

Four Fathers

by

Lucas Seidman

**"When firearms go, all goes. We need them every hour."**

*- George Washington*

**"In every country and every age, the priest has been hostile to Liberty."**

*- Thomas Jefferson*

**"Rebellion against tyrants is obedience to God."**

*- Benjamin Franklin*

**"What do I think of King George...?"**

***Fuck. Him."***

*- John Adams*

From the blackness, HOOVES CLACK COBBLESTONE as we

FADE IN ON:

THE CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL - NIGHT

a spired, alabaster fortress dominating a countryside dotted with the specks of lantern lit windows and once a --

SUPER: "**CANTERBURY, ENGLAND - JANUARY 1775**"

-- announces we've found ourselves deep in the heart of tyranny, a ROYAL CARRIAGE drawn by a pack of beastly horses rumbles to a halt near the front entrance.

The carriage door swings open and two brutish BODYGUARDS in long coats and tricorne hats hit the ground, followed by

LORD NORTH(40s)

the chubby, beaver-faced PRIME MINISTER who bears the weight of the world on his shoulders and hates the world for it.

LORD NORTH

Stay.

His guards stand taller as North strides toward the entry and gives the oak doors a sturdy pound.

A few moments and an OLD MONK opens up, recognizes the visitor, bows as Lord North brushes past.

INT. CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL - NIGHT

The Old Monk leads North under vaulted ceilings to a grand CONFESSIONAL BOOTH, gestures and North steps into...

THE CONFESSIONAL BOOTH

...and settles on the bench. A window blocked by a grate slides open, exposes a black void on the other side.

LORD NORTH

It's The Americas. There are men there -- men who would reject your king. They wish to reduce taxes, to gain concessions for trade --

THE BISHOP (O.S.)

(your worst nightmare)

-- Is there a leader among them?

LORD NORTH

Many heads of many factions. They call themselves Patriots.

THE BISHOP (O.S.)  
What has been done thus far?

LORD NORTH  
The Parliament sent an Aristocrat  
to kill the most dangerous of the  
rebels. But more is needed. If  
America drifts into chaos, the rest  
of His Majesty's lands will follow.  
The world is watching, Bishop.

THE BISHOP (O.S.)  
Then we must set an example.

North goes tight-lipped, nods his understanding.

LORD NORTH  
They will meet three months from  
now. They call it a congress -- a  
Continental Congress composed of --

THE BISHOP (O.S.)  
-- Where?

LORD NORTH  
Philadelphia. In the Colony of  
Pennsylvania, they will gather to  
decide the fate of this Empire.

THE BISHOP (O.S.)  
We have seen this before. Talk of  
liberty and the rights of men. The  
Beast knows that a country without  
a king is as meaningless and weak  
as a life without God. The Devil  
is in The Colonies, Lord North.

LORD NORTH  
Find this Devil. Break him. Make  
him kneel before the throne.

Eerie silence from the blackness, broken by:

THE BISHOP (O.S.)  
For my king, it is done.

North's lips turn up in an evil grin as we FADE TO BLACK.

A SUPER: **"THREE MONTHS LATER"** accompanied by the sounds of --

EXT. COLONIAL PLANTATION - DAY

-- an army of shabbily-dressed SLAVES laboring under a  
scorching sun, tending acres of tobacco fields and barn  
houses bordered by virgin forest and another --

SUPER: **"THE WHITE HOUSE PLANTATION - VIRGINIA"**

-- puts us in place right around the time we see

THE PLANTATION MANSION

at the center of it all, a columned monument to opulence.

INT. THE MASTER SUITE

Laying in a four post bed fit for a king is

GEORGE(early 40s)

tall and weathered, with a powerful frame, rugged  
youthfulness and knowing eyes that gaze affectionately at

MARTHA(late 30s)

an upper-class beauty in elegant underwear sitting next to  
the window, brushing her hair and staring out with sadness.

GEORGE

Let this be the day you choose  
happiness. Leave with me.

MARTHA

To live as an outlaw, looking over  
my shoulder for all time?

GEORGE

At least we'd be together.

MARTHA

You, more than anyone, should know  
there are no second chances.

Whatever she means, it's a verbal bitch slap.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

Where will you wander next?

GEORGE

Philadelphia. The Congress.

MARTHA

You're not a man for causes.

GEORGE

Patriots have been murdered. Tom  
needs me to escort him.

MARTHA

And I'm sure the lure of whores and  
gambling didn't sway you.

Another knife in the back and he tries to catch her eye.

GEORGE

If there's any part of me left  
that's good, it belongs to you.

MARTHA

You need to go now, George.

GEORGE

Will you please just listen?

She focuses on SOMETHING outside very intently, COUNTING.

MARTHA

I would. Except my husband's come  
back with *all* of his bodyguards.

He listens, launches out of bed when he hears...

EXT. THE PLANTATION MANSION

...a carriage pull up accompanied by TEN BODYGUARDS ON  
HORSEBACK. The DRIVER hops off and opens the door for

LORD CUSTIS(60s)

a miserable bastard, more British than Colonial, so ugly no  
one would marry him if we wasn't insanelly powerful and rich.  
He gazes at his slaves and lands, finds them both in order  
and heads for the front door as the men dismount.

ON THE SIDE OF THE HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

George steps out onto the ledge half-dressed, scars and  
bullet wounds all over his body as...

INT. THE MASTER SUITE

...Custis barges in and Martha turns from her vanity.

MARTHA

Dearest Husband! You're early!

She glides over, hugs him and when she pulls back with a huge  
Stepford Wife smile, he gets suspicious -- then SEES IT.

LORD CUSTIS

Not early enough.

He spots a HANDKERCHIEF on the floor, looks out at...

EXT. THE BACK LAWN

...George dressing on the run, buckling his pants.

ON THE FRONT LAWN

Custis's head appears from another window, searches and finds the bodyguards huddled together smoking pipes.

LORD CUSTIS  
A man in back! Get him!

They toss the pipes, mount up and ride off.

A moment later, Custis runs outside with a pistol in one hand, handkerchief in the other, ready to kill.

INT. PLANTATION STABLES - MOMENTS LATER

Custis runs past more slaves and turns into a rear stall where A DOZEN CAGED MASTIFFS bark as he sets them free and rubs the handkerchief all over their noses.

LORD CUSTIS  
Go! Go! Rip his heart out!

EXT. THE TOBACCO FIELDS - MOMENTS LATER

A SLAVE BOY stands amongst the waist-high plants, pruning their edges when a TALL BODYGUARD rides up, rifle in hand.

TALL BODYGUARD  
Boy! Have you seen a man passing?!

SLAVE BOY  
None but you, suh!

The bodyguard gallops off and the boy looks down to where George is sprawled on his back. He pulls a purse, opens it -- only one coin but fuck it and he hands it over.

GEORGE  
Not to be traded for candies.

DOGS BARK in the distance and he grunts and sprints away.

IN THE ROWS - MOMENTS LATER

Running full speed, George sees plant tops shaking as dogs close in from all sides, ready to tear him to pieces.

BOOM! A bullet whizzes by as one of the bodyguards catches up, shooting to kill. To his left is the huge

TOBACCO BARN

and he veers toward it as a dog leaps, ducks before it sinks its teeth into him. Hounds and bullets everywhere, George breaks from the field and sprints into...

INT. TOBACCO BARN

...slamming the door shut as a dog crashes into it. He looks around at mountains of DRY TOBACCO BUNDLES as Mastiffs dig at the walls and bodyguards surround the barn.

LORD CUSTIS (O.S.)  
Surrender and I'll make it quick!

George thinks...caught...completely fucked -- then, an IDEA.

He reaches in his pocket, pulls out a TINDER BOX, fishes out two flint stones and strikes them next to a tobacco pile.

EXT. TOBACCO BARN

The Tall Bodyguard walks over as Custis dismounts.

LORD CUSTIS  
Careful. I won't have a thousand  
guineas worth of tobacco shot up.

The bodyguard nods, moves toward the building as...

INT. TOBACCO BARN

...George rips his shirt, ties a CRUDE MASK around his face, then grabs a burning tobacco leaf and touches it to every bundle. Flames grow higher and smoke swirls around.

EXT. TOBACCO BARN

Seeing smoke pour out of seams in the building:

LORD CUSTIS  
Get in there, you damn fools!

The bodyguards run toward the door, one kicks it and...

INT. TOBACCO BARN - DAY

...they charge in as fire dances up the walls. The dogs fly in next and romp around, keen noses now useless.

FROM A HIGH RAFTER

George watches, calculating as bodyguards scurry around in the heavy smoke, kicking at crates and barrels.

And once the haze is so thick he can't see them, he jumps down, lands face to face with a FAT BODYGUARD.

EXT. TOBACCO BARN

Custis stands with pistol in hand, watching the barn.



BOOM! A SCREAM! ANOTHER! A DOG YELPS! GUN SHOTS! MEAT PACKING! AN ALL OUT BRAWL in there...then silence...

The Tall Bodyguard trips out, hat pulled low over his eyes and stumbles to the nearest horse. REVEAL George, mask on.

LORD CUSTIS  
Where is he?!

GEORGE  
They're bringing him now!

Custis looks -- no one else coming. Then spins just as George mounts up and pulls the trigger. BOOM! --

He misses badly, George turns and Custis finds himself staring at a faceless enemy.

LORD CUSTIS  
Whoever you are, I will kill you!

CLICK! George has a pistol aimed so fast it's stupid. His EYES TURN COLD AND VILLAINOUS but he flinches, SOMETHING holding him back from killing this man here and now.

GEORGE  
Better men than you have tried.

He kicks the horse, gallops off and Custis watches, powerless and livid as fuck while his men crawl from the barn.

EXT. THE MONTICELLO ESTATE - DAY

A plantation with a perfect MANSION sitting atop a mountain, peaceful and serene until a

SUPER: **"THE MONTICELLO ESTATE - VIRGINIA"**

fades away and George rides up, swings off his horse, still in the bodyguard's suit and hat.

He ties the reins to a hitching post, mounts the stairs and like he owns the place, heads through the front door into...

INT. ENTRY WAY - MONTICELLO MANSION

...and collides with a MIXED GIRL(7), who presses a finger to her lips. He winks and she runs into a parlor on the right.

A white BOY(12) appears from a hallway, tracking her down.

BOY  
Which way, Uncle George?

George points to the left and the boy dashes off.

INT. TOM'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

At a massive desk writing with a quill on parchment is

TOM(late 30s)

stoic and deliberate, less attractive than George but not without his own sense of charm and rugged power. He pauses for a moment when he detects George leaned in the doorway.

GEORGE

I see you're still going on as one big, happy family.

TOM

And about to get bigger. Sally's with child again.

George glances over at a PORTRAIT on the wall of Tom and his beautiful WIFE, from when they were much younger.

GEORGE

And your wife?

TOM

Paris. Or Rome? I suppose I'll know next time she needs money.

George chuckles as he studies the shelves of books.

GEORGE

You can't keep this up.

TOM

What right does a surveyor have to question a gentleman?

GEORGE

A gentleman should know that his children need their mother.

TOM

And what does a man who spends his time bedding barmaids and other men's wives know of families?

He stops writing, looks at the portrait, then George.

TOM (CONT'D)

Sally's twice the mother to them that *she* ever was.

GEORGE

That doesn't make it proper.

TOM  
Spare me your wisdom and focus on  
my safety. I hear four more  
Patriots were butchered this week.

A hard look between the two, interrupted when

PETER(8)

another mixed child runs in holding something close to his  
chest, beelines for Tom and starts jumping up and down.

He opens his hands to reveal a newborn kitten and as Tom  
smiles at his son, the affection is apparent and deep.

PETER  
May I keep it, Daddy?!

TOM  
You must ask your mother.

SALLY (O.S.)  
I told you not to interrupt!

SALLY(20s)

a beautiful quadroon (1/4 Black) glides in, freezes when she  
sees George and it's awkward for a moment.

SALLY (CONT'D)  
Welcome back, George.

He doesn't hide his disapproval, tips his hat and leaves as  
Peter bounds over to her.

PETER  
Mommy! May I keep it?!

Sally looks to Tom, who winks, and then she pats his head.

SALLY  
If it does not distract you.

Peter's giddy, bounds out with glee. Tom stands, embraces  
her and as they kiss, their love fills the room.

SALLY (CONT'D)  
I'm terrified. If you came to any  
harm, I wouldn't know --

TOM  
-- with GW by my side, I'm the  
safest man in The Colonies.

She calms down, KNOWS that to be the case.

SALLY  
When will you return?

TOM  
Meetings through the week, a vote  
will be called on Wednesday and  
then straight back to you.

He kisses her again, grabs a full SATCHEL from the near wall  
and turns back for one last loving look before going.

EXT. THE MONTICELLO MANSION - LATER

Tom steps out, finds George smoking a pipe by his horse.

TOM (CONT'D)  
We're supposed to ride in with  
John. Do you know where he is?

GEORGE  
I'm not sure John knows where John  
is but he won't be hard to find.

**EXT. MAIN STREET - COLONIAL TOWN - DAY**

Blocks of SHOPS and HOMES spread in a lush valley. TRADESMAN  
work in front of buildings, MERCHANTS hawk their wares.

A CROWD grows as people run to see A GROUP OF MEN restraining  
an UNSEEN MAN as he thrashes to fight them off.

UNSEEN MAN (O.S.)  
UNHAND ME NOW, YOU SCUT!

Standing on the opposite side, a dickhead

WEALTHY PLANTER(40s)

snickers with his VALET as the elderly MAGISTRATE breaks  
through the crowd and all go quiet, turn to him.

The unseen man breaks free of his captors, the one and only  
JOHN(mid 40s)

a scowling, drunk bulldog, short but muscular. He's dressed  
in all black, the 18th century's bad boy Johnny Cash.

MAGISTRATE  
What is this chaos?!

JOHN  
My honor has been tarnished!

WEALTHY PLANTER  
This mangy dog has no honor!

John lunges, held back by the Magistrate.

MAGISTRATE  
Conduct yourself, Mister Adams!

John pulls a glove from his back pocket, tosses it down.

JOHN  
Then we settle as gentlemen!

WEALTHY PLANTER  
You're no gentleman! But I accept!

MAGISTRATE  
This man is under drink! The law  
demands someone second him!

WEALTHY PLANTER  
Who would support such filth?!

The crowd laughs as John looks around, hopefully desperate.

JOHN  
Someone! Anyone! Just say yes!

But all the men back away woefully. He has no friends.

MAGISTRATE  
Will no one stand for this man?!

GEORGE (O.S.)  
I will second him!

John grins as George breaks through the crowd.

MAGISTRATE  
You will attach your honor to his?

GEORGE  
I will.

A FEW MOMENTS LATER

TWO TEENAGE BOYS lay two long boxes and a square one on the ground while the Magistrate writes on a SCROLL and the crowd backs off to make room for the duel.

MAGISTRATE  
Parties present!

The Planter and Valet approach. George and drunk, wheezy John stand side by side. The Magistrate turns to George.

MAGISTRATE (CONT'D)

Your name, sir.

GEORGE

Washington. Of Culpepper County.

The Magistrate does a double take. WHISPERS from the crowd.

MAGISTRATE

*General* Washington?

GEORGE

George. Now get on with it.

The Magistrate finishes writing, then kicks open the boxes. Swords in the long ones. Dueling pistols in the other.

MAGISTRATE

Challenged may choose the means.

WEALTHY PLANTER

How do you wish to die, Runt?

John lunges but George grabs his collar. The Planter's about to talk some shit but George's sub-Arctic stare unnerves him.

WEALTHY PLANTER (CONT'D)

I choose pistols.

MAGISTRATE

Do you accept, Mister Adams?

JOHN

(as George releases him)

Keep your pistol. I want a box.

WEALTHY PLANTER

Told you he was a madman!

The mob cheers, eager for action and all eyes fall on George.

MAGISTRATE

An unusual request...

George meets John's raging, pleading stare and shrugs.

GEORGE

Give him the box.

The Planter picks a pistol, loads a lead ball in as John tosses away one of the swords, sticks its box under his arm.

GEORGE AND THE VALET

stand aside as the duelers join the Magistrate in the center.

VALET  
My master is a perfect marksman.

GEORGE  
Thirty guineas say he misses.

The Valet scoffs, sees George is dead serious.

VALET  
As you wish, sir. It's your money.

THE PLANTER AND JOHN

stand back to back, readying for battle.

MAGISTRATE (O.S.)  
Ten paces!

The Planter walks gracefully -- John stumbles drunkenly. The crowd is tense as they hit eight paces...nine...TEN!

They turn. The Planter aims -- BOOM! -- John raises the box and splinters shoot off as the bullet embeds within -- then he screams and charges at the scared Planter.

WHOMP! Box meets face, the Planter goes down hard and John leans over the unconscious man.

JOHN  
SON OF A DEMON WHORE!

He tosses the box, mumbles curses as he storms off.

George holds his hand out and the Valet swallows the lump in his throat, sticks a coin purse in it.

IN FRONT OF A TAVERN - MOMENTS LATER

John yanks the reigns to a horse and walks it past Tom, who rolls his eyes as he snorts a pinch from his snuff box.

TOM  
Other way...

John jerks the horse back the way he came, pausing to fish a bottle from a saddlebag as George reaches Tom.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Over the trial again?

GEORGE  
What else?

They turn, watch as John chugs the rest of the bottle, chucks and shatters it against a wall.

**EXT. FOREST TRAIL - LATER**

Riding together as the sun dips below the tree line. John sips from a new bottle, so drunk he can barely sit up.

JOHN

So, Jefferson...due for another dark addition to the family?

GEORGE

(under his breath)  
Oh shit.

JOHN

If I was you I wouldn't know whether to whip them or kiss them!

As John cackles and drinks, Tom's jaw clenches.

TOM

And how's *your* family? Oh, yes, they loathe your very existence.

JOHN

That slave stole your sense of humor, TJ. You need a drink.

GEORGE

John Adams, shut your mouth or --

TOM

-- He's right, George. I should give it a try...see if it helps.

He reaches out and John sips before handing the bottle over. Tom takes a swig. Another. Turns the bottle over and BAM! --

-- John collapses into the dirt, out cold as Tom squeals.

TOM (CONT'D)

Ha! It worked!

He spins in the saddle, sees that George doesn't find it nearly as funny, and then scoffs --

TOM (CONT'D)

And they say I'm no fun...

He grabs John's horse, leads both back around.

**EXT. THE FOREST - NIGHT**

By campfire light, George cleans two pistols and Tom reads from a book, stopping every few pages to write in a DIARY, amazed like he's discovered the secrets of the universe.



GEORGE  
What are you laboring at?

TOM  
Locke. For my speech Wednesday.  
I'll need powerful words that move  
men's hearts to action.

GEORGE  
Don't you have your own ideas?

TOM  
They're fundamental truths, George.  
Each of us has been given by God  
the right to defend his Life,  
Health, Liberty, and Possessions.

GEORGE  
You're an idealist.

Tom finishes writing, puts the diary in his satchel.

TOM  
For every five pounds of tobacco I  
grow, I have to give a man five  
thousand miles away one of them.  
Then he tells me what I can and  
cannot do with my own money. It's  
not idealism. These are facts.

GEORGE  
If planting doesn't suit you, then  
go back to being a lawyer.

TOM  
And end up like *him*? No thank you.

Both turn to John snoring nearby, curled up like a baby.  
George holsters his pistols, pulls out a watch-sized MINI  
PORTRAIT of a Young Martha and stares down at it.

TOM (CONT'D)  
It seems so long that I've worked  
toward Wednesday's vote...our  
chance for complete Revolution.

GEORGE  
You speak of war like it's sport.

Another glance at the portrait and George puts it away.

TOM  
It is necessary.

He turns to Tom. A hard look and then his gaze drifts off.

GEORGE

Watch a thousand men take their  
last breath at your feet. Hear the  
screams of children, the sobs of  
wives. Order the deaths of entire  
nations as I have...

He's lost in some memory, only pain in his eyes.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Do all this, then come back to me  
and say that war is necessary.

Neither notice John stirring out of his sleep.

TOM

As much as anyone, you have issue  
with The King. All you did for him  
and all he didn't do for you.

GEORGE

Save your breath. I don't wish to  
talk about that now. Or ever.

TOM

Agreed. The time for talk is over.  
A contract exists between man and  
his government. It's been broken --

JOHN (O.S.)

-- I'll give you broken!

He tackles Tom and they roll, roaring and punching until  
George kicks John off, aims a pistol at both of them.

GEORGE

Look at the toad, Tom! You know  
he's not well! I doubt he even  
remembers what he said to you!  
(to John)  
And you! Spit in the face of one  
of the few men who doesn't try to  
kill you when you walk into a room!  
(lowers the pistols)  
And me forced to sleep in the dirt  
because of it! Now make an accord  
or I'll bury you together!

