been spending several years at boarding-school in St. Louis, but who, though through school, had not yet returned home. She was spending the winter in the city with connections, the family of Colonel John O'Fallon, well known in St. Louis.

A youthful Julia Dent appears for the first time laughing vivaciously while sipping punch at a Christmas Party hosted by the Planter's House in St. Louis.

In February she returned to her country home. After that I do not know but my visits became more frequent; they certainly did become more enjoyable. We would often take walks, or go on horseback to visit the neighbors, until I became quite well acquainted in that vicinity. Sometimes one of the brothers would accompany us, sometimes one of the younger sisters.

During a mid-Spring horseback ride, this time accompanied by eight-year-old Emma, Julia and Ulysses talk quietly while sitting along the edge of the Gravois Creek. Her sister, Emma, seated higher above the creek bed, proceeds to pluck pedals from the wild Daisies blooming there.

JULIA

(stretching her arms)

It's so peaceful here, Ulys. Now that the spring floods have receded, I can finally show you the spot I have been tellin' you about.

Grant remains quiet, admiring the shimmering stream.

Oh, Ulys, recite something for me.
You do it so very well.

Emma continues to pluck while looking on.

GRANT

Alright...

(pausing to choose something)

(MORE)

GRANT (CONT'D)

I am particularly taken with the poetry of Alfred Tennyson. He published this poem about fifteen years ago. It's entitled Mariana in the Moated Grange.

(clearing his throat)

With blackest moss the flower-plots
Were thickly crusted, one and all:
The rusted nails fell from the knots
That held the pear to the gable-wall.
The broken sheds look'd sad and strange:
Unlifted was the clinking latch;
Weeded and worn the ancient thatch
Upon the lonely moated grange.
She only said, "My life is dreary,
He cometh not," she said;
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!"

Minutes pass. Grant now moves back from the bank, admiring the scenery.

About a stone-cast from the wall
A sluice with blacken'd waters slept,
And o'er it many, round and small,
The cluster'd marish-mosses crept.
Hard by a poplar shook alway,
All silver-green with gnarled bark:
For leagues no other tree did mark
The level waste, the rounding gray.
She only said, "My life is dreary,
He cometh not," she said;
She said "I am aweary, aweary
I would that I were dead!"

JULIA

That's marvelous! I simply love it.
His name is Tennyson, you say...?

GRANT

Yes. Alfred Tennyson...

Their intimate discussion continues, as young Emma keeps watch.

If the 4th infantry had remained at Jefferson Barracks it is possible, even probable, that this life might have continued for some years without my finding out that there was anything serious the matter with me; but in the following May a circumstance occurred which developed my sentiment so palpably that there was no mistaking it.

Setting down his pen, Grant reaches into his desk drawer for still more paper. Then, proceeds to get up, walk around, and clean his spectacles.

(returning to his desk
chair)

I mustered up courage to make known, in the most awkward manner imaginable, the discovery I had made on learning that the 4th infantry had been ordered away from Jefferson Barracks. The young lady afterwards admitted that she too, although until then she had never looked upon me other than as a visitor whose company was agreeable to her, had experienced a depression of spirits she could not account for when the regiment left. Before separating it was definitely understood that at a convenient time we would join our fortunes, and not let the removal of a regiment trouble us. This was in May 1844. My duties kept me on the frontier of Louisiana with the Army of Observation during the pendency of Annexation; and afterwards I was absent through the war with Mexico, provoked by the action of the army, if not by the annexation itself. During that time there was a constant correspondence between Miss Dent and myself, but we only met once in the period of four years and three months. In May 1845, I procured a leave for twenty days, visited St. Louis, and obtained the consent of the parents for the union, which had not been asked for before.

INT. U.S. ARMY 4TH INFANTRY ENCAMPMENT, MATAMORAS, MEXICO -
EVENING

Huddled in a rain-soaked tent in Matamoras, Mexico, a youthful Second Lieutenant Ulysses Grant writes to his fiancé, Julia Dent. Grant will soon be promoted to Regimental Quartermaster of the 4th U.S. Infantry.

GRANT

July 2, 1846

I received last evening your letter of the 10th of June, in which you speak of this Earthly paradise. If it is a Paradise where it rains about four hours each day why then Matamoras is the place. I have no doubt though I should like the place very much if it was only the home of My Dearest Julia, but I know that I shall never be contented until I am with her once more. I am afraid Julia that Matamoras will be very sickly this Summer. The whole of this country is low and flat and for the last six weeks it has rained almost incessantly so that now the whole country is under water.

Just outside, cumulative puddles gather closer around his tent, as raindrops continue to pelt the ground.

Our tents are so bad that every time it rains we get a complete shower-bath. Now that the Oregon boundary is no longer in dispute I think we will soon quiet Mexico and then dearest Julia, if I am not one of the unfortunate who fall, nothing will keep me from seeing you again. I really am very much in hopes that another Spring will not roll around before I will be able to call Julia my own dear, (shall I say wife,) Just think it is now going on three years since we were first engaged! You never will tell me Julia if you think your Pa & Ma will say no. I don't think they can but I would like to hear you say that they will not.

Just then, a fully soaked officer conducting bed-checks pulls back the tent flap and shines a lantern into the leaky space, finding Grant seated at his writing table before an army lamp of his own.

I did not let the flowers in your last letter blow away.

(MORE)

GRANT (CONT'D)

When I opened the letter and saw the rose leaves I just thought that only two short weeks ago Julia had them in her own hands and here I am and have not seen her for more than a year. If I was in Missouri and you were here I know what I would do very soon; I would volunteer to come to Mexico as a private if I could come no other way. But I recollect you did volunteer some time ago, or what showed your willingness to do so, you said that you wished we had been united when I was last in Missouri and how willing you would be to share even a tent with me. Indeed Julia that letter made me feel very happy. Remember me to all at White Haven.
Your Devoted
ULYSSES

Grant folds the letter in quarters and stuffs it into a preaddressed envelope, ready for the morning post. He now turns the light down, undresses, and climbs into his damp cot.

I/E. MADISON BARRACKS, EASTERN SHORE OF LAKE ONTARIO,
SACKETTS HARBOR, NY - EVENING

First Lieutenant Ulysses S. Grant and his wife, Julia, endure another howling winter night inside their two-room quarters in the Madison Barracks complex of Sacketts Harbor, in Northern New York State on December 17, 1848. Newlyweds since August, this is Grant's first garrison assignment since the end of the Mexican-American War. A quiet study of fellow junior officers and top brass, West Point and Mexico have provided him with an ample supply of competent leaders should his time ever come to command. Another gust of icy wind shakes the barracks' foundation, as the Grants shiver underneath a battery of heavy quilts. Unable to sleep, Grant gets out of bed and changes into his warmest clothes.

JULIA

Wherever are you going, Ulys?

GRANT

I can't sleep with those shutters making such a racket.

JULIA

Those shutters are the only thing
standing between us and the bitter
cold.

Julia hops back into their warm bed, shivering momentarily.

GRANT

All the same, I need some air...

JULIA

Don't be long, you'll catch your
death out there.

Going outside, Grant makes his way across a vast open space, only to approach the frozen lake below and stand at the end of the barracks pier, gazing into the wintry abyss. Snow continues to fall over Lake Ontario during this early morning hour, causing a dreamlike silence over the young Garrison Lieutenant.

No longer able to withstand the frigid gale winds, he returns to his quarters and the comfort of he and Julia's bed, but not before forcing two twigs in between the shutter latches, stilling the deafening clatter. Suddenly awake, Julia speaks from under their covers.

JULIA (CONT'D)

Oooh, Ulys! Your feet are as cold
as a St. Louis icehouse.

GRANT

I wasn't out there that long,
Julia...

JULIA

Still, it's just that it's so warm
under these quilts that anything
cold is most unpleasant.

GRANT

Well, we are in Sackett's Harbor!

JULIA

Yes, we are, and yet, I can't help
but love it here.

Rolling over onto her side.

Why, I no longer want to be
stationed in Detroit, now that
we're here.

GRANT

Don't get too attached, dear, I might just be transferred back there in the Spring when the lake thaws. But that will be up to the Army. I'm sure the Colonel would feel better knowing we're back in Detroit.

JULIA

Oh, my father wouldn't understand.

Reaching under the thick covers to her husband.

I don't know. It's rather quaint here, romantic-like, don't you think?

(pausing)

Ulys, the shutters have stopped their knockin... Ulys?

With the shutters now firmly secured, Grant has drifted back to sleep. Julia now shimmies closer to her husband, dragging her feather pillow behind her. She soon follows his lead and falls asleep, as the wind continues to pummel the sturdy limestone exterior of the Madison Barracks.

EXT. CROSSING THE ISTHMUS OF PANAMA FROM GORGONA TO THE PACIFIC COAST - CONTINUOUS

The next day, it's back to the memoirs for Grant. He now focuses his attention on the 4th Infantry's deployment to the West Coast, by way of the treacherous Isthmus of Panama.

GRANT

In the spring of 1851 the garrison at Detroit was transferred to Sackett's Harbor, and in the following spring the entire 4th infantry was ordered to the Pacific Coast. It was decided that Mrs. Grant should visit my parents at first for a few months, and then remain with her own family at their St. Louis home until an opportunity offered of sending for her. In the month of April the regiment was assembled at Governor's Island, New York Harbor, and on the 5th of July eight companies sailed for Aspinwall.

Helping in the clean up of a medical inspection station for prospective passengers of the steamship Ohio, is Ulysses Grant's future throat specialist, twenty-eight-year-old Dr. John Hancock Douglas.

We numbered a little over seven hundred persons, including the families of officers and soldiers. Passage was secured for us on the old steamer Ohio, commanded at the time by Captain Schenck, of the navy. It had not been determined, until a day or two before starting, that the 4th infantry should go by the Ohio; consequently, a complement of passengers had already been secured.

Ascending the gangway to the Ohio behind a line of infantrymen, Grant salutes Captain Schenck before stepping onto an overly crowded deck.

The addition of over seven hundred to this list crowded the steamer most uncomfortably, especially for the tropics in July.

In the summer of 1852 the Panama railroad was completed only to the point where it now crosses the Chagres River. From there passengers were carried by boats to Gorgona, at which place they took mules for Panama, some twenty-five miles further. Those who travelled over the Isthmus in those days will remember that boats on the Chagres River were propelled by natives not inconveniently burdened with clothing.

Emerging at last from the Isthmus jungle with a contingent of the 4th Infantry, Grant gallantly makes his way through the flat coastal lowlands, just below the Pacific slope, to Panama City.

Altogether, on the Isthmus and on the Pacific side, we were delayed six weeks. About one-seventh of those who left New York harbor with the 4th infantry on the 5th of July, now lie buried on the Isthmus of Panama or on Flamingo island in Panama Bay.

EXT. MERRYWEATHER FARM, 3 JUNE ROAD, NORTH SALEM, NY -
AFTERNOON

On a sunny Autumn afternoon, Buck and Fannie Grant celebrate their daughter Miriam's third birthday on the grounds of Merryweather Farm in Westchester, New York. This outdoor affair includes Buck's parents, who have been staying on the estate since July. Seated on a veranda hours before the party, Fannie and Julia share some rare private time alone.

FANNIE

How is the General feeling today?

JULIA

He's still fighting a terrible sore throat! But, as you know, illness of any kind never stopped him.

FANNIE

I've noticed...

JULIA

His memoirs are taking up so much of his time these days, that he's actually been looking forward to...

(pausing)

to Miriam's Birthday Party.

(close to tears)

FANNIE

What is it, Mrs. Grant?

JULIA

Oh, you were right, Fannie!

FANNIE

Right about what?

JULIA

About Mr. Ward, of course!

(defiantly)

FANNIE

Mrs. Grant, can we set that aside for one day?

JULIA

You're right.

(straitening up)

Again! But I have to ask, how is that poor wife of Ferdinand Ward?

