



Scripts.com

# Abraham Lincoln: Vampire Hunter

By Seth Grahame-Smith

History prefers legends to men.  
It prefers nobility to brutality.  
Soaring speeches to quiet deeds.  
History remembers the battle  
and forgets the blood.  
Whatever history remembers of me,  
if it remembers anything at all,  
it shall only be  
a fraction of the truth.  
For whatever else I am,  
a husband, a lawyer,  
a president,  
I shall always think  
of myself as a man  
who struggled against darkness.  
I leave in your trusted  
hands, my dear friend Henry,  
this record that begins  
when I was just a boy.  
Get on down there. Hurry it up.  
Please, sir, no.  
There's been some kind of mistake.  
I ain't no slave.  
Let them go. Aaron.  
Go back inside.  
Let them go.  
Will.  
Quiet. He's my friend.  
Look away, Abraham.  
It's not our place.  
Look away.  
Abraham.  
Thomas, help them.  
Leave him alone.  
Are you all right?  
Did you strike my friend here?  
He was beating my son.  
Did you strike him, Lincoln?  
They're not slaves, and you know it.  
I suggest you get back to your work  
before you find yourself  
led away in chains.  
Until every man is free,  
we are all slaves.

Very well, then.

Since you're all so  
concerned with freedom,  
you may consider yourself free  
from the burden of my employ.

And the debt you have been working off,  
I'd like it paid in full with interest.

Now, please.

If you get one more penny  
from me, Mr. Barts,  
it will come with a fist  
wrapped around it.

All right, Mr. Lincoln.

There are other ways to collect a debt.

No.

What's happening to her, Father?

Please help her.

Please, I beg of you.

You have got to do something, Father.

Easy, child.

Look away, Abraham.

I have never seen anything like this.

Strange.

You promise me.

Let's step outside.

I am sorry,

I don't know what ails her.

Abraham.

Come and lie next to me.

I have been writing, Mama.

"Days are swift as an Indian arrow,"

"flying like a shooting star."

"The present day is here,"

"and then slides away in haste,"

"that we can never say is ours,"

"but only say"

"is passed."

Mother?

Mother?

Mama once told me that

I hadn't cried when I was born.

That I'd simply opened my eyes,

looked at her smiling

face, and smiled back.

My light was gone.  
I don't know how he did it...  
Abraham,  
you promise me...  
You promise me you won't go  
and do anything foolish.  
Nine years later,  
my father joined her in death.  
No longer bound by my promise,  
I tried to fortify the nerve  
to pursue my vengeance.  
Haven't you had enough?  
A boy only gets this drunk  
when he wants to kiss a girl  
or kill a man.  
Adam, Adam, let me explain.  
Last one, Barts.  
I am not coming up here to clean  
up your messes any more.  
- Yes, sir.  
- I promise.  
Every so often, I think about what  
it would be like to be in the South.  
So, where's Henry?  
Yes, sir. We have been  
looking all over, sir.  
Searching high and low.  
Low is more likely.  
Just find him, Barts.  
Oh, and send a fresh crop south.  
We have a lot of mouths to feed.  
Yes, sir.  
"Yes, sir, no, sir.  
High, sir, low, sir."  
For my mother.  
That was unlucky.  
Might have put me out of my misery.  
Where the hell are you running to?  
Don't much like chasing chickens.  
Little boy, all grown up.  
Come to avenge his dear mamma.  
There are two kinds  
of men, Mr. Lincoln.  
Those that have the guts

to pull the trigger....  
...and those who do not.  
Powder, patch, ball.  
Don't mess it up.  
You weren't asleep that night.  
Were you?  
Oh. You dropped the ball,  
Mr. Lincoln.  
Your mama's blood was sickening sweet.  
I hope yours tastes better.  
Might I suggest that we begin by...  
closing the door?  
Yeah, I am sorry.  
I didn't see anything.  
Should we dive right in?  
Or are you finding Gabrielle's  
egress too distracting?  
I am sorry, sir, but who are you?  
Who I am is Henry Sturges.  
And where you are is my home.  
And what happened...  
I saved your life  
during your rather pathetic  
attempt at taking another's.  
What were you doing there, and  
how did you know  
I would try to kill Barts?  
How?  
I watched this boy carry out his  
first long-awaited mission.  
Drunk, might I add.  
And I think, "You have wasted your  
time watching this one, Henry."  
"He's not a promising recruit."  
"He is just a selfish boy with  
his heart set on vengeance."  
And I realized,  
"This boy is a goddamned idiot."  
"I doubt he even knew  
his target was a vampire."  
A vampire?  
Yes. Immortal, blood-sucking demons.  
Fortunately for you, Mr. Lincoln,  
hunting them is something of a hobby.