Thunder strikes, lightning cracks. A storm is brewing.

# **EXT. ANOTHER FOREST - NIGHT**

A cloudy sky pelts down torrents of rain through the canopy.  
Trunks groan as wind whips and a flash of lightning reveals

## TWENTY FRONTIERSMEN

creeping forward, muskets at the ready. They're rough men, bearded and unkempt, all with the eyes of stone cold killers.

## THE HUNTER(40s)

a beastly fusion of Indian and French, raises a hand. His all-seeing eyes pierce the storm, glimpse a LIGHT ahead.

## EXT. THE ABANDONED MANSION - MOMENTS LATER

Overgrown with vines, it stands long-forgotten in a clearing. The Hunter and his crew reach a CLOAKED VALET carrying a lantern, backed by TWENTY MASKED BODYGUARDS. He hands his rifle off and follows the Valet inside.

## INT. THE MANSION PARLOR

Rain splashes in through the broken roof and the Valet's lantern shines on a table and chair, all else in shadow.

The Hunter's eyes adjust. HOODED MEN IN BLACK stand along the walls like a pack of wraiths and seated at the table, his face a shadowy void, is THE ARISTOCRAT.

## THE ARISTOCRAT

Did you bring me trophies again?

From his coat, The Hunter pulls a stack of cleaned and cured SCALPS and tosses them onto the table. Then he fishes a crumpled parchment out and lays it next to them.

## THE HUNTER

Everyone on the list.

The Aristocrat makes a sweeping motion, spills a bag of coins on the table and the fortune glimmers in the lamp light.

## THE ARISTOCRAT

Then do take what is owed, Hunter.

The Hunter grabs the bag and slides the coins into it a few at a time, counting as The Aristocrat cocks his head.

## THE ARISTOCRAT (CONT'D)

You intrigue me. Not once have you asked why these men must die.

## THE HUNTER

I'm paid to kill. Not care.

## THE ARISTOCRAT

Very well said. Very well, indeed.

He slides over a FOLDED PARCHMENT PAPER, sealed with RED WAX.

THE ARISTOCRAT (CONT'D)  
And so our arrangement continues.  
The first name is a man who's been  
in hiding for some time. He'll be  
well-armed and well-guarded and  
it's imperative you find him first.

THE HUNTER  
Where?

The Aristocrat leans forward. He's wearing a GLITTERING  
CARNIVAL MASK, his eyes nothing but black within black.

THE ARISTOCRAT  
Philadelphia. Tomorrow.

**EXT. PHILADELPHIA - DAY**

Billowing black clouds drizzle rain on a sprawl of spires,  
taverns and shops, grand as any city in the world and with a--

SUPER: **"THE CITY OF PHILADELPHIA"**

-- we FIND Tom on a cobblestone street crowded with  
PHILADELPHIANS, tying his horse next to a dozen others.

THE BRAWLER (O.S.)  
Thomas Jefferson.

Tom spins around as THE BRAWLER snatches him by the collar, a  
gang of SINISTER MEN behind, all ready to fuck him up.

THE BRAWLER (CONT'D)  
We don't want you Patriot scum  
here. Leave the way you came.

The Brawler goes limp as George steps from behind his horse.

GEORGE  
I see you've made a new friend.

TOM  
No, I don't think he likes me.

GEORGE  
Why not? What's wrong with you?

TOM  
He must be a Loyalist.

GEORGE  
Is that true? Are you a Loyalist?

THE BRAWLER

I -- I didn't...

He lets Tom go as whispers of "Washington" make their way through the crowd and the Sinister Men back off. George circles around the trembling Brawler, predator and prey.

GEORGE

I should cut your hands off for touching my friend. But you can keep them if you spread the word...

George gets scary close, face to face with The Brawler.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Should any man so much as look at Thomas Jefferson wrong, I will take their eyes. How clear am I?

THE BRAWLER

Very, General.

GEORGE

Then go before I change my mind.

The Brawler and his posse rush off, passing John as he walks up and finds George glaring at different men in the crowd.

JOHN

I missed something, didn't I?

EXT. HIGH STREET (MARKET STREET) - LATER

They stroll down the bustling main street, passing PATRIOTS who nod knowingly, soulless REDCOATS on the march and more LOYALISTS who avert their eyes the moment they see Tom.

JOHN

Damn you, Washington. Now there's no chance of having a good brawl.

GEORGE

That was the point.

TOM

Go start one. I'll join in.

JOHN

Since when do you fight?

TOM

A third of these men haven't chosen a side. A brawl could wake them up and bring them closer to The Cause.

GEORGE  
You forget most men just want to go  
about their lives in peace.

TOM  
Is that your excuse?

George glares as Tom stops to check his pocket watch.

TOM (CONT'D)  
We've some hours to pass until the  
Patriots meet at The Tavern.

GEORGE  
Not enough, I'm afraid. And now  
that no one will bother you...

He's distracted by the WHORES in the windows of a BROTHEL and  
John digs in George's pocket, pulls out his purse.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
That's my purse!

JOHN  
Earned by my hands and not to be  
gambled or humped away!

He shakes out a handful of coins, gives them to George.

TOM  
Where are you going?

JOHN  
I'll meet you at The Tavern.

Tom snatches the purse but John won't let go.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Wha-- What are you doing?

John sulks as Tom pries his fingers away, spills out some  
coins as allowance.

TOM  
You both disgust me.

As he leaves, John and George grin at the money in hand, each  
other, then rush off their separate ways.

Once George gets closer, the make-up caked, big-breasted  
whores see him, start whispering, swooning and giggling.

WHORES  
George is back! George is back!

GEORGE  
Hello, my Darlings!

As he heads in, he passes a Frontiersmen and SENSES SOMETHING but forgets it once a SET OF FEMALE HANDS drag him in.

**EXT. THE TUN TAVERN - NIGHT**

The liveliest house on a street full of bars in the heart of the city facing THE DELAWARE RIVER. PATRIOTS stand guard on the porch, smoking and talking, while inside...

INT. THE TUN TAVERN

...FIFTY OF THEM are too busy laughing, debating, or gambling to do much else, all hammered off free-flowing pints of ale.

AT THE BAR

John's WASTED, barely able to stay on his stool as

JOHN JAY(30)

sharp-dressed and rail thin leans on the bar nearby.

JOHN JAY  
John Adams of Boston, yes?

JOHN  
Who's asking?

JOHN JAY  
John Jay. Of New York. You're the lawyer who defended the Redcoats that massacred those innocents.

Slowly, John reaches for the pistol at his waist.

JOHN JAY (CONT'D)  
I admire you, sir. All men should have the right to the rule of law.

His hand drifts away from the gun and picks up his mug instead as he eyes Jay kindly, a man who finally "gets him."

JOHN  
Have a seat.

AT THE DOOR

George strolls in, lipstick kisses all over his collar, sits at a table covered with papers where Tom is alone writing.

GEORGE  
Guess what I just did.

TOM

If I cared, I would've asked.

JAMES MADISON(mid 20s)

arrives with two beers in hand, handsome and with eyes that speak loud and clear to George: Fuck. You.

JAMES MADISON

You're in my chair.

He sets one mug in front of Tom, sips from the other.

GEORGE

Apologies. I didn't see your name carved into it, Mister...?

JAMES MADISON

Madison. I'm a lawyer. And I know who you are, General. Which is confusing to me because this tavern is for Patriots and last I heard you were not a Patriot. There are bars for Neutrals, you know?

TOM

He's with me, James.

(slides his mug over)

And he was just getting up.

George grabs the mug and drives a hard shoulder through Madison on his way toward men at a table playing cards.

JAMES MADISON

Why did you bring him here?

TOM

Because he's my friend.

JAMES MADISON

And do tell, how did you manage to befriend a mass murderer?

Tom drops his quill, finally looks up as Madison sits.

TOM

Don't speak of what you don't know.

JAMES MADISON

Everyone knows he slaughtered half the Natives on the Frontier. And everyone knows he broke all the rules of war that exist when he fought the French in Virginia. Are you saying none of that's true?



TOM  
I'm saying that's what he did. But  
not who he is.

After long enough Tom picks up his quill and keeps writing.

AT THE GAMBLING TABLE - LATER

George throws down his cards with a grin but someone lays  
down theirs and he pounds the table, stands and walks off.

DEEP VOICE (O.S.)  
Shoot myself, I would, if your luck  
was mine, Washington.

George grins at the familiar voice, whips around to

SAMUEL ADAMS(50s)

potbellied and kind-natured, the original Son of Liberty  
holding two mugs. He hands one off to George.

GEORGE  
Sam, with my luck, you'd miss.

George drinks hard as they take a table -- grimaces.

SAMUEL ADAMS  
It's my private Summer Ale.

GEORGE  
No wonder. It's the wrong season.

SAMUEL ADAMS  
So you're ready to join The Cause?

GEORGE  
You know better than that. I rode  
in with Tom and John and thought it  
rude not to drop by.

SAMUEL ADAMS  
(spots John at the bar)  
And how is my cousin?

GEORGE  
Bashed a man's skull in a duel.

SAMUEL ADAMS  
We Adamses are known for tempers.

GEORGE  
Like the time you dressed up as  
savages and dumped all that tea  
into Boston Harbor?

SAMUEL ADAMS  
You always liked a good party.

GEORGE  
But I rather enjoy tea, Sam.

SAMUEL ADAMS  
That wasn't the point and you know  
it. Now stop this nonsense. I  
need men like you, George.

GEORGE  
You're in need of surveyors?

SAMUEL ADAMS  
You know damn well someone has been  
killing off Patriot leaders.

GEORGE  
So I'm told.

SAMUEL ADAMS  
I've been in hiding which means I  
cannot do all I need to.

GEORGE  
You think I can change that?

SAMUEL ADAMS  
I know you can. *Now I realize  
you're not keen on Liberty but...*

Sam's sales pitch becomes a DRONE as George brings his drink  
to his lips, TIME SLOWS DOWN and HIS EYES scan the room:

Frontiersman are sitting in groups of two or three in  
MATCHING RAIN SLICKS, shaved and cleaned to look decent.

More enter, led by The Hunter, and head to the bar, all of  
them eyeing Sam every few moments or trying to pretend they  
aren't until TIME RETURNS TO NORMAL.

GEORGE  
I didn't expect so many of your  
Sons of Liberty to travel with you.

SAMUEL ADAMS  
They don't. Most of them are in  
Massachusetts training the militia.

George gulps his ale, trades his empty mug for Sam's.

SAMUEL ADAMS (CONT'D)  
See. It grows on you.

GEORGE

No. It still tastes like piss.  
But we have cause to celebrate.

SAMUEL ADAMS

The occasion?

GEORGE

Your numbers have grown rapidly and  
they seem very loyal to you.

Sam's confused -- then slowly, carefully peers around. He  
sees them, too. Frontiersmen. Nervous and out of place.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

I think you could use another ale.

SAMUEL ADAMS

I think you're right.

As he gets up, George pulls his pistols under the table,  
cocks the hammers. He glances at John, whose face is stone.

SAM

whispers to the BARTENDER, who whispers to another man and  
whispers and nods travel around the room as tension mounts.

Voices grow quieter and the tavern turns pin drop silent when  
-- CLICK! The Hunter has a pistol held to Sam's head.

SAMUEL ADAMS (CONT'D)

Wrong place, wrong time, Friend.

He bats it away. BOOM! Patriots and Frontiersman hit their  
feet, pull pistols and start BLASTING THE FUCK AWAY.

Screams as men duck, dive, and roll -- powder smoke shoots  
out in plumes and wood splinters -- a full on FIRE FIGHT.

And once their bullets are spent, the men ball fists, pull  
knives and it turns into an ALL OUT BRAWL.

JOHN

fires, drops a man far off, then looks over and sees John Jay  
pick up a bottle, about to smash a trapper over the head but:

JOHN

Absolutely not!

He snatches the bottle, draws another pistol and shoots the  
trapper instead. But a bullet shatters the bottle and he  
roars and stands, so drunk he falls flat on his face as...

SAM ADAMS AND THE HUNTER

step over him, trading punches like heavyweight fighters.

TOM

hides under the table clutching his papers as George hits the ground after taking a punch from the BIGGEST TRAPPER.

GEORGE

They're just papers, Jefferson!

TOM

To you maybe! They're my life's work and I've no copies!

George leaps up as the big trapper charges with a knife in hand -- knocks it away -- catches a fist -- lands one.

Patriots with muskets run in, drop a few trappers and everyone freezes except for men writhing in pools of blood.

GEORGE

scans the room, reaches at his waist when he sees The Hunter holding Sam Adams from behind with a knife to his throat.

THE HUNTER

Back away!

The Patriots back off until -- WOOSH! A dagger splits into the Hunter's skull. All turn to George, amazed and horrified as John grabs a bottle off the bar.

JOHN

Dear God, I love this tavern.

SAMUEL ADAMS

Send for doctors! Search them!

Patriots spring to action as George walks, kneels over the Hunter and pulls the sack of coins from his coat.

GEORGE

No. Thank you, sir.

SAMUEL ADAMS

That's going toward The Cause.

George mouths "Fuck", hands it to Sam and keeps searching. He pulls out The Aristocrat's parchment, wax seal broken, opens it and his eyes get wide as he gives it to Tom.

TOM

A list. My name is on it.

Sam looks at THE LIST: A DOZEN NAMES and next to them the names of cities. SAMUEL ADAMS -- BOSTON is first.

SAMUEL ADAMS  
Is there a mark or seal?

Tom examines it, shakes his head gravely.

SAMUEL ADAMS (CONT'D)  
Then it's only a piece of paper.

TOM  
That may be enough for *him*.

**EXT. FRANKLIN MANSION - LATER**

On a rain-bombarded street of houses for the rich but not uber rich. Tom pounds the door and MUSIC within dies down.

TINNY VOICE (V.O. SPEAKER)  
Who goes there?

Tom addresses a HORN above the door, an INTERCOM SYSTEM.

TOM  
Thomas Jefferson, George  
Washington, John Adams.

TINNY VOICE (V.O. SPEAKER)  
An Adams?! Here?! How lovely?!

GEORGE  
Open up, Old Man! I'm soaked!

Cranking, gears turning. The door opens and they walk...

**INT. MANSION ENTRY**

...as it closes automatically, driven by a MACHINE and PULLEY SYSTEM. They head toward the sound of the music...

**INTO THE PARLOR**

...where A DOZEN WHORES from all over the world are draped on couches in various states of dress, drinking as they stare longingly through the smoky haze, completely infatuated with

BEN(70s)

sitting against a wall, playing a GLASS ARMONICA. Like the door, it's just another ingenious device to be found in the home of America's greatest inventor and statesman.

He's Hugh Hefner times Charlie Sheen in a robe and loin cloth, drinking a glass of beer and toasting the heavens.

BEN  
Welcome! Grab a brandy or a beer!

TOM  
We didn't come to drink.

BEN  
Girls, what is it I say about beer?

The whores are his groupies, ALWAYS excited to answer.

ALL THE WHORES  
Beer is proof that God loves us and  
wants us to be happy!

BEN  
Very good! A house is not a home  
unless it contains food and fire  
for the mind as well as the body!

JOHN  
This man knows how to live.

GEORGE  
Who do you think taught me?

They join the girls on the couches as Tom holds up the paper.

TOM  
I must know the origin of this.

BEN  
A place for everything, everything  
in its place. In the morning.

TOM  
These are the names of Patriots  
who've been marked for death.

Ben stops playing, grabs his beer and the paper and strolls  
into another room. Tom follows, turns to George and John.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Aren't you coming?

GEORGE  
Someone must entertain these ladies  
in your absence. Can't be rude...

INT. BEN'S LABORATORY

It takes up a whole floor, filled with books, artifacts, and  
his many otherworldly INVENTIONS. He sets his beer on a  
table stacked with chemical jars and puts on SPECIAL GOGGLES.

BEN  
Give me just a moment.

He cuts a corner off the letter and douses it with acid as Tom hears COOING and turns to cages filled with PIGEONS.

TOM  
Don't you have enough pets?

BEN  
They can carry a message faster than even Paul Revere. I've been training them for the militias.

Tom keeps wandering and sees a PORTRAIT OF AN OLD WOMAN.

TOM  
Did you receive the letter I sent when your wife passed?

BEN  
I did. Thank you.

TOM  
Though I see you wasted no time finding replacements.

BEN  
You're being rude again, Thomas.

TOM  
No, no. Not at all. You know my stance on marriage and happiness.

BEN  
The difference is you never loved your wife and she never loved you.

Tom drops the smirk as Ben gazes at the portrait with sorrow.

TOM  
Apologies.

BEN  
Beer means never having to say you're sorry, Young Jefferson.

A sip and he's back to work pouring a chemical on the paper so the ink fizzles. He chips a piece of wax off, dumps it in a vial of acid, then picks up a book and sifts through it.

BEN (CONT'D)  
The paper is made from wood native to Canada.  
(MORE)

BEN (CONT'D)

The ink -- see how it fizzles --  
made in India. And, of course, the  
handwriting -- drafted in the style  
of an educated man.

TOM

What does it mean?

BEN

The author's a man of wealth and  
discerning taste for stationary.  
(looks at the vial)  
And see there. True beeswax --  
very expensive and derived from a  
species native to the Colonies.

TOM

We export everything to them. It  
could be anyone from England.

BEN

But my letters from Europe are  
sealed with wax made of whale fat.

He picks up a stack of letters, shows off the wax.

TOM

So the man who composed that letter  
is a wealthy one of the Colonies?

Thunder. Lightning flashes. All it takes is a gloomy nod.

**INT. THE DINING ROOM - SUNRISE**

Tom picks at a plate of breakfast as George and John stumble  
in, half-dressed, rubbing at their temples.

TOM (CONT'D)

One of our own wants us dead.

JOHN

When do we tell the others?

Ben marches in carrying a monstrous STACK OF LETTERS.

BEN

You're to keep quiet. I've sent  
word for Samuel to do the same.

He takes the head of the table, starts signing the letters.

BEN (CONT'D)

I've drafted letters to all the  
attendees of the first Congress.



GEORGE  
Await their replies and check for  
the same stationary?

Ben nods and grins because someone's getting fucked up.

EXT. HIGH STREET - PHILADELPHIA - MORNING

Under the threatening sky, Tom, John and George stroll mid-conversation on the main street just getting busy.

TOM  
...Lords don't want Independence.  
Only better trade terms. It is men  
with little who will tip the scales  
of power. Don't you agree?

He catches George's eye after a moment.

GEORGE  
Have you been talking to *me* this  
entire time?

TOM  
Who else? John already agrees.

GEORGE  
The only discussion I wish to have  
is the one in which you explain why  
we left Ben's.

TOM  
Who wants to be locked in with that  
group of drunken whores all day?

GEORGE  
Who doesn't?

JOHN  
Don't be so hard on him, GW. The  
girls are a bit *lighter* than --

Tom lunges, grabs John and as George tries to break them up  
none of them hear hooves on cobblestone.

AMUSED VOICE (O.S.)  
Let's take a ride, Gentlemen.

A carriage has stopped next to them, its door wide open, only  
blackness within and they climb --

INT. THE CARRIAGE

and sit together, hands on pistols as they get rolling and

JOHN HANCOCK(late 30s)

pulls the door shut. He's regal, polished and handsome -- the Revolution's Don Draper and only Tom seems to know him.

TOM

Mister Hancock, may I present  
George Washington and John Adams.

JOHN HANCOCK

(shakes John's hand)

Your reputation precedes you. As  
does yours, General. I engage in  
business with your brother.

GEORGE

And how is the Lord Fairfax?

JOHN HANCOCK

You don't speak with him?

GEORGE

Not unless I'm flat broke.

TOM

I heard a rumor you don't plan to  
attend Wednesday. It troubled me.

JOHN HANCOCK

And why is that?

TOM

With respect, sir, your wealth  
could be vital to The Movement. And  
the number of ships you control  
would make a fine start to a Navy.

JOHN HANCOCK

You are most forward, Jefferson.  
How do you know I'm not a Loyalist?

TOM

Your support of The Cause is known.

JOHN HANCOCK

What if I've changed my mind?

Tense as all consider it and then Hancock chuckles.

JOHN HANCOCK (CONT'D)

I'm wealthy as I am well-connected  
but I've seen nothing that would  
have me risk it all in a war with  
the greatest Empire in the world.

TOM

I must implore you, when the vote is called at the General Assembly on Wednesday, you could sway the --

GEORGE

-- Quiet, Tom. That's why he's come. To help us. Isn't it?

He and Hancock share a knowing glance as Hancock picks through a satchel at his feet.

JOHN HANCOCK

Very sharp. And very direct. While my visible support for The Cause may have waned, I've spent a great deal of money abroad to place spies around the globe for us.

