

1769

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Classic shots of America's FOUNDERS. Washington. Jefferson. Franklin. Adams.

HISTORY CHANNEL NARRATOR (V.O.)

1776. The most important year in America's storied history. The year a group of brave men risked their lives in the name of an impossible dream. A dream that can only be described as-

VOICE (O.S.)

Bullshit!

The TV zaps off. BLACK SCREEN.

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL CLASS ROOM - DAY

Half the 4th Graders wake up. The other half stop texting.

On the blackboard: "Your Substitute's name is Mr. Smith"

MR. SMITH stands next to the television dressed in a dumpy blue coat, rocking a billy-goat beard and frizzy white hair.

MR. SMITH

I won't let this garbage pollute your delicate young minds.

TEACHER'S PET

But Mrs. Miller said you're just supposed to play the documentary.

MR. SMITH

And where is Mrs. Miller again?

TEACHER'S PET

At home with the flu.

MR. SMITH

Maybe. Or maybe she's getting an early start on the weekend. Heading off to Vegas with her girls to get ripped on strawberry daiquiris, blow her paycheck on video poker, and bitch about her whiny, obnoxious fourth graders to any poor sap who'll listen.

The kids exchange nervous glances.

MR. SMITH

Either way we're not watching some dogshit documentary that makes the founding fathers look like a bunch of wig-wearing pussies.

The kids are shell-shocked.

MR. SMITH

Sorry for the language, kids. All I'm trying to say is fuck 1776. If you want the truth about our founding fathers, you need to know how they got started. You need to know the real story.

A wistful smile flickers across Mr. Smith's face.

MR. SMITH

The story of 1769...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. A COUNTRY FARM IN MASSACHUSETTS - MORNING

A rooster crows as the sun rises over a picture-perfect colonial farm.

JOHN ADAMS (18), handsome but still boyishly awkward, hoes the garden. John sighs and looks out at the farm.

JOHN

I'm gonna miss this place.

GRANDMA (O.S.)

John! Put that hoe down. The carriage is here!

JOHN

Coming, Grandma!

EXT. COTTAGE - MORNING

John and GRANDMA lug his trunk outside as a large horse-drawn CARRIAGE pulls up.

JOHN

Maybe I should wait another year. I just hate the thought of you here all alone.

GRANDMA

Enough of that hogwash, John. High school valedictorians belong in college, not on some old farm.

The carriage halts. A gruff CARRIAGE DRIVER checks his list.

CARRIAGE DRIVER

John Adams?

John hesitates. Grandma hugs him.

GRANDMA

It's time, lad. Time for you to go off to the big city and be someone. Maybe even start a family with that pretty girl you're always talking about.

JOHN

(blushing)

I doubt Abigail even remembers me. Besides, who's gonna help you with all the chores around here?

Grandma's had enough.

GRANDMA

Dammit John! Do you have any idea how hard it is to get laid when you share the only bed in the house with your grandson?

JOHN

Grandma!

The Carriage Driver cocks his eyebrow.

GRANDMA

Oh, how I've waited for a handsome stranger to come down this road, looking for a place to tack his horse and stay the night.

The Carriage Driver leans in, interested.

GRANDMA

He'd take me in his strong masculine arms, gently lay me down on the bed, then fuck me till I'm cross-eyed.

JOHN

Okay. Enough. I'm leaving.

Disgusted, John heaves his trunk onto the carriage.

GRANDMA

Good boy. Now remember, your Uncle Sam's expecting you in Boston. He'll take care of you.

As John boards the carriage...

CARRIAGE DRIVER

Maam, I do this route once a week. Maybe, we could, uh-

GRANDMA

Next Thursday. Bring the whip.

INT. SCHOOL CARRIAGE - CONTINUOUS

John tries to find a seat on the crowded carriage.

GRANDMA (O.S.)

And Johnny, if you ever pop that virgin cherry of yours, make sure you use a sheepskin!

John's face turns bright red. All the kids laugh.

With a snap of the whip, the carriage LURCHES forward - throwing John to the ground.

EXT. MASSACHUSETTS COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

The carriage rattles along a dirt road through rolling New England fields.

MR. SMITH (V.O.)

And so John set off to college for he wished to learn...

EXT. BOSTON STREETS - DAY

The countryside gives way to colonial Boston. Townsfolk mingle in the market square. British Redcoats walk the cobblestone streets.

MR. SMITH (V.O.)

...to read the writings of the great thinkers of the ancient world...

EXT. YARVARD GROUNDS - DUSK

The carriage STOPS at the ivy gates of Yarvard University.

MR. SMITH (V.O.)
...to make straight A's and do
great things for the colonies.

John smiles and takes in his strange new world.

MR. SMITH (V.O.)
Basically, he was a complete
fucking nerd.

John admires the classic architecture, the stately grounds.
Students read books, stroll the lawn, and play badminton.

JOHN
So this is college...

Beside him, another STUDENT picks up his bags.

STUDENT
It's how I always pictured it.

JOHN
It sure is. Those gothic towers.
Those ivy covered gates.

STUDENT (O.S.)
Those draft beers and drink
specials disorienting the opposite
sex, thereby leveling the playing
field for creepy guys like myself.

Confused, John turns to the Student, only to realize the kid
is facing the opposite direction.

The Student stares at a bustling TAVERN just across the
street from the Yarvard gates.

STUDENT
College, here I come.

Like a moth to light, the Student heads for the rowdy tavern.
A sign on the door reads "SAM'S."

JOHN
Uncle Sam...

INT. SAM'S TAVERN - CONTINUOUS

John enters the bar. Dressed in farm clothes and lugging his trunk, he sticks out like a sore thumb.

Sam's is off the hook. A Fiddle & Banjo BAND rocks out as BUSTY SERVING MAIDS carry frothy brews to COLLEGE KIDS.

JOHN

Excuse me. Sorry. Pardon me.

John's eyes light up when he spies the bartender. It's John's UNCLE SAM -- Samuel Adams, brewer and patriot.

Sam sports a blue coat and a billy-goat beard. He bears a striking resemblance to a certain "MR. SMITH."

John sits on a stool, waiting for Sam to notice him. He does.

UNCLE SAM

You gonna keep staring at me like a goddamn fairy or are you gonna order something?

John chuckles, but Sam's not joking. He grabs John's collar.

UNCLE SAM

You think I'm playing around fruit cake? Buy a drink or I'll throw your candy ass out of here!

JOHN

Sam, it's me. Your nephew.

A beat. Sam laughs.

UNCLE SAM

Hah! Come on kid, you think I wouldn't recognize my own nephew?

Sam hugs John tight.

UNCLE SAM

Learn how to take a joke! I was just fuckin' with ya, James!

JOHN

It's John.

Awkward silence.

UNCLE SAM
I've been a horrible uncle. I missed your graduation, your birthdays, your circumcision-

JOHN
Sam, it's fine.

UNCLE SAM
But I'm going to make it all up to you. Soon as Grandma told me you were coming to Boston, I thought "no nephew of mine is living with a bunch of loser freshmen." No sir, I got you hooked up with the most important guys on campus.
(points)
George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, and Ben Franklin.

John turns to see THREE DISTINGUISHED GENTLEMEN seated at a table, looking out of place in their fancy wigs and sharp attire. The men raise their glasses respectfully.

JOHN
They sure look important.

UNCLE SAM
Not those assholes. Them!

Uncle Sam points past the Gentlemen to three DRUNK GUYS surrounded by adoring girls.

The girls listen closely to GEORGE -- late twenties. Handsome, athletic, chiseled - the leader of the group. What he lacks in smarts, he makes up for with charm.

GEORGE
So then Ben says, "Me? I thought you were watching the ox!"

Everyone HOWLS with laughter.

BEN
No one was watching the fucking ox!

BEN -- late twenties, overweight, prematurely balding -- what he lacks in looks he makes up for by being a loud asshole.

UNCLE SAM
Guys! Get over here. Meet my nephew!

They ignore Sam.

UNCLE SAM
Now, or I'm cutting you off.

Ben's up in a flash. George and Thomas follow, less concerned.

GEORGE
Back in a minute, ladies.

The guys approach John and Sam.

UNCLE SAM
Boys, meet your new roommate: John
Adams.

THOMAS -- late twenties. The thinker of the group. Stoned,
apathetic, and occasionally arrogant. A chronic
underachiever except when it comes to smoking chronic.

THOMAS
So, John, ready for the best nine
years of your life?

JOHN
Nine? Hah, that's funny.

Beat.

JOHN
You haven't really been in school
for nine years have you?

They clearly have.

GEORGE
(whispers to Sam)
Are you sure this kid's cool?

UNCLE SAM
He's a little rough around the
edges. But he's an Adams dammit!

THOMAS
Which means what, exactly?

UNCLE SAM
Oh you'll see.
(yelling)
Girls! Meet my nephew.

JENNA and JULIE -- two of the hotties the guys were talking
to earlier -- approach.

UNCLE SAM

Ladies, meet John. He's a true blue farm boy. Came all the way to Boston to sow his wild oats.

JENNA

Is that right, farm boy?

JOHN

Well, I did sow a lot of oats back home on the farm.

UNCLE SAM

That's an Adams for you!

The girls laugh. Sam winks at George, Thomas, & Ben.

John doesn't get why everyone's excited, but he's happy to fit in.

JOHN

I sowed so many oats, I wore out every one of Grandma's hoes.

Record scratch. The girls are shocked.

JULIE

Grandma's hoes?

Sam motions to "cut it off," but John's oblivious.

JOHN

Oh she didn't mind. Hoes are cheap where we come from. Grandma always said, "use 'em and lose 'em."

JULIE

That is so wrong.

JOHN

I know what you mean. I always felt kind of bad just throwing them out.

(lowers his voice)

That's why I kept a few of the older hoes hidden in the shed.

(winks)

Grandma doesn't need to know everything, right?

Jenna SLAPS John.

JENNA

Fucking pervert. Come on, Julie.

The girls STORM OFF, disgusted. George, Thomas, and Ben share a look: *this guy is not moving in with us.*

GEORGE

Sam, about that extra room. I just remembered we're actually going to need to use it for a...

BEN

Storage room.

GEORGE

Second living room.

An awkward beat. Sam shakes his head.

UNCLE SAM

I was wrong about you, James.

JOHN

It's John.

Sam shakes his head and walks off. Thomas feels kind of bad for the kid. He whispers to George.

THOMAS

You know if John doesn't move in with us, the housing authority is still gonna stick someone in that extra room.

GEORGE

Anyone's better than this kid.

THOMAS

Even Patrick Sneedly?

The guys all look across the room at PATRICK SNEEDLY, a sweaty, fat nerd surrounded by his even nerdier friends. He sticks a feather in his cap and calls it...

PATRICK SNEEDLY

(like it's so fucking
funny)

Macaroni!!

His friends all start cracking up.

George looks to John, then to Sneedly. It's a tougher decision than it should be.

MR. SMITH (V.O.)

The history books don't mention
Patrick Sneedly, but if it wasn't
for that fat loser, there might be
no America.

INT. APARTMENT - MORNING

John wakes up on a leather couch. Light pours onto his face.
In front of him a large window overlooks Boston harbor.

Nice furniture. A bar. Classy artwork. A bachelor's paradise.

THOMAS (O.S.)

Morning, sleeping beauty.

Thomas sips coffee and reads the paper. Ben enters with four
plates of food on a tray. He sits down.

BEN

Bon appetite, gentlemen.

JOHN

Thanks Ben, I'm starving.

John reaches for a plate. Ben GROWLS.

THOMAS

Rule number one, John. Don't fuck
with Ben's food.

George walks in, wearing only boxers. Behind him, a HOT
COLLEGE BABE follows.

COLLEGE BABE

I left my address on your bed.
Write me sometime?

GEORGE

Sure, babe.

She kisses George and exits.

A grandfather clock CHIMES.

JOHN

12:30! My philosophy class started
at 9:00!

THOMAS

Relax. You're not taking philosophy anymore. We don't want you waking us up before noon. Ever.

JOHN

Wait, then what am I taking?

INT. SCIENCE LAB - DAY

George, Thomas, and John take their seats as Ben writes "Experimental Science with Mr. Franklin" on the chalkboard.

JOHN

I don't get it.

THOMAS

Ben teaches this class.

JOHN

Ben?

THOMAS

He's a famous inventor.

A RANDOM STUDENT pipes in.

RANDOM STUDENT

It's true. He's a fucking genius.

JOHN

I never would've thought...

THOMAS

Don't judge a book by it's cover, John. Even if it's a fat, smelly cover.

BEN

In today's class we're going to explore the uses of pneumatics and how gravitational forces relate to liquid matter states.

John is impressed.

BEN

And we're going to do it with beer.

CHEERS from the class.

BEN
To demonstrate, I'll need a
volunteer. You there, John Adams.

The audience murmurs as John walks to the front of the class.

BEN
Ladies and gentleman, my latest
invention: the Beer Flume!

Ben reveals the BEER FLUME, a tin funnel attached to a long
leather hose, an unmistakable precursor to the BEER BONG.

BEN
John, please take your position
underneath the flume hose.

Ben produces a jug of BEER and begins pouring into the
funnel. The class begins to chant "Flume! Flume! Flume!"

JOHN
Are we even allowed to drink at
school?

BEN
Drink. Or I'll flunk you.

John takes a deep breath, then kneels under the flume. He
holds the nozzle to his mouth.

Ben releases the beer. John almost chokes, but drinks it all
up. The class goes wild.

BEN
Who wants to see it again?

INT. DEAN WEBSTER'S OFFICE - DAY

DEAN WEBSTER - 45, portly and good-natured - stares proudly
at the school grounds from his office window.

Outside, John bursts onto the lawn, followed by the entire
science class yelling "Flume, flume, flume!"

DEAN WEBSTER
Ahh, students excited about
learning. Wonderful.

Suddenly John SPEWS BEER everywhere.

Before he can react, Webster's door FLIES open. GENERAL HATCHETT - 55, a grizzled, hulking Brit - strides in, followed by TWO REDCOATS.

DEAN WEBSTER

General Hatchett! To what do I owe this honor?

GENERAL HATCHETT

Can it, Webster. The prince will be here any minute.

Hatchett approaches. Webster blocks his view of the window.

DEAN WEBSTER

And I assure you we're fully prepared for his majesty's semester abroad. His quarters are arranged and tonight's opera in his honor is sure to be a rousing success.

GENERAL HATCHETT

Cut the shit. I know what goes on at this school.

Webster nervously looks out the window.

DEAN WEBSTER

I'm afraid I don't know what you're talking about.

GENERAL HATCHETT

That's why you're fired.

