

DAUGHTERS OF LIBERTY

Episode 101
"Pilot"

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EXT. NARRAGANSETT BAY, RHODE ISLAND - FENNER'S WHARF - 1772

Taverns and shops line the boardwalk in front of the harbor. It's the earliest part of the morning, and the buildings can hardly be distinguished from the water save for a flit of light reflecting off the windows.

A TWO-MASTED SCHOONER, *The Gaspee*, is run aground on a sandbar out in the sea, and the flicker of lanterns can be seen around the ship.

Eight longboats silently approach the vessel. An ALARM sounds from *The Gaspee*.

Boots slam onto the boards of the ship as the men from the longboats board the schooner. We follow one pair of boots who deftly avoids several scuffles - the men from the longboats are systematically disarming the 26 sailors aboard. The boots head towards the Captain, LIEUTENANT DUDINGSTON.

Two SHOTS ring out and the Captain falls.

CAROLINE (V.O.)
*"When legend becomes fact, print
the legend."*

The Captain is unceremoniously dumped into one of the longboats.

An oar silently pierces the water. Profile on one longboat gliding through calm seas with several more in the background, heading towards shore.

CAROLINE (V.O.)
*It's a phrase that won't be coined
until long after I've died --
although, the sentiment remains the
same.*

Each boat holds eight men. This is the first time we see any faces. They are indistinguishable - all covered in black soot. Orange light touches their stern expressions. Focus on one, who we realize is not a man, but a woman. CAROLINE BOWEN.

We can't see much of her besides the blue of her iris.

CAROLINE (V.O.)
*You might not believe my story.
It's certainly never been printed
in a textbook.*

Caroline continues to row as we move around the eight longboats to reveal *The Gaspee* set ablaze behind them.

The Lieutenant is curled into the fetal position at her feet, moaning with a bloodied wrap around his arm.

*CAROLINE (V.O.)
They say every story has a hero-*

Cut to Caroline, rowing along.

*CAROLINE (V.O.)
And a villain.*

We see the Lieutenant.

*CAROLINE (V.O.)
But I don't think that's true.
History, after all, is subjective.*

Off the fire reflecting in Caroline's eyes..

INT. FORGE - DAY

BOSTON - MARCH 1770

We see those same eyes, fire still reflecting in them.

A court sword is pulled from the flames, tip glowing. A mallet slams down on the edge and sparks fly. The hammer slams again, and again.

Suddenly, the door rattles and the hammer comes down wrong on the sword. Flames scatter.

*CAROLINE (O.C.)
Bugger!*

A spark lands on a wool bodice, burning a growing hole. A hand slaps at the spot and the burning stops.

The door opens and Caroline's older brother HENRY BOWEN (23)-tall and fit in a way that is evident of the lower class - walks in. She ducks behind a bench.

*HENRY
You can come out. It's just me.*

Caroline pops up and we see her wholly for the first time. She's petite with dark hair and pale skin. The burn mark stands out on her dress.

*CAROLINE
You frightened me.*

HENRY

I stopped by the house for
breakfast. Mother asked me to shake
your bed until you fell out.
Figured I'd find you here.

Caroline scowls. If mother has realized she's not in the
house, there will definitely be hell to pay later.

HENRY (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

She shrugs, then reaches over and pulls a broad knife off of
the cooling rack. She hands it to him.

CAROLINE

What do you think?

He looks it over while she goes back to the blade of the
court sword.

HENRY

Very nice. Good balance. Who is it
for?

CAROLINE

Me.

HENRY

If you wanted someone dead, you
only need ask me.

CAROLINE

Ha ha. It's just in case.

HENRY

Of course.

He looks over at the court sword in her hand, still glowing
orange.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Mr. Miller would be on the high
ropes if he caught you in here
destroying his work.

CAROLINE

Not destroying. Fixing.

She hits the blade twice more before lifting to inspect it.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

It was too thin. It'll break off at the foible next time Mr. Dunn gets into it with the cooper.

Satisfied, she places the blade in a bucket of water next to her. Steam erupts as the sword lets out a piercing sizzle. She places it on the cooling rack.

HENRY

And why is that your problem?

CAROLINE

What shall I do for midday entertainment if one of the old fogies kills the other?

HENRY

Such language. It's a wonder anyone wants to court you.

She makes a face at him for the jab. The door to the forge opens and MR. MILLER himself walks in, grumbling. Caroline ducks down again.

MR. MILLER

Bloody idiots.

HENRY

Good morning to you, Mr. Miller.

MR. MILLER

Oh, aye? Is it then?

Mr. Miller slaps a newspaper down on the table that Caroline is hiding under, she flinches. *The Massachusetts Spy*.

MR. MILLER (CONT'D)

Seems the days get more and more bleak by the minute. It's one thing to print all these traitorous claims in the newspaper. But then, they're rioting in the streets. And now, they've got the womenfolk joining in.

During his speech, Caroline is slowly crawling towards the door. She reaches it just as Mr. Miller picks up the paper and hurls it across the room and against the front door.

MR. MILLER (CONT'D)

Calling themselves the bloody Daughters of Liberty. If I ever heard such shite.

(MORE)

MR. MILLER (CONT'D)

I swear to you, I will not be surprised if there are a great many that eat their dinners on Tuesday next, that won't be eatin' any on Wednesday.

The paper nearly lands on Caroline as she finally reaches the exit. Mr. Miller stops his tirade as he notices the court sword in the wrong spot on the cooling rack.

MR. MILLER (CONT'D)

Is it not your day off, Mr. Bowen?

HENRY

Ah, yes sir. Just wanted to come in and check in on something. I was just leaving.

He opens the door slightly.

Mr. Miller nods and continues looking at the sword. He puts his hand up to it. It's warm.

MR. MILLER

Mr. Bowen... Have you been messing about with this?

With newspaper in hand, Caroline crawls out the slightly opened door while Mr. Miller is turned around.

CAROLINE

(whispered)

Sorry.

Henry kicks her boot on her way out.

HENRY

Not sure what you mean, sir. Haven't touched it.

Mr. Miller nods again, but continues to look very perplexed.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Well, then. Must go.

Mr. Miller waves a hand in his direction as Henry slips out the door.

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

Caroline gets fully out the door before standing and brushing the dust off her skirts.

A few people nearby are staring at her. She curtsies at them. Henry exits after her and drags her down the street in the direction of their house.

In the background, we see the large, 50-gun British warship HMS *Romney* floating in the harbor.

HENRY

Are you trying to get me fired?

CAROLINE

The old coot should give you a promotion for my fine handiwork.

HENRY

I'll be sure to tell him that next time I see him. Better yet, I'll let him know that you were the one messing with his work.

He grabs the newspaper from her and shows her the headline, which reads: "LET THEM DRINK COFFEE. The Daughters of Liberty encourage women to toss their tea."

HENRY (CONT'D)

If the man is half as angry about a woman in his forge as he is about tea, you'll surely be dead.

CAROLINE

Mother would love that. One less mouth to feed.

Henry rolls his eyes at her dramatics.

HENRY

She'd be furious. I think she's reserving that honor for herself when you officially drive her mad.

CAROLINE

I haven't yet? Must start putting in more effort, then.

INT. JAMES OTIS'S HOUSE - OFFICE - DAY

Three men sit around a desk in a finely decorated office. ARTHUR BOWEN (50), Caroline's father, speaks to JOHN (35) (who will later be revealed as John Adams) and JAMES OTIS (45), both wealthy white gentleman.

ARTHUR

The truth of the matter is, the violence is getting out of hand.

JAMES OTIS

Undoubtably. Cannot the same result come out of rhetoric?