He pulls out a stack of papers and leafs through them.

JOHN HANCOCK (CONT'D)

These are lease agreements, all paid by a holding company from the same bank in London. In the last ten years, my ships have been contracted for one way travel to India, North Africa, Barbados and a handful of other British colonies.

GEORGE

What's the significance?

JOHN HANCOCK

These contracts were drawn at times of civil unrest -- tax protests? And each time their destination was returned to order. But only after my ships delivered their cargo.

GEORGE

And what was that cargo?

JOHN HANCOCK

One man. And one chest.

JOHN

I don't understand.

JOHN HANCOCK

Neither do I, Mister Adams. But whoever this man is and whatever is in that chest is not good for those who challenge British Rule.

He finds the one he wants and hands it to Tom.

TOM

This vessel was leased in the same  
fashion two months ago. Cargo  
listed as one passenger, one chest.  
Bound for Boston Harbor.

GEORGE

When will it arrive?

Hancock's mood turns grim and he breathes deep.

JOHN HANCOCK

Today.

**EXT. BOSTON HARBOR - DAY**

It runs along the edge of the city, tall-masted ships being  
loaded and unloaded, sails furled, decks swabbed and after a--

SUPER: *"THE CITY OF BOSTON"*

-- we find a bookish HARBOR MASTER watching a LARGE GALLEON  
drift up to a wharf, its SAILORS tossing lines to DOCK  
WORKERS who quickly fasten them to bollards.

The Harbor Master pulls out his ledger and walks toward it.

AT THE END OF A DOCK - MOMENTS LATER

He gets to a man lingering next to a COFFIN-SIZED CHEST --

THE BISHOP(40s)

is strapping, with eyes that penetrate the soul, his mouth  
always twisted in a venomous grin. Wrapped around his wrist,  
ANGLICAN PRAYER BEADS. Scarred hands hold a WORN BIBLE, its  
pages stained with rust-colored dry blood.

HARBOR MASTER

Welcome to Boston. Your name?

The Bishop pulls a purse, hands over some gold.

THE BISHOP

What name?

HARBOR MASTER

What's in the chest?

THE BISHOP

What chest?

The Bishop gives him another few pieces of gold and the official gets the picture, puts away his ledger.

THE BISHOP (CONT'D)  
Send my luggage to the express  
carriage station on Common.

He opens the Bible, scans a few pages in front.

THE BISHOP (CONT'D)  
Can you direct me to the Garrison?

HARBOR MASTER  
Four blocks up, three to the right.  
Shall I arrange a carriage?

The Bishop flips out an ENGRAVED POCKET WATCH, checks it.

THE BISHOP  
Sloth is a deadly sin. I'll walk.  
God bless you and King George.

The Harbor Master watches the 18th century version of Hannibal Lecter disappear into the crowds of workers.

EXT. BRITISH ARMY GARRISON - LATER

A heavily-fortified compound swarming with Redcoats, all centered around a GARRISON BUILDING.

INT. GENERAL GAGE'S OFFICE - DAY

Luxurious, packed with military memorabilia, and at a wall of windows overlooking The Harbor stands

GENERAL THOMAS GAGE (50s)

a well-built, wig-wearing half-aristocrat in FULL GENERAL'S REGALIA, sipping wine and staring out thoughtfully. A DOOR OPENS and he sighs and turns slowly --

GENERAL GAGE  
Geoffrey, I told you I --

He cuts short as The Bishop closes the door.

THE BISHOP  
Good morning, General Gage.

Like staring at Death, Gage tries to hide his fear as The Bishop drifts around the office, checking it out.

GENERAL GAGE  
I'm glad they finally sent you.

THE BISHOP  
Are you? I'm told the most violent  
of The Patriots reside here and  
that you've done nothing about it.

GENERAL GAGE  
I-- I have followed every order to  
the best of my ability.

Gage swigs down the rest of his wine, getting ready to die.

GENERAL GAGE (CONT'D)  
Parliament did not want to risk  
violence damaging commerce. They  
might as well have tied my hands.

The Bishop turns to the General, sizes him up.

THE BISHOP  
I am here to set you free.

The Bishop digs in his coat, Gage closes his eyes, waiting  
for an end that never comes and when he opens them The Bishop  
is holding a stack of folded papers to him.

THE BISHOP (CONT'D)  
Your new orders.

Pure relief on Gage's face as he takes the papers, starts  
reading through them and suddenly he looks more like the evil  
bastard Redcoat General he's supposed to be.

THE BISHOP (CONT'D)  
Are you clear to your purpose?

GENERAL GAGE  
Yes.

THE BISHOP  
Who is now the militia leader here?

GENERAL GAGE  
It has always been Samuel Adams.

The first sliver of an emotion on The Bishop's face.

THE BISHOP  
The Aristocrat was to kill him.

GENERAL GAGE  
He has tried. Tried and failed.

The Bishop is unnerved to no end, pulls another stack of  
papers from his coat and starts reading through them.

After a moment, he folds them away and takes a breath.

THE BISHOP  
Samuel Adams will be here when it  
begins. Is he a master of war?

Gage holds up the orders with a devilish grin.

GENERAL GAGE  
No man of The Colonies can face  
what is coming as I see it here.

THE BISHOP  
And once he is dispatched, are  
there others I should know about?

GENERAL GAGE  
He is their strength.

Music to The Bishop's ears, then he heads for the door, yanks  
it open, about to leave until:

GENERAL GAGE (CONT'D)  
There is a man, though...

The Bishop whips around, burning with curiosity.

GENERAL GAGE (CONT'D)  
I served with him in The War with  
the French -- a Virginian -- name  
of George Washington...

The Bishop pulls out his Bible, scans through pages of NAMES  
AND COLONIES, like a naughty/nice list of every Patriot.

THE BISHOP  
He is not one of them.

GENERAL GAGE  
Then there is no one.

The Bishop lets it register, then goes. Gage watches,  
thankful he's alive, then starts combing through his orders.

EXT. BRITISH ARMY GARRISON - LATER

The Bishop strolls out of the gates with a POWDER KEG on one  
shoulder, REDCOAT GUARDS whispering amongst each other as he  
checks his pocket watch and speeds up.

EXT. BOSTON STREET - LATER

The Bishop touches the shoulder of a FRIENDLY PASSERBY, who's  
confused by the powder keg but just as cordial.

THE BISHOP  
I seek Samuel Adams' Tavern.

FRIENDLY PASSERBY  
Just down Purchase Street. Keep on  
and it will intersect.

THE BISHOP  
Your health, sir.

The Passerby tips his cap and watches him go.

INT. PATRIOT TAVERN - LATER

FOUR PATRIOTS converse at a corner table over mugs of ale,  
grow quiet when the The Bishop enters.

He sets the powder keg down and leans on the bar as The HULK  
BARTENDER(20s) sizes him up. Strangers aren't welcome.

HULK BARTENDER  
What do you want to drink?

The Bishop sees, mounted behind the bar, a PORTRAIT of Sam,  
his WIFE, a DAUGHTER and TWO SONS. The Hulk is one of them.

THE BISHOP  
No, sir. I am a man of God.

HULK BARTENDER  
Then why come to a tavern?

The Hulk eyes the men in the corner nervously.

THE BISHOP  
To deliver absolution.

The Hulk pulls a pistol but the Bishop grabs his arm, points  
it at the Patriots and -- BOOM! -- one drops -- then jumps  
over the bar and snaps the bartender's neck.

The Patriots fire, blast open beer barrels, shatter glasses,  
splinter wood until they click empty.

A moment passes. Silence as they cautiously approach the  
destroyed bar and reload, led by a BEARDED PATRIOT.

BEARDED PATRIOT  
I think he's dead.

THE BISHOP (O.S.)  
And that is your last mistake.

The Bishop hops over the bar -- knives in both hands --



Like a machine, he slashes their arms, legs, tendons and finally their throats so fast they never had a chance.

As they gurgle and gasp for air, he wipes his knives on one of their shirts -- silver blades with gold handles engraved with a CROSS AND A CROWN -- then opens his Bible and kneels.

EXT. PATRIOT TAVERN - MOMENTS LATER

The Bishop hits the street and does the good ol' action flick, I'm too badass to even flinch move as --

BOOM! A massive fireball shoots out of the Tavern front. He pulls his watch, checks it and nods -- Right. On. Time.

EXT. COMMON STREET - DAY

On a crowded walk, The Bishop passes a long row of parked carriages, finds one with his chest lashed to the rear.

He tugs on the ropes -- secure -- then walks to the front and the EXPRESS DRIVER, who holds the reins to eight of the sleekest, sexiest race horses imaginable.

THE BISHOP (CONT'D)  
Are all arrangements intact?

EXPRESS DRIVER  
Horses stationed every ten miles.  
I *will* have you in Philadelphia by  
midnight, as contracted, Sir.

The Bishop hands the driver some coins.

THE BISHOP  
Good man.

EXT. BOSTON SIDE STREET - LATER

A TEENAGER sprints around the corner, away from a trail of rising smoke in the distance.

He bounds up the steps of a ROW HOUSE and pounds on its REINFORCED DOOR. A slat opens and exposes a SET OF EYES.

TEENAGER  
Take me to Mister Revere!

A heavy clank and the door swings open.

INT. ROW HOUSE HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

A PATRIOT MAN leads the teenager toward the sound of voices:

PAUL REVERE (O.S.)  
 ...and that's when I said keep the  
 bitch, but I'll take the dog!

CACKLES AND HOWLS as the teen is led into --

A DINING ROOM

where seven badass motherfucker SONS OF LIBERTY are playing  
 cards and smoking pipes. At the head of the table,

PAUL REVERE(40)

a chubby, boy-faced man wearing RIDING BOOTS lays eyes on  
 the teen and his smile melts off.

PAUL REVERE (CONT'D)  
 Speak.

TEENAGER  
 Sam Adams' Tavern was destroyed.

The air's sucked out of the room and Revere drops his cards.

PAUL REVERE  
 Redcoats?

TEENAGER  
 No one saw but...  
 (it's hard to say)  
 His son was inside.

Revere meets the eyes of the men, then bolts out.

INT. ROW HOUSE BEDROOM - DAY

Revere snaps a TINY CASE attached to PIGEON'S CLAW closed and  
 kicks open the window. He pulls the pigeon close.

PAUL REVERE  
 Fly true, you little bastard.

He releases the bird, watches it soar into the sky and once  
 it's out of view we FADE TO BLACK:

Until the gonging of a LARGE BELL signals it's time to

FADE IN ON:

**THE PENNSYLVANIA STATE HOUSE - DAY**

In the city center, capped with a columned spire housing a  
 GIANT BELL, this brick monster surrounded by open lawns will  
 one day be known as INDEPENDENCE HALL and with a

SUPER: **"THE PENNSYLVANIA STATE HOUSE - PHILADELPHIA"**

we watch carriages let out WEALTHY COLONISTS who head inside as ARMED BODYGUARDS keep security running tight.

John, Ben, George, and Tom stroll the sidewalk together, nod to men they pass and stop in front of the building.

BEN

I'll see you at my house after.

He keeps going toward the front as the other three join a stream of men walking around to the rear of the building.

INT. THE STATE HOUSE - LATER

Full of mostly old men wearing wigs and expensive clothes, all with an air of snide, highbrow superiority.

Most notably, Lord Custis sits with a half dozen friends, all of whom look like assholes, including his right hand man

LORD ENGLEWOOD(50s)

an ugly scarecrow with terrible teeth, arrogant enough to be filing his nails as Ben approaches the front podium and pulls two parchment documents from his satchel.

BEN (CONT'D)

As you remember, we sent a letter outlining our grievances -- taxes, terms of trade, personal rights...

LORD ENGLEWOOD

Not all of which was agreed upon.

BEN

But you did sign it, Percy.

Englewood rolls his eyes, goes back to filing his nails.

BEN (CONT'D)

Lord North has replied that --

(starts reading)

-- Parliament will not recognize illegitimate organizations operating within crown possessions.

Sullen whispers travel around the room. This is bad news.

BEN (CONT'D)

We've today, tomorrow and Wednesday to decide how we choose to respond.

LORD ENGLEWOOD  
-- A false urgency --

BEN  
Do we continue groveling at the  
feet of this king? Or do we defend  
our right to govern ourselves and --

LORD ENGLEWOOD  
-- There are more options --

BEN  
What makes you think you can  
interrupt me at each turn?!

LORD ENGLEWOOD  
Other than the fact that I can buy  
and sell you ten times over?!

He pockets the nail file, adjusts his suit and stands tall.

LORD ENGLEWOOD (CONT'D)  
You've thrust Wednesday's vote upon  
us as if there was no other choice.

BEN  
If it's clear our demands will not  
be met, why wait to secede?

LORD ENGLEWOOD  
Most of us are engaged in commerce  
that would be interrupted by a war,  
and the expense of such a war would  
be our burden. We need not rush.

BEN  
Once again, you are concerned with  
money and money only, Percy.

LORD ENGLEWOOD  
For what other reason are we here?

The greedy bastards in the room are moved but...

BEN  
And if it could be arranged that we  
fight a war and you pay nothing?

LORD ENGLEWOOD  
That is impossible.

BEN  
Not if I'm holding a letter from  
the Prime Minister of France...

Ben switches papers, holds up his Ace.

BEN (CONT'D)  
...and not if it declares their  
willingness to support us.

Whispers all around. That's huge news.

LORD ENGLEWOOD  
You had no permission to correspond  
with agents of a sovereign nation!

BEN  
I'm free to write to whomever I  
wish, whenever I wish. Isn't that  
what we're trying to protect here?

Englewood searches others' faces for support then finally  
turns back to Ben, flustered and so he defaults to:

LORD ENGLEWOOD  
Fuck you, Old Man!

The hall breaks into a roar of arguments as the CAMERA moves  
through layers of brick, stone and earth to find

A CHAMBER BELOW THE BUILDING

where THREE HUNDRED PATRIOTS without incredible wealth or  
ties to the motherland hold their own meeting.

Sam Adams is at a head table with other LEADERS. George,  
Tom, and John sit together, listening to a Madison ORATION.

George is bored out of his mind, leans and whispers to Tom.

GEORGE  
So this is what it means that all  
men are created equal?

TOM  
Will you shut up?

GEORGE  
Forced to sweat in a basement while  
the rich men sip wine upstairs.

TOM  
Things will change.

GEORGE  
Only a fool would believe that.

Tom ignores him as Madison finishes up his speech:

JAMES MADISON  
 ...when a ruling body becomes  
 destructive to these ends it is our  
 obligation to seek redress.

Tom pulls out his pen and diary, whispers to John:

TOM  
 I like that. I'm stealing it.

Madison bows while some clap, others boo and a TEEN MESSENGER  
 runs in to hand Sam Paul Revere's PIGEON CASE.

Sam opens it, reads the message and starts shaking, at once  
 TERRIFIED and FURIOUS. He turns and whispers to

THOMAS PAINE(40)

the big-nosed, well-dressed hardass sitting next to him. A  
 moment as they confer, then Samuel leaves his seat.

He glances at John, Tom and George like he wants to say  
 something, then thinks better of it and rushes out.

JOHN  
 I wonder what happened?

THOMAS PAINE  
 Thomas Jefferson of Virginia!

As Tom makes his way to the front, George is irked and  
 finally races toward the door and out to...

INT. UNDERGROUND HALLWAY

...to find Sam leaned against the wall, fighting angry tears.

SAMUEL ADAMS  
 My boy. My bar. Both gone.

GEORGE  
 How?

Sam clenches the message in his fist, stares down at it.

SAMUEL ADAMS  
 I'm going to find out.

GEORGE  
 What about Wednesday?

SAMUEL ADAMS  
 I've no faith the vote will pass,  
 with or without me here.

GEORGE

Then maybe it's not meant to be.

Sam grabs George, jacks him against the wall.

SAMUEL ADAMS

It's not fate, damn you! All might  
be free if they valued freedom and  
defended it as they should!

George resists the urge to fight back, instead looks away and  
after a moment Sam releases him.

SAMUEL ADAMS (CONT'D)

We value freedom. But too many of  
us are afraid to defend it.

GEORGE

As well they should be. Redcoats  
would destroy you on the field.

SAMUEL ADAMS

But if any one of us knew half --  
just HALF! of what you do...

He trails off, anger giving way to livid pain.

SAMUEL ADAMS (CONT'D)

I don't understand Loyalists, but I  
don't hate them. It is the men who  
won't choose a side that I hate.  
Men like you, George.

He walks off, leaves George flustered.

GEORGE

Samuel...

SAMUEL ADAMS

Go play hired killer. That's all  
you're good for anymore.

Sam turns the corner, disappears and the words eat at George  
and until he pivots and stomps back into...

THE UNDERGROUND CHAMBER

...where he finds Tom at the front in frustrated silence as  
BOOS and CHEERS erupt and a BURLY FARMER hits his feet.

BURLY FARMER

This is the sort of coward who will  
start a war and not fight it!

The crowd becomes deafening and George turns cold, stalks over, knocks The Farmer to the floor and starts stomping him out Joe Pesci Casino-style.

THOMAS PAINE  
Sergeant at Arms!

The farmer's FRIENDS grab George -- one's about to swing but John flies in and breaks his nose.

THOMAS PAINE (CONT'D)  
There will be order!

PATRIOT GUARDS rush in and George throws his hands up, walks out under his own power as John screams and fights.

THOMAS PAINE (CONT'D)  
Each man must have the right to  
voice opinions without force  
leveled against him!  
(bangs the gavel)  
George Washington and John Adams,  
you are banned from proceedings!

John goes ape shit as the men drag him off.

JOHN  
Damn you, Thomas Paine, there is no  
such rule in this congress!

THOMAS PAINE  
We don't need a rule for that,  
Adams! It's common sense!

EXT. PENNSYLVANIA STATE HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

A HIDDEN DOOR opens and John is thrown onto the sidewalk, George following close and then Tom, who scowls at them both.

TOM  
You shouldn't have done that.

George whips out a pistol and jams it in Tom's hand.

GEORGE  
Guard yourself, Rich Man's Son.

He walks off and John and Tom stare, didn't expect that.

**INT. GUEST BEDROOM - FRANKLIN MANSION - NIGHT**

Candles flicker in the seductive, playful eyes of

ELLA(20s)



the most beautiful of all Ben's girls laying on a couch half-dressed, with her feet in George's lap.

Spread on the couch is a NAIL CARE KIT he uses to give her a pedicure. As he buffs a toenail, she tries to catch his eye.

ELLA  
Are you thinking about Tom?

GEORGE  
No.

ELLA  
Then is that mystery woman?

GEORGE  
There is no mystery.

ELLA  
Let me see it. I'll take a pound  
off your debt.

GEORGE  
Two.

ELLA  
One. And that's generous.

He pulls Martha's portrait from his pocket and hands it over.

ELLA (CONT'D)  
Beautiful. Who is she?

GEORGE  
A woman I love and can never have.

ELLA  
I should think you can have any  
woman you want, George Washington.

As he buffs, he notices her studying him closely.

GEORGE  
Alright. Out with it.

ELLA  
Some've called you a hero. Others  
swear you're a monster.

GEORGE  
Can you not decide for yourself?

ELLA  
I'm sorry -- never mind, I --

GEORGE

The only chance I had of taking her hand was to distinguish myself in The War. I did many things for King and Country that I regret...

He's finished with one foot, gently moves to the next.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

When it was over, her father would not see her the wife of a killer, no matter how many medals he wore. No one knew I did it for her. God is not without his sense of irony.

ELLA

Then you blame God?

GEORGE

I blame a man who's no longer here.

ELLA

And where is he?

GEORGE

I locked him in a box.

He looks up to her, dead serious until a KNOCK at the door.

JOHN (O.S.)

-- There's a message from Martha!

George is confused, closes the kit and stands.

INT. HALLWAY

He opens the door, pops his head out and sees John with

ABIGAIL(late 30s)

a slim, fair-skinned beauty in the bonnet and shawl of a maid. Her eyes burn through George -- this can't be good.

INT. THE DINING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

MUSIC and LAUGHTER elsewhere, Ben partying hard. George sits across from Abigail as she sips from a tea cup. He's turning red and his hands and legs tremor, a complete adrenaline dump as a GRANDFATHER CLOCK STRIKES MIDNIGHT.

GEORGE

-- JOHN!

(once John walks in)

Abigail will stay with us tonight.

As George rushes out, Abigail sips her tea, turns to John.

ABIGAIL  
Do you have anything harder?

John's eyes light up -- love at first drink.

JOHN  
Of course, Madam.

INT. THE PARLOR - LATER

Tom walks in searching for George only to find Ben dancing with his girls, all drunk and naked or getting there.