FANNIE

Ella?

JULIA
Yes, Ella.
(remembering now)

FANNIE
That may be the only silver lining
in this whole Grant and Ward saga.

JULIA
How so?

FANNIE
You didn't hear?

JULIA
Why, no.

FANNIE
Well, her husband's still in jail!

JULIA
Yes, that much I know.

FANNIE
But what you probably don't know is
that he was counting on Ella to
come up with the bail. She
inherited a great deal of money
when her father died.

JULIA
I didn't know that. I assumed that
all of her wealth was due primarily
to Ferdinand...

FANNIE
Oh, no.
(shaking her head)
It's the other way around!
(giggling)
Believe me, she would have little
problem putting up the bail.

JULIA
By the way, how much is it?

FANNIE
Three Hundred Thousand.

Coiffing her fine blond hair.

JULIA
Three hundred thousand!

FANNIE

Yes, Three Hundred Thousand! Ella told me that when she went to see her husband last month, she saw Ferdinand's attorney later on in the hallway, and told him in no uncertain terms that there would be no more talk of bail. And there he sits, day after day, in jail!

Fannie gets up from her chair, walks over to the railing, and turns to face Julia.

She's free, Mrs. Grant! Absolutely free.

(raising her arms into the air)

And her ruthless, cold-hearted husband is all locked up!

(smiling broadly)

Liberating, isn't it?

Ulysses Grant suddenly steps onto the veranda.

GRANT

What's with all the celebratory speech?

FANNIE

Oh, nothing Father...

Offering up her chair to Grant.

EXT. ABOARD A MADISON AVENUE STREETCAR, MANHATTAN - MORNING

A few weeks before Thanksgiving, Julia and her son, Fred, are returning home from Dr. John Douglas's office, shortly after confronting him on the health of their patriarch. They are riding in a horse-drawn streetcar on the Madison Avenue Line.

JULIA

I'm not going to let this affect me, simply not!

(placing her hand in his)

FRED

Still, we can't deny what Dr. Douglas just revealed to us, mother. It all makes sense now. Father's disappearances twice a day with Harrison, the intensity with which he pens his memoirs, his lack of appetite, and the cessation of smoking cigars...

JULIA

Not to mention a constant sore
throat!

(turning to her eldest
child)

The streetcar now makes one of its many stops, allowing
passengers to depart and climb aboard, before moving ahead
with a hard jerk.

FRED

How shall we approach father?

JULIA

You let me handle that! I'll simply
tell him that we... paid a visit to
Dr. Douglas this morning, who, when
pressed, briefed us on your
father's condition. You know Pa, he
will be so embarrassed at first,
but he'll understand.

FRED

Five more stops.

(looking at the road
ahead)

How can you be so matter-of-fact
about this, mother? We're talking
about life and death here!

JULIA

I know, I know!

(fighting back the tears)

I have faith, Fred. Faith that
everything will turn out fine in
the end. Dr. Douglas said it
himself; it might not be cancer and
could very well be something,
something... entirely benign! He
won't know for certain until he
takes a sample from your father's
throat after the Holidays. Until
then, we wait!

FRED

I still say, we treat this coming
Christmas like it was Father's
last. I know that sounds cold, but,
there's a very strong chance that
it will be...

JULIA

Still, we must have faith.

(folding her hands)

(MORE)

JULIA (CONT'D)

All of us! Every day, every hour.
I'm counting on you, Fred! Even if
it's only pretend...

FRED

You know I will, mother. All I'm
saying is, we must be prepared.

Patting Fred's arm, before getting up to leave the car.

JULIA

Granted. But faith will prevail! It
always does. Every time!

Standing in the isle, she bends down and whispers into her
son's ear, who remains seated.

Besides, your father is far too
great a man to succumb to the likes
of cancer of the tongue, of all
things. Come on, Fred...

Fred rises to catch up. They soon step down onto the sidewalk
and head back to the Grant home, as their streetcar begins to
once again lurch its way up Madison Avenue.

EXT. FORT HUMBOLDT, 4TH U.S. INFANTRY, EUREKA, CA - AFTERNOON

Promoted to Captain, Grant is ultimately assigned to a post
in Northern California. There, being so far away from Julia
and his young family, he experiences bouts of loneliness and
despair. Standing on a bluff overlooking a remote Humboldt
Bay on yet another rainy afternoon, he weighs the prospects
of his Military career.

GRANT

My family, all this while, was at
the East. It consisted now of a
wife and two children. I saw no
chance of supporting them on the
Pacific coast out of my pay as an
army officer.

A shot glass next to a nearly-consumed bottle of Old Crow,
suddenly tips over, spilling its contents onto the floor of
Captain Grant's quarters.

I concluded, therefore, to resign,
and in March applied for a leave of
absence until the end of the July
following, tendering my resignation
to take effect at the end of that
time.

(MORE)

GRANT (CONT'D)

I left the Pacific coast very much attached to it, and with the full expectation of making it my future home. That expectation and that hope remained uppermost in my mind until the Lieutenant-Generalcy bill was introduced into Congress in the winter of 1864. The passage of that bill, and my promotion, blasted my last hope of ever becoming a citizen of the further West.

INT. GRANT HOUSE, EAST 66TH STREET, MANHATTAN - DAWN

A sleepless Grant again digs into his work, this time well before sunrise. Finding her husband in his study, Julia stands behind him dressed only in a nightgown.

JULIA

Why Ulys, you haven't touched your coffee!

Grant stops writing, sets his pen down, and takes hold of Julia's hands, which are draped around his neck.

Where are you in your manuscript?

GRANT

I've resigned my commission from the Fourth Infantry in California and made my way back East to White Haven...

JULIA

I remember it well!

Grant releases one of her hands and reaches for his coffee.

Dudy! That coffee of yours has got to be stone cold by now. Here, I'll pour you another one in the kitchen.

She takes his cup and walks into the kitchen. Returning, Grant accepts the steaming brew from his wife, wraps both hands around it, and draws in its invigorating aroma.

Do you remember that day, Ulys?
(sitting down on the couch
adjacent to Grant's desk)

GRANT

What day?
(teasingly)

JULIA
 Oh, you! Well, I do...
 (reminiscing)

Grant takes his first sip, sets down the cup, and reaches for his pen.

You rode up our driveway in a buggy, as I recall. Not knowing when you would arrive, I would put on the finest dresses for days and days, making sure you'd find me at my best! You jumped down from that rig, embraced the children and me, and never let go!

Grant nods in reflection.

And, always willin' to work, you followed my father around the farm for weeks.

GRANT
 The Colonel assigned me the most mundane tasks imaginable. But I managed to work up a powerful appetite every night.

JULIA
 Yes!
 (laughing)
 My mother enjoyed watching you fill your face, immensely.

Grant takes a large gulp of coffee.
 But still you weren't content.

GRANT
 No...

JULIA
 So, using the land given to me by my father, we began to farm. Let's see,
 (touching a forefinger to her chin)
 there was Irish potatoes; sweet ones, too; early corn; cucumbers; cabbage; beets; and melons. Do you remember the melons, Ulys?

Grant smiles and takes another pull on his cup.

GRANT
 Those were lean years.

JULIA

(resting her blue eyes on
him)

Still, I wouldn't trade them for
anything in the world.

GRANT

I'm afraid you don't remember them
the same way I do!

A sobering silence now descends on them.

JULIA

Then, there was Hardscrabble...

GRANT

Yes, I hired the free blacks from
our farm to help me, once the crops
were in, that is. I never missed a
day!

JULIA

Indeed, you didn't! Even when you
were terribly sick with ague. You
were driven in those days, Ulys,
eager to make a proper livin' for
us. You also cleared close to half
the trees on the property to sell
firewood in town. Remember?

GRANT

Now that was humiliating!
Especially passing all the Army
officers I once served with.
(setting down his pen to
lean back in his chair)
Then, collecting rents for your
cousin, Harry Boggs. And here I am
still trying to make a go of it!
(starting to cough)
Dr. Gordon has scheduled a biopsy
for me in early February. Here in
New York, I believe. I care little
of the results, as long as I have
enough time to finish my memoirs.

JULIA

You mustn't say that! I want you
around for many years to come.

GRANT

Clemens says that my memoirs will
take in millions!

JULIA

That's not important, dear. What's important is keeping you around. Oh, if it wasn't for Ferdinand Ward, our life would've been just fine.

(pausing)

Fannie once told me about the despicable way he has treated his wife!

GRANT

I'm not surprised.

JULIA

Ah hum. But, like Fannie says, he's all locked up now! You know, Dudy, our Buck has married a pretty articulate girl.

GRANT

She's quite the woman. Can I trouble you to fetch me another cup?

(flashing a rare smile)

Warm coffee makes my throat feel so much better...

JULIA

Not at all. I'll be right back.

Julia returns, and the couple continue their casual chat until dawn.

INT. GRANT AND PERKINS TANNERY STORE, GALENA, IL - DAY

Just weeks after the Confederate Army's attack on Fort Sumpter, a group of ragtag volunteer soldiers march through the streets of Galena, IL. Alongside the troops walks their commander, Colonel Ulysses Grant, a diminutive figure weighing no more than 130 pounds.

Standing in the doorway of the Galena Evening Courier is its Editor, Leland F. Leal, one of the village boys who jeered Grant about his horse-trading talents so many years ago. As the volunteers file past, Leal spots Grant donning a saber, only to belt out a sizable laugh.

INT. KEENS CHOP HOUSE, 72 W. 36TH STREET, MANHATTAN - EVENING

Dr. John Douglas enters the front door, where he stomps the snow from his boots.

DR DOUGLAS
Has Dr. Elliott arrived?

MAÎTRE D'
He was just seated, doctor. May I
take your coat?

DR DOUGLAS
Yes, of course.
(removing his coat)
Can you direct me to his table?

MAÎTRE D'
He's seated along the wall, midway
down on the right, under the
sconce. Table Number Seven.
(pointing out the
location)

DR DOUGLAS
I see him. Thank you.
(placing a silver dollar
on the Maitre d''s stand)

Douglas walks over to the table to greet his colleague, who
rises from his chair to shake hands.

DR ELLIOTT
I ordered us two Manhattans, John.
You look like you could use it.

DR DOUGLAS
Thank you.
(adjusting his chair)
Let's eat before discussing your
findings, alright?

DR ELLIOTT
Good idea!

The Manhattans arrive, and the waiter hands them both a menu
from his tray.

Wasn't this place once called the
Lambs Club?
(looking about)

DR DOUGLAS
Yes! It has a different name now,
but the same owner.
(opening his menu)
And the same chops...!

DR ELLIOTT
 That's good, because I'm starving!
 (taking a slurp from his
 Manhattan)
 Ahhh...

Amidst the clatter of dinner plates, tinkling glass, and
 bawling patrons, the doctors finish their meal.

WAITER
 Can I interest you in coffee or
 dessert?

Elliot looks over at Dr. Douglas, who declines.

DR ELLIOTT
 No.
 (shaking his head)
 But you can bring us two more
 Manhattans...

WAITER
 Very good.

DR DOUGLAS
 George!

DR ELLIOTT
 Trust me, you're going to need it.

The waiter soon returns with the drinks.
 (looking up at the waiter)
 We're going to need this table for
 another hour. With no
 interruptions, please.

WAITER
 No problem, Doctor.
 (bowing his head)

Dr. Elliot now retrieves a Manila folder from his leather
 briefcase and lays it on the table.

DR ELLIOTT
 Sadly, your original diagnosis was
 correct, John. I'll read from my
 report:
 (taking another belt to
 clear his throat)
 I have made a histopathologic
 examination of the right
 oropharyngeal lesion.
 (MORE)

DR ELLIOTT (CONT'D)

The razor-cut tissue sections, while thick and uneven, easily made it onto eighteen slides. These slides exhibit a cohesiveness of cells and areas of keratinization representing a moderately differentiated invasive squamous cell carcinoma, or what is commonly known as epithelioma.