DEAN WEBSTER

What?

GENERAL HATCHETT

You've let this school become a breeding ground for debauchery. Walking around campus, one would conclude that college in America is about nothing more than wild parties, underage drinking, and promiscuous sex.

DEAN WEBSTER

But Yarvard's always had a proud tradition of extra-circular activities.

GENERAL HATCHETT

I won't have the crown prince
returning to England telling tales
of my incompetence as a General.
You're out Webster. Good day.

The Redcoats GRAB Webster and DRAG him out of the room.

GENERAL HATCHETT

That's right, Yarvard. The first
fuck-up who so much as farts too
close to the Prince gets a one way
ticket to the salt mines.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

"Braaapp!" A FART resounds. Ben smiles deviously. George and
John -- still BUZZED from the flume -- try not to crack up.

At the front of the class, oblivious, Gorgeous Girls stare
dreamily into Thomas' eyes as he reads out loud.

THOMAS

As the diaphanous miasma percolated
through the sun-struck dawn, the
wolf took his paintbrush, and using
every color from the palette of his
imagination, painted the most
beautiful rainbow ever imagined.
The end.

The girls swoon: *that was so deep.*

MRS. SMIRL

Thomas, you're one of the greatest
writers this school has ever seen.

THOMAS

Thank you.

MRS. SMIRL

But that was probably the stupidest
thing I've ever heard in my life.

George stifles a laugh.

MRS. SMIRL

Next time, get high *after* you
finish the assignment.

Beat.

THOMAS
I still get an A, right?

MRS. SMIRL
Of course you do. It's a Creative
Writing class.

Thomas winks at John.

INT. YARVARD HALLWAY - DAY

George, Ben, Thomas, and John exit the classroom.

John freezes when he sees: ABIGAIL - 19, a gorgeous, fiery
brunette.

JOHN
Oh my God.

THOMAS
What?

JOHN
It's Abigail. She went to my high
school. She's half the reason I
came here.

BEN
One of those "hoes" you used to
"wear out?"

JOHN
She was the only girl at school who
didn't think being smart meant you
were a nerd.

BEN
She didn't know any better, huh?

Abigail sees John.

ABIGAIL
John!

JOHN
Abigail! What are you doing here?

ABIGAIL
I go here, remember?

JOHN
I had no idea. What a surprise.

ABIGAIL

I could've sworn we talked about it. When was that...

JOHN

(way too eager)

At the Quincy Pudding Fair. Your fig pudding was the best I've ever tasted. So moist and gooey. Gosh, I could eat your pudding every day for the rest of my life.

An awkward pause.

JOHN

So moist.

A very awkward pause.

ABIGAIL

(moving on)

Well I've been meaning to say thank you. I wouldn't even be here if you hadn't helped me pass algebra.

JOHN

Nah. You would have been fine.

ABIGAIL

So embarrassing. A senior getting tutored by a junior. I was always jealous your brains.

JOHN

That's funny. I was always jealous of your boyfriend.

Whoops.

JOHN

Haha. Just kidding. I mean, I would never cross that, you know, that line between tutor and tutee. Never. Not even now.

THOMAS (O.S.)

John! Let's move it.

JOHN

Well, gotta go. If you ever need a tutor...

John makes an imaginary LINE with his hand as he scurries off.

JOHN
 Won't cross the line...

Abigail smiles and waves. John wishes he could kick himself.

EXT. YARVARD QUAD - DAY

George, Thomas, & Ben know EVERYONE on campus as they walk through the quad. Thomas high fives an old friend.

THOMAS
 Revere! What's up man? You ready to party this year?

REVERE
 Like it's 1799, bro.

A HOT GIRL chats with George.

HOT GIRL
 Aaron Burr's having people over tonight. I was thinking about going... if you're going...

EDNA TARTOFFLE, a cute, big-boned junior, sees Ben.

EDNA
 Hey, Benji! You haven't forgotten about my opera tonight, have you?

BEN
 Of course not, snuggle buns. Wouldn't miss it for the world.

EDNA
 I knew you wouldn't forget.

Edna gives Ben a kiss. A hot, lingering kiss.

EDNA
 (seductive)
 See you tonight, big boy.

As she walks away...

BEN
 Fuck. I completely forgot. Guys, we have to go to the opera tonight.

THOMAS

Snuggle buns? Don't tell me you're still hooking up with Edna. Can't you do a little better?

BEN

No, Thomas, I can't. I'm fat. And bald.

GEORGE

And gross.

BEN

And gross. And in the rare event that a girl actually wants to have sex with me, I have to show interest in her life and activities. That includes calling her snuggle buns and going to her opera.

(beat)

So fuck you.

(beat)

Come on, George, we have to go.

JOHN

Why can't you just go by yourself?

BEN

Because we always do everything together.

(annoyed)

God, quit being such a homo, John.

GEORGE

Fine, we'll go. But we're getting completely wasted first.

INT. YARVARD THEATER - NIGHT

The ORCHESTRA tunes up as the well-dressed audience files in.

Trumpets announce the arrival of PRINCE PERCIVAL - a gangly, arrogant young man of 20 years - and his sister PRINCESS GREZELDA (19), a blonde British bombshell.

General Hatchett rises to greet them.

GENERAL HATCHETT

Prince Percival. Princess Grezelda. We're honored your majesties have chosen to study abroad here in America.

PERCIVAL

Chosen? Pish posh. No one in their right mind would *choose* to come to this filthy colony.

GREZELDA

Shut up! You're so fucking rude.

Hatchett's starting to feel awkward.

PERCIVAL

Silence, woman. We both know Uncle George sent me to this foul backwater to prove I'm ready to rule. It's just a stepping stone.

GREZELDA

Whatever, Percy. You don't rule over shit.

Really awkward. Fortunately for Hatchett, the lights go down.

INT. THEATRE - DRESSING ROOM - SAME TIME

"Laaaaaaa!" Ben stands in a wig drunkenly imitating an opera star. Edna giggles.

EDNA

Give it back!

Edna "tries" to recover her wig - really just an excuse to get frisky with Ben.

George SWIGS A BOTTLE and chats up two hot, ditzy DANCERS.

GEORGE

(humoring them)

Hahaha! That is so funny! Isn't that funny, Thomas?

Thomas sits next to John, who's PASSED OUT DRUNK. Thomas has drawn cartoon penises all over John's face with a QUILL PEN.

THOMAS

No.

(re: John's face)

This is funny.

DANCER

Wow, you must be an artist.

THOMAS

(sarcastic)

Yeah. I'm using french neoclassical technique to emphasize the positive space of the penis.

DANCER

(impressed)

You know, I'm taking an art history class. Maybe you could tutor me sometime...

Thomas rolls his eyes.

THOMAS

I'm pretty busy this semester. I doubt I'll have time.

George looks at Thomas: *are you fucking kidding me?*

CLARK (O.S.)

Lewis, where are the rest of the chickens?

LEWIS (O.S.)

We only got three, Clark.

The girls tense up at the sound of the voices.

LEWIS & CLARK -- two effeminate stage managers dressed in cut-off pantaloons -- round the corner.

CLARK

Three? I ordered ten!

LEWIS

Clark, relax-

CLARK

No! I need more cocks!

Lewis and Clark realize what's going on backstage.

LEWIS

You ladies were supposed to be in wardrobe five minutes ago! Move it. Move it!

Lewis and Clark usher the girls out of the green room. Ben gives Edna her wig back. She takes it... and his hand.

EDNA
I've got about ten minutes between
acts. Come find me backstage.

BEN
Why? For emotional support?

EDNA
No.
(whispers)
To have *sex*.

She winks and hurries off. Ben smiles: full success.

GEORGE
Man. Those girls were perfect.

THOMAS
Eh, they were too dumb. And blond.
And skinny.

George shakes his head. Ben grabs the whiskey bottle from
Thomas.

BEN
You're a complete and utter waste
of a penis.

INT. THEATRE - ONSTAGE - SAME TIME

The curtain rises. The set is a war-torn village. ACTORS are
dressed as VIKINGS and VILLAGERS. LIVE ANIMALS roam the stage.

Edna SINGS in a viking costume.

INT. THEATER - JUST OFF STAGE - SAME TIME

Lewis and Clark try to nudge uncooperative live chickens and
pigs onto the stage.

INT. THEATER - BACKSTAGE - SAME TIME

Ben drunkenly stumbles through the labyrinth of wooden boards
and props. He starts unbuttoning his shirt.

BEN
Edna? Oh Edna...

Ben rounds a corner to find...

A fat, bearded DRAMA NERD dressed as a VIKING. He stretches, hums, does vocal exercises. He's way too into the role.

If Ben wasn't DRUNK, he'd realize this guy was a TENOR in the opera. But he is drunk. REALLY DRUNK.

BEN
Where's Edna?

The Tenor points to a curtain.

TENOR
(whispers)
Right through there.

Ben heads for the curtain but the Tenor stops him.

TENOR
Halt! Don't you dare ruin our moment.

BEN
What? Edna told me to wait for her-

NERDY TENOR
Then wait. For the next ten minutes, Edna is mine.

Ben is puzzled. And jealous.

BEN
Yours?

TENOR
(stretching his arms)
When I pass through this curtain, I become lord of Edna's realm. I become her master. Her king. And she will be my lover. Our bodies will coalesce in sweet duet, writhing with the music as we climb to a glorious climax.

BEN
Climax?

TENOR
Glorious climax. You can watch if you want, but do not, by any means, interrupt. For the next ten minutes, Edna is all mine.

Ben's getting furious.

TENOR
(winks)
Enjoy the show.

Ben PUNCHES the Tenor in the face, knocking him OUT COLD.

BEN
Ten minutes? I only need two,
bitch.

Ben starts undressing.

INT. THEATER - ONSTAGE - SAME TIME

The opera crescendoes. Edna belts out a high note as...

Ben CHARGES through the stage door -- BUTT NAKED -- holding the Tenor's VIKING HELMET over his crotch.

He freezes like a deer in headlights.

IN THE AUDIENCE: Percival gasps. Grezelda laughs. Hatchett glares.

INT. THEATER - JUST OFF STAGE - SAME TIME

Lewis and Clark panic.

CLARK
Oh my god. Pull the lever! Scene
Change!

Lewis takes hold of a giant LEVER.

INT. THEATER - ONSTAGE - SAME TIME

Ben's still frozen. How the hell is he going to get out of this? He looks at Edna, the orchestra, the audience. Then...

Ben SINGS OUT in an AWKWARD FALSETTO. He reaches out to Edna, singing. Beat. She sings back.

The confused Conductor starts the music back up. The show goes on...

INT. THEATER - JUST OFF STAGE - SAME TIME

Lewis STRADDLES the lever, YANKING furiously.

LEWIS
It won't budge!

George and Thomas stumble up behind Lewis and Clark.

THOMAS
(sees Ben)
Uhh... George. You might want to
take a look at this.

INT. THEATER - BACKSTAGE - SAME TIME

The Tenor comes to and rubs his aching jaw. He looks out at the stage to find Ben stealing his scene.

TENOR
That fat bastard...

INT. THEATER - ONSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

The Tenor CHARGES on stage and JUMPS ON Ben.

Immediately, GEORGE RUSHES ON STAGE AND TACKLES the Tenor. They FLY through the air, CRASHING THROUGH THE SET.

THOMAS grabs BEN and tries to DRAG him offstage.

THOMAS
Time to get out of here, buddy.

But Ben STRUGGLES and REACHES out for EDNA.

In a weird, disturbing way, it kind of looks like this is what was supposed to happen.

INT. THEATER - DRESSING ROOM - SAME TIME

The noise rouses John from his slumber.

JOHN
Uhh. My head. Thomas? George?

John gets up, winces, and stumbles to the door.

INT. THEATRE - BACKSTAGE - SAME TIME

Desperate, Clark KNEELS in front of Lewis, GRABS the lever, and PUSHES with all his strength.

They tug and groan... until the lever is finally ERECT.
CREAK! The stage BEGINS TO ROTATE.

INT. THEATRE - BACKSTAGE - SAME TIME

John stumbles, lost in a dark maze.

JOHN
Where's the bathroom?

Suddenly, the FLOOR begins to SHAKE under his feet. He struggles to keep his balance.

INT. THEATER - ONSTAGE - SAME TIME

The STAGE ROTATES, whisking Ben, George, Thomas, Edna, and the chaos away.

A NEW SET SWIVELS into view. JOHN stands in the middle of it.

JOHN
Where am I? George? Ben? Is anyone there?

The audience isn't sure if this is part of the show.

John stares into the audience, but only sees blurry darkness. He stumbles to the edge of the stage.

JOHN
God I need to pee.

John shrugs, unzips his pants, and starts to PISS.

The audience is shocked beyond belief. Dead Silence. Mouths wide open.

JOHN
Aahhhhhh....

John's head tilts back in sweet relief. It goes on. And on. He finally finishes, shakes, and zips up.

John's vision adjusts and the audience slowly comes into focus. He looks down in the front row to see...

PRINCE PERCIVAL -- DRENCHED IN URINE. Percival spits out a mouthful.

JOHN
Oh. Shit.

CUT TO:

EXT. YARVARD MAIN SQUARE - MORNING

John, George, Ben, & Thomas TARRED AND FEATHERED, HANGING UPSIDE DOWN. A crowd has gathered in the square.

Percival and Grezelda look on. Hatchett addresses the crowd.

GENERAL HATCHETT
These men stand accused of public nudity, indecency, drunkenness, and worst of all, urination on the prince. Unsolicited urination. Not to be confused with the sweet golden showers the whores down on Plowman's Wharf reluctantly provide for an extra five schillings.

PERCIVAL
That's quite enough, General!

GENERAL HATCHETT
Yes, we've had enough. For almost a decade, you jack offs have taken advantage of higher education and used learning as an excuse to party. Well, the party's over. And your punishment is education. You will stay in school. And you will learn.

George isn't even paying attention. He's checking out Princess Grezelda. She notices him and smiles suggestively.

GEORGE
(whispering to Thomas)
Dude, check it out. The princess totally wants my-

Hatchett SLAMS his rifle butt into George's NUTS.

GENERAL HATCHETT
You will learn because you'll have no more distractions. From now on, all partying by Yarvard students is officially banned.

The crowd is shocked. George, Ben, and Thomas GASP.

GENERAL HATCHETT

No more liquor on campus. No more house parties. No more bars and taverns. It's all over.

Hatchett looks out on the crowd with disdain.

GENERAL HATCHETT

As of today, I've authorized the Quartering Act. Soldiers will be strategically housed in all of the dormitories to prevent partying.

Groans from the crowd.

