



UNITED STATES OF FUCKIN' AWESOME

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. NATIONAL ARCHIVES MUSEUM - DAY

Bored TOURISTS struggle to keep up with the TOUR GUIDE, 30s, who has a serious nerd boner for history. His eyes light up at the center display: The Declaration of Independence, tattered and yellowed by time.

TOUR GUIDE

And here, my friends, is an original copy of the Declaration of Independence. A world of mystery surrounds this historic document written by Thomas Jefferson.

A few tourists lazily snap pics with their smart phones.

TOUR GUIDE

But we do know this paper declared independence from Britain and was the crucial step in the creation of our United States of America.

We move towards the Declaration as the tour guide rambles on.

TOUR GUIDE

Our founding fathers - those brave, distinguished men - stood with foresight and dignity, to create a majestic new nation.

EXT. COLONIAL TOWNSQUARE - NIGHT

SUPER: JULY 4th, 1776

On the steps of the courthouse stand THOMAS JEFFERSON, GEORGE WASHINGTON and BEN FRANKLIN, bloody, bruised, wearing only underwear. Jefferson is half covered in tar and feathers.

THOUSANDS OF RED COATS crest the hill!

The Brits have cannons, muskets. Our three guys have nothing.

JEFFERSON

We're all gonna die.

TITLE OVER BLACK:

The United States of Fuckin' Awesome

INT. COLONIAL APARTMENT - DAY

SUPER: JULY 3rd, 1776 - One Day Earlier

A sweltering, tiny room - long before air conditioning. Nerdy THOMAS JEFFERSON, 30s, crumples up his paper, tosses it.

JEFFERSON

Complete horse shit! Every word.

Jefferson can't ignore the MOANS, water SPLASHING, and feminine GIGGLING coming from the closed bathroom door.

JEFFERSON

Dammit, Ben! You're supposed to be helping.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, 60s, but more energetic than ten patriots combined, answers.

FRANKLIN (O.S.)

A bit indisposed at the moment.

Jefferson goes back to writing, grumbles under his breath.

KNOCK KNOCK! Frantic pounding on the front door.

JEFFERSON

You expecting company?

FRANKLIN (O.S.)

The more the merrier.

Jefferson ignores the door, and instead lights a cigarette.

JEFFERSON

As long as it's not John--

The door BURSTS open and JOHN ADAMS, 50s, permanent scowl on his face, strides into the room. Behind him stands JOHN HANCOCK, 30s, big beefy henchman, ready for trouble.

Jefferson puts out the cigarette, hides it behind him.

JEFFERSON

--Adams! Just the man I've been waiting for--

ADAMS

Where's the Declaration?

Jefferson nervously picks up discarded pages, tries to shuffle them into some kind of order.

JEFFERSON

Oh, yeah, about that. I've got a super solid rough draft--

ADAMS

The delegates are meeting tomorrow, asshole. The men have to sign it and go into hiding before the British catch wind.

JEFFERSON

And I'll totally have it. It just needs some minor tweaks. A beginning... and an end.

ADAMS

I give you weeks to write a simple Declaration. A couple of pages proclaiming our independence. But noooo, that's obviously too much for you.

Hancock groans in anger, CRACKS his knuckles.

ADAMS

Oh, dear. Now you've made Hancock angry.

Jefferson backs away, but Hancock picks him up by the jacket, feet off the ground.

JEFFERSON

Maybe not the best time to ask, but we'd also talked about a spot for me on the Continental Congress?

Hancock glares, throws Jefferson through a door into--

INT. COLONIAL APARTMENT - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ben Franklin sits in the bathtub with THREE BLONDE PROSTITUTES, GIGGLING as he splashes them with water.

Hancock drags Jefferson over, dunks him headfirst into the murky bath water, right between Franklin's knees.

The blondes SHRIEK, jump out, grab fistfuls of clothes as they run naked from the apartment. Franklin doesn't get up.

FRANKLIN

Beth! Josephine! Mary, wait! This is only a momentary diversion!

Jefferson thrashes about, water spilling over the tub's edge. Franklin swats flailing hands away from his face.

ADAMS

He's had enough.

Hancock releases Jefferson, who slumps to the ground, COUGHING terribly, gasping for air.

JEFFERSON

These things take time.

ADAMS

And you have until tomorrow. If it's better than your typical drivel, I might, *might*, even let you sign it...

Adams condescendingly tosses Jefferson a rag, walks out of the apartment, Hancock at his side like a pit bull.

JEFFERSON

Get out of the tub, we've got work to do.

Jefferson wipes his face with the rag.

FRANKLIN

Fine. But, considering that's my only pair, you might return my undergarments first.

Jefferson realizes that the rag is actually Franklin's huge dirty old-man underwear.

INT. COLONIAL APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Jefferson, deflated, walks back to his desk, pours a fresh cup of muddy sludge coffee and gets back to writing.

EXT. WASHINGTON'S MANOR HOME - DAY

Servants move around the grounds, working steady.

INT. WASHINGTON'S MANOR HOME - OFFICE - DAY

CU on George Washington - Not the man himself, but a painting on canvas - regal, patriotic - still in progress.

An ARTIST's hand makes quick brush-strokes.

WASHINGTON (O.S.)
How long's this gonna take, man?

We pan over to the actual GEORGE WASHINGTON, 30s, standing in the same uncomfortable pose as the portrait.

WASHINGTON
Cause this standing still bullshit
is starting to ride my balls
something fierce.

ARTIST
You cannot rush perfection, sir.

Washington struts over to check out the painting up close.

WASHINGTON
Oh come on! This is supposed to
inspire confidence, respect. Like
show me fighting a dragon with
these big ass fangs and I just rip
his fuckin' head off.

ARTIST
For the last time, sir, the army
did not commission a dragon or an
exploding battleship or--

WASHINGTON
I didn't join the damn army to pose
for portraits like some cherry-
cheeked dandy.

Washington flops in a chair at his desk, pushes a stack of papers to the floor to clear room to prop up his feet.

WASHINGTON
It's supposed to be adventure and
espionage and cool shit like that.

BARWICK, 60s, hobbles in with armfuls of more documents.

BARWICK
Still need your signature on these,
General...

He notices the papers all over the floor.

BARWICK
...and those.

WASHINGTON
Since when has paperwork ever saved
a country, huh?

Crossing the room, Washington takes a musket from a cabinet full of firearms, checks to make sure it's loaded.

WASHINGTON

Barwick. The people want a man of action, someone to march out there, musket raised high, and make those Redcoats suck on the tip of our goddamn fire sticks. BOOM!

Washington shoots off a round at a portrait of King George, that's already got a few gunshot holes. Someone's also drawn on devil horns and a penis near his face.

MARTHA, 30s, forever exasperated, rushes in, takes the gun away, puts it back in the cabinet.

MARTHA

What have I told you about firing guns in the house, dear?

Washington searches for an excuse, eyes land on the Artist.

WASHINGTON

Didn't want to, baby, but the painter guy needed a realistic pose of me in battle.

Martha notices a stain on her husband's collar, wipes at it.

MARTHA

Tsk-tsk. Another spot on your uniform? Takes three weeks to sew you a new collar.

Everyone lays into Washington all at once.

BARWICK

We need your authorization in triplicate, sir--

ARTIST

Please stop moving around so I may finish--

MARTHA (CONT'D)

Have to get thread from Mrs. Blake and her husband has yellow fever, which they say is just dreadful--

BARWICK

And then a meeting with the local mayors about the rising costs of quartering the British soldiers--

WASHINGTON

Fuck this noise.

Washington storms out of the house.

INT. CRAMPED COLONIAL APARTMENT - NIGHT

Candlelight illuminates Jefferson scribbling away.

JEFFERSON

Holy hell, Ben, I think I might be finished.

FRANKLIN

I find nothing gets the creative juices flowing like good old fashioned death threats. May I?

Jefferson hands the pages over. Franklin holds them close to read, takes his glasses off. It's no better.

JEFFERSON

Need new glasses, old man?

FRANKLIN

Hmph! It's your tiny, delicate handwriting. You write as a woman.

JEFFERSON

Trust me, it's brilliant.

(instantly doubts)

I think... Oh God, maybe I should take another quick pass at it. Add something about unfair taxation...

FRANKLIN

You'll do no such thing!

Franklin folds the Declaration, stuffs it in his own pocket.

FRANKLIN

You've done well, my boy. This document will inspire a nation. Or, more precisely, create one. With the stroke of your quill, history has been written.

They both take a deep, proud breath.

FRANKLIN

But first... drunken celebration!

Jefferson leans over, blows out the candle on the table. The smoke carries us to--

INT. LOCAL TAVERN - NIGHT

A smoky tavern, beer and conversation flowing freely.

Jefferson and Franklin drink at a corner table, smeared with gluttonous remnants of chicken wings and fried foods.

FRANKLIN

--now the whores in Paris are completely shaved, but wear these adorable little wigs down below, scented with perfumes imported from the farthest reaches of the world.

JEFFERSON

I was asking about french tariffs.

Washington struts in and spots Jefferson. Gives a huge wave.

WASHINGTON

Heyyyyyy!

Washington plops down at the table, signals to a BARMAID that he's buying the next round.

WASHINGTON

Never took you for a drinkin' man, Thom. You been holding out on me?

JEFFERSON

Special occasion.

FRANKLIN

When you get to my age, greeting the next day is occasion enough.

WASHINGTON

(to Franklin)

Gotta admit, figured your wrinkly old balls would be bed-ridden by now.

JEFFERSON

It's not the bed that gets ridden.

FRANKLIN

Ah, yes. I'm busier than ever. Just discovered electricity, as well.

WASHINGTON

Oh shit! No way. That was you? High five, man. Good work.

Washington gives Franklin a solid high-five.

FRANKLIN

(modest)

Supposed to meet up with this lovely brunette but her husband caught wind, locked her in the attic. Simply tried to fly a key up to her-- and ZAP!

WASHINGTON

(to Jefferson)

So how's your bitch work for Adams going? He still treat you like his little dancin' whore?

JEFFERSON

How's your plan to avoid all responsibility as commander of the rebel forces?

WASHINGTON

I'm here, ain't I?

INT. LOCAL TAVERN - LATER

Same table, but by now our guys are off-their-balls drunk. Jefferson's liver clearly can't keep up with the other two-- but he tries.

A couple of PROSTITUTES, make-up slathered on, sit at their table. One happily bounces in Franklin's lap.

WASHINGTON

Yes, YES! And then we turned the corner and there were like three Jersey kids, pissing in our colony's river.

JEFFERSON

And George here fired his slingshot, hit one in the ass, and they just scattered, man!

WASHINGTON

Trousers around their ankles, dicks just flapping in the wind!

Everyone LAUGHS uproariously.

Jefferson absently plays with a cigarette.

WASHINGTON

You gonna smoke that thing or just finger-bang it all night?

JEFFERSON

I'm trying to quit. With the British taxing tobacco, it's kinda borderline treasonous to continue--

WASHINGTON

Shit. Buzzkill at ten o'clock.

FRANKLIN

Ugh, must we engage with Benedict right now?

BENEDICT ARNOLD, 30s, the dorky guy who always wants to sit at the cool kids table, glances around the room.

Our guys shield their faces, but it's too late. Benedict bounds over, wedges another chair between them.

BENEDICT

Hey fellas! You excited about this revolution?! About time we grabbed muskets and claimed what's ours!

JEFFERSON

Admire your enthusiasm but diplomacy is the answer, never bloodshed.

BENEDICT

Oh yeah, totally! I was just gonna say that. Diplomacy is so super important. Gosh, it's great hanging with you guys again! I thought after last time, you'd gotten sick of me.

WASHINGTON

(sarcastic)

Our old friend Benedict Arnold? Never.

BENEDICT

If you'll excuse me, I gotta use the little boy's room.

Benedict bounces out the tavern's back door.

Washington notices a table of REDCOATS. They all have perfect posture, eat tiny cucumber sandwiches with their pinkies out.

REDCOAT SOLDIER #1
 Yes. It's a bit delightful watching
 them stomp around calling
 themselves Patriots. And you know
 they'll fold quicker than India.

They CHUCKLE. The soldier sips his beer, and recoils in
 distaste.

REDCOAT SOLDIER #1
 It's cold!... And there are bubbles
 in it for some ungodly reason!

REDCOAT SOLDIER #2
 What? Unforgivable!

Redcoat Soldier #1 seizes the Barmaid's arm as she passes. He
 pours the beer at her feet.

REDCOAT SOLDIER #1
 This Sam Adams piss is
 insufferable. Is it that hard to do
 your job and serve warm ale?

Washington can't take it anymore, turns to Jefferson.

WASHINGTON
 We serve American beer for American
 men. Someone's gotta teach these
 assholes a lesson.

JEFFERSON
 Please, George, don't. We've got a
 long day tomorrow. Think of your
 country.

WASHINGTON
 I am.

EXT. LOCAL TAVERN - NIGHT

Drunken LAUGHTER and muffled SWEARS as Washington, Jefferson
 and Franklin shave "USA" on the rumps of the British horses.

FRANKLIN
 I've not had this much fun in ages!
 This is--

JEFFERSON
 Definitely a bad idea. If they
 catch us...

WASHINGTON

Sack up, Thom. Ain't nobody finding
out shit. How the hell you gonna
trace this back to--

One of the horses spooks, rears up and kicks down the tavern
door, charging inside. Sounds of SCREAMS, CRASHES, glass
SHATTERING. Through the doorway, the Redcoats see our guys,
holding razors.

Redcoats storm out, ready to fight.

JEFFERSON

Look gentlemen. We've all had a lot
to drink tonight. Perhaps we should
just go home--

Washington marches over to the Redcoats.

WASHINGTON

So which one of you assholes is
first? Or am I takin' you all on at
once?

REDCOAT SOLDIER #1

(removes white gloves)

Emmerson, take my gloves while I
engage this ruffian--

WHAM! Washington clocks the Soldier, who goes down instantly.

WASHINGTON

Welcome to America, son.

BAR FIGHT!! The Redcoats come at our guys, fists swinging.

Washington kicks ass and Franklin, despite his age, is more
than holding his own.

Jefferson tries to sneak off, but a Redcoat grabs him from
behind. SMASH! Throws Jefferson through the window back in...

