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Sons of Liberty

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Sons of Liberty

by
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EXT. HAWTHORNE HOUSE - DAY

BOSTON - MARCH 1770 (Title written as if by pen)

BENJAMIN HAWTHORNE (14), and his best friend, ELIJAH YOUNG (13), scurry around the house playing a variation of cowboys and indians. They fire wooden pistols and dart in and out of cover.

BEN
(mimicking a pistol)
Chff! Chff! I got you!

Elijah takes cover behind a shrub.

ELIJAH
Then why am I still standing?!

Ben crouches behind a half-finished brick wall and drops his pistol to make a snowball.

BEN
Still standing, huh?

Elijah looks out curiously at Ben whose actions are covered by the wall. Seeing the pistol on the ground, Elijah tenuously tiptoes over to investigate. When he gets a few paces away, Ben pops up, pelts him in the chest with a snowball and charges Elijah. Ben tackles him into the snow pile sitting by the front walk.

BEN
There we go. Not standing anymore
are ya?

Elijah, currently pinned to the ground, flips Ben over into the snow and rubs some snow in his face. Ben sputters as Elijah dashes away to make a snowball of his own.

As soon as Ben gets up, his older brother AARON (18) rounds the corner. Aaron pauses, panting, and the two boys stop their friendly scuffle.

BEN
Aaron?

Aaron holds up a finger.

AARON
Customs office...gotta
go...something big...come on!

Aaron gathers himself and the three take off into the alleyways of Boston.

CREDITS ROLL OVER THE FOLLOWING: (Credits written as if by pen)

Soft sounds of pages flipping underneath action:

The boys dashing past the HAWTHORNE SHOEMAKER SHOP

The boys darting in and out of the shadows

The boys disappearing behind walls and re-emerging in alleyways

Chaotic, fast-paced dodging down shortcuts

Finally, the boys emerge into the clearing before the Customs Office.

CRANE UP over crowd and move to British flag outside customs office, waving in the breeze.

TITLE OVER CU FLAG

(beat)

EXT. CLEARING OUTSIDE CUSTOMS OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The three boys hunch over to catch their breath. Ben straightens up to try and see over the constantly growing CROWD. People emerge from random alleyways and quickly join the commotion. The occasional snowball is lobbed from the masses towards the front but all the action is hidden. Curses and shouts fly out from the raucous men.

AARON
<sighs> I can barely...

Aaron turns to the boys, now straightened up trying to see but to no avail.

AARON (CONT'D)
Just...can't see.

Aaron motions the boys over to a nearby stoop.

AARON (CONT'D)
Try over there.

Aaron starts pushing into the crowd.

BEN
What? Why can't we go with you?

AARON

They've got rifles drawn, Ben.
 (craning to see)
 Please...I'll meet you back here.

ELIJAH

Come on, Ben, we wouldn't see
 anyway.

Aaron forces his way into the crowd and is lost amongst the mob. Elijah and Ben run over to the stoop and climb up. The view hasn't improved, but the faint outlines of British soldiers with rifles aimed can be made out. Their targets are unclear.

EXT. FRONT OF MOB OUTSIDE CUSTOMS OFFICE

Aaron pushes his way to the front and is struck by the reality of the situation. A line of humbly dressed COLONISTS stand, slightly separated from the mob. On the other side stands the line of BRITISH SOLDIERS, with looks of reserved fear on their faces. The occasional snowball flies by their heads but they remain surprisingly still.

The air is filled with a symphony of noises; steeple bells ring, curses from the colonists, orders from the British officer, whistling, shouts of FIRE from the crowd.

BRITISH OFFICER

Please! Please everyone just--

MOB MEMBER #1

Fire! Come on, Fire!

MOB MEMBER #2

They won't do it! Fire!

BRITISH OFFICER

Hold! Hold!

CU BRITISH OFFICER, trying to calm the mob and his soldiers. Things are spiralling out of control.

EXT. BACK OF MOB BY STOOP

Elijah and Ben stand on the stoop. Ben is holding a snowball and about to unload it into the mob. Just as Ben is about to whip it, Elijah grabs his arm.

ELIJAH

What are you doing?

BEN
Me? Everyone else is. Look.

A snowball here and there is lobbed onto the guards.

ELIJAH
What's that going to help?

BEN
It's just a *snowball*.

Ben winds up again, except, just as he is about to release, the soldiers' guns fire into the mob. Chaos. People scatter everywhere, screaming and shrieking. Ben and Elijah are completely shell-shocked.

BEN
Aaron!

Ben, still clutching the snowball, runs into the mess of people. He scans the faces and the ground frantically.

BEN
Aaron!

EXT. CUSTOMS OFFICE

Ben nears the site of the shooting and catches a glimpse of the bodies on the ground. The British soldiers withdraw into the Customs office. The crowd thins except for a few that clutch the dead and injured on the ground. Ben's face drains of all hope as he sees Aaron's sprawling, lifeless body. Ben stands over him and looks deep into his brother's terrified, blank eyes.

Elijah emerges from behind with a similar look of shock. Ben gives Aaron a nudge in the chest with his fist. Nothing.

ELIJAH
Ben?

Ben, unaware he is still clutching the now bloodied snowball, turns on his heels and bolts back into the alleyways.

EXT. BOSTON ALLEYS

Ben runs faster than ever before. Half panting, half crying.

He passes some of the landmarks from the opening, still holding his snowball.

EXT. HAWTHORNE HOUSE

Ben reaches his front yard/clearing and stumbles to a walk. One hand covers his tear-filled eyes.

INSERT AARON'S LIFELESS FACE

Ben looks down into his hand and sees the snowball.

<beat>

The ball drifts off his fingers and falls to the ground. Just as it is about to hit...

INT. BENJAMIN'S ROOM - MORNING - TWO YEARS LATER

Benjamin (17) is jolted awake to the sound of a plate crashing from the other room.

Benjamin has broken into a cold sweat from the nightmare and wipes his forehead dry. He takes a deep breath and closes his eyes for a moment, calming himself. He pulls off his covers and opens the shades on his window. Sounds of a woman grumbling and scurrying about the kitchen are heard in the background.

MARY (O.S.)

Stay back!

EXT. HAWTHORNE HOUSE

BOSTON - MARCH 1772 (Title written as if by pen)

Outside is the hustle and bustle of early morning Boston. Wagons pull by, people stop each other for chats on the street, children dash around their mothers' dresses.

INT. HAWTHORNE KITCHEN

MARY HAWTHORNE (49) sweeps the broken shards of a porcelain plate into a pan. Mary, a larger woman, wears a plain dress with little frill. She motions her daughter, ABIGAIL (5), to move away from the mess. Abigail, a pretty girl, holds the hand of her well-used doll and playfully jumps back.

MARY

Abigail! Did I not tell you to step back?

ABIGAIL
 (giggles)
 I just want to see, mum.

MARY
 See what? It's a broken plate.

Mary rises and dumps the pieces in a pail.

MARY
 Go finish up. Food's gettin' cold.

Benjamin walks out of his room, dressed, scratching his head in a state of morning grogginess. Abigail lights up.

ABIGAIL
 Happy Birthday! Happy Birthday!

Abigail darts out of her chair and squeezes Benjamin's waist.

BEN
 Thanks, Abby.

MARY
 Certainly made full use of your birthday morning?

Ben opens his eyes extra wide to wake himself up.

BEN
 How late am I gonna be?

MARY
 Don't matter, your father can deal with it. Sit, sit.

Ben takes a seat at the rustic wooden table. The place settings and atmosphere are middle-class and conservative. No real extravagance but the Hawthornes are certainly not poor. Mary serves Ben some breakfast.

ABIGAIL
 (mouth full)
 Wanna see your present?

Mary glops some oatmeal into Ben's bowl and points the spoon at Abigail.

MARY
 Not with your mouth full.

Abigail forces down the food, eager to speak.

ABIGAIL
Want to see your present?

BEN
Umm...well I guess I--

MARY
We should wait for your father.
It'll still be there.

Mary sends a smirk to Ben. Abigail slumps back in defeat.

EXT. BOSTON STREETS - MORNING

Elijah (16) weaves in and out of the crowded walkways carrying a leather bag.

In the distance, Ben emerges from his house waving back goodbye.

BEN
Thanks again.

Ben sees Elijah working his way down the street and waves emphatically. Elijah pays no attention.

BEN
Elijah!

Elijah stops in his tracks and searches for the source of his name. The crowd swirls around Elijah and Ben is lost in the crowd. From behind, the crowd parts to reveal Ben with his hand out like a gun, pointed at Elijah.

BEN
Chff!

Ben breaks into a huge smile and Elijah shakes his head and continues walking. Ben scurries after.

BEN
You're late.

ELIJAH
Thank you, Ben.

Ben chuckles at Elijah, who is clearly more distraught than himself.

BEN
 Hey, speaking of being late. Never
 guess what happened last night.
 I'll tell ya. Finally kissed Anna!

Ben is positively giddy.

ELIJAH
 That has nothing to do with being
 late.

BEN
 I know, I just needed a way to
 change subjects. But, come on,
 Anna! You don't have anything to
 say?

ELIJAH
 Congratulations, handsome.

Ben is very pleased with himself.

BEN
 Thank you.

ELIJAH
 When you seein' her again?

BEN
 Yea, well, might not...work out.

ELIJAH
 Here we go.

BEN
 I mean, I was kissing her, things
 were going smoothly. And so I
 tried to, uh, you know.

Ben makes a scoop-like motion with his hands as if trying to
 feel breasts.

ELIJAH
 No, no. Please tell me, no.

BEN
 Couldn't stop myself. It was my
 birthday and I was caught up. I
 mean, come on Elijah, she's got
 great breasts!

A passing WOMAN sends a dirty glance at the boys as they walk
 by. Ben throws his hands up.

BEN
 (to woman)
 She does!

Elijah and Ben round a corner and the Hawthorne Shoemaker Shop comes into view. The shop is respectable and fairly large. DANIEL HAWTHORNE (40's), Benjamin's father, sits hunched over by the small paneled window, working on a pair of shoes. His glasses sit on the tip of his large nose as he focuses completely on the task at hand.

BEN
 Anna wasn't pleased.

ELIJAH
 Ben, Ben, Ben.

BEN
 But I got the kiss!

ELIJAH
 It's the small victories.

INT. HAWTHORNE SHOEMAKER SHOP

A bell rings as the boys enter the shop. Daniel delicately and precisely takes off his glasses and sets them down along with his work.

DANIEL
 Benjamin? Didn't expect you for another hour. And Elijah?

ELIJAH
 So sorry, Mr. Hawthorne. I'll make it up I promise.

Elijah scurries off to the back of the shop and begins assembling supplies for the day's work.

BEN
 Look, I'm sure he has a real good--

DANIEL
 Excuse? Ben, you see, when someone *actually* comes to work, on time, every day, there's no need. On the other hand, when it's once every other week?

BEN
 You gave me permission today!?

DANIEL
I did...and happy birthday, son.
Still, doesn't change the facts.

Daniel smiles knowingly at Ben. Ben rolls his eyes and starts off towards the back of the shop.

BEN
(sarcastically)
Ha ha ha.

He and Elijah slip on their work aprons. Elijah eyes Ben and Ben shakes his head back as if to say "No big deal".

INT. HAWTHORNE SHOEMAKER SHOP - LATER

It begins to rain outside and the foot traffic from earlier that morning has calmed down significantly.

The room is silent except for the pattering of rain outside. Benjamin, Elijah and Daniel are all seated on stools working on pairs of shoes. Benjamin grabs the foot mold from behind him and slips it in to check his work.

The silence is broken by a man in a customs uniform walking in the door, the bell rings. JACK COLLINS walks with a sense of entitlement.

DANIEL
Mr. Collins. A pleasure.

Elijah sets down his work and watches the two from the back of the store.

JACK
Wish I could say the same. It's
like cats and dogs out there.

Daniel pulls one of the finished pairs of shoes from the counter. He hands them over to Jack who slips them into a leather bag.

DANIEL
And how is everything with the
customs work?

JACK
The usual, mostly, but these rabble-
rousing patriots have been making
things unimaginably difficult.

Benjamin stops working on his shoes and slyly focuses in on the conversation.

JACK (CONT'D)
Call themselves, Sons of Liberty.
Of liberty? Criminals if you ask
me.

Jack notices Elijah in the back of the store and his face contorts as he tries to remember how he knows him.

JACK (CONT'D)
You look familiar. It's Alexander,
yes?

Elijah, slightly embarrassed, looks up from the piece of leather he is cutting.

ELIJAH
Elijah, actually. I was in earlier
this morning.

JACK
The new recruits, yes! I will be
seeing you very soon then.

Benjamin glares at Elijah as he now knows the real reason for his tardiness. Elijah nods back.

ELIJAH
Apparently so.

JACK
Splendid, splendid. Thanks as
always, Daniel.

Jack tips his hat to everyone.

JACK (CONT'D)
Boys.

Jack leaves the store. Immediately after the door closes, Benjamin spins to glare at Elijah.

BEN
The customs office!? Please tell
me this isn't why you were late
this morning.

DANIEL
Benjamin.

ELIJAH
I have considered doing this for a while, and, well...

BEN
Customs? The same men who would try taxing the air we breathe!

DANIEL
Benjamin!

BEN
Sorry, father, but he must be joking.

DANIEL
He's not. He told me a few weeks ago that this was an option. It looks like he's made up his mind.

BEN
And you're fine with this? He works for you, father.

ELIJAH
I do. But he generously said that I have the right to leave if I found something better.

The bell rings again as the door swings open and CARL MEAD walks in carrying a pair of tired looking shoes. Carl, stout with an elv-ish charm, approaches Daniel near the front.

BEN
Better?!

DANIEL
Quiet Benjamin. Back to work, both of you.
(to Carl)
Good day sir. How can I help you?

ANGLE ON Ben and Elijah at the back of the store.

BEN
(hushed)
These are the same people who shot my brother Elijah. You were there! How can you do this?

Carl peeks over to Benjamin, intrigued by their conversation but he pretends not to hear.