GENERAL HATCHETT

Naturally, students with the lowest grades will be removed to make room for my men.

More groans.

GENERAL HATCHETT

Now run along to class, little children. Run along.

Hatchett marches off. The crowd disperses.

George, Ben, Thomas & John still hang upside down. John tries to end the awkward silence.

JOHN

Hey, at least we're still in school, right?

BEN

Shut up.

A crow pecks at Ben's tar and feathers.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

With tar on his face and feathers in his hair, John scribbles furiously, trying to keep up with his PROFESSOR's lecture on Ancient Greece.

PROFESSOR

Greek secret societies fought for the principles of liberty, equality, and fraternity. So everyone could be free to speak their minds! So everyone could have a voice!

The bell RINGS. Everyone's out the door. The professor pulls a FLASK out from behind the lectern.

PROFESSOR
 (to himself)
 Everyone except women...and
 slaves... and the boy servants of
 drooling old senators...

He takes a long pull from the flask.

EXT. YARVARD QUAD - DAY

John exits the classroom.

ABIGAIL (O.S.)
 John, are you okay?

John turns to see Abigail across the quad.

ABIGAIL
 I heard about what happened.

JOHN
 I know. I can't believe they didn't
 expel us-

ABIGAIL
 Soldiers on campus. Students losing
 housing. It's awful.

John notices several REDCOATS patrolling the quad.

JOHN
 (backtracking)
 Because if they had expelled us,
 that would've been the last straw.

ABIGAIL
 I'm worried, John. They're taking
 over our school. Someone needs to
 do something. Someone needs to
 stand up to them.

Just then, a REDCOAT motions them to halt.

REDCOAT
 You kids better not be plannin' a
 party.

Abigail and John turn away from him. The Redcoat GRABS
 Abigail's arm.

REDCOAT
 (lowers his voice)
 Because there's only one party
 you're allowed at, little missy:
 the party in my trousers.

ABIGAIL
 Let go of me.

REDCOAT
 Come on, baby. Big Ben's at 12:00
 O'clock.

This is John's chance to stand up to them.

JOHN
 Leave her alone.

The Redcoat STARTS at him. John LEAPS BACK in fright.

JOHN
 Don't hurt me!

The Redcoat laughs. Abigail KNEES him in the BALLS.

John is amazed... and pretty damn embarrassed. As the Soldier
 writhes in pain, Abigail and John hurry off.

MR. SMITH (V.O.)
 Yes, kids. Things were bad. And
 they were about to get worse. Much
 worse. Worse than catching your
 daddy putting his hoo-hah into your
 mommy's tinkle place.

EXT. APARTMENT - DUSK

As John approaches George, Thomas and Ben's place, he sees a
 large BONFIRE burning on the lawn.

British troops toss the guys' possessions into the fire.

JOHN
 What the hell's going on here?

THOMAS
 Looks like they didn't want our
 stuff in their new place.

JOHN
 Hey! That's my trunk!

Too late. The Soldiers THROW John's TRUNK in the fire.

A Redcoat walks past holding an INFLATABLE DOLL. Ben panics.

BEN
No, not Lucy!

The soldier ignores him and tosses the doll into the fire. It deflates with a loud HISS. Ben LUNGES at the soldier, but George and Thomas hold him back.

BEN
What was her crime? WHAT WAS HER
CRIME!?

JOHN
You can't get away with this. We've
got rights!

REDCOAT
Sure you've got rights. The right
to shut the fuck up!

The Redcoat SHOVES John down in the mud, scattering the contents of John's school bag.

REDCOAT
What's this? A colouring book?

The Redcoat THROWS it into the fire and chuckles.

John takes one last look at his book's binding before it's engulfed by flames: "Secret Societies of the Ancient World."

INT. SAM'S TAVERN - NIGHT

Sam washes out glasses behind the bar, looking uneasily at George, Thomas, Ben, and John sitting in front of him.

GEORGE
Pour me something stiff, Sam.

UNCLE SAM
I don't know, George. You heard
what Hatchett said.

A beat.

UNCLE SAM
Fuck it.

He pours the guys a round of drinks.

UNCLE SAM

So you guys are gonna drop out of school now, right?

GEORGE

Yup.

BEN

Looks that way.

UNCLE SAM

It's the right decision.

THOMAS

What's the real world like, Sam?
Are we gonna be okay?

UNCLE SAM

Well I'll put it like this. In college, if I wanted to get laid, all I had to do was meet a random girl at a party and hope she was drunk.

BEN

Amen.

UNCLE SAM

But in the real world, if I want to score with a girl, I need to buy her various goods as a sign of my commitment. Which means I need money. Which means I need to run a tavern. Which means I need to keep the outhouses clean. Which means that every goddamn night, I need to shovel shit into a wheel barrow and dump it into the Charles River.

THOMAS

Isn't the Charles River where our drinking water comes from?

UNCLE SAM

The point is, the real world is a fucking nightmare. You have to shovel shit all day just to get by.

BEN

So we should stay in college even though we can't party?

UNCLE SAM
Hell no. That sounds even worse.

Dejected silence. John raises his voice hesitantly.

JOHN
Why don't we stand up for ourselves?

George rolls his eyes.

JOHN
Seriously. Someone needs to do something. We have to take back our school.

BEN
Sure. Let's just tell the soldiers to put down their big ass muskets and let us party again.

Everyone LAUGHS. What a dumb idea.

JOHN
I was just thinking... the Greeks had these secret societies that figured how to stand up for stuff. Stuff like liberty, equality, and fraternity. Maybe we could do something like that.

A moment of silence as they consider.

GEORGE
John, unless you have something useful to say, please don't say anything at all.
(beat)
Now back to dropping out of school-

THOMAS
Hold on, I think John's onto something. Forget that liberty equality stuff. Just think about a secret society.

Everyone else thinks. Nothing comes.

THOMAS
A secret *party* society.

It slowly dawns on George & Ben.

JOHN
That's not exactly-

BEN
My God. It's fucking perfect.

UNCLE SAM
I told you he was an Adams.

JOHN
(can't backtrack now)
I guess it's one way to stand up to
the British. Kind of. A secret
party society... fraternity thing.
We'll take back our right to party,
then we can start fighting for
liberty and equality. Right?

GEORGE
(winks at Ben & Thomas)
Sure, John. As long as we party
first.

BEASTIE BOYS' "Fight for your Right" plays as we CUT TO:

INT. YE OLDE REAL ESTATE OFFICE - DAY

George sits in front of a desk, trying to look professional.

GEORGE
So basically we're looking for a
big place we can trash, with
neighbors who won't mind loud music
and parties. And it needs to be
cheap. Really cheap.

The Real Estate Agent frowns.

EXT. BOSTON WOODS - DAY

George leads Thomas, Ben, and John through the woods.

GEORGE
Wait till you see this place.

He points proudly at the house -- a rotting, two-story DUMP.

GEORGE
Total steal, right? Solid as they
come.

George pats the fence. A large piece BREAKS off.

INT. HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The house is worse on the inside. Mold, cobwebs, and junk everywhere. Thomas covers his nose. Ben gags.

JOHN
Well at least no one's gonna bother
us in here.

Wading through junk, Ben step steps on A BODY. It GROWLS.

BEN
HOLY SHIT!!!

George, Thomas, Ben, and John SCREAM! They RUSH to the door.

GEORGE
Fuck! Open it!

THOMAS
I can't! It's stuck!

BEN
We're gonna die! We're gonna die!

More BODIES appear in the shadows. It's like a HORROR MOVIE.
The guys SCREAM like BABIES.

A beat.

THOMAS
Revere, is that you?

The "zombies" step into the light. They're just COLLEGE GUYS.

THOMAS
What are you guys doing here?

REVERE
We needed a place to stay after the
British kicked us out of our dorms.

JOHN
(realizing)
The guys with the lowest grades on
campus...

COLLEGE DUDE
We figured no one would be dumb
enough to buy this place.

GEORGE
Well I was. So get out.

REVERE
Sure, we'll just go back to our
dorm rooms. Oh wait. We can't.
We've got nowhere to go thanks to
you assholes!

They do have a point.

JOHN
Can't we just let them join?

REVERE
Join? Join what?

George, Thomas, and Ben flash John mean looks.

JOHN
Look, this is kind of our fault.
And our fraternity could use some
more members.

George, Thomas, and Ben consider.

GEORGE
Fine. But you guys are gonna have
to answer some questions first.

INT. BASEMENT - UNKNOWN TIME

A makeshift interrogation room. A lantern shines onto a chair.

GEORGE (O.S.)
State your name.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

-- A Burly Jock.

HANCOCK
John Hancock.

-- A Rich Kid.

BENEDICT
Benedict Arnold.

-- A Stoner.

REVERE

Paul Revere.

-- A clean cut young man.

MONROE

James Monroe.

-- Another, clean cut young man, identical to Monroe. This is why you missed that 8th grade test question. It's impossible to tell the difference between James Madison and James Monroe.

MADISON

James Madison.

George and Thomas share a look: *Didn't we just see this guy?*

-- A familiar, effeminate Stage Manager in cut-off pantaloons.

LEWIS

Lewis.

An arm gently drapes itself around Lewis' shoulder. REVEAL:

CLARK, sitting close to Lewis. A little too close.

CLARK

And Cla-ark!

Lewis and Clark smile suggestively at John.

JOHN

(whispering)

Isn't there something a bit *queer* about those two?

GEORGE

Not at all. They're just two happy guys. Why they're two of the gayest fellows I've ever met!

-- Benedict back in the hot seat.

JOHN

How can we trust you to keep our society a secret?

BENEDICT

Because Benedict Arnold's word is as good as gold.

George whispers to John.

GEORGE
I don't know why, but I really
trust this guy.

-- Madison and Monroe.

GEORGE
(to Madison)
Alright, Monroe, how are you gonna
help us fight-

MADISON
Actually, I'm Madison. He's Monroe.

GEORGE
Wait. Then which one of you is James?

MADISON
I am.

MONROE
I am.

Everyone's confused.

-- Paul Revere.

GEORGE
How do you plan on fighting against
British oppression in our secret
society?

Paul looks confused.

REVERE
I thought this was a party society.

GEORGE
"By partying" was actually the
correct answer. Can we give him
that one?

Meanwhile, Revere whips out a CORN COB PIPE.

REVERE
Hey, you guys mind if I spark up?

THOMAS
Dude, that's some good-looking bud.
Where'd you get it?

REVERE
 (in between tokes)
 Indian shit.

THOMAS
 Seminole?

REVERE
Mohican.

George, Thomas, and Ben are impressed.

THOMAS
 This guy's in.

John looks concerned. This isn't going how he planned.

-- John Hancock.

GEORGE
 This is a trust exercise. We're
 involved in something top secret
 and potentially dangerous. We have
 to be able to trust you. It's very
 important you answer truthfully.

John looks satisfied with George's line of reasoning.

GEORGE
 John Hancock: do you masturbate?

John's satisfied look disappears.

HANCOCK
 (strangely defensive)
 No! Never.

BEN
 Seriously? You never give yourself
 a little... *hand-cock*?

HANCOCK
 No way, man.

GEORGE
 It's okay. We're all brothers here.

Hancock hesitates. Then pours out his soul.

HANCOCK
 Okay. The truth is I have a huge
 problem.

(MORE)

HANCOCK(cont'd)

I don't know if it's the name or what, but I can't control myself. At all.

Hancock puts his arms on the table. The left forearm is normal, but the right one is HUGE. All four guys are shocked.

HANCOCK

Wow. It feels so good to get that off my chest. Can I hug you, my brothers?

He reaches out to hug Ben. Ben SWATS his hand away.

BEN

Keep that thing away from me!

EXT. YARVARD CAMPUS - DAY

George and Thomas hack at a Cherry Tree.

THOMAS

Why are we doing this again?

GEORGE

We have to be able to trust these guys, right? And what better way to test their loyalty than by forcing them to participate in a bizarre initiation ritual where we repeatedly paddle them on the ass.

One more hit, then TIMBER.

THOMAS

What does that have to do with loyalty?

REDCOAT (O.S.)

Hey!

George and Thomas turn. The Redcoat approaches.

REDCOAT

Did you two just chop down that cherry tree?

They're obviously guilty.

GEORGE

Sir, I cannot tell a lie.

Beat.

GEORGE
No. No we didn't.

REDCOAT
Yes you did. You're holding an axe!

GEORGE
RUN!!!

They grab the tree and SPRINT FOR THEIR LIVES.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

George, Thomas, Ben, and John stand in black robes, holding CHERRY WOOD PADDLES.

GEORGE
Alright you maggots! Line up and bend over!

Lewis, Clark, Madison, Monroe, Revere, and Hancock, dressed in white robes, bend over and await the inevitable.

GEORGE
Who's first?

CLARK
(over-eager)
Me!

GEORGE
Uhm. Why don't we start with you, Benedict.

The other pledges hold down Benedict. As George brings the paddle down on his ass, we CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Everyone stands in the messy living room.

JOHN
Before we can throw our first party, we've gotta clean this place.

BEGIN TEAMWORK CLEANING MONTAGE begins:

- Thomas looks on as Revere cleans something just off screen.
- John delicately paints over a scratch in the wall and smiles at his work. Then...

Monroe and Benedict walk through carrying a couch. Its leg SMASHES into the wall, taking out a whole CHUNK.

- Revere wipes his brow, exhausted. Thomas keeps scrubbing. We still don't see what they're cleaning.

- John sweeps living room DUST into an ENORMOUS PILE. Then...

George opens the front door, carrying beer bottles. A GUST OF WIND from the open door SCATTERS THE DUST everywhere.

GEORGE
(yelling)
Beer break!

- Thomas and Revere smile.

THOMAS
Finally! It's clean!

REVEAL: They've been scrubbing a MARIJUANA PIPE. Thomas takes the first toke.

END (failed) TEAMWORK CLEANING MONTAGE.

John looks at the still filthy living room. It's worse now than it was before.

JOHN
This is gonna be harder than I thought.

THOMAS
I think I've got an idea.

INT. SAM'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - LATER

Thomas walks in, holding two giant LUGGAGE BAGS. Behind him, SALLY HEMMINGS, a large and in charge BLACK WOMAN, enters.

THOMAS
(huffing)
Guys. Meet Sally. Sally, meet the guys.

AWKWARD silence. Sally looks around, extremely unimpressed.

THOMAS
(to Sally)
So we were thinking the living room needs the most work. Maybe you could start there-

Sally lifts her eyebrow.

SALLY
Exxxcuse me? Why don't YOU start
with the livin' room?