INT. GUEST BEDROOM

Tom pushes the door open, finds Ella reading Shakespeare in her lingerie. He spins around uncomfortably.

ELLA  
We're all adults here, Tom.

TOM  
Yes...well...have you seen George?

ELLA  
He left in a hurry. Quite angry.

INT. THE KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Tom finds John and Abigail picking at a roasted pig, giggling, engaged in the conversation of their lives.

TOM  
I'm told George left upset.

ABIGAIL  
I wouldn't expect much else after what I had to say.

TOM  
And what was that?

ABIGAIL  
That heartless demon Custis -- he beat Miss Martha nearly to death.

And off the complete dread on Tom's face, we are...

**EXT. DIRT ROAD - NIGHT - LATER**

...as George marches on the city outskirts, hat pulled over his eyes, Hate and Death swirling around him. He turns onto

## A MANSION DRIVE

leading to an opulent home in the distance lined by thick bushes. His face says it all. Someone's about to die.

A nearby branch thrashes and HANDS grab him, pull him behind a bush. They belong to an out of breath Tom.

TOM

What do you think you're doing?

GEORGE

Blowing Custis's brains out.

He strides along the estate wall and Tom follows.

TOM

War hero or not, you will hang.

GEORGE

Your concern is noted, Thomas.

TOM

He has the money and influence to make a difference for The Cause!

George loses it, draws a pistol, throws Tom against the wall and raises it to his temple.

GEORGE

Your cause means nothing to me!

TOM

I know that!

GEORGE

Then why are you here?!

TOM

I can't do this without you!

GEORGE

(slams him again)  
Explain yourself!

TOM

I am marked for death, there are traitors near, and Sam has left to Boston for reasons no one will tell me! All this two days before I have to convince hundreds to risk everything they have for a dream!

George is on the ropes now, loosens his grip.

GEORGE

So you want a bodyguard near?

TOM

I want my friend near -- the best  
man I know...if he still exists.

George lowers the pistol, tamed by Tom's desperation and he  
takes a step back as John flies in from the bushes.

JOHN

Did I miss anything?

They all duck as a carriage rumbles by on its way out of  
Custis's estate and as TIME SLOWS DOWN:

George spots a MAN IN A BLACK CLOAK through the window,  
putting on a CARNIVAL MASK until TIME RETURNS TO NORMAL.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Only a man with something to hide  
wears a mask in the night.

TOM

We must follow this carriage.

He stares hard and after a long moment George finally submits  
and holsters his pistol.

#### **INT. DERELICT BASEMENT - NIGHT**

By candle light, The Bishop jams the cross on his beads into  
the chest's lock, turns and opens the lid --

Packed within are muskets, pistols, bullets, bottles of  
liquids, swords, daggers and MOLDED BODY ARMOR, all of it  
made with gold and silver engraved with crosses and crowns.

#### **EXT. THE FOREST - NIGHT**

George, Tom, and John part bushes as the carriage pulls off  
from The Abandoned Mansion in the moonlit clearing.

#### **INT. ABANDONED MANSION LIBRARY - NIGHT**

Amongst cobweb-shrouded stacks of books with candles burning  
on them, the MEN IN MASKS sit in a perfect circle.

The Bishop walks in, now wearing a heavy duster with BULGES  
EVERYWHERE, enough weapons beneath to fight his own war.

THE BISHOP

Which of you is The Aristocrat?

## THE ARISTOCRAT

I am.

The Bishop pulls a pistol, blows a hole through his chest.

## THE BISHOP

That man failed his King and  
therefore failed God. He sent rats  
to kill other rats when what was  
needed was a snake.

He holsters the gun, pulls out his Bible.

## THE BISHOP (CONT'D)

You gentleman, however, have not  
failed. Yet. The information you  
provided has proven most useful and  
will continue to. It's God himself  
who gives power to the King and it  
is only natural that the Beast turn  
men against that which is good. It  
then falls to us to protect all  
that is righteous on this Earth.

He tracks through a pool of blood to the Aristocrat's chair,  
pushes the lifeless body to the floor and takes a seat.

## THE BISHOP (CONT'D)

You now belong to me and all you  
need to know is that the gears of a  
great machine are churning and by  
next week men loyal to The Crown  
will no longer feel compelled to  
wear masks and meet in secret. Now  
bow your heads. Let us pray.

## EXT. THE ABANDONED MANSION - NIGHT

George stands on John's shoulders looking in through a high  
window. Tom's at the edge of the bushes playing lookout.

## GEORGE

A man. Sent here to kill us.

## TOM

An assassin?

## GEORGE

A clergyman.

## JOHN

I'll cut his heart out.

## GEORGE

We'll go to the Tavern first.

INT. ABANDONED MANSION LIBRARY

The Bishop stops mid-prayer and everyone goes silent.

THE BISHOP  
Were all servants sent away?

They all nod and the Bishop breathes heavy and then --

Leaps to his feet, pulls off his coat to reveal a a dozen  
pistols strapped to his torso, snatches two and BLASTS --

OUTSIDE

John's hit in the shoulder, George falls and Tom dives as  
bullets shred through the stone wall and keep coming --

JOHN  
Is there an army in there?!

GEORGE  
No! One man! And one chest!

The shooting stops and they grab John, drag him away as...

INT. THE LIBRARY

...The Bishop reloads his guns quickly and efficiently.

THE BISHOP  
Make sure you're not followed home.

He runs, jumps on a table, crashes through the window...

OUTSIDE

...lands with pistols aimed and scans the clearing. Empty.  
He holsters a gun, slips a glove off, runs his hand over a  
patch of fresh blood then licks the hand and grins.

THE BISHOP (CONT'D)  
Rebels.

**INT. ENTRY WAY - FRANKLIN MANSION - LATER**

Tom drags John in, both covered in his blood as George limps  
behind. Ben and his girls rush in and Ben checks the wound.

BEN  
Girls, it's time for a surgery.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The whores have changed into WHITE UNIFORMS, operate like a  
crack team of nurses, bringing water and towels into a --

## INT. GUEST BEDROOM

Ben stands over John, who's on the bed bleeding, sweating. George sits, one of the girls cutting his boot off, revealing a badly swollen ankle. Tom stands against the wall unhurt.

A girl brings in a tray of OPERATING TOOLS, puts them on a table and Ben grabs scissors, cuts off John's shirt to expose his torso, peppered with bullet scars.

BEN (CONT'D)

How many times have you been shot?

JOHN

Enough to know something's wrong!

Another girl brings in a bottle, hands it to John. He sucks like a baby as Ben puts his goggles on, studies the wound.

He grabs tongs and digs out the SPIKED BULLET.

BEN

This bullet is a perfect killer.  
Tis a wonder you aren't dead.

TOM

Fired through a wall.

He takes the bullet over to a tray full of vials, drops it in one and watches as it fizzes wildly and turns blue.

BEN

And coated with poison. Organs  
shutting down...snake, I think.

JOHN

I'm dying?!

BEN

Did I say stop drinking?

John's flustered, puts the bottle to his lips.

BEN (CONT'D)

(to another girl)

I'll need my antidotes, Love.

She leaves and George screams when his girl touches the ankle. Ben comes over to inspect the damage, then to her:

BEN (CONT'D)

A crate marked "China" in the  
laboratory and an urn of red powder  
within it. Mix it in a tub and  
soak it up to the knee all night.



Her and another girl disappear.

TOM  
What do we do about *him*?

BEN  
Who?

TOM  
The man. An assassin from England.

They all turn to George, who's now withdrawn to himself.

GEORGE  
That was not a man. It was Death.  
(finally looks up)  
Tom. Go to the Tavern. Tell them.

BEN  
Do not move!

GEORGE  
But it was Custis! I'm certain!

BEN  
Nothing is certain in this life but  
death and taxes. It will be all I  
can do to make sure John lives.  
(picks up a scalpel)  
You played with fire tonight. You  
got burnt. Tomorrow is a new day.

He starts CUTTING and John screams at the top of his lungs.

#### **EXT. THE BRITISH ARMY GARRISON - LATER**

A small gated compound at the very edge of the city. REDCOAT GUARDS keep watch in the moonlight.

#### **INT. THE REDCOAT ARMORY**

Amongst stacks of muskets, rows of new cannons and towers of powder kegs, The Bishop stands with a REDCOAT LIEUTENANT, studying their war supplies by lantern light.

THE BISHOP  
I count thirty-two heavy cannon.  
What of the other artillery?

REDCOAT LIEUTENANT  
A warehouse in the rear has --

REDCOAT MAJOR (O.S.)  
-- On what authority are you here?!

A pissed off REDCOAT MAJOR storms in wearing his bed clothes, FIVE OFFICERS trailing behind.

THE BISHOP  
God's. But if that's not enough,  
The Prime Minister himself.

The Bishop reaches in his coat, hands over a SCROLL. The Major snatches it, reads it over, tosses it back.

REDCOAT MAJOR  
Why did you have me torn from bed?!

THE BISHOP  
Should I have waited until morning?

REDCOAT MAJOR  
Damn well you should've!

The Bishop pulls a pistol, blows the Major's head off.

THE BISHOP  
It was that same lack of urgency  
that provoked my being here.  
(to the officers)  
Who is now the ranking officer?

A scared, young CAPTAIN ANDREWS steps forward, shaken by the blood pooling at his feet.

CAPTAIN ANDREWS  
Captain Andrews, sir.

THE BISHOP  
Congratulations on your promotion,  
Major Andrews. Now tell me, who is  
in command of this garrison?

MAJOR ANDREWS  
You are, sir.

THE BISHOP  
Good man. You may be General by  
the time I leave this continent.  
(to the Lieutenant)  
Go on with the inventory.

**EXT. THE CITY OF PHILADELPHIA - DAY**

The streets are dark, gloomy and wet, men glaring as they pass each other. Tension is building everywhere.

**INT. THE STATE HOUSE**

Custis settles behind the podium to address the assembly.

LORD CUSTIS  
When the commoners join us --

BEN  
-- Just because their purses aren't  
so heavy as yours, does not mean --

LORD ENGLEWOOD  
-- QUIET, OLD MAN!

He jumps up from his chair as Ben leaps to his feet.

LORD ENGLEWOOD (CONT'D)  
Your egalitarian attitudes do not  
move me! I'm beginning to think  
you have more in common with the  
commoners than you do with us!

At the urging of other members, Ben sits back down and glares  
from Custis to Englewood, to all of their CRONIES.

LORD CUSTIS  
There's a difference between us and  
the scalawags confined to rabbling  
in their pit below. We are  
gentleman and have much to lose.  
But men with little to lose are  
very dangerous. I'm told a Mister  
Adams and Mister Washington were  
ejected from proceedings --

BEN  
-- That was a misunder --

LORD CUSTIS  
-- I'm not finished!  
(glares at Ben)  
I, for one, will not subject myself  
to injury with hundreds of these  
mongrels set loose upon us. That  
is why I make special motion that  
all men who wish to attend on  
Wednesday be subject to a search  
and seizure of any weapons.

Ben's about to flip out, talks himself out of it.

BEN  
In such times you would take away  
their right to defend themselves?

LORD CUSTIS  
Defend from what, Franklin? We are  
all Patriots. Do I hear assent?

LORD ENGLEWOOD

AYE!

And then the rest of the members jump on board slowly as a world of hate passes between Custis and Ben.

THE MEMBERS

Aye...aye...aye...

**INT. BEN'S PARLOR - LATER**

George wakes, slumped on a couch, looks down as an INDIAN WHORE pours hot water into the tub where his leg soaks.

INDIAN WHORE

Take it out for a moment.

He looks at her suspiciously, down to his crotch.

INDIAN WHORE (CONT'D)

Damn it, your foot, Washington.

GEORGE

Oh. Sorry.

He lifts it out. Almost healed. She leaves as Tom walks in.

TOM

I wish I was doing something.

George looks around. Girls playing chess. Girls drinking wine and giggling. Girls and booze, girls and booze.

GEORGE

I suspect only you could be bored.

John paces in, arm in a sling, the calmest he's ever been.

JOHN

Where is Miss Abigail?

GEORGE

Back to Virginia. Why?

JOHN

I liked her very much.

Tom and George look at each other, start chuckling.

GEORGE

Have you turned sentimental?

JOHN

No. I'm going to cut that demon's head off and feed it to the pigs.

TOM  
That's more like it.

The front door opens and a moment later Ben stomps in.

BEN  
You three! Study! Now!

INT. BEN'S STUDY - MOMENTS LATER

Ben rummages through letters at his desk as George limps in and takes a chair, John a couch, and Tom stands.

TOM  
How was the meeting?

BEN  
Custis made a fool of me.

GEORGE  
We saw him there last night. Let's make a stop at the Tavern first and then I'll kill him.

John rustles uncomfortably, can't stomach it.

JOHN  
I can't let you do that.

GEORGE  
And why not?

JOHN  
A man in a mask leaving one of Custis's homes is not evidence.

GEORGE  
Piss on evidence.

JOHN  
Never say that. If it cannot be proven without a reasonable doubt that a man is guilty then it cannot be proven at all.

BEN  
And that is certainly how his friends will see it.

GEORGE  
I'll gladly kill them too.

TOM  
Probably the ones at that house.

BEN

If you go around killing wealthy men based on suspicion you will upset the balance of things.

GEORGE

Balance could use upsetting.

BEN

(pounds the table)

Damn you, this is not The Frontier!

He grabs a bottle and glass, paces around as George glares at him, blank and cold again.

BEN (CONT'D)

Don't look at me with those Devil's eyes! Who took you in, turned you around when you couldn't bear to look yourself in the mirror?!

(leans over him)

I have spent the last forty years writing letters, publishing newspapers, and inventing useless trinkets so that one day people would respect me enough to listen!

(to John and Tom)

Are you listening?!

They nod and Ben focuses on George, who bows his head.

BEN (CONT'D)

No one has forced anyone to risk their lives to challenge the King! We do it willingly, a choice we make because of the shared belief that one day things can be better! At any time, any man may walk away and that's exactly what will happen if you run your mouths! Nothing must interfere with Wednesday!

Ben leans even closer to whisper in George's ear:

BEN (CONT'D)

Samuel knew that.

One last look to make sure he gets it, then Ben takes a pull off the bottle as he sits and arranges his letters.

BEN (CONT'D)

Now is the time that few must offer up themselves to protect the many. Are you men of such strength?

The other three look around at each other, then nod.

BEN (CONT'D)  
The delegates crave money and  
power. My letter promised them  
both. I have all their responses.

JOHN  
Who is the traitor?

BEN  
Lord Percy Englewood.

GEORGE  
(to John)  
There is your evidence and now we  
have someone to kill. Will you  
please take me to the Tavern?

TOM  
He's too heavily guarded. Besides,  
we need to know what he knows.

They all sag in their chairs, brainstorming until Ben's gaze  
drifts over to Tom, gears churning, a plan forming.

BEN  
You do speak French, yes?

TOM  
*Oui?*

Ben thinks for a moment, turns to John.

BEN  
There are many Irish in Boston?

JOHN  
Ugh. Don't get me started.

Ben grins, then gets up and walks over to an INTERCOM HORN.

BEN  
Ella, come to the study please.

They wait until she walks in wearing an elegant day dress.

BEN (CONT'D)  
My Darling, it's time for a bit of  
a mid-day smash and grab.

ELLA  
(most exciting thing ever)  
A kidnapping! Can I come?!

George, Tom, and John eye each other. *Is this bitch crazy?*

BEN

Yes, dear. You're the bait.

ELLA

The bait?! How lovely!

She kisses Ben's cheek, hikes up her dress and runs off.

ELLA (CONT'D)

I'm going to get dressed!

Once she's out of the room:

ELLA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Girls, I'm to be the bait!

The girls cheer and clap like lunatics in the parlor as the guys turn to Ben looking for an explanation.

BEN

Men are predictable. There are three things they all crave.

GEORGE

You said there were two just now.

BEN

Wealthy men crave money and power, my boy. All men crave sex.

# **EXT. LORD ENGLEWOOD'S MANSION - LATER**

Rain pours on the walled estate as a carriage rolls up to the entrance and ARMED BODYGUARDS encircle it, muskets raised. The BODYGUARD CAPTAIN addresses the ONE-ARMED BEARDED DRIVER, who upon second inspection is John in a masterful disguise.

BODYGUARD CAPTAIN

The Lord is not accepting visitors.

JOHN (IRISH BROGUE)

This may warrant an exception.

A FRENCH PIMP in gaudy purple silk with a fur boa, mirror sunglasses and a top hat bursts out, eyes the muskets.

TOM (FRENCH ACCENT)

Lower your muskets, Colonial Pigs!  
You are in the presence of a Lady!

He pops open an umbrella and helps Ella out, her breasts pushed up high in a dress that makes her irresistible. Dogs and fresh meat, the bodyguards' jaws drop.



TOM (FRENCH ACCENT) (CONT'D)  
Are you the master of the house?!

BODYGUARD CAPTAIN  
No, sir, but I --

TOM (FRENCH ACCENT)  
-- Then why am I talking to you,  
you insolent horse cock?!

The Captain orders his men back as Tom leads her toward the front door. John pulls a flask and offers it to the Captain.

JOHN (IRISH BROGUE)  
Spike of mother's milk?

The Captain's mesmerized by Ella, shakes his head.

JOHN (IRISH BROGUE) (CONT'D)  
I'll pull 'round to the side.

Still in a daze, the Captain nods and John pulls off.

INT. LORD ENGLEWOOD'S PARLOR - DAY

Ella sits like a true lady, bodyguards everywhere, and Tom wanders around until Lord Englewood stomps in.

LORD ENGLEWOOD  
I didn't send for you.

TOM (FRENCH ACCENT)  
Of course you did! Your very  
existence demands the finest!

Englewood eye fucks Ella and she returns the favor.

LORD ENGLEWOOD  
I already have regular girls.

TOM (FRENCH ACCENT)  
Ah, but can they...

Tom leans close, whispers in Englewood's ear. The Lord gets more hot and heavy with each moment, then pulls back.

LORD ENGLEWOOD  
She can do that?

TOM (FRENCH ACCENT)  
That is just to start...

Englewood breathes hard as she adjusts her tits seductively.

LORD ENGLEWOOD  
How much?

TOM (FRENCH ACCENT)  
I have been charging four hundred.

LORD ENGLEWOOD  
Ridiculous.

TOM (FRENCH ACCENT)  
But for you...half.

LORD ENGLEWOOD  
That's a bargain -- EDWARD!!

EDWARD, a fat accountant, rushes in from the next room.

LORD ENGLEWOOD (CONT'D)  
Get this man some gold.

INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Englewood and Ella stroll arm in arm past bodyguards. As he caresses her, she winks, all the while counting doors.

ELLA  
This one.

LORD ENGLEWOOD  
That is the maid's room. I will  
take you in the master suite.

He tugs but she strokes his crotch, licks his ear and moans.

ELLA  
It must be here and now.

INT. MAID'S ROOM

He slams the door and tackles her, kissing on her neck as she slowly slips a BOTTLE from her dress, soaks a RAG. When he surfaces for air, Englewood's confused by both.

LORD ENGLEWOOD  
What's that?

She winks, presses the rag to his face, jumps on his back.

INT. THE HALLWAY

Bodyguards snicker, hearing only pounding and grunting.

INT. ENGLEWOOD'S OFFICE

Edward stands at a safe counting out coins into Tom's purse.

FORCEFUL BANGING above and Tom grins when he hears a crash, a moan and then complete silence.

EDWARD  
She's a beast, that one.

TOM (FRENCH ACCENT)  
No. She's an artist.

INT. MAID'S ROOM

Ella drags a comatose Englewood over to the window.

EXT. SIDE OF THE HOUSE

John has parked the carriage in line with the maid's window, under a slanted eave that covers the side porch. He sees Ella signalling and stomps his foot.

Nearby, a PACING BODYGUARD stares oddly and John raises the flask in salute. The Bodyguard turns around, keeps walking.

INSIDE THE CARRIAGE

George SLIDES A ROOF PANEL OPEN, sees Ella in the window.

EXT. SIDE OF THE HOUSE

The Bodyguard has his back turned to them when George leans half out of the top to CATCH ENGLEWOOD as he tumbles down into the carriage with a loud THUD.

The Bodyguard whips around, eyes the shaking carriage suspiciously. John only raises the flask again and sips, then lightly whips the reins to send the horses forward.

INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Ella looks like she's been through Hell, slips through the door, closes it and gestures for the bodyguards to be quiet.

INT. THE ENTRY WAY

Pimp Tom stands with Edward as she walk of shames down.

EDWARD  
You must be well worth it.

Tom slaps him across the face.

TOM (FRENCH ACCENT)  
Discretion, sir! Discretion! One  
does not talk to a lady this way!

Edward bows his head in apology, opens the door for them.