ARTHUR

It's rhetoric that brought us here in the first place. The papers seem to be inspiring more violence than not. And New York is quite the same.

JOHN

People will do what they please. What's important is that we do this the proper way - maintain our own respectability.

ARTHUR

I'm beyond hope of that, John. My job alone states it.

JOHN

To the town, perhaps not. But to The Crown, you are indispensable. We must keep it that way.

Arthur looks away from John and out the window to the bustling street, as if unable to accept this fact himself.

JAMES OTIS

We just need a bit more time, Arthur. Just a bit more time.

ARTHUR

Is that what I should tell my wife, then? When the next customs official is dragged through the street, I shall tell her: Don't worry dearest, James has this handled. Just a bit more time.

JOHN

We understand your position. We're all under a bit of strain these days.

Arthur nods in concession.

JAMES OTIS

There's a meeting. In three days
time.

ARTHUR

I'll pray I haven't been tarred and
feathered by then.

He turns to John.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

You must get your cousin under
control. There was a brawl just two
nights ago at the ropewalk.

JOHN

I'm not his keeper, Arthur.

ARTHUR

Fine then. But someone will
eventually be killed in this mess,
and that will not be on my
conscience.

He stands, grabs his hat and cane, and leaves with a slight
limp.

EXT. CAROLINE'S HOUSE - DAY

Caroline and Henry arrive at the doorstep to find a redcoat,
OFFICER NATHANIEL SUTTON, standing at their door.

SUTTON

Mr. Bowen. Madam.

He bows to both of them. She remembers her manners and
curtseys back at him with a confused furrow to her brow.

HENRY

Officer Sutton.

He bows to Sutton and grabs Caroline's wrist to pull her into
the house.

Henry closes the door behind them.

INT. CAROLINE'S HOUSE - FOYER - DAY

Caroline and Henry enter the foyer of their home.

CAROLINE

Who *is* that?!

Henry puts his finger to his mouth to shush her, but it's too late. Mother has heard.

MARY (O.S.)
Caroline?

HENRY
Get rid of that paper. Now.

Caroline looks down, remembering the paper in her hand. She turns and runs up the stairs. While Henry walks down the hall. We hear him speak to mother offscreen.

MOTHER (O.S.)
You found her?

HENRY (O.S.)
She's fine.

INT. CAROLINE'S BEDROOM - DAY

In her bedroom, she lifts her mattress and slides the paper under her bed.

INT. CAROLINE'S HOUSE - FOYER - DAY

At the bottom of the stairs, her mother, MARY (45) calls up to her.

MARY
Caroline!?

She can't ignore the wrath any longer. She leaves her bedroom and walks downstairs, and Mary ushers her into the dining room.

INT. DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The dining room is nice but not extravagant by any means. In it sits Caroline's younger sister ANNIE (16), and younger brother ELIAS (15). Henry is grabbing a seat between Elias and his wife MAGGIE WILSON BOWEN (21).

MARY (O.S.)
Where were you this morning?

CAROLINE (O.S.)
Oh, just about.

Henry and Annie share a look - laughing at their sister. Caroline and her mother enter.

MARY

You can't keep sneaking out. I understand you want your independence, and I'm inclined to give it, but your father is of a different opinion.

CAROLINE

(sardonically)

I hadn't noticed, what with the redcoat outside and all.

MARY

Your father thought he would be best to have under the circumstances. For his protection.

CAROLINE

Of course. Because the best thing to avoid unwanted attention is to post a lobster-back at your front door.

Annie laughs but tries to cover it.

MARY

Caroline.

CAROLINE

I'm not saying it's what I think. It's what they will say.

MARY

We cannot control the "theys" of the world. We can just control ourselves. Now sit. Eat.

Caroline sits at an empty chair at the table next to Annie - a plate of bread, porridge, and eggs in front of her. Mary sits as well, straight backed, regal, and carefully held together.

Mary lifts a spoonful of porridge to her mouth, but stops halfway.

MARY (CONT'D)

What is that?

Caroline looks up at her mother, then down at the burn mark her mother is referring to.

CAROLINE

Just an accident. I was at the forge- No one saw.

Mary closes her eyes for a moment and clasps her hands on the table as if praying to God for strength to deal with her eldest daughter.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I know. I'll mend it.

Finally, Mary opens her eyes and looks at her kids around the table.

MARY

I understand this is hard. Things are changing here in Boston. We have to keep up appearances. Our family especially.

We hear the front door open, and Arthur enters.

ARTHUR

Hello, family.

ANNIE

Hi, Papa.

He kisses Annie and Caroline on the head before leaning down to kiss his wife, who stands and shoos him to sit down before heading into the kitchen. He pats Elias and Henry on the shoulder.

ARTHUR

(to Elias)

And who's this big lad at my breakfast table? Congratulations. Good to have you home, son.

Caroline watches as her father gently sits down at the head of the table, in pain but trying to hide it. Mother returns with a plate of food for him, and they begin to eat.

HENRY

Well, now that we're all here... we have an announcement to make.

MAGGIE

We're expecting a baby.

Mary's eyes go wide in excitement. Everyone offers their congratulations and clinking glasses.

MARY

When?

MAGGIE

Early Autumn we think.

ARTHUR

Seems there's good news to go around then. I've received letters from both Mr. Solovey and Mr. Locke stating that, upon his most recent graduation from boarding school, Elias is welcome to attend both Harvard or Yale this coming season.

ELIAS

What?

MARY

Wonderful news! Annie, grab the claret from the breakfront, will you?

Annie hops up to grab a particular bottle of expensive wine from the cabinet.

ARTHUR

Which do you think you'll choose, son?

ELIAS

I- I don't know. I can really go to either? What about--

ARTHUR

Not to worry of the cost. It's all taken care of.

The family goes around congratulating him as well - everyone in good spirits. Well, everyone except Caroline, whose gaze remains on her plate, hand shuffling her food around but not eating.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Caroline?

She looks up.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Are you not pleased for your brothers?

CAROLINE

Oh? Of course, I am.
Congratulations.

Despite her distractedness, she does sound sincere. Her father nods, but notices her mood.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)
Why a redcoat?

Everyone stops eating and looks at her. Henry's eyes say:
what the hell are you doing?

ARTHUR
He's here to protect the family.
It's not up for discussion.

CAROLINE
Mama said it was just for your
protection. Now it's for all of us?

ARTHUR
Can a man not just eat his
breakfast these days?

CAROLINE
I'm just worried. Is there
something you're not telling us?

Arthur reaches across the table and grabs her hand.

ARTHUR
Don't worry, my darling. It's just
a precaution. I'm grateful for my
work, but we knew before I accepted
the job that a collector is not a
popular thing to be in this town.
More so now.

Caroline nods. Subject, over.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
Now, I expect you all to be on your
best behavior for dinner tonight at
Mr. Paxton's house.

He sends a pointed look Caroline's way and she smirks.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
We must look good. Sharp.

MARY
I'm told James will be there, back
from university.

ANNIE
Apparently, he's quite taken with
Caroline.

Caroline chokes on a bit of bread - Annie leans over to pat her on the back. When she can finally speak again, she croaks out-

CAROLINE

He isn't.

ANNIE

That's not what I heard Mrs. Grey say yesterday at the market.

CAROLINE

Mrs. Grey is a gossip, and gossip is a sin. You should go clean your ears out for having listened to it.

MAGGIE

What's wrong with James? He's a lovely lad.

CAROLINE

He's a rich lad.

MARY

They aren't mutually exclusive.

CAROLINE

Aren't they?

ARTHUR

Oh, buck up. Your mother and I can't support you forever. You're going to have to pick someone you can stand eventually.

ANNIE

Someone she can stand? Surely that person doesn't exist.