THOMAS
(taken aback)
Right. Okay well maybe the kitchen,
then?

SALLY
Who the hell do you think you are,
tellin' me what to do?

THOMAS
Well. I, uh-

SALLY
You don't own me!

Awkward beat. The guys stare at the floor.

THOMAS
Well technically, ma'am...

Sally's eyes narrow. Thomas stops.

SALLY
Technically *what*?

Silence. No one dares to say it.

SALLY
That's what I thought. Now what the
hell you boys doin' standin'
'round? Pick up some fuckin' brooms
and start sweepin'! Shit 'bout to
change 'round here!

BEGIN "SALLY WHIPS THE GUYS INTO SHAPE" MONTAGE:

- Sally BARKS ORDERS like a drill sergeant as the guys clean.

- Sally walks by the kitchen, DOUBLE TAKES when she sees --

CLARK, on his knees, BOBBING his head at Lewis' CROTCH. She
creeps around the counter to get a better view...

Pfewww! False alarm. Clark is only scrubbing the floor. Lewis
reaches up to feather dust the ceiling.

- SALLY BATHES luxuriously in the out-door BATHTUB while Thomas sweats in the garden, TRIMMING A HEDGE.

He sees her through the bushes and can't help PEEKING. He peeks longer... and longer. Then Sally looks RIGHT AT HIM.

Thomas tries to play it cool. He looks down at the HEDGE. He's completely DESTROYED it.

- Hancock sits on the pot in the OUTHOUSE, flipping pages of a colonial porno: BODICE BUSTERS. As he unzips his pants...

SALLY barges in. Hancock is MORTIFIED. She grabs the magazine and hands him a mop, then slams the door.

END MONTAGE.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Everyone is sprawled out around the living room, exhausted, but the house is SPOTLESS.

In the corner, Ben tinkers with a LARGE MIRROR.

JOHN

What are you working on?

BEN

A surveillance system.

JOHN

Great! We can make sure the Brits aren't onto us.

BEN

Sure...

Ben tugs a ROPE attached to a pulley, which...

EXT. BOSTON ROOFTOP - SAME TIME

...adjusts a MIRROR on a distant rooftop. In that mirror's reflection: ANOTHER MIRROR.

INT. BEN'S ROOM - SAME TIME

The mirrors reflect at once, setting off a periscope chain reaction to reveal in the big mirror: THE GIRLS DORMITORY.

JOHN
I don't see what this has to do
with... Oh my god.

The other guys gather around to see what's going on.

IN THE MIRROR: TWO SMOKING HOT GIRLS undress each other.

GEORGE
Ben, you're a genius.

Their giant hoop dresses hit the floor. The girls proceed to help each other unlace their skirts...

To reveal frilly UNDERGARMENTS.

REVERE
Bodices! We've got Bodices!

Hancock creeps away.

HANCOCK
I'm... uh... gonna use the...
uhm... bathroom.

The girls STRIP off their undergarments to reveal...

MORE UNDERGARMENTS. They untie these undergarments to reveal... MORE UNDERGARMENTS.

REVERE
Aww... come on!

ONSCREEN TEXT: 30 MINUTES LATER

The girls still unwinding ribbons of cloth off themselves. There's more cloth on these girls than a mummy.

JOHN
This sucks.

CLARK
(whispers to Lewis)
See. I told you. Queer as a three-
wheeled carriage.

George stands and addresses the brothers.

GEORGE
Guys, it's time to do what we set
out to do.
(MORE)

GEORGE (cont'd)

This Friday, we're going to throw the biggest party this school has ever seen. Invite every girl you know.

REVERE

And tell them not to wear so many layers.

JOHN

Hold on. We could get in serious trouble. This needs to be a secret.

THOMAS

He's right. The girls we know can't keep secrets. Remember the "wig lice" incident last year?

GEORGE

Shit. We can't invite them. They'll blow our cover.

Bummer.

BEN

Who says we have to *invite* them?

Everyone looks at Ben, puzzled.

BEN

Just make sure we have booze. I'll make sure the girls show up.

EXT. STATELY GARDEN - DAY

Hatchett approaches Prince Percival.

GENERAL HATCHETT

You wished to see me, your highness.

PERCIVAL

I assume you've heard the rumors. The pissants who ruined my opera are up to something.

GENERAL HATCHETT

I've had my eye on them, your highness.

PERCIVAL

Well, what are you waiting for? Arrest them!

GENERAL HATCHETT

It's not that easy, Prince. We can't punish them until we catch them doing something wrong.

PERCIVAL

Wrong? They soiled me with their filthy, colonial fluids. It doesn't get more wrong! Besides, I fear for my sister...

Percival looks longingly at Grezelda who strolls in the garden. She bends down to sniff a daisy.

PERCIVAL

Such a gentle creature is in danger when men like those are free to walk the streets. Look at her. Her snow white skin. Her hair, the way it curls around her nubile limbs, teasing her bosom...

Hatchett clears his throat. Percy catches himself.

PERCIVAL

In short, they're a menace and your incompetence in dealing with them irks me. I'm informing my uncle-

GENERAL HATCHETT

Your uncle would tell you to see the big picture! I want to come down on these colonists as hard as you do. But we have to do it slowly. Tactfully. We can't go giving them ideas.

PERCIVAL

Ideas? What kind of ideas?

GENERAL HATCHETT

Revolt. Rebellion. *Revolution*.

Percival is listening.

GENERAL HATCHETT

We're outmanned and under-armed, so we have to play our cards right. If these colonists ever got organized, they could be a fighting force.

EXT. LAUNDRY BUILDING - DAY

George, Thomas, & Ben creep along the wall like special ops. Ben makes elaborate military hand signals.

BEN
Go! Go! Go!

INT. LAUNDRY BUILDING - DAY

An OLD WOMAN smokes a cigarette as she sorts laundry. Thomas runs in and GRABS a handful of clothes.

OLD WOMAN
Hey!

She waddles after Thomas. George and Ben sneak in and begin to sort through laundry bags.

BEN
Remember: we want to sprinkle iron powder on all the hot chicks' clothes.

George picks up two bags: "M. Pitcher," "B. Ross."

GEORGE
Molly Pitcher. Betsy Ross. They're definitely coming to our party.

Ben grabs a bag labeled "E. Tartoffle." He holds up a pair of Edna's large panties.

BEN
I like big butts and I cannot lie.

Ben dumps the clothes into a large vat.

He pulls out a can labeled IRON POWDER and pours the powder into the vat while George keeps sorting.

EXT. YARVARD QUAD - DAY

John sees Abigail from across the quad and runs toward her.

JOHN
Hey! Abigail!

Over eager, John TRIPS and TUMBLES OVER. He leaps up, trying to play it off as an acrobatic stunt.

JOHN
Tah dah!

ABIGAIL
Are you okay?

JOHN
Totally.

John turns and silently screams in pain.

ABIGAIL
Where have you been? I haven't seen
you on campus.

JOHN
Well, remember how you were saying
someone has to do something...
(leans in and whispers)
...about the British.

ABIGAIL
Sure.

JOHN
Well I've been working on
something. Something big. We're
taking back our rights.

ABIGAIL
Really? How?

JOHN
You'll see.
(whispers)
Tonight.

ABIGAIL
John Adams! Look at you. You're
fighting back.

Exactly what John wanted to hear.

JOHN
Someone's gotta do it.

ABIGAIL
Tell me about it. Have you heard
the rumors about this secret party
society?

JOHN
Yeah. That's-

ABIGAIL

Such a stupid idea. I know.

Ouch. Not what John was expecting.

ABIGAIL

I mean, look around. Partying is the last thing we need to worry about.

John looks across the quad. A crowd of students has gathered around PATRICK HENRY, a student protester.

PATRICK HENRY

Every day they take away more of our rights. I say we take a stand!

SEVERAL REDCOATS SHOVE their way through the crowd.

REDCOAT 1

That's it. Break it up!

PATRICK HENRY

I won't turn and run, you hear me!
GIVE ME LIBERTY OR GIVE ME DEATH!

REDCOAT 2

(shrugs)

Fine. Kill him.

Patrick Henry TURNS and RUNS, screaming the whole time. The Redcoats chuckle.

ABIGAIL

See what I mean? How could anyone think about partying in times like these.

John's turning pale.

JOHN

Yeah. Stupid. Partying. So dumb.

ABIGAIL

(lowers her voice)

So what's the deal with tonight?

JOHN

Tonight? Oh. That. It's not tonight. It's next week.

ABIGAIL
But didn't you just say it's
tonight?

JOHN
(laughs nervously)
Sounds like somebody needs to get
their ears checked.

Awkward beat.

JOHN
Well, gotta go. Got a big night of
doing nothing to look forward to.

John hurries off. Abigail watches, puzzled.

EXT. HOUSE - FRONT YARD - DUSK

The guys push a giant, covered contraption into a clearing
behind the house.

BEN
Get ready to be impressed.

He rips the cover off to reveal: A GIANT MAGNET, pieced
together from metal scraps. It looks ready to collapse.

THOMAS
What the fuck is that?

HANCOCK
How is this gonna get girls to our
party?

BEN
It's a simple matter of magnetism.
We crank the magnet. The charge
attracts the iron particles in the
girls' clothes. The girls are
gently pulled by their clothes to
our front door. And we party.
What's so complicated about that?

THOMAS
Everything.

MADISON
Yeah. It seems like there's a lot
of room for error.

MONROE

Like it's never going to work.

GEORGE

It's going to work. It's perfect.
How about some fucking solidarity?

John runs up to the guys, out of breath.

JOHN

Guys, I just realized something. We
have to cancel the party.

BEN

I just realized something too.
You're a douche bag. Now shut up
and help.

John can't win this one.

JOHN

Fine. But starting tomorrow, we've
gotta get serious.

(relieved)

Thank god Abigail's not coming.

BEN

Yes she is.

(to George)

We sprinkled her clothes with iron
powder, right?

John looks at the magnet. He starts to see the big picture.

JOHN

That's how you're getting girls to
the party?!

(beat)

There's no way that'll work.

BEN

Fuck you. Just watch.

Ben begins to CRANK the magnet furiously. John considers the
situation, then SPRINTS off.

INT. GIRLS DORM - HALLWAY - MINUTES LATER

John KNOCKS on Abigail's door. No answer. He turns the knob.
It's open. He looks both ways and sneaks inside.

INT. ABIGAIL'S DORM ROOM - SECONDS LATER

John sifts frantically through Abigail's CLOTHES.

JOHN

Dammit. Which ones have iron powder
on them?

EXT. HOUSE - FRONT YARD - SAME TIME

Everyone CRANKS the magnet. STORM CLOUDS brew overhead. Ben looks like a mad scientist as his hair blows in the wind.

BEN

Faster, you fools! Faster!

THOMAS

This is gonna take a miracle.

EXT. BOSTON STREET - SAME TIME

A cute COLONIAL KID flies a KITE.

MOTHER (O.S.)

Junior! Come inside, it's going to
rain!

COLONIAL KID

Coming mother!

A STRONG GUST of WIND. He tries his best, but he can't keep hold of the string. The KITE FLIES AWAY.

COLONIAL KID

Aw fuck.

INT. ABIGAIL'S DORM ROOM - SAME TIME

John holds a pair of panties up to his face and sees IRON POWDER.

JOHN

Yes!

John fails to notice that ABIGAIL has entered the room, wrapped in her towel.

ABIGAIL'S POV: John seems to be SNIFFING HER PANTIES.

JOHN
Yes. Yes. Thank you god!

ABIGAIL
John?

JOHN
Abigail!

ABIGAIL
What the hell are you doing?

EXT. HOUSE - FRONT YARD - SAME TIME

The KITE string CATCHES on something. PULL BACK to reveal:
It's STUCK TO THE MAGNET. The guys crank below, oblivious.

THOMAS
It's not working!

BEN
It'll work dammit! It'll work!

The RAIN starts to POUR. A LIGHTNING BOLT TEARS through the sky. It HITS the kite, then the magnet, ELECTROCUTING Ben.

The MAGNET ROARS into OVERDRIVE.

INT. ABIGAIL'S ROOM - SAME TIME

John stands frozen in front of Abigail.

JOHN
This isn't what it looks like. I
was just examining your underwear.

ABIGAIL
That's exactly what it looks like.

John swallows hard. This can't get any worse. Then...

ABIGAIL'S PANTIES FLY out of his hands and through her doorway. Suddenly, more of her clothes go.

She glares at John, then rushes after her clothes.

JOHN
Abigail! Wait!

INT. CAFETERIA - NIGHT

A group of HOT GIRLS are eating at a dinner table.

Suddenly their clothes are TORN OFF and FLY out the door.

The girls STAMPEDE out of the cafeteria chasing their clothes. The guys' mouths hang open.

PATRICK SNEEDLY
That was the most amazing thing
I've ever seen in my life.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Abigail chases after her clothes. John chases after Abigail.

JOHN
Abigail!

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

More and more CLOTHES STICK to the magnet.

BEN
Incredible! The charge from the
kite increased the magnetic
capacity tenfold! I've discovered
the properties of electri-

GEORGE
Dude! Shut up and turn it off!

Ben desperately tries to shut it off.

BEN
I can't! It has a mind of it's own!

Abigail arrives at the clearing in her towel. She sees her clothes sticking to the magnet.

ABIGAIL
What's going on here, John?

JOHN
I'm not sure...

Suddenly, they hear a loud RUMBLING.

They stare into the darkness. The RUMBLING GETS CLOSER and closer, until...

A sea of WET, NAKED GIRLS charges out of the woods, running in *Baywatch* style slow motion, COMING RIGHT AT THEM.

THOMAS

We are so fucked.

The girls surround them. They're naked, wet, and pissed off. A BUSTY BEAUTY GRABS Ben by the collar.

BUSTY BEAUTY

Gimme my clothes back, fat boy!

BEN

I'm trying my breast! Best!

George, sensing danger, leans toward Lewis & Clark.

GEORGE

Find something for these girls to wear. Now.

Lewis & Clark hurry off. George turns to the mob of girls.

GEORGE

Ladies. We owe you a huge apology. Believe me, the last thing we'd ever want is to get you naked.

(sneaks a peak)

I told Ben this magnet was a bad idea, but he wouldn't listen.

So much for "solidarity."

GEORGE

But don't blame the rest of us for thinking that maybe, just maybe, you girls might want to be part of the biggest moment in American history.

The girls are intrigued. Even Abigail's curious.

GEORGE

Sure, you can turn around and walk away.

(MORE)

GEORGE(cont'd)

But five hundred years from now,
when your grandchildren ask you
about that fateful night in 1769,
when a group of brave college
students finally stood up to the
British, do you want to tell them
you missed out on it? Or do you
want to tell them you were there?

