

EXT. A ROAD THROUGH THE FOREST - DAY

The next morning, we meet Lieutenant Edmund once more, riding on horseback next to Mathew, Achilles, and Yuri. All three are wearing uniforms, except for Achilles, whose corpulent body is clad in rattling and a bit rusty hussar armor.

The road behind them is shrouded in the dense morning fog, so we can see only a few horse soldiers (both royal dragoons and duke's cossacks) following our four heroes.

The atmosphere surrounding the scene is dark and surreal, hinting at the unknown dangers lurking in the forest.

ACHILLES

Dear sirs, if you excuse my language, I can't see shit in this fog. Don't you think it would be prudent to postpone this whole expedition?

MATHEW

Don't play dumb now, Klepacki. Afraid all of a sudden? We have the advantage in numbers, goddammit.

YURI

The duke ordered all the serfs to light fires around the entrance to the forest.

MATHEW

That's right! Once we hit them, they scattered like scared quails.

Not wanting to be a part of this discussion, Edmund tries to pierce the ubiquitous fog with his eyes.

EDMUND

What do you think, gents? How many of them are there?

ACHILLES

Ten, hundred, thousand maybe. Like my old man said once - you can never have enough force to fight haidamaky!

MATHEW

They're simple bandits, Klepacki. Stop spreading folk tales.

ACHILLES

(more to himself)
Yessir...

All of a sudden, Yuri halts his horse and gives the sign to stop to both three companions and forces behind.

MATHEW
What in the devil?

The captain of the Cossacks extends his finger up towards one of the upper branches of a tree in front of the cavalcade. There, one of the branches is occupied by a strange, whiskered man wearing a fur hat. The stranger's attire seems somewhat similar to Yuri's, although without any sign of the noble emblems.

ANONYMOUS COSSACK
(tipping off his hat)
Zdrastuyte, panowie Lachy!

MATHEW
(turning to his men)
A rebel - get him, lads!

Yet, before anyone can even grasp what is to come, all surrounding bushes and tree stumps EXPLODE with musket fire. Bullets start to cut down Poles and their allies as well as kill their horses, who die shrieking horribly.

Tens of hajdamaky troops stream from their woodland defenses, shooting pistols and waving their sabers.

MATHEW (cont'd)
Form the line, dammit!

Mathew's screams are lost in the sounds of the surrounding battle. Minutes become hours, as the forest grass runs down with the red blood of the butchered men.