CAROLINE

Certainly no one in *this* room.

Caroline leans over and flicks her sister's nose. Her sister slaps her hand away.

MARY

Enough. Eat your breakfast.

INT. CAROLINE'S HOUSE - FOYER - DAY

With breakfast over, Henry walks to the door, grabbing his coat to leave while Maggie says her goodbyes offscreen. Caroline stops him.

CAROLINE

Henry, wait.

He stops, waiting for her to say what she needs to say. When she doesn't, he nudges her.

HENRY

Oh no. If even you can't say it, then it must be a terrible thought.

CAROLINE

What do you think of me, maybe... working at the forge?

His face goes blank, and she hates that he can do that - let no emotion show. That in itself is enough of an answer.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

Obviously, I couldn't do it in broad daylight. Mr. Miller would never... but maybe I come in early or- or late. When he's not around. You could take all the credit for the work, and you can even take a percentage of the profit.

Henry still doesn't speak. Just looks at her.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

I know it's mad-

HENRY

Mad? You're right it's mad. Worse than. Did you not hear anything I said this morning?

CAROLINE

I'm desperate.

HENRY

Desperate for what?

CAROLINE

Money. Father keeps saying he can't support me for much longer, and I have skills. I can support myself.

HENRY

Is this about James Paxton? You don't have to marry him. They're just teasing.

CAROLINE

It's not about that.

HENRY

Then what is it about?

They stare at each other for a moment, in a stand off. Maggie enters and sees the two of them.

MAGGIE

All right, you two. What's the squabble this time?

HENRY

No squabble. Caroline wants to earn a wage.

MAGGIE

Oh, Mother needs some extra hands at the shop. No one is buying anything new, but she has enough repair work to last her a lifetime.

HENRY

There you go.

CAROLINE

Thank you, Maggie.

Caroline doesn't look happy about it but does her best to smile.

INT. CUSTOMS HOUSE - DAY

Arthur sits at a makeshift desk as men line up to hand in their property taxes. Intercut of men tossing coins into a small dish and Arthur handwriting receipts of payment for them.

A tall and scraggly looking man, MR. JENNINGS, steps up to the desk.

ARTHUR

Good day, Mr. Jennings.

JENNINGS

Is it?

Jennings throws several coins into the dish and snatches the receipt away from Arthur.

JENNINGS (CONT'D)

Thief.

ARTHUR
I've never asked more from you than
is necessary by law.

JENNINGS
No such thing as an honest tax
collector.

He spits on the ground and walks away. Another man, MARTIN,
steps up.

ARTHUR
Martin! How's the family?

MARTIN
Well. Thank you, sir. Got another
grandchild on the way.

ARTHUR
Oh, congratulations! I've just
heard my first is on the way as
well.

MARTIN
Splendid! It's been a long time
since we've had a game of chess and
catch up, aye?

ARTHUR
We'll have to get one on the books.

MARTIN
Next week, then?

ARTHUR
Wouldn't miss it.

Arthur hands him a receipt, and Martin leaves with a tip of
his hat. Slowly the line dwindles down to one final man, MR.
BROWN. He drops one coin into the coffer.

MR. BROWN
I'm right sorry, sir. Coin has been
hard to come by these days. If ye
accepted chickens, I might be able
to make it.

ARTHUR
Unfortunately, the Governor isn't
accepting chickens right now.
Foolish that he shouldn't, though.

Mr. Brown chuckles a bit before sobering again. There's still
the matter of payment.

Arthur reaches into his own pocket and pulls out three-pence. He adds them to the plate with the rest of the rent.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Not to worry. I shall collect in full next time, mind.

MR. BROWN

Thank you, sir. I will find a way to repay you for your kindness.

The man shakes Arthur's hand vigorously before leaving with a slight bow of reverence. Suddenly, Arthur is alone. He lets out a sigh.

EXT. CUSTOMS HOUSE - DAY

Arthur exits the building, looking weary. He tips his hat to the redcoat, PRIVATE HUGH WHITE, standing outside.

ARTHUR

Private White.

PRIVATE WHITE

Mr. Bowen.

INT. LAUNDRY/KITCHEN - DAY

Caroline hangs linens on a line next to a burning fire in the family's laundry room/kitchen. Annie kneads dough at the stove, while Elias sits off to the side reading a book.

Mary comes in with more wet clothes to hang on the line.

MARY

This is the last of it.

CAROLINE

After I finish, may I go to the Milliner's? Maggie says her mother needs help with some mending.

Her mother sends her a knowing look.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

See, I'm asking.

MARY

Funny how you only ask when you know the answer is yes.

CAROLINE

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

Her mother laughs.

MARY

Yes, you can go.

EXT. CAROLINE'S HOUSE - DAY

Caroline exits the house with an empty basket. As she walks down the street, Officer Sutton subtly follows.

INT. MILLINER'S SHOP - DAY

The milliner's shop is covered in fabric at every turn. Hanging lines run across from wall to wall with shirts, pants, gowns, coats, etc hanging from them on clips. It's clear from the clothes that both rich and poor come to the shop.

Caroline enters. MRS. WILSON (40s), Maggie's mother, a plump woman with a warm smile, is ironing a coat in the back.

MRS. WILSON

Hello, darling! Thank heavens you're here. I'm drowning in cloth. You'd think people would take more care with fabric being as scarce as it is. But no, they think me a fairy who can fix anything.

CAROLINE

Happy to help, Mrs. Wilson. What can I get started on?

Mrs. Wilson looks around at the piles of clothes.

MRS. WILSON

Ah! These.

She grabs a fine gown, a man's coat, two shifts, and several stockings. She points to the latter items.

MRS. WILSON (CONT'D)

I've so many deliveries today. Ellis was able to take most of them, but I do have these two left.

She hands the clothing to Caroline.

MRS. WILSON (CONT'D)

These go to the Thompsons, and the coat and the gown are for Mr. Grant and his wife.

She places the items in her basket. Mrs. Wilson kisses her on both cheeks.

MRS. WILSON (CONT'D)

Thank you, dear.

EXT. MILLINER'S SHOP - DAY

Caroline exits the shop with her basket. She begins to walk down the street, when she hears footsteps behind her and whirls around. Officer Sutton stands behind her.

CAROLINE

Are you following me?

SUTTON

I believe we haven't been properly introduced. I'm Officer Nathaniel Sutton.

He bows to her.

CAROLINE

Oh, a gentleman. You didn't answer my question.

SUTTON

Your father has asked me to remain with you until you've been seen safely home.

CAROLINE

I don't think that's necessary.

SUTTON

I'm sure you're very capable, madam. But if you can forgive me, I am to do as told by your father.

CAROLINE

Until I'm seen safely home, you say. So, am I to assume my home is your home as well, now?

He doesn't answer her. Caroline looks up at the gray sky.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

It is still dreadfully cold. You're eager to get out of the Common, I'm sure.

SUTTON

I understand the implication, but I assure you, I'm not being quartered by my own request or by the General's. Your father asked that I be here. I'm just doing my duty.

CAROLINE

You're very good at not answering questions.

SUTTON

Only as good as you are at not asking them.

Her lips twist in an attempt not to smirk at him.

CAROLINE

Charming.

She turns and walks down the street. He follows.

EXT. ABBY'S HOUSE - DAY

As they walk, they approach her friend ABIGAIL "ABBY" THOMPSON's house to find her standing outside. She's tall with mousey brown hair and a boisterous laugh, which she lets out at the sight of Caroline and her redcoat follower.

CAROLINE

Delivery for you.

She hands over the pieces of clothing.

ABBY

Who's this?

Caroline rolls her eyes while Sutton introduces himself, bowing to Abby.