The girls are hanging on every one of George's words.

GEORGE

Because tonight's the night we
stand up for our rights. Tonight's
the night we finally fight back.
Tonight's the night we...
(dramatic pause)
Party!

ABIGAIL

That's the stupidest thing I've-

BUSTY BEAUTY

I want to make history...

BLONDE HOTTIE

Me too...

Lewis & Clark stumble up carrying bundles of BED SHEETS.

LEWIS

This is all we could find.

GEORGE

This'll do nicely.
(to the girls)
We're going to get your clothes
down just as fast as we can. But
until then...

George holds up bedsheets. The girls consider.

ANOTHER GIRL

Are you sure we won't get in
trouble?

GEORGE

One drink. Who's gonna find out?

The girls begin to file into the house, while Lewis & Clark
distribute bedsheets.

CLARK
This one really brings out your
eyes.

George hands bedsheets to TWO AMAZINGLY HOT CHICKS.

GEORGE
Molly Pitcher. Betsy Ross... What a
surprise.

Edna approaches Ben.

BEN
Edna, I don't know what to say. I'm
really sorry about the opera.
(beat)
And this.

She slaps him across the face.

EDNA
You're an asshole, Ben.

A beat. She GRABS him and KISSES him passionately.

Everyone's headed inside. Everyone except John & Abigail.

JOHN
I'm sorry Abigail. We just thought
partying would be a good way to-

ABIGAIL
To what? Distract everyone from
what's really going on?

John doesn't have an answer.

ABIGAIL
You lied to me John. You lied and
you sniffed my panties.

Abigail turns to leave.

JOHN
I wasn't sniffing-

But Abigail's already gone.

INT. FRAT HOUSE - DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

The party is OFF THE HOOK. Everyone DANCES as a colonial band
inexplicably plays a fiddle version of the Humpty Dance.

LEWIS and CLARK start a two man conga line. MADISON and MONROE shake their tailfeathers with a pair of GORGEOUS TWINS. EDNA giggles as BEN does the WORM. Even SALLY and UNCLE SAM get down on the dance floor.

INT. FRAT HOUSE - BAR - LATER

JOHN sits at the bar alone, drunk and miserable.

BEN
(whispers to George)
Let me do the talking. He seems pretty upset.

George and Ben sit down next to John.

BEN
Stop being a fucking party pooper, John. You're acting like a baby.

John ignores them. George tries a softer approach.

GEORGE
Cheer up, kid. This is why we're in college. To have fun.

JOHN
That's why you're in college. I came here to get an education and marry the girl of my dreams.

John chugs some beer.

GEORGE
What did Abigail really think we were going to do? Organize armed militias and start a revolution?

BEN
Declare independence and found a new country?

GEORGE
We're college kids, John. We stood up to the British the only way we could. If Abigail really was the girl of your dreams, she'd be proud of us for it.

As John sips more beer, George notices a GORGEOUS BRUNETTE sitting at the other end of the bar, giggling with her friends and eyeing the "Founders."

GEORGE

Those girls are proud of us.

George smiles at the Brunette, but she's looking at John.

GEORGE

John Adams, I believe you have a groupie.

John spots the Brunette. She smiles at him.

JOHN

She's just being friendly.

John gazes at the alluring Brunette, who gazes right back.

She's definitely not just being friendly.

She downs another shot with her giggly friends, then adjusts her toga, further accentuating her amazing cleavage.

JOHN

(transfixed by boobs)

I don't know. I'm really drunk. And so is she.

BEN

Exactly.

JOHN

Besides... Abigail...

GEORGE

John, I only know three things. One: Abigail ditched you. Two: there's a beautiful girl over there who wants you to make a move. And three: You have a highly visible boner that you should do something about before you make that move.

Yikes. John hurriedly "adjusts," then thinks it over.

The Brunette heads for the stairs and smiles at John. Her smile suggests he should follow.

It's too much. He grabs George's beer and chugs it.

JOHN

I need a sheepskin.

BEN
 You need more than a sheepskin. You
 need *this*.

Ben hands John a vial labeled "MINUTEMAN PROLONGUE CREME."

BEN
 Rub some on your, you know, and
 you'll go all night. She'll thank
 you.

JOHN
 This works?

BEN
 Like a charm. I invented it because
 I had this prob-
 (catching himself)
 I had a friend who had this problem
 with, you know, finishing too fast.
 (off their looks)
 Just trust me. It works.

He hands John the CREME and a SHEEPSKIN CONDOM. John downs
 ANOTHER drink, swallows hard, and follows after the girl.

GEORGE
 He's gonna thank us tomorrow.

Thomas walks up to George & Ben, puffing a joint.

BEN
 (re: the party)
 Not bad, right Tommy?

THOMAS
 I guess.

GEORGE
 What do you mean, you "guess?"

THOMAS
 It's just... these girls are all
 the same. When am I going to meet
 someone new? Someone exotic?

Ben rolls his eyes. George isn't paying attention: PRINCESS
 GREZELDA has entered, looking like a goddess in her toga.

GEORGE
 What was that, Thomas?

THOMAS

I said-

GEORGE

Great. That's great.

George walks towards Grezelda in a zone. He kisses her hand.

GEORGE

Princess Grezelda. We weren't able to infiltrate the royal laundry room. Believe me, we tried.

GREZELDA

Mr. Washington, you don't need parlour tricks to get me naked.

George stammers. This girl's got more game than he does.

GREZELDA

Well, are you going to stand there and stare or are you going to show me to your room?

George escorts Grezelda up the stairs towards his room.

THOMAS

(to Ben)

And then there were two.

Only Ben's not there. Thomas looks over to see him and EDNA heading up the stairs too, giggling & kissing the whole way.

SALLY (O.S.)

Look at you, standin' there all by your lonesome.

Thomas turns to find Sally, wearing a toga. Maybe it's the alcohol.. or the weed.. but Sally's looking pretty damn sexy.

SALLY

How come you ain't got you a girl yet?

THOMAS

I don't know, Sally. It's just... it's tough, you know?

SALLY

Tough? You don't know tough 'til you walk a day in my shoes!

THOMAS

We don't treat you bad, do we?

SALLY

Hell naw, you boys are a buncha pussies. Shoulda seen my last gig tho. Muthafucka had some issues.

Sally takes the joint from Thomas and puffs.

SALLY

You know what your problem is, Thomas? You could do anything you put your mind to, but all you ever do is sit around, gettin' high. Boy like you needs a girl to take control. Show you what's what.

THOMAS

You're right. Why can't I meet a girl like that?

SALLY

Maybe you have.

They lock eyes.

EXT. BOSTON STREETS - NIGHT

PRIVATE JOHNSON, a pimply young Redcoat, briefs Hatchett, as he and a squad of soldiers charge through the streets.

GENERAL HATCHETT

A stampede you say?

PRIVATE JOHNSON

Not just a stampede, sir. A naked stampede.

The soldiers rush by Abigail, who trudges home.

GENERAL HATCHETT

Well done, Private. This could be our excuse to throw those rabble rousers in jail!

ABIGAIL

(quietly)

My gosh. John...

Abigail turns and runs down a side street.

GENERAL HATCHETT

Faster men! We're going to catch those jack-offs with their pants down!

INT. FRAT HOUSE - GEORGE'S ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: George's pants around his ankles. Grezelda moans.

INT. FRAT HOUSE - BEN'S ROOM - SAME TIME

CLOSE ON: Ben's pants around his ankles. Edna sings.

INT. FRAT HOUSE - THOMAS' ROOM - SAME TIME

CLOSE ON: Thomas' pants around his ankles. Thomas groans in ecstasy as Sally rocks his world.

INT. FRAT HOUSE - JOHN'S ROOM - SAME TIME

CLOSE ON: John's pants still buckled firmly around his waist.

He sits on the bed in nervous, drunken conversation.

JOHN

That's basically the only difference. Sheep farming and goat farming are a lot more similar than people realize.

BRUNETTE

Wow, that's really interesting.

So awkward you can cut the air with a butter knife.

It's made worse by the HUMPING NOISES -- squeaky mattresses and moans -- assaulting them on all sides.

INT. UNCLE SAM'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - SAME TIME

The Toga Party rages on. Hancock walks down the hallway. He stops when he hears GREZELDA'S SEXY ACCENT.

GREZELDA (O.S.)

Don't stop, George! Don't stop.

Hancock's eyes light up. He puts his ear to the door.

Paul Revere rounds the corner, sharing a JOINT with the TWO GIRLS draped on his arms.

REVERE

Most Pilgrims are assholes, but the guy who sold me this shit is super cool.

TOGA GIRL

Does this stuff ever make you paranoid?

REVERE

(between puffs)

No way, baby. Never. I'm always chilled out.

Hancock still listens at the door.

GREZELDA (O.S.)

Oh... My... God! I'm coming!

Her moans escalate. She's definitely... you know.

HANCOCK

Aw yeah. The British ARE CUMMING!

REVERE

(totally paranoid)

Holy shit! The British are coming!
The British are coming!

WIGGING the fuck out, Revere ditches the joint and runs through the party, SCREAMING.

REVERE

THE BRITISH ARE COMING! THE BRITISH
ARE COMING!

PANIC!! Beers spill. Togas rip. Utter chaos.

George & Ben exit their rooms, dressed in sheets.

GEORGE

What's going on?

Ben looks out a window. The British are indeed coming. Hatchett and his men MARCH toward the house bearing TORCHES.

BEN

We've got a little situation here.

INT. THOMAS' ROOM - SAME TIME

The noise startles Sally from her post-coital nap.

SALLY

What in the hell? Thomas, go an see what's up. Sounds like trouble.

Thomas smokes a J and stares at the ceiling. He's smitten.

THOMAS

I don't want to go anywhere. I just want to lay here with you. Forever.

Sally shoots Thomas a sidelong glance: *no he didn't.*

SALLY

Look, Thomas. Don't go gettin' no ideas. This was a one time thing.

THOMAS

What? But... I've never met a girl like you before. I think I lo-

SALLY

Stop! Stop right there. You an me ain't never gonna happen, so you'd best get that notion outta yo head.

THOMAS

Because you're-

SALLY

Uh huh.

THOMAS

And I'm-

SALLY

That's right. Now get your cute little buttercup ass out of bed and see what the hell's goin' on!

INT. FRAT HOUSE - JOHN'S ROOM - SAME TIME

JOHN

Something's going on. I should go.

BRUNETTE

No. Stay here. It's safer.

John tries to get up. She pulls him back to her.
She leans in and KISSES him. John kisses back.

EXT. FRAT HOUSE - SAME TIME

Hatchett BANGS on the door.

GENERAL HATCHETT
Open in up in the name of the King!

INT. FRAT HOUSE - SAME TIME

The place is a COMPLETE MESS. Everyone scrambles to hide cups, bottles, etc.

BEN
Get rid of the beer!

Ben grabs two FULL PITCHERS and downs them in two gulps.

EXT. FRAT HOUSE - SAME TIME

GENERAL HATCHETT (O.S.)
I'm giving you to the count of
three before I break this door
down! One. Two. THREE!!!

Private Johnson CHARGES the door. On cue, the door SWINGS open and Johnson falls onto his face. He looks up to see...

INT. FRAT HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

A SPOTLESS HOUSE. The party-goers sit quietly. Hatchett steps over Johnson and into the living room.

GENERAL HATCHETT
What the hell is going on here?

No one knows what to say. Thomas looks around. He GRABS one of John's GREEK HISTORY BOOKS off a table.

THOMAS
It's a study session. We've got a
big Greek test tomorrow.

Everyone murmurs in agreement, "Right. Right. Greek test."

INT. FRAT HOUSE - JOHN'S ROOM - SAME TIME

John and the Brunette undress each other clumsily.

JOHN

Wait. Hold on a second.

John turns away, takes out the PROLONGUE CREME, and applies it down there.

JOHN

Ok. Where were we?

BRUNETTE

Right. About. Here.

She says this while kissing her way from John's chest to... down there.

JOHN

Oh. My. God.

INT. FRAT HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

The Redcoats search the room for anything suspicious.

Johnson spots the BEER FLUME. They forgot to hide it!

PRIVATE JOHNSON

What's this?

BEN

That. Is... an exact replica of Socrates' "thinking funnel."

Ben takes the funnel and puts it against his ear. He takes the end of the tube and puts it to his lips.

BEN

That way, he could whisper thoughts about Greek philosophy all day long without disturbing the people around him.

THOMAS

Very considerate, if you ask me.

PRIVATE JOHNSON

Hold on. Why are all the girls wearing bed sheets?

Nervous glances. Benedict can't take the pressure.

BENEDICT

I didn't have anything to do with
this I swear! They made me-

Ben ELBOWS Benedict in the stomach.

BEN

The Greeks wore togas. We're just
trying to be authentic.

Ben smiles sheepishly.

THOMAS

(whispers to George)

The Greeks didn't wear Togas. That
was the Romans.

GEORGE

(whispering)

They don't know that.

PRIVATE JOHNSON

Wait a minute! The Romans wore
togas. The Greeks wore tunics.
General, they're lying! They're
obviously having a party.

Hatchett eyes the party-goers.

GENERAL HATCHETT

Johnson, until now, I wasn't quite
sure what to make of all this. But
you've helped me to see.

The Private smiles. Hatchett turns on him.

GENERAL HATCHETT

That you're the most idiotic, good
for nothing spunk puddle I've ever
met! Everyone knows the Greeks wore
togas you dumb fuck!

Meanwhile, Madison and Monroe sit on the couch. Madison is
drunkenly nodding off.

MONROE

(whispers)

Dude, wake up.

Monroe JABS him with his elbow. Monroe wakes up and mutters
some drunken GIBBERISH.

MADISON
Oyden dyspazis--

Hatchett eyes Madison. A TENSE MOMENT. Finally, Hatchett allows a smile.

GENERAL HATCHETT
Making fun of me in Greek, eh? I often wish I'd learned it as a young lad, myself. Well, that settles it. It's all Greek to me.

Hatchett storms out. The soldiers follow.

A sigh of relief. Benedict leans against the closet door.

BENEDICT
Pfew. We got him. What a sucker.

Suddenly the closet BURSTS open, burying Benedict in a mountain of beer bottles and party debris.

Just then, ABIGAIL ARRIVES. She sees Hancock.

ABIGAIL
Is everything okay? Where's John?

HANCOCK
He never came downstairs. Guess he was a little preoccupied...

George, Thomas & Ben shoot Hancock disapproving looks.

HANCOCK
I mean. Crap. I don't know where he is. Haven't seen him all night.

