

Revere

By

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Draft 2.0
Warner Brothers Pictures

FADE IN:

TITLES OVER

A dim coal burning flame grows stronger. A thick leather bellows feeds it precious oxygen. Rough strong hands, scarred from years of hard work, drop silver ingots into a dark container.

With tongs, the hands place the container into a hot furnace.

The molten metal is poured onto a mold. Its color changes from yellow to silver again.

The silver sheet is still hot and malleable as the hands lift it off the mold with tongs and move it to a small anvil.

A fine hammer begins pounding the silver sheet around the head of the anvil. The beginnings of a bowl.

Dunked in chilled water, the still crude bowl sizzles as it cools. The hands etch a delicate pattern into the bowl with a fine chisel.

The bowl gleams in the sunlight. The hands place it back on the anvil. They place a short iron template against the bowl then strike it with a heavy mallet.

As the template is pulled away we see the unique mark of a lion holding a shield and square letters that boldly read: REVERE.

END TITLES

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

The bowl's craftsman as he holds it up to the light to admire its form. This is PAUL REVERE. With shoulder-length hair, warm intelligent eyes and a roguish smile, Revere cuts a handsome figure.

Paul, carrying the bowl, crosses to the front window of his shop. As he places the newly crafted bowl in front he looks up to see...

REVERE'S POV

A column of Redcoat SOLDIERS marching down Paul's narrow street.

ON REVERE

He steps back from the window and goes to his front door.

EXT. REVERE'S STREET - CONTINUOUS DUSK

The streets are lined with SHOPKEEPERS and PEDESTRIANS as Revere steps out into the street.

The soldiers march in precision time to a DRUM beat. In front of the column, two MEN carry a scarlet banner and the Union Jack.

Revere's shop is one in a long line of neat, cramped together two and three story dwellings with wooden exteriors.

Revere steps out into the street and looks across, past the soldiers, to two men; WILLIAM DAWES and SEABORN WALKER.

Dawes is a big imposing man about Revere's age and probably what Revere would look like if he didn't aspire to more: unshaven and dirty. Walker, a black man in his late twenties is a former slave who now works as a wainwright.

The three men lock eyes and their faces betray their concern. Paul signals to the two men. They acknowledge him and turn to close their shops.

Paul disappears back inside his store.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FOREST ROAD - NIGHT

The moon rising over a thick forest. HOOFBEATS. Far away and getting nearer. The New Hampshire forest surrounding this desolate stretch of road is dark and foreboding.

Revere gallops into view and moves down the road. Somewhere in the distance is the sound of DRUMS TAPPING. Revere pulls his horse up and slows to a stop. He cocks his head listening.

A worried look comes over his face as he moves off the road and charges over snowy ground. Tri-cornered hat pulled down, cape flapping in the wind, he weaves around trees.

The rhythmic TAPPING getting louder, Revere crests a ridge and looks at the valley below him.

ANGLE ON VALLEY

Filled with hundreds of Redcoats on the march with drummers BEATING out a cadence. The same scarlet banners lead the procession.

ON REVERE

Sturdy and determined. Paul's mare, BROWN BEAUTY, snorts and stamps at the ground impatiently.

REVERE

Quiet now, Beauty. Just a few miles more.

Paul has thirty hard miles behind him, a horse near dead, he's freezing his ass off, and to make matters worse the British are coming.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Riding across an icy stream into an open field Revere approaches a clearing.

As Revere slowly rides the COCK of a hunting musket stops him.

A MUSKET MAN steps forward, his gun trained on Revere's back.

MUSKET MAN

Throw down your arms.

Revere slowly unholsters a long pistol and drops it to the ground.

MUSKET MAN (CONT'D)

Who are you?

Revere is impatient, sore and stiff. His boots hit the ground. He turns to face the Man, who raises his musket.

REVERE

Revere. From Boston. It's John Sullivan I'm after.

MUSKET MAN

Revere? Then I must be king George hisself.

Revere grabs the barrel and yanks it out of his hands. He prods the old man.

REVERE

After you, your highness.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Revere, now holding the musket, follows the Musket Man through the dark woods to the light of a small fire. Wrapped around the fire are eight MILITIAMEN. JOHN SULLIVAN, an old Irishman, stands among them. He looks at Revere then down on the helpless Musket Man.

SULLIVAN

(sighing)

This is what I'm saddled with, Paul.
Farmers and old men.

REVERE

Sully, I have orders from Joseph
Warren.

SULLIVAN

So, what are these orders?

REVERE

The British plan to move their powder
from Fort William and Mary.

SULLIVAN

And Warren wants us to blow it up
before they get a chance...

REVERE

No...

SULLIVAN

Thank God for that.

REVERE

...he wants us to steal it.

SULLIVAN

Steal it! Blowing it up is dangerous
enough.

REVERE

The British are marching in new troops
from Boston tonight. The fort will
have a token force defending it, but
we only have three hours until they
arrive.

Sullivan's look says: three hours isn't enough time.

EXT. FOREST ROAD - NIGHT

The Redcoats march forward.

CUT TO:

EXT. FORT WILLIAM AND MARY - NIGHT

The fort is a garrison of stacked logs on the bank of the river. A Redcoat stands guard in the tower. Revere and Sullivan survey the fort from the shore. Several rafts are behind them.

SULLIVAN

There should only be eight men inside.

REVERE

Eight men guarding a hundred barrels of powder. They won't make that mistake again after tonight.

The noise of branches SNAPPING draws the men's attention. Sullivan pulls his gun. Out of the darkness steps William Dawes and Seaborn Walker.

The rebels all stand down as Paul introduces his two friends. Sullivan studies Walker.

REVERE (CONT'D)

John Sullivan. This is Billy Dawes and Seaborn Walker.

SULLIVAN

Using runaway slaves now, Paul?

REVERE

Seaborn's a free man.

WALKER

Sam Adams himself freed me. He paid the £50 to the town of Boston out of his own pocket.

REVERE

No North End Mechanic needs to explain himself to anyone.

SULLIVAN

Then you won't hear it again from my lips.

The men nod as Dawes steps to Paul.

DAWES

The west wall is the lowest.

WALKER

I can be up and over it in three seconds.

REVERE

We've only got about an hour left.
Let's move fast.

EXT. FORT - NIGHT

A single MAN stands guard above the main gate. A LOUD GUNSHOT catches his attention. Revere stands before the fort.

REVERE

You up there. Open the doors. I've come to take your powder.

The guard looks around incredulous.

GUARD

Are you mad? Why should I open the doors for a highwayman?

Sullivan and thirty men march up behind Paul.

REVERE

If you don't...
(dead serious)
...we'll kill you.

The guard's smile fades as several other Redcoats join the guard at the sentry post.

Sullivan steps next to Paul.

SULLIVAN

That's all eight of them...

Paul nods and fires his gun in the air.

EXT. REAR OF THE FORT - CONTINUOUS

Dawes and Walker, crouched beside the rear wall of the fort, hear the echo of the gunshot.

WALKER

That's it.

Dawes tosses the grappling hook and rope into the air hooking it to the top of the rampart. He gives it a tug and hands it to Walker who begins climbing.

EXT. FRONT OF THE FORT - CONTINUOUS

CAPTAIN CORCORAN, the British officer in charge, arrives at the wall and calls down to the rebels.

CORCORAN

You men have 30 seconds to clear out
or my men open fire.

REVERE

Open the door.

CORCORAN

25 seconds.

The rebels and Sullivan look to Paul uneasily.

INT. FORT - CONTINUOUS

Walker weaves through the fort hiding behind wagons. He sees the heavy doors to the fort and the beam which holds them shut. With his eyes on the prize, he dashes across the compound.

One of the British soldiers up on the rampart catches Walker's movement below him. He turns and fires a shot.

The rebels raise their guns and open fire at the British.

INT. FORT - CONTINUOUS

Other Redcoats raise their guns to fire at Walker. Bullets hit the ground at his feet as he struggles with the oak beam, finally lifting it and letting the doors swing open.

EXT. FRONT OF THE FORT - CONTINUOUS

Thirty rebels charge the fort with muskets in hand. They hit the door sweeping it open and pushing the Redcoats aside. The colonials race through the courtyard overwhelming the undermanned fort.

INT. FORT - NIGHT

Corcoran is seated as Revere and Sullivan bind his wrists.

CORCORAN

This is a grave mistake you're making;
stealing the property of your King.

REVERE

Your King. Not mine.

EXT. STORAGE SILO - NIGHT

Revere, Dawes and Sullivan enter a squat stone silo, used for storing gunpowder inside the fort.

INT. STORAGE SILO - CONTINUOUS

The room is wall-to-wall barrels of gunpowder.

REVERE

All right. Everybody take off your shoes.

There is a rumble of protest.

DAWES

Take off our shoes? It's freezing out here!

Revere takes off his shoes. He scrapes his iron-plated heel across the flagstone path, producing a flurry of sparks.

REVERE

See that? Strike a spark around that powder and you won't be complaining about the cold.

Walker shoots Dawes a look.

TRACKING ALONG a line of bare feet the Rebels pass powder barrels down the line with extreme care.

EXT. RIVER - CONTINUOUS

The rebels haul the barrels down to the rafts. Revere's bare feet hit the icy water and he wades to the raft.

SULLIVAN

Where are we taking it?

REVERE

We'll go up river to Berman's Mill.
I have carts there.

SULLIVAN
Up river? Under those guns?

Sullivan points to the heavy cannons jutting from the fort, aimed at the river.

REVERE
That's right. Who's going to fire them?

Sullivan nods beyond Revere, to the forest line. Revere turns.

REVERE'S POV - HORIZON

Redcoats emerge from the forest. They're early.

SULLIVAN
Them.

REVERE
(realizing)
They could probably do it. Make sure we get every last barrel. Then prepare to move out -- up river. Seaborn, hand me my saddlebag.

Walker lifts Revere's saddlebag from the boat. Revere slings the leather bag over his shoulder. Tools CLANK inside.

REVERE (CONT'D)
Dawes. You and Seaborn get these rafts moving. I'm going to spike those cannons. I'll signal when it's safe to pass.

SULLIVAN
What's the signal?

REVERE
You'll know it when you see it.

EXT. FORT - NIGHT

Revere runs to the fort and enters as the Redcoats approach.

INT. FORT STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Revere runs up a steep and winding stairwell.

EXT. TOP DECK OF FORT - CONTINUOUS

Revere stops just short of the top of the stairs. He spots the heavy cannons aimed at the river below. On the flagpole, the British flag is huge and FLAPPING in the stiff breeze.

Revere runs to the first cannon. He reaches into his saddlebag and removes a hammer and metal spike. He places the spike carefully on the firing mechanism and brings the hammer down hard. A piece breaks off and CLINKS on the floor.

EXT. FORT - CONTINUOUS

Hundreds of Redcoats arrive at the fort's main entrance.

EXT. TOP DECK OF FORT - CONTINUOUS

Revere continues his skillful sabotage.

INT. FORT - CONTINUOUS

The soldiers enter Corcoran's quarters only to find him and his fellow Redcoats tied to chairs.

CORCORAN

The rebels. They've stolen the powder.
There's one here now.

EXT. TOP DECK OF FORT - CONTINUOUS

A REDCOAT sneaks up behind Revere and draws his long sword.

Revere's hammer stops in the air. He turns fast and the sword comes down. Revere dives left and the sword sparks on the cannon barrel. Revere brings his hammer down hard, breaking off the sword tip.

Paul ducks and dodges what's left of his opponent's sword.

EXT. RIVERBANK - CONTINUOUS

Sullivan and the rebels are on the rafts, waiting. He can see the fort is swarming with soldiers, but he can't see Revere.

SULLIVAN

Come on, Revere. Where's the signal?

EXT. TOP DECK OF FORT - CONTINUOUS

Revere is backed up against the flagpole, unarmed. The REDCOAT swings. Revere ducks. The blade severs the flag support rope.

EXT. RIVERBANK - CONTINUOUS

Sullivan and the rebels watch as the British flag falls, folding in the wind. Sullivan's eyes light up at the spectacular sight.

SULLIVAN

The signal! Move out!

Rebels, waist-deep in water, push the rafts into the current.

EXT. TOP DECK OF FORT - CONTINUOUS

The flag spills down. Revere punches the Redcoat hard and leaps out of the way as the flag blankets the unconscious man.

Revere races to the edge of the wall.

REVERE'S POV

The rebel rafts drift into range of the remaining live cannons.

REVERE

That's not the signal!

The boots on the stairs grow louder now. Revere gathers his tools and quickly works to disarm the cannons. One, two, three...done.

FOUR REDCOATS reach the top of the stairs, rifles raised.

Revere swings his saddlebag over his head while running as hard as he can to the edge of the wall. Captain Corcoran pushes through, rubbing rope-burned wrists.

CORCORAN

You have two choices: surrender or die!

Revere looks down. Way down. The river churns below. British GUNS COCK. He's got no choice.

Revere, smiling his trademark smile, raises his hands to surrender and in an instant makes a move to jump off the rampart.

CORCORAN (CONT'D)

Fire! Fire!

The Redcoats FIRE. A SERIES of thunderous POPS fill the air with yellow smoke.

Bullets splinter wood around him. Revere plummets into the river with a terrific SPLASH.

UNDERWATER

Revere is sinking fast. The heavy saddlebag, caught around his neck, causes him to sink even faster. He thrashes, finally pulling the bag strap free. It sinks. He rises.

EXT. RIVER - CONTINUOUS

Revere breaks the surface, gasping for air. Sullivan reaches down and pulls Revere out of the water. The rebels cheer and wave. Revere pats Sullivan's shoulders.

REVERE

Hancock and Adams are going to be happy about this.

SULLIVAN

Don't be so eager to get in with those Boston rebels. They're not like us, you know. High-born and all.

REVERE

We're all in it together.

SULLIVAN

You've got a lot to learn. Sam Adams hasn't done an honest days work in his life. And John Hancock -- he can't wait for the day he crowns himself king.

A volley of GUNFIRE splashes in the water around the rafts.

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)

I can't say I'll be sad to see you go, Paul. I have a feeling I'll live longer.

Revere pulls the man down as a musketball shatters the wood where Sullivan was standing.

REVERE

You'll live longer if you keep your head down.

The loaded rafts float down the river disappearing into the darkness.

CUT TO:

INT. GREEN DRAGON TAVERN - NIGHT

Large wooden booths and tables crowd the large pub. A large hearth along the far wall radiates heat from the roaring fire.

Revere stands away from the rough crowd with DR. JOSEPH WARREN. Warren is in his early 40's with clothes that show his inherited wealth. He has a pleasant, eager face.

Dawes and Walker sit in a long booth near the fire with BENTLEY and RICHARDSON, two rough-hewn mechanics.

DAWES

I'm still freezing. This raid was the worst yet. It was cold and Paul made us go into the water without our shoes on. I can't feel my toes.

WALKER

Quit yer bellyaching. You complain about everything. When we was splashing tea into the harbor you complained because you got wet.

DAWES

Somebody pushed me into the water.

WALKER

You were drunk and fell in.

DAWES

I drank bad rum and it's not like you've never tripped over anything.

WALKER

Not with these feet. I was born at sea. That makes me sure-footed.

The door to the pub opens and SAM ADAMS and JOHN HANCOCK step inside.

Adams wears clothes that are shabby and too small for his squat body. He is old and his hands shake from palsy. Hancock is a young, tall, foppish man wearing the finest clothes in North America.

Seeing them, the INNKEEPER scans the room for a booth for his two prestigious guests, then scurries over to Dawes's booth.

INNKEEPER

Out! Out of the booth now.

DAWES

We're sitting here.

INNKEEPER

Get out! This table is for important people. People who pay in silver. Now get out!

The four men rise. Grumbling, they look at Hancock and Adams with contempt.

RICHARDSON

It ain't fair.

INNKEEPER

I decide what's fair in my inn.
(to Adams and Hancock)
Gentlemen. The best booth awaits.

Hancock and Adams walk over and sit in the booth. The Innkeeper walks away as Paul and Dr. Warren move into the booth.

ADAMS

Did you get all the powder?

REVERE

Every grain.

HANCOCK

And it's well-hidden?

REVERE

It's on its way to Taunton. It'll be safe until we get a chance to move it to Concord.

ADAMS

Good. Good work, Paul. Your efforts are greatly appreciated.

REVERE

Anything I can do. Why don't you stay? Have a drink?

The trio looks around the seedy room and almost considers it.

HANCOCK

No. Thank you. Maybe another time. Our new governor has slipped into town, our final punishment for the tea. I have an early appointment with him.

REVERE

New governor?

ADAMS

General Thomas Gage. He arrived yesterday from London.

Adams and Hancock stand.

ADAMS (CONT'D)

Goodnight, Paul. We are in your debt.

The men shake hands and move away from Paul.