My diagnosis is based, more or less, on the lobulated appearance of the epithelial mass, cell nests, cellular pleomorphism, and other characteristics uniquely consistent with that of a carcinoma. The only regret I have in conducting this examination, is that the patient from whom the biopsy was obtained is none other than the esteemed General Grant.

(looking up from his report)

DR DOUGLAS

I understand.

DR ELLIOTT

Doctors Barker, Sands, and Markoe, all concur.

DR DOUGLAS

I see...

DR ELLIOTT

We then consulted the renowned Physician, Dr. George Shrady, concerning possible surgery, who wrote..., wait a minute,

Searching for Shrady's report among his paperwork.

...Oh, yes. Here it is!

A wide excision of the tumor would have involved the division of the lower jaw in front of the ramus, the extirpation of the entire tongue and the greater part of the soft palate, together with the removal of the ulcerated and infiltrated fauces and the indurated glandular structures under the right angle of the lower jaw.

Dr. Elliot empties the contents of his glass.

(looking up at Douglas)
 According to Dr. Shradly, surgery
 was considered technically
 possible, despite the extremely
 close proximity of critical
 arteries and veins. However, in the
 best interests of such a
 distinguished patient, he and
 others did not feel inclined to
 recommend this overly invasive
 procedure. I concur completely!

DR DOUGLAS

I'll inform the family and see to
 it that Grant is made as
 comfortable as possible.

(leaning back from the
 table)

Do you think, George, that medicine
 will advance someday to the point
 where we don't have to loose such
 great men to the likes of cancer?

DR ELLIOTT

I'm certain of it, Doctor!
 But for now, especially in General
 Grant's delicate condition, we do
 no harm.

DR DOUGLAS

Precisely!
 (rapping the table)

DR ELLIOTT

(checking his pocket
 watch)

I must be going, John! I have a
 lecture to give in the morning.

Searching for the waiter, while raising his hand.
 Check, please...

EXT. FORT DONELSON, ALONG THE CUMBERLAND RIVER, TENNESSEE -
 EVENING

A heavily defended redoubt located high above the Cumberland
 River, known as Fort Donelson, is the next target in
 Brigadier General Ulysses Grant's plan to gain absolute
 control of the strategic waterway that is, the Mississippi
 River. To accomplish this feat, he will need the assistance
 of the U.S. Navy to shell the low-lying Confederate mortar
 batteries spread out below the steep advances to the
 fortress.

GRANT

General Halleck did not approve or disapprove of my going to Fort Donelson. He said nothing whatever to me on the subject. He informed Buell on the 7th that I would march against Fort Donelson the next day; but on the 10th he directed me to fortify Fort Henry strongly, particularly to the land side, saying that he forwarded me intrenching tools for that purpose. I was very impatient to get to Fort Donelson because I knew the importance of the place to the enemy and supposed he would reinforce it rapidly. I felt that 15,000 men on the 8th would be more effective than 50,000 a month later.

Grant sits back and marvels at this pivotal fact.

I asked Flag-officer Foote, therefore, to order his gunboats still about Cairo to proceed up the Cumberland River and not to wait for those gone to Eastport and Florence; but the others got back in time and we started on the 12th. I had moved McClernand out a few miles the night before so as to leave the road as free as possible. Just as we were about to start the first reinforcement reached me on transports. It was a brigade composed of six full regiments commanded by Colonel Thayer, of Nebraska. As the gunboats were going around to Donelson by the Tennessee, Ohio and Cumberland rivers, I directed Thayer to turn about and go under their convoy. The plan was for the troops to hold the enemy within his lines, while the gunboats should attack the water batteries at close quarters and silence his guns if possible. Some of the gunboats were to run the batteries, get above the fort and above the village of Dover. I had ordered a reconnaissance made with the view of getting troops to the river above Dover in case they should be needed there.

(MORE)

GRANT (CONT'D)

That position attained by the gunboats it would have been but a question of time--and a very short time, too-- when the garrison would have been compelled to surrender.

Over the period of February 14-15, 1862, the Battle of Fort Donelson begins in earnest. After an easily repelled incursion on his right flank, Grant's troops succeed in gaining ground both above and below the object at hand. Later, U. S. Navy gunboats open fire on the fort, and its artillery entrenchments along the water. Great discharges from the mouth of 32-pound cannon and 9-inch howitzers, on the Confederate side, and vasty guns sighted on the decks of Union Ironclads, consume the night sky with golden arcs and fizzling tails of light. The ensuing explosions tear apart manned shore batteries and passing wheelhouses alike. Similar scenes play out with frequency until the early morning hours.

A council of war was held by the enemy at which all agreed that it would be impossible to hold out longer. General Buckner, who was third in rank in the garrison but much the most capable soldier, seems to have regarded it a duty to hold the fort until the general commanding the department, A. S. Johnston, should get back to his headquarters at Nashville.

General Buckner discusses gossip surrounding his former West Point classmate, before deciding how to attain an honorable surrender of the fort.

LIEUTENANT ONE

Word has it that General Grant's a drunkard, sir.

BUCKNER

That's not necessarily true. Some men have a greater ability to handle whiskey than others, that's all. It's body chemistry, nothing more, nothing less...

LIEUTENANT TWO

Were you ever witness to any excessive drinking on his part, General Buckner.

BUCKNER

Never. We spent a good deal of time together in the Mexican War, both as soldiers as well as tourists, and nothing!

LIEUTENANT TWO

What's he like, sir?

BUCKNER

He's the quietest, most unassuming guy you're ever going to meet. All I remember is that he was a quick study of others, and didn't suffer fools kindly. But that was year's ago. Possibly he's changed with age...

(reminiscing)

We best get back to discussing plans for our capitulation, boys.

GRANT

Before daylight General Smith brought to me the following letter from General Buckner:

BUCKNER

Headquarters, Fort Donelson,
February 16, 1862.
Sir:- In consideration of all the circumstances governing the present situation of affairs at this station, I propose to the Commanding Officer of the Federal forces the appointment of Commissioners to agree upon terms of capitulation of the forces and fort under my command, and in that view suggest an armistice until 12 o'clock today.
I am, sir, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
S. B. Buckner,
Brigadier General, C.S.A.

GRANT

To this I responded as follows:
Headquarters Army in the Field,
Camp near Donelson,
February 16, 1862.
General S. B. Buckner,
Confederate Army.

(MORE)

GRANT (CONT'D)

Sir:— Yours of this date, proposing armistice and appointment of Commissioners to settle terms of capitulation, is just received. No terms except an unconditional and immediate surrender can be accepted. I propose to move immediately upon your works.
I am, sir, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
U. S. Grant,
Brigadier General

Grant's pen, now tearing at the page, forces him to abandon it and find another one with a smoother nib in his center desk drawer.

To this I received the following reply:

BUCKNER

Headquarters, Dover, Tennessee,
February 16, 1862.
To Brigadier General U. S. Grant,
U.S. Army.
Sir:— The distribution of the forces under my command, incident to an unexpected change of commanders, and the overwhelming force under your command, compel me, notwithstanding the brilliant success of the Confederate arms yesterday, to accept the ungenerous and unchivalrous terms which you propose.
I am, sir,
Your very obedient servant,
S. B. Buckner,
Brigadier General, C.S.A.

Grant begins to write on a new piece of paper. On the day Fort Donelson fell I had 27,000 men to confront the Confederate lines and guard the road four or five miles to the left, over which all our supplies had to be drawn on wagons. The news of the fall of Fort Donelson caused great delight all over the North. I was promptly promoted to the grade of Major-General of Volunteers, and confirmed by the Senate.

(MORE)

BUCKNER (CONT'D)

My chief, who was in St. Louis, telegraphed his congratulations to General Hunter in Kansas for the services he had rendered in securing the fall of Fort Donelson by sending reinforcements so rapidly. To Washington he telegraphed that the victory was due to General C. F. Smith; "promote him," he said, "and the whole country will applaud."

NARRATOR

OUR SPECIAL WASHINGTON DISPATCHES;
THE FALL OF FORT DONELSON

The New York Times

Feb. 18, 1862

WASHINGTON, Monday, Feb. 17.

The news of the fall of Fort Dunelson was received with extraordinary demonstrations in Congress today. In the Senate the gallery rose en masse and gave three enthusiastic cheers. In the House this was improved on the floor try three cheers and a tiger. The House was considering a proposition to allow a stenographic reporter to the Committee on the Conduct of the War. A member, amid great applause, moved that the Committee on the Conduct of the War be discharged from further duty. Both Houses adjourned at an early hour, and a general jubilee reigns in the city. Salvos of artillery are heard from every camp within sound of Washington.

HONOR TO GEN. GRANT.

Honors follow swift on the heels of victory. Immediately on the receipt of the telegraphic news announcing the capture of Fort Donelson, the Secretary of War sent the name of Gen. GRANT to the President for nomination to the Senate as Major-General, as a reward for his gallant services.

GRANT

On the 19th there was published at St. Louis a formal order thanking Flag-officer Foote and myself, and the forces under our command, for the victories on the Tennessee and the Cumberland. I received no other recognition whatever from General Halleck. But General Cullum, his chief of staff, who was at Cairo, wrote me a warm congratulatory letter on his own behalf. I approved of General Smith's promotion highly, as I did all the promotions that were made. My opinion was and still is that immediately after the fall of Fort Donelson the way was opened to the National forces all over the Southwest without much resistance. If one general who would have taken the responsibility had been in command of all the troops west of the Alleghanies, he could have marched to Chattanooga, Corinth, Memphis and Vicksburg with the troops we then had, and as volunteering was going on rapidly over the North there would soon have been force enough at all these centres to operate offensively against anybody of the enemy that might be found near them. Rapid movements and the acquisition of rebellious territory would have promoted volunteering, so that reinforcements could have been had as fast as transportation could have been obtained to carry them to their destination. On the other hand there were tens of thousands of strong able-bodied young men still at their homes in the Southwestern States, who had not gone into the Confederate army in February, 1862, and who had no particular desire to go.

A young man leaning on a shovel is seen working on his father's farm in rural Arkansas.

If our lines had been extended to protect their homes, many of them never would have gone. Providence ruled differently.

(MORE)

GRANT (CONT'D)

Time was given the enemy to collect armies and fortify his new positions; and twice afterwards he came near forcing his northwestern front up to the Ohio River.

I promptly informed the department commander of our success at Fort Donelson and that the way was open now to Clarksville and Nashville; and that unless I received orders to the contrary I should take Clarksville on the 21st and Nashville about the 1st of March. Both these places are on the Cumberland River above Fort Donelson. As I heard nothing from headquarters on the subject,...

A tired Grant, briefly admiring his new pen, sets it down on the desk.

EXT. GRAMERCY PARK, MANHATTAN, NY - AFTERNOON

In mid-March, 1885, Samuel Clemens and William Dean Howells get together again, this time in Gramercy Park. They are seated together on a long wooden settee.

HOWELLS

It's nice to finally get outside!

SAM

It sure is. But the cold is supposed to return this week. In the low-twenties, I'm told.

HOWELLS

Manhattan in late winter...

SAM

Uh hah!

(turning to Howells)

Did I ever tell you about my visit to Hawaii?

HOWELLS

(rolling his eyes)

Only about a thousand times!

SAM

I'm thinking, now that Huckleberry Finn is done, maybe I'll write some sort of poem or narrative about my time there. A remembrance of sorts...

HOWELLS

It must have been a special time for you.

SAM

Oh, it was...
(gazing up through the bare trees)
It's been twenty years and still I long for it. There's a sweetness in the air in Hawaii! I swear, that aroma has remained in my nostrils to this day...
(delivering a deep sigh)

HOWELLS

Sounds like you have some inspiring imagery to work with.

SAM

Yes...

HOWELLS

How is Grant getting along?

SAM

Well, I was over to the house a few days ago and Fred's oldest daughter, Julia, was there.
(smiling widely)

HOWELLS

Yeah? How old is she?