EXT. LORD ENGLEWOOD'S MANSION - DAY

The carriage pulls up and Tom helps Ella in as the bodyguards crowd around for one last peek.

He shakes the umbrella off in their faces, closes it and jumps on the steps as John pulls off.

PACING BODYGUARD  
Stop right there!

He runs over and the bodyguards get restless as John stops the carriage, slowly digs his free hand into his coat.

INT. THE CARRIAGE

George pulls two pistols out, Ella one from her dress. Both barely breathing, quiet and ready while...

EXT. LORD ENGLEWOOD'S MANSION - DAY

...the Pacing Bodyguard studies Tom suspiciously as he gets closer, then eyes the carriage. Tom's super tense until:

PACING BODYGUARD  
How long are you in town?

TOM (FRENCH ACCENT)  
Due to leave for New York tonight.  
Seek me there and I'll treat you.  
(to the others)  
Free of charge! All of you!

The Bodyguards lick their chops in anticipation and Tom jumps onto the side steps as John whips the reins.

TOM (CONT'D)  
*Va te faire foutre, Cochon!*

Tom dips into the cab, slams the door as the bodyguards eye each other excitedly, mentally booking the trip already.

BODYGUARD CAPTAIN  
Did you get his name?

The bodyguards look around, confused. No one has a clue.

**EXT. FRANKLIN MANSION ROOF TOP - LATER**

Lightning splits black clouds and illuminates Ben's girls in rain slicks adjusting a long row of METAL LIGHTNING RODS.

INT. THE WINE CELLAR

Tom, John, and George sit around a table, sharing a bottle.

Ben stumbles in carrying a metal cage with a PIGEON inside.

BEN  
Let the inquiry begin.

They rise as Ben pulls open a heavy door that leads to...

INT. A DARK ROOM

...where torch light drifts in, reveals Englewood bound to a massive wooden chair. He freezes when they enter.

Ben pulls a LEVER. ELECTRIC LANTERNS light up, reveal METAL RODS embedded in the walls, WIRES lead from them everywhere.

BEN (CONT'D)  
I've harnessed lightning's energy,  
Percy. What do you think?

He sets the cage down, puts on a pair of HEAVY GLOVES, then pulls a wire from a lantern and touches it to the cage --

BZZT! Electricity jolts through it and the bird screeches and sparks, turned to a pile of smoking, feathery ash.

LORD ENGLEWOOD  
You're insane!

BEN  
Possibly. But quite functional.

Tom chokes back vomit, edges out of the room.

BEN (CONT'D)  
Try the sixty-one merlot.

GEORGE  
That's enough for me.

He backs out and John closes the door as Englewood quakes.

LORD ENGLEWOOD  
I'll pay! What's your price?!

JOHN  
Tempting but I'd give all the money  
in the world to watch this e-fec --

BEN  
-- E-lec -- Electricity, my boy.

John decks Englewood, knocks a few teeth out.

JOHN  
Tell us of the assassin!

Englewood's choking on his own blood, whimpering.

LORD ENGLEWOOD  
He is called The Bishop! He's  
going to kill you all!

Englewood starts laughing wildly, coughing up blood. Ben  
shuts off the power and pulls out wires, twining them around  
metal studs stuck in the chair.

JOHN  
What does he have planned?!

Englewood's silent, glaring from one to the next.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
This may help your memory.

INT. THE WINE CELLAR

George sips, refreshed, as he and Tom watch light strobe  
through the outline of the door.

TOM  
We're going to Hell for this.

GEORGE  
But at least the wine is good.

Tom smirks and they clink glasses as Englewood roars.

**EXT. THE STREETS OF PHILADELPHIA - DAY**

Barren in the heavy rain. A SQUAD OF REDCOATS runs past a  
church where the BELLS are ringing and turn into...

AN ALLEY WAY

...where CITIZENS are focused high on the church roof, all  
horrified, crossing themselves, looking around gravely. The  
Bishop rounds the corner, brushes past them and sees IT.

THE BISHOP  
Cut him down.

Some soldiers run into the church's side door as The Bishop  
turns to the newly promoted Major Andrews.

THE BISHOP (CONT'D)  
Question these people.

A FEW MOMENTS LATER

A BODY falls to the street. It's Englewood, TARRED AND  
FEATHERED, a note stuck in his chest: **LOYALISTS BEWARE**

MAJOR ANDREWS

What sort of men would do this?

THE BISHOP

This is the work of The Devil,  
Major. He is here. Somewhere.

The Bishop pulls out his Bible, thumbs through the pages,  
finds what he wants, and walks off.

**EXT. THE HANCOCK ESTATE - DAY**

Definitely the grandest we've seen, far outside the city,  
PRIVATE BODYGUARDS on its sidewalks, in its gardens, standing  
on the porches and roof with eyes to the surrounding forest.

**INT. LUXURIOUS DINING ROOM**

John Hancock entertains a handful of WEALTHY COUPLES at  
dinner, all of them laughing. Then he freezes. The Bishop's  
on the far side of the room, staring intently.

JOHN HANCOCK

I have thirty armed men outside.

THE BISHOP

Twenty-seven. Though there will be  
none if any should come inside.

Hancock's half looking for an out and half saving face.

THE BISHOP (CONT'D)

Choose your next actions carefully.  
Any wrong one will be your last.

JOHN HANCOCK

What is it you want?

THE BISHOP

There was a murder just now. Tell  
me all you know about it.

JOHN HANCOCK

I've no idea what you speak of.

THE BISHOP

(pulls out a pistol)  
Please point out which of your  
guests you care about the least...

JOHN HANCOCK

Englewood. Tarred and Feathered.

THE BISHOP

Shall we continue this spectacle?

Hancock looks at his guests, then gestures down a hallway.

INT. HANCOCK'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

The Bishop closes the rolling doors as Hancock sits at his desk, tries to spark a pipe with a tinder lighter. His hands are too shaky so The Bishop glides over, lights it for him.

THE BISHOP (CONT'D)

It is known to me that you have eyes everywhere. Nothing happens without your hearing about it.

JOHN HANCOCK

It's not dangerous to know things.

THE BISHOP

Your children are on the second floor, third room on the right and your wife is in the dining room. If you force me to use that knowledge for any purpose other than to remind you who has control, such information would become very dangerous, now wouldn't it?

Hancock meets The Bishop's eyes, then looks to a ROW OF CABINETS that take up a whole wall.

INT. HIGH STREET - DUSK

As the last rays of light fade from the sky, The Bishop walks through the rain, studying every inch of every building.

TOM (V.O.)

*What could he have planned?*

He meets the eyes of a CHILD IN A WINDOW and grins, so creepy and evil that the kid backs away.

JOHN (V.O.)

*Something to do with the assembly.  
That's all Englewood truly knew.*

CUT TO:

INT. BEN'S STUDY

They stare intensely at each other, George soaking his ankle, John's wound being tended to by one of the girls, Ben focused on the window and Tom scanning a MAP OF THE CITY.

TOM

Could it be an attack? Redcoats?



BEN  
No. The British don't want armed  
conflict. It's bad for commerce.

JOHN  
Then what? He's only one man...

CUT TO:

EXT. THE STATE HOUSE LAWN - DUSK

As the sky gets darker, The Bishop stands under a tree,  
marking a MAP with a charcoal pencil.

*TOM (V.O.)  
It makes no difference...*

As The Bishop scans the surrounding rooftops:

*TOM (V.O.)  
Even the slightest fear will weaken  
The Movement and our chance for  
Liberty will be lost...*

The Bishop grins, folds the map away and walks off.

*GEORGE (V.O.)  
Then we will stop him beforehand...*

CUT TO:

INT. BEN'S STUDY

As George stares at the ground, fire in his eyes.

GEORGE  
We'll need outsiders. Who leads  
the Sons of Liberty in New York?

BEN  
He's young. Name of Hamilton.

GEORGE  
Send for him to bring all the men  
he has and be quiet about it.

Ben nods, pulls out a paper and starts writing as we

CUT TO:

EXT. BUILDING ROOF TOP - DUSK

The Bishop stands at the highest point in the center of the  
city, gazing around slowly in all directions.

*GEORGE (V.O.)*  
*You three will attend the congress.*

*TOM (V.O.)*  
*And you?*

The Bishop pulls out his pocket watch, flips it open as we

CUT TO:

INT. BEN'S STUDY

And George as he meets each of their eyes:

*GEORGE*  
*Tonight, I will go to The Tavern...*

Whatever he means, by the looks on their faces, George going to the Tavern is **FUCKING SERIOUS** as we

RETURN TO:

EXT. BUILDING ROOFTOP - DUSK

*GEORGE (V.O.)*  
*And tomorrow I will face him...*

At the EXACT MOMENT IT TURNS NIGHT, the Bishop grins, snaps his watch closed and we hear a **SOFT KNOCK** as we

CUT TO:

INT. BEN'S STUDY

...as Ella gives a folded note to Ben and he reads it.

*BEN*  
*Hancock wants to meet soon.*

*TOM*  
*He must know something.*

And as they all nod and stand up, we are...

**EXT. WOODED PARK - NIGHT**

...as the four walk in and out of the glow of dim street lanterns, see Hancock's carriage parked, its driver missing.

*TOM (CONT'D)*  
*There he is.*

Walking toward a lone figure standing under an umbrella in the center of a field surrounded by patches of forest until:

GEORGE

Ambush!

The four pull pistols, come back to back as Redcoats and Loyalists step out of the trees with muskets raised.

The Bishop folds the umbrella and tosses it away.

THE BISHOP

Thank you for coming.

George fires but the bullet ricochets off the Bishop's body armor and he makes a gesture like swatting a fly.

THE BISHOP (CONT'D)

I'm afraid no weapon formed against me shall prosper. Now throw down.

Trigger fingers itchy as the circle closes in. The Bishop pulls two bottles from his vest, tosses them at their feet and a noxious plume of gas EXPLODES.

The four blast, Loyalists scream, but it's too little too late and they collapse in the haze.

The Bishop stares at them, makes sure they're out, then checks his pocket watch. Once again -- Right. On. Time.

#### **INT. HANCOCK'S OFFICE - LATER**

The four sit back to back, unconscious, arms bound behind them in a complex array of manacles.

George wakes, fights at the chains, jolts the others as THE MASKED MEN walk in and circle around them.

One steps over to George, pulls off his mask. Custis. He reaches under his cloak and produces George's handkerchief.

LORD CUSTIS

This is yours, Scut!

He jams it in George's mouth, chokes him as the others fight.

THE BISHOP (O.S.)

North was specific in his order.

Custis backs off as The Bishop strolls in.

THE BISHOP (CONT'D)

Though I must admit, he said nothing of the condition.

Custis takes the invite, draws a pistol and whips George across the mouth as the others close in.

LORD CUSTIS  
Repay them for Englewood!

The other Lords pull pistols and whack the four to bloody pulps as The Bishop watches, until:

THE BISHOP  
That will be enough.

The Lords back away obediently.

THE BISHOP (CONT'D)  
Your men will remain here with me.

One last glare and Custis leans close to George.

LORD CUSTIS  
Now you look like she does.

And just when you think George would turn red hot, he goes ice cold and stares at the wall ahead.

Custis snickers and as he and the others file out, Hancock enters, powerless and sorrowful.

JOHN  
Coward!

The Bishop puts an arm around him, directs him to a couch.

BEN  
I would have never believed --

THE BISHOP  
-- an honest man would serve King  
and God? I imagine you wouldn't.

Hancock cowers on the couch as The Bishop takes the desk. On it are PILES OF FOLDERS from the WALL OF EMPTY CABINETS. He picks from a STACK OF FOUR FOLDERS, opens the first.

THE BISHOP (CONT'D)  
Thomas Jefferson born to a wealthy,  
reputable family. Attended College  
of William and Mary where you paid  
particular attention to Bacon,  
Locke and Newton, among others...  
Filling your head with Empiricist  
writings that defy the Good Book.  
(glares at Tom)  
Built a tobacco plantation, married  
a woman from an influential family,  
sired three children and then fell  
under some dark spell and...  
(MORE)

THE BISHOP (CONT'D)

(in disbelief)

Began fornicating with one of your slaves, a quadroon named Sally.

(to Hancock)

How does one come upon such scandalous obscurities?

JOHN HANCOCK

It's not cheap.

The Bishop opens another folder and his focus falls on John.

THE BISHOP

Five years since you were run out of Boston after defending British Soldiers accused of murdering a group of unarmed citizens. The only reason you're still alive is that your cousin, Samuel, ordered it so. Since then, you've bounced from tavern to tavern, drinking yourself into an absolute stupor.

JOHN

Read the part where I bash your skull in, pig filth!

THE BISHOP

Prone to outbursts which have led to no less than fifty duels...

(closes the folder)

Doing your duty to His Majesty has cost you. I feel a measure of sympathy but it is fleeting.

JOHN

No! That's a premonition of my boot in your ass, Bishop!

The Bishop lunges over the desk and silences John with a swift pistol whip to the temple. Satisfied, he picks up a thicker folder and circles around to Ben.

THE BISHOP

Accomplished statesman, writer, publisher, philosopher, inventor -- you are a modern day Renaissance Man but what I find most telling is the company you keep.

(from the folder)

A band of whores and ill-reputed men like these. You are the King of the rats, you are, sir.

(MORE)

THE BISHOP (CONT'D)

I see that your son is Governor of New Jersey and has refused to speak to you ever since you took the dark path and denied Royal Divinity.

(closes the folder)

I shall visit him if only to congratulate him as he is the first man I've known of to break the Commandment of always honoring thy father and still find a way to serve God obediently in doing so.

Ben glares through cracked spectacles as The Bishop drags a chair in front of George, holds the last folder up.

THE BISHOP (CONT'D)

Have you any idea what these pages say about you, General Washington?

GEORGE

No. Loose my hands so I may see.

George, broken and bloody, looks like a complete Norman Bates psychopath, a murderous gleam in his eye.

THE BISHOP

Born to a respected but not overly wealthy family and decided to pursue a military career. Quickly promoted during the French and Indian War in the Virginia Militia, fighting alongside His Majesty's soldiers. Master of ambushes. After killing whole companies and slaughtering whole tribes, you left only enough men alive to tell of the atrocities you committed. Made General of all Virginia Colonial forces. There is a word here that the Natives call you...

(struggling with it)

Caun-ot-au-car-ius.

He opens then closes the folder, grins at George.

THE BISHOP (CONT'D)

Tell me. What does it mean?

GEORGE

Village. Destroyer.

THE BISHOP

I like that. I shall remember it.

(opens the folder)

(MORE)

## THE BISHOP (CONT'D)

Then you realized that because you were not English, you would never receive the commission that would allow you to wed the woman you loved, Martha Dandridge. And when she was given away to Custis, you lost your mind in a cloud of self pity, gambled away your inheritance and took up the life of a county surveyor, roaming the country and drowning in enough wine and women to kill a lesser man. Love hurts, does it not, Washington?

George looks straight up fucking EVIL and the Bishop picks up on it, leans forward, studies him.

## THE BISHOP (CONT'D)

I always knew that one day The Devil would take the form of man and come for me. Is this him?

## GEORGE

Devil or no, Bishop, there is a Beast in here that awaits you.

The MOST BADASS STARING CONTEST EVER has The Bishop's hand drifting for his pistol, afraid of George. But he stops and then rises to break the tension.

## THE BISHOP

The King has ordered you taken back and presented in front of him.

## BEN

To what end?

## THE BISHOP

Most likely locked in the tower of London, where you will suffer the fate of Tantalus, given only enough food and water so that you spend every living moment begging for more. And all will look upon you and we shall say Behold, these creatures who have defied God, these villains who would reject their King, behold what happens to men when they forget their place.

He walks over to Hancock, motions for him to rise.

## JOHN HANCOCK

I did my part. It's over.

THE BISHOP

I'm afraid not, Mister Hancock.  
They've been taken by a force  
greater than the will of a man can  
bear. You, on the other hand, are  
simply a cold and greedy  
opportunist. Equally as dangerous.

Hancock moves but The Bishop punches his lights out, carries him over to the desk chair and chains his legs and feet.

GEORGE

I'll warn you once, Assassin. I  
will live free or I will die.

Finished with Hancock, he looks at George. The killer stare unnerves him, makes his heart stop for just a moment.

THE BISHOP

Then you will die.

He whips out his pocket watch and checks it.

THE BISHOP (CONT'D)

I'll be back once I've quelled this  
rebellion. It won't take long.

He leaves them broken and chained, staring at the slumped over Hancock like they're going to skin him.

EXT. HANCOCK'S MANSION - NIGHT

Loyalists and Redcoats edge away from the Bodyguards as The Bishop walks out, raises a hand to get their attention.

THE BISHOP (CONT'D)

All of you men loyal to Hancock,  
please lay down your weapons for  
just a moment and come here.

They hesitantly toss down their arms and come into a group in front of him, waiting for their orders.

Loyalists and Redcoats shift into position behind them.

THE BISHOP (CONT'D)

Should've been loyal to The King.

He walks through the bodyguards, past the line of other men.

THE BISHOP (CONT'D)

Now shoot them and guard the house.

He doesn't look back as the bodyguards scream, try to flee but the others put them down like carnival duck targets.



The Bishop reaches to Major Andrews and a small detachment of other officers, watching the whole thing silently.

THE BISHOP (CONT'D)  
You may begin preparations.

Andrews nods, something weighing on him.

THE BISHOP (CONT'D)  
Is there a problem, Major?

MAJOR ANDREWS  
I have reviewed your plan and even with reinforcements riding in from all Southern Colonies, it seems --

THE BISHOP  
-- You've much to learn. When one battles The Devil, nothing is ever as it seems.

Just his sheer confidence is enough to make Andrews salute and march off with his detachment.

The Bishop watches them leave, then is suddenly reminded of something, pulls his watch out and grins.

#### **EXT. ROCKY COASTAL BEACH - NIGHT**

Far from any towns, the moon reflects on black water like a golden highway leading into the horizon and a...

SUPER: **"CAPE MAY, NEW JERSEY"** is replaced by another

SUPER: **"70 miles south of Philadelphia"** right before we see

A LONE REDCOAT

with a lantern standing on the shore looking out. He pulls a pocket watch, checks the time. This is it.

He slides a lever on the lantern and shutters close, opens them again, then closes, like a form of Morse code.

OUT IN THE WATER

Another light flickers in response, coming from the deck of

A WAITING GALLEON

where SAILORS start lowering boats into the water.

A SIGNAL MAN runs from bow to stern with his lantern, leans over the rail, flicks his shutters and...

IN THE DISTANCE

...DOZENS OF LANTERNS return the signal, each from its own ship in deep water, the makeup of a SMALL ARMADA.

THE BEACH - MINUTES LATER

LANDING BOATS start scraping the sand packed full with

HESSIAN SOLDIERS

in green uniforms barking commands in German as they run and assemble in ranks, highly-trained and well-armed killers.

THE HESSIAN KOMMANDER(40s)

a bearded monster in a long coat traveling with his PACK OF OFFICERS, reaches the Redcoat and bows with respect.

The Redcoat returns the gesture and beckons them to follow.

ON A HILL TOP - MOMENTS LATER

They step out of the trees and the Redcoat points into a valley below, packed with enough wagons to bear this small army, parked and awaiting their passengers.

The Kommander pulls a horn out, puts it to his lips and...

ON THE BEACH

...The Hessians, assembled in tight rectangles, hear the horn and immediately start sprinting toward it.

**EXT. PHILADELPHIA STREET - NIGHT**

Major Andrews and his redcoats are DISGUISED AS CITIZENS, riding on a wagon loaded with LARGE CRATES.

AT AN INTERSECTION

They stop and some men lift one of the crates out.

So heavy they drop it and Andrews flashes a scolding look before checking around to see if anyone noticed. No one has.

But there are OTHER TEAMS of disguised Redcoats setting down MORE HEAVY CRATES in what can only be strategic positions.

Andrews' men jump in, they get going and can now see the State House across a wide, empty lawn.

Other teams are putting EVEN LARGER CRATES in various positions on the lawn and Andrews scans the night where...

ON THE STATE HOUSE ROOF

...men use a MAKESHIFT PULLEY SYSTEM to haul crates up to the top quickly and quietly as we FADE TO BLACK. And then...

FADE IN ON:

A CEMETERY - NIGHT

situated on a hilltop overlooking Boston Harbor, this is

SUPER: **"COPP'S HILL BURYING GROUND - BOSTON"**

and we find Sam Adams standing before a fresh grave wrapped in a blanket, his strength completely drained.

WHISPERS behind him and he turns, sees that his BODYGUARDS have stopped the Harbor Master from getting closer.

SAMUEL ADAMS

Let him pass.

The Bodyguards back off and Sam turns to the grave as the Harbor Master settles a few feet behind.