SUTTON

Officer Nathaniel Sutton, ma'am.

ABBY

Oh my.

CAROLINE

My shadow for now.

ABBY
How fortunate.

SUTTON
The compliment is much appreciated.

Abby giggles and teases Caroline.

ABBY
How'd you get so lucky to have a handsome redcoat following you night and day?

CAROLINE
My father thinks we need him for protection.

ABBY
I don't disagree.

CAROLINE
Abby!

ABBY
What? You saw what they did to Mr. Abbott last week.

CAROLINE
He's going to be fine.

ABBY
They ransacked his house and shot him in the leg with an arrow! Like proper savages!

CAROLINE
And he's going to be fine.

ABBY
You're ridiculous. Although...

She glances back at Sutton.

ABBY (CONT'D)
Now that we have a chaperone, does this mean you can come with me to the town hall tonight? There will be dancing.

CAROLINE
Unfortunately, I must be present at the Paxton's dinner tonight, looking "prim" and "proper".
(MORE)

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

My mother is trying to marry me off to James. My sister too, I think.

ABBY

Sounds like a good match to me. His family is very well to do, and he's sweet.

Caroline scoffs. Yeah right.

ABBY (CONT'D)

All right, he's want for a personality, maybe, but the rich ones always are.

CAROLINE

God, help me.

ABBY

Don't complain. Do you want to deliver linen for the rest of your life?

CAROLINE

No- and speaking of. I have to get these to Mrs. Grant's house and back before sundown. Have fun dancing.

The two curtsy to each other and Caroline gets on her way.

INT. MRS. GRANT'S PARLOR - DAY

Caroline arrives at MRS. GRANT's house and is ushered in by the lady herself. The house is rather extravagant, with large paintings of the Grant family members adorning the wall.

MRS. GRANT

Do come in, dear. While you're here, I have a few more things to have fixed up.

Caroline follows her to the parlor where several other ladies sit: MARY OLIVER (late 40s), the Lieutenant Governor's sister-in-law, SALLY HUTCHINSON (26), Mary's niece and Lt Governor's daughter, and DOROTHY "DOLLY" QUINCY (23), a family friend of a very wealthy Son of Liberty, and a few other high-society ladies, mostly in their 40s and 50s.

Mrs. Grant hands her several pairs of pants and a few shirts.

MRS. GRANT (CONT'D)

I keep telling young William to be more careful. The boy tears a hole in every pair of breeks he wears.

CAROLINE

I'm sure we can have them fixed up in no time.

Caroline goes to leave, but Mrs. Grant stops her.

MRS. GRANT

How is your mother, dear? We haven't seen her here in quite a few days.

CAROLINE

She's well. Quite busy with tutoring my youngest brother. He's hoping to go to Harvard or Yale in the fall.

MRS. GRANT

Oh, how splendid. Well, do stay. We're in the middle of our quilting circle. You're more than welcome to join us while you mend.

Caroline nods and takes a seat. The ladies nod to her in welcome, and Mary Oliver, who is in the middle of speaking, continues her story with a mild roll of her eyes.

MARY OLIVER

...I have the utmost sympathies for the Abbott family, but taking up a collection? I think not. Why, when those savages destroyed our houses five years ago, no one came to our aid with a collection.

Caroline looks down at the pants in her hand and notices the burn hole in her bodice is still visible. She begins to sew it. Dolly Quincy watches with amusement.

QUILTER 1

Quite unfair.

MARY OLIVER

Unfair indeed. Andrew was hanged! They stole my late sister's jewelry!

She reaches her hand out to Sally, who clasps it.

QUILTER 2

To be fair, madam, he was hung in effigy.

MARY OLIVER

It was symbolic, and a garish threat. It nearly hanged our station. No. I think we will not have a collection for Mr. Abbott.

SALLY HUTCHINSON

Papa told me they have a unit out to catch the men who did it. That might bring greater relief than any collection.

MARY OLIVER

It's these *Nouveau Riche*. They know as well as anyone their money is fickle. Probably why they are always trying to marry above their station.

(to Caroline)

No offense, dear.

Caroline realizes then that they are talking to her and looks up from her mending, confused.

MRS. GRANT

(to Sally)

Speaking of marrying, congratulations on your recent nuptials.

SALLY HUTCHINSON

Thank you. Though it has been a tough year, Peter and I are very happy.

QUILTER 2

Has your father gotten word from Parliament yet?

SALLY HUTCHINSON

Nothing yet. We're hoping to hear something soon.

CAROLINE

What about?

SALLY HUTCHINSON

Father is lobbying for a formal appointment of the Governorship.

MARY OLIVER

He quite deserves it at this point.

QUILTER 2

Pardon the question, but are your father's opinions not unpopular with the city?

SALLY HUTCHINSON

Misunderstood, really. He's not of Governor Bernard's beliefs. He understands Boston's anger, has even written to Parliament in opposition to these taxes. But you don't see that written in the paper.

MARY OLIVER

No, we only hear about ladies throwing tea out the window. How improper.

Dolly smirks a bit at this statement.

MRS. GRANT

Dolly?

She looks up, having been caught.

MRS. GRANT (CONT'D)

You've been awfully quiet. What does John think of all of this?

DOLLY

Oh... It's not my place to venture John's opinion for him.

QUILTER 1

He could help, though, could he not? With the Lieutenant Governor?

SALLY HUTCHINSON

I wouldn't presume to ask such a thing.

DOLLY

I can certainly broach the topic with him.

CAROLINE

If he were to be appointed Governor, what would your father do about the taxes? With him finding them unfavorable, as you say.

SALLY HUTCHINSON

He would continue to do as he has been, petitioning Parliament and encouraging their fairness.

QUILTER 2

And the rioting?

Sally looks over to Mary and some of the other quilters.

SALLY HUTCHINSON

Well, I shouldn't like to reveal too much, but I have heard they are bringing in more soldiers. They'll guard every door in the city, I suppose.

CAROLINE

Could that not just make the rioting worse?

SALLY HUTCHINSON

I can't see why it would. More soldiers, more protection as I see it. Hasn't your father have Officer Sutton commissioned as we speak?

CAROLINE

Yes. Do tell your father that I very much appreciate having him following me at all times. I feel very safe.

Sally and Caroline smile at each other for a moment, appearing to be on the same page to the rest of the group, but it's clear from a small twitch of Caroline's eye that the two are at odds.

Mrs. Grant, unfamiliar with politics but with a fine appreciation for gossip, butts in.

MRS. GRANT

Speaking of marriage...

(No one was)

MRS. GRANT (CONT'D)

Are there wedding bells in your future, Caroline?

Caroline moves to answer, but Mary Oliver cuts her off.

MARY OLIVER
Haven't you heard? Miss Caroline is
the *most* eligible bachelorette
right now.

MRS. GRANT
Is that right?

CAROLINE
I wouldn't say that.

MARY OLIVER
No? From what I can tell, you've
got several of the towns finest
lads nipping at your heels.

Caroline blushes. Mary turns to another quilter.

MARY OLIVER (CONT'D)
Nancy, did you not say just the
other day that young Adam was
heart sore over this one?

The aforementioned Nancy nods and gives Caroline a smile that
looks more pained than happy.

MARY OLIVER (CONT'D)
It appears you have many fine
options. If that's not eligibility
then I don't know what is.

CAROLINE
Um... yes. Many fine options.

QUILTER 1
But you're not yet promised?

CAROLINE
No. Not yet.

QUILTER 2
Why not?

CAROLINE
I just want to be sure I make the
right decision.

Some of the women nod while Mrs. Oliver scoffs.

MARY OLIVER
Darling, I know you did not grow up
in the city, so let us offer you a
bit of advice.