CARL
I would like to get these mended
please?

Daniel takes the pair of shoes and begins inspecting them.
Elijah checks to see if Daniel is looking before speaking.

ELIJAH
(hushed)
I refuse to go over this again with
you. The only person left from
that day is Officer Wallace, that's
all.

Daniel sends an annoyed glare to the back of the store but it
is ignored.

DANIEL
Yes of course. I will need a
deposit,
(pulls at the leather)
And you will also need to choose a
new leather it appears.

Daniel points to some heavy damage near the front of the
shoe.

BEN
Wallace...what a little pisshole!

Daniel holds a hand up to Carl and leans so he can see
Benjamin in the back.

DANIEL
Enough you two! Back to work and
not another word! Sorry sir,
please forgive them. They are
being terribly rude.

Daniel sends another glare back to the boys.

CARL
No, no. No mind. So you can fix
them then? Wonderful.

Carl takes out his money pouch and begins laying some coins
on the table.

DANIEL
Let's say, midday on Friday.

Benjamin shakes his head in disappointment at Elijah and sighs deeply.

BEN
I'm going for a quick walk.

Benjamin, livid, walks briskly out the door into the rain.

BEN
I'll be ba--

The door cuts off his words as it slams shut. Carl watches concerned as Ben leaves.

CARL
Midday Friday. Thank you again.

Carl hurries out the door, leaving Daniel and Elijah in silence.

EXT. BOSTON STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Carl jogs after Benjamin who is a few paces ahead walking in the cold rain. Benjamin is huddled over as he walks, trying to blow off some steam. He kicks a rock down a deserted alleyway as Carl comes up to his side.

CARL
Pardon me.

BEN
Yes?

CARL
Excuse my boldness but I couldn't help but overhear your argument back in the shop.

BEN
Lard, I apologize, honestly I do.

CARL
No. I umm...actually I think I might know a few, well, quite a few people who think the same as yourself.

Benjamin stops and turns to Carl.

CARL (CONT'D)
Your convictions are not unreasonable.

BEN
Feels like it.

CARL
Takes some real courage to speak so
boldly. I could have been anyone,
back in that shop.

BEN
So if you're not anyone, who are
you?

CARL
A friend. And if you wish to know
more, it'll be worth your while to
come by Foxborough tomorrow around
sundown.

BEN
Foxborough? What is this, some
secret?

CARL
Perhaps. Just something to think
over.

Carl looks over his shoulder and sees a COUPLE huddled
together walking towards them.

CARL
I should be off. We'd love to have
you.

Carl walks off down a side street and disappears into the
increasingly rainy air. Benjamin stands drenched and
watches, intrigued.

BEN
We?

<beat> On the rain cascading over Ben's face as he continues
to stand in the street.

INT. HAWTHORNE KITCHEN

The room is lit by the warming glow of candlelight and fire.
The Hawthorne family, Mary, Abigail, Ben and Daniel, sit
around the table with their glasses raised for a toast.

MARY
To seventeen years.

Everyone clinks glasses together and has a sip.

MARY (CONT'D)
Happy birthday, Benjamin.

Daniel sets his glass of whiskey down and Benjamin reaches over to try and steal a sip. Daniel slams his hand down to cover the glass.

DANIEL
A valiant attempt.

BEN
You will have to give in eventually.

Daniel looks to Mary, who looks away and raises her hands in defeat.

BEN (CONT'D)
What's one sip?

Daniel lifts his hand and Ben takes a sip. He is overwhelmed by the taste and his eyes tear up but he tries to mask his disgust with a smile.

DANIEL
Clears your head right up, eh?

BEN
Delicious.

Ben opens his eyes wide and blows out the taste of the whiskey.

BEN (CONT'D)
Shall we?

MARY
Yes, yes. Please.

The family digs in to the food. Bowls of vegetables, meat and bread are passed in every which way across the table.

INT. YOUNG DINING ROOM

The room has a cold, earthy feel to it. Everything is lit by candles and fire but it somehow seems darker than the Hawthorne House. Tapestries hang on the walls and silver dinner-ware is laid out precisely.

Elijah sits in the middle of the table. His father, EDWARD YOUNG, sits at the head. He is an intimidating man who always looks slightly irritated. SARAH YOUNG, Elijah's mother, sits across from Elijah. She is a beautiful woman, sitting straight and proper in an expensive looking gown. Dinner in the Young household is an elegant affair.

SARAH

Elijah dear, please pass the rolls.

ELIJAH

Here you are, mother.

The fire crackles in the corner as the Young family sits in silence. Elijah clinks his fork against the plate and the sounds echo around the dining room.

<beat>

EDWARD

Jack Collins told me he stopped by the shop today?

SARAH

Ooh, really?

ELIJAH

Mhmm. He said he would be at the recruitment meeting tomorrow.

EDWARD

Six o'clock. You should arrive ten minutes early. Tardiness is not tolerated.

ELIJAH

Of course.

<beat>

EDWARD

The carrots are delicious, darling.

More stiff silence continues.

INT. HAWTHORNE KITCHEN

Daniel puts a big bite of meat in his mouth and turns to Mary.

DANIEL
(mouth full)
Mmm. Meat...so juicy. Delicious
as always.

BEN
Perfect, ma, couldn't have asked
for more.

MARY
Thank you, boys.

Mary grabs the bowl of potatoes and serves more to everyone
to finish off the bowl.

MARY (CONT'D)
Anything exciting at the shop
today?

DANIEL
Collins came by and,
(looks to Elijah)
well, your son decided that would
be a nice time to go after Elijah
again--

BEN
Can't blame me, he's gonna work for
the King?

DANIEL
Made a huge scene, Mary. Nearly
scared the man right off.

Abigail leaps off her chair.

ABIGAIL
Ooh!

She rushes off into the other room and no one pays her any
attention.

BEN
I apologized. And besides, I ran
into him outside just after.
Didn't seem put off at all, invited
me to some sort of meeting at
Foxborough, actually.

Daniel sends a concerned look over to Mary.

BEN (CONT'D)
Might stop by.

MARY
Foxborough? I don't know how I
feel about that. Daniel?

DANIEL
He say anything more? Who they
were, what they're doing?

BEN
Not really, seemed kinda secretive.

Abigail runs back into the room with a wrapped brown package.
A piece of rope is tied around the outside and into a bow on
top.

DANIEL
Foxborough isn't exactly an elegant
establishment.

ABIGAIL
Got your present, Ben!

Abigail plops it down next to Ben's plate and smiles
expectantly.

BEN
I can handle this. If it turns
sour I'll leave. Just something
about him I trusted, I don't know.

ABIGAIL
Present.

DANIEL
After dinner, Ben.

ABIGAIL
Present!

DANIEL
Fine! Abby, yes, present. Open it
up before Abby loses her head.

INT. YOUNG DINING ROOM

Silence, as the Youngs finish up the final bits of their
meals. Edward delicately cleans his plate with the last
piece of roll and eats it. He leans back in his chair and
sighs.

SARAH
I'll take everyone's plates.

Sarah collects the silverware first and disappears into the adjacent kitchen.

EDWARD
Excited to finally work under your
father, Elijah?

ELIJAH
Oh, yes.

Sarah returns and stacks up their plates.

EDWARD
You don't seem enthused.

Sarah glances at Elijah with some concern but takes the plates back into the kitchen.

ELIJAH
No, it's not that. I just got into
a little argument with Benjamin
over it.

EDWARD
Let him worry about himself.

Sarah returns to collect the food dishes and piles them up in the middle.

ELIJAH
I suppose. But I still feel
guilty, especially with what
happened, to Aaron.

EDWARD
Elijah, that was years ago. It was
an obvious mistake and something
that will never happen again.

SARAH
Your father is right. Grudges are
dangerous things. Isn't Wallace
the only one left from then anyway?

EDWARD
And you know him, he's as tame as
they come. I will be there as
well, you trust me don't you?

ELIJAH
I do.

EDWARD

See. Don't let it bother you.
Stick with me and you'll be fine.

Edward winks at Elijah and finishes off his wine.

INT. HAWTHORNE KITCHEN

Benjamin sits silent as he looks down at his unwrapped present. It is a full set of shoe-making tools, harnessed in a leather wrap. Benjamin looks up to see his father, waiting half in anticipation and half still concerned over their previous conversation.

BEN

Thank you, father. They're great.

MARY

Right in your father's footsteps.
I say.

DANIEL

Those are nice tools too there,
Benjamin. Use them well and
someday you can take over for me.

Mary wears a motherly smile as she watches Daniel, watching Ben. Ben eeks out a courteous smile. Daniel accepts this as gratitude and smiles contently. Abigail bounces on her chair in excitement over the simple idea of presents.

ABIGAIL

I love birthdays!

<beat> Daniel looks at the tools and turns them over in his hands.

INT. YOUNG DINING ROOM

Elijah sits alone, the table cleared and the light even dimmer than before.

<beat> Elijah looks at his hands and turns his thumbs over each other.

EXT. BOSTON STREETS - DUSK

Benjamin is one of only a few people out walking the streets. Ben wears a long coat with the collar turned up to mask the side of his face.

He sneaks a few looks around the streets as he walks; he looks somewhat frightened. He passes by a lantern in a window which illuminates his shifty eyes for a brief second before plunging back into darkness.

In the distance a warm glow emerges from the Foxborough pub and a faint sound of chatter grows louder as Ben approaches.

A COUPLE come out from around the corner arm-in-arm and startle Benjamin. He nods his head as they pass.

BEN
Hello...hello.

He checks over his shoulder as they walk by. The couple barely pays him any attention and Ben sighs in relief.

Ben stops outside the door and looks up at the pub's sign swaying in the breeze.

INT. FOXBOROUGH PUB

A smoky haze permeates the rustic scene. MEN of all sizes and shapes are scattered about the tables. An electric anticipation fills the cloudy air and men steal glances at one another waiting for someone to begin.

A nervous, yet excited, Ben enters the pub but only a few people turn to see who has entered. Most are caught up in their own thoughts and conversations.

Ben slowly shuffles up to a table. His only company is a older, SMARY MAN smoking a pipe. The man simply grunts in acknowledgement of his company. Ben's leg jitters as his head swivels around the pub.

From the table behind, RUFUS, a slightly inebriated and very hairy man, slams his hand on his neighbor's back in encouragement.

RUFUS
Have faith, my friend, they'll soon
be here.

Rufus spins around on the bench and hops over to sit next to Ben. Rufus motions towards Ben's leg.

RUFUS
(to smarmy old man)
A jittery one eh?

The old man just shrugs, puffs and turns to the side.

RUFUS
 (reassuringly)
 Everyone here is a friend. 'Cept
 for this crotchety fella.

The old man grunts.

BEN
 Oh, I wasn't worried.

RUFUS
 Sure sure. Course you aren't. Why
 would you be? Drink?

Rufus spins around and grabs his pint from the table behind him and slams it back in front of Ben. The glass is 3/4 gone. Ben eyes the glass in reserved disgust.

BEN
 No, no. Won't take your drink.

RUFUS
 My drink?! Ha, found this in the
 corner. Not even mine.

Rufus slams down the rest of the pint and extends his weathered, stubby hand for a shake.

RUFUS (CONT'D)
 Rufus.

Ben returns the shake.

BEN
 Benjamin.

RUFUS
 Benjamin...

Rufus takes a look over both his shoulders and leans uncomfortably close to Benjamin.

RUFUS (CONT'D)
 Let me put you in on this secret.
 Most of these...

Rufus rolls his eyes.

RUFUS (CONT'D)
 Men...think they want this. But,
 if I were a bettin' man, I wouldn't
 put--

Rufus stops as PAUL REVERE walks in the door. Paul is a specimen in both build and poise. His hair is neatly trimmed and his clean-pressed clothing stands out against the ragged clothes of the men surrounding him.

RUFUS

PAUL!

Ben recoils at Rufus' exclamation directly into his ear.

All ambient action screeches to a halt. Paul catches Rufus' eye and b-lines straight to their table. Paul's walk overflows with confidence.

PAUL

Rufus! Been quite a while my friend. Are you well?

RUFUS

Well, but could be well-er with another pint?

PAUL

Save it for another day. Going to need your help here.

Paul turns and faces the room of peering eyes.

ANGLE ON: Rufus leans back to Ben.

RUFUS

It's Paul Revere right there.

Ben eyes widen.

BEN

What is this, anyway?

Rufus gets a grin from ear to ear and chuckles.

PAUL

Welcome. Welcome to all. As most know, I am Paul, and we are here to discuss some matters of great importance. Not a long-winded man myself...

A spattering of men around the room snicker at this.

PAUL (CONT'D)

So why don't we all move back here. Let Q get on in peace.

QUENTIN, the exhausted, gangly bartender, nods in approval and returns to filling a pint.

INT. CUSTOMS OFFICE BOARDROOM

An OFFICER fills a cup of tea in the corner and returns to sit at a long table in the middle of the room.

MEN line all sides of the table with perfect spacing between each chair, every man sitting straight and proper in a polite, stiff silence. On one side are the new RECRUITS to the Customs Office and on the other are OFFICERS staring them down.

Elijah sits near the middle, flanked by a nervous, PUDGY TEEN and a YOUNG MAN whose face reads no emotion. Elijah covers a yawn as he looks up and down the table.

The tall doors at the end of the boardroom burst open and OFFICER SHEPPARD charges into the room. Sheppard is a tall, skinny man who slumps over when he walks. He looks exhausted. Everyone jolts awake from their daze and follow Sheppard with their eyes. Sheppard is the head of the Customs Office and is clearly not where he wants to be.

OFFICER SHEPPARD

Let's get this over with. Wallace?

OFFICER WALLACE, a well-dressed man with a puckered face, stands and arranges his papers in front of him.

OFFICER WALLACE

Sir?

OFFICER SHEPPARD

Start us off.

Sheppard grabs his seat at the head of the table and motions for an orderly to get him a cup of tea.

OFFICER WALLACE

Of course, sir.

(turns to recruits)

Boys.

Wallace points to the pudgy young man next to Elijah.