SAM

I don't rightly know. Eight or nine, I guess. Her grandfather sure gets his fill of amusement whenever she's around. The General says his Little Julia is clever.

HOWELLS

Clever! I do like that in a child.

SAM
 (chuckling)
 Grant is still sizing people up,
 even his own granddaughter!

HOWELLS
 Say, how is his book coming along?

SAM
 Well, I went into Century's offices
 last week with Charley Webster and
 our attorney, Clarence Seward. The
 reason for going wasn't so much
 about the money they're paying 'em,
 but whether Century will release
 the rights to his articles once
 they publish them. I tell you,
 William, that the General's health
 has deteriorated so since
 Christmas, that if these four
 battle accounts had to be
 rewritten,
 (pausing)
 I'm afraid he wouldn't live to
 complete his memoirs!

Julia attends to Grant, who once again is struggling through
 another night, trying to breathe the damp urban air.
 Why, a month ago, he began
 expecting blood whenever he
 coughed, which is now an every day
 experience!

A bloody metal basin waits to be washed out next to the
 kitchen sink.

HOWELLS
 What is his condition now?

SAM
 (raising his signature
 eyebrows)
 Miraculously, his condition has
 remained somewhat uneventful. But
 just last week, the General lost
 his voice and can no longer dictate
 to his stenographer, forcing him to
 once again take up his pen.

HOWELLS
 This is going to get bad, Sam!

Unable to swallow, Grant receives daily injections of vitamins and nutritional supplements administered by Dr. Barker.

SAM

Do you know that the back of his throat gets coated twice a day with a solution of cocaine?

HOWELLS

Cocaine?

SAM

That's right. Grant says it deadens the incessant pain he's experiencing. Dr. Douglas applies it when he's around, which is often. Otherwise, Julia has been instructed how to do it. There's a large apothecary jar in Grant's study filled with the stuff. It's as clear as spring water, I tell you.

Howells shakes his head.

Anyways, getting back to Century...
(checking his pocket watch)

HOWELLS

Yes...!

SAM

The three of us, Charley, Clarence, and myself, piled into Roswell Smith's office.

HOWELLS

How is Smith?

SAM

Oh, he's fine, fine!

Removing a cigar from his overcoat.

I'll smoke this on the way home. Anyways, he said that returning the rights to the Shiloh, Vicksburg, Chattanooga, and Wilderness articles, is not a problem, and will revert back to Grant once Century publishes them.

(MORE)

SAM (CONT'D)

But, just to show me that they're doing Grant a big favor, Smith produced the receipt the General signed last Fall, giving Century exclusive rights over the articles, just to stick it in my ear!

Howells lets out a bellowing laugh.

HOWELLS

What about the money Century is paying him?

SAM

Oh, Smith said he made good with Grant some weeks ago. I believe he doubled the contract commissions. Not that the General cares! He couldn't give a hoot about the money, but I do! We're talking about showing Grant the respect he deserves.

HOWELLS

Hear, hear...

The two continue to chat on the park bench just as the sun is about to set.

SAM

It's getting chilly, Howells.
(tucking in his scarf)

HOWELLS

Yes, it is!
(getting up to stretch)
Keep me informed about Grant's condition, Sam. I'm very worried about him.

SAM

(shaking hands before standing up)
I certainly will, Howells.

HOWELLS

Besides, it has the making of an incredible story someday!

The pair saunter out of the park, heading in the same direction.

I/E. HEADQUARTERS OF MAJOR-GENERAL ULYSSES GRANT, MEMPHIS,
TENNESSEE - CONTINUOUS

A victory party for the officers after the Battle of Shiloh is held in the Headquarters Commissary. Frayed nerves during the battle now contributes to the revelry, and, after a large meal, drinking becomes the order of the night. John Rawlins, seeing where the celebration is heading, now addresses Grant, who is seated directly next to him.

RAWLINS

I think it's time we get out of
here! Come on, let's build
ourselves a fire and have a
celebratory cigar. What do you say?

Grant's Chief of Staff John Rawlins pulls his General by the arm, hoping the fresh outdoor air will somehow be a healthier alternative for the victor of Shiloh.

Moments later, seated in front of a modest fire, the glow emanating from two cigars appear as beacons in the pitch-black night.

INT. HEADQUARTERS OF MAJOR-GENERAL ULYSSES GRANT, MEMPHIS,
TENNESSEE - THE NEXT DAY

RAWLINS

That was some party last night.

GRANT

Indeed. The boys had to let off
some steam! It's been building, as
you know, and last night's dinner
was the perfect antidote.

Rawlins sits down on a chair in front of Grant's writing table, carefully avoiding the written orders strewn about the floor below.

RAWLINS

(lowering his voice)
General, you have an unscheduled
visitor this morning.

GRANT

And who might that be?
(concentrating on his
work)

RAWLINS

Charles Dana...

GRANT
Of the Tribune?

RAWLINS
Well, sir, he's no longer with the
paper.

GRANT
Oh?

RAWLINS
No. Dana is currently working for
Secretary Stanton.

Grant immediately looks up from the table, leaving aside his
orders.

GRANT
I detect an investigation...

RAWLINS
I'm sure of it, sir. McClennan
would be my guess.

Grant briefly contemplates this threat.
I can put Mr. Dana off if need be.

GRANT
No, no. Bring him around after he
arrives. Do you know where he's
coming in from?

RAWLINS
St. Louis. He's investigating
irregularities within the
Quartermaster's Department.

GRANT
Here?!

RAWLINS
No. In Cairo, so I'm told...

GRANT
Very well. Bring him by when he
gets here and make arrangements for
his stay, preferably in the tent
next door.

RAWLINS
Yes sir!

GRANT
And John...

RAWLINS

Sir?

GRANT

There will be no changes in the way we operate here. I want Mr. Dana to experience Army life, under my command, with his own two eyes... And, as higherups in Washington would have it - nose. Absolutely no sugar-coating will be tolerated. Understood?

RAWLINS

Understood, sir.

Rawlins departs Grant's tent, where the General returns to his work, as usual.

INT. CHARLES WEBSTER & COMPANY PUBLISHING, 67 FIFTH AVENUE, MANHATTAN - DAY

Gathered in the office of Charles L. Webster and Company are Charles Webster, attorney Clarence Seward, Samuel Clemens, and various workers and pressmen.

SAM

Gentlemen! This is indeed a great day. In my hand I hold documents giving Charles Webster and Company the legal rights to Century Magazine's recent accounts of the battles of Shiloh, Chattanooga, Vicksburg, and the Wilderness.

Standing tall, with one hand on his hip, Samuel Clemens proudly finishes his short address.

We are now free to publish Volume One of the Personal Memoirs of Ulysses S. Grant!

Applause immediately resounds within the walls of this burgeoning Fifth Avenue publishing firm.

INT. HEADQUARTERS OF MAJOR-GENERAL ULYSSES GRANT, MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE - AFTERNOON

Later that afternoon, Rawlins and Charles Dana appear at Grant's tent.

RAWLINS

Sir, allow me to introduce you to
Mr. Charles Dana.

Grant rises from his table and extends his hand.

GRANT

Mr. Dana, welcome. Please, sit
down. Can I have an attendant bring
you anything?

DANA

I've already eaten, thank you.

GRANT

I have set you up in the tent next
door. My Chief of Staff, John
Rawlins, will see to your needs
while you're encamped here.

Rawlins nods to Dana in agreement.

That will be all, John.

RAWLINS

Yes, Sir.

(saluting)

I'll be in the hospital tent if you
need me, Mr. Dana.

DANA

Thank you.

RAWLINS

Sir, would you prefer the flap
closed.

GRANT

(letting out a long sigh)

No, no. Leave it open. We have
nothing to hide here.

(winking at Dana)

RAWLINS

Right, Sir!

Rawlins departs the tent, leaving his General alone with
Charles Dana.

GRANT

Now, tell me Mr. Dana, what is the
purpose of your visit?

DANA

Please, call me Charles.

Grant nods his head.

Well, as you may be aware, I've left the New York Tribune to serve on War Secretary Stanton's staff, in an effort to contain, as best as possible, any purloining or mismanagement of Army stockpiles.

GRANT

Is that all...?

DANA

Well...

GRANT

Mr. Dana, you're not suggesting malfeasance on the part of my command here in Memphis?

DANA

No, no, not here! But, I'd rather not go into details.

GRANT

I understand.
(pausing)

DANA

General Grant, as you know, I was, and remain an ardent supporter of your particular brand of warfare. That's part and parcel why I was let go at the New York Tribune. Owner Horace Greeley didn't exactly appreciate my zeal in that department, to be honest with you.

GRANT

I'm familiar with your articles, Charles.

A dispatcher enters Grant's tent, salutes him, and stoops to gather the written orders scattered on the floor. Saluting once again, the Corporal whirls around and leaves the tent.

DANA

So, you write out your own orders?

GRANT

I do.

DANA

Without a stenographer?
(puzzled)

Grant lowers his uneven eyebrows at Dana.

GRANT

I find that I write more clearly
than I dictate, to be frank. I know
that may seem odd to you...

DANA

Not at all, General!

GRANT

(recalling their prior
conversation)
And what exactly is my...
particular brand of warfare you so
admire?

Now opening his cigar box and politely offering it to Dana.

DANA

Why, thank you sir.

Selecting a single cigar.

I'll be sure to smoke it later
tonight.

(taking a sniff)

By your particular style of
warfare, I'm referring to your...
your concept of, well -

Grant quickly stands up and walks over to the apron of the
tent, observing the camp's activity.

GRANT

Total War!

DANA

Yes, total war.

GRANT

While I adopted this concept years
ago, along with many of the
officers I've surrounded myself
with, such as General Sherman, I
haven't, up to this point, felt the
need to advocate for it until
Shiloh.

DANA

Shiloh?

GRANT

You must understand that the enemy we face during this unfortunate rebellion are our very own citizens!

DANA

(looking down at the floorboards)

I see... So, what changed?

GRANT

What changed, was the sobering realization that the South will fight us to the death. Up till now, their property, such as farms, houses, factories, railroads, and... even their slaves, are to remain untouched, as a matter of Union Army policy. In my opinion, that, I believe, will be changing very soon!

DANA

As it should.

GRANT

But not now!

(shaking his head)

However, Shiloh, particularly on the second day of the battle, instilled in me the necessity of total annihilation of the enemy. Just as I reported in the events leading up to Fort Donelson: better to attack with twelve-thousand men when the situation is ripe, than with fifty-thousand a year from now. You know, Charles, had we extended our lines, then and there, to protect the life and property of the American Southerner, they would have never felt the need to take up the Confederate cause, including offering up their menfolk to join forces with the CSA.

A sold Charles Dana wholly agrees. A volley of gunfire is now heard in the distance. A sentry soon appears at Grant's tent accompanied by Chief of Staff Rawlins.

SENTRY

(saluting)

Sir, our pickets have located a pocket of abandoned Confederate forces, and have joined the infantry in surrounding them.

RAWLINS

The gunfire was from our side, sir. The enemy contained there seems to have run out of ammunition. To avoid a physical confrontation, Colonel Baxter ordered his men to fire over their heads.

GRANT

Do we know their number?

RAWLINS

Only what's been reported to me, which is over two-hundred and fifty. The Rebs are mighty frightened, I'm told.

Dana becomes transfixed by this swiftly moving event.

GRANT

Very well. Subdue them and take every officer and soldier into custody. I want every possible weapon confiscated.

RAWLINS

Yes, sir!

GRANT

You may billet them along the road outside of camp. The weather should cooperate during the next few nights, so tents won't be necessary until the prisoners are transported to Alton. See that the wounded are attended to by our corpsman and brought to the hospital, if necessary.

RAWLINS

Yes, sir.

GRANT

And, see that they're properly fed. Kindly inform the cooks that no Shenanigans will be tolerated! Understood?