INT. LOCAL TAVERN - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Jefferson crashes through a beer barrel, which leaks out in a
steady flow. He cowers under the window.

Washington jumps through the broken window, grabs a mug to
catch the drizzling beer, crouches next to a dazed Jefferson.

WASHINGTON

What are you doin'? Get up and
break some nutsacks!

JEFFERSON

They threw me through a window!

Washington downs his beer, then smashes the mug on a Redcoat's head.

The rest of the fighters make their way back inside.

Franklin grabs a set of darts, takes aim at the Redcoats.

Washington lands a few more solid punches, but you can tell the booze is slowing him down.

KA-POW! A gunshot. Everyone freezes.

Barmaid points a smoking musket at the ceiling, like a badass.

BARMAID

You all best vacate the property
'fore I reload my friend here.

She pours gun powder down the muzzle, packs it with her ramrod, pours more, frustrated it takes so long to threaten people properly.

REDCOAT SOLDIER #1

Come men! Let these American slobs
enjoy what's left of their queer-
tasting cold beer.

Redcoats leave the tavern, LAUGHING.

EXT. LOCAL TAVERN - NIGHT

Two of the Prostitutes from earlier, lock arms with Franklin.

FRANKLIN

Well gentlemen, it's been lovely.
But I've got a rather pressing
engagement to attend with my
business associates here.

A wobbly Franklin drunkenly saunters off with his women.

Washington rubs his jaw, winces in pain.

WASHINGTON

So, where to next, man?

JEFFERSON

Think I'm going to take off. Like
Ben always says, "Early to bed,
early to rise..."

They see Franklin SLAP one of the Prostitutes on the ass.

WASHINGTON

Not sure that means what you think
it means.

Washington staggers up onto his carriage, whips the reins and
the horse starts weaving down the road.

WASHINGTON

Fine. Whatever. I'll go destroy my
liver alone. It's not like you'd
have my back anyway.

Jefferson sighs as Washington slumps over, half-passed out.
The carriage slowly veers off the road, into the grass.

Jefferson shakes his head, jumps up on the carriage, pretty
drunk himself.

JEFFERSON

Come on. Give me the reins. I'll
drive you home.

INT. LOCAL TAVERN - NIGHT

Benedict returns. The tavern is now trashed and empty, except
for a pissed off Barmaid.

BARMAID

Those your friends that were
drinkin' here?

BENEDICT

My best friends!

BARMAID

Guess that leaves you to pay for
all this.

She hands him the tab. Poor Benedict. He fishes into his
pocket and starts counting out all of his money.

EXT. WASHINGTON'S MANOR HOME - NIGHT

Jefferson holds the reins with one hand, keeps Washington
upright with the other.

WASHINGTON

You're gonna show up in my fuckin'
country and insult the alcohol.
Warm beer. And what next?

(MORE)

WASHINGTON (CONT'D)
Cold pussy? That ain't ever gonna
be the American way.
(to Jefferson)
And you! You shoulda been in there,
fighting, protecting the honor of
our beer.

As they pull up, MAIDS and STABLE BOYS rush out, and carry
Washington inside.

SALLY HEMINGS, 20s, gorgeous black maid, hands Jefferson a
mug of coffee. He can't take his eyes off of her.

SALLY
Thomas. Always the loyal friend.

JEFFERSON
At least someone thinks so.

SALLY
It's late. You're in no condition
to travel. Why don't you come
inside, stay in the spare.

JEFFERSON
I shouldn't. Tomorrow's a big day--

SALLY
Unless you think Mr. Franklin is up
worrying about you--

Jefferson smiles, follows her inside.

INT. WASHINGTON'S HOUSE - SPARE BEDROOM - LATER

Sally preps the ostentatious room for Jefferson, changing the
frilly sheets, setting out some fancy towels.

He tries to help, tucking the sheet corners.

SALLY
(flirty)
You're going to put me out of work.

JEFFERSON
You don't need to do all this. I'm
fine with just a blanket... This
one's perfect.

He grabs the top blanket from a pile. It's pink. And lace. He
wraps himself in it.

SALLY

You're a guest of the General. You
get nothing but the finest.

Jefferson smiles. Takes a moment to get his courage--

JEFFERSON

Sally, it might be the copious
amounts of alcohol talking, but
I've always wanted to say, I mean--

SMASH! A crash from upstairs. Broken glass, furniture
scraping across the wooden floor.

JEFFERSON

(concerned)

What's...?

SALLY

Impossible getting him to bed when
he's had this much to drink. Like
having a whiskey-soaked three year
old.

WASHINGTON (O.S.)

No! I don't wanna sleep! Gimme like
twenty more minutes!

Jefferson ignores the continued crashes.

JEFFERSON

Well, we've known each other for a
while now, and I don't know how you--

WASHINGTON (O.S.)

Where's my goddamn blue pajamas? I
can't wear this purple shit!

SALLY

You were saying?

JEFFERSON

(sighs)

Never mind. I guess I've just got a
lot of stuff on my mind--

SALLY

--The Declaration of Independence?

JEFFERSON

Guess George has been talking about
it around the house?

SALLY

Everybody has. John Adams always
speechifying 'bout it. 'Course
those of us that know you realize
you're the smarts behind it.

JEFFERSON

(smiles)

I won't tell anyone if you won't.

SALLY

Hope it all works out for you, this
freedom business.

Jefferson doesn't know what to say to that. Awkward.

Sally finishes the pillowcases, takes a big breath.

SALLY

Back to work. Breakfast is at six.
I'll make you a special concoction
for the headache you're gonna have.

The chaos upstairs stops as suddenly as it began. Jefferson
nods up at the ceiling.

JEFFERSON

Sounds like the worst is over.

SALLY

That, or he can't find his way to
the privy.

A stream of liquid flows just outside the window onto the
bushes below.

WASHINGTON (O.S.)

(drunkenly sings)

When Johnny comes marching home
again, hurrah, hurrah!!

Ugh. Jefferson turns back to Sally, but she's already let
herself out of the room. Sigh.

Jefferson climbs into bed, slides under the covers, listening
to Washington sing patriotic tunes as he continues pissing
over the balcony.

FADE TO BLACK.

SUPER: JULY 4th 1776

EXT. NEW ENGLAND ROADSIDE - DAY

PATRICK HENRY and SERVANTS push on a carriage stuck in mud.

COCKY MAN, 30s, with the same machismo stance as George Washington, supervises.

COCKY MAN

Dammit, men! Move faster!

NIGEL PENNYWEATHER, ESQ., quintessential mustachioed British badass, 40s, saunters up. He adjusts his monocle.

PENNYWEATHER

Excuse me, kind sirs. Would either of you happen to know one Mr. Washington?

COCKY MAN

Speaking. And what would you have of me?

Pennyweather grins. Nods to his YOUNG SQUIRE, 14, who opens a box of white gloves. Pennyweather slides a pair on.

PENNYWEATHER

(gives a formal wave)

Nigel Pennyweather, Esquire, at your service. Personal assassin to His Majesty King George. Pleased to be your final acquaintance.

Pennyweather pulls out a pistol, squeezes the trigger. BOOM! The Cocky Man falls over dead.

Pennyweather hands the pistol back to his Young Squire, who gives him a cup of tea. Pennyweather takes a dainty sip.

PENNYWEATHER

Sorry about that, old man. But there is the damned Revolution to contend with. And well, your lot did rather start it.

Patrick Henry rushes to the dead man's side.

PENNYWEATHER

Ah hello. And who are you?

HENRY

Patrick Henry. Give me liberty or give me death.

PENNYWEATHER

Does being gunned down by the
British army work for you or must I
get another pair of gloves?

HENRY

General Washington will see you
hang for this.

PENNYWEATHER

Pardon? Isn't that the gent lying
here?

HENRY

No. This is Steven Washington.

PENNYWEATHER

Oh my. Well, do you know where I
could find the General? I'm rather
keen on squashing this pesky
rebellion by putting a round in the
old boy.

HENRY

Never. George Washington is the
bravest, most honorable man I know.

INT. WASHINGTON'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAWN

Washington, head on the table, hung over, MOANS like a sick
beached whale. He's surrounded by SOLDIERS.

Jefferson enters, rubbing his temples and hating life.

SOLDIER

Reports of the Redcoats amassing
great numbers are filtering in:
Philly, Boston, Concord, Albany.
Rumor has it they plan to attack
all cities at once.

Washington doesn't bother to lift his head.

WASHINGTON

What's the rule?

SOLDIER

(sighs)

Sir. No bad news before noon. Sir.

Washington suddenly sits up, barely awake, hair all fucked up
and dark circles under his eyes. Looks like a wild man.

WASHINGTON

Maid! Hair of the dog. Now.

Sally rushes in with two cups for the men. Washington takes a swig. Jefferson nods "thanks" to Sally and sips.

JEFFERSON

Uh. This might be super top-secret army intel stuff I'm not supposed to be hearing--but isn't a massive Redcoat presence something that should be dealt with now?

WASHINGTON

It's fine. I got that shit taken care of before it's even shit that needs to be taken care of.

JEFFERSON

'Cause the only thing I hate more than a hangover is the threat of war.

WASHINGTON

Nah. Won't get that far. We get your document signed. States unite. And we're finally free of those monarchy-lovin' ass-lickers. Simple.

JEFFERSON

Then let's head over to Adams, get this approved, and--

Jefferson reaches for his breast pocket. It's empty. He feels around some more-- until the memories of last night return--

JEFFERSON

Shit.

(to Washington)

Okay. Let's do everything you just said. But, we have to make one tiny, little stop on the way first.

EXT. BROTHEL - DAY

Washington and Jefferson look up at a gothic mansion in the middle of town, windows covered in red lace.

JEFFERSON

So what, you just walk up and... knock?

WASHINGTON

Yep. Doors generally work the same way. Even at a whorehouse.

Washington pushes a reluctant Jefferson to the door. The CLACK of the door knocker makes them both wince, exacerbating their headaches. A slat slides open, the MADAM'S painted lips appear.

JEFFERSON

Hi, uh, I'm looking for an older man. Bald, plump. With glasses--

MADAM

We don't offer those services here. Try your luck at the docks.

JEFFERSON

Oh God, no, that's not what--I mean a mutual friend *partook* of your goods and services last night and--

Washington pushes Jefferson out of the way.

WASHINGTON

Dear woman, we're in the market for the finest minge the colonies have to offer and you come highly recommended.

He elbows Jefferson, who digs out his coin purse. Washington grabs the purse, hands it through the slat.

The door swings open wide into--

INT. BROTHEL - MAIN ROOM - DAY

A grandiose lobby oozing sleazy charm.

The MADAM, 40s, big hair and heavy make-up, flesh spilling out of her bodice, leads the men to the "showroom."

Topless WORKING GIRLS prance in and flirt. Each set of boobs boasts a colony sash: Ms. Delaware, Ms. Vermont-- 13 of 'em.

MADAM

Whatever your desire, gentlemen. French sex. Dog fashion. A dry bob.

JEFFERSON

I'm not sure I know what that--

MADAM

Pinkey's Special. Stone shoving.
The young one is particularly
skilled with a goose quill.

WASHINGTON

Look, it's his first time doing
this. I'm gonna show him around, ya
know, get his feet wet before he
gets his dick wet.

A BUXOM BLONDE shimmies and waves her boa at Washington.

WASHINGTON

Stone shoving. Is that the one with
the, uh...?

He makes a lewd hand gesture. The blonde nods.

Jefferson pushes a distracted Washington towards the stairs.

INT. BROTHEL - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

A long corridor with half a dozen bedroom doors. Muffled
SOUNDS of bed creaks and pleasure on the other side.

JEFFERSON

Ben? Ben, are you in here?

Jefferson opens the first door, peers in. We see his reaction
to whatever sex act is inside. He's frozen.

Washington SLAMS the door and pushes Jefferson to the next.

WASHINGTON

How the hell have you never been to
a brothel?

JEFFERSON

It's just not my thing, okay? I'd
rather curl up next to a roaring
fire, with a lady that loves me,
and maybe a volume of Chaucer.

WASHINGTON

Shit like that is why people think
you're weird.

Washington throws open the last door.

INT. BROTHEL - BEDROOM - DAY

The guys rush in to see Ben tied to the broken bed. Nude. Lil' Franklin flopping around.

The room shows evidence of a scandalous night that should never be spoken of again. There's empty liquor bottles and whips, a saddle, Indian head-dress, melted candles...

Jefferson quickly throws a sheet over Ben's pruned junk.

WASHINGTON

Where's the declaration, old man?

FRANKLIN

I met the most wonderful woman last night. You should have seen her! The agony, the ecstasy!..

Jefferson and Washington dig through the damage, searching.

FRANKLIN

By the third hour, we had become as wild animals, thrashing about with burning desire. By the fifth hour, we were human once more, and a little chafed if I'm to be honest.

Jefferson starts to untie Franklin, but Ben squirms away.

JEFFERSON

Help us look.

FRANKLIN

No. She promised a hasty return. Get out, you'll spoil the mood--

Jefferson opens a cabinet-- A pig wearing girly panties SQUEALS and runs out. Jefferson jumps back, repulsed, forcibly unties Franklin.

FRANKLIN

(sighs)

--Your papers are with my latest blueprints on the table--

Franklin looks over at the table. It's empty.

FRANKLIN

--I must admit to being blindfolded for the better part of the evening.

JEFFERSON

Damn it Ben.
(desperate)
It's gotta be here.

Franklin gives in and joins the search-- still nude.

WASHINGTON

Eh, we probably have time for you
to get dressed.

Franklin shrugs, begins to dress. Starts with his undershirt.
Then top shirt... buttons each button... Adds his puffy tie--

WASHINGTON

Pants first.

FRANKLIN

(grumbling to self)
What point is freedom if you can't
let it all hang out?

Franklin notices a pair of Claire's pink panties lying at his feet. He secretly stashes them in his pocket.

WASHINGTON

(re: Declaration)
It ain't here.

FRANKLIN

Poor girl. An unwed woman in this
day and age must do what she can to
scrape by.

JEFFERSON

She robbed you!

FRANKLIN

And yet, I don't care. That's how
you know it's love.

WASHINGTON

(to Jefferson)
There's no point arguing with the
old man. Just hurry up and write
another one.

