

The Revolutionary - 3rd Draft

By

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Historical Events

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SUPER BOSTON 1773

EXT. BOSTON HARBOR - NIGHT

Colonial men dressed as native Indians, board a British ship. They quickly subdue the **REDCOAT GUARDS** and make their way to the cargo holds.

One by one, they bring up barrels marked tea on the side. The tied up guards, scream and protest at their actions.

This only angers the Colonial raiders. They become more determined, and start throwing the barrels overboard. The wooden containers bob up and down in the black water of the harbor.

This works them into a feverish frenzy and the organized raid disintegrates into reckless pandemonium. The Redcoats, who at first were treated humanly, become objects of the raider hatred.

They brutally kick and punch the retrained men, who are unable to defend themselves. Their fury is relentless, and savage. Torches are now thrown down into the cargo holds.

The dry tea ignites and the ships are quickly engulfed in flames. The raiders jump to safety. Most of the guards manage to free themselves and get away from the inferno. But some do not, their screams echo across the harbor as they are incinerated.

INT. ROOM - NIGHT

A darkened room, with a window that looks over the harbor. The yellow orange glow from the fire outlines the figure of a **MAN** standing in front of it.

Only a silhouette, he is of medium stature. He exhales with remorse at what he sees.

Joining him, is another person but the silhouette is that of a **WOMAN**. Also of medium stature and wearing a dress.

Both figures stand at the window witnessing the spectacle.

MAN (V.O.)

This is going to get out of hand.

WOMAN(V.O.)

They have been pushed them too far.

(CONTINUED)

MAN (V.O.)
A measure of control is needed.

WOMAN(V.O.)
Control is a hard word.

MAN (V.O.)
Guidance then.

WOMAN(V.O.)
Without anyone being the wiser?

MAN (V.O.)
No one must know of your
activities.

WOMAN(V.O.)
I understand.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

LATER

Elsewhere in the city in a small tenement home a man bursts through the door and runs up to the second floor.

INT. ROOM - NIGHT

The door flies open revealing the man is **NATHAN HALE** (20) handsome in a boyish kind of way. He sweats and looks excited. He rubs his hands together, then does a fist pump in triumph.

Hearing the commotion a woman rushes in from the bedroom putting on her robe. This is **ELIZABETH FLOYD** (20) a fiery redhead.

ELIZABETH
What's the matter?!

NATHAN
It's started.

ELIZABETH
What do mean?

NATHAN
Revolution, its here.

(CONTINUED)

ELIZABETH
From the crown?

NATHAN
Yes my love.

He wraps his arms around her and smiles with satisfaction. Elizabeth not so much, her brow furrows, and she purses her lips.

ELIZABETH
Surely you cannot be happy?

NATHAN
Of course I am.

ELIZABETH
Do you know what that means.

NATHAN
Freedom to choose our destiny.

Elizabeth pushes away from him.

ELIZABETH
You're a dreamer, always have been.

NATHAN
Yes dreams make life worth living.

ELIZABETH
Nathan please, England offers stability. My fathers business depends on them.

NATHAN
The old world is dying, a new one is beginning. Come with me.

ELIZABETH
I cannot, I have obligations.

Nathan entreats her, he moves closer.

NATHAN
You have your own life to live.

ELIZABETH
Things have already been arranged.

NATHAN
You are going marry Peter?

ELIZABETH
It has to be that way.

NATHAN
Why?

ELIZABETH
The family business demands it.

NATHAN
Can Peter make you feel like this?

Nathan pulls her close, he kisses her passionately. Elizabeth responds in kind. Their arms entwine, a lovers embrace.

Slowly they pull apart, Elizabeth looks down, still holding on to him. Her face is full of regret.

NATHAN
Tell me you don't love me.

ELIZABETH
I do, so very much.

NATHAN
Love conquers all.

ELIZABETH
Yes, but it begets good decisions.

NATHAN
Love is never wrong Elizabeth.

Elizabeth looks to be swayed, but exhales with resolve.

ELIZABETH
No, I am sorry.

NATHAN
That's in then.

From outside there a voices calling for him. Nathan runs to the window. He looks down into the street, and from his POV there are several men motioning for him.

WE HEAR THEM:

Hale come on.

We have got to go.

It's now or never.

Elizabeth joins him at the window.

ELIZABETH
Who are they?

NATHAN
Sons of Liberty.

ELIZABETH
Nathan do not go.

NATHAN
If I don't, I will regret it.

ELIZABETH
We can still be together.

NATHAN
I won't to live a lie.

Nathan pushes away and grabs his gun and rucksack. He goes for the door. Elizabeth paws at him to stay.