But vampires are just myths.  
Myths don't beat you senseless  
after you have put  
a bullet in their brain.  
Thank you.  
No, Mr. Lincoln, vampires are real.  
They exist in every city  
and every state....  
in the Union.  
If what you say is true,  
you could help me kill him.  
I could pay you to kill him.  
My services are not for sale.  
And the word you are  
looking for is "destroy."  
It is quite a feat to kill  
that which is already dead.  
But you don't understand.  
My mother was murdered.  
And if I teach you how  
to murder her murderer,  
so what?  
How will that honor her memory?  
How will that benefit the next  
boy whose mother is taken?  
If vengeance is all you seek,  
seek it elsewhere.  
Teach me to fight as you do.  
Please, I will do anything you say.  
You promise to cast aside  
all notions of vengeance  
and commit to the life of a hunter?  
You will have no friends,  
no family.  
I will give you names....  
I told him what he wanted to hear,  
but all I cared about was killing  
the monster that took my mother.  
I am in.  
Scottish Highland pistol.  
And if one barrel isn't enough,  
seven should do you.  
The blunderbuss.  
And if you lose your ball,

you can always stuff your pocket  
watch down the end of it.

So, Abe,

which one takes your fancy?

Actually, I haven't had the best  
of luck with shooting irons.

But,

I was a rail splitter.

I would like you to chop this  
tree down with a single swing.

That tree?

It's got to be more than a foot across.

That's impossible.

But it isn't a tree.

It's what you hate most in the world.

So, tell me, Mr. Lincoln,

what do you hate?

I hate Jack Barts.

Then strike him down.

Well, clearly you don't

hate him that much.

Tell me what you hate.

I hate that my mother was taken away.

Inadequate.

I hate that we were afraid.

And?

That my mother and father,

everyone that we knew,

lived in fear.

Pathetic.

I hate that I was too small.

- Too weak.

- Yes.

And that you failed... Yes.

...to protect her. Yes.

And that you let her die.

Power, Lincoln,

real power,

comes not from hate, but from truth.

Before you protect others from darkness,

you must first be able

to protect yourself.

Your enemies have the power to

render themselves invisible.

You must have the ability  
to fight blind.  
To see, without seeing.  
Again.  
In the weeks that followed,  
Henry endeavored to impart a  
lifetime of vampire-hunting secrets.  
Their ability to adapt to sunlight.  
Their power to render  
themselves invisible.  
But most of all, he taught  
me how to destroy them.  
When Judas betrayed Jesus,  
his reward was 30 pieces of silver.  
At that moment, those pieces  
became a symbol of betraying God.  
Of evil.  
And silver became a curse  
upon the cursed.  
You will never see a vampire  
with silver on his person.  
Nor see them reflected in mirrors.  
The one thing God placed  
beyond the reach of a vampire.  
The one thing he can never possess.  
Barts.  
And the only thing  
that renders him powerless.  
Henry, Jack Barts.  
I give you the targets.  
That was our deal.  
This is not only about Jack Barts.  
Vadoma, a ruthless enforcer.  
And her brother.  
I have seen him before.  
I saw him with Jack Barts.  
They call him Adam.  
He, from whom all others are made.  
Vampires have been in the  
New World for centuries.  
Slaughtering native tribes  
and early settlers.  
But when the Europeans  
arrived with their slaves,



the dead saw a sinister opportunity.  
They built an empire in the South.  
But, in recent years,  
they pressed north,  
leaving death in their wake.

It falls to us, Abraham,  
the hunters, to keep the balance.

To ensure that this  
remains a nation of men,  
and not monsters.

What we do, we do not for one man,  
but for the good of all mankind.

Henry sent me off into  
the world with a reminder.

- No attachments.