JEFFERSON

You're kidding! That was months of
work! This is a document that
defines a country. You can't just
rattle that shit off.

WASHINGTON

Sure you can. Easy. How about: Hey you uppity bastards. Get the fuck out. Signed, us.

JEFFERSON

Yeah. Except I maaaaaybe added all the names of who was gonna sign it.

FRANKLIN

Dear God, why would you do that?

JEFFERSON

I'm sorry. I was just-- Ugh. I thought I could sneak my name in there, really small so no one would notice. You know Hancock is gonna sign so freakin' big, I thought I might get away with it.

WASHINGTON

Well fuck. That's like handing those Brit-shits a kill list. Colonies already arguing all damn day, murder a couple delegates and see how much unity is left.

JEFFERSON

They were all gonna sign it anyway!

FRANKLIN

With plans to go into hiding afterwards. There's fifty-five of us. Impossible to get word to all my colleagues fast enough.

JEFFERSON

How bad is it?

WASHINGTON

We're talking code-red, worst case scenario, man. If that document is not kept from the British and delivered to the Continental Congress tonight, there will be no America...

Jefferson plops on the edge of the broken, slanted bed. Swipes a bottle of whiskey from the night stand and swigs.

JEFFERSON

And it's my fault. Oh God. What are we gonna do, George?

WASHINGTON

Option A: Walk up to the nearest British encampment, turn ourselves in and enjoy a life of service, on our knees, under good ole' King George's balls.

Jefferson takes a longer swig.

FRANKLIN

Can't. The Church of England would have me burned at the stake for most of last night.

WASHINGTON

Option B: We take the next ship to South America and live in hiding as disgraced traitors. Drinking subpar rum in massive enough quantities to forget we took a huge steaming pile on the once mighty colonies.

FRANKLIN

"B" it is.

JEFFERSON

What else you got?

Washington strolls to the window, gazes out over Philadelphia. Puts his hands on his hips.

WASHINGTON

We can go out there, put some American-made boots up some elitist assholes and get the goddamn Declaration of Independence back.

Jefferson, invigorated, slams the whiskey down, marches to the window. Hands on hips.

Franklin joins, hands on his hips too. The three amigos. The only difference? Franklin's still not wearing pants.

INT. BROTHEL - CHECK IN DESK- DAY

Our guys approach the Madam, doing paperwork.

FRANKLIN

Follow my lead, gents. This old dog still has a few tricks left.

Franklin storms up.

FRANKLIN

Madam?! I have reason to believe
I've been overcharged for certain
services rendered.

MADAM

Impossible. We are a reputable
establishment, recognized by
Governor Penn himself.

FRANKLIN

(re: Jefferson Washington)
My lawyers, present forthwith,
might disagree with that statement.

Jefferson and Washington step up and play along.

WASHINGTON

This "Claire" wench. Where's she
now?

MADAM

We don't keep records of her
activities outside these walls.

JEFFERSON

Section 49, subclause B of the
colonial sex work reform act states
that our client has a right to
inspect your books. Confirm that
all transactions were, indeed,
completed.

Madam eyes Jefferson suspiciously, but gives in, grabs a
client book labelled "CLAIRE" and flips to a page.

MADAM

Your client's intimate acts, listed
in detail, with agreed upon price.

Franklin takes the book, scans the page.

FRANKLIN

All acts completed.

He flips the page. List goes on, flips page, still going...

FRANKLIN

Completed. Completed.

Jefferson and Washington look back at a shameless Franklin.

FRANKLIN
Oh, I forgot about that hour!
Completed, indeed.

Finally, Franklin reaches the last page. The final entry:

INSERT: SAM TIMPSON 7/4/76 3:28am

--*Checked out for day permit*

END INSERT

WASHINGTON
We'll need these pages for evidence
and shit.

Washington rips out the *last* page. They run out.

JEFFERSON
Or tax purposes.
(sotto)
Whichever is more believable.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - DAY

TOWNSPEOPLE prep for the night's festivities. A stage is
being built, the BAND practices.

JEFFERSON
All these people waiting for
something that's never going to
happen, thanks to me.

A pristine Liberty Bell over the courthouse TOLLS eleven am.

WASHINGTON
Cut the negative nancy shit. We'll
secure the Declaration, grab some
food, swing back by Ben's cathouse
for a quick--

JEFFERSON
Let's just focus on getting it back
and maybe Adams won't put me in the
stockades for treason.

FRANKLIN
That would never happen, friend.

Jefferson smiles at Franklin's warmth, until...

FRANKLIN

He'd have you tarred and feathered.
Considerably more painful.

WORKERS erect a statue of John Adams, his squished-up face immortalized in bronze, angrily pointing down at passers-by. Adams oversees, unhappy with every aspect.

ADAMS

Is there another piece to this
base? It doesn't seem tall enough.
(notices empty roast pit)
And where's the damn pig?

WORKER

Drunk old man and a half-dressed
floozy stole it last night.
Damnedest thing.

ADAMS

If there's not a skewered swine on
that roast in the next five
minutes, you shall take its place.

JEFFERSON

(spotting Adams)
Shit.

Our guys cover their faces, and sneak behind the bandstand. They see underneath the stage, stockpiled boxes of party hats, KAZOOS, and FIREWORKS.

FRANKLIN

Oooo, fireworks! I love the
damnable things! Boom! Swish!
Fizzzz!... And Kazoos?!

Franklin snags a kazoo, but only gets one sad blow in before Washington rips it away, shushing him.

Adams looks around from the kazoo, but our guys sneak away.

JEFFERSON

So now we just have to find this
Sam Timpson.

WASHINGTON

That could be anybody! Only an
asshole would use their real name.

FRANKLIN

Tim Sampson.
(beat)
Many men do that.
(MORE)

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)

Switch the name around. So I'm Frank Benlin. Genius, huh? I started the habit years ago and it caught on. Much like the proverbial clap, I'm afraid.

WASHINGTON

Kick-ass!... Now who the hell is Tim Sampson?

JEFFERSON

Why don't we ask the town crier? They know everyone.

Mention of that name deflates all the energy.

WASHINGTON

Hell no. Absolutely not. I do not discuss matters of national security with the media.

JEFFERSON

But if they can help us...?

FRANKLIN

I'm with George on this one. We're better off inquiring door to door.

JEFFERSON

Fine. I'll do it.

FRANKLIN

No offense, but you never had to deal with their double-talk, their slanderous lies!

JEFFERSON

Guys, it's a child.

WASHINGTON

It's a monster!

EXT. CITY STREET CORNER - DAY

The TOWN CRIER, 12, pudgy red-headed girl, stands on the corner. Most passers-by barely acknowledge her.

TOWN CRIER

Hear ye, hear ye! Festivities are planned for sunset in the town square, in celebration of the declaration of America's independence.

Jefferson stands directly in front of the Town Crier.

TOWN CRIER

Family-friendly entertainment will include fireworks and a nine piece band playing all the current hits.

JEFFERSON

Hey there, little girl. I was wondering if you could help--

TOWN CRIER

Do you mind? I'm kinda working here, asshole.

Jefferson shocked, looks back at his smug "told ya" friends.

TOWN CRIER

In news from the frontline, early reports indicate that the Redcoat menace has overpowered the fine Patriots in Lexington.

JEFFERSON

I'm looking for a Tim Sampson. Any information--

TOWN CRIER

(annoyed)

Twenty colonial dollars and you can place a notice in the Classifieds.

Jefferson grimaces, digs through his pockets.

JEFFERSON

Hmmm, seems the madam ended up with all of my currency--

TOWN CRIER

Hear ye, Hear ye! Sensational expose! Adams' secretary loses all in brothel escapades!

A CROWD starts to gather, interested in this news.

JEFFERSON

No, that's not what I--
(to crowd)

That's a misrepresentation of the facts.

TOWN CRIER

This just in: Secretary in love
tryst with buxom brunette and a
prized donkey named Mr. Biscuits!

JEFFERSON

Oh, come on! I thought this was
news!

TOWN CRIER

News is late afternoon. The morning
hours are opinion, conjecture and
light entertainment.

An idea hits Jefferson.

JEFFERSON

Ok, I don't have money, but what if
I get you something more valuable?

TOWN CRIER

I'm listening...

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Jefferson returns to a GIGGLING Franklin and Washington.

WASHINGTON

Not so easy, was it, hotshot?

FRANKLIN

Can't win them all, Thomas.

JEFFERSON

Private Tim Sampson. Third rifleman
in the C7 Militia regiment,
reporting to Nathan Hale. BOOM!

WASHINGTON

Dude, how'd you pull that off?

JEFFERSON

Just gotta speak her language.

TOWN CRIER

Hear ye, hear ye! Town crier
exclusive: General Washington brings
home and enjoys drunken evening with
gentleman companion. Local press
master Benjamin Franklin robbed
blind by prostitute.

Jefferson walks off as his friends drop their smug smiles.

EXT. ROUGH NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Their carriage pulls up to a cluster of dilapidated shops.
Washington hops down, ties up the carriage horses.

WASHINGTON

That was such a dick move, Thom.
'Cause she's gonna tell all her
friends. And they're gonna tell all
their friends. And in three weeks
my mom's gonna hear about it.

JEFFERSON

Wait. Why are we stopping?

WASHINGTON

You wanna talk to Nathan Hale? You
head in there.

Washington points to a grungy TATTOO PARLOR.

WASHINGTON

With every victory, he gets more
ink.

FRANKLIN

And when he loses?

WASHINGTON

Inks a Private.

INT. TATTOO PARLOR - FRONT COUNTER - DAY

Walls boast large flippable papyrus pages of tattoo designs.
Our guys talk to the FRONT COUNTER GUY, leather vest over his
puffy white shirt.

JEFFERSON

I only need to ask him one thing.
Four seconds.

Counter Guy points to a sign over the Tattoo Room's door:
CUSTOMERS ONLY.

JEFFERSON

Well, do you know how much longer
he might be?

FRONT COUNTER GUY

Can't tell ya. He takes his tattoos
pretty seriously, so...

FRANKLIN

(points to Jefferson)

But, if my colleague here is a customer--

FRONT COUNTER GUY

--He goes back.

JEFFERSON

What!? No! Are you insane? I am not getting a tattoo.

WASHINGTON

No, you're right. It's probably way more painful than having the British teabag your nation and destroy any hope for your children's future.

JEFFERSON

In that case, send him.

(re: Franklin)

He's got like ten kids.

FRANKLIN

To be clear, only six I absolutely cannot deny. And of those, zero I'm willing to take a needle for.

(to Washington)

What about you? You certainly tout yourself as quite the rough and tumble fellow.

WASHINGTON

Oh, don't get it twisted, old man. I have no fear. I'll karate fight a grizzly with one hand while choking out a mountain lion with the other.

Washington looks around to make sure nobody else can hear.

WASHINGTON

But needles freak me the fuck out. Just being in here makes my skin crawl.

JEFFERSON

Well then it's settled. We're at an impasse and there's no--

FRANKLIN

One-two-three-not it!

WASHINGTON

Not it!

JEFFERSON

What!?

CLOSE-UP: Iconic image of a cartoon snake chopped up, each segment with colony initials, and the text "JOIN OR DIE."

INT. TATTOO PARLOR - BACK ROOM - DAY

Jefferson, pants down, bent over a table. It's a close-up of Jefferson's ass-cheek, now permanently inked with the snake.

TATTOO ARTIST sits at a large primitive tattoo machine, gears and cogs spinning furiously as he operates it by foot pedals. The thrusting needle looks like it REALLY hurts.

JEFFERSON

...And so you see, OW, we know it's definitely one of your OWWW, minute-men, and we're running out of time.

Jefferson faces NATHAN HALE, a crazy-eyed military man who probably names his knives.

Hale gets two hash lines added to an inked tally on his neck. Across his bare, chiseled chest is "1 LIFE 2 GIVE" in Old English script.

HALE

Takes a lot of balls to come in here, ask where my men are located. You ever see any action?

JEFFERSON

Action?

HALE

Out in the shit. Locking eyes with another man before you squeeze the trigger, send him to hell with a love letter from ol' Uncle Sam.

JEFFERSON

No, I, uh, I'm more of a quill and ink man, myself. A diplomat.

HALE

How do I know you're not some British spy?

JEFFERSON

My ass.

Hale takes insult, reaches for one of his knives--

JEFFERSON

(points to the tattoo)

No! No, I mean look, OWWWW, would a British spy do this?

Hale walks over, checks out Jefferson's ass.

HALE

Now, that is one beautiful sight!

INT. TATTOO PARLOR - FRONT COUNTER - DAY

Jefferson and Hale walk out, arms draped around each other's shoulder. Comrades.

WASHINGTON

Sergeant Hale! Were you able to help my little buddy out?

HALE

(to Jefferson)

You didn't tell me you were with the General! You shoulda' said something!

JEFFERSON

And I wouldn't have had to get this tattoo?

Hale drops his arm from Jefferson's shoulder.

HALE

(crazy-eyed)

You don't like the tattoo?!

Jefferson realizes what dangerous territory he's traversing.

JEFFERSON

No! I love my tattoo! Thinking about getting another one. Maybe an eagle on my arm, with its claws all ripping through the skin like RAWR!

HALE

That's more like it! See you at the munitions storehouse, boys!

Hale lights up a cigar, and rushes off.

Jefferson drops the tough guy routine, grabs his ass in pain.

JEFFERSON

The future of the nation be damned,
I need to sit on a block of ice
right now.

WASHINGTON

Walk it off, dude. Walk it off.

INT. MUNITIONS STOREHOUSE - DAY

SOLDIERS scurry around, prep supplies. It's organized chaos.

RANDOM SOLDIER #1

Move it, guys! They're saying
Concord's fallen the same as
Lexington.

RANDOM SOLDIER #2

If we don't cut off their supply
chain tonight, we'll all be dead.

Our guys weave through, led by Nathan Hale. Jefferson walks with a limp, clearly still in pain.

JEFFERSON

Which one is Tim Sampson?

Hale grabs his pistol and fires into the air, ripping a hole in the roof. All work instantly stops, eyes on Hale.

HALE

Private Sampson. You have visitors.

Baby-faced TIM SAMPSON, 18, unloading a box of uniforms, looks up, shocked. Our guys notice his guilty expression.