HANCOCK

Do you think we can trust him? A man of his station...he could be easily bribed.

ADAMS

Revere's our connection to the working man. We need them, unless, of course, you plan to take up a rifle yourself when the time comes.

WARREN

I've know Paul for 15 years. His word is his bond.

ANGLE ON REVERE

Revere's face is grim as he sits alone at the table. Dawes and Walker stagger up and sit in the booth next to Paul.

DAWES

See that, Revere? We're good enough to do their dirty work, but not good enough to drink with.

Revere, disturbed by the news of Gage's arrival, forces himself to lighten up.

REVERE

Who can blame them. Look at you two.
You'd scare your own mothers.

CUT TO:

EXT. NORTH SQUARE (BOSTON) - DAY

The first rays of light peek over the horizon as Revere rides down a quiet street. He hops off Brown Beauty, strokes her neck and ties her to a post outside his house. The horse begins to whinny loudly. Revere grabs his horse by the bridle and pulls her close.

REVERE

You wake her up and I'll sell you
for glue.

The horse playfully nudges him. Revere reaches into his bag and pulls out a carrot.

He walks up to the front door, takes a deep breath to fortify himself and enters.

INT. REVERE HOUSE, BEDROOM - DAY

The bedroom door opens. Paul's second wife, RACHEL, is asleep in bed. Rachel, a woman of strength, compassion and a deeply religious nature, is completely devoted to Paul and her adopted family.

Paul tries to be quiet as he creeps toward the bed, his boots in his hand. Each step he makes is a loud CREAK. Quietly shedding his clothes Paul thinks he's pulled it off when...

RACHEL

If you think you'll be sleeping on
my clean sheets stinking of the road,
then you must be mad.

PAUL

Rachel...I know it's late, but I had
to...

Rachel turns to get a better look at Paul.

RACHEL

Don't tell me.

(MORE)

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Whatever you did, please don't tell me. It's better that way. When they come to question me about what my husband did last night, and they always do, I would prefer not to lie.

REVERE

I missed you.

RACHEL

Isn't it bad enough you got the port closed?

REVERE

I'm to blame for that?

RACHEL

You and your seditious friends.

Revere backs down; she's right.

REVERE

It seemed like a good idea at the time.

RACHEL

Good idea? To throw all that tea into the harbor when your business is making teapots?

REVERE

Teapots be damned. I'd rather make a business of keeping you happy.

Paul leans in to kiss Rachel. She pushes him away.

RACHEL

Paul, please. You're filthy. PAUL!

Paul rolls her atop him and smiles his trademark smile. She softens looking down at him affectionately.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

You take so many risks, Paul...

REVERE

What's life without a few risks?

RACHEL

Safer. A whole lot safer.

He shivers and sneezes. Rachel climbs off the bed and heads for the door. Paul reaches out and clutches her arm. She smiles and gently releases his grasp.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
I'll bring you something warm. And a bucket to soak your feet.

Revere smiles, comforted.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
You'll be no good to us dead.

CUT TO:

EXT. NORTH SQUARE (BOSTON) - DAY

The street is alive with peddlers and shopkeepers.

Across the street from Revere's shop, Dawes opens the doors to his shop and sweeps away leaves and dirt.

A few doors down, a barn door opens and Walker pulls out a wagon. He begins mending a broken wheel.

Rachel comes out of the building and opens up two large shutters revealing several pieces of fine silverwork in a display case.

INT. REVERE'S SHOP - CONTINUOUS

As Rachel comes inside there is a chaotic scene of children: there's DEBBY, 15; SARAH, 10; FRANCES, 9; MARY, 7; ELIZABETH, 5...all children from Revere's previous marriage.

Paul and PAUL JR., Paul's bright 12 year-old, sit hunched over an ornate silver walking stick carefully etching it.

REVERE
Slowly you come down the back always
keeping your hand to the outside.

The young boy tries to follow his father's direction.

Rachel moves around the shop herding the kids.

RACHEL
Come on, children. The headmaster
will lock you all out if you're not
to school on time.

Debby brushes her hair daydreaming.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Debby, I count on your help to get your brothers and sisters going so please...

DEBBY

Well, Rachel. I don't see how it's my responsibility. Perhaps you shouldn't have married a man with so many children.

Rachel gives Debby a look as if they've had this argument several times before.

Paul's ears prick up, he stands and moves between Debby and Rachel.

REVERE

(to Debby)

And maybe you could be a little more understanding. Rachel is only asking what I expect of you.

Debby looks at her father with exasperation and moves to her younger sister. Rachel turns to Paul.

RACHEL

I can manage these children myself.

REVERE

I know you can. It's just Debby was very close with her mother...

Rachel looks past Paul to Paul Jr. who sits hunched over the silver walking stick.

RACHEL

It's time for your son to get off to school, too.

REVERE

Just a few more minutes. The boy needs to learn the trade.

RACHEL

He needs to learn to spell.

REVERE

Very well. I'll take him myself.

Rachel smiles and moves off to attend to the other children.

PAUL JR

I'll get my books.

Revere pulls Paul Jr. aside and whispers to him.

REVERE

Leave your books to later. I thought
we might go to the commons and see
how Boston welcomes a new governor.

Paul Jr. smiles with his father conspiratorially.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOSTON COMMONS - DAY

The commons is nothing more than a vast field for grazing
cattle. Its wide open expanse has made it the drill grounds
for the British presence in Boston.

Hundreds of BRITISH SOLDIERS stand at attention. Their crisp
red uniforms are in direct contrast to the dull and worn
clothing of the Bostonians watching the gathering from the
high ground.

A raised platform serves as a review stand with several high-
ranking BRITISH OFFICERS milling about.

Several aristocratic LADIES stand in a small group not far
from the platform. Among them is a striking young woman with
raven black hair. This is MARGARET KEMBLE-GAGE, the American-
born wife of General Thomas Gage. Late thirties, she's
radiantly beautiful as she watches the growing crowd.

PANNING THE CROWD we see Revere. Paul Jr. stands in front of
his father angling for a better view.

PAUL JR.

Why is the King sending a new
governor?

REVERE

Because he is angry that he can't
tell us what to do anymore. Your
Grandfather came here from France
when he was about your age. He was
scared and alone with no money and
no friends. The promise of freedom
was all he had.

Revere kneels down to his son's level.

REVERE (CONT'D)

I want you to have the life he dreamed
about.

Paul Jr. looks into his father's eyes and sees his passion. A moment passes between them.

Dawes, sharing a laugh with Walker, walks up and joins Revere and his son.

DAWES

Paul. Everything's ready.

Paul gives Dawes a shut up look and Dawes nods.

WALKER

Have you seen the new governor's wife yet?

The men all look to the platform and Revere locks eyes on Margaret.

DAWES

Now there's a codfish I wouldn't mind taking a bite of.

REVERE

If you mean to say she's beautiful, that's an understatement.

WALKER

What he means to say is he'd like to...

REVERE

Enough. My son's here.

Dawes points through the crowd.

DAWES

Look, there's that bastard, Mitchell.

ANGLE ON

MAJOR MITCHELL is General Gage's primary enforcer. Boastful and belligerent, Mitchell is a hardened veteran with little regard for human life. His open contempt for the people of Boston is outdone only by his cruelty toward them.

The Major carefully eyes the growing crowd, suspicious of their every move.

MITCHELL

Captain Moore, Captain Ennos. Send five of your men into the crowd over there. I don't want to see groups of more than three standing together.

An overweight, red-faced gentleman in fine European clothes helps himself on the dais. This is SECRETARY FLUCKER.

FLUCKER

You're not going to win any friends that way.

MITCHELL

I'm not looking for friends amongst this rabble. I'm looking for sedition.

FLUCKER

Oh. Well, there's plenty of that.

Their conversation is cut short by the rising cheer of the soldiers. The two look up to see mounted officers cutting through the crowd. Riding in the lead is GENERAL THOMAS GAGE, the newly appointed governor of Massachusetts and most powerful military man in the Colonies. Even-tempered and dryly arrogant, Gage is a battle-hardened aristocrat.

The soldiers cheer and separate making a wide path for their leader. As he approaches the platform, Gage dismounts and joins Flucker and Mitchell.

A growing crowd of Bostonians watch the pomp and circumstance some cheering loudly while others hurl insults.

After an exchange of salutes, Gage takes the stand. He faces the troops and holds a long look.

GAGE

Members of his Majesty's fourteenth and twenty-ninth regiments and loyal citizens of Boston, I stand before you not as an adversary, but as a protector. Not as an enemy, but as a friend.

Some of the officers look at each other a bit nervous.

GAGE (CONT'D)

I won't pretend all is well between the colonies and the Crown. But what is past is past save one thing -- the tea. From this moment forward I ask only that you obey the King's law and make reparations for the tea that was destroyed...

A MUMBLING among the crowd of people is punctuated by jeers and whistles. Gage scans the crowd waiting for them to quiet.

In the distance, a deep RUMBLING, like an earthquake slowly mounting, echoes through the surroundings.

General Gage and his officers look around curiously. The rank and file hear it too. As questions of what is it? are bandied about...

...a huge herd of cattle comes stampeding over a short rise. The crazed bovines kick up dust and mud as they head right for the English troops.

Gage watches in anger as his men break ranks and run. The locals stand on the hillside, doubled over with laughter. In a matter of seconds the entire review grounds are crowded with cows and Redcoats.

The cows push and butt any soldiers in their paths. Several of the Redcoats climb trees until the branches are burgeoning from the dozens of soldiers. Still more soldiers run into a shallow marsh to avoid the stampede.

Margaret Gage is helped to the review stand with the other ladies.

Gage turns to Mitchell, his face crimson with anger.

GAGE (CONT'D)

This is the sort of thing I will not tolerate. Have your men clear this area immediately.

A stampeding cow finds its way onto the platform. As the scared animal tries to maneuver, it knocks several officers off and into the mud.

GAGE (CONT'D)

Major Mitchell. I want you to round up the people responsible for this mockery.

MITCHELL

I doubt we'll find the evidence needed to apprehend even one man.

GAGE

I don't care who they are or if they've ever seen a cow. Ringleaders and troublemakers will be arrested and publicly locked in stocks. I want a show of force that will put any rebellious spirits to rest once and for all.

Mitchell likes what he hears.

Margaret comes to Gage's side. The cow on the platform backs in to Gage, slapping his face with its tail. Margaret stifles a laugh.

GAGE (CONT'D)

Someone get this beast away from me.

MARGARET

Oh come now, Thomas. It's not the poor cow you're mad at.

Gage dusts himself off.

GAGE

It's the poor cow's handlers. I would appreciate your support, Margaret. The King and his ministers thought your being an American would make us appear friendly. So you see, it would be a grave embarrassment if you failed in your wifely duty.

MARGARET

You blame me because we've been sent here?

Gage stares out at the chaos. His men are attempting to shoo away the cattle, but the cows like it right where they are.

GAGE

No. I don't blame you. I blame them.

Gage gestures out to the hillside

ANGLE ON

The Bostonians enjoying the show. Paul laughs with his son, Dawes and Walker.

PAUL JR.

Look at those Redcoats run. Who do you think set the cows on them?

REVERE

I'm sure I don't know.

Paul Jr. continues to laugh as he glances down at the boots of his father and two friends. They are covered with cow shit.

A scrawny young man, ROBERT NEWMAN, about 17, approaches.

NEWMAN

Mr. Revere? My name is Robert Newman.
You knew my father. You fought the
French and Indians together.

REVERE

A good man. Sorry to hear he passed
on. What can I do for you?

NEWMAN

I want to join the North End
Mechanics.

REVERE

You've come to the wrong man.

Dawes grabs the boy roughly.

WALKER

You shouldn't go around asking about
the North End Mechanics.

DAWES

They're a dangerous bunch and could
mistake you for a spy.

Revere eases Dawes off the boy.

REVERE

Your father wouldn't have wanted you
to go looking for that kind of
trouble.

NEWMAN

My father wouldn't have wanted me to
stand idle while the King destroys
our home.

Revere takes a good look at Newman. The kid is concerned and
Revere would love to help, but he's got his own problems.

REVERE

Like I told you. You got the wrong
idea about me. I don't know any North
End Mechanics.

The three Mechanics walk off, leaving Newman standing,
disappointed.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOSTON STREET - DAY

A British patrol led by Major Mitchell marches through the crowd down Paul's street. Two DRUNKS stagger out of an Inn. Mitchell sees them and points. Several Redcoats rush the men arresting them. The men are shackled together with other prisoners. Mitchell smiles.

EXT. ROW HOUSES - DAY

Mitchell watches as soldiers pull citizens out of their homes.

INT. PRISON - DAY

The door to a small cell is opened revealing several prisoners cramped together. Guards bring another prisoner down and force him into the cell.

EXT. CITY HALL - DAY

A handful of people are set in stocks outside the Boston City Hall.

EXT. BOSTON GREEN - DAY

A man is being publicly flogged on Mitchell's command.

CUT TO:

EXT. PROVINCE HOUSE (BOSTON) - NIGHT

Headquarters of the British in Boston and the home of General Thomas Gage is a stately building capped with a high dome.

INT. PROVINCE HOUSE BALLROOM - NIGHT

The ballroom is lit with hundreds of candles. Servants stand at every doorway. A small chamber orchestra plays for the social elite still loyal to the King.

Gage strolls through the crowd of well wishers with Flucker at his side.

GAGE

King George has been keeping a close
eye on the colonies.

(MORE)

GAGE (CONT'D)

It has been my observation that the situation is worse than he ever imagined.

FLUCKER

The problem begins with the North End Mechanics.

GAGE

And who might they be?

FLUCKER

They're a caucus of artisans. The Mechanics were responsible for the destruction of the tea.

GAGE

Pot makers? The world's most powerful army mocked by pot makers?

FLUCKER

They're intent on gaining their freedom.

GAGE

Freedom from what? Have they forgotten how we protected them from the Indians; the French! They have more rights than their countrymen back home! If the Mechanics are the problem then arrest their leaders.

FLUCKER

It isn't that simple. If you arrest one, another will take his place.

GAGE

Then we'll arrest them all.

FLUCKER

Would that it were so easy. We have no details on their membership, but success here depends on crushing them.

GAGE

Anyone who stands in the way of my mission will be crushed, Secretary Flucker. That I can assure you.

EXT. MILK STREET - NIGHT

A low rent harbor area, Milk Street is nearly deserted. Three REGULARS led by Major Mitchell patrol the street.

MITCHELL

Now this is what I like. A quiet city and an empty street.

Several hooded figures huddle in the shadows.

Mitchell and his three Redcoats move down the narrow street when a fish cart and PEDDLER roll into view blocking the soldiers' way. Mitchell grabs the peddler by his coat.

MITCHELL (CONT'D)

Stand aside and let one of the King's men pass.

Mitchell raises his hand to strike the old man when...CRACK.

A bullwhip snaps around Mitchell's right wrist yanking him to the ground.

REVERE (O.S.)

It seems the streets aren't safe for fish peddlers or lobster Majors.

A hooded Revere steps out of the shadows holding the other end of the bullwhip. Mitchell cowers on the ground for a moment until he realizes Revere is alone.

MITCHELL

Come on, you bastard, I'll take you on!

Mitchell leaps to his feet and charges at Revere. From the darkness a long leg extends out, tripping the Redcoat Major to the ground.

A barely audible CLUCKING noise is heard as the North End Mechanics, thirty of them, all masked, crowd around the Redcoats.

The three regulars turn and take off running as the Mechanics swarm in to subdue Mitchell. One of the Mechanics stirs a bubbling vat of a black, gooey liquid. Mitchell's nostrils flare as the realization of what's going to happen to him becomes apparent.

MITCHELL (CONT'D)

No! Not that! Anything, anything, but that!

The Mechanics surround the besieged Major.

INT. PROVINCE HOUSE BALLROOM - NIGHT

The chamber orchestra plays a lively tune as couples dance in the room's center. Margaret strolls through the crowd playing the perfect hostess.

HENRY KNOX, a bespectacled young man encased in soft, white baby-fat and burdened with a deformed right hand, stands with his wife, LUCY KNOX. Simple and loud, she is engaged in an animated conversation with other GUESTS and her father, Secretary Flucker.

LUCY

...There hasn't been a moment's peace in Boston since the tea party. And what did it get them? The harbor's closed, businesses are failing...

GUEST #1

I hear it's that John Hancock fellow who was responsible for most of the trouble.

FLUCKER

Sam Adams is just as much to blame as Hancock. He's a dangerous man and he holds the rabble of Boston spellbound.

HENRY

I've met Mr. Hancock at my bookshop. He seems a perfectly amiable fellow.

Margaret To hear you gentlemen speak you'd think that Hancock and Adams were planning a revolution by themselves.

Margaret moves on through the crowd.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Blindfolded, Major Mitchell is in the back of a wagon on his knees. He has been stripped of his clothing and covered in thick black tar and chicken feathers.