OFFICER WALLACE

Straighten up!

The pudgy kid has already broken into a mild sweat and his face turns bright red as he straightens.

OFFICER WALLACE

You are all here because you would like to serve his Majesty. What we do is protect and collect that which is His Majesty's. Now, listen up, as I will list the duties of a respectful and proper employee at the British Customs Office of Boston.

Sheppard slinks back in his chair and sips his tea. The recruits show eager attentiveness as Wallace drones on.

OFFICER WALLACE (CONT'D)

One, an employee of the British Customs Office of Boston works for His Majesty above all. All orders are directed from the King in some form or another. Two,

Elijah's drowsy eyes blink.

INT. FOXSBOROUGH PUB

Benjamin's enthusiasm pours from his eyes.

The men are clustered near the rear of the pub. They sit on every use-able piece of furniture and listen as if Jesus himself is giving a sermon. Benjamin is sandwiched between Rufus and a spindly, toothless man but Ben could care less. Paul addresses the men from the middle of the sermon circle.

PAUL

And he is exploiting us *beyond* reason. Are we not British citizens?

A few men from the group grunt and nod in approval.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Well then why must we be treated as if we are not? I come here tonight to argue that, perhaps, we are different. Perhaps there is more than just an ocean between us. *We* deserve more and we deserve to choose how we live. How can a man, who sits on a throne thousands of miles away, know what is best for us?

More men grunt and nod in approval.

PAUL

The answer is simple. He can't.

Benjamin joins the chorus of approvals and looks to a silent, smiling Rufus.

INT. CUSTOMS OFFICE BOARDROOM - HALF HOUR LATER

Elijah looks to his pudgy neighbor who sits in sweaty silence.

Officer Wallace continues to drone on as Officer Sheppard finishes the last of his tea.

OFFICER WALLACE

Fifteen, the actions of any employee directly reflect the actions and reputation of his majesty. Therefore, always uphold the utmost--

OFFICER SHEPPARD

That is all, Wallace. Your point is made.

Sheppard rises and faces the recruits as a peeved Wallace sits.

OFFICER SHEPPARD (CONT'D)

The day you accept the duties of working for His Majesty is the day you become the living, breathing face of England. Some men do not agree with our practice and will try to interrupt our work. When these...situations, arise, know that you are England. Disrespect towards you is disrespect to the country that has allowed us this colony. If this is what you truly want, then welcome.

(MORE)

INT. FOXSBOROUGH PUB

PAUL

And if this is what you truly want, then welcome. But, let it be known, that our greatest strength is our organization and secrecy.

PAUL(cont'd)

If you are not chosen today, it is not personal but rather a simple question of need. So if you will, line up for Rufus and our selection can begin.

INT. CUSTOMS OFFICE BOARDROOM

Officer Wallace stands facing the young men at the table, holding a sheet with names written on it.

OFFICER WALLACE
Jonathan, Er-got.

The silent, young man, sitting by Elijah straightens up and stands in place.

JONATHON
It's Er-go, sir.

Officer Wallace writes down the new pronunciation on his paper.

OFFICER WALLACE
Er...go. Yes. Proceed.

JONATHON
I accept the duties, handed to me by his Majesty, as long as I bear the crest of this office and any office here after. I will serve with all my heart and all my energies to fulfill my duties and bring honor to his majesty's crown.

OFFICER WALLACE
Thank you, Jonathon Er-got,
or...rather Er-go.

Jonathon takes his seat.

OFFICER WALLACE
Caleb, Finner.

A well-built boy, stands at the end of the table.

INT. FOXSBOROUGH PUB

Rufus slouches back in his seat at the pub table and a line stretches out in front of him. The next young man, who looks eerily similar to Caleb Finner from the Customs Board Room, steps up and takes a seat across from Rufus.

Rufus has nothing but a pint in front of him. He eyes the young man who just sat down.

RUFUS

Name?

GRANT

Grant Finner, sir.

RUFUS

And what brings you round here?

GRANT

Well, sir, I share quite the same convictions as yourself. And, think it's my time to stand up and fight for what I believe.

RUFUS

Where ya' from?

GRANT

Virginia, sir. Just moved up with my brother, Caleb and my mother, Sue.

RUFUS

And your father?

GRANT

No, sir. He done left us a few years back.

RUFUS

So what do you think you can do for us?

GRANT

If my father done one thing right, sir, it's teach his boys how to shoot. Been huntin' since I could hold a gun, and I do say I've got quite the shot...Sir.

Rufus sits and contorts his face in concentration. His eyes wander around the ceiling as if searching for the answer in the rafters. He sniffs, finishes his mug and looks back at Grant.

RUFUS

I like you, Grant. I can't place quite what it is, but I like you. We head out in two mornings, and I think you should join us.

Grant couldn't be happier.

GRANT

Thank you, sir. Thank you.

Grant turns to walk away.

RUFUS

Wait! Why don't you top me off,
first?

Rufus gives Grant a huge grin that makes his cheeks scrunch up and Rufus' eyes are almost lost in the folds of his face. Grant grabs the mug eagerly and races off to the bar.

RUFUS

Welcome to the brotherhood...Next!

INT. CUSTOMS OFFICE BOARDROOM

Elijah is standing at attention as Edward Young peeks in the doorway to watch.

OFFICER WALLACE

Proceed, Elijah.

ELIJAH

I accept the duties, handed to me by His Majesty, as long as I bear the crest of this office and any office here after. I will serve with all my heart and all my energies to fulfill my duties and bring honor to His Majesty's crown.

Edward smiles with pride as Elijah takes his seat. Elijah's face is still stoic until he looks over to see Edward in the door. He forces out a smile but his insincerity is apparent.

INT. FOXSBOROUGH PUB

Benjamin is seated across from Rufus, already half-way through his next pint.

RUFUS

T'was Benjamin yes?

BEN

Hawthorne, Benjamin Hawthorne.

RUFUS
Benjamin.

Rufus rubs his chin as Paul wanders within earshot.

RUFUS (CONT'D)
What brings you, tonight?

BEN
What brings me?
(searches for his words)
I guess, what brought me, is the
feeling I get whenever I see
someone pay to send a letter, or
think about someone sitting an
ocean away, thinking he knows
what's best for me. I don't know.

PAUL
Sounds familiar, eh Rufus? Another
forty or fifty pounds and he'd look
familiar too.

RUFUS
Whaddya say? Give 'im a shot?

PAUL
I say. Welcome to the brotherhood.

Ben looks relieved and smiles.

BEN
Thank you! Thank you.

INT. HAWTHORNE KITCHEN

The light of the fireplace illuminates the room and dark shadows dance across the floor. Daniel sits at the kitchen table as Mary tends the kettle on the stove.

MARY
It's not safe, Daniel. These are
animals, who mask their actions
under the name, liberty.

DANIEL
This is what he wants.

MARY
You can't say you agree with this?

Mary pulls out two cups and assembles the supplies to make tea.

DANIEL

I can't. But that doesn't mean I am blind to its merit.

MARY

Its merit is rotting away our colony! What of the stories, Daniel? These awful stories, of men burned and humiliated for all to see.

DANIEL

I've heard them.

MARY

And?

DANIEL

And they are just that. Stories. They can only be as truthful as their messenger.

Steam rises from the kettle but Mary's piercing gaze is on Daniel.

MARY

Convinced or not, that is where he wants to be. I don't want Benjamin...our Benjamin, being the one who has to...to...prove the messenger's truthfulness!

DANIEL

How have you not seen this day coming, Mary? I've seen it for two years! Two years, since he saw his brother murdered before him!

MARY

His brother?!

Mary smacks Daniel across the face. Daniel is shell-shocked.

MARY (CONT'D)

That was *your* son! Not some strange brother of his. It was Aaron! And now, what, you hand Benjamin off to go die in the same, exact, fight?

Mary's eyes start to water. She storms up the stairs, leaving Daniel alone. The kettle sits, with steam overflowing from within. Daniel puts his head in his hands in silence.

EXT. BOSTON FISH MARKET - NEXT DAY

A chilly breeze sweeps through the air, the FISH VENDOR stiffens up his collar and shivers.

FISH VENDOR
Fresh Cod! Fresh today! So fresh
it's still wrigglin'!

The vendor keeps howling as a small CROWD mulls about each of the stands. MEN weigh and wrap bundle after bundle of fish while simultaneously bargaining with customers.

FISH VENDOR #2
3 for a bundle! Keep your hands
off!

Ben and Elijah round the corner and walk down the row.

Elijah stops at a fish stand and looks over the selection. One extremely large fish sits with his eye still intact on a bed of harshly chopped ice.

BEN
Have a look at this gentleman.
It's the size of Abigail! Imagine
the look on your mother's face when
you bring this handsome fella back.

Ben grabs the fish from the ice and waves it in Elijah's face. The vendor is not pleased.

FISH VENDOR #3
Get ya rotten hands off!

BEN
Calm down.

Elijah waves it away and Ben tosses it back on the pile. The two continue on to the next stand.

BEN
What is she makin'?

ELIJAH
She? Ha! Our maid is making some
sort of chowder thing.

BEN
You're celebrating with chowder?

ELIJAH
I don't know, chowder, or maybe it was cooked fish with a corn chowder? Who knows? I'm sent out with orders and I don't question them.

Elijah stops and inspects the next stand's fish selection.

BEN
You're really gonna do it, huh?

ELIJAH
What, get the fish?

He picks up a medium-sized, reddish fish and looks it over.

BEN
No, no.
(in a mocking tone)
Work for His Majesty.

A stray DOG runs up and puts his paws on the vendor's stand.

FISH VENDOR #4
Get!

The vendor slams the knife down by the dog's paw and it hops off and scampers away.

ELIJAH
I am. It'll be by my dad too, so that should be interesting.

Elijah motions for the fish vendor to package up three fish.

BEN
What ever happened to teaching?
Leading the men and women of tomorrow and all that.

ELIJAH
It's not in my dad's plans.

BEN
Do it anyways, just because your dad says so means you have to follow?

FISH VENDOR #4

Five pence.

Elijah takes out a few coins, hands them over and grabs the package of fish. The two wind their way out of the crowd and head back home.

ELIJAH

This from the one who will work at his father's shoe-smith his whole life.

BEN

Not anymore. Got a new job!

ELIJAH

(skeptical)

Really?

BEN

Don't sound so excited.

ELIJAH

What would you possibly do?

Ben pauses and considers telling Elijah the truth. Elijah waits expectantly.

BEN

It's...it's a sales job. Traveling sales.

ELIJAH

Traveling sales? Not a chance your parents, mother especially, would allow that.

BEN

I didn't really leave much choice. I start tomorrow morning and we leave for Providence.

Elijah stares Ben down for a few seconds and sees his stone cold expression. (MORE)

ELIJAH

You're serious?

BEN

They'll have me all over the colonies. I'll write though.

BEN(cont'd)

And, they said that Boston is a main city or center or something, so I will be back before you know it.

ELIJAH

Hmm.

BEN

What? Don't hmm.

The two walk alongside the Hawthorne house and stop outside the door.

ELIJAH

I, uh. Hmm. It's just, well, never heard you mention this before? And I'm more curious as--

BEN

To where this idea came from? Look, I have to do this.

ELIJAH

Have to be a, a, traveling salesman?

Ben gets more nervous and slinks back towards the door.

BEN

I just do. I'll make sure you get the address, we can write.

Ben scurries back to Elijah gives him a hug. Just as quickly as he came back, he is at the door turning the knob.

BEN (CONT'D)

I gotta go.

Ben shuts the door on Elijah who looks completely stunned.

ELIJAH

Bye.

INT. HAWTHORNE HOUSE

Benjamin looks out the window at Elijah, standing dumbfounded outside. Elijah shakes his head as he struggles to come to terms with what just occurred. Accepting defeat, he turns and walks away.

BEN

Bye.

EXT. BOSTON STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Elijah walks away from the Hawthorne house and weaves in and out of PEOPLE in a daze. The occasional person brushes up against him but he pays no attention.

EXT. SCHOOL YARD - CONTINUOUS

Ahead of Elijah is a small, two room school with a group of CHILDREN playing outside. Their ages range from 5-9. REBEKAH SQUIRE (25) stands on the school steps and watches over them as they scurry about in laughter. Rebekah is fully covered in a patterned, blue dress with her hair tied up. Her face has a genuine kindness to it, as she delights in watching the children play.

REBEKAH
Elijah Young?!

Elijah's face doesn't change expression as he turns to see who is calling him.

REBEKAH
Elijah, come here.

He weaves his way through the children as they continue their games around him. Some of them recognize Elijah and smile as he passes, he grins and pats a few on the head in acknowledgement. Elijah's mind is elsewhere. A few of the kids look surprised at this reaction but shrug it off and go back to playing.

REBEKAH
You don't look well.

ELIJAH
I'll manage.

REBEKAH
You'll manage? Now I know something's wrong.

Rebekah and Elijah begin walking around the yard.

ELIJAH
It's Benjamin. He's leaving.

A young BOY runs right in front of Elijah and he nearly trips over him.

REBEKAH
Michael?!

MICHAEL
Sorry, Mr. Young.

Michael runs off.

REBEKAH
Leaving?

A young girl scampers up to Rebekah and tugs at her dress. She motions for her to come in close for a secret.

REBEKAH (CONT'D)
(to Elijah)
Across town?

ELIJAH
Across the colonies! Providence.

Rebekah whispers something back into the girl's ear. She taps her on the shoulder and the girl runs back out to play.

REBEKAH
My Lord, Rhode Island? What need would he have for going there?

ELIJAH
Some salesman job apparently. I don't know, came out of nowhere.

REBEKAH
Aww. You're going to miss your friend.

Elijah tries to act tough but Rebekah sees through it in an instant.

ELIJAH
Well, yeah. Who wouldn't be? With my new job and everything, would have been nice to have something stay the same.

REBEKAH
School's still here. You're gonna keep us company too, right?

Elijah's hesitation concerns Rebekah. Another girl, CALLIE, hops to Rebekah like a bunny.