- No distractions.

No friends or family.

Besides, who could I trust?

Anyone in this well-mannered city  
might very well be one of them.

Son of a bitch.

I ever see you here again, I will  
have your balls as a coin purse.

Good afternoon, sir.

Joshua Speed at your service.

Abraham. Uh, Lincoln.

I need a bit of help.

All right.

Well, a friend in need,  
is a friend of Speed.

What can I get for you?

I don't suppose you know of any  
rooms for rent, Mr. Speed?

What sort of room are you  
looking for, Mr. Lincoln?

Well, a cheap one,

as I have spent all of  
my money on law books

and have none to spare at the moment.

Now, as you say you have none,

am I to take your meaning as "cheap"  
or "free of charge"?

Well, on credit. All the same.

I don't think you will find

such a room in Springfield.  
People here are strangely  
accustomed to being compensated.  
Good day.

There is one room, Mr. Lincoln.  
I was recently forced to part ways  
with a thieving prick of an associate  
and am, therefore,  
in need of a replacement.  
There's a room upstairs.  
It isn't much, but I suppose  
it could be had on credit,  
if the tenant were willing  
to work here in return.

Dear Henry,  
life in Springfield is  
less than desirous.

Fear not.  
My pittance of a salary doesn't allow  
me to deviate from your rules.  
No friends, no family.  
And certainly, no woman would find  
me, and my existence, enticing.

Excuse me.  
Excuse me, I will be needing these.  
Just one second, ma'am.

Well, you needn't call me ma'am,  
as if I am some haggard spinster.  
I am sorry, ma'am.

Madam... I mean, miss.  
I am Abraham. Uh, Lincoln.  
Mary Todd.

Darling.  
There you are.  
You mustn't flit from store  
to store so quickly.  
Well, perhaps if you didn't stop to jaw  
with every gentleman in Springfield...  
I could say the same for you.

Stephen Douglas. How do you do?  
Abraham... Lincoln.  
Are you a voting man, Mr. Lincoln?  
I...  
How do you feel about keeping

slavery out of illinois?  
I am running for the legislature.  
I am sure he'd love to hear  
your campaign speech,  
but Mr. Lincoln was just  
about to attend to my list.  
We were talking, dear.  
Slavery, it's a complicated issue.  
I couldn't disagree with  
you more, Mr. Douglas.  
Mr. Douglas, Miss Todd.  
You have met my new  
associate, Abraham.  
A letter came for you.  
Dear Abe.  
Your prescription awaits  
you at the local pharmacy.  
Ask for Aaron Stibel, Junior.  
Mr. Lincoln?  
I am so sorry.  
Good day of work, Abraham.  
Thank you.  
But don't forget,  
always have a contingency plan.  
Aaron Stibel, Junior?  
Yes?  
That's it. Oh, that's tight.  
Don't worry. It will only  
hurt for a second or two.  
Did you eat today?  
I had killed a monster.  
And I would kill again.  
But no amount of death  
could make me forget.  
Merciful Christ, Lincoln,  
what happened to your face?  
Don't worry, I will still  
be able to work.  
Work?  
To hell with work.  
We got invited to a ball.  
It could be your chance to save  
Mary Todd from a life of boredom.  
This suit makes me look ridiculous.

Nonsense.

But that hat makes you  
look ridiculous. Come on.

Come on, come on.

Look, there she is.

Mr. Douglas, Joshua Speed.

Pleasure to see you.

Mary, you look lovely.

He's still missing.

Who's that?

Aaron Stibel.

Junior or Senior?

Junior.

- Who is that man?

- I don't know.

Mr. Douglas, you know

Senator Nolan, of course.

Oh, yes, Stephen.

Good to see you.

Have you heard this news?

Oh, yes. Yes, we're looking into it.

Rest assured, this kind of lawlessness  
won't stand in the noble  
state of illinois.

It's called a dance.

If we were meant to sit alone, they  
would have called it something else.

Yes, I suppose they would have.

Come, Mr. Lincoln.

You will ruin the upholstery  
if you sit there any longer.

I am sure you're a very  
nice man, Mr. Lincoln,  
but you're a...

A shopkeeper, in a borrowed suit.

No, it's not a matter of means.

Really, no.

