

105856

# Midnight Ride

by  
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The mob of Mohawks clamber aboard the three ships and begin splitting open crates with their hatchets. The watchman pockets the shilling, then calls up to the chief:

WATCHMAN (cont'd)

What should I tell the Governor?

MOHAWK CHIEF/REVERE

Tell him the Sons of Liberty were here!

Revere heaves a crate overboard with a splash. War cries fill the air as his boisterous band of rebel braves begin clearing the decks.

INT. REVERE HOUSE -- KITCHEN -- DAY

RACHEL REVERE, 28, with an earthy, unadorned beauty, serves breakfast to SIX CHILDREN. PAUL REVERE, 38, comes down the stairs, sidestepping Rachel as she pulls piping hot biscuits from the stove.

RACHEL

You were out late last night.

REVERE

Just knocking around with some of the fellas.

RACHEL

Well, then, you missed all the excitement.

REVERE

What excitement was that?

He snatches a biscuit as FRANCES, 7, leaps up on her chair, whooping like an Indian.

FRANCES

A brazen band of savages stormed the ships at Griffin's Wharf and tossed the King's tea into the harbor!

RACHEL

Didn't even bother to boil the water first.

REVERE

Then they must be savages.

REVERE

No. I'm sure the committee can wait. Children, finish your breakfast.

He takes her hand and leads her upstairs.

EXT. NORTH SQUARE -- DAY

A light snow is falling. PAUL JR., 13, leads a horse from the stable to his father, who is strapping on his SPURS.

PAUL JR.

Wish you had taken me with you last night. Sounded like fun.

REVERE

It was serious business. We're sending a message to the King. You know what that is?

PAUL JR.

That we won't pay his tax on tea?

REVERE

That we're a free people and we won't let anybody tell us what to do. Got that?

PAUL JR.

Yes, sir.

Revere hoists himself into the saddle.

REVERE

Mind the shop while I'm gone. And try be some help to your new ma.

The boy nods. Revere winks to Rachel standing at the door with the rest of the children, then spurs his horse down the snowy street. The children shout good-byes and give chase.

EXT. LONDON, ENGLAND -- DAY

Three thousand miles away, it is also snowing on the British royal residence.

SUPERTITLE: ST. JAMES'S PALACE, LONDON

INT. HALLWAY -- DAY

Footsteps echo in the vaulted space as LORD NORTH, the Prime Minister of Great Britain, approaches the royal chambers. The

LORD NORTH  
Hutchinson.

KING GEORGE  
The man is obviously an imbecile.  
Utterly out of his depth. We want  
him replaced immediately. We need  
somebody with the fortitude to  
impress our will upon these  
impudent rascals before they make a  
fool of us.

The King bites into a pastry, leaving a dab of whipped cream  
on the end of his nose. Lord North considers the  
ramifications of bringing this to the King's attention.

KING GEORGE (cont'd)  
Well, what are you waiting for?

LORD NORTH  
Nothing. I'll get right on it, your  
Majesty.

EXT. HIGHMEADOW -- GLOUCESTERSHIRE, ENGLAND -- DAY

A pheasant rises up from the reeds, only to be blown out of  
the sky. GENERAL THOMAS GAGE, 55, lowers his gun as his dogs  
charge into the brush in search of the kill. A FOOTMAN  
arrives with an ENVELOPE bearing the Royal Seal.

FOOTMAN  
It's from London, sir.

INT. PARLIAMENT BUILDING -- LONDON -- DAY

Lord North presides over a panel of dusty-wigged CABINET  
MEMBERS. Gen. Gage sits before them, looking supremely  
confident in full military dress.

LORD NORTH  
General Gage, your extensive  
experience in the Americas  
qualifies you as something of an  
expert on the current situation.  
We're most anxious to hear your  
thoughts.

GEN. GAGE  
Well, as I stated in my report  
dated February last, it's my  
observation that democracy is far  
too prevalent in America and  
demands the greatest attention to  
(MORE)

GEN. GAGE

I was under the impression I was summoned here in a purely advisory capacity.

LORD NORTH

And you've advised us admirably.

The committee members await his answer. The General realizes that his balls are in a vise.

GEN. GAGE

I wish to remind the committee that I spent over 20 years in that wretched part of the world and I have no desire to return --

EARL OF DARTMOUTH

Your King needs you, General Gage. Are we to tell him that you refused?

GEN. GAGE

No, certainly not, but --

EARL OF DARTMOUTH

The question remains: How many men?

The screw turns a little tighter ...

GEN. GAGE

Twenty thousand should suffice.

After another brief conference, Lord North turns back to Gage.

LORD NORTH

You may have two thousand.

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN -- DAY

FOUR BRITISH WARSHIPS sail westward in close formation. MARGARET KEMBLE GAGE, late 30s, and by all accounts a great beauty, stands on the deck of the lead ship, gazing at the horizon. She is joined by her husband.

GEN. GAGE

Are you terribly disappointed that we are returning so soon?

MARGARET

I was born in America. Half my heart is there. I just pray that  
(MORE)

JONES (cont'd)

Don't know why we're bothering to shine these guns up. It's only a matter of time before the Lobsterbacks commandeer 'em and use 'em against us.

SMITH

We should steal 'em. Get 'em to the Committee of Safety. That way when the shooting starts they'll be pointed in the right direction.

JONES

Forget about it. Redcoats are thick as flies out there.

DAWES

(off)  
I could do it.

Smith and Jones turn to consider a fellow artillery man catching some shuteye against a sack of gunpowder.

SMITH

Say what, Billy?

WILLIAM DAWES, 29, lifts his cap, glances out the window and takes a hit off his flask -- hair of the dog.

DAWES

I said I could steal those cannons. Right now. Before inspection. Still got my watch?

From his pocket, Smith produces a GOLD WATCH dangling from a chain.

SMITH

This beauty right here? The very same top-quality timepiece I won from you last Friday night?

DAWES

I was drunk when I bet it. I'd like the chance to win it back.

SMITH

Well, then, you ain't got much time, do you?

Dawes stifles a groan as the boys lift the crate off him, sending the cannon barrel rolling into the dirt. A long rusty nail sticks out of Dawes's forearm.

BOY  
You alright, sir?

DAWES  
Just get that cannon back in the crate.

The boys quickly get the cannon boxed up as Dawes grits his teeth and yanks the nail from his arm.

DAWES (cont'd)  
Let's keep moving, lads.

Dawes hoists up his end of the crate and the team presses on, spiriting the purloined cannons around the corner just before the Regulars return.

EXT. ALLEY -- DAY

Dawes and his crew hustle toward the schoolhouse, nearly colliding with GENERAL WILLIAM HEATH, 40s, also wearing the blue coat of the Massachusetts Artillery Company. Everybody freezes. Hunched over the crate, Dawes offers an awkward salute.

GEN. HEATH  
Are those our field cannons, Sgt. Dawes?

DAWES  
Yes, sir, General Heath, sir.

GEN. HEATH  
What are you doing with them?

DAWES  
Stealing them so the Redcoats won't get 'em, sir.

Heath considers this carefully, glances about.

GEN. HEATH  
Very good then. Carry on.

Gen. Heath strides off. Dawes nods to the boys and they continue on their way.

INT. FANUEIL HALL -- DAY

Boston society has turned out to welcome the new Governor of Massachusetts. A STRING QUARTET plays, people dance, but despite the festive atmosphere and formal pleasantries, PATRIOTS and LOYALISTS can barely contain their contempt for each other.

ON THE LOYALIST SIDE OF THE ROOM

Gage sits with his military advisors in the place of honor up on the dais. In addition to Lord Percy, there is ADMIRAL SAMUEL GRAVES of the Royal Navy, LT. COL. FRANCIS SMITH of the 10th Foot, and MAJ. JOHN PITCAIRN of the Marines. Percy nods, speaking confidentially:

LORD PERCY  
Those are the primary instigators  
of the resistance.

Gage turns to look at a boisterous table across the room.

GAGE'S POV -- THE PATRIOT TABLE

AS THE CAMERA MOVES FROM FACE TO FACE, Percy identifies the players. First up is DR. JOSEPH WARREN, 34 ...

LORD PERCY  
That's Dr. Joseph Warren, leader of  
the Whig party. He may not look  
dangerous, but he's a committed  
enemy of the Crown and the rabble  
of Boston love him.

The CAMERA MOVES to DR. BENJAMIN CHURCH, 40 ...

LORD PERCY (cont'd)  
His second is Dr. Benjamin Church,  
a respected surgeon from one of the  
oldest families in the colonies. At  
the moment, he's rumored to have  
financial woes ...

Next comes SAMUEL ADAMS, 51 ...

LORD PERCY (cont'd)  
That's the infamous Samuel Adams. A  
failed businessman, but a  
successful politician, the man has  
a rare talent for agitating the  
masses. Of course, somebody has to  
foot the bill for their subversive  
activities ...

DR. WARREN

I'm sure you're right. Mrs. Gage,  
might I have the pleasure?

Warren offers his hand, indicating the dancing going on  
before them.

MARGARET

Not just now, thank you.

GEN. GAGE

Nonsense, Margaret. Dance with the  
doctor. As a gesture of goodwill to  
the people of Boston.

Acquiescing with a taut smile, Margaret takes Dr. Warren's  
hand. He escorts her out onto the dance floor.

ACROSS THE ROOM

Among the colonial guests in attendance, the CAMERA finds DR.  
ABLE PRESCOTT SR., 52, and his two sons, ABEL PRESCOTT JR.,  
26, and SAMUEL PRESCOTT, 24, also doctors, just arriving.

SAMUEL

Now this was worth the ride in from  
Concord.

ABEL JR.

Is that General Gage, father?

ABEL SR.

That's him, alright. Haven't seen  
that face for twenty years. I  
served under him at Fort  
Ticonderoga. Sixteen hundred men  
fell and he got promoted. I said  
then it was the last time I'd ever  
take an order from anyone in the  
King's Army. Now they've gone and  
made him Governor. We'll see how  
long that lasts.