ELIJAH

I got to run this fish back home.

REBEKAH

Elijah?! Kids'll sure miss you.

CALLIE

Miss you? Where are you going, Mr. Young?

Elijah scratches his head, Rebekah and Callie are breaking him and he is moments away from giving in.

REBEKAH

I'll miss you.

CALLIE

Oooooo!

Elijah looks around at the kids playing in the school yard.

ELIJAH

I'll be by. But only for you, Callie!

Rebekah's smile stretches from ear to ear and Elijah can't help but grin back. Callie hops up and down.

CALLIE

Yay! Yay! Yay!

He walks back through the sea of kids playing outside and kicks their ball playfully. The kids scream in delight and chase after it. Elijah stops just before rounding the corner and looks back to Rebekah. Her eyes haven't left him and they hold each other's gaze for a beat.

INT. CUSTOMS OFFICE HALLWAY - ONE WEEK LATER

Officer Wallace paces back and forth in front of the interns, lined up against the wall at full attention. Elijah stands on the end and peeks down the hallway to catch his father watching from around a door.

OFFICER WALLACE

For many of you, I am aware, that this is your first opportunity to work for the crown. Therefore, I will say this once. We are not children, and, therefore, your time in this building will not be frivolously wasted. Therefore,

Elijah puts up a third finger in front of him and looks down the line to see no one else phased by the overuse of "therefore."

OFFICER WALLACE (CONT'D)
If we catch someone, treating this office as a school yard, appropriate punishment will be administered.

Elijah puts up a fourth finger in anticipation of Wallace's next words.

OFFICER WALLACE (CONT'D)
Therefore,

Elijah snickers to himself and Wallace snaps his attention towards him.

OFFICER WALLACE (CONT'D)
Mr. Young? Something to add?

Elijah morphs his fingers into a fist and coughs into his hand. Down the hallway, Edward Young shakes his head in disappointment and slinks back into the doorway.

ELIJAH
Just something in the back of my...I got it. I got it.

Wallace is skeptical but resumes his pacing.

OFFICER WALLACE
Forging on. This punishment will, therefore,

Elijah puts his fingers to the bridge of his nose, trying to contain himself. With Wallace's back to him, he checks the faces of the other interns along the wall and not one has broken a smile or even hints at amusement.

OFFICER WALLACE (CONT'D)
Reflect the severity of the infraction.

ELIJAH (V.O.)
Benjamin. It hasn't been but two week since you left, and, well, I don't know. You could say, these are not my kind of people.

Elijah composes himself and sighs, it's going to be a long day.

INT. TAILOR SHOP - NEXT DAY

The shop is empty, except for a MAN and his WIFE, mending clothes in the back. They look up eagerly but their faces quickly turn sour upon realizing that it is a customs officer. Elijah's words aren't heard but he is explaining something to them. The couple sigh and hand him some money.

ELIJAH (V.O.)

But I am forever and always indebted to the Crown and with my dad, my obligation won't be leaving any time soon. Especially with all these rumblings I have heard from Providence, his Majesty needs all the help he can muster.

INT. CUSTOMS OFFICE - NEXT DAY

Elijah stands with the pudgy, sweaty intern facing Edward. Elijah's father is furious as he reads from a paper. Elijah becomes more and more concerned with each item read.

EDWARD

They burned ten boats worth of contraband...illegal tea leaves... fifty pounds of untaxed sugar... forty five pounds of tobacco...over one hundred sacks of non-English cotton. And they roughed up Dudingston almost to death!

ELIJAH (V.O.)

I pray for your safety amongst the apparent chaos. What is it about Providence that attracts such scum? News of the Gaspee affair just arrived and I can only imagine the scene. Poor Dudingston, another servant like myself, just doing his duty. But these, these, Sons of Liberty are relentless! They sniff out our cracks like rats and exploit them to no end.

INT. ELIJAH'S BEDROOM - THAT NIGHT

Elijah sits at his desk writing out the last words of his letter as he narrates them.

ELIJAH (V.O.)

I hope this letter finds you in better health than Lieutenant Dudingston. May your prayers be with him, hope all is well with your travels. Your friend, Elijah.

Elijah blows on the letter for the ink to dry, folds it up and places it in the envelope. Elijah grabs his wax seal and stamps it shut.

INT. JOSEPH BUCKLIN'S HOUSE

TWO WEEKS EARLIER (Title written as if by pen)

A group of MEN, including Rufus and Ben, sit hunched over playing cards at a large table. JOSEPH BUCKLIN, sits at the head of the table with a long pipe and a cloud of smoke around his head. His face is weathered and wrinkly but he can't be more than 40 years of age. Benjamin sits next to him, slightly bothered by the smoke, blowing it away whenever possible.

JOSEPH
Smoke botherin' you, boy?

Joseph lays some cards down on the table and the play passes to Ben.

BEN
No.

Ben plays his cards and play passes to Rufus. Rufus looks up from his hand to eye down Joseph. He furrows his brow and shakes his head slightly to tell Joseph to "knock it off."

RUFUS
With that cheap garbage your smokin'. Wouldn't be surprised if it was. Botherin' me halfway cross the room.

A few of the other men chuckle.

JOSEPH
You say it made it past that stench surrounding you? Now I find that hard to believe.

Rufus belches at Joseph and takes a drink of beer.

RUFUS
I think it's quite charming myself.

Rufus takes a quick sniff under his arm.

RUFUS (CONT'D)
Caught me on a good day, too.

The other men lay their hands down as the door bursts open. PERCY walks in the room catching his breath. Percy is a short man with thinning hair. Joseph leaps from his chair to attend to him while the other men simply turn their heads in attention.

JOSEPH
Percy, what's the news?

PERCY
It's big.

Percy shuffles over to pour himself some whiskey.

PERCY (CONT'D)
Seems Dudingston's...
(takes a drink)
Finally gotten what's coming to him. Apparently, he was chasing the Hannah and he run himself aground. Captain came round and said Gaspee's gonna be held up for some time.

JOSEPH
Whipple doing anything about it?

PERCY
He sent me? Said he needs a crew, 50 or 60 men. They're sailin' out.

Joseph turns to the table to see all the men's eyes watching on in anticipation. Ben looks slightly apprehensive but after seeing the reactions of those around him, joins in the excitement.

JOSEPH
Well boys, move it.

The men jump up from their chairs and begin assembling their supplies.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)
Tell Whipple, he's got 12 on the way.

PERCY
Already done.

Percy smiles at Joseph, knowing that he would go already.

PERCY (CONT'D)
I'd black yourselves before headin'
down though. He wants complete
cover.

JOSEPH
You heard him. Black up!

The men grab handfuls of soot from the fireplace and smear their faces.

EXT. PROVIDENCE CITY STREET - NIGHT

The night is moonless and the men are half-lost in the darkness. They walk down the street with Joseph along side.

JOSEPH
Keep alert, boys.

Ben, face now caked with soot, exudes fear. His hand, carrying a jug of kerosene, trembles. Joseph glances his way and Ben tries to feign confidence.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)
Not going to back out on us are
you?

Ben drops the jug on the ground and quickly scoops it up.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)
Careful! That's some high powered
juice right there.

RUFUS
He's doing fine. First time out
will get to anyone.

Rufus pats Ben on the shoulder and Joseph pushes his way to the front of the men.

RUFUS
Gettin' thrown right into it
tonight eh?...Ya know, despite
bein' such an ass, Joseph knows
what he's doin'.

Ben grins but is quickly lost in nervous concentration.

EXT. PROVIDENCE DOCKS - CONTINUOUS

ABRAHAM WHIPPLE, a leathery older man, walks up and down the dock amongst the thirty or so MEN already waiting. Everyone is covered in soot.

He grabs a few of the men out and points them to nearby boats.

ABRAHAM

You four get the last one.

Percy taps Whipple on the shoulder and points at Joseph and the group coming down the street. Abraham nods.

ABRAHAM

Everyone else, group up and find a boat.

Abraham walks up to meet Joseph. They shake hands.

ABRAHAM

I left three extra boats for your men. Divvy them up quickly.

Joseph grabs the shoulders of the first five men and sends them off, then the next five, then the last three with Ben and Rufus.

ABRAHAM

Your men will hit the starboard. Most of their crew will be asleep so no paddle noise, no coughs, no words, no nothing. Do they understand?

JOSEPH

They're ready.

ABRAHAM

See you on the other side.

They shake again and Abraham launches his boat. Joseph's men scramble to their own vessels and push off, swiftly and silently.

EXT. BENJAMIN AND RUFUS BOAT

Benjamin sits in the middle as two men row silently behind him. He faces Rufus' bulky back and looks from side to side but sees nothing but the dark water.

Ahead, a small beacon of light grows closer as they row to the beached HMS Gaspee. The boat dwarfs the row boats and its two masts extend high into the night. The cannon ports are opened but no activity is seen inside. The tension can be cut with a knife, one sound and the ship could open fire upon them.

<beat> As they get closer to the ship.

The first of the boats have reached the ship and men climb up the ropes. A few disappear over the edge and shouts are heard.

EXT. GASPEE - CONTINUOUS

Rufus and Ben's boat has reached the starboard side. The men collect the cans of kerosene and tie them onto their belts as they haul themselves up by the ropes. As they near the top, more shouts are heard, a scuffle is underway.

EXT. GASPEE DECK - CONTINUOUS

Benjamin is first onto the deck from his boat and minor chaos has taken over. Soot-covered men struggle with the handful of GUARDS and force them to the ground. A group of a dozen men take off into the hull with rope to tie up the crew.

Rufus tumbles over the side and quickly rights himself. He tosses Benjamin a large coil of rope.

RUFUS

Come now. Best be tyin' them up
before they get too excited.

Rufus jogs headlong into the boat and Benjamin follows closely behind. As the two disappear into the boat, an officer, who we will later know as LT. DUDINGSTON, rings the alarm bell.

INT. GASPEE SLEEPING QUARTERS

Some of the men have the crew at gunpoint, with their backs against the walls. The crew stand in their long underwear as their belongings are strewn about.

GUNMAN

On the wall!

A few of the stragglers are hauled out of their bunks and tossed with the others against the wall.

GUNMAN #2
 Quit draggin' your heels and get
 over there.

Benjamin arrives with the rope and hurries over to begin
 tieing up some of the men. Rufus grabs the other end of the
 rope and ties up more of them.

RUFUS
 Hold still and you'll all be fine.
 Our battle's not with you.

EXT. GASPEE DECK - CONTINUOUS

Dudingston, whose eye is beginning to swell, is held at gun
 point by Joseph. Rufus emerges from the hull leading a train
 of the crew, bound by the single rope. He leads them out and
 sits them all down along the ship's railing.

Joseph leans his gun against the mast and takes a can of
 kerosene from one of the men. Just as he turns back around,
 Dudingston lunges for the gun and one of the other men fires
 a shot right into his arm. Joseph grabs his gun and gets
 closer to Dudingston, who is bleeding and on the ground.
 Joseph looks down into Dudingston's face and steps on the
 injured arm. He slowly puts more and more pressure on it as
 Dudingston growls in pain.

JOSEPH
 The great, Lieutenant Dudingston.

Joseph looks around the ship while continuing the pressure on
 his arm.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)
 Remarkable ship I do say. Fit.
 Clean. A smuggler's, worst, fear.

He jams his boot further down into Dudingston's arm for
 emphasis and walks away, opening the can of kerosene.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)
 But you know what? I think her days
 are done.

Joseph pours the kerosene over boxes and on the floor as he
 walks.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)
 Lucky for you and your crew, you
 won't be going down with it.

Joseph empties the can and tosses it. He turns to the other men holding cans of kerosene and nods. They empty their cans in the same way all around, leaving no spot uncovered.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)

Load 'em up. They're going to want a good seat for this.

EXT. BENJAMIN AND RUFUS BOAT

Ben is rowing with Rufus and some of the bound crew from the HMS Gaspee sit in back and watch their ship. A few men can be seen climbing down the ship with lit lanterns in hand. As they near the bottom, they whip the lanterns back onto the deck. It erupts into brilliant red and orange flames. The fire pierces the deep black night and illuminates the crew's saddened faces.

<beat> On ship as it is engulfed by flame.

Ben turns around to witness the fire.

BEN (V.O.)

Elijah. The seeds of change have been sowed. I was able to witness the burning of the Gaspee and it will last with me for a lifetime. You should have seen it. The kind of courage it must have taken for those men to take a stand against such tyranny...

He smiles, mission accomplished.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD

Benjamin and Rufus ride by on horseback with a dozen or so Sons of Liberty.

BEN (V.O.)

Unfortunately, I couldn't stay for long but my travels have kept me busy.

EXT. CREEK

Benjamin bends down and shaves with the other men in the water.

BEN (V.O.)

Life on the road is wonderfully simple. I find myself in awe of the leaves and the water like never before.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE

Benjamin and the Sons talk with TWO LOCALS. The two men hop on their horses and ride off with the Sons.

BEN (V.O.)

Met some remarkable people, far different than those back in Boston. Your kind of people. Genuine, well-intentioned.

EXT. INDEPENDENCE HALL

Ben and the Sons dismount and walk down the street. Benjamin drops off his letter at the post office.

BEN (V.O.)

We are stopping off in Philadelphia for what should be a significant time. I've included the house where I will be staying. It's one of my friends and he even says that he will introduce me to *the* Samuel Adams. Imagine that, me and Sam. Just incredible.

INT. CLASS ROOM - SPRING - WEEKS LATER

Elijah and Rebekah stand at the black board, washing it down with a wet rag.

BEN (V.O.)

Hope all is well. Hear from you soon...Dearest friend, Benjamin.

Rebekah sets down the rag and walks to the window. It's now springtime out and the smattering of trees and shrubs in the school yard have started filling out with leaves. Rebekah smiles as the children play. Rebekah takes a deep breath of the air sweeping through the open window.

REBEKAH

I love this time of year.

Elijah looks over to Rebekah as he finishes up cleaning the board.

REBEKAH (CONT'D)
Everything springs back to life.
And the kids couldn't be happier.