Washington accosts Sampson with the brothel ledger.

WASHINGTON

Where's Claire? We know you spent
the morning with her, asshole.

TIM SAMPSON

What? That's Sam Timpson, I'm not--

JEFFERSON

--She has something that belongs to
us and I don't have time to go into
the broader national security
implications but--

WASHINGTON

--We will straight up murder you.
Is that what you want?

TIM SAMPSON

Ok fine, I went to the whorehouse
but I don't have the document or
whatever.

Tim immediately realizes he's said too much.

WASHINGTON

Don't think we ever mentioned a
document. Did we, Thom?

JEFFERSON

The thing is, my friend Mr.
Franklin here fell in love with
that whore last night--

FRANKLIN

--An angel from heaven!

JEFFERSON

--and isn't too happy she ended up
in your arms.

FRANKLIN

She deserves an educated man of the
world. Not some lowly pipsqueak!

WASHINGTON

If you don't hand over our document
in say - five seconds? - we'll let
our elderly friend here kick your
ass.

Tim LAUGHS, sizes up Franklin and dismisses the old man. He
turns back to his unloading work.

WASHINGTON

(to Franklin)

Just picture him, all over Claire.
Lickin' on her neck, hand between
her thighs...

FRANKLIN

That's enough.

JEFFERSON

His youthful energy, gentle caress--

FRANKLIN

Shut your mouth! We're in love!

WASHINGTON

And this guy's already cock-
blocking you? You just gonna take
that?

Franklin rages, rushes Tim, knocks him to the ground. Sits on
him, crushing his lungs.

TIM SAMPSON

No, please, wait...She's my sister.

FRANKLIN

You depraved bastard!

TIM SAMPSON

It's not like that. We have an
arrangement.

Washington pulls Franklin off to give Tim some air.

TIM SAMPSON

She sleeps with rich guys, steals
their shit and I pawn it.

FRANKLIN

Slightly less troubling.

WASHINGTON

Oookay, I get it... Makin' it
simple. Hand over the document and
I'll promote you to Colonel of the
31st Brigade. No questions asked.

JEFFERSON

What, George, no! He's a thief,
don't give him--

WASHINGTON

Sometimes you have to make
sacrifices for the greater good.

Tim thinks it over. Pulls the folded papers from under his
tricorn hat, and hands them over.

Solemn moment. Washington salutes the soldier.

WASHINGTON

Thank you. Colonel.

Washington hands the folded document to Jefferson as they
walk away.

JEFFERSON

Hate that you had to make that guy
a Colonel. I know it breaks
military chain of command or
whatever.

WASHINGTON

No, dude. The 31st is the Janitor's
Brigade. That guy will be cleaning
shit-houses before dawn.

Behind them, all the soldiers begin saluting Tim.

Before Jefferson can open the Declaration we hear BANG! BANG!
BANG! Gunshots outside!

EXT. MUNITIONS STOREHOUSE - DAY

BANG! BANG! More gunshots. Our guys run out to investigate.

Soldiers pour out of the storehouse, followed by Hale,
thrusting GUNS into everyone's hands.

HALE

Have at 'em, boys. Nothing like a
good ol' fashion skirmish to
brighten the morning.

JEFFERSON

(re: gun)

Oh no, I don't think I should have
one of these. I don't know how to--

WASHINGTON

Just stay low and follow my lead.

A dozen RED COATS approach, firing muskets. PATRIOTS dive
under porches, behind barrels, returning fire. WOMEN pop out
of windows, take shots at the British.

Our guys leap behind a chicken coop. Benedict Arnold and a
couple other patriots are already there.

BENEDICT

Hey guys! Funny running into you
here. Oh. My. Gosh. Craaaa-zy night
last night, huh?

Washington jumps into General-mode.

WASHINGTON

(ordering different men)

You two, flank to the left.

(MORE)

WASHINGTON (CONT'D)

You, three-o'clock bring it home.
You there, the squirrel-looking son
of a bitch, climb up and report the
enemy's location.

Jefferson holds his pistol like a rat by the tail.

JEFFERSON

So what do I do again?

WASHINGTON

Not that. Jesus, the ground ain't
the enemy. At least try and--

B-WIZZ! Musket fire explodes the chicken coop.

Jefferson dives low, reaches his hand up, shoots in the
general direction of the British.

A Redcoat pops up from a stack of logs, Franklin fires. Wood
explodes and the Redcoat pops back down. Franklin GIGGLES.

It's an all-day type skirmish. No real lines being pushed.

JEFFERSON

Ugh, the day I finally get to prove
myself and I'm gonna get shot.

Jefferson tries to reload, but gunpowder spills everywhere.

BENEDICT

It's like, I've always wished that
some day I'd be in a great battle
alongside the fearless Washington.
And now--

WASHINGTON

--You wanna be useful? Go help Thom
before he gets himself killed.

BENEDICT

Yes, sir! On it, sir!

Benedict, too excited to even be concerned about the whizzing
British musket fire, dives next to Jefferson.

Jefferson, spins around, feeling attacked-- BANG! His pistol
goes off...a round bullet burrows into Benedict's LEG!

BENEDICT

AWWWWWW!!!! You shot me! Oh my God!
Why?

JEFFERSON

AWWW! I shot you! I'm so sorry!

Washington sees a path to safety leading to his carriage.

WASHINGTON

Hale, cover us. I gotta hero some
shit up and deliver this document
to safety.

HALE

Willfully dangerous distractions
are what I do best, General!

Washington grabs Franklin, heads to Jefferson and Benedict.

WASHINGTON

So, we've got a tiny-ass window to
get-

(beat)

What the hell happened here?

Benedict rips his trousers, fashions a tourniquet despite
clearly being in a ton of pain.

JEFFERSON

I said up front I don't know how
these things work!

WASHINGTON

Damn. Well, fair's fair. Benedict,
go ahead. Shoot Thom in the leg.

Washington starts to hand Benedict a gun. Jefferson
intervenes, grabs at the gun, also.

JEFFERSON

What!? No, how is that a rule--?

BANG! The gun goes off. The bullet burrows into Benedict's
other leg.

Jefferson and Benedict both SCREAM. Benedict waves him away.

BENEDICT

It's fine! Just go! I've had my
dreams come true today... Sort of.

WASHINGTON

Ok, whatever. Focus people. Hale's
gonna cause a big-ole diversion
while we take off in the carriage.

Behind them, Hale sets fire to the carriage.

FRANKLIN
That carriage?

Washington turns to see Hale push the flaming carriage at the Redcoats. The enemies scatter.

HALE
If you're gonna make a run for it,
now's your chance.

JEFFERSON
But that was our getaway!

HALE
(shrugs)
Sorry, bro!

Our guys run off from the skirmish.

The burning carriage rolls over a gate and up to a wooden house. The house goes up in flames, too.

BENEDICT
My house!!!

EXT. ADAMS LAW OFFICE - MINUTES LATER

The men run towards the office as Adams and Hancock come down the steps.

WASHINGTON
Holy shitballs, Thom! Can't believe
you shot a dude! Twice. So damn
proud.

FRANKLIN
Does it count if it's one of your
own?

WASHINGTON
Fuck yeah!

They skid up to Adams and Hancock.

JEFFERSON
(out of breath)
Sorry for the running... but there
was a... skirmish and... you
wouldn't believe the morning we've--

Adams snatches and unfolds the paper and sees:

INSERT: FRANKLIN'S BLUEPRINTS

ADAMS

What the hell is this? A bunch of lines. Is that your grand idea for the country?

Jefferson, confused, grabs the papers back.

JEFFERSON

No... That's not it. That's--

FRANKLIN

My blueprints!

JEFFERSON

He thought this was the valuable document worth stealing!?

Jefferson crumples the blueprints, throws them at Franklin. Franklin picks up his blueprints, smooths them out.

FRANKLIN

You can see the mix-up. These might not unite a country, but they're still quite valuable.

ADAMS

Hancock. I leave the method of their demise to your discretion, provided it is both long and excruciating.

Hancock menacingly grins. Stalks towards our guys.

EXT. SMALL CAFE PATIO - DAY

Nigel Pennyweather sips tea, flips through a newspaper.

PENNYWEATHER

Such an optimistic people these Americans. I daresay they believe they might win this war.

SOUNDS of the nearby scuffle. Pennyweather looks up.

PENNYWEATHER

What is that dreadful racket?

YOUNG SQUIRE

A street brawl, sir.

PENNYWEATHER

Typical yanks.

Pennyweather squints, spots Jefferson and Franklin wrestled to the ground by Hancock. Sees Washington try in vain to help.

Looks back down at the paper. It's a full page ad with a cheesy drawing of General Washington and the text: "Own a musket? Hate the British? Join a Militia today!"

EXT. ADAMS LAW OFFICE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Franklin and Jefferson dangle from Hancock's meaty grip. Even as he smashes them into each other, they continue arguing.

FRANKLIN

Claire recognized my genius. I love her all the more!

JEFFERSON

Shut up about that filthy whore. She's a traitor to this nation--

FRANKLIN

You take that back, sir!

JEFFERSON

I will not! She's made certain life choices. I'm sorry if that upsets you, but it happens to be fact.

Washington turns to Adams.

WASHINGTON

Wouldn't kill you to be less of a dick about everything. He really did try to get your shit done.

ADAMS

There's a reason nobody likes you, George. And when we do finally found this nation, you'll be the first one sent out to pasture. Completely forgotten by history.

WASHINGTON

Not fucking likely.

KA-POW! Pieces of the wall explode inches from Washington.

The men look around, confused. But Washington jumps into action. KA-POW! Another shot.

WASHINGTON

Son of a bitch! Quick!

Washington pushes Adams out of the line of fire.

Gunsmoke clears and there's Pennyweather, puffing on a pipe.

The Young Squire scurries up, holds open an ornamented box filled with a row of guns, each more precious than the last.

Pennyweather picks one with a pearl inlay handle.

He looks up, adjusts his monocle, sees the guys running away.

PENNYWEATHER
How very unsporting of them.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - DAY

Our guys, along with Adams and Hancock, run down the alley, trying every door. All locked. A dead-end approaches ahead.

Blood spots appear on Washington's shoulder.

JEFFERSON
Holy shit, George. You get hit?

WASHINGTON
Bastard grazed me, but it's fine.
Barely feel it.

ADAMS
Who the hell was that? Why are they shooting?

WASHINGTON
Have a pretty good idea, but if I'm right, we're totally screwed... And damn it, I'm always right.

Franklin finds an unlocked door, swings it open.

FRANKLIN
Quick gents! Inside!

INT. BURLESQUE CLUB - DRESSING ROOM - DAY

Sewing supplies, glittery outfits, mirrors and make-up.

Thinking fast, Washington opens a closet door, clears away clothes, and pushes Adams and Hancock in. Locks it. KA-CLINK!

The door shakes as Adams and Hancock pound from the inside.

WASHINGTON

First rule of combat: deal with one problem at a time. Deranged psychopath with a gun trumps these assholes.

Washington exposes the wound. He rips sequined fabric off a dress, creates a make-shift compact to slow the bleeding.

JEFFERSON

You know that guy?

WASHINGTON

Not really. There was a memo few weeks back about some British assassin sent to kill me. Probably should have read that shit, huh?

FRANKLIN

Just you? So Thomas and I could take our leave now and escape certain death.

WASHINGTON

I mean, if you wanted to be pussies about it.

FRANKLIN

That sounds splendid.

WASHINGTON

Of course, he's seen you guys with me so I'm bettin' you're marked men too... Shall we?

Washington motions to the frilly curtain that leads to...

INT. BURLESQUE CLUB - MAIN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A sexy DANCER on stage, wearing only frilly underwear and garters, leads a risque fan routine with several other GIRLS.

A PIANO PLAYER belts out a jaunty tune. His tip jar reads: Francis Scott Key.

Jefferson nervously glances around. Washington and Franklin like what they see, take a seat at a table near the stage.

JEFFERSON

What are you doing?!

FRANKLIN

Can't go outside with that
bloodthirsty gent. Might as well
enjoy the show.

WASHINGTON

(eyes on stage)

Till the coast is clear. And then
we'll go find the... whatever it
was...

Jefferson sighs, looks out the curtains. Sees Pennyweather
stalk through the street, pistol drawn, searching the crowd.

Pennyweather looks over, narrows his eyes. Did he see
Jefferson in the window? He heads towards the entrance.

Jefferson runs back to the table.

JEFFERSON

Shit, guys. He's coming in!

WASHINGTON

Grab a girl!

The men grab the closest scantily-clad DANCERS and pull them
into their laps. Franklin gets greedy, pulls an extra one.

Pennyweather storms in, pistol drawn, followed by the Squire.

The girls prove a handy disguise. Our guys look like every
other table of horny men.

Jefferson sees Franklin full-on making out with his dancers.

Washington's SEXY GIRL giggles, shakes a pill from a vial.

SEXY GIRL

Open your mouth.

She puts the pill on his tongue, he swallows it down.

WASHINGTON

What's it do?

She grabs his upper thigh suggestively.

SEXY GIRL

When those herbs kicks in, you and
me won't be going anywhere for
hours.

He smiles mischievously.

Jefferson peeks through his girl's hair, sees Pennyweather.

PENNYWEATHER
Good God! It's a haven of
grotesqueries.
(to Squire)
Don't touch anything.

A DANCER shimmies up to Pennyweather and his Squire.
Pennyweather covers the young boy's eyes.

DANCER
Hiya, boys. Glad to have ya.

PENNYWEATHER
Be gone, scrubber! I need my young
squire focused on gathering my
pistols and saddling my steed. Now
you've got his tackle all hot from
your jiggly bits.

DANCER
Did you just call me fat?

Pennyweather ignores the Dancer, looks around and doesn't see
his targets. He heads for the door.

PENNYWEATHER
(Announces to room)
Pass on the word: My finest pistol
will be awaiting General
Washington... and a good day to you
all.

Jefferson squirms out from under the girl in his lap.

JEFFERSON
Come on, guys. We'll slip out the
way we came--

BETSY (O.S.)
George?

Washington looks up to see BETSY ROSS, 30s, in a plain dress,
a stark contrast from the sexy dancers. Oh shit.