Samuel, more interested in the guests than his father's  
observations, elbows his brother.

SAMUEL

I told you the women were more  
beautiful in Boston.

Abel Jr. follows his brother's gaze. LYDIA MULLIKEN, 22,  
chatting with friends, notices them and shyly turns away.

MARGARET  
Darling, shouldn't you say  
something?

GEN. GAGE  
I'd rather not.

She gives him a look. Reluctantly, he nods to an ATTENDANT,  
who rings a bell. The room quiets down.

GEN. GAGE (cont'd)  
Good people of Massachusetts, thank  
you for your gracious welcome --

PATRIOT VOICE  
Go home!

GEN. GAGE  
-- Although the circumstances that  
bring us together may, on the  
surface, appear dire, I believe it  
is important to remember what  
unites us. We are, after all, one  
nation, one people --

ANOTHER VOICE  
Not for long!

Gage scans the crowd, deciding it's best to wrap this up. He  
raises his glass unenthusiastically:

GEN. GAGE  
To the continued prosperity of  
Boston.

An exuberant Loyalist shouts out:

LOYALIST  
God save the King!

The string quartet strikes up "God Save The King" and half  
the room begins to sing the words:

LOYALISTS  
*God save our gracious King, Long  
live our noble King, God save the  
King! ...*

OVER AT THE PATRIOT TABLE

Revere stands up and begins singing "The Liberty Song":

LORD PERCY

The General has conceived a series of surgical strikes against various Provincial arsenals and powder houses. These raids are to be executed by limited detachments of personnel under conditions of utmost secrecy.

GEN. GAGE

Our goal, gentlemen, is to disarm the population without bloodshed.

EXT. LONG WHARF -- NIGHT

While Boston sleeps, 260 BRITISH REGULARS board Navy longboats bobbing gently on the tide.

EXT. MYSTIC RIVER -- NIGHT

The flotilla glides silently upriver.

EXT. RIVERBANK -- NIGHT

The Regulars wade ashore and begin a quick march up the hill toward a WINDOWLESS STONE TOWER.

INT. POWDER HOUSE -- NIGHT

The wooden door smashes open. Regulars rush in and begin removing KEGS of Colonial gun powder.

EXT. MYSTIC RIVER -- DAWN

250 KEGS of gun powder drift on a makeshift raft in the middle of the river.

FROM THE SHORE

A FIRING SQUAD takes aim and unleashes a volley of musket fire. The raft EXPLODES in an enormous FIREBALL ...

EXT. MARLBOROUGH STREET -- BOSTON -- NIGHT

An angry YANKEE MOB surges down the street chanting slogans, scrawling graffiti, etc.

EXT. PROVINCE HOUSE -- NIGHT

A line of besieged REDCOATS is pelted with rotten fruit and vegetables as they hold the mob at bay. Mounted on horseback, Percy and TWO GUARDS push through the crowd and enter the heavily-defended gates of the Governor's mansion.

ADAMS

Well, why not? We all know it's coming. It's time to stop talking and do something, damn it.

HANCOCK

If it would actually get you to stop talking, it might almost be worth it.

DR. CHURCH

Gentlemen, let me remind you -- the other colonies have made it clear they will not come to our defense unless Gage's soldiers draw first blood.

REVERE

(turning from the window)  
It's not blood Gage is after, it's gunpowder. He knows there ain't going to be any revolution without it. His lobsterbacks just blew up 250 kegs while we were sleeping. Does anybody in this room really think he'll stop there?

DR. WARREN

Revere is right. We have to be ready when he strikes again.

REVERE

A couple of my Mechanics are watching the garrison as we speak. Give me a few days, I'll organize the rest.

A BARREL-CHESTED BARKEEP pushes open the door.

BARKEEP

Dr. Warren, you're needed downstairs.

INT. GREEN DRAGON TAVERN -- PRIVATE ROOM -- NIGHT

Warren enters to find Dawes slumped in a chair, looking feverish.

DAWES

Sorry to trouble you, doctor. Your housekeeper told me I'd find you here. It's my arm.

DAWES

I'm a little short right now. I was hoping you'd accept this as payment.

He offers Warren a DUSTY BOTTLE.

DR. WARREN

French Cognac. Where did you get this?

DAWES

There's still plenty of ways in and out of Boston if you know the right people.

Warren is impressed.

DR. WARREN

Tell me, Dawes. Do you consider yourself a Patriot?

DAWES

When it comes to politics, I find it's best not to choose sides.

DR. WARREN

The time is coming when we'll all have to choose sides, or they'll be chosen for us. Come upstairs. I want you to meet a friend of mine.

INT. GREEN DRAGON TAVERN -- NIGHT

Warren finds Revere drinking and speaking in hushed tones with a couple of MECHANICS.

DR. WARREN

Revere, this is William Dawes. He has skills you might find useful.

DAWES

I've heard a lot about you, Mr. Revere.

REVERE

That's funny. I haven't heard anything about you.

Revere ignores Dawes's outstretched hand as he drains his beer.

REVERE (cont'd)  
moment word reaches you, you need  
to get to the next town as fast as  
you're able. That means keeping  
your horses saddled and sleeping in  
your boots. Who's from Medford?

HERRICK  
Here. Martin Herrick.

MARTIN HERRICK passes the baby along, then steps forward.

REVERE  
You'll ride to Malden, Stoneham and  
on to Reading. Who's from Acton?

BANCROFT  
I am. George Bancroft.

Like Herrick before him, GEORGE BANCROFT passes the baby to  
the next guy.

REVERE  
You'll ride to Littleton, Groton,  
and Pepperell. Is there a man from  
Concord?

It's Abel Jr.'s turn to pass off the baby.

ABEL JR.  
Right here, sir. Abel Prescott Jr.

REVERE  
You'll head down to Sudbury and  
Framingham, and further still if  
your horse is able. This goes for  
every man in this room: In each  
town on your route, you need to  
establish contact with other men  
like yourselves who'll carry the  
message on. In this way we can  
spread the alarm to the militia  
and minutemen throughout the  
countryside far quicker than Gage  
can move his army. Any questions?

PAUL JR.  
Is there going to be a war then,  
father?

Revere looks up to see his son standing in the back of the  
shop. The men exchange glances. It's the question on all  
their minds.

RACHEL

Don't be so hard on the boy. He just wants to be part of what you're doing. It's exciting. But at the same time, he's worried. It's just a year since his ma passed away. Every time you leave for one of your meetings or ride off to who knows where, he wonders if you're ever coming back. We all do.

EXT. YARD -- DAY

Revere walks past his son toward the stable.

REVERE

Saddle up your horse.

Paul Jr. drops the axe and follows his dad.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE -- DAY

Father and son gallop through the woods, ducking limbs, leaping walls, splashing through streams, each pushing the other to go faster, ever faster ...

EXT. HILLSIDE -- DAY

The horses nibble lazily at the grass. Revere and Paul Jr. sit on the hillside overlooking the city.

REVERE

When my father was younger than you are now, his parents put him on a ship and sent him here. They were Huguenots and the French king was Catholic and there was no future for a lad like him in France. But here, it didn't matter who you were or where you came from, you could make something of yourself. I grew up hating the French, so when they declared war on England and the colonies, I signed up to fight 'em. I was 21, and me and a bunch of fellas from the North End were placed under the command of a Redcoat regiment. Funny thing was, we were countrymen, but those English treated us with contempt. Told us we weren't really British, even as we were dying alongside them. And that got me to thinking --

(MORE)

EXT. BARN -- MOMENTS LATER

Abel Sr. pulls the barn door shut behind him and padlocks it.

SAMUEL

I was hoping to borrow the new mare. I have to see a patient in Lexington. Then I have some business in Boston.

ABEL SR.

What the hell are you wearing?

SAMUEL

It's a new waistcoat. Do you like it? Lavender is all the rage this season.

Abel Sr. spits on the ground and walks away. It's obvious lavender wouldn't have been his first choice.

SAMUEL (cont'd)

What about the mare?

ABEL SR.

(over his shoulder)  
You can take the gelding.

ABEL JR.

(re: waistcoat)  
I like it. I'm sure your patient will, too.

Abel Jr. moves off to join his father.

EXT. CONCORD/LEXINGTON ROAD -- DAY

Prescott trots east past low stone walls. Something catches his attention and he pulls the horse to a halt.

ANGLE ON -- A LONE ROSE

Something of a miracle on this chilly late Autumn day. Prescott cuts the stem with a knife.

INT. MULLIKEN HOUSE -- DAY

MRS. MULLIKEN, 50s, leads Samuel up the stairs.

MRS. MULLIKEN

It's such an odd condition, doctor. One moment she's fine, the next she's just lying in bed moaning.

ANGLE ON THE WOODEN CRATE

A crowbar pries open the lid, revealing a dozen shiny NEW MUSKETS.

INT. DAWES'S TANNERY -- BACK ROOM -- DAY

A couple of BURLY PATRIOTS hoist up the guns, admiring the craftsmanship and heft. Satisfied, one of them tosses Dawes a sack of silver coins.

BURLY PATRIOT

Dr. Warren and the Committee of Safety are much obliged.

From the front of the shop, they hear the door open. Dawes peers out and spots TWO BRITISH OFFICERS. He motions for the Patriots to get going. They hustle the crate out the back.

IN THE FRONT OF THE SHOP

Dawes steps out.

DAWES

What can I do for you, officers?

One of the Redcoats slaps a document on the counter.

OFFICER

We have a warrant to search the premises for black market contraband.

Regulars storm through the door and begin ransacking the shop.

EXT. ANN STREET -- DAY

Regulars remove smuggled goods from Dawes's tannery as Dawes is hustled out in shackles and shoved into the back of a paddy wagon. There he discovers the guard from Boston Gate, also in chains -- and drunk off his ass.

GATE GUARD

(hiccup)  
Sorry, Billy.