Rebekah lifts the window completely open and sticks her head into the school yard.

REBEKAH (CONT'D)
That's enough children! Back
inside, please!

A collective sigh is exhaled by all the kids as they file inside and throw their toys in the corner.

REBEKAH (CONT'D)
Can't let them be too happy,
however.

She grins at Elijah who shyly smiles back.

ELIJAH
I think that's my sign to leave
then.

Elijah puts down his rag and makes his way towards the door. Forcing his way through the kids coming in, like a man wading up-stream.

REBEKAH
Stay.

ELIJAH
Pardon?

The children sit on their respective sides, boys on the left, girls on the right.

REBEKAH
Stay. I'm sure the children would
love to have a little change from
the normal. Class?

CHILDREN
Yay! Stay, Stay, Stay!

Elijah stands in the doorway, clearly weighing his options.

REBEKAH
What else do we say?!

CHILDREN

Please!

The kids are too cute to resist. Elijah heads back to the board.

ELIJAH

Ah! You guys win!

(to Rebekah)

I've got work today though, so I can't stay for long.

REBEKAH

Whatever you please...Mr. Young.

Rebekah is loving this moment, as she moves to the side with her chair and watches Elijah grab the chalk. Elijah faces the board and takes a deep breath before spinning to face the class.

ELIJAH

So. Who can tell me where you left off!

Three hands shoot in the air. Most of the kids smile at the sheer novelty of the situation and some even giggle to themselves as they see Rebekah in the corner smiling back at them. Elijah chooses one of the kids.

GIRL #1

Page one hundred seven.

Elijah flips his book open.

ELIJAH

Times tables!

GIRL #2

Hey! Stop poking me.

Elijah turns around to see one of the boys reaching across the aisle and poking a girl with a stick.

ELIJAH

What was that five seconds?

Elijah looks to Rebekah for help. Rebekah shrugs it off - "You're the teacher."

ELIJAH

Liam! Corner.

LIAM
Aww...it was just a stick!

ELIJAH
Rules are rules.

Liam hangs his head and takes one step towards the corner.

ELIJAH (CONT'D)
Ah, ah, ah. The stick Liam.

Liam sullenly gives Elijah the stick and walks to the corner, where he buries his head.

Elijah looks slightly sad at having to punish Liam. Rebekah catches his eye and nods in approval.

ELIJAH
Phew. Now, who knows the answer to five times three?

Eight hands shoot up and a barrage of "me, me!" and "over here!" fills the air.

INT. CUSTOMS OFFICE

Edward stands in the open door facing the street, wiggling around trying to look for someone. Officer Wallace stands behind him, tapping his foot on the ground.

OFFICER WALLACE
Edward, this is unacceptable!

EDWARD
He will be here, sir.

OFFICER WALLACE
This is the last of a long line of indiscretions. He was sufficiently warned.

EDWARD
I know he was, sir. And I also know he will have a very good reason for not being here.

Elijah comes around the corner from across the square. He is sprinting full speed, knocking people aside with no regret.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
Please, sir. Just let me talk with him, first.

OFFICER WALLACE

He's on very shaky ground, Edward.
He must know--

EDWARD

Not again. I promise.

Officer Wallace is frustrated and storms off down the hallway. Elijah, now within earshot of the office, looks up and sees Edward standing in the doorway. Elijah immediately deflates and stumbles up the stairs to stand directly in front of his father. Edward stares him down.

ELIJAH

(out of breath)

Sorry...dad. I was just...

(pointing off in the
distance)

Had to...got caught up.

Elijah hunches over trying to catch his breath.

EDWARD

Do you even realize the things I had to do to get you in here? This isn't a job that just anyone can come take. I put my neck on the line for you! What in the Lord's name, makes you think coming an hour late is acceptable, Elijah?!

ELIJAH

Nothing, sir.

EDWARD

Where were you for the past hour anyway?

ELIJAH

I lost track of time, and I was with the children and--

EDWARD

Excuse me? Elijah, you have a job. One job. And it's here, not playing school teacher with the women. Understand?

ELIJAH

Yes, sir.

EDWARD

Get inside!

Elijah looks up at his father, who is staring off into the square. Elijah slinks off into the office and leaves Edward standing alone.

INT. CUSTOMS OFFICE INTERN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

All of the interns sit around at long tables, books and ledgers scattered everywhere. A few of the interns talk with one another while others are buried into books or writing. Elijah walks into the room and all noise stops. Everyone sits up and faces Elijah as he sits down at his empty spot next to Caleb. Elijah slumps down and puts his head into his arms on the table. Everyone resumes their work except Caleb.

CALEB

Hey. What happened?

Elijah doesn't even lift his head.

ELIJAH

Don't worry about it.

CALEB

Well, I have to. I've been doing all your work for you. Got a big load this morning, too. Some new act just got announced from Parliament.

Elijah lifts his head.

ELIJAH

You've been doing my work?

CALEB

Yeah. Looked like you were having a tough time with something, but it's not going to last! I'm really stickin' myself out for you.

Elijah looks down at the papers in front of him. All the sheets are tallied and filled out with signatures and everything.

ELIJAH

Thanks.

He shuffles through more of them and sees that all his stuff is done.

ELIJAH

Thank you.

CALEB

Don't thank me too much. That's not even a quarter of it.

Caleb uncovers a whole stack of work hidden underneath the table.

CALEB (CONT'D)

Just did enough to make it look like you weren't doing nothing.

He takes a pile and slams it down in front of Elijah.

CALEB (CONT'D)

Came just in time, Sheppard is about to announce the new Act. Should probably get going.
(to everyone)
Let's go.

All the interns get up and file out. Caleb stands but watches as Elijah looks through the papers again and smiles.

INT. CUSTOMS OFFICE BOARDROOM

The room is packed as the interns fill any available space. Elijah and Caleb are the last ones in and stand in the doorway. Everyone is there, except Sheppard. A few seconds pass as everyone looks from one another, expecting someone else to start talking.

Elijah is shoved in the back by Sheppard who walks with a sense of determination into the room.

OFFICER SHEPPARD

Here it is, gentlemen.

He holds a rolled piece of parchment in his hand and unrolls it on the podium at the head of the boardroom. He pulls his reading glasses out of his front pocket and begins to read.

OFFICER SHEPPARD

By order, of His Majesty, King George and his parliament. The following is to be enacted swiftly and immediately upon arrival. The Tea Act, will allow a drawback on duties of customs on the exportation of tea, to any, of his Majesty's colonies or plantations in America.

OFFICER SHEPPARD(cont'd)

To increase, the deposit on bohea tea to be sold at the East India Company's sales, and to empower the commissioner's of the treasury to grant licenses to the East India Company, to export, duty free.

The room bursts into a commotion as everyone discusses the act and the implications thereof.

OFFICER SHEPPARD

Gentlemen!

Everyone quickly quiets down.

OFFICER SHEPPARD

As is the case with any and all previous acts passed by Britain, we must expect dissent and resistance. It is our duty to squash these concerns and ensure, that the transition goes as smoothly as possible...That is all.

Sheppard leaves as quickly as he came in and the room erupts into commotion yet again.

OFFICER #1

They're not going to like this.

OFFICER #2

Too bad!

OFFICER #3

What His Majesty wants, His Majesty will receive.

EXT. BOSTON STREETS

Elijah hangs a tea act poster on a building. A small group of colonists crowd in after to read the act and are immediately disgusted.

ELIJAH (V.O.)

Benjamin. It appears that change is afoot, both in my personal and professional lives. As I am sure you will soon find out, a new tea act has been passed down to the colonies.

EXT. BOSTON STREETS - LATER

Elijah walks down the street in his Customs uniform past group after group of people who shoot him dirty, disgusted looks.

ELIJAH (V.O.)

And if history is any indication, I fear retaliation is soon to come. The glamour of my profession is all but lost. I feel like an outcast every time I wear my uniform.

EXT. BOSTON STREETS - LATER

Elijah, no longer in uniform, passes by a small group of youths, who are ripping down a tea act sign. Some of the boys stand look-out and eye Elijah as he walks past. Elijah does nothing and continues on.

ELIJAH (V.O.)

My enthusiasm wanes and it becomes harder and harder to walk in to that office every day. And yet, to make matters both worse and better, my time with Rebekah at the school is going incredibly well.

EXT. YOUNG HOUSE - DUSK

Elijah walks towards his home and stops a hundred yards out to slip on his customs jacket. He continues walking to the house and we see Edward in the window, watching out, unknowing of Elijah's activities.

ELIJAH (V.O.)

I am afraid that it is a matter of time, however, until my father learns of my activities at the school house. I can only imagine the punishment that will follow. But as you have taught me, I continue to do what I love and I could not be happier with Rebekah and the children.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - MIDDAY

Benjamin sits in the back of a horse-drawn cart with several other SONS, including Rufus and Grant. He reads the end of Elijah's letter.

ELIJAH (V.O.)

I await your next response and wish that you are still happy with your travels. Hear from you soon, your friend, Elijah.

Benjamin stuffs the folded letter back into his pocket and looks around at the other men in the cart. Grant, who is sitting next to Ben, leans in and nods towards the letter in Ben's pocket.

GRANT

That from your family?

BEN

No. A friend back in Boston.

GRANT

I notice you're the only man who gets any letters from home. Must care a lot about you.

BEN

I can't be the only one, can I?

He looks around to the few men eavesdropping and they shake their heads. Ben turns back to Grant.

BEN (CONT'D)

What about you? No family or friends back home?

GRANT

Got family, but we just moved, so no real friends. My brother's back there still, Caleb.

BEN

Didn't agree with your decision?

GRANT

Didn't agree might even be too soft on him. Hated it, if I'm being honest.

BEN
A loyalist?

GRANT
In every bit of the word. Works in
customs back in Boston. Eats it up
for breakfast, lunch and dinner.

Ben pats the pocket with the letter.

BEN
My friend too. Whole issue has
been quite heated. Can't imagine
it all under the same roof.

GRANT
We've certainly grown apart, but,
our mother, bless her soul, keeps
us a family.

Rufus is fast asleep across from Grant and Ben but is jarred
awake as the cart runs over a ditch. Rufus gives a quick
snort and rubs his eyes awake.

BEN
You got family back home, Rufus?

RUFUS
Family? Course I got family. What
do you wanna know that for?

BEN
Curiosity is all. Never really
knew anything 'bout you.

GRANT
I don't think I've ever heard you
talk about yourself, either.

RUFUS
Well boys, gotta lotta years on me.
It'd be a long story to tell.

BEN
We gotta whole lotta time.

RUFUS
'Tis a story you want, 'tis a story
you'll get.

Rufus adjusts himself in the cart and scrunches the crotch of
his pants around to make himself more comfortable.

RUFUS (CONT'D)

We begin in our beloved Britain,
where a young Rufus was raised on a
sheep farm in the lowlands to a
humble couple.

EXT. WOODS BY THE ROAD - AFTERNOON

The three men stand in a line, urinating on trees. Rufus is swaying his hips from side to side and making designs on the tree with his stream. Ben and Grant, on either side, inch away as Rufus' movements become more exaggerated.

RUFUS

Opposed to the devel-ish ways of
city life, we grew up on meager
wages and little frill. Manners
gave way to a hard day's work in
the fields.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - AFTERNOON

Rufus unwraps a parcel of bread and dried meat.

RUFUS

With business wearing brutally
thin, and the promise of land and
prosperity in the new world.

Rufus rips a hunk of bread off and shoves it in his mouth.

RUFUS (CONT'D)

(in between chews)

We shipped off...with little
more...than the clothes on our
back.

Rufus swallows and bites a piece of meat off. He then offers some of the pre-bit meat to Ben and Grant, who decline. Rufus shrugs this off.

RUFUS (CONT'D)

Once in the new world, my father,
me and my mother, set up on a plot
of land near the Western frontier
of Pennsylvania.

EXT. OPEN FIELD - SUNSET

Rufus and the boys sneak through the grass with a rifle.
Rufus has three dead rabbits strung over his shoulder.

RUFUS
(whispered)
The land was beauuutiful! Fertile
soil for as far as the eye could
see.

Rufus waves his hand for everyone to stop and he creeps up a
few extra paces, raises the gun and fires.

RUFUS (CONT'D)
And the best hunting you could ever
know.

Rufus waddles over to his kill, a medium sized rabbit. He
grabs it and strings it up with the others.

RUFUS (CONT'D)
Life was just dandy.

INT. INN DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Rufus, the boys and the other Sons, sit around a long
feasting table with bowls of rabbit and bread in front of
each. The inn is dark and rustic with a rack of antlers
hanging on the wall.

RUFUS
Until the natives came.

Rufus scoops a spoonful of stew into his mouth and swallows.

RUFUS (CONT'D)
And let me tell ya', it wasn't the
natives who ruined things.
Truthfully, all they really did was
watch us watch them. Never went
further than that.

Rufus takes another spoonful of stew and swallows.

RUFUS (CONT'D)
But these damned British soldiers
came by on patrol!

INT. INN COMMON ROOM - NIGHT

The three are the only ones left in the common room, except for the INN KEEPER, who is busy cleaning and closing up shop for the night. They sit by the fire in a circle as Rufus continues his story with a pint of beer at his side.

RUFUS

Wood for brains Brits, decided that the natives were showing aggression towards us.

Rufus takes a long swig from his pint.

RUFUS (CONT'D)

And *must* be our enemies. Within a day, a patrol of soldiers had come out to hunt down these natives. Needless to say, my father was not pleased. But, doin' as the Brits do, they continued on and hunted down every last native they could find.

Rufus takes another swig and kills the pint.

RUFUS (CONT'D)

The real nerve of these Brits came when they returned to our farm and demanded payment, payment! That wasn't happening, so he told 'em to piss off, my father did! And they left alright but promised they'd be back for punishment. Unfortunately, my parents wouldn't be waiting when they returned. That night, more natives came by, scalped 'em both and left me behind. <beat> You wonder how I forgive 'em though? I guess I just understood them. As far as they knew, we were the ones who killed their families and we had to pay for it. Eye for an eye. Can't say that night doesn't still haunt me, but every time I see my parents dead on the floor, it's not a savage standing over them, but a filthy Brit. Holdin' out his smug little hand. <beat> Joined the Sons a week later and here I am.