ELIZABETH
Nathan please stay!

Nathan pauses at the door. He kisses her one last time. He pulls away.

NATHAN
Remember me.

He runs down the steps. A distraught Elizabeth screams for him.

ELIZABETH
Nathan! Nathan! God!

She collapses in a heap in the doorway.

EXT. REBEL CAMP - DAY

Nathan walks with several **SOLDIERS** into the camp. They look tired and weary. In the background is the sound of explosions.

A recent battle is dying down and these men don't look like they were not on the winning end.

A small **CAMPFIRE** awaits the men. Nathan is exhausted he plops himself down on a log next to the small flame. The other men do the same, curling up on any patch of ground they can find.

(CONTINUED)

Some go to sleep. Nathan takes a stick and pokes the fire. His manner is full of disappointment. The **SOLDIER** next to him makes an obvious comment.

SOLDIER

They knew we were coming?

NATHAN

They out number, and outsmart us.

SOLDIER

Washington thinks he can win.

EXT. MASTIC BEACH DAY

The **MASTIC PENINSULA** lies just beyond New York harbor.

Sand dunes gently slope up high above the water. They are filled with sea grass that blows in the incessant wind. It disturbs the calmness of the scene.

Along this rise walks **WILLIAM FLOYD** (48) thin, pure New England stock. With him holding his arm is Elizabeth his niece.

They walk and talk like father and daughter, it is clear they are close.

WILLIAM

Change is coming.

ELIZABETH

You talk like Nathan.

WILLIAM

British rule is becoming increasingly unjust.

ELIZABETH

Uncle you worry so.

WILLIAM

Only for the future.

ELIZABETH

The King wants to protect us.

WILLIAM

No, he wants our resources.

(CONTINUED)

ELIZABETH

That talk is dangerous Uncle.

Williams doesn't respond.

ELIZABETH

You've joined the rebellion?

WILLIAM

Something has to be done.

ELIZABETH

You and Nathan are cut from the same tree.

WILLIAM

The tree of liberty.

ELIZABETH

I don't want to lose you too.

William turns to her looking softer. He pats her on the arm.

WILLIAM

You and Nathan belong together.

ELIZABETH

Stop uncle, you know fathers wishes.

WILLIAM

Oh yes for that Delancey fellow.

It's obvious William doesn't like her new beau.

ELIZABETH

He's my fiance, and his name is Peter.

WILLIAM

The Governor General's son.

ELIZABETH

Yes, and I will be at their home tonight to discuss the arrangements.

WILLIAM

I do not like it. You are marrying him just to protect your fathers shipping empire.

Williams tone has changed and Elizabeth is hurt.

(CONTINUED)

ELIZABETH
How could you say that?

WILLIAM
I am sorry my dear.

ELIZABETH
All I do is try and make you and
Papa happy.

A tear trickles down her cheek. William hugs his niece.

WILLIAM
Making yourself happy is all that
matters to me.

ELIZABETH
I will try.

WILLIAM
That's all I ask.

William pulls back to look at her.

WILLIAM
Now, I have to go away for a while.

ELIZABETH
When will I see you again?

WILLIAM
Remember what we discussed in
Boston.

ELIZABETH
I will.

He leaves it at that and walks away. The ocean breeze blows Elizabeth's hair everywhere. She pushes it out of her eyes and watches William as he disappears over the rise.

EXT. WASHINGTON'S CAMP - DAY

Early morning the **FOG** lies close to the ground. The sun isn't up yet. All around filthy men huddle in meager raggedy tents. The campfires have burned out for lack of fuel there is little to eat.

This is **WASHINGTON'S REBEL ARMY** out of ammunition, starving and desperate.

Nathan strides into the scene accompanied by others from the **Sons of Liberty**. They head straight for a large field tent.

(CONTINUED)

Nathan pauses at the entrance. A desperate looking **OLDER MAN** a member of the Sons of Liberty entreats Nathan in an angry growl to go in.

OLDER MAN
Go on in, he's expecting you.

INT. WASHINGTON'S TENT - DAY

Nathan pushes through the flap of the tent. **GENERAL WASHINGTON** is a tall and rugged individual. His Uniform is smudged with soot and gunpowder. He is tired, gaunt and looks like he hasn't slept for days.

Washington hovers over a map on his ramshackle **FIELD DESK**. A single **OIL LAMP** puts out very little light next to the map.

He too is desperate but to save his army. He is leading his men on an impossible mission and he knows it. But he clings to hope. Nathan clears his throat.

WASHINGTON
Come in Hale.

Washington doesn't avert his attention from the map.

NATHAN
Yes Sir.