EXT. NORTH SQUARE -- DAY

Dr. Prescott steps from the apothecary bearing a few packages and is nearly run down by the paddy wagon carting Dawes off to jail. Muttering, he proceeds across the snowy street to Revere's Silver Shop.

REVERE

Dawes has been arrested.

DR. WARREN

I heard, but we have bigger problems. Gage's next target is Fort William and Mary in Portsmouth.

REVERE

How do you know?

DR. WARREN

I have a source within British high command. I can't tell you anything more, except that the information is extremely reliable.

REVERE

Fort William and Mary -- that's a British garrison.

DR. WARREN

With a vast quantity of gunpowder, and it's vulnerable. It's currently guarded by only six soldiers. Gage is sending a detachment of Marines on the evening tide to secure it.

REVERE

Portsmouth. That's 60 miles.

DR. WARREN

And I doubt we've seen the worst of this storm.

EXT. SNOWY ROAD -- DUSK

A piercing west wind howls across the frozen highway. The muffled HOOFBEATS of a fast-moving horse grow louder. Suddenly, Revere materializes from the swirl of snow, galloping northward under a dark December sky.

INT. PROVINCE HOUSE -- NIGHT

Percy pours a stiff drink and sets it down in front of General Gage.

LORD PERCY

Things didn't go quite as we'd hoped in Portsmouth ...

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

EXT. BOSTON COMMON -- DAY

In the time-honored tradition of punishing the innocent,  
THREE BLINDFOLDED REGULARS face a FIRING SQUAD.

SINGING VOICES

(over)  
*God rest ye merry gentlemen, let  
nothing ye dismay ...*

OFFICER

FIRE!

BLAM! The victims slump to the ground.

SINGING VOICES

(over)  
*Remember Christ our Savior was born  
on Christmas Day ...*

INT. PROVINCE HOUSE -- PARLOR -- NIGHT

Gage, his OFFICERS and their WIVES are gathered around a  
Christmas tree for hot mulled wine and spirited singing.

ALL

*... to save us all from Satan's  
power when we have gone astray ...*

A FOOTMAN bearing a PRESENT on a silver tray approaches Gage,  
who stops singing.

FOOTMAN

This just arrived for you, sir.

GEN. GAGE

(checking the card)  
It's from Paul Revere.

He unwraps the present to find a small, exquisitely crafted  
SILVER BOX. He lifts the lid to reveal DARK POWDER.

COL. SMITH

Odd-looking snuff.

Gage tastes a few bitter grains.

GEN. GAGE

Gunpowder.

BARKEEP

This one's on Doc Warren. He says  
welcome back.

Dawes glances over to where Dr. Warren sits with Dr. Church.  
He hoists his beer in silent salutation, then notices Revere  
enter.

AT WARREN'S TABLE

Revere approaches.

REVERE

One of my fellas heard Gage is  
mustering troops on Castle William.

DR. WARREN

Better send some men out there to  
have a look around.

Revere heads for the door, nodding coolly to Dawes as he  
passes.

EXT. CASTLE WILLIAM -- NIGHT

A small, fortified island in the harbor. Three of REVERE'S  
MECHANICS row quietly out of the darkness and pull their boat  
up onto the beach. A BRITISH PATROL laying in wait behind the  
rocks rises up, muskets pointed.

Meanwhile, elsewhere on the island, a column of British  
Regulars is boarding a TRANSPORT SHIP.

EXT. MASSACHUSETTS BAY -- LATER

The transport ship is under sail.

AT THE HELM

COL. ALEXANDER LESLIE breaks the SEAL on an ENVELOPE, reads  
the contents.

COL. LESLIE

Salem.

Nodding, the CAPTAIN spins the wheel ...

INT. PROVINCE HOUSE -- DAY

Once again, Percy pours a stiff drink and sets it in front of  
his commander.

INT. PROVINCE HOUSE -- DAY

An argument ensues among Gage's advisors.

MAJ. PITCAIRN

What is the point of sending in an army if you won't let them fire their weapons?

GEN. GAGE

Because that's exactly what those Rebels want and I refuse to give it to them.

MAJ. PITCAIRN

They're all bluster, sir. They'll never attack Regular troops. One active engagement and the burning of two or three of their towns will convince these foolish people that England is in earnest!

GEN. GAGE

That's quite enough, Major. Percy, have Col. Leslie send a full report to London. Dismissed.

Percy, Graves, Smith and Pitcairn exit.

INT. PROVINCE HOUSE -- HALLWAY -- DAY

Percy and Smith move off. Pitcairn and Graves linger.

MAJ. PITCAIRN

I have a mind to write a report of my own.

ADM. GRAVES

If you do, I'll sign it.

INT. TAVERN -- NIGHT

This place is popular with British Regulars who drink heavily and gamble recklessly. In the center of the debauchery, we find William Dawes with a Yankee whore named NANCY on his knee and a FULL HOUSE in his hand. He lays down the cards and rakes in his winnings, much to the Regulars' disgust. Dawes drains his beer and excuses himself.

INT. GREEN DRAGON TAVERN -- NIGHT

Warren, Church and a few other Whigs listen to what Revere has just learned.

REVERE

He said that orders are on their way from London. The King wants Hancock and Adams arrested for treason and sent back to England for trial.

DR. WARREN

They'll hang them for sure.

DR. CHURCH

This Dawes is a gambler and a whoremaster. Is it prudent to think he can be trusted?

REVERE

He did get out of jail awful quick.

DR. WARREN

That was my doing.

(off Revere's look)

I can still pull a few strings when necessary, and I'm convinced that Dawes is a good man. Hancock and Adams are due to return from the Provincial Congress in Concord. We must warn them to stay out of Boston. Dr. Church and I will remain, but I suggest that anybody else who does not need to be here should leave as well.

EXT. BOSTON -- VARIOUS LOCATIONS -- DAY

AMERICAN WHIG LEADERS load carriages with hastily-gathered valuables and clatter out of town.

INT. GAGE'S CARRIAGE (MOVING) -- DAY

Gen. Gage and Margaret recline in the comfort of their slow-moving carriage as several Yankee carriages hurtle past in the opposite direction.

GEN. GAGE

Where's everybody going all of a sudden?

TIGHT ON -- A MAP

A DIRTY FINGER points to the town of LEXINGTON.

LT. DE BERNIERE  
(over)  
They're in Lexington, sir ...

INT. PROVINCE HOUSE -- GAGE'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

The dirty finger belongs to one of the two farmers, who -- as you may have suspected -- are not farmers at all. In fact, they are CAPT. BROWN and LT. De BERNIERE of the British Army.

LT. DE BERNIERE  
... It appears they've been  
conducting their affairs from a  
place called the Buckman Tavern.

CAPT. BROWN  
They served a very nice stew there.  
Beef, I think.

De Berniere shoots his associate a look.

LT. DE BERNIERE  
Later on, we saw them retire for  
the evening to the local parsonage  
where they were guarded over by a  
handful of militia men.

GEN. GAGE  
How many?

LT. DE BERNIERE  
Five. Six at the most.

Gage traces his finger along the route from Boston to  
Lexington.

GEN. GAGE  
You say it's about 14 miles?

LT. DE BERNIERE  
If you go from Charlestown. More  
like 17 if you go over the Neck.

Gage's finger continues along the road to the next village:  
CONCORD.

NANCY

Sorry, Billy, it was lovely, but you gotta go. Shaping up to be a busy day.

She gives herself a sponge bath as Dawes climbs out of bed and glances out the window. A long line of British Regulars stretches from the front door of the brothel.

DAWES

What is it, payday?

NANCY

Probably marching somewhere. They always queue up like that before something big.

EXT. BOSTON NECK -- DAY

TWENTY MOUNTED BRITISH OFFICERS depart Boston at a full gallop. As they pass through the gates, YOUNG PATRIOTS pelt them with horse apples. Among them we find Paul Jr.

INT. REVERE'S SILVER SHOP -- DAY

Revere removes a hot lump of silver from the annealing furnace, places it on the anvil and begins to shape it over the crimping block. Paul Jr. comes racing in.

PAUL JR.

A patrol just went out over the neck.

REVERE

Any of 'em headed up the Lexington Road?

PAUL JR.

I don't know, but there was more than usual. Must have been about twenty of 'em.

POV -- THROUGH A SPYGLASS

British sailors lower LONGBOATS into the water alongside two warships ...

EXT. BEACON HILL -- CONTINUOUS

Revere lowers the spyglass. Two Mechanics, GEORGE and HENRY stand with him.

INT. DR. WARREN'S HOUSE -- DUSK

The place has become a nexus of Patriot activity. An OLD MAN stands with his 11-year-old GRANDSON in front of Dr. Church and Dr. Warren.

OLD MAN

My grandson here works at the stables at the garrison. Tell him what you seen.

GRANDSON

They're preparing the men to move out tonight. Grenadiers, Infantry, the whole lot of 'em, it seems.

DR. CHURCH

Did you hear any of the men talking about where they might be headed?

GRANDSON

No, sir. They didn't know and they were complaining about that. They were complaining about their rations, too -- one day's supply ofhardtack and salt pork.

DR. WARREN

One day, you say? That narrows the radius of possible targets.

GRANDSON

Some of 'em thinks it's just another one of old woman Gage's training exercises.

DR. WARREN

What do you think?

GRANDSON

I think it's the real thing, sir. I overheard a couple of officers saying how tomorrow there'd be hell to pay.

Dr. Warren nods resolutely.

INT. WARREN'S HOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

Dr. Warren finishes scribbling out a note, seals it in an envelope and hands it to his CHAMBERMAID.

EXT. ALLEY -- MOMENTS LATER

The door cracks open. The servant girl passes a new envelope back to Warren's chambermaid.

INT. DR. WARREN'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Warren finishes reading Margaret's reply. He turns to the chambermaid.

DR. WARREN

Find Mr. Revere. Tell him I need to see him at once.

The chambermaid departs. Warren drops the letter into the fireplace and watches it burn.

DR. CHURCH

What is it, Joseph?