The three listen silently to the fire crackle.

RUFUS (CONT'D)
 'Scuse me boys.

Rufus walks up the stairs to his room. Benjamin and Grant don't make a peep. The inn keeper continues to clean.

FADE OUT.

INT. INN COMMON ROOM - MORNING

The men are ravenously eating their breakfasts of bread and porridge. A few men talk in low voices but the majority sit in silence as they try to wake up.

Suddenly, the door bursts open and a MESSENGER runs in. The Sons stop eating and watch as the messenger approaches the head of the table.

MESSENGER
 Sons, the time for action is upon you. Mr. Samuel Adams has needs of great importance and require any and all hands in Boston, immediately.

RUFUS
 What 'tis it?

MESSENGER
 That was all they gave me, I am simply to round up as many men to Boston as possible.

BEN
 Is someone hurt?

MESSENGER
 I simply do not know.

GRANT
 How many of us are needed?

MESSENGER
 Any and all hands!

Rufus rises from the table forcefully.

RUFUS
 That's all I need to hear.

The men shovel their last few bites in and leave the inn. Rufus runs back to the table and grabs a few extra pieces of meat and bread from the unfinished plates.

EXT. BOSTON STREETS

The cart, hauling the Sons, rides down the street. Some of the men crane and look around with mouths agape at the bustling city around them. Benjamin turns to Rufus.

BEN

Rufus. I will meet up with you soon.

Ben hops off the moving cart as Rufus tosses his bag to him.

GRANT

Where are you going?

BEN

Home.

Ben hurries off into the alleyways and disappears. A distressed Grant looks over to Rufus, who simply grins back.

RUFUS

Let him be.

EXT. HAWTHORNE HOUSE

Benjamin appears from a nearby alley and pauses outside his front door. Benjamin stands for a few moments and takes a few deep breaths. Finally, he gathers himself and knocks on the door. Footsteps are heard running up the door and a muffled voice emerges from inside.

ABIGAIL (O.S.)

Who is it?

BEN

Abby?

The door swings open to reveal a significantly taller and more mature Abigail. Abigail's face is awe-struck as she pounces on Benjamin and gives him a big hug. Benjamin rushes inside with Abigail still attached.

INT. HAWTHORNE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Benjamin shuts the door behind himself and Abigail finally releases. No one else is in the main room. Abigail's school work is sprawled across the floor and table.

ABIGAIL

Benjamin! Benjamin, look at you.
You're here.

BEN

Look at you! Have I really been
gone this long?

Benjamin takes some of Abigail hair in his hands and runs his fingers through it. He takes off a glove and touches her face, as if to make sure it wasn't a dream.

Mary emerges from around the corner with reading glasses on.

MARY

Abby, who's here?

Mary takes off her glasses and stops dead.

<beat>

BEN

Mom.

<beat>

MARY

No. No.

Mary's eyes water as she storms up to Ben, raising her hand for a slap.

MARY

No!

Mary slaps Benjamin across the face, once, twice. Benjamin stands and takes it while Abigail struggles to stop her mother.

MARY

No!

Tears pour from her eyes. She takes a step back and breathes heavily, staring at her son before her. She moves back in and hugs him tightly.

MARY
(whispered)
Oh, Benjamin.

BEN
(whispered)
I'm sorry, ma.

Abigail leaves to set a kettle on the stove. Mary finally breaks off but keeps one arm around Benjamin as she guides him into the kitchen. Her other arm wipes the tears from her face.

MARY
Dear, you must be starving.

INT. HAWTHORNE KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

BEN
I'm fine. Some tea with milk would be great, though.

Benjamin sits at the table and Mary stands and just stares in disbelief that her son is back home. She covers her mouth and forces back another round of tears.

MARY
Are you well? Oh, the stories we've heard are just awful. Please tell me you are fine!

BEN
I'm fine. Trust me, I'm fine.

Ben looks around the kitchen as the two continue to stare.

BEN (CONT'D)
And father?

MARY
At the shop. You will stay until he comes home?

BEN
Yes. We are here for a few days at least. You haven't told anyone why I left?

MARY
Nothing beyond a traveling sales job.

The kettle begins to boil and Abigail fixes Ben his cup of tea.

MARY

Look, I don't want to get into this, but, just humor me for a second. Are you happy? I worry every day for you and it would do me greatly to just hear how you are.

BEN

There has not been a day that I have regretted my decision. This is what I was supposed to do. We are doing great things, mom.

Ben smiles genuinely at his mother who fights back yet another round of tears.

MARY

(barely choked out)
Good. Then, I'm happy for you.

INT. HAWTHORNE LIVING ROOM - LATER

The three are seated in the living room and Abigail and Mary watch as Benjamin continues his story.

BEN

And it's absolutely beautiful. You can't imagine the colors on these trees. Reds and yellows that burn like a sun into the countryside. Ma, you would love it.

From the hallway comes the sound of a door opening and boots clomping out snow.

DANIEL (O.S.)

Hello?

Mary gets a mischievous grin on her face in anticipation of Daniel's reaction to Benjamin.

MARY

We're in the parlor.

DANIEL (O.S.)

It's brutal out there, my face feels....

Daniel rounds the corner to see the whole family looking back at him. Benjamin rises.

DANIEL
Benjamin?

Benjamin is frozen, is his father happy or sad or angry?

DANIEL
Benjamin!

Daniel bee-lines to Ben and wraps him in a warm and loving hug.

DANIEL
Are you safe? How do you feel?

MARY
He's very well.

Daniel inspects his son's face and sees some remnants on from Mary's slaps on either cheek.

DANIEL
This doesn't look well!

MARY
I'm afraid he has me to blame for that.

DANIEL
So what are you doing here? I passed what must have been your friends at the meeting house.

BEN
Meeting house?

DANIEL
Drawing quite the crowds already from the looks of it.

Ben scrambles to collect his things and races out into the main room.

BEN
It's happening!

He slips on his coat and gloves and pauses at the door. The family appears in the living room doorway and stops.

BEN
I'll be back, I promise.

Benjamin opens the door and just as he is about to close it...

ABIGAIL
Benjamin!

He stops.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)
Keep safe.

Benjamin smiles and closes the door behind him.

EXT. SOUTH MEETING HOUSE

A hefty circle of people, 5 or 6 deep, surrounds Samuel Adams. Although his hair has grayed and his face shows signs of aging, he stands with a healthy youthfulness about him. Samuel stands on the meeting house steps and faces his crowd like a minister on a pulpit. He raises his hands out to the crowd.

SAMUEL
Gentlemen, gentlemen!

Samuel looks around the crowd and smiles, this is what he lives for.

SAMUEL
The hour is upon us. By some
divine right, we have three ships
at *our* discretion.

Benjamin appears from down the street. He hustles up to the back of the crowd and hunches over, catching his breath.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)
Three ships, loaded to the decks
with fine, East Indian brew.

Samuel's grin doesn't fade. He loves his cocky swagger.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)
And they think we are going to
follow whatever Father George says!

The crowd boos and hisses at the sound of George's name.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)
Ha. Do tell me, are we going to
roll over?!

CROWD

NO!

Benjamin looks around the crowd to try and catch familiar faces.

SAMUEL

Are we going to surrender?

CROWD

NO!

Benjamin sees Rufus in the middle and he grins, knowing he is in the right place.

SAMUEL

Are we going to lie down and let them have their way!?

This time, Benjamin joins in with an emphatic fist pump.

CROWD

NO!

SAMUEL

Men, they want peace. But you know what I say. If you want peace...prepare for war!

The crowd hoots and hollers. Benjamin swings his arm around in the air.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

Tomorrow night! Boston Harbor will be but a teapot!

EXT. SOUTH MEETING HOUSE - NEXT DAY

A man walks up the street towards the meeting house. A few pockets of Sons stand outside the meeting house, anxiously discussing the plans for that night. We follow the man through the first group.

SON #1

Row up to the side and apparently just climb...

He walks out of earshot and then passes by another group.

SON #2

Samuel should be starting us up soon. Most of them are insi...

The man walks out of earshot again and reaches the steps to the meeting house. Halfway up the steps, another man wearing an Indian headdress walks out of the doors, his face covered in soot. They acknowledge each other as we enter the meeting house.

INT. SOUTH MEETING HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Electric excitement fills the room. Over a hundred men half dressed in Indian costumes line the walls and tables. Some paint each other's faces with black soot while others pull on the last pieces of their costumes.

Rufus and Benjamin stand near the corner. Benjamin is beaming and in full Indian garb, his face is almost unrecognizable underneath the soot caked on his face. Rufus tugs at the crotch of his snugly fitting leather pants and takes a swig from his flask.

RUFUS

Now how?...

Rufus scrunches again in his pants, clearly uncomfortable.

RUFUS (CONT'D)

They're gonna split on me.

BEN

(sarcastically)

Look good though. How about me?

RUFUS

Looks like you can actually breathe down there. Hey, Samuel, day's not gettin' brighter!

Samuel Adams, whose back has been facing the two, holds up a finger to the man he was talking with and spins around. Samuel is still in the midst of finishing his "face paint" and smudges it around as he speaks.

SAMUEL

Yes, of course, of course.

(to everyone)

Sons...Sons! This is it. Many of you have waited for your chance, your chance to show your mettle. They are testing us, poking us until we give. Some may call them just boxes of tea but those leaves will soon stand for far more. Boys. This, is, it! Oo-ah!

EVERYONE

Oo-ah!

SAMUEL

History awaits!

Samuel grabs one more handful of soot and smears it all over his face and neck. He turns and leads the men out of the meeting house. Everyone follows, some with fists held high, some mimicking Indian noises and swinging their hatchets. Benjamin and Rufus exchange one last look and file into the crowd.

EXT. BOSTON STREETS

The gang of soot covered Indians file down the streets and fall into stony silence as they see the pockets of colonists waiting and watching.

MONTAGE OF FOLLOWING CLIPS:

COLONISTS eyes fill with fear, awe and excitement.

CHILDREN hide behind their MOTHERS' dresses and peek at the Indians' impressive procession.

MEN hold up their fists in support.

FAMILIES collect themselves and run into their houses before the Indians pass by.

A little BOY marches alongside the group for a few paces before his older SISTER scoops him up and scurries off.

EXT. GRIFFIN'S WHARF

Three ships sit idly by in the golden light of the afternoon sun. A crowd of hundreds has formed on the docks to watch the events unfold. Up the hill, approaching the docks, are the Sons of Liberty with a considerable amount of colonists buzzing about them.

The Sons look glorious.

The crowd on the docks part for the Sons to come through, like the Red Sea opening for Moses. A few COLONISTS stand off to the side, restraining the officers on duty. The men section off into ten man groups and file off to their respective rowboats. Their movements are swift and without any verbal orders from Samuel; each man knows his place.

EXT. HARBOR

The rowboats of Indians move with precision like a coordinated military attack. They descend upon the three cargo ships holding the tea. The ships' crew scramble on the deck and the alarm bells ring out.

EXT. ELEANOR DECK

Benjamin is first over the rail of the ship and is met by the small CREW that has been stationed to keep the tea secure.

The men's eyes are glazed over with fear as they stand guard.

Benjamin stands alone, staring at them through his blackened face. Slowly, one by one, his fellow Sons join behind him and form a wall of soot-covered Indians.

BEN

We're here for our tea.

The majority of the crew step aside but one crew-member stands put like a sentry in front of the doors that lead below deck.

CREW MEMBER

I...order you to stop. In the name of His Majesty.

A BURLY INDIAN raises his fist at the crew member, who stares ahead sternly, bracing himself for the blow.

BURLY INDIAN

You? Order *me*?

Ben quickly rushes over and pulls back on the burly Indian's arm to restrain him.

BEN

(to crew member)

Please. This is happening, whether you're conscious or not. Now I can let go of my friend here, if your pride is too much?

The crew member considers these words and after a brief pause, moves one step to the side. The burly Indian snarls and chuckles to himself as he pushes past and leads the rest of the Indians below deck.

EXT. HARBOR - SUNSET

The scene is right out of a painting. The sky is lit in brilliant shades of orange, red and yellow. The ships sit peacefully in the harbor while men scurry around like ants, hurling box after box of tea into the bay. Small pools of tea leaves surround each of the boats and the boxes bob up and down in the water like buoys.

EXT. ELEANOR DECK

Ben and the burly Indian emerge, hauling a crate of tea from below deck and heave it down on the ground. The crate has the Royal seal and East India Trading Company insignia on top. Ben grabs a metal wedge from the ground and pries open the box to expose the tea leaves inside. They both lift it up and dump it over into the water. Silently and efficiently.

Down the railing, another team of two crack open a crate to find leaves of tobacco inside. One of the Indians reaches down and grabs a handful to his nose and takes a whiff.

INDIAN #1

Mmm. Smell that?

He passes a handful to his partner who takes it and breathes it in.

INDIAN #2

Ooh. Tobacco!

Indian #2 looks around to check that the crew isn't watching and stuffs a handful into his coat pocket.

INDIAN #1

I like your thinkin'.

Ben sees the two men stuffing tobacco into their pockets and rushes over. He smacks down their hands and throws the lid back on the crate.

BEN

No! We are not thieves.

INDIAN #1

And what do you call all this brew sitting in the harbor?

BEN

We had one goal, this...

(grabs a handful of
tobacco)

Isn't it. Box it up and put it
back.

The two men look at each other, a little blown away at a young kid giving them orders. The burly Indian steps up behind Benjamin and sends a threatening glare at the two men. Indian #2 nods at Indian #1 as they box it back up and bring it below deck.

EXT. ELEANOR DECK - LATER THAT NIGHT

The last box is tossed over the edge. The Indians hoot and holler in celebration. The men hug each other and they even pat the crew members of the ship on the back in elation.