As the wagon races past Province House, Revere shoves the tarred and feathered Major out of the cart and onto the steps of the Governor's mansion.

INT. PROVINCE HOUSE - BALLROOM - NIGHT

Back at the party. Margaret is trapped in a conversation with six or so, including: Henry and Lucy Knox and Secretary Flucker.

FLUCKER

...Dr. Warren is the ringleader. The Mechanics listen to him as if his words were the holy gospel.

LUCY

Hancock, Dr. Warren, Sam Adams. That's all everyone talks about. Why doesn't someone arrest these men and be done with it?

HENRY

I'm curious to know your opinion on the situation here in Boston, Mrs. Gage.

General Gage appears behind her to cut her off.

GAGE

I can assure you she has no opinion at all. She's far too preoccupied with the planning of her famous parties.

Margaret smiles curtly, angry to be cut off.

A COMMOTION is heard and the curious crowd moves to the entry hall. It's...

...Major Mitchell shaken and ranting, covered in tar and white feathers.

General Gage pushes through his guests.

GAGE (CONT'D)

What is the meaning of this?

MITCHELL

The Mechanics. Filthy bastards. I'll see them all on the gallows.

The party guests gasp. General Gage fingers a note attached to Mitchell's back.

It reads: "Welcome to America, The North End Mechanics."

CLOSE ON GENERAL GAGE as he turns to his guests.

GAGE
This party is over.

Gage looks to Mitchell.

GAGE (CONT'D)
Effective immediately, the enforcement
of the Boston Harbor blockade will
be our primary goal.

Gage talks over the following montage.

EXT. WHARF AREA - NIGHT

A medium size sloop is docked as several men offload contraband. Several dozen dragoons ride onto the wharf surprising the men. The smugglers try to run, but are apprehended by foot soldiers. Major Mitchell tosses a flaming torch onto the deck of the ship. The boat ignites quickly and sinks where it floats.

GAGE (V.O.)
Travel in and out of the city will
be carefully monitored. Anyone caught
smuggling goods into Boston will be
clamped in irons...

EXT. MEETING HOUSE - DAY

The doors to a meeting house are flung open as several Bostonians scurry out. They are followed by Mitchell and his Redcoats who arrest everyone they can catch.

GAGE (V.O.)
There are to be no more public
gatherings. I want the meeting houses
locked. If they can't be locked I
want them burned.

EXT. BOSTON STREETS - DAY

Redcoats drill through the streets of Boston as citizens scurry to get out of their way.

GAGE (V.O.)
I want men marching at all hours and
soldiers will now be quartered in
the homes of citizens throughout the
city.

EXT. RIVERFRONT - DAY

The rhythmic TAPPING of a lone drum echoes down an empty street.

GAGE (V.O.)

I want the press gangs working the city night and day. Two years at sea on one of the King's ships should quash any man's spirit...

In the distance five hulking, squalid SAILORS march in unison to the beat of a young DRUMMER BOY. The PRESS CAPTAIN, the leader of the press gang, slaps a thick blackjack across his palm as his eyes dart to every window and doorway.

From an open doorway, a TEENAGE BOY stumbles outside LAUGHING. His face goes ashen when he sees the press gang. The boy takes off running. The Captain signals to two of his men to give chase.

The rest of the sailors turn and enter a nearby pub.

INT. PUB - CONTINUOUS

The Captain picks up a tankard of beer and pours it over the sleeping MAN'S head. He awakens with a start, registers what's happening and leaps up to make a run for it...Too late.

The sailors surround him and the Captain knocks him into unconsciousness. The men scoop him up and carry him out.

EXT. REVERE'S STREET - DAY

The drunk fights the press gang as the soldiers haul him away.

ANGLE ON

Revere's silversmith shop and Paul looking out the window as the press gang leads their captive away.

INT. REVERE'S SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Paul turns from the window and walks toward Dr. Warren.

REVERE

Did you see that? They took that man right out of the pub.

In the corner is a third man, DR. CHURCH. Once a wealthy doctor now hit by hard times, his expensive clothes are shabby, a humiliation hard for him to take. He tries to make up for it by being extra poised and pompous.

REVERE (CONT'D)

Dr. Church. You're well liked by the British officers. Can't you speak with someone?

CHURCH

Times are dangerous, Paul. Perhaps you're provoking them a bit too much.

REVERE

We're just having a little fun with them.

WARREN

You're having a lot of fun with them, but this isn't a game anymore. This is the brink of revolution. Everything you do from this day forward will shape the future.

Revere begins placing several silver objects into a crate.

WARREN (CONT'D)

We're outnumbered, Paul. Maybe fifty to one. Every man counts and with all your work you count for six. I can't afford to lose those six men.

REVERE

Don't worry about me.

Paul carries his crate of silver objects to the backdoor of his shop and sets it down. Church and Warren follow.

CHURCH

I hear you've received an invitation to Province House.

REVERE

Yes. Mrs. Gage has taken an interest in some of my work. I'm taking these pieces to show her.

WARREN

Well, remember, Paul. Just because you've been invited into the lion's den doesn't mean you have to pull his tail.

Revere picks up an exquisite walking stick complete with an ornate etched silver handle and places it next to the crate.

REVERE

Don't worry, Joseph. I'll be a perfect gentleman.

Revere shows Warren and Church out the back door and into an alley.

CUT TO:

EXT. GOVERNOR'S MANSION - DAY

Redcoat guards stand at attention as Paul pulls up in a cart. The GUARDS step in front of him blocking his entrance.

GUARD #1

You have business with the Governor?

REVERE

Yes...I've been summoned by Mrs. Gage. I believe she is expecting me. My letter.

He hands the guard a letter. Guard #2 looks at the letter, turns and walks into the mansion.

GUARD #2

Sir. If you'll please follow me.

Paul picks up his crate and follows the guard into the mansion.

INT. GOVERNOR'S MANSION/CONSERVATORY - DAY

The guard brings Paul to a large round room with a tall white ceiling. Large comfortable chairs and couches circle the room.

GUARD

Wait here.

Paul nods in appreciation. He opens his crate and begins placing his silver teapots, platters, etc. on a table. Behind him a stairway winds down from the second floor.

ANGLE ON

A woman followed by THREE SERVANTS slowly descending the stairs in the hallway.

As they come into view we see it is Margaret Gage. Two of the servants jot notes on paper.

MARGARET

...All this will have to do until my belongings arrive on the *HMS Romney*. We'll need to clear space in the bedroom for my armoire.

Margaret nods to her servants who leave her. She enters the conservatory and spots Revere.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

Mr. Revere. I'm sorry to have kept you waiting.

When Paul turns Margaret stares at him.

REVERE

Not at all. I just arrived.
(off her stare)
Is there something wrong?

MARGARET

I'm sorry, no. I was told you were much older...

REVERE

That would be my father, Apollos. He's dead several years now. I'm Paul. Paul Revere. Your humble servant.

Margaret walks to the table and lovingly examines several of the pieces.

MARGARET

You do exquisite work, Mr. Revere.

REVERE

Please...call me Paul.

MARGARET

Mr. Revere will do fine.

Margaret puts down a silver bowl, moves to an ornate cupboard and removes a silver teacup and hands it to Paul.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

Actually, the reason I asked you here was to see if you could do a commission for me.

(MORE)

MARGARET (CONT'D)

This tea set was given to me as a child, a gift from my father. The teapot was lost several years ago. Do you think you could fashion another using the cup as an example?

REVERE

My specialty.

Paul picks up the tea cup and examines it closely.

REVERE (CONT'D)

I understand there was a bit of a raucous during your husband's speech on the commons.

MARGARET

To be honest with you, Mr. Revere, he had higher expectations of the people of Boston. His appointment here is not proving to be an easy one.

REVERE

Surely a man with a wife as lovely as yourself will govern Massachusetts with understanding and grace.

MARGARET

Then you don't know my husband.

REVERE

I confess I do not. Any dark secrets you care to share?

Margaret leans in close to Paul.

MARGARET

(almost whispering)

Only this, Paul Revere. Every man has a breaking point. This assignment has already pushed the General to his. If he were to be pushed beyond that...well, I think we'd all suffer.

The door from Gage's private office opens and the General walks in. Margaret straightens and turns to her husband smiling sweetly.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

Thomas. This is Mr. Paul Revere. A silversmith.

GAGE

Paul Revere is it?
(suspicious)
Keeping my wife entertained with
your wares?

REVERE

Mrs. Gage was just showing me her
teacups. I mean...I...She asked me
to do some work for her.

MARGARET

Yes, he does excellent work. He's a
wonderful silversmith.

Gage watches Revere as he pulls the silver walking stick out
of the crate.

REVERE

In fact, here, a gift for you. On
behalf of myself and the Benevolent
order of Freemasons.

GAGE

The Freemasons, eh? That bastion of
rebel unrest is welcoming me?

REVERE

Oh, no sir. The Masons are a social
group. Civic minded and dedicated to
family. I assure you we've no
political agenda.

Gage isn't buying the line, but he plays along.

GAGE

Perhaps I was misinformed.

REVERE

Perhaps.

GAGE

Mr. Revere. There is no reason for
the people of Boston to fear me. I'm
a fair man, but I have a job and I
will see it done.

REVERE

We're well aware of that.

Gage studies the silver topped stick with admiration.

GAGE

This is a lovely piece, but you're too generous, I insist on paying you. Name your price.

REVERE

Oh no! Out of the question.

GAGE

Come now, every man has a price. Times are difficult.

(leaning in)

A man of your talents, a man with your abilities might find that plying your skills in the name of the King could make you rich.

REVERE

Please, Sir...it's a gift.

(serious)

And so we're understood...I have no price.

Paul bows graciously.

REVERE (CONT'D)

Mrs. Gage. It has been an honor and may I say you're more beautiful than all the rumors.

Paul kisses her hand which she slowly removes and rubs thoughtfully. He's extra charming and she's extra charmed.

Gage grits his teeth and watches Paul leave.

GAGE

Margaret. That man Revere is at the top of Secretary Flucker's list of troublemakers. In the future, if you plan to invite any more of Boston's rabble into my home, clear it with me first.

The General tosses the walking stick in the corner.

CUT TO:

EXT. REVERE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Revere's house is quiet. A dim light burns in an upstairs window.

INT. REVERE HOUSE/UPSTAIRS BEDROOM - NIGHT

All Revere's children are in beds scattered around the room. Paul walks in and sits on the edge of one of the beds.

DEBBY

None of them can get to sleep. They're afraid.

PAUL JR.

I'm not afraid!

DEBBY

The soldiers were in the streets today.

SARA

Why were they so angry?

REVERE

Because they can't understand why we don't like being ruled by a king who's far across the ocean.

PAUL JR.

Is there going to be a war?

REVERE

Maybe.

PAUL JR.

Will you be going off to fight?

REVERE

It would be my duty.

ELIZABETH

Can you fight the red demons?

REVERE

You don't have to worry about them. The bells of North Church are about to ring. Do you know what that means?

Paul Jr. smiles. He has heard this one a thousand times, but it reassures him to hear it again.

PAUL JR.

They have the power to chase evil spirits back into the forest.

Rachel stands in the doorway, unseen by the others.

ELIZABETH
Even the red demons?

REVERE
Them, too. The sound of those bells
drives them all away. Listen...

The BELLS of North Church begin to CHIME the hour. BONG...
BONG... Elizabeth and the others seem to buy it.

REVERE (CONT'D)
Just close your eyes and listen.

BONG...Frances, Mary and Elizabeth close their eyes. BONG...
Sara dozes off. BONG...Debby and Paul Jr. pull their sheets
up, close their eyes. Revere smiles over his children.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Revere shuts the door on his sleeping children and heads
downstairs to his shop.

INT. REVERE'S SHOP - NIGHT

Revere moves to his work table and examines a teapot. Rachel
comes up behind him.

RACHEL
That's all fine and good to tell
children that the bells will keep
them safe. What's going to keep you
safe?

REVERE
You, of course. There isn't a British
sword or musketball that could keep
me from coming home to my Rachel.

Rachel smiles as Paul leans into her and gives her a deep
passionate kiss. She returns the kiss with even more passion.
Paul wraps his arms around her in a loving embrace.

With one hand he sweeps several silver pieces off a table
and Rachel pulls him down.

As she kisses Paul's neck with lust, she unbuttons his shirt.
Paul's hands move towards her petticoats when...

...Dawes and Walker burst into the shop. Dawes waves a letter.

DAWES
Revere! Wake up.

Paul and Rachel jump up surprising Dawes. Rachel quickly fixes her blouse and petticoats as Paul cups his head in his hands and groans.

REVERE

What is it? What is it that couldn't wait until tomorrow?

DAWES

A letter to you from Hancock...

WALKER

(embarrassed)

...but we could...bring it back...

DAWES

...in a couple of minutes...later.

Paul straightens up, grabs the letter and rips it open.

REVERE

Let's see what it says.

Paul studies the letter.

RACHEL

Has it ever occurred to the two of you that decent people might be asleep at this hour?

DAWES

What I saw wasn't decent..

WALKER

...or people sleeping.

Paul smacks the two of them with the letter.

REVERE

Hancock wants us to steal the cannons and muskets that came in on the *HMS Romney* this morning. The British are moving them overland to Fort Strong tonight.

DAWES

I'll get the others.

RACHEL

Paul...

Revere takes a deep breath. He knows he is in a tough spot.

REVERE

Rachel, dearest. This is a letter
from Hancock.

RACHEL

And I'm your wife.

REVERE

Right, but we need these weapons. If
the day ever comes and we have to
defend our homes what'll we do? What
good is stolen powder without cannons
and muskets?

Paul looks to Rachel for a beat, grabs his riding coat, kisses
his wife and leaves with Dawes and Walker. Rachel stares at
the closed door.

Rachel turns and sees Paul Jr. sitting at the top of the
stairs.

PAUL JR.

Where did father go?

Rachel begins climbing the stairs.

RACHEL

(chiding)

One spy in this house is enough. Off
to bed with you.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Paul saddles Brown Beauty as Dawes and Walker wait
expectantly.

DAWES

We've found a couple of Redcoats
who'll turn. I'll see if I can get
them to help.

WALKER

That'll make it easier.

REVERE

I want you to round up Bentley,
Richardson and a pumpkin.

WALKER

A pumpkin?

REVERE

About the size of my head.

Revere climbs up on his horse and snaps the reins leaving Dawes and Walker to look after him with puzzled looks on their faces.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

A full moon casts a spider's web of shadows across the road. A small schoolhouse surrounded by thick, dark woods is just off to the side near a small creek. A narrow wooden bridge crosses the creek.

On the bridge. Paul is hunched over buttoning up his riding cloak. Dawes, Walker, Bentley and Richardson scoop powder out of kegs pouring it into piles.

DAWES

A little more on that pile, Seaborn.

WALKER

I don't know, it seems like too much already.

DAWES

If there's one thing I know it's powder. A little more.

Walker hands the keg to Dawes who begins scooping it out with great authority making large piles all over the bridge.

WALKER

(to Paul)

You sure he knows what he's doing?

REVERE

If Dawes says he knows what he's doing, then that's it with me.

WALKER

I'll just be in the woods.

RICHARDSON

Wagons on the road.

The men scurry off the bridge.

ANGLE ON

A British convoy of four wagons, an armed guard on each wagon and 8 mounted SOLDIERS led by Major Mitchell As the convoy

moves toward the bridge a commotion can be heard behind the column.

STOCKLEY (O.S.)
Major Mitchell, Major Mitchell!

Mitchell turns around to see two YOUNG Redcoats, STOCKLEY and PORTER sprinting toward him. Nervous and out of breath, they are frantic.

PORTER
The rebels, sir! They're planning to steal your cannons.

STOCKLEY
We fought them off, but they got our horses.

Mitchell gets a crazed look in his eyes.

MITCHELL
Where are they now?

PORTER
About a mile behind us.

MITCHELL
I guess they have lost the element of surprise.

Mitchell turns to the mounted troops and pulls his sword.

MITCHELL (CONT'D)
Gentlemen, with me. We'll stop this nonsense before it begins.

A young CART DRIVER rides forward.

DRIVER
But, Major. What about the weapons?

MITCHELL
You two...

STOCKLEY
Us, sir?

MITCHELL
Stay with the shipment and the drivers. If anyone even looks at the carts...shoot them.

STOCKLEY
But, sir...

MITCHELL

No time, soldier. Fall out men. They want a fight, let's bring them one.

The eight man detachment and Mitchell dash off in search of a fight.

The carts sit in shadows as the drivers look around nervously at every owl's hoot and snapping twig.

The soldiers all look toward the bridge as a deep booming voice echoes throughout the forest.

VOICE

Turn back ye sinners. Turn back.

The soldiers look toward the woods with uneasiness.