Suspicious, Abigail heads for the stairs. Ben heads her off.

BEN
Abigail, how about a drink?

ABIGAIL
Not now, Ben.

She pushes past him.

INT. FRAT HOUSE - UPSTAIRS BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Brunette is BLOWING John. He's very uncomfortable.

JOHN

Wow, that's really... swell. Keep
up the... good work... you.

(beat)

Gosh. I don't even know your name.

BRUNETTE

Sshh...

She comes up and sloppily KISSES John on his lips.

CLOSE ON: the kiss -- specifically the gross saliva exchange.
The Brunette's lips are covered in oily PROLONGUE CREME. The
CREME transfers to JOHN'S LIPS.

She goes back down on him.

JOHN

No this is wrong. Wee goh-tah
stawp...

That came out strange. John feels his lips, puzzled. No
feeling. He PINCHES THEM. They're completely NUMB.

John pushes her away.

BRUNETTE

Whatt da helll?

She realizes her mouth is NUMB.

FROM HERE ON: all DIALOGUE from JOHN and the BRUNETTE is
complete GIBBERISH. Their *italicized lines* are the SUBTITLED
TRANSLATION of the gibberish.

BRUNETTE

What's wrong with my mouth?

JOHN

I can't do this. I don't love you.

BRUNETTE

*What the fuck is this? Did you put
something in my drink?!*

JOHN

*Look, it's not personal. It's just,
I barely know you.*

John pats her shoulder. She SLUGS him in the stomach.

BRUNETTE

Don't touch me, you pervert!

She swings again, MISSES. Her momentum sends her FLYING OFF the BED. She lands with a THUD -- OUT COLD.

A KNOCK at the door.

ABIGAIL (O.S.)
John? Is everything okay?

John eyes the unconscious girl. Everything is NOT okay.

INT. HALLWAY - SAME TIME

Abigail keeps knocking.

ABIGAIL
John? John? I'm coming in.

She opens the door to find...

INT. JOHN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

John, alone in bed, tucked under the sheets.

ABIGAIL
Were you sleeping?

John nods.

ABIGAIL
Well you missed it. The guys just made Hatchett and the Redcoats look like a bunch of idiots.

She sits down on the bed next to him.

ABIGAIL
I'm sorry, John. I must have sounded so stupid earlier. You thought up a smart, subversive way to get the whole school against the British, and I assumed you were just trying to drink and get laid.

Just then, A GROAN from behind the bed.

ABIGAIL
What was that?

The naked brunette emerges from behind the bed, rubbing her head. Abigail jumps up.

ABIGAIL

(hurt)

I'm sorry. I didn't know I was interrupting.

JOHN

(still gibberish)

This isn't what it looks like.

ABIGAIL

I don't understand you, John.

JOHN

Just let me explain.

ABIGAIL

Really. I don't understand a word you're saying. How drunk are you?

John gets up to run after Abigail, but realizes he's naked. He covers his crotch with a pillow.

ABIGAIL

Good night, John.

Abigail SLAMS the door on her way out. John hangs his head.

BRUNETTE (O.S.)

(still gibberish)

Fucker.

The Brunette KNEES him in the GROIN. John doesn't even react. The prolongue creme has worked its "magic." CUT TO BLACK

INT. PERCY'S ROYAL QUARTERS - MORNING

Percival wakes in a cold sweat. A SERVANT rushes in with his royal robe and a pair of bunny slippers.

PERCIVAL

What horrible sleep! The walls of this dump were moaning and groaning all night long.

The servant slides a bunny slipper on Percival's right foot.

PERCIVAL

No, you idiot! That goes on the left and that goes on the right! There's a slight curve that clearly-

Percival pauses. Someone is whistling "Yankee Doodle" down the hallway.

PERCIVAL
What the devil?

Suspicious, Percival grabs his SWORD and exits.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The whistling leads to the royal kitchen. Inside he finds...

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

GEORGE -- in nothing but BOXERS -- cooking eggs.

GEORGE
Last night was amazing, baby. All
that dirty sex made me hungry...

George looks up from his eggs.

GEORGE
Whoops.

Percival screams and SWIPES HIS SWORD at George's head.
George BLOCKS HIM with the FRYING PAN.

PERCIVAL
Die you vile pig!

Percival STABS at George, but George LEAPS onto a table.
Grezelda bursts into the room.

GREZELDA
Percy! Stop!

PERCIVAL
Never! This lying whelp insulted
your honor! I'll have his tongue!

GREZELDA
(winks at George)
Careful. He can use that tongue.

Percy SQUEALS and LUNGES at George, who dodges and heads for the window.

GEORGE
Until next time, my princess!

George is gone. Percy scowls at Grezelda.

INT. GENERAL HATCHETT'S OFFICE - MORNING

Hatchett sits calmly at his desk. Percy looks like he's going to explode.

PERCIVAL

I want them arrested! Now!

GENERAL HATCHETT

There are laws. I can't arrest a hundred people for studying Greek.

PERCIVAL

What about for fucking my sister? Only a Prince deserves that honor, and I'm the only Prince in Boston!

GENERAL HATCHETT

Wait. Are you saying-

PERCIVAL

Yes! I'm saying we should arrest them!

Hatchett calmly lights up his pipe.

GENERAL HATCHETT

Percival, have I ever told you about my horse, Bucephalus? The one with explosive shits?

PERCIVAL

No, and I'd prefer you didn't.

GENERAL HATCHETT

He'd shit everywhere. The walls of his stall, his tail, my trousers. I tried everything. I fed him carrots, cornmeal, hay. But nothing, *nothing* would stop his shitting. Then one day I found a solution.

Hatchett pauses dramatically to puff his pipe.

GENERAL HATCHETT

I simply stopped feeding him. The horse stopped shitting, shriveled up, and died!

PERCIVAL

Why on earth are you telling me this?

GENERAL HATCHETT

It's a metaphor! It's exactly like your problem.

PERCIVAL

How? I can't starve my own sister. I want her to love me, not-

(awkward beat)

Wait, what problem are we talking about?

GENERAL HATCHETT

Those Greek studying assholes!

PERCIVAL

Right, of course! We'll kill them.

GENERAL HATCHETT

We don't have to kill them. We just have to stop them from shitting.

Percival has given up trying to understand.

GENERAL HATCHETT

If they're really up to what you say, then we've got to cut off the source of their fun.

PERCIVAL

(realizing)

Alcohol.

GENERAL HATCHETT

Exactly. Our party ban wasn't enough. It's time we got to the root of the problem. Rip them from their mother's teat! And that mother's teat is Sam Adams.

PERCIVAL

The barkeep?

GENERAL HATCHETT

I suspect he's been providing them with booze.

PERCIVAL

Then we shut down his tavern.

GENERAL HATCHETT
We can't. We don't have hard
evidence.

PERCIVAL
What then? What can we do?

Hatchett grins an evil grin.

EXT. BOSTON HARBOR - DAY

Merchants CLAMOR as a Brit HARBOR MASTER divvies up crates.

Sam pushes his way to the front of the commotion.

UNCLE SAM
What's going on here? Where's my
twenty kegs of ale!

The Harbor Master hands Sam an invoice. Sam looks at it and
almost chokes.

UNCLE SAM
You have to be shitting me! This is
ten times what I usually pay!

HARBOR MASTER
Haven't you heard? New tax.

The Harbor Master hands Sam a parchment.

UNCLE SAM
(reading)
Stamp Act? Any alcohol bought or
sold in Boston is now subject to
taxation!

Sam shoves the parchment at the Harbor Master.

UNCLE SAM
Don't hoodwink me with that British
mumbo jumbo! Say it in plain
fuckin' English!

HARBOR MASTER
(confused)
That is plain English. "Any alcohol
bought or sold in Boston is now
subject to taxation."

Sam looks like he's about to cry.

UNCLE SAM
But why? WHY!

ANOTHER MERCHANT
I heard it's because George
Washington fucked the princess.

INT. FRAT HOUSE - DAY

The guys are gathered around George.

HANCOCK
Doggystyle? Tell me you got some
doggystyle in there!

GEORGE
Guys, you know me. I'm a gentleman.
I don't doggystyle and tell.

John sits alone, dejected and uninterested. Ben approaches.

BEN
So Johnny, how'd it feel to finally
pop your cherry?

JOHN
I didn't *feel* anything. The whole
night was awful.

Lewis and Clark overhear.

CLARK
(satisfied)
See. I told you. Queer as a two-
shilling coin.

The front door CRASHES open. Sam's eyes burn with rage. He
stares down George.

GEORGE
Sam?

SAM
Son of a bitch!

Sam TACKLES George. It takes all the frat brothers to pry
George free from Sam's death grip.

THOMAS
What the hell has gotten into you?

UNCLE SAM
I can't buy booze anymore! And it's
all because you fucked the princess!

GEORGE
What?

UNCLE SAM
The Stamp Act! I'll be out of
business in a week!

THOMAS
No booze? That means no more
parties.

The awful revelation sets in.

GEORGE
We're gonna make this right, Sam.

UNCLE SAM
You better, you little shit.
(calms down)
She was a fox, wasn't she? Tell me
you got some doggystyle in there.

George changes the topic.

GEORGE
We can't let Sam's tavern go down
without a fight. After all, Sam's
been like a father to us.

BEN
Or at least a creepy, alcoholic
uncle.

THOMAS
Why don't we throw a *Save Sam's
Tavern* party? We'll charge admission
and give all the money to Sam.

Everyone CHEERS. Everyone except John.

JOHN
Who's gonna pay to go to a party
without booze?

The air is let out of the room.

JOHN

Have you ever considered that maybe we should do more with this society than just drink?

MONROE

No.

MADISON

What the fuck.

THOMAS

Guys!

Everyone turns to Thomas.

THOMAS

John's right. We don't need booze. We need THIS.

Thomas whips out a baggy of POT.

THOMAS

Save Sam's Tavern *Weed* Party.

Not exactly what John had in mind.

JOHN

We're resorting to illegal drugs?

GEORGE

Hey, it's only illegal because the British say so. If we were running things, weed would be legal for all Americans!

JOHN

I don't know about this, guys.

GEORGE

Come on, John. We're talking about your uncle's tavern here. Just think of everything he's done for you over the years.

As John mulls this...

CUE "MEMORIES OF SAM" MONTAGE

-- John as a baby. Sam picks him up and inspects him.

SAM
This kid's no Adams! His dick is
the size of my little toe.

Sam SHOVES the baby back into the Nurse's arms.

-- John, age 5, SQUIRMS as Sam HOLDS HIM OVER A POND.

JOHN
I can't swim! I can't swim!

SAM
Gotta learn sometime.

Sam DROPS John into the water.

-- John, age 8. He and Sam wear boxing gloves.

SAM
The first rule of fighting...

Sam PUNCHES John in the face. John CRUMPLES.

SAM
Never let your guard down.

-- John, age 12, at a funeral. Grandma, Sam, and John stand
around the coffin.

GRANDMA
Now that his dad's gone, John's
going to need a father figure in
his life.

Beat.

SAM
Well, good luck with that. I'm
goin' to Boston to open a bar.

END MONTAGE.

JOHN
Sam's never done anything for me in
his life.

GEORGE
He introduced you to us. Just think
of everything we've done for you.

John doesn't even want to mull that.

JOHN
I'm late for class. Good luck guys.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

A PROFESSOR lectures. John sits next to Abigail.

JOHN
Psst. Abigail.

Abigail ignores him.

JOHN
Please, just let me explain.

ABIGAIL
(whispering)
Shhh. I'm trying to pay attention.

A yardstick SMACKS against Abigail's desk. Both of them jump.

PROFESSOR
This isn't a sewing circle, miss.
Get out of my classroom.

Abigail glares at John, then leaves. He follows after her.

EXT. YARVARD QUAD - DAY

John runs to catch up with Abigail. He steps in front of her.

JOHN
Look, I'm really, really sorry. I
was being stupid.

ABIGAIL
Stupid doesn't begin to describe
it, John. The John Adams I knew
back in Quincy would never do
something like that. Sure, he was
shy. And awkward. Really awkward.
(beat)
But he was also smart. And
motivated. And when I looked in his
eyes, I thought I saw someone who
might change the world one day.
(shakes her head)
I guess I thought wrong.

JOHN
Abigail, I still am that guy. I'm
putting all that stupid party stuff
behind me. I promise.

On cue, Lewis and Clark approach.

LEWIS
John, come help us with these
fliers!

John freezes. Abigail takes a flier.

ABIGAIL
A weed party? Unbelievable.

JOHN
No. Abigail...

Abigail hands the flyer to Lewis and walks off.

JOHN
Thanks a lot guys. There goes the
only girl I've ever loved!

Lewis and Clark share a look.

LEWIS
Maybe it's time to stop thinking
about girls and start thinking
about the men in your life.

CLARK
The men who need you. The men who
want you...

LEWIS
...to be with them.

JOHN
Look. I know where you're going
with this, but-

LEWIS
But what? Why are you so scared to
come out with us?

JOHN
I don't know. I just think I'll
regret it.

LEWIS

You have to ask yourself, John: when the shit gets packed, do you want to be hiding in the closet? Or do you want to come out flaming with us?

JOHN

The closet? What are you guys talking about?

LEWIS

What do you *think* we're talking about?

JOHN

Coming out to the party? Packing bowls of weed?

Lewis looks disappointed.

LEWIS

Right. The party.

JOHN

You know, you're right. Sam's family and you guys are the only friends I have.

(beat)

Abigail's never going to talk to me again anyway.

(beat)

I'm in. But I don't think I'm gonna "flame" with you guys at the party. I'm not really into smoking weed.

Lewis and Clark share a look: *We were waaayyy off base.*

EXT. BOSTON STREET - OPEN AIR MARKET - DAY

Sally struts through a busy market on the BLACK SIDE OF TOWN. Everyone knows her. She smiles, waves, and greets them.

MERCHANTS and CUSTOMERS dress in a distinctively AFRICAN style.

Sally stops in front of a CLOTHING STAND. She admires a colorful dress.

She turns to see THOMAS, dressed in AFRICAN CLOTHES, pretending to browse for clothes next to her.

SALLY

Thomas?

THOMAS

(feigning surprise)

Oh, Sally! Hi. I see you've found my favorite place to shop.

SALLY

What the hell are you doin' here?

THOMAS

Oh you know. Just clothes shopping.

(holds up a pair of pants)

I love the knickers at this store.

VENDOR

What the hell'd you just call me, white boy?

The CLOTHING VENDOR, a huge, muscular man, GRABS Thomas.

THOMAS

(panicked)

Nothing! I said knickers. I love the knickers!