I came to Springfield looking  
for someone different.

Someone whose life was a bit  
more adventurous, and well...

My apologies, I am never this...

Honest?

Rude.

Miss Todd, may I speak candidly?  
I, too, came here to better myself.  
That's why I have taken  
an interest in the law,  
and why, if I may be so bold,  
I have taken an interest in you.  
And as for the adventure  
that you seek,  
I suspect that few men could ever  
hope to provide that for you.  
Least of all your fiance,  
Stephen Douglas.  
Mr. Lincoln, you are full of surprises.  
Miss Todd, you have no idea.  
Dear Abraham.  
I have made a deposit at the local bank.  
Be careful, it can quickly disappear.  
Henry, there are more  
than I ever thought possible.  
Pharmacists, Innkeepers, pastors.  
It's more than a man can bear.  
Well, I see I am such  
interesting company.  
I am sorry.  
I have been working nights.  
Really? Is that true?  
Do you really want to  
know the truth, Mary?  
Each and every night,  
I go out  
hunting vampires.  
Well, how do you hunt these vampires?  
With an axe.  
A special silver axe, of course.  
Of course.  
And how many would you  
reckon you have killed?  
Five. No, six.  
I have killed six vampires.  
My goodness.  
Abe.  
Here I thought you were  
an honest man. Really.  
Well, I had a wonderful day, Abe.

As did I, Mary.  
Miss Todd, you are a woman of  
ravishing resourcefulness.  
Mr. Lincoln, you have no idea.  
You will have no friends, no family.  
I, uh, should be going. It's late.  
How could I bring  
her into this world?  
A world of demons, of danger  
Good night, then, Lincoln.  
Good night, Mary.  
Happy hunting.  
If I truly cared for her,  
the kindest thing I could do  
was walk away.  
This..... hunter is another  
of Henry's disciples?  
They say he's a madman.  
I can't wait to meet him.  
A stock boy, reading a law book.  
What? You studying to be a lawyer?  
As a matter of fact, I am.  
All right, what about a little test?  
What's the law for free  
slaves in the North?  
According to the Fugitive  
Slave Act of 1793,  
enforcing Article four, section two,  
of the United States Constitution,  
"All runaway slaves must be  
returned to their owners."  
However, personal liberty  
laws state that  
"Anyone who is born free"  
"cannot be taken under this act."  
I heard a good woman once say  
"Until all men are free,"  
"we're all slaves."  
Will?  
Will Johnson.  
How did you...?  
I was back home  
and heard you moved here.  
Studying to be a lawyer.

That's good.  
I am in need of a good lawyer.  
What, are you in  
some kind of trouble?  
I was freeing slaves down  
South on the rail road,  
hoping to find my brother down there.  
Some bounty hunters got after me.  
Said I was a runaway.  
I need a writ, Abe,  
saying I was born free.  
You know, Will...  
Come on.  
Hey.  
Speed, this is Will Johnson.  
Will Johnson, my oldest  
friend in the world.  
The store isn't  
going to run itself, Abe.  
I will have him back as soon  
as possible, Mr. Speed.  
I promise.  
You're getting tall, Abe.  
Look like you still don't eat  
much, either.  
You still afraid of the dark, too?  
Not so much any more.  
That's him, Abe.  
That's the guy  
that's been chasing me.  
Gentlemen, gentlemen, gentlemen,  
I am sure we can work this out.  
Now I suggest you walk away, son.  
No, sir, I suggest you do.  
I have sent word to Senator Nolan.  
He will have you out soon.  
You're far too kind, Miss Todd.  
And he's far too ugly  
to have a woman like you.  
I think common-looking people  
are the best in the world.  
That's why the Lord  
makes so many of them.  
I just thank God he was there.