SAMUEL ADAMS (CONT'D)

Did you ever meet my son?

HARBOR MASTER

No. But I'm sorry for your loss.

SAMUEL ADAMS

More than my loss. The Cause has lost a fine Patriot. But you're not much for liberty are you, Harbor Master?

HARBOR MASTER

I told you before you dumped that tea I never met a man of The Colonies I wished to rule me.

SAMUEL ADAMS

So you bow to an Englishman?

HARBOR MASTER

I've never met him either.

Sam twitches but he's lost the will to argue.

HARBOR MASTER (CONT'D)

Still paying good coin for information about the British?

SAMUEL ADAMS  
Depends on the quality.

He waits for it, words that don't come, then slowly spins.

SAMUEL ADAMS (CONT'D)  
What about the British?

And because we can, we go SUPER CLOSE ON The Harbor Master as his eyes dance with a dangerous malice.

HARBOR MASTER  
They're coming.

INT. ROW HOUSE BEDROOM - NIGHT

Paul Revere's fast asleep, snoring hard, his riding boots sticking out beneath his blanket when --

BAM! Sam crashes through the door with a lantern in hand and Revere snaps up, sees him looking like a madman.

SAMUEL ADAMS  
The British are coming!

Revere grabs a SILVER BELL off the night stand and throws the blanket off to reveal he's completely dressed as Sam checks the window, super paranoid.

SAMUEL ADAMS (CONT'D)  
Get your ass up, Revere!

Revere launches out of the bed, shakes the sleep away.

PAUL REVERE  
Where?

SAMUEL ADAMS  
Lexington!

Revere takes a deep breath, darts out as a GRANDFATHER CLOCK in the corner STARTS STRIKING MIDNIGHT and...

EXT. COLONIAL VILLAGE - NIGHT

...with Boston in the background, a gathering of quaint cottages built on either side of a central dirt road is peaceful in the moonlight until we hear HOOVES STOMPING.

A moment later and Revere and SIX MEN ride through Kentucky Derby-fast, Paul ringing that bell for God to hear.

In a moment, they're just a memory and a moment after that LANTERNS START BURNING in every home.

EXT. FARM ROAD - NIGHT

The Seven Horsemen gallop full speed toward a crossroads where trails snake off in every direction.

With the precision of Blue Angel Jet Fighters, they break apart and each man dusts down his own path.

EXT. MASSACHUSETTS COUNTRYSIDE - LATER (AERIAL VIEW)

Rolling hills, fields, forests are endless blackness until BELLS RING and in a DOMINO EFFECT, houses light up, then hamlets, villages, whole towns as we FADE TO BLACK:

For a very long, long time in anticipation of a

SUPER: **"WEDNESDAY, APRIL 19th, 1775"**

and with the RINGING OF A CHURCH BELL we

FADE IN ON:

A COLONIAL TOWN - SUNRISE

with its windows shuttered and shades drawn, eerily silent like if a tumbleweed blew by we'd have ourselves the calm before a Wyatt Earp shootout and after the

SUPER: **"THE VILLAGE OF LEXINGTON - MASSACHUSETTS"**

leaves us, the FIFE AND DRUM CORPS of a

REDCOAT COMPANY

gets louder as they march down the main street toward

THE MILITIA DEPOT

a two-story wood and thatch building where a few dozen FARMERS with hats pulled low unload hay bails from wagons. The Redcoats come to a halt on a dime and

COLONEL FRANCIS(40s)

rides in on horseback, stops in front of the farmers, who ignore him like they must be deaf.

COLONEL FRANCIS

In the name of The King, I demand  
that you men step away so that we  
may search this building!

As the rest STAY CLOSE TO THEIR HAY BAILS, one walks over and pulls off his hat. It's Sam Adams.

SAMUEL ADAMS  
For what reason?

The Colonel smirks, dances his horse around Sam.

COLONEL FRANCIS  
We know there are weapons here that  
the militia has stockpiled and if  
you do not step aside, I will  
gladly have you shot.

SAMUEL ADAMS  
I swear, Colonel, there's not one  
weapon in that building.

COLONEL FRANCIS  
You're a poor liar.

SAMUEL ADAMS  
No, it's true. We took them out.

At that moment, EVERY WINDOW IN EVERY BUILDING opens up and  
Patriots appear on the roof tops.

COLONEL FRANCIS  
We thought you might feel that way.

He smirks and on cue, an even larger FORCE OF REDCOATS  
appears in the distance, marching toward the town.

Sam sags and his gaze drifts to the faces of all the Patriots  
as they shift uneasily, KNOWING they're fucked.

COLONEL FRANCIS (CONT'D)  
You have until they get here lay  
down your arms, you damned rebels!

Sam stares at the ground, defeated...but NO and he looks up.

SAMUEL ADAMS  
Or to reload them...

Francis draws his sword, stares Sam down.

COLONEL FRANCIS  
READY!

The Redcoats shift into a new formation as farmers behind Sam  
pull rifles from the hay bails and take cover behind wagons.

COLONEL FRANCIS (CONT'D)  
AIM!

The Redcoats shift again and in their periphery vision see

THE PATRIOTS

ready to blast, most too disciplined to be afraid except a  
PIMPLE-FACED REDCOAT PRIVATE

shaking in his boots and -- BOOM! -- he accidentally fires,  
hitting the side of the militia building.

SAM

looks back at the hole in the wall, then turns to Francis  
with the biggest Cheshire Cat grin ever.

SAMUEL ADAMS

Just remember who started it.

As the true bitch in Francis breaks to the surface, Sam pulls  
a pistol, blasts him off his horse and we CUT TO BLACK.

EXT. THE STREETS OF PHILADELPHIA - DAY

Swarming crowds go about their business, tension made darker  
by the rain and thundering black clouds.

No one minds the LARGE CRATES stashed on corners, in front of  
buildings, DISGUISED REDCOATS waiting in eye sight of each.

IN FRONT OF THE STATE HOUSE

A coach comes to a stop and Custis steps out, joins his  
cronies on the sidewalk. TEAMS OF BODYGUARDS keep eyes on  
HUNDREDS OF PATRIOTS pouring in from the streets.

AT THE ENTRANCE

A long line has formed of poor and rich alike, all waiting to  
be searched by bodyguards who've formed a station in front of  
the doors, searching each man and collecting weapons.

INT. THE STATE HOUSE - LATER

Wealthy men sit in the center, the rest given seats at the  
edges or forced to stand on the sides.

The doors are sealed shut, the chatter dies down and the LORD  
IN CHARGE takes to the podium, pounds his gavel.

LORD IN CHARGE

I call this Congress to order!

EXT. THE STATE HOUSE

Patrolling bodyguards look at each other knowingly as another  
LARGE GROUP OF MEN walks across the lawn.

Leading them, hat pulled over his eyes, Major Andrews glances at the roof where he sees movement.

**EXT. HANCOCK'S MANSION - DAY**

The Redcoats and Loyalists still guard the estate, doing their best to stay both dry and awake.

**ON A GARDEN PATH**

TWO LOYALISTS stand guard together -- WOOSH! Two daggers cut the rain spinning, hit each of them in the throat.

Dead on arrival and after they collapse, a PAIR OF GLOVED HANDS drags them into the hedges.

**ON THE SIDE LAWN - MOMENTS LATER**

TWO REDCOATS sit against a fountain, fast asleep -- CLINK! A sword jabs through each of their hearts, held by the same mystery man with the black gloves.

**ON THE BACK LAWN - MOMENTS LATER**

Hancock's men have been stacked in a pile near where a few Redcoats trade a bottle of rum, huddled around a bench.

A FLASH OF BLACK, WOOSH!WOOSH!WOOSH! and their throats are slit with daggers held by the black gloves.

**ON THE FRONT PORCH - MOMENTS LATER**

The three Loyalists not sleeping on outdoor furniture are pacing around groggily, their eyes on the tree line.

The MAN IN BLACK runs around a corner, some cross between Zorro and a Colonial Ninja, moving Usain Bolt fast.

He runs two of them through. The last one fires, misses and -  
- BOOM! he falls dead.

**FROM THE TREELINE**

NEW YORK SONS OF LIBERTY start sniping the guards.

**INT. HANCOCK'S STUDY**

As bullets shatter the windows, George remains calm, staring at Hancock, who still can't look him in the eyes.

Doors roll open, a Redcoat runs in then UMPH! a sword pierces his heart.

The Man In Black kicks and sends him flying into the room, then walks in pulling down his mask and say hello to



ALEX(20s)

the lithe, sparkle-eyed Colonial Zac Efron as he reloads his pistols and studies the chains that bind them.

BEN  
Alexander Hamilton.

ALEX  
Thank God you're alive, Old Man. I  
got your message, then another.  
Paul Revere and his men are riding  
up and down the coast as we speak.  
The Sons of Liberty will have  
battled in Lexington at sunrise.

He takes aim -- BOOM!CLINK! The chains drop to the floor.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
War is upon us.

John flies over the desk and starts choking Hancock.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
Release that man! We need him!

JOHN  
(choking Hancock blue)  
What makes this scum so valuable?!

ALEX  
There are British regiments sailing  
here on ships that he owns!

JOHN  
And?!

ALEX  
And I've seen disguised Redcoats  
coming in from all directions!  
There's an army in Philadelphia!

John gets off Hancock and all turn to Alex dumbfounded.

BEN  
The assembly. They're unarmed.

George rips a pistol from Alex's waist, who tries to protest  
but the headline right now is: Don't Fuck With George.

GEORGE  
Go.

The others walk out as George stalks over to Hancock.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
 How many who call you friend will  
 die today because you did nothing?

He raises the pistol but Hancock's unflinching.

JOHN HANCOCK  
 If Patriots die it's because they  
 are not prepared for War. I would  
 ask you the same question, General.

It gets underneath George's skin and he lowers the pistol.

EXT. HANCOCK'S MANSION - DAY

The rest wait impatiently as George bounds out of the door  
 and immediately swings onto the nearest horse.

TOM  
 Where are you going?!

GEORGE  
 To the Tavern!

**INT. THE STATE HOUSE - DAY**

Lord Custis is delivering a speech that many are either bored  
 or outraged by when suddenly there's yelling outside.

ARMED LOYALISTS bust through the doors, start corralling all  
 the men into the center and those who resist are bashed in  
 the face or run through with bayonets.

Custis looks at his cronies knowingly and they all raise  
 their hands, instantly submitting as the scuffle continues.

EXT. THE BLOCKS SURROUNDING THE STATE HOUSE - DAY

Crowds stampede to get out of the way of REDCOATS ON HORSES  
 towing in ARTILLERY PIECES and LARGE CANNONS.

Bells ring everywhere, signalling a warning as SQUADS OF  
 REDCOAT INFANTRY follow not far behind in tight formation.

ON ANOTHER STREET

REDCOATS rip a crate apart to reveal RACKS OF CANON BALLS as  
 a soldier tows in a heavy cannon and they start setting up.

ON ANOTHER STREET

Another wagon races in and REDCOAT FIRE TEAMS pull out sand  
 bags and start building barriers.

EXT. LAWNS SURROUNDING THE STATE HOUSE

Like pit crews, Redcoats load up cannons and artillery, aimed outward as if they were defending the building.

EXT. THE STATE HOUSE (AERIAL VIEW)

Streets and lawns are rendered impassible by beautifully geometric rings of embattlements and THOUSANDS of fully armed Redcoats and Loyalist fighters.

INT. THE STATE HOUSE

A ring of Loyalists keep the herd of assembly members in check as The Bishop walks up to the podium.

THE BISHOP

You will be detained until further notice. Does everyone understand?

An angry FAT PATRIOT steps forward and spits.

FAT PATRIOT

Kiss. My. Ass.

The Bishop smiles, pulls a pistol, shoots the Patriot through the heart as the others slide away or dive for cover.

THE BISHOP

Let's try this. Is there anyone else who does not understand?  
(as they back down)  
That's what I thought.

He walks out as Patriots stare with hatred at their captors and captors glare down the ends of their rifles.

**EXT. THE TUN TAVERN - DAY**

The State House is a mile away and as the road leading to it swarms with red, crowds run like Godzilla's on the prowl.

George, John, and Tom sprint up the steps and...

INT. THE TUN TAVERN

...Patriots loading muskets stop, all eyes on George.

GEORGE

I've come for my property.

The Bartender has a gleam in his eye. Fuck Yeah. Gestures.

BARTENDER

There's an axe by the bar.

George rushes over, grabs the axe and disappears.

## INT. THE TAVERN BASEMENT

George glides in front of a rack of casks tipped on their sides, stops at one. He swings, splinters wood.

No beer spills out as he chops and once he's obliterated the top, he tosses the axe away.

He reaches through cobwebs and pulls out a LARGE OAK CHEST, lets it clank to the floor in a cloud of dust.

George drops to his knees, runs his fingers along the dusty, engraved gold panel on the top: "GW". He lifts it open --

Yes. George Washington has his own chest full of BADASS TOOLS OF DEATH -- older, made of rusted steel and wood, well worn and stained with blood.

He strips his coat off, pulls out the body armor, dented from bullet shots and straps it on.

He throws on a harness, loads it with daggers and pistols -- straps a sword to his waist, a hatchet to his belt.

In the bottom of the chest, neatly folded, his REGIMENTAL GENERAL'S COAT. He slides it on over all the hardware.

Bullet holes are stitched up everywhere, so long the bottom nearly touches the floor. He pulls his hat on tightly. THIS is the man, the legend, the "The Village Destroyer."

## INT. THE TUN TAVERN - MOMENTS LATER

Everyone stops to gawk when George comes over and grabs a musket. John and Tom drag a YOUNG PATRIOT over to him.

TOM

Tell him what you told us.

The Young Patriot takes off his hat, bows with respect.

YOUNG PATRIOT

I saw Virginia Redcoats ride in.

JOHN

The rest! Tell him!

YOUNG PATRIOT

They had a carriage of prisoners.  
A woman who looked quite battered,  
another that stayed close to her  
and a slave boy. All shackled and  
brought into the State House.

George only walks out with the killer look on his face.

Tom and John look at each other, shrug and John stops to grab a bottle of brandy before following him...

ONTO THE STREET

George leads nervous Tom and drinking John as men pour out of the tavern and other bars like pissed off fire ants.

**INT. BEN'S PARLOR - DAY**

The girls are sitting around, depressed but their faces light up when Ben and Alex walk in.

BEN  
Circle up, Girls, circle up. This  
is Mister Hamilton.

They crowd around Alex, touching him all over and swooning.

ALL THE WHORES  
Ooo...Mister Hamilton...

BEN  
(slaps their hands away)  
No. No. No time for that.

One girl runs in with a wet rag and cleans his face as another appears with a pair of unbroken glasses.

BEN (CONT'D)  
Thank you, Precious. Now what is  
it I always say about war?

ALL THE WHORES  
Wars are follies, very expensive  
and very mischievous ones!

BEN  
Very good. But you'll have to  
ignore that because I need everyone  
dressed and ready in five minutes.  
We're going to start a Revolution.

And, as always, they get giddy and excited.

BLONDE WHORE  
Oh, my! A Revolution!

ELLA  
Won't it be splendid!

As they run away, Alex can't take his eyes off of them.

BEN  
Come, Boy. To the back yard.

EXT. FRANKLIN MANSION

Hamilton's men follow as Ben leads them to a BARN. He pulls a key, opens the lock and throws the doors open.

INT. THE BARN

Ben points at stacks of crates in sequence.

BEN (CONT'D)  
Powder, muskets, and enough lead to  
poison a small country...

Hamilton opens up a boxes full of shiny new muskets.

ALEX  
You're quite prepared, sir.

BEN  
If a man fails to prepare, he  
prepares to fail. Now kindly round  
up six large horses, please.

Alex nods and some men run off as Ben leads the rest to where sheets are draped over a row of standing objects.

BEN (CONT'D)  
Now I haven't heard back from the  
patent office on these so you must  
keep quiet about their use.

He pulls a sheet off, uncovering a cylindrical machine on a tripod with musket barrels coming out of the end, two large funnels on the top and a hand crank on the side.

BEN (CONT'D)  
Everyone gather round.

As they do, Ben grabs a handful each of powder and bullets.

BEN (CONT'D)  
(pours the balls in)  
Musket balls in this side.  
(pours the powder in)  
Powder in this one.  
(he flicks a switch)  
Then just turn the crank.

He starts cranking, the cylinder rotates and BOOM!BOOM!BOOM!  
Lead blasts into the walls and the men duck for cover.

BEN (CONT'D)  
Questions about the Automuskets?  
(they shake their heads)  
Then what are you waiting for?

They spring to action, hauling out the crates and AUTO MUSKETS as Ben walks toward a nearby door.

ALEX

You're not coming with us?

BEN

Military tactics are one field I  
have never excelled at.

He steps through the door and Alex follows him into...

A SEPARATE CHAMBER

...inside of which rests his ARMORED CARRIAGE, with slats on the side for guns and spikes on the wheel spokes.

On a wall, WOODEN HORSE BUSTS are covered with ARMOR PLATES. It's the closest thing to a tank in the 18 century.

BEN (CONT'D)

But I will be coming.

**EXT. THE STATE HOUSE ROOF - DAY**

Cannoneers stand by cannons and piles of balls, the crates that carried both stacked everywhere. Marksmen lay prone over the edge, muskets aimed at the streets below.

The Bishop jumps down from the high tower, looks at the CAST IRON BELL it houses and then turns to Major Andrews.

MAJOR ANDREWS

How many do you think will come?

THE BISHOP

All, I should hope.

MAJOR ANDREWS

It could get bloody. Would it not  
be best to seek them one by one?

THE BISHOP

No, Major. The place is here. The  
time is now. God has willed it.

MAJOR ANDREWS

Why today?

THE BISHOP

If there is one thing I have  
learned in all these years it is  
the nature of this thing, this  
Godlessness. It is a Hydra.

(MORE)

THE BISHOP (CONT'D)

For every name crossed off on my list is a head and two shall grow back if given enough time to. But today while the heads fix their eyes on Boston we will cleave the heart of this Behemoth called Independence and burn its corpse in a fire so high the smoke will choke the very thought of dishonoring The Crown for all the ages to come.

A MESSENGER BOY pops through the HATCH leading to the roof.

MESSENGER BOY

Prisoners Secured, sir!

THE BISHOP

Carry on.

The Bishop looks at the impending war zone, nods to Andrews.

THE BISHOP (CONT'D)

Remember. You must let them advance but not too quickly.

Andrews nods as the Bishop walks toward the downward hatch.

#### **EXT. CHESTNUT STREET**

Patriots led by Tom turn a corner and come face to face with double stacked lines of Redcoats, the lawns of the State House visible far, far down the road.

SQUAD LEADER

FIRE!

Blasts send Patriots scattering behind buildings, porch steps and into alleys. Bullets fly. Men scream. Blood Spills.

IN AN APARTMENT OVERLOOKING THE STREET

A BEARDED MAN watches the fight out of the window, turns to his WIFE clutching their CHILDREN under the dining table. That's fear in their eyes and worry in his. He's a Neutral.

#### **EXT. WALNUT STREET**

Running parallel to Chestnut a few blocks away, Patriots led by John are wrapped up in a fire fight with another nest of Redcoats, trading lead from rooftops.

IN A TAVERN ON THE STREET

NEUTRAL MEN sit, drinking their ales and doing absolutely nothing if not hoping this will be over quickly.



EXT. THE STATE HOUSE (AERIAL VIEW)

The battle has begun in the streets and alleys surrounding the building, Patriots closing in from all directions.

INT. UNDERGROUND HALLWAY

The Bishop passes lit torches and Redcoats posted guard at the corners, takes a turn through a doorway to...

THE UNDERGROUND MEETING ROOM

...grinning when he sees Martha, blackened and scarred, Abigail, and Tom's boy Peter, all tied together.

MARTHA

What do you want with us?

THE BISHOP

A difficult question. I *did* need you but God saw fit to simply hand me the ones who love you so now --

MARTHA

-- My husband is very powerful.

THE BISHOP

Which is why I will allow him to kill you so that he may find a new wife that will honor him properly.

MARTHA

At least let the boy go.

THE BISHOP

That is the sire of a man who consorts with the Devil.

(to the Redcoat guards)

Custis may do whatever he wishes but only when the day is done.

As The Bishop leaves, Martha eyes him coldly.

MARTHA

Do you know of George Washington?

The Bishop spins around with a sense of elation.

THE BISHOP

Yes. He is my prisoner as you are.

MARTHA

Chains can't hold him. Keep me here and he will come for you.

THE BISHOP  
Then I shall have to kill him, so  
pray for his soul if you wish.

Out of nowhere, a wicked smile takes over her face.

MARTHA  
No...I will pray for yours.