(MORE)

MARY OLIVER (CONT'D)

When any man from any of the fine houses of Boston offers you marriage, you accept.

CAROLINE

I beg your pardon, but just because a man is from a fine house does not mean he's a fine man.

MARY OLIVER

It seems you wouldn't know the difference.

CAROLINE

You are probably right. I'm sure many other women enjoy dancing with a man while he talks only of his mother.

The room is silent. Some of the women look like they are fit to burst with glee at the drama. Mary Oliver's face twitches a bit in an attempt to not react to Caroline's statement.

Mrs. Grant, truly unable to speak of anything but marriage, pipes up to cut the tension.

MRS. GRANT

Caroline, did your brother not get married a few months ago as well?

QUILTER 2

Ah yes, to the Milliner's daughter? Lovely couple.

MRS. GRANT

Perhaps we should invite her to join our circle. She must know her way around a needle and thread.

CAROLINE

I'll be sure to extend the invitation.

Caroline focuses heavily on her mending, and the ladies titter on about other town gossip. Mary Oliver stares.

EXT. MRS. GRANT'S HOUSE - DAY

The ladies are saying their goodbyes and exiting Mrs. Grant's house.

DOLLY (O.C.)

Caroline?

Caroline whirls around to find Dolly Quincy. Dolly nudges her away from some of the ladies who are still chatting amongst themselves.

DOLLY (CONT'D)
I just wanted to invite you to a
get together I have on Friday
afternoons. A group of ladies. Kind
of like a sewing circle, but eh...
the company is much more fresh
faced.

Caroline smiles at the offer.

CAROLINE
I would love to.

DOLLY
Wonderful. It will be at the
Hancock House.

At the words, Caroline's eyes bug out a little in shock.

DOLLY (CONT'D)
I take it you know where that is?

Caroline doesn't speak. Just nods.

DOLLY (CONT'D)
Great! I shall see you Friday.

Dolly walks off toward her carriage.

INT. GREEN DRAGON TAVERN - SUNDOWN

Arthur and Henry sit at a table in the back, each with a cup of ale in front of them. Arthur lifts his cup.

ARTHUR
To another long day.

HENRY
Cheers.

They clink cups and drink.

ARTHUR
How is your bride doing?

HENRY
She's well. Very well.

Henry blushes.

ARTHUR
You're happy?

HENRY
Yes, father. Very happy.

ARTHUR
Ah, well cheers to that too, then.

He lifts his cup and drinks some more.

HENRY
How many strings did you have to pull to get Elias his pick of Harvard or Yale?

ARTHUR
(teasing)
Not too many. Your father is well respected in this land.

HENRY
(sarcastically)
I'm sure.

Arthur studies his son.

ARTHUR
I'm sorry I couldn't give you the same opportunity as Elias. The chance to go to university.

HENRY
I don't mind.

ARTHUR
But I do. When you were a boy, I used to fear that you'd grow up, move to the city, and leave us all.

HENRY
Was it the city or the leaving you feared?

ARTHUR
At the time, the leaving. But now that life has sent us on this path - to Boston - I wonder if I shouldn't have feared the city.

HENRY
A lot of good came from us moving here.

ARTHUR

I don't know that your sister would agree with you.

HENRY

Since when has Caroline agreed with anyone?

The two share a smile, but Arthur's slowly falls.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Father, what's bothering you?

ARTHUR

The Lieutenant Governor is working on bringing more redcoats to the city. For further protection.

HENRY

I'm not so sure that won't create more violence.

ARTHUR

That, and... They might begin enlisting soon. Young men from town.

Father reaches over to the LEATHER BAG he has on the ground and pulls out several PAGES rolled up. He hands them to Henry.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

I wanted you to have them should the time come.

HENRY

Father?

ARTHUR

I trust you to do what is best.

Henry pauses for a moment, then nods.

HENRY

Should it come to it, I will fight for my country.

ARTHUR

Good. I fear it might come sooner than we expect.

EXT. STREET - SUNDOWN

Sutton and Caroline continue walking back to Caroline's house.

She notices he's walking a pace or so behind her.

CAROLINE
If you're going to follow me, you
might as well walk by my side
instead of skulking behind me.

He picks up his pace.

SUTTON
As you wish.

CAROLINE
Where are you from, Officer Sutton?

SUTTON
Cheshire.

CAROLINE
Really?

SUTTON
Is that so shocking?

CAROLINE
No, I just...

SUTTON
Didn't expect a farmer's son to be
an officer?

She maintains as innocent a face as she can.

SUTTON (CONT'D)
You'd be right. I went to live with
my uncle in London when I was
sixteen. My parents thought he'd be
able to whip me into shape. And he
did, though only once was it
literal. Henceforth I became the
humble servant you see before you.

He punctuated it with a small bow.

CAROLINE
So, not always a gentleman, then.

SUTTON

I had been known to engage in light debauchery. Eventually, my mother accepted that a chicken in the sitting room was our new normal.

She laughs a bit at that, almost nostalgically.

CAROLINE

Do you miss it?

SUTTON

Sometimes, I miss it very much.

They arrive outside of her house. He bows, and she curtsies before heading inside.

INT. CAROLINE'S HOUSE - SUNDOWN

Caroline enters the house and leans against the door. She glances around at her own Boston home, not as lavish as Mrs. Grant's but still quite fancy.

CAROLINE

Me too.

INT. CAROLINE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Caroline sits at her vanity in a fine dress, suited for dinner. Her mother is behind her, brushing out her hair.

CAROLINE

Mrs. Grant was asking after you today.

MARY

Was she? Hoping for a good bit of gossip, I presume.

CAROLINE

Perhaps. How do you sit there and converse with all of those women? It's dreadful.

Mary laughs at her daughter's candidness.

MARY

Yes, it is.

CAROLINE

Then why do you go?

MARY

To support your father.

Mary stops brushing her hair and moves to sit on Caroline's bed, urging Caroline to sit next to her.

MARY (CONT'D)

Those women, as dull as their conversation may be, have great influence over your father's colleagues. Be they wives, daughters, or sisters. Their good opinion of me, of our family, helps your papa to do his work.

CAROLINE

You'd endure that for him?

MARY

Yes. He's endured much more for me. For all of us.

Caroline sits in thought for a moment. Her mother brushes a hair behind her ear.

CAROLINE

Did you always... I mean... Were you and Papa... Did you pick each other?

MARY

Yes and no.

CAROLINE

That makes no sense.

MARY

Was our courtship arranged? Yes. It was best for both our families to be connected.

CAROLINE

Is that why you're trying to marry me off so soon?

MARY

I'd hardly call this soon, Caroline. You're twenty years old.

CAROLINE

It's certainly not enough time to make a proper decision.

MARY

Darling, you said no to Sam Asher, no to Andrew Oliver, no to Jack Durrant and Daniel Hammond. We've given you plenty of options. Plenty of time. Do you not want to be married?

Caroline bites her lip.

CAROLINE

Weren't you scared?

Mary wraps her arm around Caroline and pulls her in close.

MARY

Of course I was. But your father and I sat down before the wedding. We talked about what each of us needed and wanted from a marriage. And we agreed that we'd always be on each other's side. No matter what happens. And we've kept that to this day.

CAROLINE

But that's my fear. We can agree on that in the moment, but the minute we're married, I'm not me anymore. My decisions aren't mine. I cease to exist. I'm just Missus so-and-so.

MARY

We all have our crosses to bear and our parts to play. You only disappear if you allow yourself to.

She pulls back to look Caroline in the eyes.

MARY (CONT'D)

Promise me you'll at least entertain the idea of James Paxton. He's a good lad, and Mr. Paxton has been very generous to us since your father came back from the war. We wouldn't have any of the things we have in Boston without him.