DR. WARREN

It's bigger than we thought. Gage has discovered that Hancock and Adams are in Lexington. He's sending eleven regiments to arrest them.

DR. CHURCH

Why so many?

DR. WARREN

Because that's just the beginning. They are to march on to Concord to burn the munitions there. You'd best get your affairs in order.

Nodding, Church departs. Warren glances at the clock on the wall. It is approaching 9 p.m. He pours himself a stiff shot of Cognac, tosses it back. Then he considers the bottle again, recalling that it was given to him by William Dawes.

INT. PROVINCE HOUSE -- LIBRARY -- NIGHT

A CLOAKED FIGURE peers out the window as Gage enters the room.

GEN. GAGE

The hour is late. I was beginning to despair of your arrival. Do you have the map?

The figure turns from the window and pushes back his hood. It is Dr. Benjamin Church. He hands Gage a FOLDED DOCUMENT.

returns in much diluted form. Unnerved, he crosses to his office.

INT. GAGE'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

Lord Percy has just been informed that the secrecy of the mission has been compromised.

LORD PERCY  
Betrayed? By whom?

GEN. GAGE  
(lying)  
I don't know.

LORD PERCY  
Should we abort the mission?

GEN. GAGE  
No. We shall proceed as planned and we shall prevail.

Gen. Gage seals the map within an envelope and hands it to Lord Percy.

GEN. GAGE (cont'd)  
Deliver these orders to Col. Smith. Tell him that time is of the essence. And close the gates to all traffic. I want Paul Revere found and arrested. One man on a horse can't stop the British Empire.

INT. DR. WARREN'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

Revere stands in Warren's office.

REVERE  
A thousand soldiers?

DR. WARREN  
Possibly more. They obviously intend to intimidate us. Or slaughter us.

REVERE  
Well, they underestimate us. If one shot is fired, they'll wish they had ten times as many. How are they going out?

DR. WARREN  
Across the harbor to Lechmere Point.

The gates swing open and the patrol rides out of the city in a thunder of hooves. The guard watches them pass, thinking there's something vaguely odd about that last one in the ill-fitting uniform. The gates close and he shrugs off his doubt.

CLOSE ON A PILE OF CLOTHES

The British Officer's uniform has been dumped in a heap on the ground ...

EXT. COUNTRY LANE -- NIGHT

Dawes emerges from the bushes, leaps on his horse and gallops off into the darkness.

EXT. BOSTON STREETS -- NIGHT

BRITISH TROOPS march toward the common. A YANKEE DOG scampers into the street, barking at the Redcoats. Hardly missing a beat, a passing Regular runs the dog through with his bayonet. When the soldiers have passed, Revere emerges from the shadows and hurries down the street.

EXT. NEWMAN'S BOARDING HOUSE -- NIGHT

Revere approaches the front window. Inside, Newman serves beer to FIVE BRITISH OFFICERS gambling at the parlor table. Revere tosses a pebble at the window.

INT. NEWMAN'S BOARDING HOUSE -- SAME

Newman glances up to see Revere outside the window holding up TWO FINGERS. Newman nods imperceptibly. Revere takes off.

EXT. NEWMAN'S BOARDING HOUSE -- NIGHT

Newman slips out a back window, dropping to the ground. He is joined by JOHN PULLING and THOMAS BERNARD.

EXT. OLD NORTH CHURCH -- NIGHT

Newman unlocks the heavy door. Bernard stands guard as Newman and Pulling slip inside.

INT. OLD NORTH CHURCH STEEPLE -- NIGHT

Newman and Pulling climb the creaking stairs to the uppermost landing. They set down their lanterns. Newman strikes his flint as Pulling opens the window.

tumbling into the graveyard below. They scramble to their feet and disappear into the night as the Regulars watch in vain from the window.

INT. REVERE'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Revere puts on his heavy riding boots and long coat. Rachel offers him his pistol.

REVERE

If the Regulars catch me, I'll be safer without it.

RACHEL

Sometimes I wish this was somebody else's fight.

They kiss, maybe for the last time.

REVERE

If I'm not back by morning, I want you and the children to leave Boston. I'll meet you in Watertown.

RACHEL

With God's help, our next child will be born in a new country.

He looks at her quizzically. Smiling, she places his hand on her belly. In this moment, he understands that she is once again pregnant. A loud POUNDING comes from the front door.

EXT. REVERE'S HOUSE -- SAME

A SQUAD OF REGULARS gather at the door, weapons at the ready.

CAPTAIN

Open up in the name of the King! We have a warrant for the arrest of Paul Revere!

He nods to one of his men, who kicks in the door.

INT. REVERE'S HOUSE -- SAME

The Regulars spill inside to find Rachel standing alone.

CAPTAIN

Search the place!

The Regulars fan out.

He rips the fabric in half. He and Richardson wrap the oars as Revere pushes off. Behind them, Paul Jr. races up to the edge of the dock.

PAUL JR.

Pa!

Revere turns. Paul Jr. hurls the spurs with all his might ...

ANGLE ON THE SPURS -- SLOW MOTION

Glinting in the moonlight as they arc over the water ...

Revere reaches up, snatching them from the air. Father and son share a last look as the boat heads out into the harbor.

PAUL JR.

(softly)

Come back.

EXT. HARBOR -- NIGHT

A near-full moon hangs low in the southern sky over Boston. Bentley and Richardson huddle over their oars, with Revere at the bow. The boat slips into moonshadow as it glides silently past the Somerset.

The CAMERA RISES up. To the south, we can see dozens of BRITISH LONGBOATS transporting troops across the Back Bay.

EXT. CHARLESTOWN FERRY LANDING -- NIGHT

COL. CONANT, RICHARD DEVENS and several other CHARLESTOWN MEN wait on the dock. A whistle comes from the water. Conant returns the signal.

The rowboat emerges from the darkness and pulls up to a ladder. The Charlestown men help Revere up onto the dock, and the group moves quickly toward town.

COL. CONANT

We saw the lanterns. Your man set out straight off.

DEVENS

You'll have to take care on the road. I saw a patrol of nine officers, mounted and armed. They're all up and down the road.

REVERE

Their aim is Concord. But first they're headed through Lexington to

(MORE)

ABEL SR.

World's changing all around you,  
and you've got your damn head in  
the clouds. Mind yourself on the  
road tonight.

Nodding, Samuel dons his hat and steps out.

EXT. CAMBRIDGE -- NIGHT

Dawes gallops out of the shadows and pulls up on the reins. Ahead lies the Great Bridge spanning the Charles River. It is guarded by TWO BRITISH SENTRIES.

EXT. BANKS OF CHARLES RIVER -- NIGHT

Dawes eases his horse into the water. The animal struggles to swim across, whinnying with the exertion.

EXT. GREAT BRIDGE -- NIGHT

At the sound, the sentries turn and spot Dawes 50 yards downstream. They begin firing on him.

EXT. CHARLES RIVER -- NIGHT

With musket balls splashing all around him, Dawes tumbles out of the saddle and the swift current takes him.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD -- NIGHT

Revere and Brown Beauty move along at a good clip. Then the horse spooks and pulls up hard, gnashing at the bit.

Up ahead, silhouetted in the moonlight is a RIDER ON A HORSE standing motionless. Revere nudges Brown Beauty forward cautiously to investigate.

The figure slips from the saddle, hitting the ground with a lifeless thud. Revere dismounts, kneels down. The man was shot in the back. He turns the body over. It's George.

Suddenly, a SHOUT. Revere looks up to see TWO BRITISH OFFICERS galloping toward him. Revere leaps back in the saddle and spurs Brown Beauty forward, turning onto a smaller road. The officers give chase.

TRACKING WITH REVERE

Glancing over his shoulder, he sees the officers not far behind. He leans down low over Brown Beauty's mane.

INT. MULLIKEN HOUSE -- NIGHT

MRS. MULLIKEN pulls open the door to admit Prescott.

MRS. MULLIKEN  
Thank God you're here, doctor.  
Lydia's in the thick of it, she is.

EXT. MYSTIC ROAD -- NIGHT

With a clatter of hooves, Revere gallops over a wooden bridge and into the quiet village of Mystic.

EXT. MARTIN HERRICK'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Revere approaches the house, pulling up on the reins.

REVERE  
Martin Herrick! Are you home?

The second floor window opens. Herrick pokes his head out.

HERRICK  
That you, Revere?

REVERE  
Wake up, for God's sake. The  
Regulars are out! Concord's their  
aim!

Revere pulls Brown Beauty's head around and spurs her back toward the road. Moments later, Herrick bursts from the house, yanking up his trousers as he hustles toward his stable.

EXT. STONEHAM ROAD -- NIGHT

Herrick rides pell-mell down the moonlit country lane.

EXT. CHURCH -- NIGHT

Herrick rides his horse right up the steps of the church, pounds on the wooden door.

HERRICK  
Parson, rouse yourself! The  
Regulars are out! They're marching  
on Concord!

Herrick spurs his horse on. The door swings open and the PARSON pokes his head out. Then he ducks back inside. The CAMERA TILTS up to the church steeple where the bells start to RING.

Lt. Col. Smith reclines in his chaise and breaks the seal on the envelope containing his orders.

COL. SMITH  
Concord, by way of the Lexington  
Road.

MAJ. PITCAIRN  
Forward, march!

INT. JONAS CLARKE HOUSE -- NIGHT

The place is quiet and dark. A GRANDFATHER CLOCK stands next to a window. As the minute hand joins the hour hand at 12, the clock begins to chime. It is MIDNIGHT.

SUPERTITLE: LEXINGTON

From outside, we hear the sound of approaching hoof beats. Revere gallops past the window.

EXT. JONAS CLARKE HOUSE -- NIGHT

SGT. WILLIAM MUNROE of the Lexington Militia guards the front door. Revere pulls Brown Beauty to a full stop, dismounts and strides up the path, spurs clanking on the flagstones.

SGT. MUNROE  
Don't make so much noise. People  
are trying to sleep.

REVERE  
Noise! You'll have noise enough  
before long. The Regulars are  
coming out!