DRIVER

Who's out there? Who said that?

ANGLE ON

Dawes under the bridge. He speaks into a barrel that amplifies and deepens his voice.

DAWES

No man shall cross my bridge.

ANGLE ON

The soldiers who nervously grip their muskets.

Then...

An explosion of red smoke and fire covers the bridge. The light reflecting off the soldier's faces reveals their terror.

Out of the smoke and fire...a gallop of HOOFBEATS. Before the terrified Redcoats, rears a dark horse and its cloaked rider.

The Redcoats scream in fear -- the HORSEMAN has no head. He holds a glowing pumpkin aloft in his right hand. The smoke and flame give the Horseman the appearance of a demon.

ANGLE ON

DAWES (CONT'D)

Cross this bridge so that I might drag your souls to Hell.

Dawes drops the barrel and places a small torch near the last and biggest pile of powder.

ANGLE ON

The soldiers cower. The drivers step down off the wagons.

The Horseman rears back and begins a charge toward the Redcoats. The horrified men scatter and run as the horseman hurls the flaming pumpkin at them. It hits the ground and explodes into a tower of flame.

At the same instant a flash of powder behind the Horseman is followed by a monstrous explosion. The bridge is blown to pieces.

The Headless rider is thrown off his horse as flaming pieces of the bridge rain down on top of him.

Leaving the cannon laden wagons behind, the soldiers and drivers sprint down the road and disappear over the hill. Porter and Stockley linger behind laughing.

ANGLE ON

Walker, Richardson and Bentley laughing hysterically as the Headless Horseman stands up. He pulls off his cloak to reveal Paul.

He marches to the now destroyed bridge to see a smoking and singed Dawes crawl out of the smoke. Practically deaf from the explosion, the men yell to each other.

DAWES (CONT'D)

SEE. I TOLD YOU I KNEW WHAT I WAS
DOING.

REVERE

(angry)

IF YOU KNEW WHAT YOU WERE DOING WED
HAVE A BRIDGE TO CROSS!

DAWES

WHAT?

Revere points to the carts.

REVERE

EVERYONE TAKE A CART AND DRIVE INTO
THE WOODS. WE'LL CROSS AT NEEDHAM
UPSTREAM.

The men all jump onto a cart and take off.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

The scared Redcoats race screaming down the road. Mitchell and the mounted dragoons come riding up. Mitchell grabs a SOLDIER as he runs by.

MITCHELL

You there. Why are you running? Where are the wagons?

SOLDIER

It was awful, sir. It was the devil's bridge. He was coming for our souls...

Mitchell drops the soldier and spurs his horse on.

EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

Mitchell and his men crest a rise and move toward the now destroyed bridge. He dismounts and studies the ground and the wagon tracks that head off into the woods.

MITCHELL

The devil indeed.

EXT. ROAD TO CONCORD - NIGHT

The wagons pass a sign: CONCORD.

EXT. SWAMP (CONCORD) - NIGHT

Revere and Walker slide the cannons into the swamp. Each cannon is strapped with rope, which is tied to a small post at the edge of the swamp so they can be pulled up later. Dawes rips open crates revealing the contents of each.

Stockley and Porter are in the process of shedding their Redcoat uniforms and donning the leather coverings of trappers.

REVERE

It was too damned easy. Next time I think I'll just send them a letter instructing them where to drop the weapons off.

Dawes rips into the last crate. Out spill boxes of knickknacks, women's dresses, and other accouterments.

DAWES

Hey! Look at these. It's addressed
to General Gage.

He holds a satin and lace dress in front of him.

DAWES (CONT'D)

(imitating Gage)

Pay me back for my tea or I'll slap
you silly.

Paul takes the dress from Dawes.

REVERE

Get these things back in the box.
They belong to Mrs. Gage. Dawes sprays
perfume on his neck and scrounges
through the box.

DAWES

They belong to us now.

REVERE

The guns and powder are going to be
useful. But the lace trimmed petticoat
doesn't make us look menacing enough.
We're not thieves, Dawes.

Dawes sulks and begins putting Mrs. Gage's belongings back
in the box. Stockley and Porter come over to Revere.

REVERE (CONT'D)

I don't have to tell you how much we
appreciate your help. You have plans
I hope?

STOCKLEY

We're heading south, probably to the
Carolinas. Porter's looking to marry
a rich landlord's daughter. I'm just
looking for an acre to farm.

REVERE

Good land down that way. Safe travels,
boys. God be with you.

EXT. ABOVE THE ROOFTOPS OF BOSTON - NIGHT

All seems quiet in Boston as the moon rises over the horizon.

INT. FLUCKER'S HOME - NIGHT

Secretary Flucker sits at dinner with his daughter, Lucy, and her husband, Henry Knox. Flucker's mouth is full, even while talking.

HENRY

I expect there will be some retaliation for recent rebel activities.

FLUCKER

It's unwise to speculate on such things. Especially in these times. Spies everywhere...

Flucker gulps wine.

FLUCKER (CONT'D)

...chief among them, that pest Revere. Everyone will suffer for his actions.

LUCY

Daddy, why don't you ask Henry about his bookshop. It's becoming quite popular, you know.

FLUCKER

With radicals no doubt...

(to Henry)

Not getting in with the wrong crowd, are you?

HENRY

No, sir.

LUCY

Can you see it. Henry, a dashing rebel?

She giggles. Henry blushes, but tries to get Flucker back on track.

HENRY

You said all would suffer?

Flucker, full of drink, continues on.

FLUCKER

General Gage has authorized nightly raids on rebel supply positions...

INT. BOSTON WHARF - NIGHT

Henry Knox, Revere's spy, relays the news.

HENRY

... He wants every barrel of powder,
every firearm and every cannon back.

A Redcoat patrol walks by and Paul pulls Henry away.

HENRY (CONT'D)

With things heating up and all, I'm
a little concerned...

REVERE

Nobody's going to find out about
you, Henry. I'm the only one that
knows and I'll take it to my grave.

HENRY

I'm thankful.

Henry notices that Paul is dressed in his best clothes.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Are you heading to services at this
hour?

REVERE

No. I've been called to the Long
Room Club tonight to meet with Hancock
and Adams.

CUT TO:

EXT. LONG ROOM CLUB - NIGHT

Revere steps up to the elegant Long Room Club. He's dressed
his best in a clean white shirt, vest, brown pants and boots.
He straightens his hat and KNOCKS.

INT. LONG ROOM CLUB - MAIN MEETING HALL - CONTINUOUS

The double doors swing open and Revere is lead into the crowd
of the high-born, highly educated men of Boston by a DOORMAN.
Heads turn and whispering begins.

Sam Adams smiles gleefully at Revere's entrance. Standing
next to him is Hancock and Dr. Church, who seems a little
taken aback at Revere's presence. Revere strides into the
room like he owns it.

A STUFFY man stops Revere.

STUFFY
Excuse me, sir, but this is a private club.

REVERE
Good. I wouldn't want my friends to see me here.

STUFFY
And whose guest are you?

WARREN
Mine.

Warren steps forward with a friendly smile.

WARREN (CONT'D)
I invited him. In fact, I'm making him an honorary member.

CHURCH
Dr. Warren! Are you sure that...

REVERE
Thanks, Dr. Warren, but really, you don't have to.

STUFFY
Dr. Warren, if I'm not mistaken the rules of membership require first and foremost a Harvard education.
(to Revere)
Do you have a Harvard education?

REVERE
No.

STUFFY
Do you have any education?

REVERE
North Boston Grammar. I can read, write, figure numbers...
(low and close)
...and kick your ass down the road and back.

A short laugh escapes Warren.

STUFFY

New members must be initiated by votes, or has that rule been thrown out as well?

Warren nods and turns to the club's members.

WARREN

Of course not. Let's put it to a vote.

The members of the Long Room Club gather in close. In front: Revere, Warren, and Stuffy.

STUFFY

We are voting on the acceptance of Mr. Paul Revere, blacksmith...

REVERE

Silversmith.

STUFFY

...silversmith, into the Long Room Club. A vote in his favor will be a vote for ignoring tradition, relaxing rules, and lowering standards.

WARREN

If I may say a few words on behalf of Mr. Revere.

John Hancock steps in.

HANCOCK

Please, allow me.

Warren steps back.

HANCOCK (CONT'D)

I think...

Everyone strains to hear Hancock. He is, after all, the wealthiest man in America.

HANCOCK (CONT'D)

...that we should let him in.

His words clearly intimidate the crowd.

WARREN

All those in favor of granting Mr. Paul Revere membership?

All hands shoot up. Even Stuffy, defeated, raises his hand.

WARREN (CONT'D)

All opposed.

No hands.

WARREN (CONT'D)

Then we welcome a new member.

Warren takes Revere aside. Hancock and Adams join in.

WARREN (CONT'D)

Perhaps we should adjourn to the
upstairs meeting room.

INT. LONG ROOM CLUB - UPSTAIRS MEETING ROOM - NIGHT

The Conspirators gather: Hancock, Adams, Warren, and Revere, their faces glowing from the candlelight. Joining them is Dr. Church.

The group sits around a large circular table as Hancock sets down a 1 X 2 foot wooden box (the 18th century equivalent of a briefcase) with a heavy padlock.

HANCOCK

There's going to be a revolution,
Paul. And it's going to start here.
We must be prepared.

Hancock pulls a key out of his pocket and unlocks the padlock.

ADAMS

Word has reached us that General
Gage is preparing to raid our military
stores.

Hancock pulls several sheets of paper and a map of Massachusetts from the wooden box. He places the documents in front of Paul.

HANCOCK

This is an inventory of our supplies
and where they are being held.

Revere picks up the documents and looks them over.

ADAMS

We're entrusting you with the job of
making sure none of our weapons fall
into British hands.

Revere is overwhelmed and excited by the challenge.

REVERE

I shouldn't think it would be too hard to stay a step or two ahead of our lobster friends.

Turning back to the wooden box, Hancock locks it tight and pulls it to his side.

HANCOCK

Isn't there something else he should know?

ADAMS

As we're still in delicate negotiations with England, we, as leaders, must keep a certain distance from your activities.

CHURCH

What he's trying to say is that if you get caught, we won't be able to help you.

Revere nods. He'll do it anyway.

HANCOCK

Good. Then we never had this conversation.

CUT TO:

INT. HENRY KNOX'S BOOKSHOP - DAY

Revere enters Henry Knox's high-society hangout; a bookshop/tea room. Henry Knox spots Revere, looks over to see if his customers are watching and goes back to the shelves. He takes a book and gives it to Revere who studies it discreetly.

EXT. HENRY KNOX'S BOOKSHOP - CONTINUOUS

Revere comes out of the bookshop, holding the door open for Lucy Knox. He tips his hat to her and she looks at him curiously as he strolls away. Revere opens the book and sees a slip of paper tucked inside.

INSERT - PAPER

It reads: Johnson Farm, Tuesday.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

Redcoats on horseback fan out as they approach a farmhouse. Old Farmer JOHNSON bursts out of his house, clutching a rifle. Redcoats circle him with drawn swords.

Major Mitchell rides up to the farmer. His Redcoats ride to the barn. Two hop off their horses and open the doors.

INT. BARN - CONTINUOUS

Mitchell surveys the interior. No powder. No guns.

EXT. FOREST ROAD - NIGHT

The North End Mechanics ride beside two horse-drawn carts loaded with the farmer's powder and guns, hauling them to safer ground.

INT. REVERE'S SHOP - BOOKSHELF - DAY

Revere puts this book next to the first one he got from Henry, and OVER the NEXT IMAGES, Revere's hand adds more books.

EXT. ANOTHER BARN - DAY

Mitchell barks orders at his Redcoats, who pound a heavy oak door with a log. The door crashes open and they pile inside. Nothing there.

INT. GAGE'S CHAMBERS - DAY

Major Mitchell stands ramrod straight before General Gage, who is flanked by Secretary Flucker.

GAGE

How much powder have you confiscated, Major?

MITCHELL

None, sir.

GAGE

Why not?

MITCHELL

The North End Mechanics. They keep moving it around.

GAGE

How do they know when and where we're going to strike?

FLUCKER

The opinion around is that they have a spy.

GAGE

A spy?

Gage turns angrily to Mitchell.

GAGE (CONT'D)

Major Mitchell. You're running out of chances to impress me. If the rebels have a spy, then we'll get a spy. We can certainly afford to pay more than they can. Start with the formerly wealthy. They're always the first to turn.

MITCHELL

Yes, General Gage.

EXT. KNOX'S BOOKSHOP - DAY

Revere and Rachel walk down a busy street stopping in front of Henry Knox's bookshop.

REVERE

I need to pick up a book.

RACHEL

(knowingly)

Why so much interest in reading?

Paul smiles and Rachel moves on.

INT. KNOX'S BOOKSHOP - CONTINUOUS

Several PATRONS mill about the bookshop. Margaret Gage sits in a comfortable chair and watches as Revere enters and goes to the counter. Henry Knox comes to Revere.

REVERE

Anything new today, Mr. Knox?

HENRY

Yes. You might enjoy this piece.

Henry reaches under the counter and hands Paul a book. Paul gives Henry a few coins and turns to leave. As he does he bumps into Margaret, who has moved just behind him, causing her to drop several books.

Paul and Margaret kneel down to retrieve the books.

REVERE

I'm sorry. I really should be more careful...

(looking up)

Mrs. Gage.

MARGARET

Mr. Revere.

Margaret reaches past Revere to retrieve a book. As she does, she brushes against his arm. Transfixed, Paul's eyes follow her delicate hands.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

I don't believe I've ever seen you here before.

Paul looks up and finds himself only inches away from her beautiful porcelain face.

REVERE

(fumbling for words)

Well...I...like to read a good book when I find the time.

Margaret breaks Paul's gaze and notices his book. It's a Defoe novel.

MARGARET

Don't you find Defoe too progressive?

Paul takes Margaret's arm helping her to stand.

REVERE

Actually, I find him sincere. My angel - his name is freedom. Choose him to be your King; he shall cut pathways east and west, and fend you with his wing.

Margaret fidgets with her dress. A nervous moment passes between them. Paul searches for something to say.

REVERE (CONT'D)

I've begun work on your teapot.

MARGARET

Oh good! That's...good.

REVERE

I've hammered the pot to shape. I just need to complete the scrollwork.

MARGARET

There's no rush. It's really for the sentiment.

Paul has run out of conversation. He searches for more words.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

I suppose I should be going.

Margaret's eyes fall to Paul's hand which holds two books. He follows her glance.

REVERE

Oh, this must be yours.

Revere hands a book back to Margaret. As she takes the novel, their hands clasp just for a moment. They stare at each other awkwardly.

PULL BACK ON

Rachel Revere, holding a wicker basket coming up behind Paul.

RACHEL

Paul?

Embarrassed, Revere pulls away from Margaret. There is an uncomfortable moment between all three of them.

REVERE

Rachel...I...have you met Mrs. Gage?

RACHEL

How do you do, Ma'am? You'll have to excuse my husband; he'll talk your ear off.

Margaret smiles politely and turns to pay for her books. Rachel looks to Margaret, bewildered. She turns to see Paul unconsciously watching Margaret. Rachel leaves and Paul follows.

EXT. KNOX'S BOOKSHOP - CONTINUOUS

Rachel walks down the road. Paul walks along side. The tension is incredibly thick. Paul searches for an icebreaker.

REVERE

I...spoke with Debby about being more of a help around the house.
rachel

(curt)

Good. There's a good chance Deacon Larkin will be commissioning a set of bells.

RACHEL

You're right for that.

REVERE

The payment should take us through to the summer.

RACHEL

We could use the money.

Rachel walks across the street to Paul's shop.

REVERE

I spoke with my cousins about doing some copper plating for their ships. It wouldn't be until next autumn...

Rachel stops in front of the door and faces Paul.

RACHEL

Paul...I don't want to talk about it now. I have to prepare our supper.

Rachel enters the house. Paul remains outside staring after her.

CUT TO:

INT. SEABORN WALKER'S BARN - DAY

Paul hitches Brown Beauty up to a wagon and Walker loads tarps into the back. Dawes, carrying a coil of rope, walks by the horse. Beauty head butts him and takes a nip out of his shoulder. Dawes gives her a sharp shove back.

DAWES

Damn your horse, Paul. She bit me again.

Paul grabs a handful of oats and offers it the Brown Beauty.

REVERE

Easy now. That's no way to treat a dumb animal.

He strokes the horse's mane lovingly.

REVERE (CONT'D)
(to Beauty)
Next time kick him instead.

Warren and Church enter the barn.

WARREN
Paul. Rachel said I would find you
here.

REVERE
What is it Joseph?

WARREN
We have a dispatch that needs to be
taken to Captain Parker in Sudbury.

REVERE
I can deliver it on the way. I'm off
to Hobbs' farm.