CAROLINE

But I never wanted this. I never wanted to move to Boston or be a part of society.

MARY

I know. But with your father's injury we had very little choice. You should be grateful that you'll have a life better than that of a farmer's daughter.

Caroline nods but is not convinced - is this life better? Her mother stands and kisses her on the head before heading to the door to leave. At the entryway, she stops and turns back to Caroline.

MARY (CONT'D)

Marriage is a partnership. You don't lose your own name, you gain your husband's. With that name comes great power. Consider that.

Mary leaves her to finish getting ready. Caroline looks down and notices a corner of the newspaper from that morning is slightly sticking out.

She pulls the paper out and glances at the headline again. *The Daughters of Liberty*. She sighs - envious - then puts the paper back under the bed, more carefully this time.

EXT. MR. PAXTON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A carriage pulls up outside Mr. Paxton's house. Sutton, Henry, and Elias hop off the seats outside of the carriage while the driver opens the door to allow the Caroline, Mary, Annie, Maggie, and Arthur out.

Sutton nods to the redcoat outside of the Paxton's house before entering with the family.

INT. MR. PAXTON'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Several men and women sit around a lavish dining table in the Paxton house. Conversation is bouncing around the table as servants bring plates of food and pour drinks - this is true high-society, a grand display of wealth.

Caroline sits next to JAMES PAXTON (25), very put together. It's clear he's never done hard labor.

We see his mouth moving, saying something to her, but she's focused on a server pouring tea into cups made of fine china.

JAMES (O.C.)

Caroline?

She snaps back to attention.

CAROLINE

I'm so sorry, what did you say?

He laughs, finding her inattention amusing.

JAMES

I was just saying: who knew that tea would one day be such a patriotic symbol. Why, we should all drink two cups in honor.

CAROLINE

Quite right.

Despite her agreement, she grabs her wine and takes a large sip.

AT THE HEAD OF THE TABLE

Arthur and MR. PAXTON, sitting near Sutton, are having a boisterous conversation that Caroline overhears.

MR. PAXTON

First, we need redcoats to protect our customs officials, but now who is to protect the redcoats? It's preposterous.

ARTHUR

Indeed. Officer Sutton is stationed at our house for his protection nearly as much as our own.

SUTTON

I appreciate it wholeheartedly, sir.

A WOMAN leans over.

WEALTHY WOMAN

You must be so glad to be out of the Common. Terrible that they should force our soldiers to sleep on the dirt.

SUTTON

I assure you, madam, we saw much worse conditions up north in '62. The Boston Common is lovely in comparison.

She preens at that, as if she had anything to do with it. Sutton catches Caroline listening to the conversation and nods at her. She looks away, back into the conversation on her own side of the table.

MARY

James, I hear you have been helping your father with the business lately. How are you finding it?

JAMES

Oh, quite well, madam. Father says I have a natural talent.

MARY

How wonderful! Isn't that so, Caroline?

CAROLINE

Indeed.

MRS. PAXTON

James has recently struck up a relationship with Mr. Hancock. It's his savvy that convinced John to start a partnership with Charles.

CAROLINE

Oh, Mr. Hancock. How impressive.

James grins proudly.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

However did you convince him?

JAMES

Mr. Hancock and I have quite a bit in common. As we spoke, I believe we found our politics aligned as well.

MRS. PAXTON

And what a lovely family. Lydia has such a warm heart.

CAROLINE

Are they? That's relieving to hear. I'm meant to go to his house this Friday.

Three pairs of eyes widen a bit at the turn of phrase. James swallows almost audibly. Caroline... being courted by John Hancock?

Caroline blushes.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

Dolly invited me to a sewing circle there.

James relaxes.

MRS. PAXTON

Ah, yes. Judge Quincy is a quiet man, but his daughter... I'm not sure what to make of her. She has an unusual sense of humor. Always giggling at the most serious of times.

CAROLINE

Perhaps she's got it right. Might we all not feel better if we took things less seriously?

Mrs. Paxton smiles at her, but it feels mostly out of politeness and not genuine humor.

MRS. PAXTON

Yes, darling. Quite.

JAMES

What a peculiar mind you have, Caroline.

INT. MR. PAXTON'S DINING ROOM - LATER

The meal is winding down, and the guests are sufficiently tipsy. James turns to Caroline.

JAMES

Caroline, would you do me the favor of walking in the garden with me?

CAROLINE

It is quite chilly...

Caroline's mother kicks her under the table.

JAMES

Not to worry. I'll have the servants fetch you one of mother's coats.

She nods and they stand. Sutton notices them leave the room. A moment later, he stands.

SUTTON

Pardon me, sirs. Madam.

EXT. PAXTON FAMILY GARDEN - NIGHT

The garden is beautiful, nestled in between buildings as if purposely hidden from the outside world. It's a bit dark but lit by several lanterns scattered about, and snowflakes begin to drift from the sky. They walk in silence, but James is fidgeting.

CAROLINE

Are you okay?

JAMES

Yes. I just um... You look very beautiful tonight.

CAROLINE

Thank you, James.

JAMES

I was thinking... our families have known each other for quite some time - five years I suppose - and all the while I've thought-- well...

Panic begins to set in for Caroline, but James doesn't notice through his own panic.

JAMES (CONT'D)

I don't know how to say this. I suppose I might as well just come out with it. I'm just not sure what the appropriate way is to ask such a question...

He grabs her hands in his and faces her.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Caroline, will you do me the honor--

His question is cut off by the deep bellow of the church bells RINGING, quite unusual. YELLING can be heard from down the street.

Caroline turns towards the sound, picks up the hem of her dress, and briskly walks towards the front of the house. James follows.

INT. MR. PAXTON'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The guests are more jovial than before, thoroughly filled with wine and other spirits. A servant enters and bends down to speak quietly to Mr. Paxton who is laughing cheerfully at something Arthur said.

SERVANT

Apologies for the interruption, sir. There is a commotion on King's street.

ARTHUR

What kind of commotion?

SERVANT

I do not know. Private Walker left to examine the situation.

MARY (O.S.)

Darling?

Arthur turns to look at his wife, who looks concerned.

ARTHUR

There's a disturbance on King's street.

MARY

Where's Caroline?

EXT. MR. PAXTON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Caroline and James arrive in front of the house to find the Paxton's redcoat missing. Caroline begins to move towards the disturbance down the street.

JAMES

Caroline! I don't think we should --

Suddenly, Sutton appears behind him, startling him. Sutton chases after Caroline.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Where did you-- Sir?!

EXT. KING'S STREET - NIGHT

Private White still stands around the customs house as a mob of a dozen (and steadily growing) Bostonians yell and jeer at him.

HECKLER 1

Filthy redcoats. You walk about
this city as if you own it, but you
ain't my King.

He spits at the ground near Private White's feet.

CAPTAIN GOLDFINCH walks by and a heckler points at him.

HECKLER 2

You should turn that weapon on your
commander. He's the real criminal.
He walks by with ease, even knowing
his debt to my master has not been
paid.

PRIVATE WHITE

He is a gentleman, and if he owes
you anything, he will pay it.

Captain Goldfinch comes closer.

GOLDFINCH

Everything all right here, Private?

PRIVATE WHITE

Yes, Captain. Just the usual
rabble.

Goldfinch nods and continues on his way.

Just then, a ball of ice is thrown and strikes Hugh in the
shoulder. Several men come closer to him, and he swings his
rifle, hitting the heckler on the shoulder but not knocking
him off his feet.

The rabble grows louder.

EXT. MR. PAXTON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The rest of the dinner party exits the house as James runs
off after Sutton and Caroline. Arthur and the rest of the
Bowens follow along with Mr. Paxton and his wife.