He pushes past Munroe and pounds on the front door. Moments later an upper story window sash flies up and REVEREND JONAS CLARKE sticks his head out.

REV. CLARKE  
Who goes there?

REVERE  
Paul Revere!

Another window rises and Hancock pokes his head out.

HANCOCK  
Come in, Revere. We're not afraid  
of you.

COOK

Actually, it's from the Committee  
of Safety in Menotomy.

The cook snatches it from his hands.

HANCOCK

And a lovely gesture it is. Stoke  
the fires! Peel some potatoes! We  
shall feast upon our return.

EXT. JONAS CLARKE'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Hancock and Adams, both clad in hastily assembled outfits of  
long johns and boots, push out the front door of the house  
just as Dawes gallops up. Breathing hard, he dismounts.

DAWES

Good evening, sirs, I bring a  
message from Dr. Warren in Boston.  
The Regulars --

ADAMS

Yes, yes, we know.

HANCOCK

We're gathering at Buckman Tavern.  
You can refresh yourself there.

Revere emerges from the house, gets a load of Dawes standing  
there sopping wet. He conceals his relief.

REVERE

Better late than never.

INT. FARM HOUSE -- NIGHT

Snug in her bed, the 80-year-old widow ELIZABETH RAND is  
awakened from her sleep by the SOUNDS of tramping feet just  
outside her window.

EXT. FARM HOUSE -- NIGHT

Clutching a dim lantern, Mrs. Rand totters out to the road in  
her night gown. Her face registers incredulity as she beholds  
the awesome sight of the ENDLESS COLUMN of British Regulars  
marching in metronomic synchronicity past her humble  
dwelling. Terrified, she blows out her lantern.

DAWES

I wouldn't know. I never believed  
in anything that much.

REVERE

Then what are you doing here?

DAWES

Doc Warren paid me five pounds.

Revere swings up into the saddle.

REVERE

You might be kidding yourself,  
Dawes. There's plenty of easier  
ways to earn five pounds than what  
you're doing tonight.

DAWES

Tell me about it.

Dawes mounts up and follows Revere west toward the Concord  
Road. Behind them, Lexington's town bell begins to RING in  
the night.

INT. MULLIKEN HOUSE -- NIGHT

Mrs. Mulliken looks up from her knitting as MR. MULLIKEN  
pushes through the front door and grabs his musket down from  
the wall.

MR. MULLIKEN

The Redcoats are marching on  
Concord. We aim to meet 'em here.

MRS. MULLIKEN

Best tell Dr. Prescott. He's  
upstairs.

Nodding, Mr. Mulliken heads upstairs with his musket. The  
CAMERA holds on Mrs. Mulliken. From upstairs come the SOUNDS  
of a brief scuffle followed by a crash of glass. Mrs.  
Mulliken turns to the window ...

EXT. FRONT YARD -- CONTINUOUS

Dr. Prescott tumbles to the ground amid a cascade of broken  
glass. He scrambles to his feet, brushes himself off, then  
notices Mrs. Mulliken peering out at him. He tips his hat,  
then leaps on his horse, departing in a clatter of hoof  
beats.

Prescott and Dawes shake hands.

DAWES  
How well do you know these roads,  
doctor?

SAMUEL  
None know them better.

REVERE  
Then we could use your help. We  
need to alarm every house between  
here and Concord.

SAMUEL  
Alarm them? About what?

EXT. CONCORD ROAD -- NIGHT

Our three midnight riders gallop out of the darkness, pulling  
up to a panting halt.

SAMUEL  
(pointing)  
That's the Fiske place down there.  
William Smith is down that lane.  
And I'll take the Whittemore's.

The three men peel off in separate directions.

EXT. WHITTEMORE FARM -- NIGHT

Prescott gallops up to the silent, dark house.

SAMUEL  
John Whittemore, wake up! The  
Regulars are out!

JOHN WHITTEMORE throws open an upper window.

WHITTEMORE  
That you, Dr. Prescott?

SAMUEL  
It is. How's the new baby?

WHITTEMORE  
Plumping up nicely. Did you say the  
Regulars are out?

SAMUEL  
They're marching on Concord. Spread  
the alarm!

VARIOUS SHOTS

HOOVES thunder down dirt roads; FISTS pound on doors; WINDOWS fly up; MUSKETS are snatched from racks; Other RIDERS leap on horses and scatter into the countryside ...

EXT. CONCORD ROAD -- NIGHT

Our three riders pace their horses down an empty stretch of road passing through the woods.

REVERE

... So what did she say?

SAMUEL

Well, she said yes.

DAWES

I suppose congratulations are in order.

Dawes offers his flask to his companions, who both decline.

DAWES

(muttering)

I'm out with the choir boys.

Dawes takes a healthy swig.

SAMUEL

Of course, I haven't asked her father yet.

Suddenly, Revere pulls Brown Beauty up, nodding ahead. In the moonlight, TWO HORSEMEN lurk under a tree 50 yards ahead. From their silhouettes, we can tell they are British officers.

SAMUEL

What do we do?

REVERE

There's two. We can take them.

DAWES

I had a feeling you'd say that.

They canter forward cautiously. Prescott turns the butt end of his riding crop, preparing to give battle. As they draw nearer, Revere spurs his horse. Prescott and Dawes follow suit ...

The ball whizzes past Prescott's ear. With gritty resolve, the young doctor leans forward. His horse leaps and clears the top of the wall.

Continuing at a full gallop, Prescott disappears down a dark, narrow path. The pursuing officer also makes the jump and follows him into the woods ...

#### TRACKING WITH DAWES

Dawes gallops hard toward the wall on the eastern side of the pasture, two officers 50 yards behind. Pushing his exhausted horse, Dawes leans forward preparing to leap, but his horse pulls up short. Dawes is thrown over the wall and into the underbrush.

Spooked, his horse runs off through the trees. The officers race past, following the riderless horse, leaving Dawes unconscious in the bushes.

#### TRACKING WITH REVERE

Revere drives Brown Beauty toward the tree line at the bottom of the pasture. Suddenly, six more MOUNTED OFFICERS cut him off. He veers hard and they pursue, surrounding him. One officer points a pistol at him, another snatches the reins from his hands. A third officer leaps from his saddle, pulling Revere to the ground.

The officers quickly dismount and set upon Revere, beating him savagely. Finally, CAPT. CHARLES LUMM, the ranking officer, indicates for the abuse to cease. He addresses the much-battered prisoner.

CAPT. LUMM

Sir, may I crave your name?

REVERE

Revere.

CAPT. LUMM

What, Paul Revere?

REVERE

That's right.

#### EXT. WOODS -- NIGHT

Prescott races nimbly through the woods, guiding his horse boldly around a blind bend in the path and effortlessly ducking under a low-hanging tree branch that he has obviously ducked under many times before.

REVERE (cont'd)  
leading a column of Redcoats up the  
Lexington Road as we speak. I also  
know what he's after, and I've  
alarmed every house, church and  
meeting place all the way up.

MAJ. MITCHELL  
You're lying.

REVERE  
Am I? Listen for yourself.

Indeed, the night is alive with distant sounds. Drums  
pounding, bells ringing, muskets firing ...

REVERE  
That's the sound of the countryside  
coming awake. Those musket shots  
coming from the south, that's got  
to be Lincoln. Am I right, boys?

BROWN  
Sounds about right, sir.

REVERE  
What about those bells I hear  
coming from the north? Is that just  
my ears ringing from the thrashing  
they gave me?

SANDERSON  
No, sir. Those are the Bedford  
bells, for sure.

REVERE  
You don't want to mess the men from  
Bedford. Nasty fellas. Especially  
when they get woke up early.

Mitchell is vaguely unnerved. Three mounted officers  
approach. It's the two who followed Dawes and the one who  
went after Prescott, bleeding from the head.

PURSUING OFFICER #1  
We lost him, sir.

PURSUING OFFICER #2  
Mine got away, too.

Mitchell steps aside to consult privately with his men.

MAJ. MITCHELL  
It appears the element of surprise  
has been perhaps somewhat  
(MORE)

DAWES

Good evening, officers. I'm going to have to ask you to release those prisoners.

MAJ. MITCHELL

By what authority?

DAWES

I've got fifty armed men in the woods. You're completely surrounded. Is that enough authority for you?

Glancing about, Mitchell points his sword directly at Dawes's throat.

MAJ. MITCHELL

I think you're full of --

A SHOT rings out from the woods and Mitchell's hat flies off. From the opposite side of the road, ANOTHER SHOT picks off Lumm's hat. Mitchell reassesses the situation as one of his officers leans in for a sotto conversation:

OFFICER

Sir, if I may, we would move faster without the prisoners.

MAJ. MITCHELL

Very well. Release them.

One of his men dismounts and cuts the ropes that bind the prisoners. They join Dawes.

DAWES

Now get going. And tell fat Col. Smith to stay out of Lexington if he knows what's good for him.

The British officers move off cautiously, then spur their horses to a gallop. The moment they are out of sight, the two minutemen step out onto the road.

REVERE

This is your fifty men?

Dawes nods. Revere laughs and slaps Dawes on the back. He's impressed.

REVERE (cont'd)

Where you fellas from?

ABEL JR.

I'll head down to Sudbury and Framingham.

Watching his boys hurry off, Abel Sr. realizes that he has seriously underestimated his youngest son.

ABEL SR.

Samuel!

SAMUEL

Yes, father?

ABEL SR.

Take the mare. She'll serve you well.

SAMUEL

Aye, father.

EXT. LEXINGTON ROAD -- NIGHT

Revere, Dawes, the Lexington scouts and the Bedford minutemen trudge down the road.

REVERE

What time is it?

DAWES

I don't know. I lost my goddamn watch when I fell off my horse back there.

Loring points to a path.

LORING

This path will take us back to Lexington.

DAWES

What about that one?

Dawes points to another path headed in the opposite direction.

DAWES (cont'd)

Will that take me to Waltham?