Down the line of ships, the last few boxes are emptied as well and the celebration spreads. A faint cheer can be heard from the few people still gathered on the docks watching on.

INT. FOXSBOROUGH PUB - LATER

A small band plays in the corner of the stuffed pub, a joyous and celebratory song. The room is filled with warmth and smiles. Men pat each other on the back, clink their beer-filled mugs and toast to a job well done.

The burly Indian, whose soot is now smeared all around his face and his clothes, sits across the table from Benjamin. Benjamin and he are locked in a dead stare, each holding a mug of beer. Rufus' chubby face pokes in.

RUFUS

Go!

Benjamin and the burly Indian begin chugging their beers and within seconds Benjamin has already lost. The burly Indian slams his mug back down on the table as Benjamin merely finishes a quarter. Ben sets his mug back down in defeat as the burly Indian reaches over the table and scrunches his hair in a noogie-like motion.

BEN (V.O.)

Elijah. Your letter has found me
in good health and great spirits.

BEN(cont'd)

I was fortunate enough to return to Boston for a brief while but it appears the next leg of my journey will take me to Richmond. I can't apologize enough for not seeing you while I was home.

Benjamin is beaming as he looks around the pub. Men stand in a line with their arms around each other's shoulders chanting non-sense along with the music.

EXT. CUSTOMS OFFICE

Benjamin approaches the building, as men in customs uniforms frantically come and go out the door.

BEN (V.O.)

I passed by the customs office briefly but it appears I may have missed you.

Benjamin peeks into a window to see Elijah, standing at attention before Officer Wallace's desk.

BEN (V.O.)

Looks like you had quite enough on your hands regardless, with the incident in Boston Harbor and all.

Elijah is being screamed at by Officer Wallace and yet, he remains stoic. Their words are all but muffled by the glass but their power still remains.

BEN (V.O.)

I still try to fathom how so much tea was destroyed by so little men and with very little casualty by my understanding. I will save my enthusiasm for the matter because I know how close it is to your heart.

Benjamin turns away from the window just as Elijah looks over. Elijah's expression changes as if he recognized Benjamin at the window, but his attention snaps back to Wallace who continues yelling.

INT. ELIJAH'S BEDROOM

Elijah has Benjamin's letter in his hand and he continues reading it under the light of a single candle.

BEN (V.O.)

The lighter side, is that my superiors assured me we will be back soon. I give you my solid promise, I will not leave Boston without a meeting. Until then, Dearest friend, Benjamin.

Elijah slips the letter on his table and blows out the light. Elijah sits in the darkness as the final ember from the candle fades away.

FADE OUT.

INT. CLASS ROOM - DAY

Elijah stands at the board. The room is full of children with books of blank paper for them to practice penmanship. The kids are concentrating deeply on writing, while Elijah clears off the letters on the board.

ELIJAH

That it all for today. Please, go home and practice. I want you all to have four pages of sentences by tomorrow. And don't forget about our math tables as well. You are dismissed.

Chairs screech across the floor as kids toss their books into nap-sacks and chatter to one another.

Rebekah enters from outside and stands in the doorways as everyone files out. Elijah collects his things and is the last out of the room. Elijah walks out the door but as he passes Rebekah, he double checks to make sure none of the children see as he kisses Rebekah.

REBEKAH

A good lesson today, Mr. Young?

ELIJAH

Even I was getting a little fidgety near the end there.

Elijah locks the door up behind him.

REBEKAH

I'm sure you did fine.

Rebekah slips her arm through Elijah's and the two start to walk away, arm-in-arm.

ELIJAH
Now for the race home against my
father.

REBEKAH
Stop it. Just enjoy the afternoon.

Callie runs back down the street towards Elijah and Rebekah
and the two release their arms from one another.

CALLIE
Mr. Young? I forgot my book
inside!

REBEKAH
Oh no! Mr. Young can get it for
you.

CALLIE
Really?

Elijah looks around, double checking that his father is not
within eyeshot.

ELIJAH
Apparently.

The three double back and Callie's face beams in delight.

ELIJAH (CONT'D)
Don't want you missing that times
tables practice.

Elijah unlocks the door and Callie runs inside. Seconds
later she pops back out with her book in hand.

CALLIE
Thank you, Mr. Young!

Callie starts running away again but stumbles across a man's
path. It's Edward.

CALLIE
Sorry, sir!

Callie looks back to see Elijah and Rebekah, arm-in-arm
again.

CALLIE
See you tomorrow, Mr. Young!

Elijah waves after Callie, who has now disappeared down the
streets.

As his eyes start to look away, he catches a glimpse of his father, standing in the road, trying to piece together why the girl said Mr. Young. Edward follows her trail with his eyes back to see Elijah, standing frozen in fear next to Rebekah. Edward's mood turns very sour and he marches over.

ELIJAH

No, no, no, no! I told you it was a race home. Go, Rebekah.

REBEKAH

He can't be that mad? What does it matter what you do in your free time?

ELIJAH

It's not free time when it overlaps my customs work. I've been skipping out early to come here for over a week now.

REBEKAH

Elijah?

ELIJAH

Please, leave. I don't want you around now.

Rebekah walks off looking concerned and she steals occasional glances backwards as the father and son near one another. Edward picks up speed as he closes in and hits Elijah across the face. Rebekah stops and covers her mouth as she watches the confrontation from afar.

EDWARD

The school house, Elijah? You waste your time that should be spent at work, at a school house?!

ELIJAH

Dad, I--

EDWARD

Get home! Now!

Edward shoves Elijah off and Edward continues on towards Rebekah, who is watching from a small distance.

ELIJAH

Don't hurt her!

EDWARD

Home!

REBEKAH

Mr. Young, I can expl--

EDWARD

You won't explain a thing! His job is not to do yours, you hear? Take a good look, he won't be back any time soon.

Edward is livid and charges back up the street towards home. Elijah is several yards ahead, turning around at every second, trying to see what transpired. Rebekah stands in place and cries.

INT. YOUNG FOYER

The front door bursts open as the two men walk in. Sarah rushes around the corner with a look of surprise on her face.

SARAH

Elijah? Edward? What's the--

EDWARD

Not now. Get in there, Elijah.

He half-shoves Elijah into the living room as Edwards rips off his coat, tosses it down and follows in.

INT. YOUNG LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Elijah throws his bag on the floor and stands facing his father.

ELIJAH

This isn't fair, father!

EDWARD

Isn't fair! Have you lost your mind? Skipping work to go do that woman's job!

ELIJAH

I'm not doing *her* job. It's mine. And I've worked there for weeks now.

EDWARD

You work at the office. With me.

ELIJAH

I hate it there, always have.

EDWARD

So what? You're going to wear one of your mother's dresses and begin teaching? Son, the job is for women!

ELIJAH

The job is for anyone! Since when is teaching children, only for women.

EDWARD

It is not your place. Your place is with me.

ELIJAH

It's not and it will never be.

EDWARD

This is un-believable.

Edward breaks off their stare and paces about the room.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

What did I possibly do?...Where did I go wrong?

ELIJAH

There's nothing wrong!

EDWARD

Son, you've skipped work and completely ignored your duties. Duties to His Majesty, none-the-less.

ELIJAH

Well that's a shame for His Majesty.

EDWARD

Get upstairs! Now.

ELIJAH

Happily.

Elijah leaves Edward furiously pacing about the room.

EDWARD

You're going tomorrow! And you're staying!

Edward swipes a bowl off the table and it breaks on the floor. He breathes deeply and takes a seat, burying his face into his hands.

INT. CUSTOMS OFFICE INTERN ROOM - NEXT DAY

Elijah sullenly and quietly is buried in work. He scribbles on papers and checks books that are scattered about. Each motion is completed with an extra bit of frustration to it. Caleb comes bursting into the room, clearly shaken up by the news he carries.

CALEB
Sheppard is hurt!

INTERN #1
How so?

CALEB
Those bastard Sons of Liberty.
Made a spectacle of it all.

ELIJAH
Caleb, of what?

CALEB
They tarred him! They tarred him
and they humiliated him! And a
crowd watched and did nothing.
They cheered!

INTERN #2
The Sons aren't looking for more of
us, are they?

CALEB
He was an example, they said. How
dare they...they mock...the very
men that give them liberty.

Caleb sits down at his desk next to Elijah.

ELIJAH
It was only a matter of time.

CALEB
How can you say that?

ELIJAH
What? With the kind of laws we
give them, they will only take it
for so long.

CALEB

What are you saying?

ELIJAH

Look at us. We tax their stamps, they protest. We take their tea, they dump it in the harbor. We pass these absurd Coercive acts under the name of security and they respond with violence. You can't expect someone to sit and take this.

CALEB

You're walking a fine line, Elijah.

ELIJAH

I am. But I think I'm finally standing on the right side of it.

Elijah stands up, grabs his papers and walks out of the room, leaving the interns baffled.

INT. CUSTOMS OFFICE HALLWAY

Elijah pushes past men as he heads straight for Wallace's office.

INT. WALLACE'S OFFICE

Elijah barges straight in without knocking.

OFFICER WALLACE

What is the mean--

Elijah chucks his papers all over Wallace's desk.

ELIJAH

I'm through! What you're all doing is not right, and I'm at my end!

OFFICER WALLACE

You're making a mistake, son.

ELIJAH

I really don't think so.

Elijah turns and leaves as Wallace tries to collect the papers strewn across his office.

EXT. BOSTON STREETS

Elijah is steaming. He walks down the streets and through the alleyways with fervor and determination.

ELIJAH (V.O.)

Benjamin. Never have I needed another person to truly talk to. I can only say so much with Rebekah. I quit customs today. Up and left in a real fury too, you would have been proud. We pushed these Sons too far and I think we're paying the price for it.

Elijah walks by an old tea act sign and he rips it off the wall and throws it onto the ground.

ELIJAH (V.O.)

Another tar and feather happened. They got a real officer this time, too. You know, I've never agreed with you on these things before, but after being on the other side, I don't know. Public spectacles aren't the answer, but at least it's something. It's absurd to think that someone can take this kind of blatant abuse laying down. Well, I've had it.

Elijah reaches the school yard and walks to the door.

ELIJAH (V.O.)

I'm breaking free and I am doing what I please.

EXT. RICHMOND STREETS - DAY

Benjamin walks with a few unknown Sons and Paul Revere. Normal city life goes on around them.

ELIJAH (V.O.)

I am going to start full time with Rebekah, regardless of my father's reaction. I've wasted too much time under his thumb. I must see you soon, your friend, Elijah.

Up ahead, is a BRITISH SOLDIER reprimanding a pathetic looking COLONIST. Paul stops the group as they pass by.

BRITISH SOLDIER
If I tell you to not look at me
again, then you won't!

PAUL
Hey!

The soldier stands up and the pathetic looking colonist
scurries off.

BRITISH SOLDIER
Hey, yourself.

PAUL
What's going on here?

The soldier is suddenly surrounded by several Sons and he's
beginning to sense the impending danger.

BRITISH SOLDIER
That man spat in my direction.

PAUL
That's curious. I don't see any
spit on your shoes here. Or on
this fine uniform.

The soldier looks increasingly concerned as the Sons close
the circle tighter and tighter.

BRITISH SOLDIER
It was...in my direction.

PAUL
So if I was to say...

Paul spits on the ground, directly in front of the officer's
shoes.

PAUL
do that. You might have a problem.

BRITISH SOLDIER
Well, I mean it dep--

Paul grabs the soldier by his collar and pulls him in close.

PAUL
It's not wise to start threatening
people around here, now. You see,
because you never know, who might
be watching.

Paul shoves the man off and the Sons open up the circle for the soldier to leave.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Clear?

BRITISH SOLDIER

C-c-clear.

The soldier walks off with his tail between his legs as the Sons all chuckle.

EXT. RICHMOND MEETING HOUSE

The group stops outside the meeting house and Paul faces the men before heading in.

PAUL

Well Sons, a special day today. A good friend wants to have a meet with us about the future of our cause. This isn't just any man either, so please respect him and do the Sons name proud.

INT. RICHMOND MEETING HOUSE

The double doors shove open as Paul leads the group into the meeting house. THOMAS JEFFERSON sits hunched over papers, furiously scribbling away.

PAUL

Gentlemen, this is the great Thomas Jefferson.

Thomas moves his glasses down his nose and looks up at the men filing in.

THOMAS

The Sons of Liberty have arrived.

Thomas stands and shakes hands with Paul. Benjamin and the other men takes seats in the background.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

It's been quite a while Paul, you and your men's reputation far precedes you.

PAUL

As does yours.

THOMAS

Take a seat, please.

PAUL

I hear exciting things from you.

THOMAS

The Brits are on their heels.
Thanks in most part to you and your
men's work. I believe it's an
exciting time to be a colonist.

Thomas looks down at his work and runs his hand over the page.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

I am just finishing my draft to the
Virginia delegation.

PAUL

Your ideas are scaring quite a
number of people, loyalists and
colonists alike.

THOMAS

People have a right to govern
themselves, Paul. A natural right.
And if that scares people, then the
colonies of America is not the
place to be.

PAUL

How can we help?

THOMAS

Your help is fast becoming what
scares me. I'm afraid there is
quite a difference between standing
for what's right and some of the
rumors I have heard of your deeds.

PAUL

Our deeds? I can honestly say, we
have never acted out of any other
motivation ~~(than)~~ to assert our God-
given right...our natural right as
you say, to govern ourselves.

THOMAS

Governing comes with law, Paul.
These stories I hear of the
needless torturing and bully-like
tactics are lawless.

THOMAS(cont'd)

On a level with criminals. I'm afraid if our needs are to be heard, we must be seen as nobles. Not noble savages.

PAUL

We have never acted out of anyone else's interests but the colonies. These Brits are far more savage than we. They prod us and probe us until we break. Someone must deal with them.

THOMAS

There is a right and there is a wrong. And I believe you and your men are simply walking too close to the sun. Please, I ask of you only to resist the torturous ways.

PAUL

But--

THOMAS

Paul!

PAUL

Of course, sir.

THOMAS

You will hear from me soon. It is always a pleasure, Paul. And thank you for meeting with me, gentlemen. I must be back to work.