The Vendor scowls at Thomas.

SALLY

It's alright Larry.

(annoyed)

He's with me.

Larry lifts his eyebrow. He lets Thomas go.

SALLY

What the fuck, Thomas? You're embarrassin' me in front of my people.

THOMAS

It's just, well... the other night... you really didn't feel anything?

SALLY

Oh, I felt somethin' alright. For a white boy, you sure got a dick on ya!

Sally cracks up. Thomas looks heartbroken.

SALLY

Oh. You meant emotionally?

(beat)

Look Thomas, I already told you-

THOMAS

I know. I get it. You're white and I'm black. I just thought maybe these clothes would help-

SALLY

Well they ain't helpin!

Sallys cracks up. Thomas frowns.

SALLY

(softening up)

It ain't just cos you're white, Tommy. There are rules around here. Until someone changes them, you and me...can't happen.

THOMAS

What rules? What's got to change?

SALLY

I'm talkin' about life. Liberty. Happiness. I'm talking about bein' equal. All the stuff you boys take for granted that these people here wish they could just get a little taste of. Figure out a way to change that, then we'll talk about a date.

Thomas looks around the market and takes it all in.

SALLY

Now go on an help your boys get ready for that party. And take off them goddamn clothes.

Thomas smiles and hurries off.

EXT. BOSTON HARBOR - NIGHT

A Nightwatchman, lantern in hand, patrols the lonely harbor.

Suddenly John Hancock GRABS him from behind. George, Thomas, and Ben appear through the thick fog.

GEORGE

Good evening, my patriotic friend.
We're on a secret mission and will
be commandeering this ship.

Ben slips a wad of bills into the Nightwatchman's pocket.

BEN

We cool?

The Nightwatchman nods conspiratorially.

GEORGE

You, sir, are a great American.

The guys board a solitary SHIP at the end of the dock. John stays behind on the dock.

GEORGE

Now remember John. If we're running
late, it's up to you and Benedict
to stall everyone. Hey, where is
Benedict anyway?

EXT. BALCONY OVERLOOKING BOSTON HARBOR - SAME TIME

Through a TELESCOPE, we see the guys push off. John waves as the ship pulls away.

PERCIVAL

And you're sure this is their plan?

VOICE (O.S.)

Positive, your highness. They'll be
returning tomorrow with the "shit."

Percival puts his telescope down and turns to BENEDICT ARNOLD.

BENEDICT

Now, about our agreement your
highness. Any position on your
uncle's parliament will do-

PERCIVAL

All in good time, Bernard.

BENEDICT

It's Benedict, your majesty.
Benedict Ar-

PERCIVAL

Yes, whatever. I can't wait to see the looks on their faces when they find out they'll be spending the rest of their miserable lives in a Turkish prison!

BENEDICT

But, your highness, don't you think that's a little harsh?

PERCIVAL

Oh, you're still here. Guards, see Bennigan to the door.

Two burly GUARDS grab Benedict and shove him out the door.

BENEDICT (O.S.)

But your highness!

Hatchett approaches, calmly smoking a pipe.

PERCIVAL

I suppose I owe you an apology, General. I must admit, I feel silly for not seeing your logic sooner. I've just been so irritable lately without my daily spot of English tea.

GENERAL HATCHETT

It's put us all on edge, your majesty. Fortunately, a new shipment from the East India Company should be here any day now.

PERCIVAL

Thank God!

EXT. BEACH - DAWN

The boat banks on a shore bordering an ominous forest.

THOMAS

George, come with me to meet Chief Yellow Horse. The rest of you, sit tight. We'll be back in three hours.

ONSCREEN TEXT: Four hours later...

The sun is blistering. Everyone is visibly nervous.

MONROE

They should be back by now.

BEN

Stay calm. Thomas said these guys were cool.

MADISON

Something's wrong.

A rustling in the forest. Then, Thomas and George RUN, SCREAMING out of the trees.

THOMAS

Help!

INDIAN BRAVES whoop and CHASE HIM.

BEN

Holy fuckin' shit! Hoist the sails!

REVERE

But what about Thomas and George?

BEN

It's too late for them. Go! Go!

The guys scramble. Ben and Hancock COLLIDE and go FLYING OFF THE SHIP into the water.

LAUGHTER rings out. George, Thomas, and the braves are cracking up. Thomas gives CHIEF YELLOW HORSE a fist pound.

THOMAS

Nice one, Chief.

CHIEF YELLOW HORSE

(chuckling)

You silly white men and your stereotypes.

EXT. BEACH - MINUTES LATER

The embarrassed frat brothers and tribesmen load the last few crates of marijuana onto the ship.

CHIEF YELLOW HORSE

I'd like you to have these.

The tribesmen present them with INDIAN HEADDRESSES AND ROBES.

THOMAS

Wow. A traditional Indian peace offering.

GEORGE

This is truly an honor, Chief.

CHIEF YELLOW HORSE

Peace offering? What are you talking about? We throw in headdresses when you buy ten crates or more. Just standard procedure.

EXT. OPEN SEA - SUNSET

The ship glides across the water as night falls. The boys have donned their Indian outfits. Everyone is stoned.

THOMAS

That went even smoother than I thought it would.

GEORGE

Dude. We're unstoppable. We've got nothing to worry about.

EXT. MILITARY TRAINING GROUNDS - NIGHT

A legion of British troops prepares for their raid.

GENERAL HATCHETT

Tonight we stomp the flames of rebellion in these colonies! Tonight, we unleash the vengeful might of King George!

More cheers.

PERCIVAL

Tonight, we starve the horse that's been shitting on my trousers!

Only Percy cheers. The soldiers just look confused.

EXT. BOSTON HARBOR - NIGHT

A large crowd waits in the Boston Harbor. The fiddle band plays to an unreceptive audience.

John tries to calm the restless crowd.

JOHN
 Don't worry people! We've got a big
 surprise coming!
 (to himself)
 Where the hell is Benedict?

PARTY GIRL 1
 This is lame.

PARTY GIRL 2
 Who throws a party with no booze?

The crowd murmurs in agreement. People start leaving.

JOHN
 Wait! Don't go! Dammit, where are
 those guys.

EXT. SHIP - SAME TIME

The ship enters the bay not a moment too soon. Ben gazes
 through a telescope.

BEN
 We're too late. They're leaving.

GEORGE
 No! We can do this. Thomas, turn
 her starboard. Ben load the
 canons... with weed.

BEN
 What?

GEORGE
 Just do it!

EPIC MUSIC plays. SNARE DRUMS resound. George struts down the
 ship's starboard like a seasoned captain.

GEORGE
 Prepare to fire on my mark!

EXT. BOSTON HARBOR - SAME TIME

The angry mob corners John.

JOHN
 Everyone! Please! We'll get this
 sorted out-

A JOCK grabs him by the collar.

JOCK
I want my money back, limp dick!

EXT. SHIP - SAME TIME

Thomas steers the ship parallel to the harbor. The guys scramble to load the canons.

GEORGE
Steady... Hold... Hold... HOLD...

EXT. BOSTON HARBOR - SAME TIME

The Buff Jock cocks his fist. John prepares for the worst.

EXT. SHIP - SAME TIME

GEORGE
FIRE!!

EXT. BOSTON HARBOR - SAME TIME

A cannon BOOMS. The Jock freezes. Another BOOM. Something WHISTLES overhead as...

A smouldering TUMBLEWEED - OF WEED - CRASHES in the middle of the square. Then another. And another.

LIKE A ROCKET'S RED GLARE, THE BOMBS - OF MARIJUANA - ARE BURSTING IN AIR. The entire harbor fills with SMOKE.

The smoke clears to reveal: THE GROOVIEST PARTY EVER! The fiddle band jams reggae. The blazed crowd grooves.

The Jock -- now stoned out of his gourd -- still grips John.

JOCK
Duuuude. I feel like I wanted to do something to you.

John shakes his head. *Not me.*

JOCK
I remember!

John closes his eyes, bracing himself for the blow, but nothing comes. He opens his eyes to find...

The Jock hugging him passionately. It's awkward.

EXT. ROW BOAT - SAME TIME

The row boat glides across the sea as the guys spark up celebratory joints.

George stands proudly at the bow, resting one knee on the side of the boat as the others row around him.

Despite their doobies and Indian costumes, the guys look regal. A golden light seems to glow around them.

The scene looks just like the majestic painting "GEORGE WASHINGTON CROSSING THE DELAWARE." Until...

Revere's JOINT BURNS to its end, singeing his lips.

REVERE

Ow! Shit!

He drops the joint and a FIRE breaks out. Everyone scrambles to put it out.

EXT. BOSTON HARBOR - DOCK - CONTINUOUS

The frat brothers dock the boat and walk into the harbor. Cheers, hugs, and high fives. John sees them and smiles.

Suddenly, an ominous BUGLE BLOWS.

Out of nowhere, BRITISH SOLDIERS pour into the harbor.

JOHN

Oh shit.

Madison and Monroe bolt. They're quickly captured. Revere wigs out as REDCOATS SURROUND him.

EDGE OF THE DOCKS

George, Thomas, Ben, and John hide behind crates.

JOHN

The weed. We've gotta get rid of it!

EXT. ROW BOAT - LATER

The guys row furiously back across the water. In front of them they see TWO IDENTICAL SHIPS.

BEN
Which one's ours?

THOMAS
I don't remember that other boat.

JOHN
How can you forget a huge freaking
ship?

THOMAS
I don't remember anything from the
last few hours!

BEN
(pointing right)
It's that one!

JOHN
Thank you.

BEN
(pointing left)
Or is it...

GEORGE
(pointing right)
It's that one! I'm absolutely
positive.

JOHN
Okay then, we should probably get
on the other one.

THOMAS
Definitely.

BEN
Good call.

GEORGE
What's that all about?

John changes the subject.

JOHN
So we paddle over to that ship and
dump all the crates. You guys are
on board, right?

George, Thomas, and Ben chuckle. A stoner moment.

BEN
Where else would we be?

JOHN
What?

THOMAS
Look around, John. We're all on board.

JOHN
No. I mean are you on board to board that ship over there?

GEORGE
Sure, John. I mean, hey, we're all in the same boat here.

They can't stop laughing.

JOHN
Nevermind. Just start paddling.

EXT. LEFT SHIP - NIGHT

The guys board the ship. It looks like the right one. WOODEN CRATES litter the deck.

JOHN
Great. Let's get to work.

John pries open a crate and dumps the herb into the ocean. George does the same. Ben grabs a handful from a crate, shoves it into his mouth

THOMAS
Guys, I can't do this. There are children starving out there, and here we are dumping perfectly good weed. Weed that could make those children...uhm...

BEN
Hungrier?

THOMAS
Happier. I need one last smoke.

Thomas whips out a pipe and stuffs it full of herb. He lights the pipe, takes a satisfied drag, then GAGS.

THOMAS
What the hell?

EXT. BOSTON HARBOR - SIMULTANEOUS

The British soldiers march the other fraternity brothers out of the square in chains.

GENERAL HATCHETT
Now then, where are the rest of those little bastards?

SOLDIER 1
General! Look over there!

Hatchett peers through his binoculars to see John, Ben, and George dumping crates into the harbor.

The writing on the side of the ship: EAST INDIA TEA COMPANY.

GENERAL HATCHETT
Mother Superior's Titmilk! They're dumping the Prince's tea into the sea! Stop them dammit! Stop them!

EXT. EAST INDIA TEA SHIP - SAME TIME

THOMAS
Guys, seriously. Something's wrong with the weed!

Ben stops chewing.

BRITISH SOLDIER (O.S.)
Save the Prince's TEA!

BEN
Disgusting!

Ben SPITS out TEA. John looks over at the OTHER SHIP.

Lying in the other ship's deck are the crates of weed and spare Indian Headdresses. They've been on the WRONG SHIP, dumping out the WRONG CRATES.

JOHN
Dammit George. You picked the wrong time to start being right.

A hoard of British soldiers SWARMS the deck. CUT TO BLACK

INT. DUNGEON CELL - NIGHT

The guys - bruised and beaten - in a damp, dark cell.

GEORGE
I just don't get it. How'd the
British find out?

THOMAS
It's obvious, George. We were
betrayed.

GEORGE
Don't be ridiculous, Thomas.

THOMAS
Look around. Who's not here?

George thinks for a moment.

GEORGE
Monroe! That no good-

MONROE
I'm right here, dude.

GEORGE
Oh... Benedict Arnold! I knew we
couldn't trust him!

THOMAS
Yeah, whatever Mister "I don't know
why but I trust this guy."

GEORGE
Well it wasn't my idea to have a
weed party. It's your fault we're
in here, not mine.

BEN
Yeah. You really fucked us, Thomas.

GEORGE
Shut up, Ben. Go invent some dick
lube.

BEN
Fuck you. Go get high and write
some fantasy stories about foxes
and magical rainbows.

THOMAS
It was wolf, you asshole!

Thomas SHOVES Ben. A scuffle ensues.

JOHN
Guys, stop blaming each other.

A beat.

GEORGE
John's right. This is all his
fault. The whole fraternity was his
idea in the first place.

Murmurs of agreement.

JOHN
When we founded this thing, we said
we'd party, but we also said we'd
stand up for liberty, equality, and
fraternity. Remember?

THOMAS
Vaguely.

BEN
Not really.

GEORGE
No.

JOHN
The point is it's time for us to
take a stand. A real stand, not a
drunken one. Or a high one.

The other guys are listening.

JOHN
We have a trial tomorrow. A chance
to argue our side.

GEORGE
How the fuck are we supposed to do
that?

JOHN
Someone has to write our defense.

GEORGE
Not it.

JOHN

Thomas, that creative writing teacher said you were one of the greatest writers she'd ever seen. We need you to do this.

All eyes turn to Thomas. It's a huge decision. The soundtrack reflects just how epic this moment is. Thomas speaks.

THOMAS

Okay, I'll do it. But I'm gonna need ink. And paper. And a pen. And some weed would be nice.

Everyone looks around the cell. No ink. Or paper. Or pens. And definitely no weed. The epic music fizzles.

BEN

(realizing)

Wait a second. The soot in this dungeon contains ferrous sulfate. We can use it to make ink!

The epic music is back on track...

LEWIS

And our clothes are made of canvas.

CLARK

We can make them into paper!

MADISON

And there's a bird's nest outside the window.

MONROE

That means feathers for quill pens!

Revere reaches into his pants and comes up with a BAGGY.

REVERE

Guys! I just remembered: I hid this this bag of marijuana in my ass. We've got weed!

The music CRESCENDOES. Everyone CHEERS!