Nathan steps up sharply next to the desk, Washington points his finger to the map.

WASHINGTON
This war is going to be won through information, not in the field, understand?

NATHAN
Perfectly.

WASHINGTON
Go to New York, find out what is going on.

Washington finally looks up and faces him.

NATHAN
Am I to make contact?

WASHINGTON
Yes, but this is a covert operation, if you're caught, I cannot help you.

(CONTINUED)

NATHAN

Understood.

WASHINGTON

Do what ever you must to safeguard
yourself, but I need intelligence.

Nathan steps back, salutes and rushes out.

INT. DELANCEY HOME LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

LATER

Candles light the interior of a fine town home in the center of Manhattan. An ornate Oriental rug is spread across a shiny wooden floor. Splendid hand crafted Furniture from Europe fills the residence.

The walls are decorated with many paintings and mirrors. In the living room, Elizabeth sits with her future mother in law **HELEN DELANCEY** (60) and Elizabeth's cousin **MARY** (16). They are having after dinner tea.

A Black butler **CATO** (25) tall, strongly built, brings in a tray of drinks. He bends over and offers the drinks to the ladies. Helen happily grabs one, Elizabeth takes hers and Mary timidly accepts.

MARY

You think I should?

ELIZABETH

Well, Papa isn't here.

HELEN

Go on my dear, tonight is a
celebration.

Cato bows and turns to Helen.

CATO

Will that be all Ma'am?

HELEN

Yes Cato thank you.

Elizabeth and Mary aren't accustomed to colored people.

ELIZABETH

I didn't know you had a slave?

(CONTINUED)

HELEN

Slave? of Course not, he is a paid man servant, been with us for years.

INT. CATO'S POSITION - NIGHT

Cato overhears the woman's conversation. His look is sterner as he continues on into the kitchen.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The ladies continue their conversation, from outside there are sounds of a mob stirring. Elizabeth walks to the window.

From her POV there are men and women holding torches and shouting obscenities.

Helen and Mary join her at the window. The sight scares Mary.

MARY

Who are they?

ELIZABETH

Sons of Liberty.

HELEN

How did you now that?

Elizabeth looks a little caught off guard.

ELIZABETH

Who else would it be?

HELEN

Its been getting worse ever since they signed that thing in Philadelphia.

ELIZABETH

Its a Declaration of Independence.

Elizabeth and Mary shoot each other a look.

Suddenly a **TORCH** crashes through the window. It immediately ignites the curtains and the rug.

HELEN

Oh my God!

(CONTINUED)

The three women panic. Elizabeth attempts to put it out, by ripping down the drapes. But the **FIRE** gets away from her, and quickly spreads.

They run to the front hall.

INT. FRONT HALL - NIGHT

Cato speeds out of the Kitchen to join them. He corals the the women together. He opens the front door for them to escape. In a fleeting instance he sees armed men aiming their muskets.

They fire, and bullets pepper the doorway and wooden paneling. Cato closes the door fast.

CATO
We can't go that way!

Cato thinks, then runs to the back of the house. Smoke is filling the rooms fast. The women begin to cough from the fumes.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

The kitchen occupies the back section of the home. Cato struggles under the ever thickening smoke. He is finding it hard to breath.

He looks out the back window and flames shoot up. The rear porch is an inferno. He returns to the women.

INT. FRONT HALL - NIGHT

The women are wild eyed and panic stricken. They look to Cato for hope.

CATO
Can't get out that way.

It appears hopeless for the four of them. Then there is crashing noise from up stairs, and the sound of feet on the floorboard.

ELIZABETH
Are they coming to kill us.

The women huddle behind the massive Cato. He puts up his arms ready to defend them.

(CONTINUED)

Then crashing down the steps comes a young man in traditional colonial attire and a tri-corner hat. Through the smoke he is momentarily obscured then the gray wisps peel away revealing him.

It is **NATHAN**. Elizabeth smiles at the sight of him.

NATHAN

No time to talk, come on.

Nathan reaches and grabs Elizabeth hand pulling her along up the steps. The rest of the group follows them.

INT. UPSTAIRS BEDROOM - NIGHT

The smoke is not as thick and the group is able to breath better. Nathan runs to the open window he broke through and checks outside. From his POV this part of the house has not caught fire yet, and the back yard is devoid of the mob.

NATHAN

We're gonna have to jump.

Helen is older and starting to come undone.

HELEN

I can't!

CATO

Yes you can.

Cato bolts to the window.

CATO

I'll go first and catch you.

Cato climbs out the window.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Cato drops the ten feet to the ground. His large stature makes the small distance less of a jolt.