# **EXT. REDCOAT EMBATTLEMENT**

CANNONEERS keep watch over their quiet street, the sound of fighting raging near and far making them jittery. Two blocks down, MARKSMEN aim from their sand bag pit.

ON A NEARBY ROOF TOP

George creeps alone in the rain, quiet and smooth, careful not to break the silence as he positions himself above them.

He pulls out two daggers, crouches low and JUMPS...

INTO THE EMBATTLEMENT

...slashing them into pez dispensers and then ducking down.

IN THE MARKSMEN PIT

A RIFLEMAN looks over to the embattlement and does a double take when he doesn't see his comrades' red through the rain though he can barely hear METAL GRATING.

IN THE EMBATTLEMENT

George has turned the cannon, touches a LINTSOCK to it and

THE CANNON BALL

BLASTS down the street and destroys the Marksmen pit.

AN INFANTRY SQUAD

charges in, sees the destruction and then turns to the lone, dark shape of George just stepping onto the street.

SQUAD LEADER  
Fire!

George sprints as they aim and blast, takes shelter in the recessed doorway of a rowhouse.

BOOM!BOOM!BOOM! Bullets fly all around and he finds himself pinned as The Redcoats fire and reload until -- AN IDEA.

He pulls a pistol, aims at the door's top hinge.

BOOM! Pulls another pistol -- BOOM! then rips the door out.

THE INFANTRY SQUAD

is a half block away, ready to fuck George up but they stop when they see the door floating at them quickly.

SQUAD LEADER (CONT'D)

Fire!

GEORGE

uses the door for a shield as musket balls smack into it and as the last rifle clicks empty he spins and hurls it into

THE INFANTRY SQUAD

knocking them down like bowling pins.

He pulls two pistols, blasts -- grabs a rifle and works the bayonet -- a few slashes and he smashes one across the face.

When all's said and done, he stands in the center of a pile of bodies and turns when an even larger

INFANTRY PLATOON

marches onto the street and starts firing. George doubles back and dives into the cannon embattlement for cover.

As bullets hit everywhere, the look on his face never changes though it's clear he's completely fucked.

Then he turns slowly and sees: A powder keg.

THE REDCOATS

are marching closer, past their dead comrades, firing at will as George bursts from the embattlement holding the powder keg, spins around, chucks it and

THE POWDER KEG

wobbles end over end toward the terrified platoon as

GEORGE

pulls a pistol, lines up his aim, cocks the hammer and

EXT. THE STATE HOUSE ROOF

Major Andrews loses his breath when a MASSIVE FUCKING FIREBALL shoots into the sky a half mile away.

EXT. GEORGE'S STREET

Bootsteps in the black haze and a moment later George limps out of the smoke loading his pistols, ready for more...the Real Motherfucking First Avenger.

INT. RANDOM TAVERN

NEUTRALS wince at cannon blasts, pained to be so useless as:

INT. RANDOM HOUSE

A FATHER hugs trembling CHILDREN in their parlor as:

EXT. RANDOM ROOFTOP

NEUTRAL MEN watch the action far away, look miserable as:

INT. RANDOM APARTMENT

FOUR MEN sit at a table with their muskets near, their WIVES AND CHILDREN visible in an adjacent bedroom, quaking.

**EXT. THE STATE HOUSE ROOF**

The Bishop steps up through the hatch, walks to Andrews and points at nearby roof tops and windows, where the Neutrals can be seen watching the far away battles.

THE BISHOP

Do you see that look, young Major?

MAJOR ANDREWS

Fear.

THE BISHOP

Isn't it glorious?

**EXT. INTERSECTION**

Patriots are being pounded by ARTILLERY BLASTS and RIFLE VOLLLIES coming from Infantry groups in all four directions.

BEHIND A CRATE

John rams a ball down the barrel, takes aim. BOOM! A bullet nicks his shoulder, and he crawls around a corner to a...

SIDE STREET

...face falling when he sees a Redcoat Squad run in, set up lines to blast him and his retreating men.

BOOM!BOOM!BOOM! The Redcoats start dropping and scatter like roaches as John looks everywhere, sees...

ON A NEARBY ROOF TOP

...a few of Hamilton's men cranking an automusket.

JOHN

THAT WAY!

They see John pointing from the direction he just came, pick up the automusket and reposition it.

IN AN ALLEY

Patriots have their backs to a wall, hiding behind crates from a Redcoat squad that has them pinned down.

RAPID FIRING and when the smoke clears, the squad is on the ground and some of Hamilton's boys are picking up their auto musket and lugging it off to set up for the next kill.

EXT. HIGH STREET (THE MAIN STREET)

Tom and company are running from an advancing squad who've overpowered them. They turn a corner, disappear. The Squad Leader orders his men to follow and they march

ONTO ANOTHER STREET

SQUAD LEADER

Halt!

The soldiers eye IT curiously: Turned sideways in the street, six snarling, armored horses tow Ben's carriage.

Two slats in the side open to reveal automuskets that start churning and blasting, leveling everything in moments.

INT. THE ARMORED CARRIAGE

Ben sits rear center with a bottle of champagne while girls on the sides man the cranks and load.

Ella and the Blonde sit in the front, a bit higher in the armored driver's compartment. He toasts them all.

BEN

A lovely beginning. Let's move on.

EXT. HIGH STREET

The carriage rumbles as the girls crank out rounds each time they pass a group of Redcoats.

ON ANOTHER STREET

More Patriots run into the fray, join John's men.

ON ANOTHER STREET

Alex cranks an automusket, takes out a whole squad.

ON ANOTHER STREET

Tom ducks and just misses a cannonball, keeps shooting.

THE PATRIOTS ARE WINNING.

INT. THE STATE HOUSE

John Jay looks over at James Madison and as the sounds of battle get closer, Thomas Paine slides over.

THOMAS PAINE

You boys be ready.

JAMES MADISON

Don't even think about it, Paine.  
They'll kill us if we act.

THOMAS PAINE

Has it occurred to you they're  
going to do that anyway, Madison?

JAMES MADISON

What makes you think this?

THOMAS PAINE

It's a matter of --

JOHN JAY

-- Please don't say it.

Paine winks and slips back into the crowd.

EXT. THE STATE HOUSE ROOF

Smoke from musket blasts is apparent in the surrounding streets, AUTOMUSKETS chattering, both sides yelling orders.

EXT. A WIDE STREET

The Armored Carriage peppers a marksman pit, turns a corner, sprays an infantry squad.

EXT. THE STATE HOUSE ROOF

Patriots are visible at the edges of all the lawns and streets surrounding the building. Andrews is nervous, looks over to the Bishop, who's completely serene.

THE BISHOP

Now.

MAJOR ANDREWS  
FIRE AT WILL!

His men touch LINTSOCKS to artillery, send a WALL OF CANNON BALLS toward the Patriots as snipers take aim.

Redcoats on the ground start firing too, more smoke and fire than this battle has seen yet in just a matter of moments.

ON A NEARBY STREET

Tom dives out of the way when a cannon takes two of his men, has to dive again.

TOM  
Fall back!

He and his men start edging backward, not prepared for this.

ON ANOTHER STREET

John's men drop like flies as a wall of sniper bullets shreds through and chases them back.

JOHN  
Retreat!

Meanwhile, the Neutrals sill watch out of windows.

EXT. THE STATE HOUSE ROOF

Andrews watches Patriots retreat as The Bishop pulls out and checks his pocket watch. Again, he's -- Right. On. Time.

THE BISHOP  
Now they shall see what comes of treason and tell all they know they saw with their own eyes that God truly favors the King.

MAJOR ANDREWS  
We don't have enough force to pursue them and finish this.

THE BISHOP  
The Lord will provide.

MAJOR ANDREWS  
But if we only had more --

THE BISHOP  
-- Ever heard of a Hessian?

MAJOR ANDREWS  
Killers from the German countries.

THE BISHOP  
Which are all ruled by Christian  
kings. Have faith, Andrews. Like  
I said. Nothing is as it seems.

He pulls a CHINESE ROMAN CANDLE from his coat, grabs a  
cannoneer's lintsock, lights the wick.

MAJOR ANDREWS  
What is that?

THE BISHOP  
Shock and Awe, Young Major.

He holds it up -- WOOSH!WOOSH!WOOSH! a rainbow of embers  
shoots toward the dark clouds.

EXT. THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE CITY

The Hessian army stands in tight rows, on the sidelines as  
spectators, watching intently.

Seeing the fireworks rise high, the Hessian Kommander pulls  
his horn, blows hard and points at the city.

Like a marching band, his army splits into units and high  
steps toward the battle, drums banging, orders being barked.

**IN SOME STREETS**

Patriots engage what's left of the Redcoats as they retreat.

**IN THE SURROUNDING HOUSES**

FAMILIES listen to the sounds of men screaming before dying.

**ON OTHER STREETS**

Hessian units march to sinister music, converging on the city  
center, trapping the Patriots between the two forces.

**EXT. HIGH STREET**

Patriots turn the corner, run into a team of Hessians who  
blast them to bits, check for more and then keep moving.

**ON ANOTHER STREET**

Patriots try to unleash an Automusket on a Hessian team but  
they shoot them, take aim at the machine, blast it to pieces.

**IN AN ALLEY**

Tom and his men stack crates for a last stand while Hessians  
destroy anyone still running on the streets.



**ON ANOTHER STREET**

The Armored Carriage turns and...BOOM! a cannon ball blasts through a wheel and it skids and SMASHES into a brick wall.

**IN A NEARBY EMBATTLEMENT**

The Hessian Kommander chuckles, throws down the lintsock and leads his small unit toward the carriage.

**INT. THE ARMORED CARRIAGE**

Ben and the girls recover, their weapons rendered useless and he grabs a bamboo cane, pushes open the door and climbs...

**ON THE STREET**

...where the Kommander and his men have him surrounded.

THE KOMMANDER

*Verzicht oder Tod!*

BEN

Apologies. I don't know that one.

They step forward, BOOM!BOOM! Two of them fall as

ALEX

runs toward the rest, drops two muskets, draws his sword and

BEN

pulls the head of his cane out to reveal it's a sword and stabs one, leaving only the Kommander.

Before he'll run Ben through, Alex knocks him away and Hamilton and the Hessian begin a ONE ON ONE FIGHT.

ALEX

Get them out of here!

BEN

No need to shout.

(leans into the carriage)

Come on, Girls. Let's go.

They start helping each other out as

ALEX AND THE KOMMANDER

dance around wildly, sparks flying, an equal match.

When the last of the girls are out, they run with Ben toward a nearby store front as the sword fight continues...

EVERYWHERE: The Patriots are getting fucked up.

**INT. THE STATE HOUSE**

Tension in the room is apparent. John Jay looks to Madison.

JAMES MADISON

NOW!

Patriots leap toward their captors, muskets blast, and the chamber breaks out in a massive Patriot vs. Loyalist BRAWL.

**EXT. THE STATE HOUSE ROOF**

The Messenger Boy sprints topside, chest heaving.

MESSENGER BOY

The men below are rising up!

The Bishop didn't expect this and he turns to Andrews.

THE BISHOP

Restore order! Return with haste!

Andrews and all of the cannoneers and snipers grab their muskets and run down below, LEAVING THE BISHOP ALONE.

**INT. THE STATE HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER**

The Redcoats spill in, blast a few Patriots but are quickly sucked into the bare knuckle brawl.

**EXT. IN THE MIDDLE OF THE STREET**

The Kommander knocks Alex's sword away, moves to cut him down when BOOM! a bullet tears through his chest.

**IN FRONT OF THE STORE**

Ben is staring down the end of a smoking musket, his girls cheering and jumping for joy as he lowers it.

Alex waves thanks, runs off to continue in the fighting.

**EXT. HIGH STREET**

The rain is picking up and ALL OF THE PATRIOTS have been funneled by the Hessian Machine into the same quarter mile stretch, boxing them in and blasting them apart.

John slides through a puddle to Tom, both holding wounds and ducking as bullets whiz by and hit others.

TOM

Have you seen George?!

JOHN  
Not for some time!

TOM  
Do you think he fell?!

John frowns at him. Not possible. As they reload:

TOM (CONT'D)  
I'm honored to die with you.

John turns to him with a warm smile.

JOHN  
That's very kind of you, Tom.  
(scowls)  
NOW SHUT THE FUCK UP AND FIGHT!

They both fire at Hessians, doomed to die.

ON A ROOFTOP DOWN THE STREET

George stands alone with a perfect view of High Street and the Patriots locked in a losing battle.

He turns slowly, also has a perfect view of The State House far away where he can see The Bishop standing still.

A tough choice...then he turns back to High Street.

EXT. HIGH STREET - MOMENTS LATER

A few blocks from the edge of a literal wall of Hessians facing the other way and massacring the Patriots, George appears carrying a stack of rifles.

He stops at a TAVERN with a stack of crates on the front porch -- perfect cover -- steps onto it and drops the rifles. A long, drawn out breath and he picks one up, aims --

THE HESSIANS

are loving every second of this turkey shoot until BOOM! one of them is dropped by a shot from behind. A few turn, see George far away, take aim and --

GEORGE

hits the floor as their bullets split the crates.

INT. NEUTRAL TAVERN

A NEUTRAL TEEN watches George through a boarded up window, turns to a RUGGED BARMAN cleaning the bar silently.

NEUTRAL TEEN  
 Father, there's a man out front.

RUGGED BARMAN  
 Back away. It'll be over soon.

The teen watches George roll, fire, duck, reload, slowly but steadily developing a man crush.

NEUTRAL TEEN  
 Father, you *must* see this.

The Barman gives a hard look to a GROUP OF NEUTRAL MEN nursing their beers, weighed down by cowardice, then tosses the rag, stomps over and yanks the boy away.

RUGGED BARMAN  
 I said --

He freezes when he finally sees George out of the corner of his eye, fighting with fury, and then he backs away. He doesn't know what to think of it, turns to an OLD NEUTRAL.

RUGGED BARMAN (CONT'D)  
 Washington is outside.

OLD NEUTRAL  
General Washington?

The Rugged Barman nods and all the Neutrals start looking around with confusion because it just MAKES NO SENSE.

OLD NEUTRAL (CONT'D)  
 Which side is he fighting on?

RUGGED BARMAN  
 Patriots.

And now he's got some wind in his sails, races over to the bar and grabs a musket and powder horn from behind it. Seeing this, the other men trade nods and stand up.

INT. AN APARTMENT ACROSS THE STREET

A SCARED FATHER has been watching George the entire time too and when he sees the Neutrals spill out of the bar, he turns to his WIFE, cradling their CHILDREN in the corner.

SCARED FATHER  
 Take them into the bedroom.

She wants to argue, wants to play it safe but even her conscience won't let her and she nods and leads the children away as the man grabs his rifle and opens the window...

EXT. IN FRONT OF THE TAVERN

George is so busy firing it takes him a moment to notice he's SURROUNDED BY MEN and then his eyes widen and

IN A CHAIN REACTION, HE SEES --

Neutral men can no longer watch their neighbors die. They burst onto the street as windows shatter and everyone starts BLASTING away at the Hessians, bringing them down quickly.

BEHIND A CRATE

John and Tom watch how fast the Hessians are falling.

JOHN

What's happening?!

TOM

They've finally woken up!

ON THE SURROUNDING STREETS

The macho spreads like wildfire and now the last third of the men in Philadelphia have joined the Revolution.

ON HIGH STREET

Tom's ready to cry he's so happy until John yanks him up.

JOHN

STORM THE STATE HOUSE!

EXT. THE STATE HOUSE ROOF

The Bishop nervously eyes the hatch leading downward as:

INT. THE STATE HOUSE

Patriots are beating the Loyalists and Redcoats to death.

EXT. SURROUNDING THE STATE HOUSE (AERIAL VIEW)

The Hessian army is dissolved and the Patriots charge onto...

EXT. THE STATE HOUSE LAWN

...trading volleys with the hundreds of Redcoats that still remain, blasting their cannons and artillery pieces.

A REDCOAT CAPTAIN pulls his sword and points at a GROUP OF PATRIOTS led by John and Tom marching toward him.

REDCOAT CAPTAIN

For your country and your King!

John hears it, turns to the men behind him.

JOHN  
For your families and your Freedom!

Tom gestures to a group of men as they rush the lawn.

TOM  
FOLLOW ME!

EXT. THE STATE HOUSE ROOF

The Bishop sees his men aren't returning, the Patriots are advancing, and for the first time his lip quivers and he TOSSES THE POCKET WATCH AWAY and kneels down in prayer.

IN A NEARBY ALLEY

George walks alone, pulls a pistol and stalks...

ONTO THE STREET

...where Redcoats are too busy fighting off waves of Patriots to notice a man walking so calmly. Armageddon's unfolding all around and he couldn't give a fuck.

He reaches the side of the building, looks up and studies the ropes of the PULLEY SYSTEM for a moment.

He grabs a loose rope, aims high, BLASTS a wheel and it starts spinning, pulling him up fast.

EXT. THE STATE HOUSE ROOF

CLOSE ON The Bishop still kneeling as he detects something and PULL BACK to reveal George standing ten feet behind.

THE BISHOP  
I knew you'd come one day.

GEORGE  
Isn't this what you wanted, Bishop?  
To dance with the Devil so all  
could see? Now stand and deliver!

The Bishop's eyes shoot open and he grins.

THE BISHOP  
With pleasure.

He throws open his coat, draws pistols, starts blasting. George does the same, drops spent ones and pulls new ones.

The lead bounces off as they dive and duck, roll toward loose muskets and pick them up.

George fires at the Bishop's head but he ducks, returns a blast that nicks George's arm.

George jumps behind some crates, reloading as the Bishop does the same behind others.

They fire, roll blindingly fast, expert death dealers that always come up short against an enemy of equal skill.

#### **INT. AN UNDERGROUND HALLWAY**

Tom and his team bound down a flight of stairs, shoot the posted guards, turn a corner and then quickly back up.

A squad of Redcoats is at the end of the passageway and soon they're embroiled in a close quarters fire fight.

#### **EXT. THE STATE HOUSE LAWN**

John jumps into the middle of four men, hacking and slashing like a Viking Berserker, splattered in blood.

#### **EXT. THE STATE HOUSE ROOF**

All is silent and still, both men hidden away reloading.

BEHIND A CRATE

The Bishop fires where he hears George settle next, looks into his bag and finds that he's ALL OUT OF BULLETS.

Two rounds blast through the box in succession and he dives and tumbles to another crate, leans against it.

BEHIND ANOTHER CRATE

George is using a cannon as cover, reaches into his coat for more musket balls and then grunts -- HE'S EMPTY TOO.

THE BISHOP

is thinking, tosses his pistols, stands up to face the roof.

THE BISHOP (CONT'D)

You are a betting man, aren't you?!

GEORGE (O.S.)

Depends on the stakes!

THE BISHOP

I'll wager your life that you cannot cut me down with steel!

GEORGE (O.S.)

Challenge accepted!

George rises, throws his guns, and they pull off their coats. He unsheathes his sword and tomahawk, The Bishop his sword and long dagger, and they start circling.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

I thought clergy couldn't bet?!

THE BISHOP

Such is the grace of God, General!  
I must only pay penance and all  
shall be forgiven!

GEORGE

Not where I'm sending you!

And...WELCOME to the Main Event! as two master gladiators hack, slash, parry and thrust -- equally fast, equally strong, equally committed to cutting the other's heart out and eating it whole.

#### **EXT. THE STATE HOUSE LAWN**

Redcoats and Patriots have resorted to fighting with bayonets, swords, and daggers.

#### **INT. THE UNDERGROUND HALLWAY**

Tom and his men arrive at a hallway swarming with Redcoats guarding a MASSIVE DOOR, trade volleys, reload and yell.

#### **INT. THE UNDERGROUND CHAMBER**

Martha, Abigail and Peter squirm to get free as bullets blast through the door, ricochet all around the room.

#### **EXT. THE STATE HOUSE ROOF**

In, out, duck, dodge. George swings his sword but the Bishop catches and slashes open a deep wound on his arm.

George yelps, chops the tomahawk into the Bishop's torso and it cuts straight through the body armor and cracks a rib.

The Bishop stabs him through the shoulder and they both reel away from each other, grunting and bleeding.

#### **BEHIND A CRATE**

George suffers in silence, pulls away his shirt and sees just how nasty the cuts are. He can't go any further.

#### **ACROSS THE ROOF**

The Bishop rips out the tomahawk with fury and tosses it away. He blesses himself, turns to the empty roof.



And sees IT: A trail of blood streaming from behind a set of crates. He walks slowly, careful to not make a mistake.

THE BISHOP  
I've seen this moment. A portrait  
depicting the Fall of The Beast...

GRATING AND SHIFTING behind the crate. The Bishop grins.