But I won't always be there.  
Mary,  
what if something was going  
on, something terrible,  
and you knew that there was no way  
on earth that one man could stop it?  
What would you do?  
Well,  
I wouldn't back away from what's  
right just because it's hard.  
My father used to say,  
"Plant your feet and stand firm."  
"The only question is  
where to put your feet."  
We may fail in this fight.  
We may only shatter the  
tranquil veil of oppression,  
but we must not be deterred.  
For ours is a just and noble cause.  
The cause of freedom.  
The very cause upon which  
our founding fathers built  
this great nation.  
A voice like that is too strong  
to be stuck keeping shop.  
I am actually studying  
to be a lawyer.  
Ah. Well, Mr. Lincoln, maybe it's  
time you thought about politics.  
I can connect you  
with the right people.  
Thank you, Senator Nolan.  
A pleasure young man. The same.  
You're on your way, Mr. Lincoln.  
I sent you to Springfield  
to hunt vampires,  
not to chase votes.  
Lesson one, always have  
a contingency plan.  
If vampire hunting doesn't pan out,  
I need a career to fall back on.  
I am being serious.  
So am I, Henry.  
I have done everything



you have asked of me.  
Every letter, every name,  
but never the letter I wait for,  
and never the name I want most.  
When do I get to kill Jack Barts?  
Barts knows about Mary.  
It's time.  
Abraham,  
be careful.  
Abraham-fucking-Linc...  
Oh. Missed again.  
I hope you're better with an  
axe than you were with a gun.  
Come on, Lincoln.  
Catch me before I get to Mary.  
Catch me if you can, boy.  
There's thousands of us here.  
He won't stop until this  
whole country is ours.  
And they will be coming for you now.  
Ask your friend, Henry.  
You shut your mouth,  
you stupid whore.  
Give me what I need, or  
I will knock your teeth out.  
You lying son of a bitch.  
God damn it.  
No, Abe, stop.  
You weren't ready to know.  
What, that you are a vampire?  
You are not the only one  
who has lost everything to vampires.  
Just because the carriage stops,  
doesn't mean we have to.  
Get in the carriage.  
Take this.  
Run. Just run.  
Henry.  
Her soul was pure.  
But yours, Henry...  
It's one of God's little tricks.  
Vampires cannot kill their own kind.  
Only the living can kill the dead.  
Welcome to the family.

You can't save the world,  
and the ones you love, Lincoln.

You need to make a choice.

I am sorry,  
but goodbye.

Abe.

Mary.

What on earth are you doing?

Come on in.

What are you hiding? Nothing.

Abe?

It's nothing.

Abe, I know when you're lying.

What are you hiding from me?

All right.

I didn't want to tell you this way.

This is....

....not the way that I planned it.

But if you really must know,

Mary Todd,

will you make me the happiest of men?

And do you, Abraham,

promise to love her, comfort her,

be honorable and honest

with her in all things,

in sickness and health,

till death do you part?

I do.

Then by the power vested

in me by almighty God,

in the great state of illinois,

I now pronounce you

man and wife.

You may kiss the bride.

Your mother would be so proud.

Thank you, Will.

I am happy you could be here.

You're the only family I have.

Except for this one.

Congratulations.

May I introduce Mr. Henry Sturges.

My wife, Mary.

And my dear friend, Will Johnson.

Heavens, Mr. Sturges, you're

as chilly as the winter wind.  
Henry, please.  
I am afraid that's a hazard  
of carrying one's own bottle.  
Well, you know what they say,  
"Cold hands, warm heart."  
Yes, but I highly doubt that.  
Mr. Sturges is a business associate.  
Yes, I thought we could  
talk a little business.  
Oh, of course.  
If you will excuse me.  
What the hell are you doing here?  
Be cautious, Abraham.  
One forgets how easily we can  
lose the most precious things.  
They don't even know who I am.  
Go upriver.  
Invite this Mr. Lincoln to  
join us at the plantation.  
We're going to throw  
a ball in his honor.  
What makes you think he will accept?  
I think we can find a way to tempt him.  
It's a good book. It's good.  
Get him.  
Abe.  
We have got a problem.  
They took Will.  
What are you going to do?  
I am going to accept his invitation.  
Speed deserved to know the  
truth of what we were about to face.  
I told him everything.  
Not knowing if he would  
believe me or think me mad.  
Not knowing if he would have the  
courage to face the monsters  
that I had come to know.  
You and me, Abraham, together  
we can accomplish anything.  
There are no slaves.  
Where are they?  
I was just wondering that.

Something isn't right about this, Abe.

Yeah.

I don't know how to dance.

Don't worry, I will teach you.

Wait here.

Ladies and gentlemen,

dinner is served.