He coughs then straightens himself up. The first out the window is Mary, she hesitates then with resolve jumps. She lands safely in Cato's arms. He sets her down.

Next out the window is Helen she crawls out backwards, fearing looking down.

Close on Helen's face.

(CONTINUED)

Helen closes her eyes and just lets go falling back. It is an awkward decent all Cato can do is cushion her fall. He manages to catch her under her arms. Her weight causes them both to tumble to the ground.

It's Elizabeth's turn she doesn't hesitate and jumps out. Again Cato catches her under her arms. Finally Nathan leaps to the ground.

The House is now engulfed in flames. The group flees the premises.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

They ease out from behind the house. The mad mob has dispersed and British Regulars have formed a fire brigade trying to put out the fire.

The house occupies a small rise that looks out over New York city and the harbor. A small city park with many trees and walkways sits just across from the house.

More smoke drifts into the area but it isn't coming from the house. Then Elizabeth sees why, from her POV the docks and most of the city are ablaze.

Then the British see it and abandon the house for a much bigger problem. Nathan looks relieved that they have left. The group scurries across the street into the Park. The darkness and trees will obscure them.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

They huddle in the shadows near one of the large oak trees. Helen is beside herself watching her home go up in flames.

HELEN

Damn those rebels. They'll pay.

There is a certain look of satisfaction on Nathan's face as he watches it's and New York destruction. Elizabeth picks up on it. She shoots him a sharp look.

Nathan takes her by the arm and guides her away from the others for a private conversation. Elizabeth is the first to speak up. Her tone is harsh and angry.

ELIZABETH

What's going on, why are you here?

(CONTINUED)

NATHAN
I'm under orders.

ELIZABETH
Orders from who?

NATHAN
Washington.

Elizabeth's eyes widen.

ELIZABETH
You're responsible for this?

NATHAN
No I am here to gather information.

ELIZABETH
Good God, a spy.

NATHAN
Keep you voice down.

ELIZABETH
Nathan, they hang spies.

NATHAN
Elizabeth open you eyes you can't
stay on the fence.

ELIZABETH
We've had this conversion.

NATHAN
I can see the regret in you eyes.

ELIZABETH
There is more to it than you know.

Nathan continues to peer out, the red flames bath them both
in a warm light.

NATHAN
You going to turn me in?

ELIZABETH
I should.

Nathan knows she won't. Elizabeth steps up, and from her POV
she sees several ships in the harbor on fire. Also the dock
and a shipping warehouses are burning.

CLOSE ON WAREHOUSE SIGN - FLOYD SHIPPING

(CONTINUED)

ELIZABETH
You've destroyed my father's
business.

NATHAN
He'll recover.

ELIZABETH
That's not an answer.

Nathan turns to her, there is affection in his eyes.

NATHAN
I still dream about you.

ELIZABETH
That's over, long ago.

NATHAN
I know.

He moves closer. Elizabeth's lips quiver, then her eyes dart at her future mother in law.

ELIZABETH
You must go.

With out another word Nathan slips off into the night.

Elizabeth returns to her group. Moment's later a horse gallops up to the front of the burning house.

The rider is **PETER DELANCEY** (30) Elizabeth's fiance, and Helen's son. He jumps off and starts yelling for them.

PETER
Elizabeth! Mother!

His voice is anguished and desperate.

Elizabeth and the others run to him.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Elizabeth and Peter fall into each others arms. Helen waddles up too, Peter gives her a hug.

PETER
Thank God you are alright.

(CONTINUED)

HELEN

That young man saved us.

She turns around looking for Nathan, but he's gone.

HELEN

He was just here.

PETER

What was his name? I owe him a debt of gratitude.

HELEN

I don't know.

Elizabeth shakes her head no.

ELIZABETH

I didn't get his name.

EXT. NEW YORK STREET - DAY

The aftermath of the night before, the fires have been extinguished. Only smoldering ruins, and shells of buildings remain.

The city is on a heightened state of emergency, the air is tense with restless nervousness. A carriage makes it through the bustling crowds trying to pick up the pieces from their shattered lives.

Armed British troops are everywhere, ready for any occurrence and edgy. The whole city is one giant military camp divided into two separate sides. One loyal to the Crown, and the rest wanting independence.

Problem is, nobody knows which side is what. It is a town of secrets, and a powder keg that could go off again anytime.

INT. CARRIAGE - DAY

Elizabeth looks out at the street. Passing the rubble, she sees the burnt bodies of several children, and a mother who tried to save them.

Their family gathers around the bodies crying in grief. Elizabeth is horrified and looks remorseful. She turns away, but catches the stench of burnt bodies and holds her hand over her mouth and nose.