RAWLINS
Understood, sir.

GRANT
Two more things.

RAWLINS
Sir!

GRANT
Were there any explosives found at
their encampment?

RAWLINS
No, sir. Just rifles, pistols,
bayonets, oh..., and a few knives.
(awaiting the second
order)

GRANT
Finally, pull out a few of their
officers and enlisted men to
interrogate. Nothing harsh, John. I
want your most responsible men on
this detail.

RAWLINS
Right, sir.

GRANT
That will be all. I'll see you
tonight at dinner.

RAWLINS
Thank you, sir.

A wide-eyed Dana, impressed with Grant's concise and decisive
commands, looks on, as Rawlins and his Sentry leave the tent.

EXT. HEADQUARTERS OF MAJOR-GENERAL ULYSSES GRANT, MEMPHIS,
TENNESSEE - NIGHT

The glow from three cigars now shines out like sentinels on
the fringe of a Union Army campfire.

INT. EXECUTIVE MANSION, 1600 PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE, WASHINGTON,
DC - DUSK

The following letter addressed to General Grant, issued from
the White House, is read aloud by President Lincoln.

LINCOLN

July 13, 1863

MAJOR-GENERAL GRANT:

MY DEAR GENERAL: — I do not remember that you and I ever met personally. I write this now as a grateful acknowledgment of the almost inestimable service you have done the Country. I write to say a word further. When you first reached the vicinity of Vicksburg, I thought you should do what you finally did — march the troops across the neck, run the batteries with the transports, and thus go below; and I never had any faith except a general hope that you knew better than I, that the Yazoo Pass expedition and the like could succeed. When you dropped below, and took Port Gibson, Grand Gulf, and vicinity, I thought you should go down the river and join General Banks; and when you turned northward, east of the Big Black, I feared it was a mistake. I now wish to make the personal acknowledgment that you were right and I was wrong.

Yours very truly,

A. LINCOLN

INT. GRANT HOUSE, EAST 66TH STREET, MANHATTAN — EVENING

NARRATOR

NEW YORK TIMES

April 4, 1885

ULYSSES S. GRANT'S SUFFERINGS.
STRENGTH GAINED AFTER PASSING
VERY LOW. SAD SCENES AT NIGHT AND
IN THE EARLY MORNING. FAMILY
BY HIS SIDE

Colonel Fred Grant said Wednesday night: "I have little hope that my father will live through the night." This fear was almost realized. Soon after midnight the General became very restless. In spite of his tiredness, he constantly walked the floor.

(MORE)

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

He never remained on his feet more than a few minutes at a time, but the restlessness was evidence that his condition was becoming very serious. He coughed frequently and combined with his restlessness, these symptoms began to tell on his system. At 5 o'clock he suddenly became so weak that the doctors feared the worst. Each member of the family was at once informed of the General's critical condition. As they hastily but quietly made their way into Grant's bedroom, they found him sitting in his chair, but looking weak and wan. The Reverend Doctor Newman stood at the General's left hand. As the family grouped itself in a semi-circle which faced the General, Rev. Newman held family prayers. At their conclusion, General Grant extended his hand to his wife, daughter and sons as they passed by him, and spoke softly to each of them. Then addressing them all, he said, "I bless you." He then became so weak that stimulants were at once administered. Under their influence he rallied, but so close had he had to death, apparently, that for more than an hour all the members of his family remained in his room. The doctors saw, and it was also apparent to the family, that his excessive restlessness was wearing him out faster than the disease and that the end would come from exhaustion if not checked by radical means. The truth is that at the critical moment, life was kept in the General by morphine and brandy. At 8 o'clock in the morning, the General started up from his sleep coughing, but seemingly in not great pain. But his appearance was such that the family was again summoned. His mind went back to his youth and his young life as a soldier.

(MORE)

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

These partings were associated in the General's mind with its wanderings among youthful scene, for when the family had passed in front of him, he straightened up and said in a low voice, but clearly audible, "I am detailed from 4 to 6."

INT. PADDOCK ARCADE, PUBLIC SQUARE, WATERTOWN, NY - AFTERNOON

It's a snowy Saturday afternoon and Grant is seated at a card table inside Paddock Arcade, located in Watertown, approximately ten miles east of Sackets Harbor.

OTIS

Come now Grant, what do you mean you have to leave?

GRANT

(studying his pocket watch)

It's a ten-mile trot on horseback to Sackets Harbor, and I am detailed from four to six.

OTIS

It's not like we're at war, Sam! Besides, you have a pretty big pile of winnings in front of you.

Fellow card players have a good laugh.

GRANT

Well, that's a first for me, playing with you card sharks!

More banter is directed at the young lieutenant.

OTIS

Alright, alright.
(slapping Grant on the back)
See you next week, Sam!

GRANT

Sure thing.
(tipping his hat to the others)

Grant rises, sweeps together the winnings, grabs his hat and returns home along the blustery road to Sackets Harbor.

NARRATOR

At the examination of the throat, it was found that the cancer has made dangerous progress since the last examination, advancing backwards and inward, beyond the nares. The doctors could not see how far it had gone, but one of them said it was in its final stages, and was of itself sufficiently along to cause death at any time.

INT. GRANT HOUSE, EAST 66TH STREET, MANHATTAN - DAWN

Simultaneous action plays out on screen, as the following New York Times account is read aloud by Samuel Clemens.

SAM

NEW YORK TIMES

April 9, 1885

ULYSSES S. GRANT MUCH WEAKER.
DRAGGED DOWN BY AN ATTACK OF
HEMORRHAGE - LITTLE HOPE THAT HE
WILL LIVE LONG

A new phase of General Grant's disease developed early yesterday morning. At 4 o'clock a.m., the General awoke. Dr. Douglas was instantly at his side. After attending the patient, he gave him his usual nourishment. After taking it the General was seized with a paroxysm of coughing. The attack was one of the most violent he has suffered. In the midst of it a stream of blood issued from his mouth. During his struggle to obtain mastery over the cough he did not for a moment lose his composure. Even when the blood spurted from his mouth he remained perfectly calm, and with an apparent effort managed to direct Harrison how to hold the basin so none of the blood might fall upon his person or the floor. The family were awakened, though none of them entered the room until after the culmination of the attack.

(MORE)

SAM (CONT'D)

Being unable to determine the source of the hemorrhage, Dr. Douglas said he would send for Dr. Shrady and Dr. Sands. The General coolly wiped the blood from his mouth and said, 'What is the use of you sending for the other Doctors? you are enough.' Still the doctors were sent for, Dr. Sands arriving at 5:45 a.m. and he remained in the house but a short time. As he had brought his instruments it was thought an operation was contemplated. He had them, however, merely as a precaution. His services, fortunately, were not required, as before his arrival the hemorrhage has ceased on its own accord. It was caused, it was believed, by the encroachment of the cancer, although it had been hastened by the fit of coughing. The growth of cancer had probably not been sufficient to break the artery from which the blood came, although the hemorrhage had been primarily due to the deeper penetration of the disease. The hemorrhage left the General in a very debilitated condition. The loss of a teacupful of blood was an immense drain upon a system already weakened almost to the last degree. An injection of morphine brought sleep to his tired and enfeebled frame.

Senator Chaffee left the house at 6:15, satisfied that General Grant was safe for the time being. The General, he said, had been of great help to the doctors when the hemorrhage occurred, following the directions coolly and taking the bad turn as a matter of course, without apparent thought that it might have a serious ending. By 8:00 a.m., the alarm of the morning hours was passed. The General lay perfectly motionless in his chair with his eyes closed. The incessant watchfulness of the attendants betrayed their anxiety.

(MORE)

SAM (CONT'D)

Still one of them said, "The General is now able to breathe through his nose, and we do not regard the morning attack as very important. Much of the alarm of the morning was due to the distressing sight of blood."

At 2 o'clock, fever had set in and the General was silent. It annoyed him to answer any questions and he had taken no food for several hours and the doctors agreed he needed it. He could hardly bear the thought of eating, but he supposed he could force himself to do it.

The doctor insisted onto necessity of nourishment and he sipped a little milk as one takes medicine. When Dr. Barker came out, he said: "A man of his will power is in very low condition when he becomes so listless that he takes his food only under protest. There's no denying his condition is critical. The fever reached such a high pitch that the General broke the silence of the day by frequent mutterings. They were not intelligible. It was though that he might be trying to say something to his attendants, but it soon appeared that the fever had affected the brain and he was wandering. The incoherence lasted a little while, then exhaustion set in and the patient slept.

It is no longer disputed that the cancer has reached the danger point, the rupture of the artery being on the precursors of the death in his disease, the physicians were gloomy and almost helpless. The family have made up their minds that the end is close. Mrs. Grant has been so much affected by the change that she refuses her meals and would not leave the General's floor, although she is rarely by his side. "There is little doubt," said Dr. Douglas, "that the end is near. There is no use in battling the disease much longer and the General wants to go.

(MORE)

SAM (CONT'D)

He is wearied of the trouble that has been taken on his behalf and would be glad to be free. I cannot say when the end is likely to come, but it is very near."

Dr. Newman left the General at dinner time. "There will be no deathbed scene," he said. "That is certain. The General said good-bye and farewell to his family when he addressed and caressed them last Thursday. The General is calmly awaiting the summons to go. As he spoke of joining his friends over the river his face lightened up with an expression of pure happiness and contentment. The General's face shows he is considerably more wasted. The swelling of the neck is perceptible." At 10:30 the doctors issued the following bulletin: "General Grant continues to be in a comfortable condition, he has slept well and his pulse is 84. He has just taken his nourishment with pain. His respiration is 14."

Like a falling curtain, Clemens drops the newspaper at his feet and buries his face in his hands.

EXT. BATTERY PARK, NEW YORK HARBOR, MANHATTAN - AFTERNOON

Samuel Clemens and William Dean Howells are standing on the Promenade at the edge of Battery Park, directing their field glasses toward Bedloe's Island, approximately three-miles away.

As their conversation continues, Ulysses Grant, only days before, was transported by train with members of his family to Mount McGregor, just north of Saratoga Springs.

HOWELLS

Tell me more about this liberty statue that the French have presented to us...

SAM

The statue is named Liberty Enlightening the World, commemorating the one-hundredth anniversary of our Revolution.

(MORE)

SAM (CONT'D)

Workers and engineers have been carefully storing its parts in a building out there on Bedloe's Island, during the past week.

Pointing at the site with his free hand.

HOWELLS

Parts? Just how many are there and what are they made of?

SAM

Why, copper, of course! I'm told there's about three hundred and fifty pieces in all, packed in over two hundred crates of all sizes. As for the statue's robe, it will be fashioned using three hundred giant sheets of copper.

HOWELLS

All packed into one ship?

SAM

That's my understanding. I saw it anchored yesterday in Gravesend Bay. I believe the ship is the *Inserre* out of Rouen. I heard about the pedestal being constructed to support lady liberty, and now that she's officially arrived, I wanted to come down here and take a look at the project.

Cleaning off the lenses of his field glasses with a handkerchief.

Do you know, that once the statue is fully raised, it will hold a torch that will illuminate at night. Do you need this?

(offering Howells his hankie)

It's clean, go ahead!

HOWELLS

No. I can see just fine, thank you.

(waiving it off)

Where did you get these field glasses?

SAM

Fred lent them to me a few days ago when I mentioned that we were meeting up to see the construction. They're U.S. Signal Service issue.

HOWELLS

I rather like them!
 (admiring the brass exterior)
 Very handy.

Howells once again scans the construction site with his field glasses.

Do you know how tall the statue is going to be?

SAM

(pulling a cigar out of his breast pocket)
 Once it's added to the pedestal, over three hundred feet, so I read.

Directing his glasses on yet another cargo ship headed to the island.

When completed, it will be the tallest structure in New York City!

Grant waves goodbye to well-wishers at Grand Central Station, before boarding a steam locomotive with his family.