LORING

Yeah, follow it south a couple of miles. It'll take you down to the main road.

DAWES

There are a thousand Regulars  
marching up that road. You want to  
go mix it up with 'em, be my guest.  
But I think I've done my job for  
the night.

REVERE

You'll get no argument here. If  
anyone says otherwise, they'll have  
to answer to me.

With that, Revere starts down the path, leaving Dawes alone  
in the road, torn between Waltham and Lexington.

DAWES

Son of a bitch.

Dawes sets off after Revere.

EXT. LEXINGTON ROAD -- NIGHT

Col. Francis Smith lurches along in his chaise in the midst  
of the British column advancing steadily toward Lexington. In  
the distance, he is vaguely disturbed to hear gunshots, bells  
ringing, drums pounding.

Riding at the head of the column, Maj. Pitcairn can also hear  
these sounds. But then up ahead he hears the trample of  
horses galloping toward him. Maj. Mitchell and his officers  
come thundering out of the darkness.

EXT. LEXINGTON ROAD -- LATER

Pitcairn and Col. Smith confer with Mitchell.

COL. SMITH

What measure of resistance can we  
expect?

MAJ. MITCHELL

Hard to say, sir. But I can tell  
you this. You won't catch them  
sleeping.

Smith turns to an AIDE.

COL. SMITH

Send a courier back to Boston.  
Inform Gen. Gage that we will  
require reinforcements.

The aide hurries off.

ADAMS (cont'd)

Revere, talk some sense into him.  
He's hell-bent on his own  
destruction.

HANCOCK

Those Lobsterbacks will rue the  
day!

(brandishing his sword)  
I'll give them a taste of the steel  
they won't soon forget!

Dawes indicates that Hancock has been drinking. Revere  
approaches the man with care, ducking the slashing blade.

REVERE

Mr. Hancock, sir, even if you were  
to take a hundred Redcoats with  
you, which I have no doubt would be  
the case, if, perchance, you were  
to fall or be captured, the enemy  
would indeed triumph. Let us get  
you to safety. The men will not  
think less of you, or Mr. Adams.  
Your efforts on behalf of liberty  
are why they choose to stand and  
fight. You must go now.

EXT. BEDFORD ROAD -- DAWN

Hancock's gilded carriage lurches down the lane, Revere and  
Dawes clinging to the footboards.

EXT. LEXINGTON ROAD -- DAWN

Maj. Pitcairn and his six companies of Light Infantry  
approach the outskirts of Lexington. In the gray light of  
dawn, Pitcairn can see YANKEE SCOUTS moving in the fields on  
either side of the road. Then, in the road up ahead, a  
LEXINGTON HORSEMAN appears. Pitcairn halts the troops.

LEXINGTON HORSEMAN

You had better turn back for you  
shall not enter the town!

The horseman discharges his musket, wheels his horse around  
and races back up the road.

PITCAIRN

Load your weapons!

Each infantryman reaches into his cartridge box, withdraws a  
paper-covered round, rips it open with his teeth and pours  
the powder and ball into the long barrel of his musket. In

HANCOCK

Good God, we've forgotten Lowell!

INT. BUCKMAN TAVERN -- DAWN

In an upper room at the tavern, Lowell paces nervously in front of Hancock's large trunk. Through one window, he sees the Lexington militia mustering on the green -- maybe 50 men in all.

From the other window, he can see down the Lexington Road. Pitcairn's Light Infantry approaches -- a force of over 300 well-armed British Regulars marching in lock-step, bayonets glinting in the first rays of daylight.

Lowell frantically searches the room for something with which to defend himself. He finds a PISTOL.

EXT. LEXINGTON GREEN -- DAWN

Revere and Dawes hurry across the green past young WILLIAM DIAMOND, beating the call to arms on his drum. Capt. Parker orders the Lexington men to fall into line. They are a motley crew, some wearing Colonial blue uniforms, others in farm clothes. The youngest among them is 16, the eldest 66.

EXT. BUCKMAN TAVERN -- DAWN

Dawes and Revere peer around the corner of the building. Down the road, they can see the British column drawing near. Dawes pulls his pistol and stands guard at the front door, while Revere heads inside.

INT. BUCKMAN TAVERN -- DAWN

Lowell hears the heavy clunk of boots coming up the stairs toward him. Terrified, he crouches behind the trunk and points the pistol at the door, closing his eyes and bracing himself for the inevitable.

Revere pushes open the door, Lowell pulls the trigger -- and nothing happens. Lowell opens his eyes. The hammer is stuck. Revere and Lowell share a look of relief.

LOWELL

You were almost the first man I ever killed.

REVERE

I came for the trunk.

EXT. LEXINGTON GREEN -- DAWN

Revere and Lowell hustle Hancock's trunk across the green, passing through the American militia line on their way to the blacksmith shop.

ON THE SOUTH SIDE OF THE GREEN

Lt. Adair orders his men to halt approximately 70 yards from the American line.

LT. ADAIR  
Battle formation!

The soldiers in the rear sprint forward. Sergeants and subalterns fall back to take their place in the rear. Once in place, the Regulars shout:

REGULARS  
Huzzah! Huzzah! HUZZAH!

ANGLE ON THE AMERICAN LINE

The ragtag assembly of Lexington men watch this display of imperial might with a mix of emotions. Some faces are grim and resolved. Others, like Jonathan Harrington, plainly show fear. The CAMERA SETTLES on old Jonas Parker, who calmly drops a handful of musket balls into his hat and places it on the ground at his feet.

ACROSS THE GREEN

Maj. Pitcairn orders his column of Regulars to halt on the road along the western edge of the green.

VARIOUS ANGLES

SPECTATORS have gathered in tense groups at locations around the green.

ON THE GREEN

Maj. Pitcairn rides up to Lt. Adair and considers the meager opposition aligned against them. He can barely contain his contempt.

MAJ. PITCAIRN  
This is the best they could muster?

He canters toward the Americans, stopping midway between the two lines.

EXT. BLACKSMITH SHOP -- SAME

Revere's head snaps around.

REVERE  
Who fired that shot?

ON THE GREEN

After a moment's confusion, a BRITISH REGULAR discharges his musket -- BLAM! The REGULAR next to him also pulls the trigger -- BLAM! In the next instant, Regulars up and down the British line open fire ...

ANGLE ON THE AMERICAN LINE

Musket balls fly thick around the Lexington men. Some find their mark. JEDEDIAH MUNROE is wounded in the leg. Next to him, ENSIGN ROBERT MUNROE is killed. EBENEZER MUNROE takes a ball in the arm, a second grazes his cheek and a third rips his coat. He raises his musket and fires. Next to him, ISAAC MUZZEY drops, shot through the chest.

ANGLE ON THE BRITISH LINE

Amid a continuous roar of musket fire, the Regulars charge forward through the thick cloud of powder smoke hanging over the field.

VARIOUS ANGLES AROUND THE GREEN

Spectators scream and flee.

ANGLE ON THE AMERICAN LINE

Captain Parker shouts above the din:

CAPT. PARKER  
DISPERSE!

The Lexington men start to fall back -- all except old Jonas Parker. He aims his musket, but is hit before he can fire. The old man falls to the ground, but still manages to pull off a shot ...

ANGLE ON A BRITISH REGULAR

Jonas Parker's musket ball rips into his thigh, dropping him to the ground.

ACROSS THE GREEN

FOUR REGULARS charge the Meeting House, firing as they come. The three militiamen and Dawes crouch in the door, returning fire. One of the men takes a ball in the chest, killed instantly. Another is wounded in the leg. The third throws down his weapon and escapes. Dawes grabs the dead man's musket and ducks inside with the Regulars at his heels ...

INT. MEETING HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

The Regulars burst in, brandishing their bayonets. Dawes plunges his musket into a POWDER BAG. The Regulars FREEZE.

DAWES

You killed that poor fella before he got off a shot, which means I can blow us all straight to hell. I figure I'm going anyway. I could use the company.

The Regulars exchange glances, then turn and run out the door. Dawes breathes a sigh of relief and withdraws his weapon from the powder.

EXT. WOBURN PARSONAGE -- DAWN

Revere and Lowell load the trunk onto Hancock's carriage. Hancock and Adams step from the house and hurry over.

HANCOCK

We heard musket reports. What the hell is going on?

REVERE

There were shots on both sides. The ladies will be safe here, but you and Mr. Adams need to leave as quickly as possible.

(to Lowell)

Can you drive this carriage?

Lowell nods and swings into the driver's seat. Revere helps the two leaders into the carriage.

REVERE (cont'd)

Get to Burlington. Ask for Amos Wyman. He'll provide you with anything you require.

ADAMS

Sure you won't come with us, Revere?

COL. SMITH (cont'd)  
Did we lose any men?

MAJ. PITCAIRN  
One wounded, sir.

COL. SMITH  
What about Hancock and Adams?

MAJ. PITCAIRN  
No sign of them, sir.

COL. SMITH  
I'm most displeased, Major. Most  
displeased. Get these men ready to  
march. We shall continue on to  
Concord.

MAJ. PITCAIRN  
Under the circumstances, sir, might  
it not be wise to return to Boston?

COL. SMITH  
I have my orders, Major, and I am  
determined to obey them. We depart  
immediately.

EXT. LEXINGTON GREEN -- MOMENTS LATER

The Regulars have formed into a long, orderly column.  
Pitcairn gives the signal. They raise their muskets and fire  
a thunderous volley, followed by three cheers.

MAJ. PITCAIRN  
Forward!

The column commences its march toward Concord.

EXT. LEXINGTON GREEN -- MOMENTS LATER

Revere drives up in the buckboard and leaps down, stunned by  
the carnage. Dazed militiamen begin returning to the field of  
battle. Women and children aid the wounded and weep over the  
dead.

Dawes steps up next to Revere. They grimly watch a group of  
men carry Jonathan Harrington's body toward the Meeting  
House. At the rear of the sad procession, Benjamin tries to  
comfort his mother, who is beside herself with grief.

REVERE

That's a fine looking gun you got there.