WASHINGTON
(sarcastic)
Well if it isn't Betsy "Save the
Earth" Ross...

BETSY
(to dancers)
Back to work, girls. These men are
leaving.

JEFFERSON
Yes, yes we are.

The dancers shrug, move on to flirt with the other tables.

WASHINGTON
You always did know how to take the
fun out of a situation.

BETSY
Oh, that's real funny coming from
you, Mr. "Cannot-tell-a-lie" my ass.

WASHINGTON
I'm sorry. I don't have time for
the whole ex-girlfriend chewing me
out shit. So, if you're gonna slap
me or someth--

Betsy SLAPS him.

WASHINGTON
Are we done here?

BETSY
I see, now you take this whole
making a new country thing
seriously--

WASHINGTON
(sotto)
Guess not.

BETSY
--because your friends are doing
it. But, back when it was us, you
couldn't be bothered. We were gonna
change the world, George.

WASHINGTON
I helped. There was that sign-
painting night.

BETSY
The one where you got drunk,
knocked over all the paint and
screwed my roommate on the wet
signs while I was out petitioning?

WASHINGTON

I'm not gonna argue because one, that does kinda sound like something I would do; two, I'm a respected army general now and bickering with a female is probably considered beneath me; and three, I don't remember doing it so it should only half count. Therefore, I'm now going to officially apologize. I'm sorry. Officially.

JEFFERSON

(looks around)

Uhh, where's Ben?

He's in the corner dancing with several girls, stuffing money in their bras. POPS a bottle's cork, spraying champagne.

WASHINGTON

Where'd he get all that cash?
Thought he was robbed.

One of the dancers looks at Franklin's money closely, frowns.

ANGRY DANCER

Hey! This money is fake!

FRANKLIN

(suddenly nervous)

Oh, well... ha ha, yes, allow me to explain, my dear.

ANGRY DANCER

Get him!!

The girls attack Franklin, go from sexy to lethal in seconds.

Washington and Jefferson rush to save their friend.

BETSY

Hey! We're not done here, pal!

Jefferson drags Franklin away from the girls, gets scratched a couple times in the process. The men dash behind a nearby curtain into the...

INT. BURLESQUE CLUB - DRESSING ROOM - DAY

Our guys run through. Several DANCERS cover themselves, shocked to see men back here.

The girls who attacked Franklin still in pursuit.

Jefferson knocks over a table full of sewing supplies, as Franklin kicks open the back door.

Washington rips the lock off the closet.

WASHINGTON

Think the old man is bad? These perverts were diggin' through your panties.

Dancers turn their anger and sharp fingernails on a cowering Adams and Hancock, covered in girly undies in the closet.

JEFFERSON

(locks eyes with Adams)
I'm so, so sorry!

ADAMS

You can forget about ever being more than a secretary!

Betsy runs up just as our guys flee. Her sewing handiwork all over the floor in a jumble.

BETSY

Thanks a lot for ruining my costumes, assholes!

She reaches for the fabric. Blue in one corner, with strips of red and white. Glittery stars spilled all over the blue. Head tipped to one side, an idea sparks.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - DAY

The men run from the club, looking back to ensure Pennyweather isn't following. They finally slow to a walk.

JEFFERSON

Really Ben? Counterfeit money?

Franklin reveals his boot's hidden compartment full of cash.

FRANKLIN

I grew bored. Printed my own money for a laugh and started using it for my more illicit proclivities.

Jefferson and Washington inspect his fake bills.

JEFFERSON

Wait, you put yourself on the hundred dollar bill, and stuck me on the two?

WASHINGTON

I'm on the one! What the hell, man?

Washington suddenly looks woozy, shoulder leaking blood.

JEFFERSON

You sure you're okay?

WASHINGTON

Fine, yeah. Occupational hazard.
The day I stop getting shot at is
the day life ain't worth--

Washington stumbles a bit, braces himself against the wall.

WASHINGTON

But maybe we could swing by the
army doc. See if he can patch this
shit up.

Jefferson and Franklin each grab an arm and hurry to the...

EXT. ARMY FIELD HOSPITAL - DAY

Rows of WOUNDED SOLDIERS on cots. NURSES run back and forth.

DR. ABERNATHY stands under a make-shift tent, uses crude
tools to sew up Washington's wound. Franklin immediately
starts putzing with the surgical instruments.

DR. ABERNATHY

You ought to be more careful,
General. Martha will be none to
happy about these blood stains.

WASHINGTON

What can I say? If the Brits want
me dead so bad they're gonna have--
(winces in pain)
To try a hell of a lot harder.

DR. ABERNATHY

Would you like something for the
pain?

WASHINGTON

I'll try anything once.

JEFFERSON

Franklin's rubbing off on you.

Hearing his name, Franklin turns around, and has a spring-
loaded surgical device clamped to one nipple.

Dr. Abernathy preps a needle full of morphine.

Washington instantly turns pale at the sight of the needle.

WASHINGTON
(re: the wound)
Shit, this? Don't hurt at all.

Washington smacks his own wound to show how tough he is. Bad idea. He fights to not grimace.

WASHINGTON
I mean, if you got any pain killers
in pill form, I'd take 'em off your
hands.

DR. ABERNATHY
Afraid medicine is in short supply
around here. All the pills have
been sent to the front lines. Takes
three weeks to get more.

WASHINGTON
(clearly masking pain)
Yeah. Totally understand. Save the
drugs for the pussies.

He tries to stretch, show off how great he feels.

They watch as several buxom WOMEN leave a tent, LAUGHING and CHATTERING with the nurses. Our guys take note.

DR. ABERNATHY
I have my nurses treat the local
whores for bumps, rashes and those
little pinchy buggers.

FRANKLIN
How noble of you.

DR. ABERNATHY
Not quite. But it does keep the
soldiers from getting crotch-rot
the next day.

JEFFERSON
Perhaps you can help us. We're
desperately seeking a prostitute!

Dr. Abernathy raises an eyebrow in surprise.

FRANKLIN
My girlfriend Claire.

WASHINGTON

What's a whore do on her day off?

DR. ABERNATHY

Several of the women have mentioned a Loyalist party this evening in Torresdale. The Brits tend to spend freely the night before a big battle.

JEFFERSON

Torresdale is miles away! How the hell can we be there by evening?

WASHINGTON

It ain't easy, but if we cross the Delaware River, we can make it.

FRANKLIN

What do you propose? Swim?

EXT. BIG CHIEF TRADING OUTPOST - DAY

Our guys inspect the merchandise at the outdoor market. Washington knocks on the wood of the several boats, testing them for who knows what.

THE CHIEF, 30s, American Indian, follows them around, smoking a huge, gaudy peace pipe. He's in full regalia, painted face, and a head-dress with feathers to the ground.

THE CHIEF

How. Me "Dances with River Bear," yes'm. For many moons make'm big trade. Need kerosene lamp?

JEFFERSON

Just a canoe.

WASHINGTON

And none of this plywood shit. I want the good stuff you keep in the back.

THE CHIEF

How about Dutch oven? Or slightly used garden till?

FRANKLIN

Who'd want these silly things anyway?

Franklin picks up a walking stick, looks it over.

WASHINGTON

Wait, that's Mayor Powell's walking stick.

(looks around)

And old man Booker's snakeskin boots he's always bragging about.

FRANKLIN

This is one of my inventions! A pocket bible that doubles as a flask. Stolen from my satchel not two weeks ago!

The Chief instantly drops the Native American accent.

THE CHIEF

Ok, who the hell are you guys? Already told the sheriff I don't know anything about stolen merchandise.

JEFFERSON

Hey, what happened to your accent?

THE CHIEF

The Big Chief thing is just for the tourists. Makes 'em think they outsmarted me while I'm taking them for double.

FRANKLIN

You, sir, are a fence for stolen goods and I'll not have you make a mockery of my genius by selling it for less than thirty gold pieces!

THE CHIEF

Just evening the score for, you know, stealing our country and all.

WASHINGTON

How much for that canoe over there?

He nods at a canoe on the river's edge, near an encampment.

THE CHIEF

Not for sale. That was my father's, handed down when he passed beyond the veil to the great unknown.

WASHINGTON

So now you're not in the mood for selling us overpriced junk?

THE CHIEF

This ain't the 1600's, man. Not gonna take a handful of beads or some blankets covered in small pox and call it square.

Jefferson takes a softer approach.

JEFFERSON

I sincerely apologize for the way our ancestors treated your people. It was a shameful display of inhumanity. I believe it was Dante who so eloquently said--

WASHINGTON

Fuckin' run for it!

Washington flips a table of animal pelts, and books it to the canoe. Jefferson trailing. Franklin and the Chief even further behind.

JEFFERSON

Come on, man. I almost had him with reason and kindness.

WASHINGTON

Bullshit you did. You want a boat, you take a boat. It's the American way.

They jump in the canoe, grab the paddles, look back to see Franklin struggling to keep up.

The Chief has given up the chase, out of breath and holding his side in pain.

THE CHIEF

(sotto)

The one day "Chief Runs with Wind" stays home sick.

Washington starts paddling furiously away from the bank.

FRANKLIN

Gents! Wait for me!

JEFFERSON

We can't just leave him here.

WASHINGTON

He's slowing us down. Time's running out and we can't have his old ass waddling behind us.

Jefferson sighs in resignation, calls out to Franklin who sadly stands there, left behind.

JEFFERSON

If we find Claire, we'll put in a good word for you!

Franklin watches his friends paddle away, pulls Claire's pink panties from his pocket, caresses them on his cheek.

The Chief comes running up, pissed.

BIG CHIEF

Fucking immigrants, man.

EXT. DELAWARE RIVER - SUNSET

They've drifted down-river for a while. Jefferson's glum.

JEFFERSON

It was pure folly to think we could pull this off. Thirteen disparate colonies. We don't like each other much. We're not a nation. We're pig farmers and puritans trying not to die of war, famine or plague.

WASHINGTON

You know why we're friends, Thom?

JEFFERSON

Cause I'm your designated driver?

WASHINGTON

Cause you love this country more than anyone. You treat her right. Bring her flowers, write fancy words and shit. The British just wanna get her drunk behind a barn, tax her up the ass.

(beat)

All this shit we've been through today? I wanted to taste adventure again and Ben's just chasing tail. You actually give a shit.

JEFFERSON

I wanted to start a family one day. What's the point if we're living under tyranny?

WASHINGTON

Wait, that was symbolism, dude. You can't actually knock up a country.

JEFFERSON

No, I... I kinda already like someone. But it'll never work out.

WASHINGTON

Don't be talkin' like that. I bet she's crazy about you.

JEFFERSON

I hope. But love like ours isn't--

Washington shifts around in his seat, uncomfortable. Almost like there are bugs in his trousers.

JEFFERSON

--What are you doing?

WASHINGTON

That pill from the club. It's...
(embarrassed)
It's taking effect.

Washington stands up, adjusts his crotch.

JEFFERSON

Get down! You'll have us spotted.

WASHINGTON

I can't, dude! Not trying to alarm you but there's some serious action going on down there and right now, sitting ain't a fucking option.

JEFFERSON

Dammit, you're gonna tip us over.

WASHINGTON

Just paddle faster.
(beat)
And don't look at it.

Jefferson accidentally looks. Horrified, he picks up the pace of his paddle strokes.

On the left side of the river sit several FISHERMEN, who give a friendly wave.

JEFFERSON

Just try to look natural.

Washington strikes a regal pose, leg up on the bow of the canoe, like the famous "Crossing the Delaware" painting.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

Franklin stomps along in the dark, creepy sounds in the woods around him but he's so mad he barely notices.

FRANKLIN

Cast me aside, will you? Hmph! I hope they drown in the river. They'll cry out "Save us Ben" but the joke's on them 'cause I can't swim.

Up ahead, something glows orange in the shadows. Cigarette embers. Sound of a gun CLICKING.

Oh shit! Franklin quickly turns to see even more behind him. The FIGURES move in the dark, ever closer.

FRANKLIN

If you are Redcoats, please be aware that having lost my true love, my life is not worth your gun powder.

As they draw close, Franklin sees six SOLDIERS in odd uniform.

FRANKLIN

Wait, so if you're not...

He notices the French emblem on their jackets.

FRANKLIN

The French! I love the French!

The soldiers CHEER. It's obvious that these guys are wasted. A FRENCH CAPTAIN stumbles over, hands Franklin a cask of wine.

FRENCH CAPTAIN

(broken English)
Do you talk French?

FRANKLIN

(in perfect French)
Your wine goes down smooth, but not as quickly as your women!

More drunken CHEERS from the French soldiers.

INT. FRENCH PARTY-BUS CARRIAGE - NIGHT

Franklin is mid-party with the French.

MONTAGE:

--They pour champagne down Franklin's throat.

--Franklin sticks his head out the sunroof, bottle in one hand, striking a classic prom-limo stance.

--They all rough-house like old friends.

--They give Ben Franklin an Eagle. He bows in thanks.

END MONTAGE

EXT. DELAWARE RIVER - NIGHT

The pill has worn off enough that Washington can sit. They quietly paddle to shore and sneak up to the edge of...

EXT. BRITISH MANSION - NIGHT

Lit by candles and the full moon, the manicured grounds host British SOLDIERS and flirty workin' GIRLS in masquerade masks.

Washington and Jefferson hide behind bushes. They peek over and see: the fountains and liquor are flowing. There's even an OUTDOOR STAGE showing a production.

INT. FRENCH PARTY-BUS CARRIAGE - NIGHT

The carriage stops with a sudden drunken lurch. Franklin has a dreadful case of the hiccups.

FRENCH CAPTAIN

We've arrived, Monsieur Franklin.

FRANKLIN

You are gentlemen and scholars.

FRENCH CAPTAIN

If you ever need place to crash,
look us up in France, yes?

FRANKLIN

(re: eagle)

And thank you kindly for my new
friend. I shall name him Bartleby.

Franklin drunkenly stumbles out, the eagle under one arm.

As the carriage speeds off to the sounds of slurred French drinking songs, Franklin looks up to see...

EXT. BRITISH MANSION - NIGHT

Washington and Jefferson realize how many British they'll have to pass to get into the party.

WASHINGTON

Franklin's whore has gotta be here somewhere.

JEFFERSON

How are we getting in there unnoticed?