Bravo, Mr. Lincoln.

Bravo. You're even  
better than I'd heard.

A shame to sacrifice  
so many of my best men,  
but I needed to know  
if you're up to the task.

What do you want with me?

To see you liberated.

To see you rise up  
and destroy your oppressor.

That's interesting advice,  
coming from a slave owner.

Men have enslaved each other  
since they invented gods  
to forgive them for doing it.

I have seen Jews build Egypt's glory.

Seen Christians  
thrown to lions with my own eyes.

And I have seen Africans sell  
their own kind to Europeans.

May I share one of the  
revelations of my 5,000 years?

We're all slaves to something.

I, to eternity.

You, to your convictions. Others,  
to the color of their skin.

All I ever wanted  
was to see my kind granted  
their rightful place.

But there are those of us,  
those like your friend Henry,  
who enjoy living in the dark.

And as you're doubtless aware,

I cannot personally  
destroy him, nor he I.

You, Mr. Lincoln,

you could eliminate those  
last pockets of resistance,  
beginning with Henry Sturges himself.  
All I ask....  
is for you to break your chains.  
Kill your master.  
Be free.  
And if I refuse?  
Then you go on your merry way.  
After I make you one of us, and  
spoon-feed you your friend.  
Now, a simple "yes"  
or "no" will suffice.  
Kill Henry,  
save your friend.  
Feel free to take your  
time to decide. Five,  
four,  
three,  
two,  
one.  
Come on.  
This way.  
Miss Tubman, Miss Tubman.  
We have been waiting for you.  
Come quickly.  
People getting killed every day.  
Slaves disappearing.  
Some people talk about  
monsters and demons.  
Good morning.  
Good morning.  
How can I assist you  
on this beautiful day?  
We're looking for three men.  
You know, I did see someone  
run down that way.  
You're welcome to come in if you like.  
Our service is about to begin.  
Right, let's keep going.  
I take it you all came from up North?  
Yes, ma'am.  
Well, I suggest you get back  
there as fast as you can.

There's a war coming.  
A war for the soul of the country.  
Going to be all colors  
of blood spilled.  
Our nation was built  
on the backs of slaves.  
Their labor, their blood.  
More blood than you  
could possibly imagine.  
I have seen this horror  
of the South firsthand.  
I say the need for peace  
outweighs the needs of the blacks.  
I say that if the people of  
this great nation want slavery,  
then let them have it.  
The demon of slavery is  
tearing our country apart.  
We must stand up.  
We must stand strong and fight.  
Fight for the very  
soul of our nation.  
Until every man is free,  
we are all slaves.  
You cannot take on slavery, Abraham.  
You cannot take on the whole South.  
Why, because of Adam? No.  
Are you afraid of him?  
Because it is the only thing that has  
kept them sated for all these years,  
and you take that away,  
then no one is safe.  
So you get to choose  
who lives and who dies.  
A great man once said,  
"What we do, we do not for ourselves,"  
"not for one man, but for  
the good of all mankind."  
Not all mankind, Abraham.  
Abe?  
May I have my husband back?  
He's all yours, Mrs. Lincoln.  
Henry only saw the struggle his way.  
But I began at last to see it another.

To see and to feel the even  
greater issues at stake.  
So, he and I would  
go our separate ways.  
As the Bible says,  
the time had come for me to  
put aside childish things.  
I would fight not with an axe,  
but with words and ideals.  
For a time,  
they proved a stronger weapon.  
Lincoln. Lincoln. Lincoln.  
I appear before you  
to take, in your presence,  
the oath prescribed by the  
Constitution of the United States  
to be taken by the president  
before he enters on the  
execution of this office.  
The question of slavery is better  
settled with a pen than with a sword.  
Fire.  
Through twists of fate,  
I found myself at 50 years of age,  
the father of a nation that  
was tearing itself apart  
while trying to be  
the father to a boy  
not much older than I was  
when I lost my mother.  
When's the last time  
you had something to eat?  
I am not hungry, thank you.  
You have got to eat, Abe.  
You're only human.  
Come along, Willie.  
Willie.  
Willie.  
If you do this, there is  
no turning back, Abe.  
I know.  
I am trying to protect  
the freedom of a nation.  
If this war is truly a

stand against evil,  
then let it stand for something.  
If it is a war for the freedom of man,  
why not give all men  
a reason to fight it?  
"All persons held as slaves"  
"within any state or  
designated part of a state,"  
"the people whereof  
shall be in rebellion:"  
"against the United States  
shall be then..."  
"...and henceforward shall be free."