PAUL

Good day.

Thomas puts his glasses back on and picks up writing, right where he left off. Paul is peeved and leads the men out of the meeting house.

EXT. RICHMOND STREETS

Paul bursts out of the meeting house and lets his inhibitions go now that he is out of Thomas' earshot.

PAUL

Lawless? How can we be considered lawless? The ones who uphold these laws are corrupt themselves.

The same British soldier is now reprimanding another colonist up ahead. Produce is spilled all over the ground and the soldier takes an apple and chucks it at the colonist.

PAUL

Speak of the devil...Tie him up!
Show him just how close to the sun
we can get.

Two of the Sons race ahead and tackle the soldier to the ground. His face turns white upon seeing Paul again and squirms on the ground, trying to get away. Paul bends in close and whispers something into his ear. He kicks him on the ground and walks away. The two Sons stand the soldier up and haul him off behind Paul. A few spectators stand in shock at the blatant disrespect for authority but keep quiet anyway.

EXT. RICHMOND CITY SQUARE

A small crowd has formed in the city square. A pot of boiling tar sits in the middle and Paul stands holding a tar brush with three minions. The British soldier kneels completely naked on the ground, with drool and tears streaming from his face.

BRITISH SOLDIER

Please, please, no!

Benjamin, Rufus, Grant and the rest of the Sons stand out in the crowd and cheer on Paul. Some of the colonists in the crowd get into the cheering while others wait with looks of distress.

PAUL

We gave you warning. And now, you
must pay the consequences.

Paul plunges his tar brush into the pot and plays with the tar. He takes a brush load and walks over to the soldier. The brush drips boiling tar on the ground, leaving a trail from the pot to the soldier. Paul teases the soldier as the crowd gets more and more into it.

Ben and Grant crane to see.

BEN

Tar him!

GRANT

Do it!

Paul slowly, drip by drip, pours the tar for the brush onto the soldier's exposed back. He lets out a blood curdling scream as Paul and his minions laugh heartily.

Benjamin's face turns from excitement to disgust. He looks over to Rufus, who watches with no emotion on his face. Benjamin turns to Grant, who is still whole-heartedly cheering on Paul.

The soldier presses his face against the ground, his hair a sweaty, dirty mess. Another brush load of tar drips down onto his neck and he jerks upright with another horrific scream.

Paul stands like a king over the soldier. He gets an even more menacing look on his face as he pours a load of tar on the soldier's genitalia.

The soldier's scream send chills to Benjamin's bones. Benjamin covers his mouth as he catches a whiff of the singed flesh and hair, he's about to vomit. Benjamin turns and forces his way out of the crowd. He sees Thomas standing far in the background, shaking his head in supreme disappointment.

Paul reaches for a bag of feathers and dumps them all over the trembling soldier. Paul looks out to the crowd and sees Benjamin walking towards Thomas in the far back. His eyes narrow.

EXT. RICHMOND STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Benjamin and Thomas walk with the sounds of the tarring in the background.

BEN

I can still smell that horrible odor. How do they stand there and take it like that?

THOMAS

Regrettably, it's a sight that's all too common.

BEN

But that's just torture for torture's sake.

THOMAS

And where has it gotten us?

BEN

They seem so sure it's right. If I stand against it, aren't I no different than a loyalist?

THOMAS

This has never been a matter of black and white. It doesn't have to be us versus them.

BEN

What else do we have?

THOMAS

Diplomacy and unity. For as long as we remain divided, with men like Paul causing terror across the land, Britain will never accept us.

BEN

I feel like there is no place for me.

THOMAS

Your place is right where you are. I never said there was no merit to doing what the Sons do. Why can't you be the voice of change? Take a stand. No one ever said there was only one way.

The two arrive back the Richmond meeting house. Thomas walks up the stairs and Ben waits at the bottom.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Never lose sight of what you truly desire. Hold strong, you'll have your day.

Thomas walks inside and the door shuts behind him. Benjamin waits and considers what Thomas said, as one, last, brutal scream echoes off the buildings.

INT. RICHMOND SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT

Benjamin and Rufus sit alone in the common room of the safe house. Rufus reads a book while Ben stares transfixed into the fire.

BEN

How did you just stand there?

Rufus looks up from his book at Ben, whose gaze hasn't left the fire.

RUFUS

Hmm?

BEN
Today, at the tarring. You stood
there, without any hint of an
expression.

Paul walks down the first few stairs but stops to eavesdrop
on the conversation.

RUFUS
I've seen plenty in my life.

BEN
That man was screaming his heart
out. He can't walk straight any
more.

RUFUS
It's not torture to me, Ben. It's
revenge. When you stop seeing it
as torture, it becomes just another
eye for an eye.

BEN
There are other ways.

RUFUS
I'm sure there are, but this is
ours.

Ben doesn't respond and looks back to the fire.

RUFUS (CONT'D)
Just push it out. No need worryin'
about things you can't change.

Rufus gets up and blows out the candle by him. Paul quietly
steps back as Rufus makes his way towards the stairs.

RUFUS (CONT'D)
Comin'? We got a long trip back to
Boston tomorrow.

BEN
Not now.

Rufus shrugs and disappears upstairs. Ben is lost in the
dancing flames, he doesn't look like he will start moving any
time soon.

INT. YOUNG KITCHEN

The family sits silently at the table as they eat. Elijah scrapes his plate clean.

SARAH
This can't go on.

ELIJAH
You're talking to the wrong person.

SARAH
Elijah. Please.

ELIJAH
Well, speak with your husband.

SARAH
Edward?

EDWARD
The boy does what he wants now,
Sarah. He is too good for his
father's job and wants to live a
life of scholarly pursuits.

ELIJAH
Petticoat and all.

Edward excuses himself from the table and leaves the room.

SARAH
Edward?!

ELIJAH
He's not going to understand,
mother. I'm a failure to him and
I've accepted that. Can I please
have that roll?

Sarah passes Elijah the roll and the two sit in extended silence as Elijah eats. Half-way through he puts it down and excuses himself.

ELIJAH
I'll be at the school house. Or
should I say powder room?

Elijah grabs his Customs coat and slams the door behind him.

INT. CLASS ROOM - NIGHT

Elijah works by candlelight in the darkened class room. Thunder claps outside and the occasional lightning bolt sends crooked shadows over the room. Despite the commotion outside, Elijah continues to write. The candle is down to the bare nub and the light begins to flicker away. Elijah looks around his desk, in search of a new candle, but without success. He scribbles out his last line as the candle dies to nothing. Elijah closes his books and puts on his Customs office jacket. He grabs his filled knapsack, leaves the school house and locks it behind him.

EXT. BOSTON STREETS - NIGHT

Elijah pauses a moment and looks up and down the street. Only a few lanterns are lit outside the homes. He flips up the collar on his jacket and walks away briskly.

Lightning flashes to reveal a sign for the local silversmith. Thunder claps and the sounds morph into horse clomps. A horse drawn buggy comes barreling down the street past Elijah. The driver nods but his attention quickly returns to the road. A few seconds later, the horse neighs and Elijah turns around but sees nothing. The buggy was already around the corner. He does another double take around the eerie-looking street and quickens his pace.

More thunder claps and the faint sound of footsteps rise from one street over. Elijah peeks down the alley as he passes and sees three men in coats, looking back. As he passes the next alley, he sees them again, looking back. Elijah breaks into a jog as the sounds of the men running carries over.

Elijah is within eye-shot of his house and the footstep noises have disappeared. He slows to a brisk walk. Suddenly, from around the corner appear the three men. Elijah breaks into a sprint away from his house, down an alley. Elijah and the men duck and weave through the many twisting alleys and streets until Elijah is knocked on his back by the arm of a large man with a handle-bar moustache. Elijah's vision fades away as the two shadowy men come from behind and put a sack over his face.

INT. SOUTH MEETING HOUSE - EARLIER THAT DAY

The core group of Sons, including Rufus, Ben and Grant, sit at the long tables and face Paul.

PAUL

Can you feel it? The tides are turning and we are winning. Right now, men much brighter than ourselves are gathered, discussing the future of our colonies. The day of separation, the day of revolution nears. And we all have our part. If this Congress is to work, we need numbers. And what better place than our fair Boston!

A few of the men grunt in approval.

PAUL (CONT'D)

I sense there are some, however, who do not have the same strength of conviction. So, tomorrow evening, I have planned a recruitment meeting, of sorts. A meeting to demonstrate our power and our resolve, and, most importantly, prove our convictions. Benjamin!

Benjamin is jarred at the sound of his name.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Benjamin, please come here.

Benjamin suspiciously stands and joins Paul before the congregation.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Benjamin is going to help us by leading this event. Aren't you?

BEN

I, sure.

PAUL

Wonderful. Then it's settled, everyone gather all the men you can muster out in the clearing for tomorrow afternoon. It will be quite the spectacle.

The men rise and mutter to one another on where they will begin recruiting.

PAUL

Thank you, Benjamin

Paul wears a mischievous grin; he is very pleased with himself.

PAUL

Grant and Clark! I'd like to see you two before you begin.

Grant and Clark, a well built man with a handle-bar moustache, look to one another in confusion and join Paul. Benjamin watches cautiously as the three whisper to one another. Benjamin looks one last time over his shoulder as he leaves the meeting house. Something is afoot.

EXT. CLEARING NEAR OUTSKIRTS OF BOSTON - AFTERNOON

Benjamin stands with Paul, facing the group of a dozen SONS and thirty RECRUITS. In the center of the group sits a pot of boiling tar on red hot embers and a burlap sack of feathers. Behind Benjamin and Paul, kneels a hooded figure who is clearly sobbing and breathing heavily.

PAUL

Sons, friends. It is men exactly like the one kneeling behind me that have taken this battle to a new level. They call us damned rebels and they will stop at nothing to silence our voice. And today, our faithful brother, Benjamin, is going to show us all just how serious we are.

The hood is whipped off of the figure to reveal Elijah, whose face is covered in tears. Elijah tries to yell through his gag but nothing but a muffled noise emerges. Paul turns Benjamin to face Elijah and grabs the tarring brush from the pot.

PAUL (CONT'D)

These threats can not be taken lightly. An eye for an eye, Benjamin.

Benjamin meets eyes with Elijah and utter panic consumes him. Benjamin's forehead pours sweat and his eyes begin to water at the pitiful sight of Elijah, hands tied and bare chested, kneeling before him.

PAUL

We are the Sons of Liberty and we can not be silenced! Oo-ah!

Paul hands the dripping tar brush to Benjamin as the crowd chants OO-AH around him. Benjamin pauses and looks from the brush to Elijah to Rufus to Grant and back.

<beat>

Benjamin's eyes snap up with a newly found anger and he smacks Paul across the face with the brush. Paul crumbles to the ground screaming in pain as tar covers his right cheek. Benjamin whips the brush at the circle of men, kicks over the pot of tar and turns to Elijah.

BEN

Elijah!

He lifts Elijah to his feet and they take off. They run with all their strength across the field as Benjamin holds Elijah's elbow in support.

Some of the Sons attend to Paul. A few others chase after Ben and Elijah. Grant is about to take off but turns to Rufus first. Rufus hasn't moved.

GRANT

He's getting away!

Rufus shakes his head and stares at Grant. <beat> Grant lets out a disappointed sigh and sprints after them. The rest of the crowd stands in awe of the events transpiring before them.

EXT. FIELD

Elijah and Ben are in a full out sprint as a few of the Sons appear in the background.

Elijah stumbles over the uneven ground and falls to the grass. Benjamin darts back to help Elijah to his feet but the Sons are immediately upon them and force the two to the ground. Elijah's face is pressed to the ground while Benjamin is punched across his eye. The two struggle but to no avail.

Grant catches up to the two and doubles over, winded.

GRANT

Ben? Why are you doing this?

Ben spits blood out of his mouth and squints up at Grant.

BEN

This is my--

Ben is punched across the face again as Paul walks up from behind. His face is partially concealed by the tar and it bubbles with rage as he looks down at the two. He motions the two Sons and Grant away and stares at the boys. His eyes are filled with ferocious anger.

PAUL
Look at yourself.

Paul spits on Benjamin.

PAUL
Hell, look at him, Benjamin! Look
at him!

Benjamin and Elijah turn and lock eyes.

PAUL
Was it worth it?

<beat>

Paul nods at one of the men. The MAN whips out his pistol, cocks and fires directly into Elijah's head. The blood sprays over Benjamin's face as Ben screams in agony.

PAUL
Thought you were quite the savior.

Benjamin forces his face away from Elijah's bloody mess.

BEN
You can't get away with this.

PAUL
I can't? Ben, we are this colony.
I am, this colony! The wheels of
change have begun and they can't be
stopped. Especially not by you, or
your little excuse for a friend
here.

Paul nudges Elijah's corpse with his foot.

BEN
Go to hell.

Paul shakes his head and stares back pitifully at Ben. Paul hands the gun to Grant.

PAUL
Say good bye, Benjamin.

Paul nods at Grant to kill them. Grant pauses and looks from Benjamin's pleading eyes back to Paul's icy stare. <beat> Grant shoots directly into Benjamin's forehead. The two boys lay side by side in a bloody mess on the grass. Paul grabs the gun from Grant and pats him on the back. Without looking back, Paul walks off without a care. The two Sons exchange quick glances at one another and follow, leaving Grant, standing over the two boys in the field.

A letter sticks out of Benjamin's shirt pocket, now stained with blood. Grant reaches down and picks it out.

BEN (V.O.)

Elijah. I'm afraid it might be a long while before I may speak to you again.

From a distance, Rufus walks towards Grant and the dead bodies.

BEN (CONT'D)

I have made some choices and it looks like it is too late to go back. You have been the most anyone could ask for in a friend and I thank you.

Rufus reaches Grant, who still stands frozen. He grabs his shoulder and leads him away.

BEN (CONT'D)

Please give my family my love and promise me, to never lose sight of what you truly desire. Sincerest apologies, dearest friend, Benjamin.

FADE TO BLACK.