WASHINGTON

No idea. But, at least we don't have the old man fuckin' up our shit.

FRANKLIN (O.S.)

Well isn't that a pleasant greeting for a dear friend?

They spin and see: Franklin, an eagle perched on his shoulder.

WASHINGTON

No! We left you miles away! How the hell did you get here?

FRANKLIN

Not entirely sure to be honest.
There was a carriage and some
Frenchman and... maybe an eagle?
(notices eagle)
Oh hello there.

WASHINGTON

He's sloshed. He's fuckin' sloshed.

JEFFERSON

We can't leave him alone. He'll
make a scene. Let's just figure out
a way inside.

ONSTAGE:

It's a series of comedy sketches starring British soldiers dressed as American Patriots acting like fools. But, not just any fools -- the founding fathers.

FAKE WASHINGTON and FAKE FRANKLIN enter the stage. Fake Franklin works on an invention. Fake Washington prances like a dandy.

FAKE WASHINGTON
Stop inventing things and pay
attention to me! I make the rules
around here.

FAKE FRANKLIN
And why is that?

FAKE WASHINGTON
Because I said so! I'm General
Washington and it's my country!

FAKE FRANKLIN
Your country? But George, this is
still British territory.

FAKE WASHINGTON
Waaaaaah!!!

The British audience ROARS with laughter, as the Fake Washington throws a childlike tantrum, stomps his feet.

IN THE BUSHES:

Franklin GIGGLES, and leans over to Washington.

FRANKLIN
Oh, that is so you!

Washington is not finding this sketch at all humorous.

ON STAGE:

Fake Washington stands, hands on hips, effeminate.

FAKE WASHINGTON
I want to be King! All those pretty
jewels, fabulous crown, get to sit
in a big chair!

FAKE FRANKLIN
I can't help you, I'm busy
inventing this useless contraption.

FAKE WASHINGTON
Does it work?

FAKE FRANKLIN
Of course not!

It POPS and they both fall backward in fake-electrocution.

IN THE BUSHES:

Franklin grabs his tummy, can't stop LAUGHING.

FRANKLIN
That's hi-larious!

WASHINGTON
(all worked up)
This is donkey shit. I'm fighting
for freedom, not a crown.

JEFFERSON
At least you got acknowledged.
(an idea hits)
Say, if they're wearing Colonial
costumes, then where are their
actual outfits?

Washington nods in understanding. Franklin enjoys the play as they drag him along.

BEHIND THE STAGE:

A small, tented dressing area. Franklin sets his eagle on a rack of clothes.

FRANKLIN
(to the eagle)
Stay.

Our guys slip into the REDCOAT UNIFORMS that are lying about.

JEFFERSON
(whispers to Franklin)
Pants first.

They put on wigs. Washington adds a fake beard to be even more concealed, notices the patches on his coat.

WASHINGTON
Hold on. We're trading coats. Mine
is for a private.

JEFFERSON
No time to pull rank, George. Just--

WASHINGTON

I'm serious, dude. I'll fight you
if I have to.

JEFFERSON

Nobody will notice.

Washington isn't about to give up, but some ACTORS enter and
our guys have to quickly slip out the back flap.

MANSION GROUNDS:

Our guys look like proper Redcoats. They walk towards the
mansion, nodding at "fellow" soldiers.

PARTYGOER #1

And this box of rare '74 Earl Grey
was sent over by the King himself,
wishing us luck in war.

PARTYGOER #2

(takes a sip)

I do say, I rather prefer the woody
undertones of the '72 Grey myself.

JEFFERSON

Uh. We have to revolt. We can't end
up like these assholes.

INT. MANSION - MOMENTS LATER

A celebration as over-the-top as the ornate furnishings.

Just as our guys enter, a soldier starts banging on a piano,
and everyone breaks out into the hymn "God Save the King,"
clinking glasses, shouting the lyrics.

BRITISH SOLDIERS

(singing, drunken unison)

God save our gracious king/ Long
live our noble king/God save the
king--

Soldiers throw their arms around our guys -- they're gonna
have to sing along. But none of them know the lyrics.

Jefferson watches the others' lips, tries to follow along,
singing the lines a syllable behind.

BRITISH SOLDIERS
 Send him victorious/ Happy and
 glorious/ Long to reign over us/
 God save the king--

Washington grabs a beer, tries to cover his lips with gulps.

Franklin gets right into it. Claps his hands, adding rhythmic back-up vocals calling back, like a black preacher.

FRANKLIN
 Sing it! God save that King!

BRITISH SOLDIERS
 O Lord, our God arise/Scatter his
 enemies/ And make them fall--

Jefferson looks at Washington. Will this song never end?

BRITISH SOLDIERS
 O'er him Thine arm extend/ For
 Britain's sake defend/ Our father,
 prince and friend/ God save the
 king.

FRANKLIN
 That God! Always savin' kings!

Everyone lifts their glasses in CHEER.

JEFFERSON
 We should split up. Cover more
 ground.

Our guys head in three different directions.

INT. MANSION - EAST WING - LATER

Washington heads down a hall, peeking in doors. About to pass by the LIBRARY, he hears:

BRITISH OFFICER #1(O.S.)
 When this is all over, I might just
 send General Washington a gift
 basket.

Washington steps back, listens in.

INT. MANSION - LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

A handful of drunken BRITISH OFFICERS drink, smoke cigars, and CHUCKLE over their disdain for Washington.

BRITISH OFFICER #2
 Half the time I think he's workin'
 for us, with his running around
 playing soldier.

BRITISH OFFICER #3
 Far as I can tell, he hasn't done
 official general duties in months.
 Bet he has no idea how many of his
 troops are defecting.

BRITISH OFFICER #1
 Just a big kid that someone made
 the mistake of giving a gun.

BRITISH OFFICER #3
 And someone else made a bigger
 mistake, giving him responsibility.

They notice the costumed Washington at the doorway.

BRITISH OFFICER #2
 Ah, hello there Private. Enjoying
 the party?

Washington bites his tongue.

WASHINGTON
 I am. Thank you.

The Officer is clearly waiting for something more.

WASHINGTON
 (begrudging)
 ...Sir.

INT. MANSION MAIN ROOM - SAME

Franklin wanders around. Gulps from random bottles, goes
 cute girls, fits right in.

Suddenly, he catches a glimpse of Claire!

INT. MANSION - SECOND FLOOR HALL - CONTINUOUS

CLAIRE, in a masquerade mask, fixes her make-up in a large
 wall mirror next to a railing that looks down on the party.
 She's accompanied by a BEAUTIFUL FRIEND, applying lipstick.

CLAIRE
 Damn, that's a pretty color.
 Where'd you get it?

BEAUTIFUL FRIEND

Traveling salesman. Gave me a tube of cherry tree red... and a case of French pox.

CLAIRE

Girl, I've gotten worse for less.

Claire hands her a folded piece of paper.

CLAIRE

Blot.

The paper is still between her friend's lips as Franklin charges up.

CLAIRE

Oh shit! Hide me.

Claire's scared for her life. She cowers behind her friend.

FRANKLIN

I have traipsed across most of Pennsylvania to track you down.

CLAIRE

I'm sorry! Please don't hurt--

FRANKLIN

--I never thought my eyes would delight in your beauty again.

The two girls look at each other in confusion.

INT. MANSION - DINING ROOM - SAME

Jefferson sneaks by a bunch of HIGH-RANKING OFFICIALS, gathered around a large map spread across the table.

HIGH RANKING OFFICIAL #1

If we march through here, we'll have reinforcements from the north.

HIGH RANKING OFFICIAL #2

With all due respect, Captain, if we take this road, we'll have better sea support.

They all turn to Jefferson.

HIGH RANKING OFFICIAL #1

What is your opinion?

He glances down at all the patches on his stolen uniform. He must be a--

HIGH RANKING OFFICIAL #2
Colonel?

Jefferson trudges over to the table. Somehow he's going to have to fake his accent and military knowledge.

JEFFERSON
(British accent)
Well, uh-- both are... jolly good plans. Maybe we should take a vote? Show of hands?

All Officers turn and stare. Clearly not the right answer.

HIGH RANKING OFFICIAL #2
Dear God, man, are you suggesting democracy for our military decisions?

JEFFERSON
(nervous laugh)
Nooooo. That would be the Colonial way of doing things, which I am obviously totally against.

He looks at the little metal soldiers spread over the map.

JEFFERSON
Tell me, which ones are us again?

The officers exchange curious glances.

INT. MANSION - SECOND FLOOR HALL - SAME

Franklin takes a deep breath, and begins:

FRANKLIN
I've met the child-bearing women this world provides and not one of them is as stunning as you. Innumerable are the reasons I want you as my wife.

Over Claire's shoulder we watch Franklin get down on one knee.

FRANKLIN
One. The way the freckles on your cheek make up the points on a heart. Two.
(MORE)

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)
 The ringlets in your hair that know
 the natural curve of your ear.
 Three--

This is going to take a while...

INT. MANSION - MAIN ROOM - SAME

Washington looks up, sees the proposal. He elbows his way through the party, trying to get to the stairs.

INT. MANSION - DINING ROOM - SAME

The officers grow impatient with Jefferson.

HIGH RANKING OFFICIAL #1
 Sir, we need a decision now.

JEFFERSON
 Yes, uh, about that. Why don't we
 try this new scheme I've been
 toying around with?

Jefferson, at a loss as to what to do, scoops his arm across the map, moves the figurines into one big pile in the middle.

HIGH RANKING OFFICIAL #2
 And what exactly is the strategy
 here? A big pile of Redcoats?

JEFFERSON
 Ah, yes, well that's the brilliant
 part. You, uh... um...

PENNYWEATHER (O.S.)
 --Excuse me!

Jefferson backs away, thankful for the interruption. Until he sees Nigel Pennyweather march up.

PENNYWEATHER
 I have some rather taxing news.
 Small cock-up. The traitor's leader
 is a bit jammy and has eluded me
 thus far.

JEFFERSON
 I'm sorry. I didn't understand most
 of that.
 (jokingly)
 Speak English, will ya?

PENNYWEATHER

The American will be smoked out and
executed by sun-up.

Jefferson's hands shake. He sticks them in his pockets to
hide the tremble. Feels something. Pulls out matches. With
this stress, the temptation is too much.

JEFFERSON

That's great.
(beat)
Anyone got a cigarette?

Heads swivel towards Jefferson.

HIGH RANKING OFFICIAL #1

What did you just say!?

Jefferson realizes his mistake.

JEFFERSON

Fag! I said anyone got a fag?

But, it's too late. Cover is blown.

INT. MANSION - SECOND FLOOR HALL - SAME

Washington finally bounds over, interrupts the proposal.
Claire, frightened, hides behind her mask again.

FRANKLIN

Reason twenty-three. The way your
bosoms--

Washington grabs Franklin's coat and lifts him off his knee.

WASHINGTON

(to Claire)
--Where's the document?

FRANKLIN

What document? Oh yes, right.

CLAIRE

Sorry boys, but my brother took it.

WASHINGTON

No. The other one. It was a
rambling essay on a folded up piece
of paper--

Claire's eyes go to the paper her Friend holds. Washington
follows her sight line.

Horrificed, he rips the paper from her Friend, unfolds it. Yup. It's the Declaration. Covered in lipstick-blotted kisses.

Just then--

HIGH RANKING OFFICIAL #1(O.S.)
He's an American spy!

The party erupts into chaos. Franklin and Washington watch in horror as several angry soldiers drag Jefferson away.

EXT. MANSION GROUNDS - MOMENTS LATER

Franklin and Washington run towards the trees.

Franklin trips, falls to the ground, glasses fly off. He feels around, finds bits of glass. He sticks the shards back into the frame, but a piece is inverted.

FRANKLIN
Damn thing's in there backwards.

Franklin puts on the glasses, blinks in astonishment.

FRANKLIN
My God, everything is so much clearer. What is this dual focus? Some sort of...bi-focal--

WASHINGTON
No one cares! Come on!

FRANKLIN
You know, you're quite a bit more handsome than I realized.

They run past the British actor dressed as Washington from earlier just as he bursts back onto the stage.

FAKE WASHINGTON
Rebels have infiltrated the party!

The audience LAUGHS.

FAKE WASHINGTON
No. That's not part of the act. I'm telling you, they're here!

The audience still doesn't believe him.

A ruckus alongside the mansion. Everyone turns to see the Officers drag Jefferson out.

HIGH RANKING OFFICER #1
There are spies among us!

Now the audience freaks out. Chairs flip over, soldiers and girls run in every direction.

FAKE WASHINGTON
(grumbling)
Told ya!

IN THE BUSHES:

Washington turns his attention to Jefferson's plight.

It's getting worse. Soldiers heat up a large vat of black tar. Another soldier carries an armful of chickens.

WASHINGTON
Oh shit! Thom's about to be--

MANSION GROUNDS:

High Ranking Officer #1 announces to the gathering crowd:

HIGH RANKING OFFICER #1
--Tarred and Feathered! That will
teach this spy a proper lesson!

IN THE BUSHES:

Washington points to what's happening to Jefferson.

WASHINGTON
We gotta save the guy. Can't you
just, I don't know, invent some
awesome shit real fast?

Franklin grins triumphantly. Holds up his bifocals.

Washington sits there in defeat. Franklin tries to put the bifocals on Washington, who swats them away.

MANSION GROUNDS:

The hot tar being poured into buckets with basting brushes.

Jefferson looks as scared as he should be.

JEFFERSON

I'm no one! I'm not a spy! Hell,
I'm not even a founding father. I'm
a secretary. I think you're wasting
your tar and chicken supplies on
someone who's really not worth the
effort. I hear it takes three weeks
to get more poultry--

The Officers coat Jefferson's clothes, tar splatters onto his
face and hair. Another soldier dumps feathers.

JEFFERSON

This isn't as bad as I thought it
was gonn- Oh, nope. There it goes--
burning through my clothes.

IN THE BUSHES:

Washington makes wild gestures as he thinks aloud.

WASHINGTON

Okay. I've got a plan. See all
those crate-things of tea?

He points at several crates near the fountain.

WASHINGTON

We'll threaten to dump that shit in
the water, throw another tea party
up in this bitch, unless they
release Thom.

FRANKLIN

Indeed! But we'd be dead.