Good morning.

Precious little one,  
what's your name?

Willie.

And your father?

What's his?

Abraham.

What a beautiful silver sword.

How is our little soldier faring?

I have never seen anything like it.

I am sorry.

I don't know what ails your boy.

Abe.

Mary's calling for you.

I am so sorry, Abraham.

Why didn't they take me?

Because they know

it is a fate much worse than death.

Mary

is inconsolable.

She says she doesn't want  
to go on without him.

There is a way, Abraham.

You know that I can restore the dead.

Do it.

Do it.

Mary...

Do it.

Your journal

the one you always

kept in your coat pocket,



I know I shouldn't have, Abe, but I  
needed to know what you were hiding.  
If what you say is true,  
I beg you,  
give us our little boy back.  
Mary, he wouldn't be our little boy.  
He would be something else,  
something terrible.  
Trust me, you don't want that.  
You're asking me to trust you?  
After you lied to me  
for all these years.  
I did it to protect you,  
to protect our family.  
And how did that work out?  
You did this, Abe.  
You did this.  
You brought this on him.  
You brought this on our boy.  
Let me go to them.  
Make a truce with Adam.  
We must stop this war.  
Willie's death is just the beginning.  
Don't you dare say his name.  
I warned you.  
You didn't heed me.  
How many more boys will have to  
die before you listen to me?  
These boys are dying in vain.  
We should pull the troops back.  
Abraham, this war has  
cost us countless lives,  
not to mention millions of dollars.  
I thought we were going to  
make this country great,  
not tear it apart.  
This is the only way we can  
save the country now, Speed.  
Send in troops.  
Union troops are  
flooding onto the field.  
We are now outnumbered  
and ill-equipped  
compared to the North.

We will support you,  
but you will need to support us.  
No, thank you.  
Rest assured, Mr. Davis,  
you will have as many  
of my kind as you need.  
Fire.  
Fire.  
Ready.  
Aim.  
Here they come.  
Fire.  
Why did they drop their rifles?  
Fire.  
It's the first day of Gettysburg.  
It's been a disaster.  
I don't think the army  
can survive another.  
If the rebels break through,  
they will be here in days.  
The generals think we  
should evacuate Washington.  
Run the war from New York or  
Boston, if need be.  
You have to win this war.  
If you don't, then all of it...  
Then our son's death  
will have been for nothing.  
How can I win a war  
when I can't even  
protect my own family?  
Our men have no way of defending  
themselves against this enemy.  
When our bullets are useless, our  
bayonets are powerless as this fork.  
This...  
Will.  
Speed.  
This. This is what we need.  
A fork.  
Silver.  
Okay, okay.  
How much do we need?  
All of it.

And why tell me this, Mr. Speed?  
Why betray your friend?  
He is my friend, but I  
love this country even more.  
And he, more than anyone, is responsible  
for tearing this nation apart.  
You have done the right thing.  
I know.  
That is a lot of silver, Abe.  
Now, how are we going  
to get all this there?  
I am sorry, Mary.  
I am sorry I have kept you  
in the dark all these years.  
I need you, Mary.  
I have waited a long time  
to hear you say those words.  
I want you to leave Washington, Mary.  
Miss Tubman, please have some tea.  
I very much appreciate you  
coming to speak with me today.  
Oh, yes.  
Things have not been easy,  
what with my...  
The death of my son and the war.  
I need to get out of Washington.  
And I need a lot of help.  
This war ends tonight.  
And with it,  
our millennia of darkness.  
We have to do this on our own.  
No one can know what's on that train.  
If we don't get those weapons  
to those boys at Gettysburg,  
the war is over.  
It's time we had a nation of our own.  
Come,  
we have a train to catch.  
It's 80 miles from here to Gettysburg.  
Eighty miles will decide whether  
this nation belongs to the living  
or the dead.  
Is everything all right, Speed?  
I just can't believe you're