Revere takes the folder papers from Warren and stuffs them
in his shirt.

CHURCH
Moving more stores?

REVERE
Mitchell is planning a raid tomorrow
night. I'm going out there to look
it over.

CHURCH
Good. Good. I'm glad you have
everything under control.

CUT TO:

INT. BARN - DAY

Revere clears hay from the barn floor, revealing a floor
hatch. Dawes and Walker look on.

WALKER
You think they know about it?

REVERE
They'll be here tonight. We're going
to move it with the rest of the
supplies in Concord.

Revere lifts the hatch, revealing a staircase leading down to a tunnel.

REVERE (CONT'D)

How far does it go?

DAWES

Back to the stream. It's got a door and everything. But you can't keep lanterns lit down there, so there's holes in the ground outside that let in light.

REVERE

Seaborn, you stay up here and keep watch.

Dawes and Revere descend into the tunnel.

INT. TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

The light streams in from the holes in the ground above. Barrels of gunpowder, bundles of rifles and bags of flour line the walls. Revere examines the goods.

Dawes walks up behind Revere and it's clear he's got something to say.

WILLIAM DAWES

Revere. I've been thinking...

Revere smells mutiny.

REVERE

Oh, yeah. What about?

DAWES

Hancock has more money than any man on these shores. If he needs these cannons so bad, maybe he'd be willing to pay.

Revere faces Dawes.

REVERE

No payment was offered -- and no payment will be asked for. Now how about letting me do the thinking around here?

DAWES

'Cause every time you do the thinking, it's my brain that ends up hurting. Throwing that tea in the Harbor only got us all out of work. You said it was going to be a good thing. What did it get us?

REVERE

It sent a message to the King. He'll keep taking unless he knows we're dangerous. These guns make us dangerous.

Dawes considers Revere's words.

DAWES

I'm sorry, Paul. It's just that Hancock and Adams sit in their private clubs talking, but we take all the risks.

REVERE

Well, there are no risks today. Now, go get Seaborn.

Dawes climbs the stairs.

INT. BARN - CONTINUOUS

Walker leans up against an ox cart, smoking a pipe as Dawes comes up.

WALKER

Did you tell him?

DAWES

I did.

WALKER

I told you what he'd say.

The THUNDERING of MANY HOOVES is heard as Major Mitchell and his Redcoats ride up, breaking formation to surround the place.

Dawes runs to the tunnel entrance and looks down.

DAWES

Revere!

Revere doesn't respond. Dawes shuts the trapdoor.

Walker spreads hay over the trapdoor, then rolls the ox cart over the hay, sealing Revere inside.

Mitchell and the Redcoats crash in just as Walker and Dawes escape out the back.

INT. TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

Revere stands under the trapdoor as FEET TRAMPLE and he hears the MUFFLED BARK of orders above. He can't save these supplies, but he's not going to let the enemy have them either. He glances at the resources at hand: guns, cannon, powder.

INT. BARN - CONTINUOUS

Redcoats are everywhere as Mitchell paces.

MITCHELL

There's powder here. I'm sure of it.

INT. BARN - CONTINUOUS

Redcoats roll the ox cart out of the barn. Mitchell steps up to the floor and taps with his toe -- a hollow tap.

INT. TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

Revere covers an area of floor with powder from a keg. He backs down the tunnel, forming a perfect little line as he goes.

INT. BARN - CONTINUOUS

The Redcoats uncover the trapdoor. Mitchell steps forward to do the honors. He reaches down and opens the door.

MITCHELL'S POV - DOWN TUNNEL STAIRS

A big brass cannon stares back at him. A fuse sputtering at the back.

Mitchell's eyes bulge. He leaps back. The fuse sputters out. The cannon isn't loaded.

INT. BARN - CONTINUOUS

Mitchell and the Redcoats wait, but there is no explosion. Mitchell signals several of his men.

MITCHELL

Get down there.

(pointing)

You there. See if there is another entrance.

INT. TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

Revere pours the last of the powder fuse line. He tosses the keg aside. He takes off his shoe and strikes the metal sole against the flagstone floor. A flurry of sparks causes a flame to race down the powder line.

At the other end of the tunnel, Redcoats are pouring in. One stops, puts his hand on the ground and feels the powder. As he brings it to his nose he sees the flame coming at him.

REDCOAT

Retreat!

The Redcoats retreat.

Revere runs. Hits the back door. It's locked. Pushes it harder. No luck. Slams it with a shoulder. Still nothing.

INT. BARN - CONTINUOUS

Redcoats pile out of the tunnel...

REDCOAT

It's going to blow!

...and dash out of the barn.

INT. TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

A flame trails along its narrow path until it hits the powder, blossoming into an intense flash. A fireball takes shape.

Hollering, Revere charges at the locked door, using a brass cannon as a battering ram, the ROARING WALL OF FIRE at his back.

EXT. EMBANKMENT - CONTINUOUS

Mitchell searches for the exit door and finds it set into the embankment, sealed with a plank. He pulls the plank away and for a second is clear of the door when...

...Revere comes crashing through, heaving the cannon and splashing into the stream. He looks up at Mitchell whose back is to the approaching fireball.

REVERE

Get down!

Jumping up, Revere pulls Mitchell down into the water with him. A final, massive EXPLOSION rips through the tunnel. Splashing next to Revere is Mitchell who is drowning in about two feet of water. Revere gives him a hand up.

MITCHELL

Why did you save me?

REVERE

We're not at war yet.

Mitchell glares and pulls his pistol.

MITCHELL

You're under arrest.

EXT. NORTH SQUARE (BOSTON) - DAY

RACHEL pushes through a crowd of townspeople who are gathered around a NEWS CRIER RINGING a loud hand bell.

NEWS CRIER

...Oh yeah, Oh yeah, hear now. Paul Revere has been arrested and, by order of General Gage, he will be sent back to England, tried for treason, surely convicted, and publicly executed!

RACHEL turns away, horrified. She pushes back through the crowd, only to find herself facing two stern Redcoats. She avoids eye contact and moves around them.

INT. MILITARY PRISON - DAY

Paul sits in a drab brick prison cell. A single GUARD stands erect outside the bars.

REVERE
Rotten luck isn't it?

GUARD
Sir?

REVERE
You know, having to stand here all day while you're division is out scouring the countryside.

GUARD
I wouldn't know anything about that.

Paul winks.

REVERE
Oh...right. I understand. You can never tell who's listening. Town's full of spies. It's really awful. No, you're right not saying that the division is heading to Malden.

GUARD
I did not say they were heading to Malden.

Paul clears his left ear with his pinkie finger.

REVERE
You'll have to speak up, I'm plain dead in that ear. Everyone knows there's nothing to find in Malden.

GUARD
(irritated)
They're not going to Malden!

REVERE
Shhh, man. Keep your voice down. This is secret information. They are aware the Post road is washed out beyond Charlestown?

GUARD
They're not heading to Malden. They're not riding the Post road. They ride the King's road.

REVERE
But that leads to Rowley not Malden. Why do you insist they went to Malden?

Off in the distance heavy FOOTSTEPS march down the hall. Two GUARDS lead General Gage into the cell where Revere calmly sits on a bench. Their eyes meet.

GAGE

So, the silversmith is once again my guest. Tell me, Revere, what's your real name?

REVERE

Paul Revere.

GAGE

No, what was your father's name?

REVERE

Rivoire. Apollos Rivoire.

GAGE

French?

REVERE

Huguenot.

GAGE

Ahh, ejected by the French. Well, I can't think of anything lower than that.

Revere smiles at him.

REVERE

I can.

Gage paces the room then points a finger to Revere.

GAGE

It's not you I'm after. Give me something, something I can use.

REVERE

I already gave you a walking stick.

GAGE

Give me what I want and I'll let you go free.

REVERE

Perhaps some matching cuff links?

GAGE

This is serious, Revere, damn serious.
(MORE)

GAGE (CONT'D)

You're going to die at the end of a rope, miles from home, in a country you've never seen. Save yourself. All you have to do is tell me the names of each and every member of the North End Mechanics.

Revere is silent.

GAGE (CONT'D)

I want the name of your spy.

Revere, still silent.

GAGE (CONT'D)

I want to know where Hancock and Adams are hiding.

REVERE

Don't waste your time.

GAGE

Why protect them? Why the blind devotion to these men you think are your friends? Hancock, Adams and Warren, they'll never really let you in. And no matter what they say about all men being equal -- it matters. You're not one of them. You never will be.

General Gage takes a long hard look at the silversmith. He walks to the small casement window which looks out on a courtyard. In the center of the courtyard is a gallows with three nooses hanging down.

The General waves a white handkerchief through the bars and we see two men, their heads held low, marched toward the gallows at gunpoint.

Revere looks at the two men and recognizes them as Porter and Stockley, the British defectors who helped him with the stolen cannons. His face grows red with anger and alarm.

EXT. PRISON COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS

Their hands bound behind their backs, Stockley and Porter don't fight as the thick rope nooses are draped around their necks. Porter at one end, Stockley at the other. The middle noose hangs empty swaying gently in the breeze.

A red coated official reads from a sheet.

OFFICIAL

Robert Stockley and Edward Porter,
having been found guilty of the acts
of desertion from his Majesty's army,
and having been found guilty of
treason in the theft of his Majesty's
property. You are condemned to death
by hanging.

INT. PRISON - CONTINUOUS

Gage and Revere listen to the end of the official spiel.
Gage takes the white handkerchief and waves it a second time.
The executioner pulls a lever, the bottom of the gallows
drops out and Porter and Stockley hang.

Paul turns away from the window, anger in his eyes. Gage
smiles and starts to leave.

GAGE

Even the King knows your name now.
He may even attend your execution.

Gage laughs as he leaves the cell and walks down the stone
hallway. Paul watches him go then looks back at the two men
hanging in the courtyard. He drops onto the bench and runs
his hands through his hair.

CUT TO:

INT. PROVINCE HOUSE - BANQUET HALL - NIGHT

General Gage stands at the head of a large table, giving a
toast.

GAGE

To King George!

LOYALISTS

To King George.

The happy Loyalists drink up, relieved Revere is behind bars.
Except for Henry Knox who sits between Lucy and Secretary
Flucker, stressing at the news.

FLUCKER

They would be lions when we were
lambs, but now we see their true
nature: cowardice. Perhaps that's
the American 'spirit' they're always
talking about.

The Loyalists laugh. Margaret stands, rattling plates and cups.

MARGARET

You don't know the first thing about the American spirit. They're reasonable enough to know that if they stand together they can win. And it won't take much to set them upon you.

She turns to her husband and points.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

Sending Revere to England is not only a bad idea, it's dangerous. For all of us. His friends will burn this town to the ground...

Gage raises a hand and slaps Margaret in the face leaving a visible welt on her pale skin. The guests gasp in shock.

Margaret drops her napkin to the plate and walks out. As she does she keeps her eyes locked on the General.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

...and only a fool would do it.

Gage fumes.

INT. WARREN'S STUDY - NIGHT

A handsome room with a roaring fire and comfortable furnishings. Warren stands and Church sits beside a table.

Rachel Revere stands before them.

CHURCH

...As much as we like to see our loved ones as saints, Mrs. Revere, your husband was caught in an act of treason. It would be too dangerous to the cause for us to try and help him.

She turns to Warren.

RACHEL

Dr. Warren...Please.

WARREN

If it's any consolation, his name will always be remembered.

RACHEL
Remembered? He's not dead yet,
gentlemen.

The two men look at her helpless.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
But he might as well be. No one's
coming to help him are they?

WARREN
The situation is unfortunate, Mrs.
Revere. But to do anything now might
only inflame the circumstances. I'm
sure he understands.

RACHEL
What he understands is that he
considered you his friends. Although
I'll never know why.

She storms out leaving Warren distressed.

CHURCH
I believe she thinks that we're to
blame for her husband's carelessness!

Warren shoots a glare at Church angered by his callousness.

CUT TO:

INT. PRISON - DAY

Rachel sits on a small stool outside Paul's cell. He sits
next to her, holding her hand through the bars. In his lap
is a small basket full of crumbled food.

RACHEL
I'm sorry about the bread. They broke
it into little pieces.

REVERE
Afraid you might be smuggling in a
saw.

She looks down in tears.

RACHEL
Paul...look what's happened. They're
talking about hanging you.

REVERE

Oh...that. Gage's just saying that to get me to talk. He's bluffing that's all. Listen I need you to get a message to Dawes. The Redcoats are heading to Rowley. We've got muskets stored in the meeting house there. Tell him to move them tonight.

RACHEL

I will.

REVERE

Did you talk to Warren and Church?

RACHEL

They said...they said they've put a plan in motion. I'm not sure what.

REVERE

Then I'm practically home. Rachel...I saw two men hanged yesterday.

RACHEL

The traitors.

REVERE

Not traitors...Patriots. Porter and Stockley they...were just two young men roused by the press gangs and forced into the army. I watched them die...because they wanted to be free to do something or nothing. No trial...no hearing...not even a clergyman in their last moments.

RACHEL

You can't compare your plight to their's.

REVERE

I never believed it could happen here. And yet it's happening to us. I've got so much more to contribute.

Rachel smiles as she caresses Paul's hand.

INT. REVERE'S SHOP - DAY

Rachel and a few of Paul's children are cleaning the shop.

Out the window an ornate carriage pulls up to the curb outside the shop.

A footman hops down from above, opens the door and helps Margaret Gage out.

Rachel straightens herself and shoos the children away as the door opens and Margaret enters. Margaret wears a veil to hide her bruised face.

Margaret says nothing as she begins studying Paul's exquisite silverwork.

RACHEL

Good afternoon, Mrs. Gage.

Margaret looks at Rachel, studying her.

MARGARET

Mrs. Revere.

Rachel's face grows stern and she can't hide her disdain for the woman.

RACHEL

You know my husband's not here right now, but I believe he finished your teapot.

Rachel pulls the teapot off the shelf and hands it to Margaret who studies the exquisite detail.

MARGARET

He really is a master at his craft. I've never seen such quality and detail.

Rachel says nothing. Margaret intercepts the uncomfortable moment with grace.

RACHEL

My husband is going to be hanged.

Margaret's eyes betray her compassion for Rachel.

MARGARET

I know...and I'm sorry.

RACHEL

If you could talk to your husband...perhaps ask him for clemency...

MARGARET

I have and he...

Margaret lifts her veil revealing her bruises. Rachel softens.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

...well he has a government to run,
the problems of one man are not his
concern.

Rachel sits in frustration. She wants to cry, but is too exhausted. Margaret sits by her side and holds her hand.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

What's become of these men we married?

Now Rachel finds the tears.

RACHEL

I'm sorry...I knew what he was before
I married him. I met him not more
than a month after his wife died. He
had a sick child at home and I went
to help. I never left. I don't know
what I'll do without him.

MARGARET

I knew what my husband was before I
married him as well. Ambitious, but
not evil. It's the pressure to keep
peace. If the British Empire loses
the American Colonies, how long before
the others go? Oh, but listen to me
make excuses for him.

Rachel wipes her tears.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

I was born in America, but by marriage
and upbringing I am loyal to the
crown. And what I am here to tell
you does nothing to change that...Your
husband has been moved to a ship...the
Preston. It's scheduled to sail for
England in three days.

Rachel's face goes white. She sits and stares blankly.

RACHEL

Is there anything you can do...anyone
you can talk to? Please.

MARGARET

I've done too much already.

She hands Rachel a small leather pouch with coins. She takes the teapot and turns to leave. Rachel opens the pouch.

RACHEL

Oh, no...this is far too much for that pot.

MARGARET

I'm sure this pot will brew the most sumptuous teas, well worth its price. Someday, when all this is over, you and your husband will join me for tea.

RACHEL

But...

MARGARET

You know everything you need to know.

With that Margaret is gone. Rachel watches her carriage pull away then yanks off her apron.

RACHEL

Paul...Debby!

The two children enter the room.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Watch the shop while I go out of a few hours.

DEBBY

Where to?

RACHEL

I need a drink.

Rachel hurries out of the shop. Paul Jr. watches for a moment then follows her.

DEBBY

Where are you off to?

PAUL JR.

To help father.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE CRYING ROSE TAVERN - DAY

Rachel moves down the street and enters the seedy tavern. A beat behind her is Paul Jr. who follows Rachel to the door. He pauses for a moment then goes to the front window and peers in.

INT. TAVERN - CONTINUOUS

Several men sit around a table drinking beer with a somber tone. Among them are Dawes, Walker, Bentley and Richardson.

Rachel enters the establishment and heads to the table.

DAWES

Have you been to the jail? Have you seen Paul?

WALKER

He's done it this time. Gage's men are celebrating his capture as if they caught the devil himself.

RACHEL

They've moved Paul to a ship. The *Preston*. It's sailing for England in three days.

BENTLEY

How do you know this?