WASHINGTON

What if we actually knock the
crates in, the British flip the
fuck out, and it gives Thom a
chance to escape?

FRANKLIN

Yes, I suppose he'd get away. But
we'd be dead.

WASHINGTON

Fine. What if we sneak over with--

PENNYWEATHER (O.S.)

--George Washington! You command an
army no more!

Washington and Franklin cringe. Busted! But, then they see:

MANSION GROUNDS:

Nigel Pennyweather points his pistol at the Fake Washington from the stagemash.

FAKE WASHINGTON

Whaaaaa?!

BANG! Pennyweather shoots the actor! Unlike his dramatic death on stage, Fake Washington simply crumples to the ground. Real dead this time.

PENNYWEATHER

Did you see the distance on that shot?

YOUNG SQUIRE

Magnificent, sir.

The Squire hands Pennyweather his congratulatory tea.

PENNYWEATHER

To a hero well murdered.

He raises his cup, pinky out, and sips.

Across the grounds, Jefferson uses the distraction to push a bucket of tar on his captors. They SHRIEK and wipe at the burning goo.

REDCOAT CAPTOR

Oh, my spatterdashes! My ruined spatterdashes!

Jefferson runs away, picking off feathers as he goes.

Washington and Franklin join Jefferson. Franklin whistles and Bartleby the eagle lands on his shoulder.

JEFFERSON

Couldn't find a way to save me before the tar and feathers?

WASHINGTON

Look, we have the damn Declaration. That's all that matters.

Washington hands Jefferson the document. Jefferson takes a peek, just to verify.

FRANKLIN

Don't worry about the lipstick.
Gives it character.

Jefferson opens his coat, caked in hardened tar, slides it in the inner pocket.

WASHINGTON

Problem is, there's no way outta here.

BENEDICT (O.S.)

Hey guys! Over here!

They look up to a smiling Benedict, on a makeshift crutch, waving them over.

FRANKLIN

Thank the heavens for Benedict Arnold!

Our guys run to Benedict and the four of them dart around the side of the mansion...

...where a line of Redcoat Soldiers lie in wait, muskets raised.

BENEDICT

Yeah. Sorry fellas. I'm with the Brits now.

WASHINGTON

You asshole! You don't flip sides in the middle of a war!

FRANKLIN

Is this because Thomas shot you?
Because we all feel terrible about that.

BENEDICT

I tried to be your friend and you all totally treated me like shit. Ohh, there's Benedict, let's leave him with the bar tab, or like shoot him in the leg, or burn his house down!

WASHINGTON

Whoa, hey, come on, Benny. We need you on our team here--

BENEDICT
We were supposed to be best
friends.

The Soldiers push our guys against the mansion wall and frisk them. One soldier gets a little too close to Franklin's junk.

FRANKLIN
Easy down there. I'm engaged now.

A Soldier pulls the Declaration from Jefferson's coat. Hands it to Benedict.

BENEDICT
(reading)
"With sympathies, and hopefully you find it acceptable, we must inform you that we no longer want the privilege of being under your rule, and cordially prefer to be our own nation."

The soldiers LAUGH at this. Benedict loves the attention.

WASHINGTON
(to Jefferson)
That for real? We've run all over New England, risking our lives for that? For a man orchestrating a revolution, you're kind of a pussy.

JEFFERSON
Great, so now you're against me too.

BENEDICT
(to soldiers)
Ohhh, hey look, guys! Here's a list of all the continental delegates. If you know, you wanted to kill them or something.

WASHINGTON
Well, guess this shit is over.

Jefferson breathes deep, knows he has to do something. He slides the matches from his pocket--

JEFFERSON
Not if no one reads it!

Jefferson swipes the match on the wall, sets the Declaration ablaze!

BENEDICT
Oh come on! Not cool!

Benedict drops the burning paper, stomps on it. But, there's nothing left.

WASHINGTON
(re: Jefferson)
Okay, that was less pussy.

Benedict consults in hushed tones with the Soldiers. Returns.

BENEDICT
I've talked to my new friends here
and it looks like even without the
Declaration, we still get to hang
you. On account of you guys being
assholes and all.

FRANKLIN
What does being a traitor get you?

BENEDICT
A summer palace south of London if
I play my cards right.

Franklin breaks away. He flings his eagle into the air, with a soliloquy.

FRANKLIN
(to Eagle)
Fly free for us all, Bartleby. No
one can take that away from you.
You'll forever be a symbol of
America.

The noble eagle soars higher, and higher. Magnificent wings outstretched until--

BANG! SQUAWK!

The dignified bird crumples, plummets to the ground.

A Redcoat Officer smirks, holding his smoking musket.

FRANKLIN
You uncivilized murderer!

Franklin, in a blind rage, goes to attack. But Jefferson and Washington hold him back, as he kicks at the soldiers.

The Redcoat Officer uses his gun to point down the path.

REDCOAT OFFICER
Start marching.

BENEDICT ARNOLD
Oh wait! I forgot. The British are
gonna need those uniforms back.
Like now.

Benedict grins, loving his revenge.

Our guys reluctantly strip down to their whitey-tighties.
Well, not exactly Franklin. He's just nude, except for his
boots and knee-high socks.

JEFFERSON
God, no, where's your underwear?!

WASHINGTON
I will never forgive you for the
number of times I've seen your
pecker today.

They march at gunpoint. No clothes, no declaration, no hope.
Franklin's wrinkly butt gleams in the moonlight.

INT. JAIL CELL - NIGHT

Illuminated by torch light, Washington and Franklin sit
behind bars, still with no clothes. They've clearly given up.

Jefferson peers out the barred window at Benedict Arnold and
the British Soldiers, busy hanging three nooses from a tree.

JEFFERSON
(sotto)
Woulda been a nice country...

WASHINGTON
I gotta piss.

Washington stares at the public latrine in the floor: a small
hole cut out of planks of wood. Flies buzz from the opening.

WASHINGTON (CONT'D)
Screw it. I'll be dead in thirty
minutes. It can wait.

FRANKLIN
'Twas the tragedy of man. Finally
finds love, and death calls before
it can be requited.

WASHINGTON

Figured I'd kick it in battle. Like a damn hero. There'd be books about my life that kids would be forced to read. There'd be monuments-- no, mountains in my image!

(beat, looks around)

Not this shit.

FRANKLIN

There were still so many things vital to the human race I had yet--

(an idea hits)

Wait, that's it!

Franklin reaches into his boot and pulls out...

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)

My blueprints! They're for a key replicator. Take any lock, you can make a key that fits!

WASHINGTON

Fuckin' do it already!

FRANKLIN

I just need a forge... and some iron. A mold maker, a tuyere and some bellows. Oh, definitely an anvil.

Jefferson snatches the blueprints and reaches through the bars to the torch on the wall. Lights the blueprints on fire!

WASHINGTON

Really Thom? Is there no other way to destroy a document?

FRANKLIN

My God! What are you doing?

JEFFERSON

Getting us the hell out of here.

Jefferson carries the flame to the latrine hole and works at catching that wood on fire.

Finally, it lights! Jefferson stomps on the burning wood and it breaks away! Making a hole big enough to fit even Franklin!

But it leads into the primitive sewers.

They all peer down. It's wayyyy grosser than they thought.

WASHINGTON

Nope. I'll hang.

FRANKLIN

(pouting)

You didn't even try and get me a
forge.

Jefferson climbs down into the hole.

JEFFERSON

I don't even care any more. I've
been tarred, feathered, tattooed,
shot at, I'm naked and now there's
a noose being measured just for me.
I'll take my chances.

Washington looks back and forth between the hole and the
nooses out the window.

WASHINGTON

Fine. But if this shit ever ends up
in the history books, I'm kicking
all your asses.

SERIES OF SHOTS

-- They slide through a hole leading to a long tunnel.

-- They climb under pipes.

JEFFERSON

If I survive this crap, that's it,
I'm gonna start living my life.
Claim my own liberty. And pursue my
goddamn happiness.

-- They crawl through sludge.

JEFFERSON (CONT'D)

These Redcoat bastards coming here,
trying to rule us? Fuuuuuck that.

FRANKLIN

I concur.

JEFFERSON

Yeah. It's pretty damn self-
evident... I could list, like,
twenty reasons those assholes need
to get out of our goddamn country.

(MORE)

JEFFERSON (CONT'D)
 With their quartering soldiers
 bullshit. And not letting us pass
 laws. Cutting off our trade--

WASHINGTON
 What? They've been doing that? I
really need to start reading those
 damn memos.

-- Trudge through sewers.

JEFFERSON
 --taking away our charters.
 Declaring us out of protection.
 Sending in foreign mercenaries--

WASHINGTON
 That's really good shit. Tell me
 that was in the Declaration
 somewhere, 'cause that, my friend,
 was like a punch in the nuts with
 words!

FRANKLIN
 Better than any version I've
 watched you crumple up over the
 last two weeks.

Washington stops. They see up ahead a hatch on the ceiling
 with a rickety ladder underneath.

INT. PURITAN CHURCH - SAME

Radical PURITANS pack the pews, enraptured by the MINISTER'S
 dramatic sermon.

MINISTER
 The foul demons take many forms,
 brothers and sisters. You must
 always be on guard. Soon, the
 slaves of Satan will rise deep from
 the depths of Hell, dripping with
 the rancid juices of perdition--

A hatch in the floor flings open. Out climbs the almost-naked
 and shit-covered Washington, Jefferson, and Franklin.

They breathe a sigh of relief, thankful to be free and alive.

But the congregation GASPS, eyes wide open.

MINISTER (CONT'D)
 They've risen! Kill the demons!

Puritans instantly turn into a MOB, waving guns and bibles!

MOB
Send them back to hell!/God will
conquer!/Destroy them!

Our guys dash for the church doors, pour out into the street.

Franklin gets walloped by a YOUNG GIRL with her bible.

INT. FRANKLIN'S PRINT SHOP - NIGHT

A huge printing press, surrounded by haphazard supplies. Ink and paper everywhere, but no quills.

Jefferson and Washington do their best at wiping themselves down with a wet rag, while Franklin rummages through drawers.

JEFFERSON
Let's do this shit! I'll write the
new kick-ass version, we'll drop it
off at the Congressional meeting.
Country saved!

Washington opens a closet, finds several printshop aprons. Puts one on, grabs two more. No pants but it'll have to do.

FRANKLIN
My assistants must've misplaced the
quills... Don't suppose you want to
block out your message with these?

Franklin holds up a handful of tiny letter blocks.

Washington rips a feather, still stuck in the tar, from Jefferson's back.

JEFFERSON
Oww! Mother of Jes--

He hands Jefferson the quill.

WASHINGTON
Here you go, buddy.

EXT. FRANKLIN'S PRINT SHOP - NIGHT

A lone buggy approaches. Jefferson, now in his apron, sticks his thumb out to hitchhike.

WASHINGTON

No one's gonna pick us up, man.
Looks like we escaped from the
asylum.

FRANKLIN

I've got this.

Franklin waddles into the path, his girth blocks the
carriage.

JEFFERSON

You want a carriage, you take a
carriage.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - NIGHT

All set up for festivities, but the ANGRY LOCALS are sick of
waiting. Everyone is here: Franklin's French friends, Big
Chief, Hale's army, the Town Crier, even the Burlesque girls.

Francis Scott Key's band packs up their instruments. Crates
of fireworks and party hats sit unopened under the stage.

On the courthouse steps, a sweaty Adams tries to stall.

ADAMS

Please give me ten more minutes,
I'm finishing it now...
(echoes Jefferson's words)
These things take time.

Our guys rush past TINY TIMOTHY, 6, a pitiful little boy. He
holds his DAD's hand, and asks:

TINY TIMOTHY

So, there's not going to be an
America?

TINY TIMOTHY'S DAD

'Fraid not, son. 'Fraid not.

Betsy Ross stands at the court's flagpole, arms crossed,
super pissed as our guys approach.

BETSY ROSS

Thanks for screwing up what
would've been a really awesome
country. I made a flag and
everything.

She passive-aggressively hoists a hand-sewn red, white and blue flag up the pole. But, there's no time for her drama. They run past her to...

EXT. COURTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Jefferson starts up the steps, but Adams cuts him off.

JEFFERSON

We've got it!

ADAMS

Treasonous bastards! You ruined July fourth, waltzing up here hours late, while I've got fifty-four terrified delegates inside that need to sign the Declaration before they run for their lives--

WASHINGTON

(to Adams)

Come on, guy. You have no idea the shit we've been through today.

FRANKLIN

Quite amusing, actually. It all started when a rather delightful prostitute--

JEFFERSON

Look, you don't have to like me. Throw me in jail, bankrupt me, whatever. But let's get this signed!

The huge Liberty bell rings out. DONG! DONG! DON--

KAPOW! A cannonball arches through the air, crashes into the Bell-- creating the jagged infamous crack.

SHOTS ring out! Musket fire WHIZ by. They all duck.

Adams runs inside, slams the wooden door. KA-CHICK! Locked. Our guys turn and see:

THOUSANDS OF RED COATS, in perfect formation, cresting the hill! Nigel Pennyweather at the helm.

The Brits have cannons, muskets. Our three guys have nothing.

JEFFERSON

We're all gonna die.

FRANKLIN

Where the blazes did they come from?

WASHINGTON

It's like the generals' plan was just a big ass pile of Redcoats.

JEFFERSON

Yeah, that might be my fault, guys.

Washington looks out at the party-goers, cowering. Realizes he must be a leader. He calls out to all:

WASHINGTON

General Washington here! 'Sup. I know you came for a bad-ass party, and instead, you're being shot at. But, that's because we are on the brink of change. Change that others want to stomp on. But, we're not gonna let them. Why? Because we're a bunch of random folks...

(re: Hale's army)

Some who believe in the freedom to bear arms.

(re: Big Chief)

Some who believe in capitalism and the freedom to screw over their customers.

(re: Burlesque girls)

Some who believe in freedom from their restrictive clothes, and to that, I salute you ladies.

(addressing all)

Though we may be different, we all believe in freedom.

(re: The British)

Those assholes don't. So, let's unite and show them what America truly is. A bunch of different people, coming together under one cause: kicking everyone else's ass.

CHEERS from everybody. Washington grins, proud of himself. He's now truly a leader.