EXT. KING'S STREET - NIGHT

Several other redcoats begin to push through the crowd. The
mob, much larger now, begins to hit them with clubs as they
try to get through to Hugh, who is covering his face with his
hat to avoid being hit by small rocks and snowballs.

Hugh lifts his musket.

RIOTER
You gonna hit me too?

MOB
Fire your weapon!

The dinner group arrives to find James and Caroline standing outside the mob.

ARTHUR
Where's Officer Sutton?

JAMES
He went into the crowd, sir.

Arthur turns to Elias.

ARTHUR
Go get Captain Preston.

Elias nods and runs off, while Arthur makes his way into the melee.

MARY
Arthur!

Caroline spots her friend Abby getting pushed around in the crowd of people. She runs in as well- with her mother scrabbling to stop her.

HENRY
I'll get her.

Henry goes to break through the crowd, but Maggie stops him with a hand around his arm and a shake of her head.

James turns to the group left.

JAMES
Get to Castle William.

He turns to follow Caroline into the crowd.

IN THE CENTER OF THE MOB

CAPTAIN PRESTON arrives with seven redcoats who finally reach Private White on the stairs. They all point loaded muskets at the crowd, which now numbers over 100.

HECKLER 1
You sons of bitches fire! You can't
kill us all!

A snowball is thrown at one of the redcoats, knocking his wig askew, the crowd laughs.

ARTHUR is still pushing his way to the front.

Meanwhile, JAMES is lost amongst the shoving, he doesn't see Caroline anywhere.

CAROLINE spots Abby and grabs her hand. Abby is relieved to see her, and they start pushing their way out of the group. A trio of particularly drunk men shove into Caroline and Abby, nearly knocking them down.

A hand grabs Caroline by the arm, and she pulls the knife she finished that morning out of the pocket of her petticoat. She turns and points it at the offender, who happens to be Sutton. He gives her a scandalized look.

SUTTON

Give me that. Christ.

He takes the knife from her and sheaths it in his belt. He starts to drag her out of the crowd with Abby.

WITH THE REDCOATS

A rioter, CRISPUS ATTUCKS, throws a club and hits PRIVATE MONTGOMERY who is knocked from his feet. He stands and fires his musket into the air.

WITH CAROLINE

A SHOT rings out and people begin to shriek and scatter. Caroline is pushed into Sutton who ushers the two girls ahead of him as people shove against his back.

WITH JAMES

James is caught in the shoving and running. He trips and falls over someone, covering his head to avoid being trampled.

He looks up momentarily to see Arthur near the front of the crowd, trying to reason with both redcoats and Bostonians.

ARTHUR

Please, everyone. Just be on your way. This violence solves nothing!

At the front, Montgomery is stricken again with a club as well as PRIVATE MATTHEW KILROY who points his gun at Crispus and another attacker. Arthur sees this and yells out.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

God damn you, Kilroy. Don't fire!

Kilroy glares at SAMUEL GRAY, one of the attackers, and pulls the trigger, wounding Gray and killing Crispus.

Five more shots rings out after this.

James sees Arthur go down, smoke from the muskets permeates the crowd. He coughs as the acrid smell of burning powder hits his lungs and stands, heading towards the front.

He pushes through a crowd to find Arthur on the ground with several other men who were shot. A few hecklers are with them, pressing on wounds and doing their best.

James runs to Arthur.

JAMES

Dear, God. Mr. Bowen -

Arthur chokes a bit, coughing up blood from the gunshot wound through his lung.

MR. BOWEN

C-Caroline.

JAMES

I'll take care of her, sir. I promise.

Arthur nods with whatever energy he has left and chokes a bit more before going still.

LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR HUTCHINSON arrives by carriage, and is faced with a mob running right at him. The redcoats with him usher him into the state house nearby.

Sutton continues dragging Caroline and Abby out of the crowd.

CAROLINE

I can't leave without my father.

He doesn't stop moving away from the turmoil.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

Officer Sutton!

He turns to her.

SUTTON

Let's go. I'm taking you to Castle William.

CAROLINE
Not without--

SUTTON
I'll find him. Go.

Sutton spots a REDCOAT PRIVATE emerging from the madness and waves him over.

SUTTON (CONT'D)
Take Miss Thompson home, then make haste to Castle William.

REDCOAT PRIVATE
Yes, sir.

He grabs Abby's hand and takes her the opposite direction.

BALCONY OF THE STATE HOUSE

The Governor steps out from hiding onto the balcony of the state house.

LT. GOVERNOR HUTCHINSON
I beseech you! Please! Go back to your homes.

HECKLER 1
Monster!

HECKLER 2
Murderers! You're just going to let them get away with this?

LT. GOVERNOR HUTCHINSON
Please. I promise you all there will be a fair inquiry into the shooting. Now, please. Disperse!

The crowd grumbles, but starts to die down.

INT. CARRIAGE - ON THE WAY TO CASTLE WILLIAM - NIGHT

Sutton and Caroline sit in a carriage racing quickly to Castle William.

SUTTON
What on earth were you thinking?

CAROLINE
I needed to help my friend.

SUTTON

A brave endeavor to be sure. If it weren't so stupid.

CAROLINE

Excuse me?

Sutton pulls her knife out of his belt.

SUTTON

You ran into an angry crowd, dressed for dinner, with a hunting knife! You're lucky something didn't happen to you.

CAROLINE

It was fine!

SUTTON

It was not!

CAROLINE

Why do you even care?

SUTTON

I was tasked to protect your family from those whom should want to do you harm. I, however, was not informed I need protect you from danger you run headlong into.

CAROLINE

My apologies, then. Would hate to make your job more difficult than it already is.

SUTTON

Don't insult me.

CAROLINE

Why shouldn't I? You did it first.

The carriage stops and a driver opens the door for them.

SUTTON

I didn't run after you because of my orders.

He gets out of the carriage, leaving Caroline sitting there with anger and no small amount of confusion on her face.

She climbs out of the carriage with help from one of the drivers.

INT. CASTLE WILLIAM - NIGHT

The two enter Castle William to find the Paxtons and rest of the Bowen family waiting. Caroline's mother rushes to make sure she's all right. Mrs. Paxton stands behind her.

MRS. PAXTON
James? Where is he?

CAROLINE
I'm not sure, Mrs. Paxton. I lost
him in the crowd.

Mrs. Paxton turns to her husband who puts an arm around her.

MARY
Where's father?

CAROLINE
I don't know. I didn't see him.

Sutton steps up.

SUTTON
I'll see him safe, madam.

He bows and turns back out the castle. Caroline watches as he goes.

INT. CASTLE WILLIAM - LATER - NIGHT

Footsteps echo through the hall, and the group waiting on news of their loved ones stands in expectation. The Lt. Governor enters with his daughter, Sally - several other officials and their families enter as well, including MR. ABBOTT with a bandage around his leg.

James, dirty, slightly bloody, and shell shocked, enters. His mother runs to him with grateful tears in her eyes.

MRS. PAXTON
Oh, James! What happened to you?

JAMES
I'm okay.

MARY
(to James)
Arthur?

He looks to Mary and then to Caroline, both with expectant faces. James pauses - tries to speak the words he knows will wreck this family.

JAMES

He was up front trying to reason with the redcoats. I- I didn't see what happened exactly... I found him on the ground. He'd been-- shot... in the chest.

Mary gasps and slowly sinks down in to the couch in shock.

JAMES (CONT'D)

I'm sorry... I-I tried...

Annie sits down next to her mother and they both begin to cry. Elias tries to remain stoic while comforting his sister.