HOWELLS

Most impressive!
 (looking once more in his field glasses)
 Sam, there must be thirty men milling about on top of that pedestal. Why, they look like ants on an anthill!

SAM

Ha! Actually, the pedestal is being constructed entirely out of granite and cement.

HOWELLS

Amazing! I can't imagine working that high up in the air.

As Grant's train passes through the Hudson Valley, the steep walls of West Point come into view. Julia walks over to wake her husband and soon points out the granite fortress, prompting him to turn his head and nod in solemn acknowledgment.

SAM

Indeed!

Clemens strikes a match and lights his cigar, sending smoke drifting across New York Harbor.

Howells now turns around to watch the passersby.

HOWELLS

This was all very interesting, Sam.
So glad you happened to include me.

SAM

(still spying the enormous
pedestal)

One day, millions of people from
around the world will be welcomed
by this... lady of liberty, to help
build this country into one great
nation of immigrants.

HOWELLS

Well said, Sam! Maybe you should
write the dedication when this
statue is inaugurated.

SAM

I may just do that, William!

Howells hands over his field glasses to Clemens.

HOWELLS

Here. Thank Fred for the use of
these field glasses.

SAM

I will, but it's possible he won't
be back in New York for a few
weeks.

HOWELLS

I don't understand. Isn't he one of
the primary researchers for General
Grant? What about his Memoirs?

SAM

Grant and his family left Tuesday
for Mount McGregor, north of
Saratoga Springs. His physician,
Dr. Douglas, believes the cool,
clean mountain air will help his
humors.

(MORE)

SAM (CONT'D)

He insists that the summer vapors in Manhattan are bad for the General's condition, as well as his temperament.

HOWELLS

I can appreciate that... It was a hundred degrees on Tuesday. I tell you, Sam, I hardly got a wink of sleep that night!

SAM

I know the feeling!

HOWELLS

How long will Grant be up there?

SAM

Pretty much the entire summer, it's hoped. Some of his doctors have already relocated up there to tend to him as best they're able.

HOWELLS

Please give the General my best when you see him.

SAM

I shall. I should be up there in a week or so...

HOWELLS

And the memoirs...?

SAM

He's almost there...

Vanderbilt's train pulls into Saratoga Station. Too exhausted to greet the formal delegation assembled on the platform, Grant can only muster the strength to wave his cane as he passes by, to be carried aboard one final train to the foothills of Mount McGregor.

INT. DREXEL COTTAGE, THE ADIRONDACKS, WILTON, NY - THE NEXT DAY

Emerging from her bedroom the next morning, Julia discovers to her delight, that her husband has slept through the night without interruption. Sitting in the parlor next to Grant's adjoining chairs, she patiently waits for him to awake. After twenty minutes, he begins to stir. Opening his eyes, Grant turns his head to his wife.

JULIA
 Why, Ulys, you slept the entire
 night!

GRANT
 (croaking)
 I did?

Squinting to look at the porcelain clock set on the fireplace
 mantle.

I did!

Grant sits up and forms a rare grin.

JULIA
 It's either due to the fresh air or
 the cool temperatures last night.
 Harrison said it went down to fifty-
 six degrees. What a remedy!

Julia rises from her chair to celebrate this small victory.
 I'm goin' to make us some coffee!
 Maybe you'll be able to take a few
 sips up here in the mountains.

GRANT
 Yes...

While Julia is busy in the kitchen, Grant studies the wooden
 beams spanning the ceiling. She soon reenters the parlor.

JULIA
 Shall I ask Harrison to make a
 fire?

GRANT
 No.
 (pointing to the ceiling)
 Don't these beams remind you of
 Hardscrabble?
 (struggling with his
 words)

JULIA
 (looking up)
 Why, yes. Yes, they do!
 (chortling, then pausing)
 How about that fire?

GRANT
 That won't be -
 (inaudible)

JULIA

You've lost your voice again...
 (at once disappointed)
 I'll get your pen and pad so you
 can write on the porch when it
 warms up. The sunshine will do you
 good!

Grant acknowledges Julia's suggestion with a bob of his head.

At ten o'clock, after receiving a morning dose of vitamin supplements and an application of cocaine to the back of his throat, Grant appears for the first time on the porch of Drexel Cottage dressed in a heavy coat, knit skull cap, and scarf. He settles into a comfortable rocking chair, laying a woolen blanket across his knees, ready to write.

INT. EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, DC - CONTINUOUS

LINCOLN

March 9, 1864

GENERAL GRANT: -The expression of the nation's approbation of what you have already done, and its reliance on you for what remains to do in the existing great struggle, is now presented with this commission constituting you Lieutenant-General of the Army of the United States. With this high honor, devolves on you an additional responsibility. As the country herein trusts you, so, under God, it will sustain you. I scarcely need add, that with what I here speak for the country, goes my own hearty personal concurrence.

INT. WILLARD HOTEL, PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE, WASHINGTON, DC - AFTERNOON

With young Fred looking on, Grant writes out his acceptance of the President's offer on a hotel-room desk.

GRANT

Mr. PRESIDENT: - I accept this commission, with gratitude for the high honor conferred.

INT. EXECUTIVE MANSION, PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE, WASHINGTON, DC -
EVENING

Ulysses Grant and his young son, Fred, are admitted to the Executive Mansion after a short walk from the Willard Hotel. Met by President Lincoln and the First Lady during a weekly reception, the General is later mobbed by a pressing crowd of guests in the East Room, where, at the suggestion of an eager patron, he stands atop a couch so that others in the room can catch sight of the latest Commander-in-Chief of the Union Army.

INT. EXECUTIVE MANSION, PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE, WASHINGTON, DC -
THE NEXT DAY

Upon being formally presented with his commission as Lieutenant-General by President Lincoln, with members of the Cabinet and others present, Grant now reads from a simple piece of paper, written in pencil back at the Willard Hotel.

GRANT

With the aid of the noble armies
that have fought on so many fields
for our common country, it will be
my earnest endeavor not to
disappoint your expectations.
I feel the full weight of the
responsibilities now devolving on
me, and I know that if they are
met, it will be due to those
armies; and above all, to the favor
of that Providence which leads both
nations and men.

Applause echoes throughout the room, as Lincoln shakes
Grant's hand.

LINCOLN

Congratulations, General Grant.
(drawing him closer)
Total War.

Ulysses now receives Cabinet members and other attendees
before making his departure from the Executive Mansion to set
off on the Overland Campaign.

RAWLINS

Total War.

GRANT

You heard him!
(taking young Fred's hand)

Grant sets down his pen and maps out a plan for the remainder of his Memoirs, beginning with the crossing of the Rapidan River in Northern Virginia.

EXT. GRANT COTTAGE, THE ADIRONDACKS, WILTON, NY - AFTERNOON

Weeks after Grant arrives at the Cottage, he takes an afternoon off from writing and persuades Harrison Terrell to transport him up Mount McGregor to the Hotel Balmoral.

HARRISON

General, why not just enjoy the afternoon and watch the parade of gawkers walkin' by...?

GRANT

(waiving him off)

I mean to view what I've been told is a magnificent vista up there on the mountain.

HARRISON

And just how am I goin' to get you up there, sir?

GRANT

I understand Joseph Drexel has a barrow in the shed...

HARRISON

And how exactly does this include me?

GRANT

Why, you push me up to the hotel! I'm down to one hundred and twenty pounds, Harrison, surely you're up to the challenge.

Harrison Terrell walks over to the end of the porch, making note of Mount McGregor's steep incline.

HARRISON

That's mighty steep!

Returning to Grant, he leans against the rail facing him. Have you talked to Mrs. Grant about this?

(hoping to put the idea to rest)

GRANT
 She suggested it!
 (curtly)

HARRISON
 Well...,
 (reconsidering the
 request)
 in that case, I'll give it a try.

GRANT
 Her only demand is that I dress
 warmly. She said it might be windy
 up there.

HARRISON
 Right! Tell you what, let me go and
 take a look at the barrow to make
 sure that it's sound.

Harrison leaves the porch to inspect the transport. He soon
 reappears from the shed, cups his hands, and shouts,
 It's a pull cart, General!

EXT. NORTHERN SHORE, RAPIDAN RIVER, VIRGINIA - DAWN

GRANT
 Soon after midnight, May 3rd-4th,
 the Army of the Potomac moved out
 from its position north Rapidan, to
 start upon that memorable campaign,
 destined to result in the capture
 of the Confederate capital and the
 army defending it. This was not to
 be accomplished, however, without
 as desperate fighting as the world
 has ever witnessed; not to be
 consummated in a day, a week, a
 month, single season. The losses
 inflicted, and endured, were
 destined to be severe; but the
 armies now confronting each other
 had already been in deadly conflict
 for a period of three years, with
 immense losses in killed, by death
 from sickness, captured and
 wounded; and neither had made any
 real progress accomplishing the
 final end.

Stacks of Union dead are made ready for burial at any number
 of battle sites in Northern Virginia, alone.

It is true the Confederates had, so far, held their capital, and they claimed this to be their sole object.

But previously they had boldly proclaimed their intention to capture Philadelphia, New York, and the National Capital, and had made several attempts to do so, and once or twice had come fearfully near making their boast good – too near for complacent contemplation by the loyal North. The campaign now begun was destined to result in heavier losses, to both armies, in a given time, than any previously suffered; but the carnage was to be limited to a single year, and to accomplish all that had been anticipated or desired at the beginning in that time. We had to have hard fighting to achieve this. The two armies had been confronting each other so long, without any decisive result, that they hardly knew which could whip.

Scores of belly-crawling picketers face each other along the many fields approaching what will soon be coined The Wilderness.

Ten days' rations, with a supply of forage and ammunition were taken in wagons. Beef cattle were driven with the trains, and butchered as wanted. Three days' rations in addition, in haversacks, and fifty rounds of cartridges, were carried on the person of each soldier.

The country over which the army had to operate, from the Rapidan to the crossing of the James River, is rather flat, and is cut by numerous streams which make their way to the Chesapeake Bay. The crossings of these streams by the army were generally made not far above tidewater, and where they formed a considerable obstacle to the rapid advance of troops even when the enemy did not appear in opposition.

In order to move swiftly in pursuit of Lee's Army of Northern Virginia, Grant, for the most part, eventually sheds his use of heavy artillery, opting instead for more nimble tactics.

The country roads were narrow and poor. Most of the country is covered with a dense forest, in places, like the Wilderness and along the Chickahominy, almost impenetrable even for infantry except along the roads. All bridges were naturally destroyed before the National troops came to them.

On the first night of the Union Army's arrival on the Rapidan River, after orders have been drafted and distributed, Grant writes one of his customary letters to Julia.

May 2, 1864

My Dearest,

Now that I have been given command over the entire Union Army, I have assembled my troops to begin our great campaign to end the war.

I know the greatest anxiety is now felt in the North for the success of this move, and that the anxiety will increase when it is once known that the Army is in motion.

I don't know the precise day I will start or whether Lee will come here before I am ready to move. And even if I did, I wouldn't tell you or anybody else.

You might be interested to know that I found the scarf you made for me packed in my trunk. While handy now, the further south I go, the less likely I'll be needing it. I appreciate it all the same, dear. When the President elevated me in Washington last month to Lieutenant-General, all I could think about was you. All the same, I was happy to have young Fred and John Rawlins by my side. I'm sure they will always remember that day, as I will. Bed check is just around the corner, so I must get this in the mail. Imagine, the highest ranking officer in the Union Army subject to bed check, on my orders, no less.

When we get to the James River, and secure our position there, maybe you can join me! Until then, please write and know that my only idle thoughts are of you.

(MORE)

GRANT (CONT'D)
 Your dutiful husband,
 Ulys

EXT. SOUTH SLOPE, MOUNT MCGREGOR, WILTON, NY - AFTERNOON

GRANT
 I sure hope we make it to the
 summit by nightfall.