BENJAMIN

It was my father's.

REVERE

He was a brave man.

BENJAMIN

(fighting back tears)  
They shot him in the back.

REVERE

And they're going to pay for it, I promise you that. But you leave the fighting to the men. You've got your own job to do. You've got to take care of your mother. She needs you now.

The boy wipes his nose on his sleeve, then nods. Revere pats him on the shoulder, then steps back into line. Wounded Jedediah Munroe turns to Captain Parker.

JEDEDIAH MUNROE

Shall we fire a salute?

CAPT. PARKER

No. Save every last ball for the enemy.

Parker nods to Sgt. Munroe, who barks out:

SGT. MUNROE

Forward!

A FIFE PLAYER begins to blow "The White Cockade" and the determined men start up the road to Concord, leaving little Benjamin Harrington standing on the green holding his father's gun.

EXT. LEXINGTON ROAD -- DAY

Dawes rides his horse at a hard gallop, veering off down a smaller road.

INT. BLACK HORSE TAVERN -- MENOTOMY -- DAY

Dawes pushes through the door, only to be confronted by the barrels of several pistols.

DAWES

What about Concord?

DR. WARREN

The fate of Concord is now in the hands of the men of Concord.

EXT. CONCORD -- DAY

REUBEN BROWN, bloodied from battle, gallops into town.

INT. WRIGHT TAVERN -- DAY

Major John Buttrick of the Concord militia struggles to maintain order as his men react to the news from Lexington.

REUBEN BROWN

There's not enough of us. If we resist, we'll be cut down just like I seen 'em do in Lexington.

JONAS BROWN

What would you have us do then? Abandon the town?

CHARLES MILES

We have to wait for Col. Barrett to arrive with reinforcements.

JONAS BROWN

What if they don't come? What if the alarm never reached 'em? Maybe the Prescott boys didn't make it. I'm sorry to suggest such a thing, Abel, but we have to consider it.

ABEL SR.

They made it.

GEORGE MINOT

God willing, they did. But the fact remains that time is running out. I say Jonas is right. If the town's to be defended, we'll have to do it ourselves.

Debate quickly descends into argument. Maj. Buttrick rises to his feet.

MAJ. BUTTRICK

Enough! You all spoke your mind. Now here's what we're gonna do ...

MAJ. PITCAIRN

They've obviously had time to move their munitions to new hiding places. We found some musket balls, entrenchment tools, gun carriages, but little else of consequence.

COL. SMITH

Dump the musket balls in the pond and burn the rest.

EXT. CONCORD COMMON -- MOMENTS LATER

A Regular sparks the tinder under a pyre of WOODEN CANNON CARRIAGES. The CAMERA TILTS UP to reveal a HILL just across the river.

EXT. HILL -- DAY

Major Buttrick lays in tall grass, peering through a spy glass.

POV -- TROUGH SPYGLASS

Three companies of the British Light Infantry -- about 115 men -- have taken control of the North Bridge.

ANGLE ON BUTTRICK

Buttrick lowers his spyglass and turns to his men. We now see about 40 members of the Concord Militia, hidden from view on the far side of the hill.

GEORGE MINOT

Shall we attack?

MAJ. BUTTRICK

There's too many of them.

REUBEN BROWN

Look, sir.

A column of BLACK SMOKE rises from the town.

EXT. CONCORD COMMON -- DAY

With his napkin still tucked under his chin, Col. Smith emerges from Wright Tavern. In a state of growing agitation, he approaches Maj. Pitcairn as smoke swirls around them.

COL. SMITH

What the hell is going on, Major?

MAJ. BUTTRICK (cont'd)  
more directly below us holding the  
North.

CAPT. WILLIAM SMITH of Lincoln steps forward.

WILLIAM SMITH  
The men of Lincoln are prepared to  
drive the Regulars from the bridge,  
sir.

CAPT. ISAAC DAVIS of Acton declares:

ISAAC DAVIS  
Acton hasn't a man who is afraid to  
go.

Other voices comes from further back:

CARLISLE MAN  
Same goes for the men of Carlisle!

CHELMSFORD MAN  
And Chelmsford!

GROTON MAN  
The men of Groton are ready, sir!

COL. BARRETT  
What about Littleton?

A cry goes up.

COL. BARRETT (cont'd)  
And what say the men of Stow,  
Westford and Bedford?

A mighty roar goes up.

COL. BARRETT (cont'd)  
Men of Middlesex, load your  
weapons! Don't fire until they fire  
first, then fire as fast as you  
can!

EXT. NORTH BRIDGE -- DAY

The FAINT NOTES of a fife reach the ears of a REGULAR  
guarding the bridge. He turns ...

REGULAR  
Sir!

UP ON THE HILLSIDE

The Americans draw nearer. Their uniforms are mismatched, no two muskets are the same, but they are coming on like a real army and something in their eyes looks very dangerous.

BACK ON THE NERVOUS REGULAR

The CAMERA MOVES from his sweat-streaked face to his finger trembling on the trigger. And then he squeezes ...

ANGLE ON THE BRITISH LINE

The nervous regular's musket explodes, releasing a puff of white smoke. The rest of the Regulars fire their weapons in a ragged volley.

UP ON THE HILLSIDE

Musket balls whistle over the Americans's heads, but several hit home. Isaac Davis is shot in the heart, blood splattering the men beside him. ABNER HOSMER, also of Acton, takes one in the head. Fifer LUTHER BLANCHARD is wounded in the arm. Further back, three others are also hit. But the Americans continue to advance, still holding their fire ...

ON THE EAST SIDE OF THE RIVER

The Regulars rotate, allowing the next line of shooters to establish primary position.

ON THE WEST SIDE OF THE RIVER

Finally, Maj. Buttrick shouts the command:

MAJ. BUTTRICK  
Fire, fellow soldiers, for God's  
sakes, fire!

Up and down the American line, New England muskets begin to ring out as the Middlesex men unleash a fusillade of hot lead at the British troops. Abel Sr. raises his gun, draws a bead and fires -- BLAM! Abel Jr. and Samuel follow suit -- BLAM! BLAM!

ON THE EAST SIDE OF THE RIVER

An OFFICER reels backward. Then two more OFFICERS are hit. Several REGULARS fall under the deadly rain of musket balls. As clouds of white musket smoke rise up, the Regulars begin to abandon their formation.

COL. SMITH (cont'd)  
the road and hold open our line of  
retreat.

Pitcairn gallops off. Smith mounts up.

COL. SMITH (cont'd)  
Prepare to move out!

EXT. CONCORD ROAD -- DAY

Smith's troops march cautiously back down the road toward  
Lexington. Farms to the south, Arrowhead Ridge to the north.

EXT. ARROWHEAD RIDGE -- DAY

Buttrick leads his troops along the ridge, moving parallel  
with the British down below. As they move along, they are  
joined by a constant stream of MINUTEMEN who seem to  
materialize from the woods and fields.

EXT. FARM -- DAY

The same thing is happening on the south side of the road.  
The ever-growing number of Patriots take up positions behind  
rocks, trees and low stone walls, all the while keeping pace  
with the retreating Redcoats.

EXT. CONCORD ROAD -- MERIAM'S CORNER -- DAY

The British column approaches a babbling CREEK. The flanking  
party comes down off the hill, joining the column as it  
funnels over a NARROW BRIDGE. Up in front, Smith and Pitcairn  
warily scan the hills on either side.

COL. SMITH  
Do you suppose they're going to let  
us just walk out of here?

MAJ. PITCAIRN  
Would you?

Suddenly, from the ridge, a musket shot rings out. A Regular  
drops. Several Regulars fire in different directions. Then,  
from both sides of the road, hundreds of Americans open fire  
on the column. Several Officers and Regulars are hit. In the  
confusion, the Regulars start to run. It quickly becomes a  
wild, uncontrolled stampede ...

The men of Concord surge down the hill and onto the road in  
the wake of the fleeing British. Among them, we find Samuel  
and Abel Jr. The brothers fire at the British, then pause to  
reload their weapons.

The Lexington men scramble up a rocky hillside on the north side of the road.

ON THE HILLSIDE -- MOMENTS LATER

Revere peers around a rock and readies his musket. Across the hillside, the Lexington men have taken up similar positions.

DOWN ON THE ROAD

The British forces appear around a bend, fleeing the fury of the American forces behind them. Then, in the midst of the chaotic retreat, Col. Smith comes into view, followed by Pitcairn.

ON THE HILLSIDE

This is what Parker has been waiting for ...

CAPT. PARKER

Fire!

Revere pulls his trigger. All around him, the hillside echoes with the reports of American musket fire.

DOWN ON THE ROAD

Regulars reel backward from the deadly assault. Smith takes a musket ball in his thigh and tumbles from his horse. The soldiers in the front stop to return fire, forcing the soldiers behind to start piling up. The seething mass of men becomes an easy target for American fire.

Pitcairn gallops out of the maelstrom, sword raised, urging his men to charge.

MAJ. PITCAIRN

Up the hill!

Heeding his call, the Regulars surge forward ...

ANGLE ON THE AMERICAN POSITION

The Lexington men desperately attempt to reload, but the Regulars are quickly upon them, firing as they charge. The Americans begin to take casualties. Jedediah Munroe drops.

ANGLE ON REVERE

With cool presence of mind, Revere reloads his musket as a Regular charges toward him, bayonet presented. Revere lowers the musket and fires. The Regular falls dead at his feet.

A distraught YOUNG OFFICER grabs Pitcairn:

YOUNG OFFICER  
We must lay down our arms or be  
picked off by the rebels at their  
pleasure!

MAJ. PITCAIRN  
We will never surrender to these  
savages! Suggest it again and I'll  
cut out your heart!

Then, from up ahead comes the BOOM of artillery fire.  
Pitcairn turns as a CANNONBALL whistles over their heads ...

ANGLE ON THE LEXINGTON MEETING HOUSE

The CANNONBALL crashes into one side of the building and  
emerges from the other, sending shards of shattered wood  
cascading down onto the green.