Henry clenches his jaw, and his wife puts a comforting hand on his arm. Caroline remains standing as well, unable to stop the tears from welling in her eyes.

CAROLINE

Where's Officer Sutton?

JAMES

That I don't know. I'm so sorry, Caroline.

James tries to grab her hand, but she shakes it off and leaves the room.

INT. CASTLE WILLIAM DINING ROOM - NEXT MORNING

The two families, save for Henry, sit around the dining table for breakfast. No one is touching their food. Henry enters and stands at the head of the table.

HENRY

I spoke with the Lieutenant Governor's aide. All of the redcoats present on King's Street last night have been arrested.

CAROLINE

Officer Sutton?

HENRY

Sutton, too. The Lieutenant Governor is holding council as we speak. There will be a trial, and the rest of the redcoats will likely be pulled from the city. His aide suggests we remain here until tensions have gone down.

The group nods at him in understanding, but they still can't bring themselves to speak.

Henry leaves. Caroline waits a moment, then follows.

INT. CASTLE WILLIAM STUDY - DAY

She finds Henry in the study, sitting at a desk with the PAPERS father gave him.

CAROLINE
What are you reading?

He rolls the papers up hastily.

HENRY
It's none of your concern.

She goes to grab the papers from him, and he snatches them away. Cold in a way he's never been to her.

CAROLINE
What's wrong with you?

HENRY
Me?

He scoffs, turns around and runs a disgruntled hand through his hair - something he's evidently been doing a lot lately as his hair stays mussed.

HENRY (CONT'D)
That's rich. You're the last person I'd trust with this right now.

CAROLINE
Henry...

He turns swiftly, anger written into the corner of his eyes.

HENRY
What in God's name were you thinking running into that crowd last night?

CAROLINE
You can save your breath. Officer Sutton already dressed me down for it.

HENRY

As he damn well should have! He's in prison right now, because of your antics.

CAROLINE

How is this - any of this - my fault?

HENRY

He had your broad knife. They thought he'd planned to use it.

That stops her cold.

HENRY (CONT'D)

You never think about the consequences of your actions. Sneaking into the forge, running into angry mobs. And now that father is... is dead -- I can't be the man of the house. I've got my own family to consider. You need to grow up. Your life isn't just about you anymore.

CAROLINE

When has my life ever been about me!? It's always, "Caroline, do this for me, and Caroline, mend that for your sister. Caroline, when are you getting married?" I want to take care of myself, but it's apparently not my choice to make!

HENRY

Would you prefer the alternative? Would it have been better if you'd been sold to a madame when we lost the farm?

Caroline recoils as if slapped.

HENRY (CONT'D)

We get to be independent people, who, thanks to the British government, do not want for the things we need. It's about time you started acting grateful.

CAROLINE

Grateful? All the Crown has ever done is take from us.

(MORE)

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

*They took our farm, our childhood,
our rights. Our father.*

HENRY

(in warning)
Caroline.

CAROLINE

*What? Plenty of other people feel
the same way, otherwise last night
wouldn't have happened.*

HENRY

*Shut your mouth, now. We could lose
everything if you're not careful.*

Caroline laughs sardonically at that. Tears well up in her eyes.

CAROLINE

What have I left to lose, Henry?

HENRY

*If not the family you have left,
then consider your freedom.
Although, I'm not sure you'll have
much of that left when mother gets
through with you.*

He turns swiftly and angrily on his heel and storms out.

EXT. GRANARY BURYING GROUND - THREE DAYS LATER - DAY

Nearly the whole town stands dressed in black, both citizens and buildings draped in dark cloth, as five of the victims of the Boston Massacre are laid to rest. A carriage sits discretely off to the side near a cart covered with a sheet.

The church bell tolls, and rings are exchanged with the families. The ceremony ends, and everyone slowly disperses.

CAROLINE (V.O.)

They called it a "massacre".

Slowly, the doors to the carriage open revealing Caroline and her family also dressed to mourn.

CAROLINE

*My father didn't get a ceremony or
his name on the plaque at the
Granary like the rest of the
victims.*

A driver pulls the horse with the cart down a the hill a bit from the previous burial ground where another, more hidden, grave sits.

CAROLINE (V.O.)

His fine work for the Crown was rewarded with the near complete removal of his existence. They wouldn't risk angering the city more by acknowledging his death. Or his life.

Several of Father's friends, including John, James Otis, and Mr. Martin are there to act as pallbearers.

CAROLINE (V.O.)

I was grateful for his friends. For someone else to pass along his memory.

The sheet is removed, revealing a casket.

CAROLINE (V.O.)

He was a good man. He was good to his family. To his city. But he was a tax collector. And in Boston, no one is sad to see a tax collector go.

There are no church bells, drums, or rings as father's body is lowered into the ground. Off Caroline's tearful eyes.

CAROLINE (V.O.)

Except his family.

EXT. HANCOCK HOUSE - DAY

Caroline, dressed very well put together but with a darkness beneath the eyes belying her lack of sleep, arrives by carriage to the large and impressive Hancock house. Workers mill about the grounds of the two story manse.

CAROLINE (V.O.)

I felt like my world had shattered.

The driver offers her a hand out of the carriage, which she accepts, smoothing out her skirt when she lands on solid ground.

CAROLINE (V.O.)

I seemed to be merely drifting through life.

(MORE)

CAROLINE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*But I went to Dolly's anyway -- the
 normalcy of social interaction I
 once abhorred now felt like a
 tether.*

She knocks on the door, and Dolly Quincy answers.

DOLLY
 Caroline! I'm glad you could still
 make it. My sympathies for the loss
 of your father.

CAROLINE
 I appreciate it. Not too many
 people would say the same.

INT. HANCOCK HOUSE - CONTINUOUS - DAY

She ushers Caroline into the house, and Caroline marvels at
 the high ceiling and lavish decoration.

DOLLY
 My father assures that all of the
 redcoats that night will be tried
 in court.

Dolly looks out the door.

DOLLY (CONT'D)
 Speaking of, I see your shadow
 isn't with us today.

Caroline closes her eyes for a quick moment at the mention of
 Sutton.

CAROLINE
 No.

DOLLY
 All the better. I wanted to have an
 important conversation with you.
 One that is probably best without
 him.

She closes the door behind them and grabs Caroline's hands.

DOLLY (CONT'D)
 What happened to your father was
 just awful. He was a very beloved
 friend of John's.

CAROLINE

He was? I didn't know they knew
each other well.

Dolly gives her a sly smile.

DOLLY

Oh, yes. John met just yesterday
with my father and a few other
gentleman to discuss a plan to deal
with these disagreements with
soldiers and Parliament. They will
not get away with this any longer.

CAROLINE

That's very noble of them.

Dolly studies her for a moment.

DOLLY

...But it doesn't bring your father
back.

Caroline doesn't answer, but we see the pain in her eyes.

DOLLY (CONT'D)

You want them to pay for their
crimes?

CAROLINE

I do.

DOLLY

At all costs?

CAROLINE

Yes.

Dolly smiles. She pulls Caroline over to a set of double
doors and opens them to a sitting room with six or seven
ladies engaged in boisterous conversation.

DOLLY

Ladies!

They turn to Dolly.

DOLLY (CONT'D)

This is Caroline Bowen.

Caroline curtsies and the women all greet her, overlapping
each other. Dolly turns to Caroline.

DOLLY (CONT'D)

Caroline, meet Sarah Bache, Deborah
Sampson, Sarah Fulton, Patience
Wright, and Esther Reed.

SARAH BACHE

Welcome to the Daughters of
Liberty.

CAROLINE (V.O.)

And just like that. An anchor.

Off Caroline's face, a mixture of shock and excitement-

FADE OUT.