Drawing a sharp reproach from Harrison, who is struggling to pull the passenger-laden hand truck up the mountain.

HARRISON
 Pulling ain't nearly the same as
 pushin', General!
 (losing his footing once
 again)

GRANT
 Why, I've had draft horses move
 faster than this!

HARRISON
 Well, I ain't no draft horse!
 Though right about now, we sure
 could use one...

GRANT
 (chuckling)
 You're doing just fine, Harrison!
 We'll be there in ten minutes, by
 my estimation.
 (gaging the remaining
 distance)

They soon reach the hotel grounds. Harrison, following Grant's instructions, swings the hand truck around in a Northeasterly direction, facing the Green Mountains of Vermont.

HARRISON
 (finally catching his
 breath)
 Tis' beautiful, isn't it, General?

Grant remains silent for some time.
 You know, I'm kinda glad you took
 time off from writin' today.

GRANT
 (flexing his right hand)
 Yes.

(MORE)

GRANT (CONT'D)

My writing hand kept cramping up on me yesterday. I do believe it was trying to tell me something!

HARRISON

Maybe so! Maybe so...

(pausing)

I'm powerful thirsty. The hotel must have water. I'll get us some and be right back.

Harrison walks up a slight mound, then scales the hotel steps, leaving Grant to overlook the enormous vista spread beneath him.

EXT. FOLLOWING THE BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS, NEAR LOCUST GROVE, VIRGINIA - AFTERNOON

Following the Battle of the Wilderness, some twenty miles west of Fredericksburg, Ulysses Grant sits on a tree stump, whittling sticks throughout the afternoon. He is joined by his Chief of Staff, John Rawlins.

GRANT

We're leaving this place tonight. Inform the other officers to ready their men to move out.

RAWLINS

And go where?

GRANT

Wherever Lee and his army are headed... South, most likely.

RAWLINS

South? But General Hooker and Burnside are retreating, sir.

GRANT

But we're moving south! See that the dead from both sides are buried before we leave.

RAWLINS

Yes, sir.
(standing up)

Grant remains seated on the stump and continues to whittle. Later that night, he leads his troops out of the dense forest in the direction of Spotsylvania Court House, with Rawlins by his side.

(studying Grant)

(MORE)

RAWLINS (CONT'D)

You know, you and Nelson are a lot alike...

GRANT

Who are you referring to?

RAWLINS

Horatio Nelson of the British Royal Navy! The hero of Trafalgar.

Grant holds up his hand to halt the march, so a fallen tree blocking their way can be hauled to the side of the road.

I studied Admiral Nelson while attending Rock River College.

GRANT

And how exactly are we alike?

RAWLINS

He fought the same way you do, with most frightening tenacity!

Two horse teams brought up from the rear are tethered to the tree by heavy ropes and are soon guided where to take it by their handlers.

GRANT

(turning to Rawlins)

How so?

RAWLINS

For Nelson, it was always, go straight at the enemy!

Demonstrating that direction with a chop of his hand. Scared the bejesus out of 'em! Why, if he ever did turn around, it was to strafe the other side of the enemy's ship. Absolutely relentless...

With the tree fully cleared, a sentry riding towards them pulls up to Grant and salutes.

SENTRY

Sir, we sighted what's believed to be remnants of General Lee's rear guard about eight miles up the turnpike. Everything between us and them has been thoroughly swept.

GRANT

Very well. Carry on.

SENTRY

Yes, sir!
(saluting)

The sentry turns his horse around and gallops away. Grant signals the command of Forward March with the arc of his arm.

GRANT

That's all very interesting. About Nelson, I mean.

Grant remains oddly silent for a few moments, then speaks.

Ever since I was a young boy, I made it a habit of mine never to turn around. If I struck out in one direction, even when I got lost, I would never retrace my tracks. I'd circle round by another route until I found my way. I'm still that same boy, John...

Grant reaches into his pocket for a cigar and proceeds to light up.

RAWLINS

And that's why we're going south?
So as not to turn around?

GRANT

Well, yes... Have you seen me do otherwise since the rebellion began?

RAWLINS

Not since you took command of the 21st Illinois!

By now, it's so dark that Rawlins can scarcely make out the glow of the General's cigar.

GRANT

We were taught about Nelson back in my days at the Academy, but only briefly. We weren't exactly Marines, strictly land fighters! I heard he died at sea...

RAWLINS

Yes, at Trafalgar. An enemy sharpshooter perched in the crosstrees above the deck, shot him through the neck. The musket ball passed directly into his spine. He was dead within hours.

(MORE)

RAWLINS (CONT'D)

England later erected a statue in his honor on a column that stands almost a hundred feet high.

GRANT

Yes. Let me see,
 (with a purposeful pause)
 I believe his last words were, Kiss me, Hardy.

Drawing a sharp look from Rawlins.

RAWLINS

Why you! So you do know about him!

Grant grins beneath his slouch hat.

GRANT

Then you're probably aware that he went into his last battle with one eye and one arm. The sight in his right eye he lost on Corsica and his arm at Tenerife. He never overcame his seasickness, either.

RAWLINS

That's right!
 (slapping his knee)
 Sam, if you know so much about Nelson, why have you been quizzing me ever since we headed out tonight?

GRANT

To take your mind off the charred disaster we left back there.

Rawlins, realizing the wisdom of his General, suddenly excuses himself.

RAWLINS

I'm going to make my rounds among the officers back there.

GRANT

Good thinking.

Rawlins salutes and swings his horse around. For his part, Grant continues the push forward and, unlike Nelson, lives to fight another day, this time in the bloody Battle of Spotsylvania Court House.

I/E. DREXEL COTTAGE, THE ADIRONDACKS, WILTON, NY - MORNING

In early-July 1885, Samuel Clemens raps on the backdoor of Drexel Cottage, soon to be let in by Harrison. Clemens is now shown into the parlor, where he finds Julia sewing in a rocking chair.

SAM

Julia!

JULIA

Sam.

(beginning to get up)

SAM

Please, don't get up...
(waiving her off)

JULIA

Alright.

(settling back again)

How is your room at the Balmoral?

SAM

Fine, fine. Lovely place they've got up there!

JULIA

They have an excellent breakfast, too! In fact, everything they make is excellent. We get most all of our meals from them!

(rocking more nervously)

SAM

How is he?

JULIA

He's been great! See for yourself, he's on the porch, writing.

Clemens follows Julia's suggestion and appears on the porch, only to find an unresponsive Grant. He draws closer to the General and notices almost immediately that his breathing has ceased. Grasping Grant by the forearm, Clemens shakes him vigorously.

SAM

General! General Grant!
(loudly)

Hearing Clemens' voice, Julia rushes out onto the porch.

JULIA
What is it, Sam?

SAM
It's the General. I believe he's
passed. Quick, find Dr. Douglas.

Julia soon appears on the porch with Dr. Douglas. She abruptly leaves the scene, while Douglas rushes over to Grant, placing a domino-size mirror under his nose.
Is he...?

DR DOUGLAS
Stand back! Give me room to work.

Dr. Douglas quickly unbuttons the left cuff of Grant's overcoat and shirt, pushing them up to his elbow. Sitting directly next to his patient, he proceeds to lightly slap Grant's forearm while softly calling out his name. Clemens turns to face the nearby forest, while Julia prays in the parlor.

Ulysses. Ulysses Grant.
(continuing to slap)

Minutes pass.

A cough from Grant is now heard, causing Clemens to shout for Julia, who immediately comes out on the porch. The General soon regains his ruddy complexion.
(turning to Julia)

That was a close one, Mrs. Grant...

Clemens stumbles down the steps, searching for a stump to collapse on. He pulls out a cigar, examines it, and returns it to his pocket. Meanwhile, Julia addresses a shaken Dr. Douglas.

JULIA
Bless you, Dr. Douglas. Bless you.

Julia pulls down her husband's sleeves and proceeds to button them back up.

INT. RESPECTIVE TELEGRAPH AND MAIL TENTS OF LIEUTENANT-GENERAL GRANT AND MAJOR-GENERAL SHERMAN - CONTINUOUS

GRANT
CITY POINT VIRGINIA
September 4, 1864-9 P.M.
Major-General SHERMAN: I have just received your dispatch announcing the capture of Atlanta.

(MORE)

GRANT (CONT'D)

In honor of your great victory, I have ordered a salute to be fired with shotted guns from every battery bearing upon the enemy. The salute will be fired within an hour, amid great rejoicing.
U. S. GRANT, Lieutenant-General

The heartbeat of the Confederate Army's transportation and supply network, now sacked by Union forces, causes the people of Atlanta to not only suffer defeat, but encounter flames of grave magnitude and force.

CITY POINT, VIRGINIA

November 2, 1864-11.30 a.m.

Major-General SHERMAN:

Your dispatch of 9 A.M. yesterday is just received. I dispatched you the same date, advising that Hood's army, now that it had worked so far north, ought to be looked upon now as the "object." With the force, however, that you have left with General Thomas, he must be able to take care of Hood and destroy him. I do not see that you can withdraw from where you are to follow Hood, without giving up all we have gained in territory. I say, then, go on as you propose.

U. S. GRANT, Lieutenant-General

CITY POINT, VIRGINIA

November 7, 1864-10.30 P.M.

Major-General SHERMAN:

Your dispatch of this evening received. I see no present reason for changing your plan. Should any arise, you will see it, or if I do I will inform you. I think everything here is favorable now. Great good fortune attend you! I believe you will be eminently successful, and, at worst, can only make a march less fruitful of results than hoped for.

U. S. GRANT, Lieutenant-General

SHERMAN

Special Field Order No. 120, Nov. 9, 1864

To army corps commanders alone is entrusted the power to destroy mills, houses, cotton-gins, etc.;

(MORE)

SHERMAN (CONT'D)

and for them this general principle is laid down: In districts and neighborhoods where the army is unmolested, no destruction of each property should be permitted; but should guerrillas or bushwhackers molest our march, or should the inhabitants burn bridges, obstruct roads or otherwise manifest local hostility, then army commanders should order and enforce a devastation more or less relentless, according to the measure of such hostility.
Major-General W. T. Sherman

Sherman's bow ties soon appear throughout the Deep South.

ON BOARD DANDELION OSSABAW SOUND,
December 13, 1864-11.50 p.m.
To Hon. E. M. STANTON, Secretary of War, Washington, D. C.: To-day, at 6 p. m.,
General Hazen's division of the Fifteenth Corps carried Fort McAllister by assault, capturing its entire garrison and stores. This opened to us Ossabaw Sound, and I pushed down to this gunboat to communicate with the fleet. Before opening communication we had completely destroyed all the railroads leading into Savannah, and invested the city. The left of the army is on the Savannah River three miles above the city, and the right on the Ogeechee, at King's Bridge. The army is in splendid order, and equal to any thing.

Sherman, along with his staff, inspects his Army of the Tennessee and Army of Georgia, assembled outside Savannah.

The weather has been fine, and supplies were abundant. Our march was most agreeable, and we were not at all molested by guerrillas. We reached Savannah three days ago, but, owing to Fort McAllister, could not communicate; but, now that we have McAllister, we can go ahead.
We have already captured two boats on the Savannah river and prevented their gunboats from coming down.

(MORE)

SHERMAN (CONT'D)

I estimate the population of Savannah at twenty-five thousand, and the garrison at fifteen thousand. General Hardee commands. We have not lost a wagon on the trip; but have gathered a large supply of negroes, mules, horses, etc., and our teams are in far better condition than when we started.

My first duty will be to clear the army of surplus negroes, mules, and horses. We have utterly destroyed over two hundred miles of rails, and consumed stores and provisions that were essential to Lee's and Hood's armies.

The quick work made with McAllister, the opening of communication with our fleet, and our consequent independence as to supplies, dissipate all their boasted threats to head us off and starve the army.

I regard Savannah as already gained. Yours truly,
W. T. SHERMAN, Major-General

The beleaguered armies of Confederate Generals Robert E. Lee and John Bell Hood, now march on empty stomachs.