RACHEL

I just do. You're his friends. If he ever needed someone to stand by him...it's now.

DAWES

The *Preston* is a British man-of-war. It would take an army to get him out...

Robert Newman, who has been cleaning up the tables nearby and listening to every word, walks over. Rachel Or we could just walk in...

The Mechanics lean in close to hear her plan.

RACHEL

I know how to get into the ship, into the brig and out...right under the General's nose.

She points to Newman.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

We'll be needing your help, too.

Newman, excited at being included in a Mechanic plan, sits down as Rachel outlines her plan.

CUT TO:

EXT. WHARF STREET - NIGHT

The night is stormy. A light rain falls, but the clouds are threatening much worse.

Three men march in unison. A press gang. The three men drag a semi-conscious fourth man along.

Closer inspection reveals the three men to be Bentley, Richardson and Newman.

The semi-semiconscious man is none other than Dawes.

As they move through the street toward the wharf they are intercepted by Paul Jr. wearing a drummerboy's uniform complete with drum.

DAWES

Paul, what are you doing here?

PAUL JR.

You're going to save my father. I want to help.

DAWES

Too dangerous. Your father would have my head if let you come.

PAUL JR.

You won't get past the wharf captain without a drummer.

The men all exchange glances.

DAWES

Bentley, you're in charge of the boy. It's your life before his.

EXT. LONG WHARF - NIGHT

Paul Jr. beats a lone drum as he marches along the Boston streets. Behind him, is the press gang. As they approach the wharf, several MARINES are inspected by a ship's CAPTAIN. He strolls up and down the row of men poking at any man who is slightly out of line.

CAPTAIN
Wash this shirt. You, replace those
buttons. Look at that hat man,
disgrace.

His attention is caught by Paul Jr.'s drumming. The faux
press gang marches toward a small whaleboat docked at the
end of the wharf.

RICHARDSON
(whisper)
It ain't gonna work. They'll find us
out for sure.

DAWES
(whisper)
Shut up and act brutal.

The Captain watches the gang pass, then waves his sword
motioning them to stop.

CAPTAIN
You there...Press Captain.

None of the men know whom he is addressing. Richardson looks
up.

RICHARDSON
Me, Sir?

CAPTAIN
What sort of joke is that? I am
addressing the press captain.

He looks right at Bentley.

BENTLEY
Uh...yes, sir?

CAPTAIN
What sort of scum have you scrounged
from the depths of society tonight?

BENTLEY
The very worst, sir. He's a thief, a
forger, a heretic, an adulterer...

DAWES
(whisper)
Easy you clod.

BENTLEY
And a thief...or did I mention that
already?

The Captain looks Dawes up and down then inspects the press gang. He taps Richardson's belt.

CAPTAIN

Tuck that in.
(to Newman)
Sew that shirt, sailor.

HE EYES THE GROUP SUSPICIOUSLY

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

What ship are you from?

The men flounder to come up with an answer. The Captain studies them carefully.

A horse approaches and off jumps Dr. Warren. He pushes through the press gang and grabs Dawes by the shirt.

WARREN

You...you...bastard. With my
wife...under my roof...in the home I
built with my bare hands.

Dawes looks at Warren as if he's lost his mind. Warren pulls a knife and lunges at Dawes. The press gang holds him back.

WARREN (CONT'D)

Let me kill him. Serving time as a
sailor is too good for his kind. Let
me kill him.

The Captain stands before Warren.

CAPTAIN

I assure you, Sir, the life that
lies ahead of him is far worse than
any justice you could offer. Rest
well knowing he'll never set foot on
your shores again.

Warren seems to calm down a bit. The faux press gang relaxes its grip. Dawes breathes a sigh of relief.

WARREN

Thank you, Captain. It's good to
know there's equity in this world.

Warren walks up to Dawes, looks him in the eyes, then pulls a pink envelope and jams it into Dawes' pocket.

WARREN (CONT'D)

Your love letters, sir; may they
keep you company when you're three
decks below never to see the sun
again.

Everyone just stands there uncertain what Warren is talking about.

RICHARDSON

Captain?

CAPTAIN

Right. Well, get along. Take this
filth to your ship.

The faux press gang moves on. Warren watches them go, then turns to the Captain to engage him in conversation.

As they get near the end of the wharf Walker pops up from a whale boat.

WALKER

Where did he come from?

RICHARDSON

Who cares?

DAWES

Damn near had me believing I slept
with is wife.

WALKER

What was all that with the letter?

Dawes fishes the letter from his pocket and opens it. There, in exquisite detail, is a diagram of the *HMS Preston* and a map to Paul's location.

DAWES

I guess I misjudged the good Doctor.

The group climbs in a long boat and shoves off.

EXT. BOSTON HARBOR - NIGHT

The waves are picking up as the weather turns from bad to worse. The swaying British ship that holds Revere is anchored in the center of the harbor.

EXT. BOSTON HARBOR - NIGHT

The longboat is being tossed by the swells as it pulls alongside the man-of-war.

The longboat moves behind the ship, where the thick hemp anchor line reaches into the water. Richardson climbs off the long boat and grabs the anchor rope. Hugging the thick rope, he begins slowly sawing it apart.

The faux press gang rows on until they come to a boarding plank. The Mechanics stand and march Dawes up the ramp to the deck.

EXT. SHIP'S DECK - NIGHT

A guard stands watch in the rain, clutching his rifle as the men escorting Dawes enter the main deck. He points his musket at the group.

GUARD

Here now! Who goes there?

BENTLEY

We're from her majesty's ship the *Somerset*. We've a new recruit and have no place to keep him.

GUARD

Wait here while I summon the Lieutenant.

The Mechanics look about nervously.

EXT. HMS PRESTON - CONTINUOUS

Richardson is 90% through the taut rope. A few more strokes of the saw and SNAP!

The line snaps back, sending the anchor to the bottom of the harbor. Richardson drops into the water and swims away.

EXT. HARBOR - NIGHT

The ship is loose, heading for the breakwater.

EXT. DECK - NIGHT

The sudden release of the rope sends the ship listing wildly to one side. From nowhere a busy crew appears trying to keep the ship under control as rain pours down, THUNDER BOOMS and lightning flashes. The Mechanics head into a doorway and...

INT. SHIP - CONTINUOUS

...down the stairs.

INT. SHIP'S BRIG - CONTINUOUS

In a cramped cell, Revere looks around uneasily.

INT. SOMEWHERE ON THE SHIP - CONTINUOUS

Crew members race around oblivious to the press gang which strolls along studying a pink love letter with a ship's diagram.

BENTLEY

Down this hall and to the right.

The Mechanics push on.

INT. SHIP'S BRIG - CONTINUOUS

Paul is getting concerned as the ship rocks back and forth with greater regularity.

The door to the room opens and Paul Jr. rushes in followed by Newman, Dawes and Walker. Paul jumps up to greet them and warn them of the sleeping guard.

REVERE

Paul?

The boy rushes to embrace his father and Revere shoots Dawes a look.

PAUL JR.

Father.

DAWES

Before you say anything, Paul, we wouldn't have made it this far without the boy.

REVERE
We'll talk about that later.

EXT. SHIP'S DECK - NIGHT

The ship is rushing toward the rocks. The minimal crew is fighting against the rough weather.

INT. SHIP'S HALL - NIGHT

Crews rush by as water washes down the stairs from the deck three floors above. The door to the brig opens and the Mechanics emerge. The group heads up the stairs.

EXT. DECK - NIGHT

The Mechanics stagger across the deck hoping to make it to the side without being noticed.

No such luck.

A large and imposing MARINE spots the interlopers.

MARINE
You! Get back to your posts.

The Mechanics freeze in their tracks.

DAWES
(whispering)
Let me take care of this. I'll show you how it's done
(to the marine)
Uh...you see, we are returning to our posts. We...a...we're from the good ship...Cordovan ...and we mistakenly boarded your ship...by mistake. It was dark and well, it could happen to anyone.

REVERE
(whispering)
Oh, so that's how it's done.

The Marine looks the group over.

MARINE
In all my years I've never heard such a crock as that.

GUARD(VO)
 Hold those men. That's Revere! That's
 Revere! He's escaped!

Everyone looks to see a guard sprinting toward the group. The Mechanics turn to run, but find themselves confronted by a group of MARINES.

DAWES
 Bad?

REVERE
 Very bad.

The marines advance and the fight begins. Revere, Paul Jr. and Newman run for the side. They almost make it when they are grabbed by two marines. Dawes rushes the group bowling them over.

The boat pitches and cannonballs roll into the ankles of two other soldiers. They go down.

REVERE (CONT'D)
 (to Newman)
 Take Paul to the boat.

Newman nods, grabs the boy and runs for the side.

Revere and Dawes are each involved in a one-on-one fist fight with Marines. All around men scramble overboard, but these two marines have no plans to abandon their fight.

Gunshots ring out as Walker goes to the side of the ship and looks for the whaleboat they came in.

Struggling against the roiling boat, Paul gets to his feet, but the Marine pulls a knife.

Dawes punches his attacker across the deck and goes after him.

Walker looks back and sees the Marine about to stab Paul. He charges with a blood curdling yell, dives on the Marine and wrestles him to the deck of the ship. With a sickening CRACK of his neck the Marine goes limp. Walker is slow getting up.

Revere rushes to his side to find the knife in Walker's stomach and blood pouring out. Paul grabs his friend under the arms, pulls him to the side of the ship and searches the water for the whaleboat.

REVERE (CONT'D)
 Take it slow.
 (MORE)

REVERE (CONT'D)

I'm going to get you out of here. I promise I'll get you out of here.

WALKER

No I...I don't think I'm going to make it.

REVERE

Shhh, don't talk like that. You'll be fine. I just need to find the boat. Hold on.

WALKER

I'm so warm, Paul. Like the sun was bright on my face. I was always afraid that I'd be cold, but I'm so warm.

Paul cradles him. Walker convulses a bit and a trickle of blood rolls over his lips.

WALKER (CONT'D)

I wasn't born on the shores of any man's land. No man can own me. When Adams freed me, he was only doing what was already done. It's fittin', Paul. It's fittin'. I'm back at sea. Back at sea.

Walker sighs, a look of peacefulness comes across his face. His eyes roll back and his head sags to one side.

PAUL

Back at sea.

Paul lays him softly on the ground. A fierce look of determination burns in his eyes.

SMASH!

The out-of-control ship hits the jagged rocks of the island. Huge torrents of water wash over the sides. The crew is abandoning ship.

ANGLE ON

Revere kneels over Walker's body. Dawes comes up next to Paul.

DAWES

The ship's breaking apart. We've got to jump. Now!

Dawes sees Paul hunched over Walker's body. The big man drops to his knees. Dawes lifts Walker's body, cradles it closely and starts to stand. Paul puts an arm out to stop him.

DAWES (CONT'D)

Let me carry his body, Paul. I can swim with him.

REVERE

Leave him. This is where he wants to be.

Dawes holds his gaze on Walker as Paul stands. Dawes gently rests Walker on the deck. Paul pulls Dawes to the side of the ship and they both jump into the water.

EXT. WATER CONTINUOUS

As Revere and Dawes swim away Paul looks back to see the ship crash into the rocks. The hull breaks up. High-tension rigging lines SNAP and whip dangerously, rigging blocks become projectiles. The mast crashes down as the ship breaks apart and sinks.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOSTON COMMON - DAY

Secretary Flucker watches Redcoats drill on the green as Gage and Mitchell are locked in an intense discussion.

GAGE

...And where is the *Preston*?

MITCHELL

At the bottom of the harbor. Revere's men scuttled her.

GAGE

Alert the men in North Square Revere is back.

FLUCKER

Perhaps we should abort the present plan. If Revere has escaped he could incite the local population. We should wait until he is back in custody.

GAGE

No.

(MORE)

GAGE (CONT'D)

The targets of our mission are Hancock and Adams. Revere is an annoyance at best. To give no hint of our plans, have the men prepared for a mission by land...or by water.

General Gage gets in Major Mitchell's face.

GAGE (CONT'D)

I want patrols stationed along every road out of Boston. Arrest anyone suspicious.

INT. WARREN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Warren comes into his home. A flickering lamp light comes from his study. He approaches it cautiously.

INT. WARREN'S STUDY - NIGHT

Paul Revere sits behind Warren's desk.

WARREN

Revere!

REVERE

Happy to see me?

WARREN

You were warned in the beginning that I couldn't help you if you got caught.

Revere pulls out the pink love letter Warren gave to Dawes.

REVERE

(winking)

I understand.

Revere stands and walks out from behind the desk.

REVERE (CONT'D)

Seaborn is dead.

WARREN

I heard. He was a good man and deserved better.

Warren claps Revere warmly on the shoulder.

WARREN (CONT'D)

It's time to turn words into action, Paul. Gage has been drilling troops since your capture. He's making his final move to crush the rebellion. I want you to organize an effort to warn the countryside that the troops are coming.

REVERE

Incite a revolution, you mean.

WARREN

The men will come out if you call them.

Revere goes for the door.

WARREN (CONT'D)

When I learn what the British plan is I'll need you and your men to ride one more time.

EXT. NORTH CHURCH CEMETERY - DAY

CLOSE ON a gravestone with the name APOLLOS REVERE, Paul's father, etched into the granite.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL Paul kneeling beside his father's graveside. He clears away a few leaves that have blown against the headstone. Paul's first wife SARAH and two daughters, MARY and ISANNA, have headstones close by.

Rachel walks into the cemetery and moves quietly behind Paul.

RACHEL

Paul. I thought I'd find you here.

REVERE

It's been awhile since I paid my respects.

RACHEL

I heard rumors that the British are marching.

REVERE

There are rumors.

RACHEL

And if they do I suppose you'll be there.

Rachel kneels beside Paul.

REVERE

If I had never gotten mixed up in these politics. Paul almost lost his life to save mine. That's not right. A father shouldn't lead his son into harm's way.

RACHEL

It's too late to second guess.

REVERE

But maybe it's not too late for me to quit.

RACHEL

They can take away your friends, destroy your business or even try to kill you, but it won't change what you believe in.

Paul turns to face Rachel.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

...You've got to ride.

REVERE

If I ride, warn the countryside, people will die. I've lost a friend and nearly a son...

RACHEL

You're not riding for me or Dr. Warren or Seaborn. You're riding for our children. Give them something to look forward to.

Paul studies Rachel and sees her earnestness. He pulls her close and holds her tightly.

REVERE

I knew the first moment I met you that there wasn't a woman alive who better understood me.

Paul looks up and notices the steeple of the Old North Church. He watches it thoughtfully for a moment.

INT. GREEN DRAGON - MEETING ROOM - DAY

Revere and the North End Mechanics are gathered around a large table upon which is spread a worn map. The map shows

Boston jutting out on a narrow peninsula with the Charles River on one side and Boston Harbor on the other. Cambridge, Medford, Lexington and Concord are all shown in outlying areas.

REVERE

The British are assembling their troops. They have plans to crush us. There are two places they may go. Lexington and Concord in the North or Dedham in the West. If they go to Lexington they'll go across the Charles River and if they go to Dedham they'll move overland. As soon as I know what route they're taking, by land or by water, I'll signal you. I want you all to go 'cross river to Charlestown and wait for my signal.

Robert Newman comes in with a tray of drinks for the Mechanics.

REVERE (CONT'D)

I'll ride with more details as soon as the signal is set.

DAWES

What's the signal to be?

Revere grins as he puts his hand on Newman's shoulder.

REVERE

Something our friend Newman here is going to take care of.

CUT TO:

INT. NORTH CHURCH BELFRY - DAY

Revere fits a candle into an oversize lantern.

REVERE

Now say it again.

NEWMAN

One if by land, two if by water.

REVERE

Perfect.

INT. GAGE'S CHAMBERS - DAY

General Gage and Flucker stand over a map of Boston.

GAGE
There's only two ways out of Boston:
through the town gate...

EXT. BOSTON TOWN GATE - CONTINUOUS

Several Redcoats stand guard.

INT. GAGE'S CHAMBERS - CONTINUOUS

GAGE
...or across the Charles, directly
under the guns of the *HMS Somerset*...

EXT. CHARLES RIVER - CONTINUOUS

The massive man-of-war *HMS Somerset* is anchored to block
river passage.

INT. GAGE'S CHAMBERS

FLUCKER
And if they do get through?

GAGE
There are patrols on every road to
Lexington...

EXT. ROAD TO LEXINGTON - DAY

A Redcoat patrol waiting by the side of the road, ready to
ambush. Major Mitchell leads this particular patrol.

GAGE(VO)
...with orders to capture any
messengers.

INT. GAGE'S CHAMBERS

GAGE
My source has given me Hancock and
Adams' location in Lexington. I will
join the troops and arrest them there.
Then I'll proceed to confiscate rebel
supplies at Concord. Have the boats
ready to move the men across Charles
River.