INT. DUNGEON CELL - LATER

Lewis and Clark SEW strips of clothing together to form paper.

Ben stirs a CONCOCTION in his prison GRUEL CUP. He sprinkles SOOT, adds water, it congeals...

BEN

Ink!

Thomas sits down to paper and ink. Madison and Monroe hand him a FEATHER QUILL. Revere hands him a JOINT.

THOMAS

Now then. What the hell am I going to write? Think Thomas, think...

Thomas puffs and racks his brain...

SALLY (V.O.)

"There are rules around here. Until someone changes them, you and me...can't happen. I'm talkin' about bein' equal."

CLOSE ON: the paper. Thomas writes -- "We hold these truths to be self-evident that all men are created equal..."

HISTORY CHANNEL-EQSUE SHOTS:

- his QUILL writing on paper
- a candle burning, then used to light a SPLIFF
- Thomas runs his hand through his hair, deep in thought.

SALLY (V.O.)

"I'm talking about life! Liberty! The pursuit of happiness!"

- More words: "Life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."
- a JOINT extinguished in an ash tray
- the quill dipped in INK

SALLY (V.O.)

"Figure out a way to change that, then we'll talk about a date... date... date... date"

Thomas scribbles furiously. A loud KNOCK on the door.

BRITISH OFFICER (O.S.)

Time's up, boys. You're wanted in the courtroom on the double!

Thomas puts down the pen and smiles.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

The whole town has turned out for the trial. The guys stand before stern BRITISH JUDGES, General Hatchett, and Percival.

CHIEF JUDGE

Gentlemen, the charges against you are serious and the evidence is overwhelming. I suppose you have some sort of defense for your actions?

GEORGE

We do, your honor.

CHIEF JUDGE

Okay then. Let's have it.

George walks to the bench and hands them Thomas' Declaration.

GEORGE

Your honor, this declaration will prove our innocence beyond a doubt.

George winks at the guys, gives them a thumbs up.

Without even looking, the judge RIPS THE DECLARATION IN HALF.

CHIEF JUDGE

That's not how it works. You have to present your defense. Orally.

Shit. The guys look to Thomas.

THOMAS

(quietly)

I can't remember all that.

GENERAL HATCHETT

Just proceed to the sentencing.

John stands up.

JOHN

Wait. I have something to say.

All eyes on John. He searches the crowd for one person...

ABIGAIL. He locks eyes with her, then faces the judge.

JOHN
We're guilty of all charges.

GEORGE
(panicked)
Uhh, John? Maybe I should take it
from here.

But John continues.

JOHN
We stole your ship. We shot your
cannons. We got everybody really
stoned. We broke your laws again
and again. We let our love of
partying get in the way of what was
truly important, and in the
process, people got hurt.

John turns to look at Abigail.

JOHN
Including someone I care about very
deeply. I let that someone down.
And I'm sorry.

Abigail allows a smile. John turns to the judge.

JOHN
So yeah, we're guilty.

GENERAL HATCHETT
Well that was easy enough. Prepare
the hot pokers!

A LEATHER CLAD DUNGEON GIMP nods enthusiastically.

JOHN
We're guilty, but that doesn't mean
you're innocent. Policing our school.
Kicking us out of our homes. Taxing
us till we're broke! We're not the
only ones who should be on trial!

Loud MURMURS of agreement from the crowd.

CHIEF JUDGE
Order! In the name of the King!

But they're losing control. Thomas steps forward.

THOMAS

Screw the King! He doesn't own us.
God created us equal, with rights
to life, liberty and the pursuit of
happiness. All men. All women.
Everyone.

Thomas turns to Sally. She beams at him.

SALLY

You tell 'em, baby!

GENERAL HATCHETT

Enough! Officers, remove these men!

An officer grabs John. Then...

DEAN WEBSTER PUNCHES the officer in the face.

DEAN WEBSTER

Make a run for it, lads! We'll hold
'em off!

An all out BRAWL begins in the courtroom as the TOWNSFOLK
fight the Brits and clear an escape path for the boys.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - CONTINUOUS

The guys run outside. Suddenly, George stops.

THOMAS

What are you doing, George?

GEORGE

Every bone in my body is telling me
to run.

THOMAS

So...

GEORGE

So that must mean it's the wrong
thing to do. No gentlemen, we're
going to stay here and take a
stand. These colors don't run.

BEN

What colors? What the fuck are you
talking about, George?

Hatchett emerges from the courtroom, followed by British
Soldiers.

GENERAL HATCHETT

Ready.

All at once, the troops cock their rifles.

GENERAL HATCHETT

Aim.

In perfect sync, the troops aim their guns.

GEORGE

Fuck. We should've ran.

GENERAL HATCHETT

Fire!

Shots ring out. Smoke fills the air. Dead silence. But once the smoke clears, the guys are still standing. All the bullets missed.

GENERAL HATCHETT

Dammit! Reload!

But the rifles are single shots. The troops reload gun powder, ram-rod their musket balls, replace flints, etc.

REDCOAT

Don't move. We need a minute here.

The founders look at each other: *Fuck that.*

GEORGE

Charge!

The founders CHARGE the Redcoats and a brawl ensues. A page straight out of THE PATRIOT. Slow motion. Hand to hand combat, with the Founders getting the best of the Brits.

Realizing the tide has turned, General Hatchett tries to sneak away.

GENERAL HATCHETT

(as he sneaks off)

Good show lads. Keep fighting. A true Englishman doesn't the know the meaning of the word surrender.

JOHN

Don't let him escape!

Ben looks up. A GIANT BELL hangs above the court room steps, held by a ROPE LASHED to the wall.

BEN

Bingo.

It looks like Hatchett may escape. Then he hears a WHISTLING.

Hatchett looks up to see: The BELL FALLING DOWN on him. It lands with a deafening THUD, imprisoning him.

The bell CRACKS - it now looks just like the LIBERTY BELL.

Everyone CHEERS! A CELEBRATION begins.

Benedict Arnold pushes his way to the front.

BENEDICT

Whew! Sorry I'm late guys. They had me locked up. I couldn't escape!

The guys exchange looks: *yeah right*.

Abigail makes her way through the crowd to John.

ABIGAIL

You were amazing back in the court room. That "someone" you were talking about must be really proud of you.

(smiles coyly)

Wonder who that lucky someone is...

She leans in, perhaps for a kiss.

JOHN

(missing the cues)

It's you, Abigail. You're the someone.

The moment is lost.

ABIGAIL

Yeah. I'd kind of figured that out.

JOHN

(finally getting it)

Oh. So you were... That was...

ABIGAIL

Just shut up and kiss me, John.

John KISSES her. It's cut short when...

PERCIVAL appears behind them, aiming a GUN at JOHN'S HEAD.

PERCIVAL

Drop your weapons. Or he dies!

The colonists consider. John looks to Abigail, then takes a deep breath.

JOHN

Go ahead, Percival. Do it. And when the world hears that a British prince killed an innocent college student, which one of us do you think will be the hero?

Percival weighs John's words.

Abigail - and everyone else - is proud of John and terrified for him at the same time.

PERCIVAL

Me, obviously.

(cocks the gun)

I can't wait to tell my uncle that I stomped out a rebellion while he sat on his lazy keister sipping champagne. I'll tell that fat old bastard what he can do with the lot of you!

KING GEORGE (O.S.)

Why don't you just tell me right now?

The crowd parts. Percy wheels around to see...

KING GEORGE, surrounded by his royal retinue, standing at the back of the crowd. King George strides toward Percival.

PERCIVAL

Uncle! I didn't-

KING GEORGE

Is this your idea of royal behavior?

King George YANKS him by the ear.

KING GEORGE

Apologize to these people!

PERCIVAL

But they were-

KING GEORGE

NOW!!

PERCIVAL
 (muttering)
 I'm sorry...

KING GEORGE
 What? I can't hear you!

PERCIVAL
 I said, I'm sorry!

KING GEORGE
 Your study abroad session is
 officially over!
 (turning to the crowd)
 Now... who's behind this affair?

John, George, Ben, and Thomas exchange nervous glances.

GEORGE
 Um... I guess that's us.

KING GEORGE
 You. What's your name?

GEORGE
 George. George Washington.

KING GEORGE
 Ah, so you're the young man my
 niece wrote about in her letter.

GEORGE
 Letter?

Greelda winks at George.

GEORGE
 (nervously)
 What exactly did she mention?

KING GEORGE
 That my nephew has been acting like
 a spoiled, little bitch.

King George turns and addresses the crowd.

KING GEORGE
 People of Boston, I apologize for
 the Prince's behavior. I'm happy to
 put this whole affair behind us.

The crowd is relieved. King George turns to the guys.

KING GEORGE

Just remember: I am your King. If you decide to rebel again, you'll have more than a doltish prince and a few inept soldiers to deal with!

(to John, George, Thomas,
& Ben)

Now, you four, kiss the ring.

The guys look at each other. No one really wants to.

KING GEORGE

KISS IT!

They reluctantly bend low and kiss the king's ring.

KING GEORGE

Oh yeah. That's how daddy likes it.

(proclaiming for all)

From here forth let America and England be friends forever!

Cheers all around!

EXT. BOSTON HARBOR - MORNING

All of Boston waves as the King's ship sails.

Ben, Thomas, George, John, Abigail, and Uncle Sam stand at the front of the crowd.

JOHN

Guys, I'm not so sure we should have done that to their ship. We're playing with fire this time.

GEORGE

Relax, John. King George is a cool dude. He'll get the joke.

EXT. THE ROYAL SHIP - SAME TIME

Sailors man the deck as the ship sails out of the harbor.

KING GEORGE

(to Percival)

I don't know what you're blabbering on about. Those colonists are perfectly decent people.

DECK HAND
Hoist the main sail!

The sailors HOIST the MAIN SAIL. Then start CRACKING UP.

DECK HAND
Blimey!

The King turns to see what all the commotion is about.

PAINTED ON THE MAIN SAIL: a crude CARTOON of GEORGE WASHINGTON with his pants down and the KING kissing his ASS.

Scrawled above the drawing, the words "KISS THIS, your royal highn-ASS!" It looks like it was drawn by a 5 year old.

King George turns blood red. He runs to the back of the ship and SCREAMS back at the Bostonians, shaking his fist.

KING GEORGE
You rotten bastards! I'm coming back for you with my entire fucking navy! I'll burn America to ground! You'll pay for this with blood!

EXT. BOSTON HARBOR - SAME TIME

But the ship is getting farther away. From the shore it just looks like the King is waving back at them.

GEORGE
See. He loves it.

George waves back.

John shrugs. He turns to Abigail. They hug... then KISS.

BELLS RING OUT as we DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL CLASS ROOM - PRESENT DAY

The school bell RINGS. The students remain seated, transfixed by "Mr. Smith's" story.

MR. SMITH
Well what are you waiting for? Beat it. I don't get paid overtime.

KID 1
But how does the story end?

UNCLE SAM
That's it. Happily ever after.

KID 1
But what about the revolution? 1776?

MR. SMITH
Easy, kid! We haven't even gotten
to 1770! That's for next class.

Mr. Smith hears a COMMOTION outside the door.

THROUGH THE DOOR'S WINDOW PANE: The SCHOOL PRINCIPAL and
several POLICE MEN approach.

MR. SMITH
Or maybe not.

"Mr. Smith" dons a TOP HAT. There's no debate now: it's
definitely UNCLE SAM -- looking like he's just stepped out of
the "I Want You" poster.

UNCLE SAM
Just remember kids.
(points to the class)
I WANT YOU to stop listening to your
teachers. They're full of shit.

POLICE OFFICER (O.S.)
Open up in there!

UNCLE SAM
Spread the truth!

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE CLASSROOM - SAME TIME

POLICE OFFICER 2
1. 2. 3.

The officers BUST DOWN the door. They storm into the
classroom to find...

INT. CLASSROOM - SAME TIME

The students sitting quietly at their desks. No sign of Mr.
Smith. A soft breeze blows through an OPEN WINDOW.

POLICE OFFICER
What the...

PRINCIPAL

Who was that guy?

POLICE OFFICER 2

I don't know. But this is the third school he's hit this week.

EXT. SCHOOL BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

The puzzled Officers peer out the open window as the CAMERA ZOOMS BACK -- out of THE SCHOOL -- out of BOSTON - out of MASSACHUSETTS -- until finally resting on...

The whole of AMERICA, as seen from SPACE.

Uncle Sam's voice whispers from the heavens.

UNCLE SAM (V.O.)

Spread the truth. The truth of 1769.

80'S STYLE FREEZE FRAME MONTAGE

- PERCIVAL would never go on to be king of England. He lived out his days as governor of a failed colony in Antarctica.
- The founders forgave Benedict Arnold... until he tried to sabotage the American Revolution. His name is now synonymous with "traitor," "turncoat," and "douche bag."
- PAUL REVERE once again warned the rebels that the British were coming... This time, he knew what he was talking about.
- JAMES MONROE went on to be the fourth president of the United States while JAMES MADISON went on to be the fifth. Or was it the other way around?
- LEWIS and CLARK went on a grand adventure through the western frontier. They did a whole lot of exploring.
- JOHN HANCOCK is still remembered for what he did with his hand... his signature is the biggest on the Declaration of Independence.
- BEN FRANKLIN went on to actually invent useful stuff like bifocals, the Franklin stove, and the lightning rod. He also wrote an essay called "Fart Proudly."
- THOMAS JEFFERSON went on to write the Declaration of Independence and fought for the abolition of slavery... until he got his own place and realized how much work he'd have to do.

- On the eve of the revolution, GEORGE WASHINGTON said he wasn't the right man to lead the Continental Army...

Luckily, John Adams knew he was wrong and nominated George to be America's first General. It was a good move.

- JOHN and ABIGAIL got married and had six kids. He never once needed prologue cream.

- For his role as mentor to the founding fathers, UNCLE SAM was granted immortality and became the spirit of America...

If you've seen him or know of his whereabouts, please contact your local authorities.

THE END

INT. FARM HOUSE - DAY - POST CREDIT EPILOGUE

John peeks his head through the front door of his home.

JOHN
Grandma! I'm home for Christmas.

GRANDMA (O.S.)
Yes!

JOHN
I'm excited too! Can't wait to tell you about everything. Are you in your bedroom?

GRANDMA (O.S.)
Yes!!!

EXT. FARM HOUSE - DAY

A wide shot of the farm.

JOHN (O.S.)
Okay. Here I come...

We hear Grandma's door CREAK open.

GRANDMA (O.S.)
Yeeeessssssss!!!!

JOHN (O.S.)
Oh. My. God...

FADE TO BLACK