SAVANNAH, GA., December 22, 1864
His Excellency President LINCOLN:
I beg to present you, as a Christmas gift, the city of Savannah, with 150 heavy guns and plenty of ammunition, and also about 25,000 bales of cotton.
W.T. Sherman, Major General

EXT. OVERLAND CAMPAIGN BETWEEN THE RAPIDAN AND JAMES RIVERS,
VIRGINIA - CONTINUOUS

During the Overland Campaign from the Rapidan to the James River, and on to the heavily protected City of Petersburg, immediately south of Richmond, select excerpts from Grant's Memoirs are read out loud while scenes of battle and troop movements play out on screen.

GRANT

During three long years the Armies of the Potomac and Northern Virginia had been confronting each other.

(MORE)

GRANT (CONT'D)

In that time they had fought more desperate battles than it probably ever before fell to the lot of two armies to fight, without materially changing the vantage ground of either. The Southern press and people, with more shrewdness than was displayed in the North, finding that they had failed to capture Washington and march on to New York, as they had boasted they would do, assumed that they only defended their Capital and Southern territory.

Citizens throughout the South read newspaper accounts of the War, posted outside of printing offices.

Hence, Antietam, Gettysburg, and all the other battles that had been fought, were by them set down as failures on our part, and victories for them. Their army believed this. It produced a morale which could only be overcome by desperate and continuous hard fighting. The battles of the Wilderness, Spotsylvania, North Anna and Cold Harbor, bloody and terrible as they were on our side, were even more damaging to the enemy, and so crippled him as to make him wary ever after of taking the offensive. His losses in men were probably not so great, owing to the fact that we were, save in the Wilderness, almost invariably the attacking party; and when he did attack, it was in the open field.

The still smoldering forests of the Wilderness are now being drenched by a hard rain. Meanwhile, Arlington Cemetery is dedicated on Wednesday, June 15, 1864, with Secretary of War Edwin Stanton presiding. Private William Christman of the Sixty-Seventh Pennsylvania occupies the first honored plot.

(MORE)

GRANT (CONT'D)

With a view of cutting the enemy's railroad from near Richmond to the Anna rivers, and making him wary of the situation of his army in the Shenandoah, and, in the event of failure in this, to take advantage of his necessary withdrawal of troops from Petersburg, to explode a mine that had been prepared in front of the 9th corps and assault the enemy's lines at that place, on the night of the 26th of July the 2nd corps and two divisions of the cavalry corps and Kautz's cavalry were crossed to the north bank of the James River and joined the force General Butler had there.

Filthy Union Army sappers, mainly from the coal mining regions of the North, finish digging a tunnel under the city of Petersburg, ready to light the long fuse to sever Confederate defenses embastioned there. Soon lit, the ensuing explosion creates a gaping hole. Panicked Confederate soldiers and officers alike scramble to stop the advancing troops as they climb their way through loose dirt up and up the steep rim formed by the crater. Once over the ridge, the confused Northern soldiers slide their way to the bottom of the crater, making easy targets for the enemy marksmen assembled along the level ground above. For whatever reason, the stream of Union soldiers going over the ridge freezes, and they refuse to proceed further against an already breached Richmond.

Had they done this, I have every reason to believe that Petersburg would have fallen. Thus terminated in disaster what promised to be the most successful assault of the campaign.

EXT. SOUTH SLOPE, MOUNT MCGREGOR, WILTON, NY - DUSK

HARRISON

A letter?
(confused)
For me...?

GRANT

Yes. You've been as much a part of this family as anyone else!
Especially during the last year...

HARRISON

Well, yes. But...
(embarrassed)

Grant searches his suit coat pocket, at last retrieving it.
General Grant, it's getting late,
the Misses will be worried!

GRANT

Nonsense. This won't take long.

Waiving him off, Grant proceeds to read.

I give this letter to you now, not
knowing what the near future may
bring to a person in my condition
of health. This is an
acknowledgement of your faithful
services to me during my sickness
up to this time, and which I expect
will continue to the end. This is
also to state further that for
about four years you have lived
with me, coming first as a butler,
in which capacity you served until
my illness became so serious as to
require the constant attention of a
nurse, and that in both capacities
I have had abundant reason to be
satisfied with your attention,
integrity and efficiency. I hope
that you may never want for a
place.

Yours,
U.S. Grant

With tears welling in his eyes, Grant fixes them straight
ahead on the distant Green Mountains.

Harrison cautiously makes his way down the side of Mount
McGregor, toting General Grant behind him. He finds the way
down infinitely easier than his earlier ascent. Now close to
home, he spots a welcoming light in the Cottage window and a
slightly impatient Julia waiting on the porch.

I/E. DREXEL COTTAGE, THE ADIRONDACKS, WILTON, NY - THE NEXT
DAY

Having arrived at the Drexel Cottage once more, Samuel
Clemens greets Grant, who is writing on the front porch, and
Julia, who is reclining in the parlor.

He carelessly sifts through a stack of research documents laid out on a table, and comes across a firsthand account of President Lincoln's jubilant entry into the Confederate Capital of Richmond, written by Admiral David Dixon Porter.

SAM

I now realized the imprudence of landing without a large body of marines; and yet this seemed to me, after all, the fittest way for Mr. Lincoln to come among the people he had redeemed from bondage.

What an ovation he had, to be sure, from those so-called ignorant beings. They all had their souls in their eyes, and I don't think I ever looked upon a scene where there were so many passionately happy faces.

While some were rushing forward to try and touch the man they had talked of and dreamed of for four long years, others stood off a little way and looked on in awe and wonder.

They had been made to believe that they never would gain their liberty, and here they were brought face to face with it when least expected.

But we could not stay there all day looking at this happy mass of people; the crowds and their yells were increasing, and in a short time we would be unable to move at all. The negroes, in their ecstasy, could not be made to understand that they were detaining the President; they looked upon him as belonging to them, and that he had come to put a crowning as to the great work he had commenced. They would not feel they were free in reality until they heard from his own lips.

In his account, Admiral Porter poignantly recalls Lincoln's speech that April 1865-day, and the scene where it took place.

'My poor friends,' he said, 'you are free - free as air. You can cast off the name of slave and trample upon it; it will come to you no more.'

(MORE)

SAM (CONT'D)

Liberty is your birthright. God gave it to you as he gave it to others, and it is a sin that you have been deprived of it for so many years. But you must try to deserve this priceless boon. Let the world see that you merit it, and are able to maintain it by your good works. Don't let your joy carry you into excesses. Learn the laws and obey them; obey God's commandments and thank him for giving you liberty, for to him you owe all things. There, now, let me pass on; I have but little time to spare. I want to see the capital, and must return at once to Washington to secure to you that liberty which you seem to prize so highly.'

The crowd shouted and screeched as if they would split the firmament, though while the President was speaking you might have heard a pin drop. I don't think any one could do justice to that scene; it would be necessary to photograph it to understand it. One could not help wondering where all this black mass of humanity came from, or if they were all the goods and chattels of those white people who had for four years set the armies of the Republic at defiance; who had made these people work on their defenses and carry their loads, the only reward for which was the stronger riveting of the chains which kept them in subjection.

Clemens wanders out onto the porch, waiving Admiral Porter's written account in the air.

I'm holding here Admiral Porter's account of Lincoln's entry into Richmond.

Rapping the collective pages with his hand.

General, he makes no mention of you!

Leaning forward in classic Samuel Clemens style, placing both hands on his hips.

GRANT

(in a raspy voice)

Of course not, Sam. I wasn't there!

(coughing forcefully)

By then, I was already on my way to capture Lee and his depleted army of Confederates at what, days later, would prove to be Appomattox Court House, where he surrendered to me as Commander of the Union Army, at McClean House!

While taken aback by this reply, Clemens is at once satisfied with Grant's take.

SAM

I meant to tell you that our canvassers, many of them veterans who served under you, have secured over three hundred thousand subscriptions for your memoirs.

(turning his head)

Why, hello there Julia!

Young Julia slowly mounts the front porch steps while holding a wreath she made from the leaves out back. She now approaches her grandfather.

LITTLE JULIA

I made this for you, Grandpa.

GRANT

Why, thank you, Julia!

SAM

That's very nice, young lady.

Winking at Grant as she enters the cottage.

GRANT

(croaking out his words)

So, how much do these subscriptions amount to in actual dollars?

(coughing again)

SAM

Prit'near three hundred and eighty five thousand dollars!

Grant smiles broadly, letting out a weak sigh of relief.

I have Volume One for you in my bag at the Balmoral, but forgot to bring it down with me. How close are you to finishing volume two?

Grant tries to speak, but once again, his words are barely discernible. He now writes out his reply on a small corner of paper, before tearing it off and handing it over to Clemens, who reads the note.

That's great news, really! Truly remarkable!

(excitedly)

I shall inform my nephew-in-law today!

(pausing)

This calls for a celebration.

Clemens removes a cigar out of his suitcoat, bites off the end, strikes a match against the porch rail, and begins to smoke. He immediately senses Grant's desire to enjoy one too. Oh, sorry, General.

Writing on the page he's currently working on, Grant tears off another note. Clemens reads it and replies.

Sure. I'll be right back!

Clemens returns to the porch with Dr. Douglas.

I inquired with Dr. Douglas if you can have a puff of my cigar. I'm happy to report, General, that you may!

Grant signals that he would prefer to hear it from his doctor.

DR DOUGLAS

I can't see that it would do any harm now.

After briefly considering a more generous option, Clemens sets down his cigar and lights up a spare one from his coat pocket, passing it over to a well contented Grant.

INT. DREXEL COTTAGE, THE ADIRONDACKS, WILTON, NY - LATER

Finished with penning his memoirs, as well as his cigar, Grant enters the Cottage and sits down on a bed to receive his daily injections of brandy. Julia is soon at his side. The relief that morphine and cocaine once provided, suddenly became ineffective weeks ago, making alcohol the miracle balm that soothes the General's excruciating pain.

DR SHRADY

(finishing up his work)

There you are, General.

(doubling up Grant's arm)

JULIA
 That's my Ulys!
 (patting his free hand)

A thoroughly nourished Grant now rises and walks over to his leather chair configuration for a well-needed nap.

EXT. SOUTH SLOPE, MOUNT MCGREGOR, WILTON, NY - AFTERNOON

That same day, after receiving yet another approval by Dr. Douglas, Grant once again appears at the top of Mount McGregor with the assistance of Harrison Terrell - this time in a shiny new rolling chaise, otherwise known as a Bath chair.

HARRISON
 My, that's a fine lookin' buggy.

Admiring its black leather exterior, while circling the sleek light carriage.

Yes siree. Why, it looks like a mighty chariot, tailor made for a conquerin' general.

Nodding in agreement, while adjusting his white silk scarf.

GRANT
 Harrison, swing my Chariot South...

Ulysses S. Grant now surveys the hazy, distant Catskills with his finest set of field glasses.

THE END

*We are not now that strength which in old days
 Moved earth and heaven, that which we are, we are,
 One equal temper of heroic hearts,
 Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
 To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.*

From Ulysses

By Alfred, Lord Tennyson

EPILOGUE

Ulysses Simpson Grant died on the morning of July 23, 1885, inside Drexel Cottage, on the gentle slopes of Mount McGregor, New York.

Following one of the largest funeral processions in New York City history, Grant's body was laid to rest in a temporary vault in the Morningside Heights section of Manhattan. Julia, who remained on Mount McGregor, did not attend.

After the *Personal Memoirs of U.S. Grant* is published, Julia received the equivalent of \$15 million in today's marketplace.

On April 27, 1897, marking the 75th anniversary of his birth, the General Grant National Memorial, better known as Grant's Tomb, was dedicated. To this day, it remains the largest mausoleum in the United States.

Julia Dent Grant outlived her husband by seventeen years, dying in 1902. Her memoirs were published in 1975.