Gage smiles, satisfied with his brilliance.

INT. GAGE'S HOUSE/HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Margaret leans with her back to the wall listening to her husband and Flucker, a look of anxiety on her face.

GAGE(VO)
Yes, Secretary Flucker, it will all
be finished by sunrise.

INT. WARRENS STUDY - NIGHT

Sitting at his desk, Dr. Warren is lost, deep in thought. Revere pushes through the door and walks to the desk.

REVERE
Any word yet?

WARREN
The streets are full of rumors, but
no one has been able to confirm
anything. General Gage is keeping
the plan a secret until the last
moment.

There is a KNOCK on the door and Revere retreats into the shadows. Warren opens the door carefully to reveal...

Margaret Gage. She stands in the doorway wearing traveling clothes and a hooded cloak to hide her face. Warren seems surprised to see her.

WARREN (CONT'D)
Mrs. Gage?

MARGARET
I'm sorry to disturb you so late...

Revere steps forward. Margaret seems a bit flustered, but quickly regains her composure.

WARREN
Come in.

REVERE
Mrs. Gage. It seems I owe you my
gratitude not to mention my life.

Margaret shakes her head.

REVERE (CONT'D)
Rachel told me what you did.

MARGARET
She would have done the same if she
were in my position.

Revere nods as Warren notices how Margaret is dressed.

WARREN
Are you planning a trip?

MARGARET
I'm leaving Boston and returning
home to Brunswick. That is in part
why I came here this evening. My
husband has a spy and he knows where
Hancock and Adams are hiding. He's
going to arrest them. Three regiments
are preparing to move out tonight
across the Charles River.

Warren turns to Revere.

WARREN
Three regiments? For two men? They're
going to pick up Hancock and Adams
in Lexington and move on to Concord.
Gage is making his final move to
crush us.

Revere grabs his coat and is nearly out the door when he
pauses and looks to Margaret.

REVERE
It looks as though we are indebted
to you once again.

Margaret studies Paul's face with emotion. She gathers the
courage to say something and leans in close to him.

MARGARET
Paul...
(she reconsiders)
...be careful. Your family needs
you.

Paul smiles, leans in and kisses Margaret lightly on the
cheek. He turns and leaves. She holds the moment.

EXT. CHARLES RIVER - NIGHT

British troops mill on the banks of the river while several whaleboats loaded with soldiers push off.

EXT. NEWMAN HOUSE - NIGHT

Newman drops from the window ledge. He picks himself up. As a hand falls on his shoulder. It's Revere.

REVERE

Hang two. Now.

Newman hurries off.

EXT. DOCK - NIGHT

Bentley and Richardson prepare their boat as Revere hurries up.

REVERE

Is everything ready?

BENTLEY

If we can get by that.

Bentley points out to the river where the *HMS Somerset* blocks their course.

REVERE

Did you bring something to muffle the oars?

Bentley and Richardson look at each other sheepishly as they hold up a petticoat.

REVERE (CONT'D)

A petticoat?

BENTLEY

It's my girlfriend's...so I need it back.

As they climb into the boat Paul Jr. steps out of the shadows.

PAUL JR.

Wait. I'm coming too.

Revere stops and moves toward his son.

REVERE

Not this time. I need you to stay here and look after Rachel and your sisters.

PAUL JR.

But what if you need my help?

REVERE

Tonight, you're the man of the house. Everyone else needs you to take care of them.

Paul Jr. sighs, a look of worry on his face.

REVERE (CONT'D)

Be strong. I'll be back before morning.

Paul Jr. watches as his father climbs into the boat and pushes off. He holds his father's gaze, turns and runs off into the night.

EXT. DOCK - NIGHT

Bentley and Richardson wrap the strips of the petticoat around the oars. Revere looks through a spyglass at the man-of-war blocking the river.

REVERE'S POV - THROUGH SPYGLASS

Redcoats guard the deck of the ship. 21 cannons poke through the gunports.

ON REVERE

He takes the spyglass away from his eye and looks up at the moon, its light spilling across the water.

REVERE

The moon's low. It's giving us a shadow off the starboard side.

They climb in, untie the rope to the dock and push off.

EXT. RIVER - CONTINUOUS

And so they go, under the full moon, across the shimmering river and towards the menacing black hull of the man-of-war.

EXT. NORTH CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

Newman keys the lock to the church and steps inside.

INT. NORTH CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

Newman grabs two large lanterns and heads up the steep stairway.

EXT. CHARLES RIVER - CONTINUOUS

Revere is crouched at the front of the boat as they approach the massive man-of-war. Bentley and Richardson row with smooth, silent strokes.

REVERE

Oars up!

Bentley and Richardson hold the oars up and out of the water. They are quiet as can be as their boat coasts alongside the hull. A Redcoat guard stands on deck above them.

The little boat passes the monstrous warship and at a safe distance, Revere signals Bentley and Richardson to resume rowing. Revere stares back at the man-of-war, relieved, then looks back at the Boston skyline and the North Church belfry. The window is dark. He frowns.

INT. NORTH CHURCH BELFRY - CONTINUOUS

Newman makes it to the belfry. He sets the lanterns down and lights one candle, then the other. He lifts the lanterns by ringed handles and carries them over to the window.

EXT. ACROSS THE RIVER FROM BOSTON - CONTINUOUS

Thirty Mechanics, all on horseback, stand on the river's edge, looking across the Charles to Boston and the Old North Church. Suddenly, high in the belfry, there is a twinkle.

DAWES

One if by land...

A second twinkle.

DAWES (CONT'D)

...two if by water.

The line of Mechanics turn away from the signal, toward Lexington and Concord.

DAWES (CONT'D)

Forward!

The Mechanics ride, maintaining a line until they reach top speed and then spread out.

EXT. CHARLES RIVER - NIGHT

Bentley and Richardson, facing Boston as they row, spot the two specks of light in the belfry.

BENTLEY

Revere, look!

Revere turns and sees the lights.

REVERE

Thatta boy, Newman.

INT. BELFRY - CONTINUOUS

Newman stands at the open window, arms raised and apart, proudly holding up the glowing box lanterns.

EXT. CHARLESTOWN SHORE - NIGHT

Revere, Bentley and Richardson tug their boat ashore. COLONEL CONANT, an American militia officer, greets them.

On the shore Brown Beauty is tied to a tree.

CONANT

Good work. I saw the signal.

He unties the horse and hands the reins to Paul. The horse stamps its feet. Paul pats the beautiful mare.

REVERE

There, girl, there. Are you ready to run?

Behind them the tower of the Old North Church glows brightly from the two lanterns then...darkness.

RICHARDSON

They'll be looking for you.

Conant rolls open a hand drawn map.

CONANT

Richard Devens was on the Lexington road around sundown. He saw ten Dragoons heading uproad.

REVERE

Then we know they're expecting us.

Revere swings over his horse.

CONANT

Which route will you ride?

REVERE

I'll head up to Medford then turn for Lexington. If I make it that far, I'll head on to Concord.

CONANT

And if there's a fight?

Revere pats the loaded pistol in his belt.

REVERE

Then I'll be ready.

Paul is up on Brown Beauty which rears up majestically then races away in a cloud of dust.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT

Revere is riding top speed. He passes a dimly lit farmhouse, but never slows.

REVERE

To arms! To arms! The Redcoats are coming.

In a clatter of HOOFBEATS Paul is gone and the lights within the farmhouse slowly flicker to flame.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

Two Mechanics ride full tilt until a contingent of mounted Redcoats bursts from the woods. The Mechanics try to redirect, but are surrounded.

At gunpoint they dismount their horses and are locked in chains.

DIFFERENT LOCATIONS
Mechanic after Mechanic rides into a
trap.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOSTON CITY LIMITS - NIGHT

The deafening silence is broken by Gage's carriage as it hurtles down the dusty road away from Boston. Four mounted guards ride in front and behind.

INT. GAGE'S CARRIAGE - CONTINUOUS

Gage looks out the side windows at the moonlit landscape then relaxes back into the seat and smiles. He speaks to an unseen companion.

GAGE
It all ends tonight. And I suppose
you feel some responsibility for
that.

ANGLE ON

The unseen companion -- Dr. Church.

CHURCH
Well...I did provide you with the
locations. And I did tell you the
routes the messengers would be riding.
I did...

GAGE
You did your part. You certainly
did. And for that I thank you.

CHURCH
Then there's only the matter of my
compensation to discuss.

Gage reaches into a strongbox on the seat next to him and pulls out a leather sack heavy with coins. He hands it to Church then pulls back waiting for one last answer.

GAGE
...What if your King demanded your
information with no reward?

CHURCH

Well...I can't really say if my attention to details would be so sharp.

GAGE

You are a coward Dr. Church. That is nothing to be proud of.

CHURCH

I'm a realist. The Whigs have no chance of winning. By giving you this information perhaps less blood will be shed.

GAGE

(facetious)

How noble.

Gage tosses the money bag to Dr. Church. It hits the seat and spills open. Church greedily scoops the coins into his leather purse pausing to count the total. He looks up at Gage.

GAGE (CONT'D)

Does the good Doctor want more?

CHURCH

We had a bargain.

Gage reaches behind the seat for something. Church's eyes widen in fear. Gage brings up a long hand-crafted walking stick, with exclusive scrollwork on the silver handle -- Revere's gift to him. He tosses it to Church.

GAGE

It was a gift. May it bring you luck.

Church admires the stick, obviously happy with its value. Gage laughs lightly as if enjoying a private joke.

GAGE (CONT'D)

If, by some chance, you come across Hancock and Adams before my men...you could make yourself very wealthy by turning them in.

Church smiles. The carriage comes to a rolling stop. Church stands, opens the door and exits.

EXT. WOODED ROAD - NIGHT

Church walks to his horse tied up to a tree.

Gage looks out the window of the carriage as Dr. Church climbs on the horse.

GAGE

In the aftermath of every battle
there are three elements. The victors,
the defeated and the creatures who
feed upon the corpses. Which are
you?

Without waiting for a response, Gage's carriage rolls away as the Doctor watches him go.

Church clutches the money pouch and slides the walking stick into a long rifle holster on the saddle.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Revere rides by a gallows eerily lit by the full moon. Revere slows to look at a body hanging. He snaps the reins and continues on.

EXT. ACROSS THE RIVER FROM BOSTON - NIGHT

Hundreds of Redcoat soldiers line the banks preparing to march.

EXT. CLARKE HOUSE - NIGHT

The house where Hancock and Adams hide is surrounded by eight MINUTEMEN, armed and ready. They raise their guns as Revere rides up. Revere's voice is hoarse:

REVERE

I have to see Hancock and Adams.

MINUTEMAN

They're asleep. I ain't gonna wake them.

REVERE

You won't have to. In an hour the English army will.

Revere pushes past the Minutemen and enters the home.

INT. CLARKE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Revere vaults up the stairs and pushes open a bedroom door.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

John Hancock works on several papers by dim candlelight. He doesn't react to the door being flung open.

HANCOCK
What is it, Adams?

REVERE
Not Adams, Sir...Revere.

Hancock spins around startled.

HANCOCK
Paul...why are you here? At this hour?

REVERE
Three regiments are marching. They plan to arrest you and Adams, then move on to get our supplies at Concord.

Hancock goes to the gunrack over the fireplace. He takes down an ancient rifle.

HANCOCK
Go wake up Adams.

ADAMS (O.S.)
Who could sleep through Paul's dramatic entrance.

Hancock looks down the barrel. Checks the firing mechanism. Adams rests his hand on Hancock's shoulder.

ADAMS (CONT'D)
Put down the gun, we're not meant to be soldiers.
(to Revere)
Is the countryside warned?

REVERE
Thirty men left ahead of me. Am I the first to get here?

A worried look come across Revere's face.

HANCOCK
We've heard no warnings. You're the first man we've seen.

ADAMS

Then you're the only man left for the call to arms. Raise the alarm. The soldiers have to be met. Go on ahead to Concord.

REVERE

We've a traitor amongst us. The soldiers know where you are. They're coming for you.

HANCOCK

Bailey, get our carriages ready. We leave for Philadelphia tonight.

CUT TO:

EXT. LEXINGTON - NIGHT

Paul rides through the center of town calling the townsfolk to arms.

He trots up to Buckman's Tavern, dismounts and races inside

INT. BUCKMAN'S TAVERN - CONTINUOUS.

A handful of men are gathered around a table smoking pipes and drinking beer. At another table DOCTOR SAMUEL PRESCOTT holds the hand of a pleasant looking woman as he whispers in her ear.

Revere bursts in.

REVERE

Captain Parker! Captain Parker!

CAPTAIN PARKER, a handsome and valiant young man, stands.

CAPTAIN PARKER

Revere...

REVERE

This is it. Call out your men and assemble on the green.

CAPTAIN PARKER

What's happening?

REVERE

The British are coming.

The group of men stands ready. The tavern door bursts open a second time and in staggers Dawes, weary from the road.

DAWES

The British are coming! The British are coming! Someone, get me a drink.

Revere taps Dawes on the shoulder.

REVERE

Uh...Dawes...they know. Do you mind telling me what took you so long?

DAWES

That's a nice welcome. My ass is swollen the size of a melon; the roads are swarming with lobsters; they shot at me and then you get to tell everyone the British are coming first!

REVERE

Are you done?

DAWES

Sorry...I'm just a little sore from the road. Nothing a pail of lager can't cure.

REVERE

You and I are the only two to make it through.

Dawes gets the picture.

DAWES

So I guess the pail of lager is going to have to wait?

REVERE

When the ride is done.

DAWES

Are you buyin'?

Revere nods in the affirmative.

DAWES (CONT'D)

Then I'm ridin'.

REVERE

Captain, can you spare a man to help our ride?

CAPTAIN PARKER

Not a soul. But you might ask good Doctor Prescott over there.

Revere motions to Dawes. They move to Prescott who has the young woman convinced to sneak off with him.

REVERE

Well, Doc, whatta ya say?

Prescott looks up at the two men and back to the woman.

PRESCOTT

Some other time.

REVERE

(to Dawes)

Put him on a horse. If he doesn't want to come, then call for his wife.

PRESCOTT

(alarmed)

My wife?

The young woman looks at Prescott with an angry face.

WOMAN

Not married, huh?

She slugs him in the gut.

PRESCOTT

But I'm not married. I swear to God, I'm not...

The woman walks out the tavern with a SLAM.

REVERE

Ouch. That was a tough one to lose. Now Doctor, if you please.

PRESCOTT

But Revere...you know I'm not married.

REVERE

Did I say you were married? Where do I come up with these things?

(serious)

We need another rider to try and make Concord. One more man could make the difference.

PRESCOTT

Well...it's not like I've got anything else to do, unfortunately.

Prescott heaves a sigh and joins them out the door.

EXT. TOWN - NIGHT

Revere, Dawes and Prescott ride up to a main strip of a small town. They gallop full force down the road calling out their famous warning.

At the end of the main street, they look back and wait for something to happen.

A light comes on. And another.

EXT. ANOTHER TOWN - NIGHT

Prescott pounds on doors, Revere shouts up to windows, Dawes runs through yards, jumps over fences. The houses are spread out making it hard work, but they never let up.

EXT. VARIOUS FARMS - SERIES OF SHOTS - NIGHT

Rebels prepare for war, hauling out the barrels of gun-powder. Women and children roll gunpowder and paper into small wads.

EXT. SWAMP - NIGHT

Rebels pull up cannons out of the muck and load them onto wagons.

EXT. ANOTHER TOWN - NIGHT

The trio rides into a town already in a state of panic. People pack up their things to get out of town. Others grab guns and head out to stop the Redcoats.

EXT. LEXINGTON ROAD - NIGHT

The Redcoats march toward Lexington.

EXT. ROAD TO CONCORD - NIGHT

Revere, Dawes and Prescott charge down the road to Concord.

TWO REDCOATS on horseback sweep into the center of the road, pistols out and swords drawn.

REDCOAT

Stop, in the name of the King!

Paul turns to Dawes and Prescott.

REVERE

Two against three. The odds are in our favor.

The three men dig down and spur on. The two Redcoats don't waiver as if they know something Revere doesn't.

Just when it looks like Revere, Dawes and Prescott might make it through the two soldiers, eight more mounted soldiers ride out the thickets.

DAWES

What about them odds?

REVERE

Definitely not in our favor.

The trio attempts to turn around and retreat, but several more Redcoats come out of the bushes behind them.

REVERE (CONT'D)

I'll make a break for that field and draw them off. One of you has got to warn Concord.

Paul buries his head low, digs in with his spurs and charges the men.

The Redcoats attempt to block Revere, but he rockets by.

Paul turns off the main road and rides through a lush meadow, the Redcoats still in pursuit.

ANGLE ON

The road as Dawes and Prescott race past the Redcoats. The soldiers pull pistols and fire a volley of shots after them but miss. The two men ride on to Concord.