THE BISHOP (CONT'D)  
When Michael cast you into the lake  
of fire for all Eternity...

More movement behind the crate. The Bishop's close.

GEORGE (O.S.)  
You're no angel, Bishop.

THE BISHOP  
As the King is the nearest thing a  
man can be to God, I am the nearest  
thing a man can be to his champion.

The Bishop puts a hand on the crate, raises his sword.

GEORGE (O.S.)  
One very big difference.

The Bishop rips the crate away, sends it toppling.

THE BISHOP  
And what's that?!

His face falls -- staring at the hurtin' end of a cannon --

GEORGE  
You can't fly.

BOOM! The cannonball hits the Bishop's chest, embeds in his armor and both jet across the roof.

The Bishop smashes into the bell, CRACKING IT and making it ring loudly as he falls to the roof.

As the (Liberty) bell rings, he can't breathe because of the bent armor. George picks up a sword, walks toward him.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
But you are wrong, Bishop. I am no  
Devil. Just another man amongst  
many who will not accept that God  
made some to wear crowns and the  
rest to suffer because of it.

He gets close to the Bishop, who's still gasping for air --

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
And for all your efforts to keep us  
in that tyrant's clutches, it is  
you who has made the sounds of  
Liberty ring so that all may hear.

He cocks back. Terror in The Bishop's eyes. WOOSH!

INT. THE UNDERGROUND HALLWAY

Tom and his men finish off the last of the Redcoats and  
pummel through the door leading to the meeting chamber.

INT. THE STATE HOUSE

The Patriots have won and are armed, pouring out onto...

EXT. THE STATE HOUSE LAWN

...surrounding the last of the Redcoats and Loyalists who  
seem motivated to fight to the death.

GEORGE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
BRITISH SOLDIERS!!!

Slowly, fighting stops and all eyes travel up to...

THE STATE HOUSE ROOF

...where George stands, backed by lightning strikes.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
SURRENDER AND YOU WILL LIVE TO TELL  
THEM ALL YOU'VE SEEN HERE! FIGHT  
ON AND YOU WILL NOT SEE TOMORROW!

Redcoats are unnerved. Patriots are unflinching. The losers  
start dropping their weapons, putting their hands up.

EXT. THE STATE HOUSE LAWN - MINUTES LATER

Patriots have rounded up the Loyalists and Redcoats. There's  
not much to say, no celebrating. This is only the beginning.

John has found a bottle somewhere, sips from it quietly.

George arrives without a word as Ben and his girls appear,  
followed soon by Hamilton and a few of his men.

George, staring blankly at all of the dead bodies, sees  
Martha running toward him out of the corner of his eye. He  
turns. She stops. They come together and embrace.

Abigail follows close behind, rips the bottle out of John's  
hand and starts chugging to take the edge off.

A path begins to clear and sad eyes fall on Tom, who's crying as he carries Peter, dead from a bullet to the chest.

Ben, John and George walk over, powerless to do anything but watch his agony as Tom lays the boy down, strokes his cheeks.

Hancock and TEN NEW BODYGUARDS ride in on horses, dismount.

JOHN HANCOCK  
Congratulations! We did it!

TOM  
TRAITOR!

He pulls a pistol, lunges, but John makes the pistol go off into the ground and the two fall as Tom flails and screams.

John consoles him, hugs him close and tender as he claws the air and George rushes over, grabs Hancock by the hair.

JOHN HANCOCK  
Wait! Don't do this!

George pulls out a dagger, points it at the bodyguards.

GEORGE  
Move and I will gut you!

He drags Hancock over to Peter's body.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
Here is your legacy, coward! Here  
is your contribution!

Hancock whips out a folded parchment, offers it up.

JOHN HANCOCK  
The names...names of the traitors!

George snatches it, keeps the blade to Hancock's throat.

JOHN HANCOCK (CONT'D)  
Are you going to kill me now?

George glances back at Tom, then Peter, and lowers the knife.

GEORGE  
No...I hope you live forever.

The words crush Hancock and he backs off, disappears into the crowd as George motions for Alex to come, hands him the list.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
Round these men up.

EXT. THE SIDE OF STATE HOUSE - MINUTES LATER

Custis and his cronies are lined up against the wall, defiant to the end, covered by Alex and his people as George holds Martha's hand, approaches with a group of Patriots.

He lets her go, stands face to face with Custis.

LORD CUSTIS

You can't run from what's coming...

George leans in closer, whispers.

GEORGE

Then I shall fight it head on.

CRUNCH! Custis clutches the knife in his gut, slumps down.

George turns to Alex, nods, and John Jay steps forward but Ben silences him as the other traitors are executed.

Heavy hoof beats and Paul Revere gallops up, swings off his horse and finds Alex.

ALEX

Mister Revere. What word?

Revere hands him a letter, looks over at the dead traitors.

PAUL REVERE

Loyalist Lords?

ALEX

Used to be.

Revere grins as Alex opens up and reads the letter.

ALEX (CONT'D)

We've defeated the British!

The Patriots start cheering, firing off their rifles.

ALEX (CONT'D)

But the greater invasion is to be  
led by British General Gage!

(they get quiet)

Sam has called for all Patriots to  
join him at Concord! He says we  
must seize Boston at once!

He puts the letter down and, for a moment, each man is lost in his own thoughts. Ben approaches George and Martha.

BEN

You must go, George.

Martha looks up at George, in agreement with him.

GEORGE  
You're finally mine. I'm not  
leaving you like this.

Ella and the rest of the girls swarm around Martha.

ELLA  
Don't worry, George. We'll take  
good care of her.

Martha eyes the beautiful women, glares at George.

MARTHA  
Friends of yours, George?

George gets red, BUSTED but the girls eye George knowingly.

ELLA  
Friends of yours now, Miss Martha.  
George has told us all about you.

MARTHA  
Is that so?

ELLA  
Oh yes! You're all he talks about!  
He showed us the portrait he keeps  
of you, but I must say you're much  
more beautiful in person!

Martha is stunned by them, hides her face.

MARTHA  
You're too kind. I look ragged.

ELLA  
But we're going to take excellent  
care of you while he's away.

ALL THE WHORES  
Oh, yes! Wonderful care!

They swarm around her, lead their new playmate by the hand,  
stop and pull drunken Abigail away from John.

ELLA  
Come along, Miss Abigail!

The women disappear and as John and Ben stand with George,  
Tom drifts over to them, completely broken and lifeless.

TOM  
I have to go home now.

He walks off and it becomes evident that all of the Patriots are looking at George for the next move.

JOHN

Well?

BEN

They'll be safe with me.

George looks around, all relying on him for strength.

GEORGE

TO BOSTON!!

They start cheering again, shooting off pistols.

**EXT. THE MONTICELLO ESTATE - DAY**

Tom's thoughtful and sad, standing alone at a freshly marked grave placed in line with JEFFERSON HEADSTONES.

INT. PARLOR - THE MONTICELLO MANSION

He walks in, finds Sally in a chair, devastated, nothing but pure venom in her eyes and it hits him hard.

**INT. TOM'S OFFICE - LATER**

Tom's at his desk, staring blankly at a piece of parchment, his diary, quill pen and an ink bottle. And then he picks up the pen and starts writing THE WORDS:

*TOM (V.O.)*

*We hold these truths...*

**EXT. FOREST PATH - DAY**

WAGONS FULL OF REDCOATS are being blasted by Patriot forces hiding in the woods, George firing next to John and Alex.

*GEORGE (V.O.)*

*...to be self evident...*

**EXT. NEW YORK STREET - NIGHT**

A PATRIOT CHILD watches a group of citizens burning an EFFIGY DOLL OF KING GEORGE, cheering and screaming in solidarity.

*PATRIOT CHILD (V.O.)*

*...that all men are created equal...*

**INT. HANCOCK'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

Hancock sits alone in darkness, hasn't shaved, slept or eaten, an empty bottle and glass next to him. Miserable.

*JOHN HANCOCK (V.O.)*  
*...that they are endowed by their creator...*

**EXT. OPEN FIELD - DAY**

John leads a charge of Patriots against a line of Redcoats, muskets blasting and brave men falling for their beliefs.

*JOHN (V.O.)*  
*...with certain inalienable rights...*

**EXT. ROCKY SHORE - DAY**

Sam Adams and his men have set up cannons and blast them into the water at a BRITISH FLEET trying to land.

*SAMUEL ADAMS (V.O.)*  
*...That among these are...*

**EXT. FRANKLIN MANSION - NIGHT**

Paul Revere stands with a stack of letters in hand, smiles and gives them to Ella when she opens the door.

*PAUL REVERE (V.O.)*  
*...Life...*

**INT. BEN'S PARLOR - NIGHT**

Abigail and Martha open their letters and all the whores get excited like schoolgirls, crowd around to read them too.

*MARTHA (V.O.)*  
*...liberty...*

Abigail reads the letter and looks like she's fallen in love.

*ABIGAIL (V.O.)*  
*...and the pursuit of happiness...*

**EXT. SNOWY FOREST - DAY**

Sounds of a BATTLE being fought all around as Alex duels with a REDCOAT DRAGOON. TWO MORE run in and now he's fucked.

*ALEX (V.O.)*  
*...That to secure these rights...*

Out of nowhere, John tackles one and George swoops in to run the other through, leaving Alex free to kill the last.

*JOHN (V.O.)*  
*...governments are instituted among men...*

They all look at each other -- Bonds of Brotherhood.

*GEORGE (V.O.)  
...deriving their just powers...*

**INT. CROWDED TAVERN - NIGHT**

John Jay speaks passionately in front of Neutral Men, trying hard to sway them to take up arms against Great Britain.

*JOHN JAY (V.O.)  
...from the consent of the governed...*

**INT. ASSEMBLY HALL - DAY**

Ben stands in the center of a receptive CIRCLE OF WEALTHY EUROPEANS, pleading America's case in hopes of support.

*BEN (V.O.)  
That whenever any form of government  
becomes destructive to these ends...*

**INT. PARLOR - THE MONTICELLO MANSION - DAY**

Sally's VERY PREGNANT, walks in and finds Tom slumped in a chair, passed out. She wants to hate him, can't, then grabs a blanket and spreads it out over him.

*SALLY (V.O.)  
...it is the right of the people...*

**EXT. BATTLEFIELD - DAY**

George marshals LINES OF PATRIOTS against a vastly SUPERIOR force of REDCOATS until he's shot out from under his horse.

*GEORGE (V.O.)  
...to alter or to abolish it...*

Alex runs up, drags him to his feet and George sees the day is lost and orders his men to retreat.

*ALEX (V.O.)  
...and to institute new government...*

**INT. BATTLE TENT - NIGHT**

Sam studies a map by lantern light, startled when Hancock steps in. He could stab Hancock in the throat right now and by the look on Hancock's face, he'd understand if Sam did.

*JOHN HANCOCK (V.O.)  
...laying its foundation upon such principle...*

**EXT. LEANED AGAINST A TREE - NIGHT**

George and John sit together reading separate letters.



GEORGE (V.O.)  
*...And organizing its powers in such form...*

When John grins, George peeks over to see what he's reading.

JOHN (V.O.)  
*...as to them shall seem most likely...*

**INT. THE MONTICELLO GUEST BEDROOM - DAY**

Sally's on the bed, sweaty and screaming, legs spread as a MIDWIFE pulls the BABY out, swaddles it in a fresh linen.

Tom runs in with a bowl of water and freezes. He looks at the child, then her, and they reconnect with a new love.

TOM (V.O.)  
*...to effect their safety and happiness...*

**FADE TO BLACK.**

SUPER: **"THURSDAY, JULY 4th, 1776"**

**INT. THE STATE HOUSE - DAY**

Around SEVENTY wealthy colonists have assembled, face the podium where Ben holds a gavel in hand, now running the show.

BEN  
 Mister Jefferson of Virginia!

Tom sits in the front row holding a DOCUMENT CASE. He's finally taken up the dress and air of a wealthy man, holds his head high and walks slowly up to the podium.

Ben steps back, lingers behind him as he pulls the fully complete DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE from the case.

TOM  
 I'd like to thank you for --

A door opens and all turn and whisper when George and John walk in, bandaged and scarred, lock eyes with Tom.

Whatever oration Tom had prepared slips away when he sees the faces of his friends. He turns to the others, gets serious.

TOM (CONT'D)  
 The Movement is failing. The reason is simple. We are no more than a band of outlaws who have rejected the demands set forth by their King and his Parliament. We are rich and poor men. Young and old men. We are a people divided.

He lets it settle in as the others agree.

TOM (CONT'D)

But we would not be so divided if  
we united under a single banner.  
We would not be outlaws if we were  
no longer subjects of the Crown.

Arguments break out on all sides as men hit their feet.

BEN

bows his head in defeat.

JOHN AND GEORGE

are quiet, too tired and worn from a year of fighting to  
worry about these bitches.

A door is kicked and ARMED COLONIALS run in, but each  
delegate pulls out pistols and it becomes a Mexican Standoff.

It's tense until Sam Adams walks in, glaring at them all.

SAMUEL ADAMS

Good! You've learned something!

Sam's men lower their rifles and stand at attention as he  
nods to someone through the door and joins George.

John Hancock walks in carrying a stack of papers and the  
delegates sit back down as he strolls to the podium.

Hancock's too ashamed to meet Tom's eyes and Ben puts a hand  
on Tom's shoulder to give Hancock the floor.

JOHN HANCOCK

Please rise when called...

As he calls their names, delegates in the crowd stand.

JOHN HANCOCK (CONT'D)

Timmons, Carney, Harrison, Turner,  
James of New York, Thatcher, and  
Greene of Rhode Island.

He looks up where SEVEN MEN are standing, confused.

JOHN HANCOCK (CONT'D)

You are Loyalist spies. A boat  
leaves from New York for England in  
two days. Be on it or be dead.

The men are quaking, everyone staring with hate or surprise.

JOHN HANCOCK (CONT'D)  
Now get out of my sight.

They run out as the crowd reacts and George and John snicker.

JOHN HANCOCK (CONT'D)  
Please stand when you are called.  
(reading again)  
Alsop, Clinton, Dickinson, Rogers,  
Humphreys, Livingston and Willing.

The new STANDING MEN are nervously eyeing each other.

JOHN HANCOCK (CONT'D)  
Over the last year, you have played  
both sides, an act that is almost  
as dangerous as being a traitor.  
(glares at them)  
Leave now and be on that same boat  
or support The Cause and sit down.  
Either way, you have not earned the  
right to participate here today.

The men think about it for a moment and sit in succession.

Hancock grabs the Declaration and strolls down to the front  
of the podium where a quill and ink bottle sit on a table.

JOHN HANCOCK (CONT'D)  
As for the rest of you...

He dips the quill in the ink and signs his name nice and big.

JOHN HANCOCK (CONT'D)  
Make your mark, found a nation, or  
leave these United States forever!

He turns to Tom, there's mutual respect, and all the rest of  
our boys grin when the delegates rise and form a line.

EXT. THE STREETS OF PHILADELPHIA - DAY

Crowded with people celebrating, firing off muskets, dancing,  
laughing, drinking and cheering in the sun.

INT. THE TUN TAVERN

The beer flows liberally, packed with drunken Patriots  
shaking hands, talking loud, telling war stories.

AT A TABLE IN A CORNER

George, Martha, Abigail, John and Tom clink take long sips of  
ale. They're celebrating, but focused on the road ahead.

AT THE DOOR

Ben twirls in carrying a satchel, stops at a table, pounds down a shot, then locks arms with a BARMAID and does a quick jig with her before sitting with the others.

John pours him a mug, hands it over and now they're all looking at him with expectation.

BEN

I leave for France tomorrow.

They all raise their glasses to salute him.

TOM

Congratulations, Ambassador.

BEN

Before I go, I have some business.

He pulls some papers from his satchel, on top of which is a piece of cloth. He holds it up proudly. It's OLD GLORY.

BEN (CONT'D)

What do you think of our flag?

They're all horrified or smile just to be polite.

JOHN

Why all the stripes?

TOM

And those colors...

Ben scoffs, quickly stuffs the flag back in his bag.

BEN

We'll work on it...

He pulls out a pen, slides it and a paper over to Tom.

BEN (CONT'D)

Sign.

TOM

What is it?

BEN

Virginia could use you in their delegation. And we've decided later you'll make a fine Governor.

JOHN

So you and your Mason friends have decided who gets what offices?

TOM

Quiet. I'm proud to do my part.

He signs it happily, hands it back. Ben nods and then puts a few papers in front of Martha.

MARTHA

Am I to be Governor, too?

BEN

No, Dear. This transfers your late husband's estate to you.

She doesn't hesitate to sign.

MARTHA

At least he was good for something.

She hands the papers back to him and Ben puts another one between her and George. They read it. It's a WEDDING CERTIFICATE for GEORGE AND MARTHA WASHINGTON.

GEORGE

What's this?

BEN

I can't go to France and tell them our nation's army is led by a drunken gambler. But a man of reason, a war hero now married to a respectable widow and owner of a plantation...that might work.

George looks away uncomfortably before Martha hits him.

MARTHA

Sign it now!

Everyone in the tavern turns toward the drama as George signs it. No more business, Ben grabs his mug, about to drink when he notices John eyeing him like a lovesick puppy.

JOHN

What do I get?

BEN

What do you mean?

JOHN

You just snap your fingers and you've got this scut playing Governor! This idiot gets to be General and now you've just handed him over all Custis's money!

(MORE)

JOHN (CONT'D)  
(pounds the table)  
You know, I'm out there getting  
shot at every Goddamn day!

BEN  
What do you want?

JOHN  
(cools down; stumped)  
I don't know...something...

He focuses on Abigail, chugging ale like a sorostitute.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Do you want to get married?

She spits her ale on the floor, turns to him.

ABIGAIL  
To you?!

He cowers down, shrugs. Her eyes get wide and she slurps the  
rest of her mug, slams it down on the table and sighs.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)  
Fine.

John gets excited, plants a big kiss on her cheek.

JOHN  
I have sons from another marriage,  
though. John Quincy and --

ABIGAIL  
-- Whatever!

She takes his mug as John hugs her, turns to Ben excitedly.

JOHN  
We're married now, see! Write that  
down! Write it down!

BEN  
I think I can remember.

Tom notices George staring in the distance.

TOM  
What's your problem, GW?

GEORGE  
I'm not sure. It's just this --  
this re-writing of history.

JOHN

Like anyone's going to give a damn  
about you after you die!

GEORGE

I have always preferred to be  
honest when I could. For instance,  
once there was a cherry tree and --

BEN

-- If they should remember us,  
future generations aren't going to  
care who or what we were. All that  
will matter is what we did and why.

TOM

Well said.

BEN

They'll remember us as the fathers  
of a nation and you as the man you  
always wanted to be...

After thinking about it, George agrees with a nod.

BEN (CONT'D)

Now can we start celebrating?!  
It's Independence Day!

INT. THRONE ROOM - BUCKINGHAM PALACE - DAY

COURTIERS, SERVANTS and OFFICIALS stand at the edges of the  
great hall, all of them trembling fearfully as they watch

KING GEORGE III (late 30s)

pace around, mumbling to himself, covered with jewelry like  
an 18th century rap star, reading the Declaration.

KING GEORGE

He has kept among us, in times of  
peace, standing armies-

(furious)

I should have kept more, you scum!

He touches his hand to his head like he's pained and turns to

FIVE REDCOAT GENERALS

in full regalia, hats tucked under their arms, then Lord  
North who's off to the side trying hard to be invisible.

KING GEORGE (CONT'D)

What are their names again?

LORD NORTH  
 Generals Clinton, Cornwallis,  
 Carlton, Burgoyne and Rawdon.

The King sizes them up for a moment, finally breathes.

KING GEORGE  
 When these skirmishes began, I was  
 told all would be resolved in a  
 matter of days. As you are no  
 doubt aware, General Gage could not  
 deliver and I've since replaced him  
 with General Howe. I was told...  
 (glares at North)  
 ...quite recently...that order was  
 weeks away from being restored and  
 now I see from this treason that  
 such is not the case...  
 (angrier)  
 First of all, whoever penned this  
 filthy heresy, I want that man's  
 heart served to me on a platter!

The Generals bow as George gets even more worked up.

KING GEORGE (CONT'D)  
 Secondly, by week's end I want you  
 to take the largest force we can  
 muster over that ocean and crush  
 this insurrection! You will burn  
 homes, slaughter children, destroy  
 cities -- whatever it takes to  
 remind these ingrates that there's  
 one man who decides what is and  
 what is not and that man is me!  
 (an evil grin)  
 We will throw all we have at them  
 to test them and we shall see...

He crumples the Declaration, tosses it away.

KING GEORGE (CONT'D)  
 What these "Americans" are truly  
 made of...

And as The Generals bow and leave for War, we

**FADE OUT.**