ON THE HEIGHTS EAST OF LEXINGTON

Smoke spills from the mouth of a CANNON. Beside it, Lord  
Percy and his OFFICERS gaze grimly upon the scene below.  
Behind them stands a FULL BRIGADE of British Infantry. Percy  
nods. An ARTILLERY MAN ignites a fuse and a second CANNON  
roars ...

DOWN ON THE GREEN

The weary, stumbling Regulars lift eyes skyward, tracing the  
arc of the projectile whooshing over their heads ...

FURTHER BACK

The pursuing American militiamen dive for cover as the  
cannonball rips through their ranks.

UP AHEAD

Smith's beleaguered Regulars let forth a wild cheer at the  
sight of the reinforcements. They surge forward to safety  
behind Percy's line of defense, dropping in the dirt  
exhausted and spent.

ANGLE ON THE AMERICANS

Militiamen seek cover behind houses, trees, walls, etc., and  
begin sniping at Percy's forces in the distance.

BEHIND THE WALL

Revere spots Lydia struggling to drag her father from the house. He leaps the wall and races toward her, British sniper fire kicking up the dirt at his feet.

EXT. MULLIKEN HOUSE -- DAY

Revere reaches Lydia, helps hoist Mr. Mulliken to his feet. Together they carry him across the field to safety.

INT. BUCKMAN TAVERN -- DAY

The place has been turned into a makeshift hospital. Mrs. Mulliken stifles tears as Revere and Lydia lay Mr. Mulliken on a table. A DOCTOR begins to tend to him. Revere notices Lydia's BOSOM PIN.

REVERE

You must be Lydia Mulliken.

LYDIA

Yes I am. How did you know?

REVERE

I made that pin.

LYDIA

You're Paul Revere?

REVERE

Congratulations on your engagement.

LYDIA

Thank you.

Mr. Mulliken sits up, brushing aside the doctor.

MR. MULLIKEN

What engagement?

MRS. MULLIKEN

You're engaged? To whom?

LYDIA

Dr. Prescott.

Her parents share a look.

MR. MULLIKEN

(darkly)

I knew it wasn't just medicine that young scoundrel was practicing.

the near-comatose Col. Smith. Finally comes the main body of Percy's troops, a formidable force of nearly a thousand. Percy turns to Pitcairn.

LORD PERCY

We must cover eleven miles before sundown. Keep the men moving.

He spurs his horse and joins the column. The rear guard, eight companies of ROYAL WELCH FUSILIERS, fall in last, marching backwards, warily eyeing the wall of billowing smoke that provides cover for their retreat.

REVERSE ANGLE

Suddenly, three men emerge from the swirling black clouds -- Revere, Dr. Warren and Gen. Heath, striding confidently forward carrying their muskets. Then, behind them, a broad sweep of American forces materializes. Rugged, spirited and resolute, they just keep coming, fanning out from the road into the hills and fields on either side.

GEN. HEATH

Charge!

A cry goes up as the men surge forward, firing at will.

ANGLE ON THE FUSILIERS

The rear guard fires and falls back, allowing the men behind to fire.

ANGLE ON THE AMERICAN LINE

Some among them fall, but the formation continues relentlessly forward.

ANGLE ON DR. WARREN

A musket ball whizzes past his head, lopping off a lock of his hair. Startled, he touches his head and finds that he is otherwise unscathed. He points his gun and fires.

EXT. HILLSIDE -- DAY

A flanking party of REGULARS pick their way across a slope. Suddenly, Americans come over the rise and open fire.

EXT. FARM -- DAY

Americans leap a low wall, take up positions behind a barn and fire on the column of Regulars. British flankers race toward the barn, returning fire.

EXT. RUSSELL HOUSE -- FRONT YARD -- DAY

JASON RUSSELL gets off a final shot before he is set upon by angry Grenadiers, who run him through with their bayonets and leave him dying in his own doorway as they enter his house.

INT. RUSSELL HOUSE -- DAY

A Grenadier kicks over the stove, spilling burning embers across the wood floor. Another Grenadier shoots a TEENAGE BOY coming down the stairs. They push through a rear door ...

EXT. RUSSELL HOUSE -- BACKYARD -- DAY

The Grenadiers spill from the house, gunning down several Americans as they come over a wall, finishing the bloody work with thrusts of their bayonets.

INT. COOPER TAVERN -- DAY

The TAVERN OWNER and several UNARMED TOWNSFOLK have sought cover behind the bar. A Grenadier kicks in the door. A dozen battle-fatigued Redcoats begin to tear the place apart, desperate for food and drink. Then, one of them spots the Yankees huddled behind the bar.

His fellow soldiers line up behind him. Then, with cold-blooded purpose, the Redcoats open fire.

EXT. MENOTOMY -- VARIOUS SHOTS -- DAY

Percy struggles to regain control of his men, who are looting, killing, burning everything within reach.

LORD PERCY

Keep moving! We must get clear of  
this town!

EXT. CHURCH -- DAY

THREE REGULARS spill from the burning house of worship clutching the COMMUNION SILVER. They hustle across the graveyard to rejoin the departing column.

BEHIND A GRAVESTONE

Revere aims and shoots, dropping one of the looters. He ducks behind another gravestone, quickly reloads.

The two remaining Regulars drop their loot and approach his position, muskets pointed. Revere rises up, pulls off another shot. A second Regular drops. Revere dives out of sight.

ON THE NORTH BANK

The Artillery Captain drops his field glass and shouts:

ARTILLERY CAPTAIN

Take cover!

The Redcoats dive for cover as the incoming CANNONBALL smashes one of the cannon carriages to smithereens ...

ON THE SOUTH BANK

A couple of MILITIAMEN begin reloading. Dawes adjusts the aim on the second cannon, then sparks the fuse -- KABOOM!

ON THE NORTH BANK

The second British cannon wagon is blown sky high.

ARTILLERY CAPTAIN

Fall back!

The remnants of the British artillery scramble back up the road just before another shot smashes into their position.

ANGLE ON DAWES

Watching the British flee ...

DAWES

You better run.

Satisfied, he tilts back his flask -- but it's empty. Sighing, he tosses it aside.

EXT. LEXINGTON ROAD -- DAY

Percy turns to find the tattered artillery company stumbling up the road toward him.

ARTILLERY CAPTAIN

The rebels have the bridge, sir.

Grimly, Percy glances around, spotting a SMALL ROAD that forks to the left. He turns to his TACTICAL OFFICER.

PERCY

Where does that road lead?

TACTICAL OFFICER

(glancing at a map)  
Charlestown, sir. It might work.  
(MORE)

GEN. HEATH

Cease fire!

ANGLE ON PITCAIRN

Bitterly, the Major turns for one last look at the enemy.

ANGLE ON REVERE

He meets Pitcairn's gaze, then defiantly hoists his musket over his head. All around him, the army of Patriots that he helped summon do the same ...

BACK ON PITCAIRN

Vanquished, the Major yanks the bridle, spurring his horse through the gates, which quickly close behind him.

UP ON THE HILL

The Americans let forth a MIGHTY CHEER ...

EXT. CHARLES RIVER -- DUSK

Percy stands at the helm of a British Navy longboat transporting wounded soldiers across the river to Boston. In the background, the cannons of the H.M.S. Somerset blast away at Charlestown Neck.

INT. PROVINCE HOUSE -- GAGE'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

General Gage looks up as Lord Percy enters, still filthy from the long battle. No report is necessary, just the now-customary stiff drink which Percy pours and sets down in front of his commander.

GEN. GAGE

Damn.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. BARN -- DAWN

William Dawes stretches awake inside a barn, where dozens of other minutemen have spent the night. From outside, comes the sound of HAMMERING.

EXT. CAMBRIDGE COMMON -- DAWN

Dawes stumbles out into the early morning light, to find Revere nailing a new shoe onto a horse.

The CAMERA RISES over the scene. Our three heroes look out upon a VAST REBEL ENCAMPMENT stretching out over the hills surrounding Charlestown.

DAWES

Gotta hand it to you, Revere. You said they'd come -- and they did.

TEXT CRAWL: Over the next few days, more than 30,000 Americans answered the call of the Midnight Riders, keeping the British forces virtual prisoners within the gates of Boston.

Ten weeks later, Gen. George Washington arrived in Cambridge to assume command of what became known as the Continental Army. The Siege of Boston ended in March, 1776, when the British finally abandoned the city.

INT. PROVINCE HOUSE -- DAY

Gen. Gage watches morosely from a window as, down below, his wife's luggage is loaded onto a carriage. She glances up at him, then steps into the cab. The driver whips the horses.

TEXT CRAWL: Margaret Gage was sent back to England in the summer of 1775. Gen. Gage remained in Boston for several more months. In October, 1775, he was recalled to England, where he lived in estrangement from his wife.

EXT. CARIBBEAN SEA -- DAY

Dr. Church clings to the rigging of a sailing ship plowing through wind-tossed waves.

TEXT CRAWL: Dr. Benjamin Church was revealed as a British spy in the summer of 1775 and permitted to leave America on condition he never return. En route to the West Indies, his ship went down in a storm. He was never heard from again.

INT. STATE HOUSE -- PHILADELPHIA -- DAY

Sam Adams and John Hancock enter the Assembly Room with BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, THOMAS JEFFERSON and other DELEGATES of the Continental Congress.

TEXT CRAWL: Samuel Adams and John Hancock were never apprehended by the British. On July 4, 1776, they signed the Declaration of Independence. Years later, each served as Governor of Massachusetts.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD -- DAY

Paul Revere rides past the CAMERA, galloping off down a long country road into the distance ...

TEXT CRAWL: Paul Revere carried news of the battles of Lexington and Concord throughout New England. After the war, he remained active in politics, throwing his considerable influence behind the framing of a Federal Constitution.

Much of the long stretch of road that he travelled on his midnight ride is now a National Park. In Massachusetts, the anniversary of the ride and the first battles of the American Revolution is still celebrated as Patriots' Day.