ANGLE ON

Paul spurs Brown Beauty on to the edge of a pond. The horse leaps through the air with the grace of an antelope, lands across the watery divide and gallops away. Revere looks over his shoulder.

One Redcoat FIRES his PISTOL in the air, a signal to others in the area.

EXT. FOREST ROAD - NIGHT

Revere gallops down a forest road. Ahead: Another Redcoat patrol. They spot him and charge after him. Revere rides off the road and into the forest. The Redcoat patrol follows.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Revere weaves through the forest. The Redcoats struggle to keep up.

EXT. BANKS OF RIVER - NIGHT

Revere rides out of the forest, down to a river and a bridge. He gets close before seeing the bridge is out.

Revere spurs hard and Brown Beauty plunges into the foamy water.

The Redcoats ride to the riverbank, their horses refusing to cross. They watch Revere and Brown Beauty swim across. The Redcoats pull pistols and muskets and begin firing at Revere.

Bullets rip into the water all around Paul. Spurring Brown Beauty hard the horse climbs the steep embankment on the opposite shore.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Brown Beauty, gasping for air, races through the thick woods jumping logs and branches. Suddenly, the horse collapses throwing Paul to the ground.

Revere gets to his feet and scrambles to his horse. Brown Beauty's breathing is labored and her eyes are glassy. Examining his mount he sees a dark stain below her neck.

He touches it and brings his hand into the moonlight -- blood.

A musketball has ripped a huge gash into the horse's neck.

Paul reaches down and unfastens the saddle's tight buckle allowing the horse to breathe easier. He caresses Beauty's mane. The mare lifts its head and turns to look at Paul as if to acknowledge him.

The horse relaxes her head, lays down, takes a last breath and dies.

Paul remains motionless as he kneels over Brown Beauty.

REVERE

You rode well, my friend. You've earned your rest.

A GUNSHOT in the distance catches his attention. He stands, heads off into the woods and never looks back.

EXT. CONCORD ROAD - NIGHT

The darkened road is illuminated by the full moon. Revere runs onward into the darkness.

Ahead, the two coaches carrying Adams and Hancock to safety are racing along as Revere flags them down. Adams sticks his head out.

ADAMS

Any news, Revere?

REVERE

Why are you heading back to Lexington? The roads are crawling with lobsters. The British are probably already there.

HANCOCK

I fear I may have cost this entire undertaking any chance it had. In my haste to save myself, I left behind a rosewood box in my room at the tavern in Lexington. The box has several documents; documents which undoubtedly would incriminate every member of the continental congress...not to mention hundreds of others.

REVERE

I'll go back for it.

HANCOCK

You'd be risking your life.

REVERE

Nothing I don't do every time I hang around the two of you. But I need a horse.

Hancock climbs down out of his carriage and signals to his driver to join Adams' driver.

HANCOCK

Take my carriage.

REVERE

Just ahead, at the Red Dog Inn, you should turn off to a logging road which will take you to the Sudbury River.

Revere climbs aboard Hancock's carriage.

REVERE (CONT'D)

I'll meet you there.

With that he's off again heading back to Lexington.

EXT. CLARKE HOUSE - NIGHT

The Clarke house is dark. The minutemen are gone.

Redcoats emerge from the forest and quickly surround the house. They hop off horses and charge the front door.

INT. CLARKE HOUSE - NIGHT

Major Mitchell signals his soldiers.

MITCHELL

This is the house. Arrest anyone you find. Bring Hancock and Adams to me.

Redcoats batter down the door and stream inside.

MITCHELL (CONT'D)

Lieutenant, bring up your men and prepare to advance on the center of town. Beware of the buildings and keep a sharp eye for any resistance.

In precision timing, the Redcoats march past the Clarke residence toward the center of town.

CUT TO:

EXT. LEXINGTON ROAD - PRE-DAWN

As Paul races the carriage toward Lexington he hears church bells RINGING.

The Lexington green, a large triangle of land about 200 yards long on each side, comes into view.

On the far end of the green, the Lexington Minutemen, a local militia, are assembling.

Men load their muskets and fall in line.

Across the green the ominous sound of bagpipes playing the *Regimental March* echoes eerily. As the Redcoats come into view the numbers are staggering. They outnumber the patriots eight to one.

Paul pulls to the side of the tavern. He climbs down, walks into the midst of the Minutemen and finds Captain Parker.

REVERE

We've got word to Concord and Sudbury.
Help's on the way.

Parker looks at the line of Redcoats assembling across the green.

PARKER

Let's hope so or this is going to be
a very short war.

Revere spots Dr. Warren loading a rifle. He walks to his side.

REVERE

Joseph...what are you doing here?

WARREN

Why the surprise? Did you think when
it came to action I would be a coward?

REVERE

No...but you should be with Hancock
and Adams, not on a battlefield.

WARREN

I'm no politician...I'm just a man,
here to see finished what I helped
begin.

Revere is moved by the Doctor's patriotism and embraces him.

REVERE

Good luck, Joseph.

INT. TAVERN - CONTINUOUS

Paul walks into the tavern and spots Dr. Church engaged in conversation with the innkeeper

REVERE

Dr. Church!

(MORE)

REVERE (CONT'D)

What brings you this far from the city? The roads are dangerous tonight.

CHURCH

I was alerted to the British march. I feared there might be a confrontation. I brought my bag.

He taps a medical ditty bag.

REVERE

You're a good man. If there's a fight, we'll need a Doctor.

CHURCH

It's the least I can do. Tell me, have you any idea where Hancock and Adams are? I'm concerned for their safety.

REVERE

They're in good hands. I'll be seeing them out of Massachusetts tonight.

CHURCH

Yes...but where are they? I have a message for them.

Revere is getting uncomfortable with Church's questions. His eyes move to Church's hand and the silver-handled walking stick he holds.

Revere plays it cool.

REVERE

The Reverend Mr. Black took them to Woburn. They're hiding in his hayloft.

CHURCH

Then they haven't been found. Thanks be to God. I'll go to them straight away.

REVERE

That's a fancy walking stick you carry, Dr. Church. Mind my asking where you got it?

CHURCH

Not at all. My Cousin, from Yardley, gave it to me. A family heirloom.

REVERE
Any idea who might be the craftsman?

Revere strides over to the Doctor.

CHURCH
(a bit nervous)
I'm sure I have no idea.

REVERE
Look underneath the handle, that's
usually where they leave their mark.

Church slowly lifts the stick until he can see something
etched into the silver.

REVERE (CONT'D)
What does it say?

CHURCH
(scared)
I...I...can't see in this poor light.

Revere yanks the stick from Church's hands and looks it over.

REVERE
It says, Paul Revere 1775.

Revere glares at Dr. Church who averts his gaze in guilt.

REVERE (CONT'D)
It's been you all along. My God, how
could you do it? Why?

CHURCH
You have no right to judge me. It
was you and your rowdy friends that
brought the British wrath down upon
us. I had to survive.

Revere pulls Church up by his lapels and presses him against
a wall. The terrified Doctor is nearly in tears.

REVERE
I asked you, why?

CHURCH
I was born into a fine family. A
wealthy family. Times have been so
difficult and the Governor was willing
to help me out...

REVERE

I sat in a cell for five days. I was this close to being hanged and now I'm an outlaw. All because you felt you needed a better standard of living.

Revere pulls the silver head off the walking stick revealing a razor sharp blade. He holds the glimmering steel to Church's neck. The Doctor stands terrified.

REVERE (CONT'D)

I should kill you right here...but I won't. You delivered my children...you aided my wife, but now this...Go back to Boston, pack your belongings, find a boat and get out of America. If I hear that anyone has seen your face after tomorrow night...then I will come for you.

Revere gives him a hard look and then goes to the stairs. Church is in tears as he runs after Revere.

CHURCH

I'm sorry...Do you hear me, Paul? Paul? Please forgive me.

Revere keeps walking. Church falls to his knees, his arms outstretched.

CHURCH (CONT'D)

REVERE! You would have done it, too. Any man would have...

Revere stops and looks back one last time.

REVERE

You keep on telling yourself that. Someday you might even come to believe it...when you burn in Hell.

Revere walks up the stairs and is gone.

INT. TAVERN MEETING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Revere enters and spots Hancock's box of papers. As he reaches for the box he glances out the window at the activity on Lexington Green.

EXT. LEXINGTON GREEN - CONTINUOUS

Standing in battle formation, the Redcoats led by Major Mitchell, stare down the rebels facing them.

MITCHELL

I order you, by authority of General Gage and King George, to stand down and let us pass.

Mitchell's call is met with hoots and jeers.

WARREN

Do your men a favor, Mitchell. Return to Boston.

MITCHELL

This is an illegal assembly and I order you back to your homes.

Frustrated, anger burns in Mitchell's eyes. He glances off to a building near the rebel position.

INT. TAVERN MEETING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Revere follows Mitchell's eyes and he sees...

EXT. LEXINGTON GREEN/BUILDING ROOF - CONTINUOUS

...A SNIPER taking a position and drawing a bead with his musket on the unaware Dr. Warren.

INT. TAVERN MEETING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A look of alarm comes across Revere's face. He quickly pulls his pistol, throws open the window and leans out.

EXT. LEXINGTON GREEN/BUILDING ROOF - CONTINUOUS

The sniper draws back his hammer and is about to fire when...

...a SINGLE SHOT rings throughout the Green. The sniper's hand turns crimson and his musket clatters across the roof and to the ground.

Mitchell's eyes lock on the source of the shot.

MITCHELL'S POV

Revere leans out the window smoking gun in his hand. He glances down and locks eyes with...

There is a brief instant of silence then all hell breaks loose. Redcoats and rebels alike begin firing. Several rebels and soldiers fall to the ground mortally wounded.

MITCHELL

The tavern. Revere's in the tavern.

Several soldiers charge toward the tavern as the British troops begin to advance.

INT. TAVERN MEETING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ducking back in the window, Revere grabs Hancock's box and sprints for the door.

INT. HALLWAY/STAIRS - CONTINUOUS

Revere appears at the top of the stairs only to be met by a band of soldiers charging up at him. He quickly turns and heads back down the hall, CRASHING through the window at the end.

The Redcoats rush to the window and look out to see the closed doors of the carriage house burst open. Hancock's carriage explodes out. Revere holds the reins tightly in his hands hanging on for dear life.

SOLDIER #1

There goes Hancock and Adams!

The men scramble down the stairs.

EXT. TAVERN ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Soldiers come tearing around the tavern as Revere whips the horses. The carriage jolts ahead and Revere disappears in a cloud of dust.

MITCHELL

Don't let them get away.

Several mounted dragoons ride after the fleeing carriage.

EXT. CONCORD ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Revere presses forward as the dragoons close on him. Several of them pull their pistols and begin firing. Paul looks back over his shoulder at the soldiers.

Suddenly, Paul's horses come to an abrupt stop. Paul turns and sees the roadway blocked by a dozen mounted dragoons.

Paul is about to crack the whip and break for it when a pistol COCKS. Looking over, Paul sees Mitchell aiming a gun.

MITCHELL

I'll blow your brains out, Revere.

EXT. FENCED-IN PASTURE - DAY

As the sun rises, Revere, hands on head, is prodded through an opening in the fence.

Ten rebel messengers, including Bentley and Richardson, with dirt-smearred faces are kneeling, hands behind their backs. Revere recognizes the messengers as his fellow Mechanics.

Revere eyes a dark corner of the pasture, one that leads to the dark woods.

BENTLEY

Did you get word out?

REVERE

As far as Lexington. I'm hoping Dawes got to Concord.

RICHARDSON

Then this wasn't for naught.

BENTLEY

What's to become of us?

Paul's about to answer when he feels sudden pain as a REDCOAT strikes him down. He looks up to see Major Mitchell.

MITCHELL

Oh...I've been looking for this one.
You're gonna wish you never crossed
me.

The Redcoats look at Mitchell with some confusion.

MITCHELL (CONT'D)
Corporal, get some rope and fix a
noose to that tree.

The Redcoats listen to the Major and prepare a noose which is then slung over a low branch.

The Mechanics watch in horror as Revere's hands are bound behind his back and he's placed atop an old horse.

The rope is drawn over Revere's head.

CORPORAL
But Major...on what grounds do we
hang this man?

MITCHELL
Because it'll give me great pleasure.

Major Mitchell prepares to send the horse. Revere shuts his eyes and prepares for death.

And then a small miracle: BELLS begin to CHIME. Mitchell listens.

Church bells far and near begin to RING in unison calling the towns out.

...Dawes and Prescott burst out of the woods riding at a full gallop. Each man clutches two pistols firing as they ride.

The captured mechanics rush the guards and a melee ensues.

Dawes fires one of his pistols, tosses it aside and draws his sword. Riding toward Paul, he swings his sword and slices through the noose.

DAWES
CONCORD'S BEEN WARNED!

Revere shakes his head out of the loose noose and kicks the horse in the gut. The horse bolts.

Revere guides the horse to Hancock's carriage, jumps aboard and takes off.

Mitchell and several Redcoats mount their horses and pursue.

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Leaping onto the back of one of the horses, Revere begins unfastening the leather rigging while dodging bullets.

A burly dragoon rides slightly ahead of the others and comes up along side Paul.

Using the long leather bridle, Paul whips it at the Redcoat striking him in the face and knocking him from his horse.

Revere clutches Hancock's box, climbs down off the carriage and out onto the horse's rigging. He unfastens the rigging and it begins to slip away.

The last piece of rigging comes undone and the other horse breaks away into the woods. The carriage drops back, then loses its direction and cartwheels into tiny fragments.

The shrapnel from the carriage takes out several Redcoats, but the others, including Mitchell, continue after Revere.

EXT. SUDBURY TOWN - DAY

Several MINUTEMEN on the edge of town prepare cannons and muskets for the inevitable British attack.

Behind them a narrow wooden bridge crosses the Sudbury River. HOOFBEATS give way to Revere, racing around a bend, across the bridge and into the midst of the preparing rebels.

Without a word, Revere jumps off his horse and sprints to an open fire. He grabs a burning branch and brings it down upon the stiff fuse of a loaded cannon.

REBEL

Hey, you can't do that.

REVERE

Watch me.

The cannon faces toward the town and away from the bridge. With the fuse lit and the cannon about to fire...Revere picks up the heavy tail and turns the cannon around.

Rebels and patriots duck out of the way as the loaded mouth of the cannon sweeps past their faces.

ANGLE ON

Several mounted dragoons coming up on the bridge.

Seeing the cannon about to fire, the dragoons rein back and retreat -- all except Mitchell. He draws his pistol, points it at Revere and charges onto the bridge.

BOOM!

The cannon fires and the bridge is obliterated to splinters. As the dust clears we realize there is nothing left of Mitchell or his horse.

Paul jumps on his horse and looks at the rebels.

REVERE (CONT'D)

By the way, the Redcoats are coming.

Paul turns and rides away.

EXT. SUDBURY RIVER - DAY

On the shore of the Sudbury River, Hancock paces anxiously as Adams watches the horizon.

HANCOCK

He isn't going to make it. He didn't get through.

ADAMS

I'm sure he'll be here.

HANCOCK

If he fails so will we.

Adams strains to see through a cloud of dust on the horizon.

Riding at breakneck speed, Revere appears at the end of the road racing toward the shore.

ADAMS

Revere!

Everyone turns to see Paul as he pulls the ornate box off his horse and presents it to Hancock.

REVERE

You weren't going to leave without this?

Hancock takes the box and tucks it under his arm.

HANCOCK

Good work, Revere. I am grateful for your efforts. You've saved many men's lives.

ADAMS

Are the British still on the march? Did you have any trouble?

REVERE

The Redcoats fired on our men at
Lexington Green. We fell back, but I
think the lobsters will have a big
surprise at Concord.

ADAMS

A revolution has begun and there's
no turning back now. Come with us to
Philadelphia, Paul. We'll need a
good man like you.

REVERE

My family's back in Boston, Mr. Adams.
They need me more.

Climbing up on his horse, Revere waves to Adams and Hancock
as the men pull across the river.

Turning back toward Concord, Revere's horse rears up and
takes off.

As he races down the road we hold on a FIFE AND DRUM CORPS
leading several FARMERS and MILITIAMEN down the battle road.

Revere bears down and gallops off into history.

As the CREDITS roll a baritone voice begins to read...

VOICE

So through the night rode Paul Revere;
and so through the night went his
cry of alarm to every Middlesex
village and farm, - a cry of defiance
and not of fear, a voice in the
darkness, a knock at the door and a
word that shall echo forevermore!
For, borne on the night-wind of the
past, through all our history, to
the last, in the hour of darkness
and peril and need, the people will
waken and listen to hear the hurrying
hoof-beats of that steed, and the
midnight message of Paul Revere.

FADE OUT