still writing in that book.  
It's all in here, Speed.  
The good with the bad.  
What's this?  
They're fleeing the nest.  
Leaving Washington free for us.  
Look at me.  
I said look at me.  
Leave her.  
Don't want to miss this train.  
Let's go.  
Henry, what the hell  
are you doing here?  
I just wanted to see how far  
your foolishness would take you.  
I don't have time to argue.  
I didn't come here to argue with you.  
I came here to tell you that your  
dear friend Speed back there  
is a traitor.  
He betrayed you, Abe.  
Speed is leading you...  
You have no idea  
what you're talking about.  
That's all according to plan.  
You must get off this train.  
No, you must get off this train.  
This is not your war, Henry.  
Ah.  
They're here, Abe.  
A whole heap of them.  
We can't let them stop this train.  
You go through there and you're dead.  
Get out now, it's your last chance.  
Did you load that thing?  
We have got to keep them  
away from the locomotive.  
Why don't you let him go, Lincoln?  
Emancipate yourselves.  
I will never follow you.  
Oh, you don't have to follow me, Abe.  
I have the train.  
I have the silver.  
Soon I will have the whole country.

I am going to destroy the  
myth of Abraham Lincoln  
so that history will forever  
know you not as a man,  
but as a monster.  
Lincoln set us up.  
We have been tricked, Adam.  
There is no silver on this train.  
Abe.  
Abe.  
Abe.  
Hello, Speed.  
Where is the silver?  
Silver?  
Should be here.  
Why did you lie to me?  
To get you all in one place,  
to finish you.  
Speed?  
No.  
Mr. President.  
There is nowhere left to run, Lincoln.  
Where is it?  
Where is the silver?  
Right here.  
Thank you, Henry.  
I suppose some vampires  
can be trusted.  
As can some men, Abraham.  
If the train was a decoy,  
where is the silver?  
This isn't the only rail road.  
A wise man once taught me,  
always have a contingency plan.  
Get me more.  
Bayonets. Bayonets for  
Springfield muskets.  
Springfield muskets.  
Five-pounders and grenades are  
in the second wagon in the back.  
Go now, go now.  
Fire.  
Four score and seven years ago,  
our fathers brought forth

on this continent  
a new nation conceived in liberty  
and dedicated to the proposition  
that all men are created equal.  
Now we are engaged  
in a great civil war,  
testing whether that  
nation, or any nation  
so conceived and so dedicated,  
can long endure.  
It is for us, the living, rather  
to be dedicated here  
to the unfinished work  
which they who fought here  
have thus far so nobly advanced.  
It is rather for us  
to be here dedicated  
to the great task remaining before us  
that from these honored dead we take  
increased devotion to that cause  
for which they gave the last  
full measure of devotion,  
that we here highly  
resolve that these dead  
shall not have died in vain,  
and that this nation, under God,  
shall have a new birth of freedom,  
and that government  
of the people, by the  
people, for the people,  
shall not perish from the earth.  
Our enemies have made their exodus.  
Some back to Europe,  
some to South America and the Orient.  
They have seen that America shall  
forever be a nation of living men,  
a nation of free men.  
We make rather a good team, you and I.  
One can't help but think of all the  
good we could do if we had more time.  
Limitless time.  
Lincoln.  
Yes, well, time waits for no man.  
We're going to be late for the theater.

Hold onto this for me, Henry.  
Mary, darling,  
have you seen my hat?  
It's on your desk in the office.  
Have you seen my hat?  
Abraham, let me make you immortal.  
Let us fight through the  
ages, side by side.  
Vampires are not the only  
things that live forever.  
History prefers legends to men.  
It prefers nobility to brutality.  
Soaring speeches to quiet deeds.  
History remembers the battle  
and forgets the blood.  
However history remembers  
me, if it does at all,  
it shall only remember  
a fraction of the truth.  
One more.  
A guy only gets that drunk when he  
wants to kiss a girl or kill a man.  
So, which is it?  
# I watched you fall  
apart and chased you to the end #  
# I am left with emptiness  
that words cannot defend #  
# You will never know what  
I became because of you #  
# Ten thousand promises #  
# Ten thousand ways to lose #  
# And you held it all #  
# And I was by your side #  
# Powerless #  
# Powerless #