Everyone grabs what weapons they have. A volley of musket fire bombards. Cannons boom. Blood splatters. The battle has begun.

The Chief throws a tomahawk. WHACK! Right into some dude's back. He turns to a makeshift table full of guns, each with price tags marked down.

THE CHIEF

Big Chief sell musket at crazy
discount price! Kill Redcoats and
enjoy savings at same time!

Tim Sampson, now Colonial of Janitor Brigade, fights with a
mop, shoving the disgusting mop-head in a Redcoat's face.

The French army drunkenly fight alongside Franklin, shaking
up bottles of champagne, popping the corks in people's faces.
Smashing the bottles to use as weapons.

FRENCH CAPTAIN

Where is your feathered friend?

FRANKLIN

Bartleby. He, he didn't make it.

FRENCH CAPTAIN

Follow me, men! Tonight, we drink
in Hell!

The Frenchmen charge the Redcoats.

British cannons rein down on the Town Square, knocking the
head off of the John Adams statue.

Nathan Hale fires a musket, turns to Jefferson.

NATHAN HALE

You need another distraction? Cause
that courthouse looks like it'll
burn reeeeeeal nice.

JEFFERSON

No, God! Just fight in the normal
way.

NATHAN HALE

Okay!

Hale rips off his shirt, showing his back for the first time,
just covered in tally marks. He pulls out a huge knife,
screams a war cry and charges at the Redcoats.

JEFFERSON

So glad that guy's on our side.

Nigel Pennyweather fires his pistol. It's jammed. He tosses
aside the useless gun.

PENNYWEATHER

Squire! Procure me another weapon.

But his Young Squire is busy gawking at the burlesque girls. One of them chokes a Redcoat with a feather boa while another beats guys with her high heels.

Jefferson runs up to Washington.

JEFFERSON

I'm no expert, but this seems to be going well.

WASHINGTON

Damn, we might actually win this thing! As long as the...

The sound of American gunfire peters out. Nobody was really prepared for a massive battle to break out at the party.

WASHINGTON

(deflated)

...ammunition doesn't run out.

Everyone looks at Washington for answers. He has none.

The town crier climbs to the top of what was the Adams statue, calls out.

TOWN CRIER

Hear ye, hear ye: Patriots on losing side of history. All hope decimated.

WASHINGTON

Can someone shut that kid up?!

The Redcoats have plenty of firepower left. The townspeople start to take cover behind whatever they can.

JEFFERSON

What's the next move? Maybe if we take 'em from the north--

WASHINGTON

Just go, man. Get the hell outta here. I'll hold 'em back long enough for you to get that document to safety.

JEFFERSON

But you'll die.

WASHINGTON

(smiles)

What Generals do best.

Jefferson surveys the scene, the Brits inching closer with every gunshot.

JEFFERSON

No. We go out, we go out together.
I got your back on this one.

WASHINGTON

It's over, Thom. We don't have a
gun between us. Hell, we don't even
have pants.

JEFFERSON

(an idea hits)
We don't need guns...

Jefferson darts off towards the band stage. Washington is confused. Where the hell is he going?

PENNYWEATHER (O.S.)

How many bloody times must I kill
you? It's getting rather tiresome.

Washington spins to see Pennyweather daintily slip on his once white, but now burnt and ashy gloves.

WASHINGTON

Got one more chance... Mano a mano,
Sir-shit-head.

Washington stomps up and swings. But Pennyweather agilely ducks. Washington keeps swinging hard. Finally one lands.

Pennyweather spits a bit of blood, drops his posh mannerisms.

PENNYWEATHER

You're mine.

ZEEEEEEE-BANG! The Redcoat's frontlines suddenly engulfed in a beautiful explosion of red and silver shimmery fire.

Redcoats SCREAM and dive away.

ZEEEEEEEE-BANG! Another explosion, blasts of colorful flames beat back the British a couple more steps.

Washington and Pennyweather stop fighting, look over to see:

Jefferson using the party fireworks as ammunition. In close range, fireworks are basically huge, colorful grenades!

WASHINGTON

Fucking. Awesome.

With Washington distracted, Pennyweather gets in a solid punch to the wound on his shoulder. Damn, that hurts.

A giddy Franklin runs over to grab some fireworks himself, followed by all the townspeople.

BANG! BANG! BANG! Reds, and Greens, and Blues, and whistling spinny ones, and crackling ones, and color-changing ones.

TOWN CRIER

Hear ye, hear ye! Breaking news:
America declares independence in
the most bad ass way possible!

The French Captain turns to his compatriots.

FRENCH CAPTAIN

Le Revolution is magnifique! We
shall do this at home!

A roman candle sparks up a keg of gun powder next to the British cannons. KA-BOOM! Massive explosion!

JEFFERSON

That's it! Aim for the gun powder!

With everyone now launching, the British frontline explodes in such succession, like a relentless grand finale of a fireworks show. Only with more screaming, burning, hysteria.

Suddenly, an eagle's SCREECH! Franklin looks up to see Bartleby, bloody wing but ready for a fight.

FRANKLIN

Bartleby! You're alive!

Several other eagles swoop down behind Bartleby, rip the wigs off the British Officers, peck at their flesh.

Everyone battles amid the flames until the British retreat.

FRANKLIN

Back you go! To your tiny pompous
island across the pond.

JEFFERSON

(to the British)

Set sail, mother fuckers!

Washington and Pennyweather collide and hit the ground, oblivious to the gunshots and fireworks whizzing overhead.

Pennyweather gets the upper-hand. Washington looks worried, but a solid American knee to an English groin switches the balance of power.

WASHINGTON

This is our damn country now.
Spacious skies, amber waves of
grain, purple mountains majesty!

Washington pins him to the ground, throttling him.

WASHINGTON

King George is a dandy. Say it!

PENNYWEATHER

Never.

Washington puts more pressure on Pennyweather's throat.

PENNYWEATHER

I renounce the crown.

WASHINGTON

Doesn't count. Too damn fancy.

PENNYWEATHER

(humiliated)

King George is a dandy.

WASHINGTON

There we go.

Washington smiles. Lets the man to his feet, and marches him as his prisoner.

A bloody Franklin and Jefferson deluge the British in one last multi-colored fireworks inferno as Redcoats run for the hills.

A magnificent horse gallops up, PAUL REVERE its rider. He's rugged, handsome.

REVERE

The British are coming! The British
are coming!

WASHINGTON

Yeah, no shit, Revere! Where were
you half an hour ago?

INT. COURTHOUSE - SAME

The FOUNDING FATHERS slowly peel themselves off the floor and from behind desks, checking themselves for injuries.

WHOOSH! That huge wooden door flies open, to reveal:

Jefferson, fireworks launcher strapped across his chest, apron charred, face bloodied, and arms burned.

Silhouetted by the fire still raging outside, a cigarette dangles from his lips. Lights it with a Roman Candle.

He stares down the stuffy, clean men. No one moves. He holds up a piece of paper.

JEFFERSON

"We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of fuckin' Happiness."

He SLAMS the paper down on the table.

JEFFERSON (CONT'D)

All it needs are signatures.

No one makes a move to sign it. Finally, Hancock meekly slides a quill across the table to Jefferson.

Jefferson smiles. Takes the quill and SIGNS THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE!

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - LATER

Everyone drinks and celebrates American freedom. Except Pennyweather, who looks on from a stockade, tarred and feathered.

A drunk Betsy Ross sits in Francis Scott Key's lap, making out.

BETSY ROSS

Always had a thing for guys in a band.

Nathan Hale passes by, shirtless, sporting his new arm tattoo inspired by Jefferson: an eagle ripping through the skin.

BETSY ROSS (CONT'D)
And Patriots...

Her eyes track Hale as he struts off.

Jefferson and Sally sit on a bench. She holds a compress to his burns. Franklin interrupts, and plops down between them.

FRANKLIN
With these bifocals, everything
looks different. What if Claire
arrives and I can't recognize her?

JEFFERSON
You'll know her voice, right?

SALLY
If it's meant to be, no
circumstances will keep you apart.
(steals look at Jefferson)
And when it does happen, it will be
magical. Like curling up next to
the fire with the person you love.

Jefferson blushes. This might work out for him after all.

Franklin pulls out Claire's pink panties.

FRANKLIN
I do hope she comes. Or this will
be most creepy in my possession.

Jefferson's eyes go wide as he notices the panties have a tag hanging. It reads: "Gift from your love, Adam Johns." (The same name inversion popular in the brothels.)

JEFFERSON
That son of a bitch.

PICNIC TABLES:

Washington sits with Barwick, catching up on months of paperwork. Signing and signing.

WASHINGTON
Holy shit, Barwick! Why didn't you
tell me how important these papers
were?

Martha approaches, and tries to give him a plate of food.

WASHINGTON

Sorry, babe. Don't have time. Turns out I'm even more powerful than I thought!

BARWICK

Here's the current budget. You should probably think about defense spending.

WASHINGTON

Hey! If we melted down the British statues and used that metal for ammunition, we could save, like... forty grand! Damn, it's like I can straight up war from a desk...

Martha kisses Washington on the cheek.

MARTHA

With the states all uniting now, you can stay home with the family.

WASHINGTON

(lying)
Sure!

Behind Martha's back, Washington shakes his head "Nooooooo."

BY THE BAR:

Franklin, still nervous, does a shot.

CLAIRE (O.S.)

There you are, handsome!

Franklin turns left, to the HOT BLONDE next to him, smiles.

FRANKLIN

Claire?

Claire clears her throat. He turns right, and she's up in his face. He gives her a solid look-over. This is the first time we've seen her face: Ugliest hooker, ever.

CLAIRE

You left so suddenly at the party, I never got a chance to respond.

FRANKLIN

It's not anything you have to answer now. In fact--

CLAIRE
 Yes! I want to be Mrs. Frank
 Benlin! More than anything!

Claire goes for a passionate kiss. Franklin abruptly stands.

FRANKLIN
 That's splendid! But, uh, when I
 proposed, I forgot that I had a
 rather urgent meeting. In...
 France?

CLAIRE
 How long will you be gone?

FRANKLIN
 Years. Years and years. So many
 years.

CLAIRE
 I'll wait for you!

Franklin starts to slowly back up, looks for an escape route.

FRANKLIN
 (sotto)
 Fuck me.

CLAIRE
 Sure! And if we're married, I won't
 even charge ya!

BY THE KID'S TABLE:

John Adams, always the family man, sits with ABIGAIL and
 recounts his version of the battle for his CHILDREN.

ADAMS
 And then the cannons started
 shooting, BAM! BAM!

ADAMS CHILD
 Were you scared, papa?

ADAMS
 Of course not. Your father can take
 on all the British.

Jefferson marches up.

JEFFERSON
 Can we have a word?

John Adams sees enough intensity that he obliges. He kisses Abigail, and follows Jefferson out of the family's earshot.

JEFFERSON

I want in on the Continental Congress. And you're going to call a vote right now.

ADAMS

Look, I am thankful that you were able to help us fend off the British, and eventually turn in the declaration. As a thank you I've even pulled some strings to get you a prestigious post: Colonel of the 31st Brigade!

Jefferson pulls from his breast pocket just enough of the panties for Adams to recognize them.

Adams nervously glances back at his wife. She sweetly waves.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - MINUTES LATER

DELEGATES and families stand before Adams and Jefferson.

ADAMS

And with enough delegates here for a majority of these states united, all in favor say "aye."

A resounding "AYE" from the Delegates.

Jefferson smiles, chest puffed, and bows to the men.

ADAMS (CONT'D)

(reluctant)

I hereby declare Jefferson a rightful representative within the Continental Congress, the fourth of July, Seventeen, seventy-six.

The crowd erupts into CHEERS!

SAMUEL ADAMS saunters up with a cart full of barreled beer.

WASHINGTON

Sam Adams brought more beer? Damn, I love that guy!

Everyone congratulates Jefferson, except Franklin, who scurries away in the background, Claire in close pursuit...

The sky alights in the last of the celebratory fireworks. The band, led by Francis Scott Key, plays the "Star Spangled Banner."

JEFFERSON
(re: Fireworks)
We should do this every year!

WASHINGTON
Fuckin' A, man.

They toast their beer mugs.

CUT TO:

TITLE CARDS A LA 80's MOVIES

EXT. PARIS CITY STREETS - DAY

Franklin leads his FRENCH ADMIRERS, who hang on his every word.

SUPER: Franklin spent nine years in France as an Ambassador in order to convince the French to assist in our war effort.

INT. HIGH SOCIETY FRENCH PARTY - NIGHT

Franklin bounces a French coin on the table and into a fancy tea cup. The FRENCH NOBLES CHEER!

SUPER: ...mostly by attending their high-society parties, inventing history's first recorded drinking game.

EXT. BRITISH FORT - DAY

Benedict Arnold asleep on his military cot. A BRITISH SOLDIER fills his hand with shaving cream. The other one tickles his face, until he slaps himself.

SUPER: Benedict Arnold switched sides in the war, feeding intel to the British... They hated him even more than we did.

EXT. INAUGURATION - DAY

Washington, hand on Bible, is sworn in. Martha looks pissed.

SUPER: General Washington led the revolt against the British, securing victory in 1783 and became the first president of the United States...

INT. MUSEUM - DAY

Tourists admire the unfinished painting hanging on the wall.

SUPER: His official portrait was never completed.

MONTAGE: Jefferson and Adams stuck doing everything together.

-- Elbow to elbow at a little desk, signing bills together.

-- Holding two sides of oversized scissors, cutting a ribbon together.

-- Standing frozen, arms around each other, for a portrait painting.

In every scene, they are clearly miserable.

SUPER: Jefferson lost the second presidential election to Adams. The law at the time forced the losing candidate to take the role of Vice-President; guaranteeing four more years of working together.

END MONTAGE.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

Two caskets, side by side, sport portraits of each of them, in a joint funeral.

SUPER: Both men were determined to outlive the other. Adams' last words were muttering, "Jefferson lives." He was wrong. Both men died on July 4th, 1826...

INT. NATIONAL ARCHIVES MUSEUM - PRESENT DAY

As we pull away from the original Declaration behind glass. You can just barely see a faded lipstick blot.

SUPER: ...on the 50th anniversary of the Declaration of Independence.

FADE TO BLACK