The Carriage winds its way through the turmoil, driven by Cato. It stops in front of the shattered ruins of Floyd Shipping Company.

EXT. FLOYD SHIPPING COMPANY - DAY

RICHARD FLOYD (60) a portly businessman, stands at what used to be the front, surveying the damage. His scowled expression relays his disgust.

Cato pulls the reins back on the horses and sets the brake on the wheels. He jumps down and opens the passenger compartment. Elizabeth refreshed, and composed, after her ordeal steps out.

Richard turns and sees her, he quickly walks over and gives her a hug.

RICHARD

Daughter, thank God you're safe.

ELIZABETH

Yes father, it was awful.

Richard pivots and they both gaze at the destroyed building.

RICHARD

It will take me six months to rebuild, and another three to regain the lost revenue.

ELIZABETH

I'm sorry father.

RICHARD

It wasn't your fault, those damned rebels.

They walk towards the building. The charred Floyd Shipping Company sign swings loose from its post.

RICHARD

I will need British business more than ever now.

ELIZABETH

This has gotten out of hand. Perhaps a compromise could be reached.

(CONTINUED)

RICHARD
Compromise, with rebels? Absurd.

Another voice calls out agreeing with him. Elizabeth and Richard turn to see walking towards them **GENERAL CLINTON** 50's. He is the supreme leader of British forces in north America. By his side is **MAJOR JOHN ANDRE** (30) tall extremely handsome.

CLINTON
You father's right, they can't be bargained with.

Richard looks relieved to see them, but is a bit nervous.

RICHARD
Ah General, good to see you.

CLINTON
The damage looks bad.

RICHARD
Oh I assure you, we will be up and running soon.

Clinton doesn't look as confident, but lets it slide for the moment.

CLINTON
Let me introduce you to our chief of intelligence, Major Andre.

Andre steps up and shakes Richard's hand. Then Richard introduces Elizabeth.

RICHARD
Major, this is my Daughter Elizabeth.

Andre full of himself, takes off his gloves and reaches for Elizabeth's hand and kisses it.

ANDRE
A beautiful sight amongst all this destruction.

ELIZABETH
Thank you.

CLINTON
I hear we are fortunate to have you.

(CONTINUED)

ELIZABETH

Sir?

ANDRE

Your escape from the flames.

ELIZABETH

Oh yes, we got lucky.

ANDRE

I heard you had a savior.

ELIZABETH

Just a good Samaritan.

Andre seems to be fishing, Elizabeth picks up on it.

CLINTON

Yes, yes, very fortunate.

ELIZABETH

Not all of us are rebels.

ANDRE

Yes good loyalists.

Richard wanting to get back to business.

RICHARD

Join us to tonight for the engagement party. We could discuss future relations.

CLINTON

And business?

RICHARD

Of course. Seven then?

Andre continues to hold Elizabeth's hand, then finally tenderly lets go.

ANDRE

I hope to see you again.

ELIZABETH

I'll be there.

Andre and Clinton start to leave, Andre puts on his gloves then in an aside turns back.

(CONTINUED)

ANDRE

By the way we caught one of them.

RICHARD

Who?

CLINTON

The devils that did all this.

ANDRE

And, almost killed your daughter.

RICHARD

Thank heavens.

ANDRE

He was caught near the park. Where there's one, there is another.

Andre gives her a catlike grin, Elizabeth looks worried.

CLINTON

We will teach them a lesson.

ELIZABETH

What is his name?

ANDRE

Nathan Hale.

Elizabeth's face firms up and she clenches her jaw. She tries not to show any emotion.

ELIZABETH

What is to be done with him.

CLINTON

He is being taken to the gallows as we speak.

EXT. STREET ELSEWHERE NEW YORK - DAY

A column of British regulars in a sea of red parade, in front of a horse drawn carriage. Standing in the back of it is Nathan. His hands are tied behind his back.

The crowds of people part like the red sea to let them pass. Some jeer and throw garbage at the prisoner, others doff their hats or hang their heads low out of respect. Clearly this is a divided event.

Drums thump a low cadence as the procession approaches a gallows.

(CONTINUED)

Close on Nathans eyes that are as blue as the sky.

From the his POV he looks out across the mass of people. He spies a young woman in a large sun hat and parasol. She is walking with an older man.

The drums stop and Nathan is led up the steps to the hangman.

The Hangman offers him a black hood to put over his face. But the Nathan shakes his head no. The noose is placed around his neck.

Close on his eyes he watches the woman continue through the crowd. There is a hint that he knows her.

The Hangman tightens the noose. A BRITISH OFFICER on a horse in front of the gallows unrolls a document.

BRITISH OFFICER

Nathan Hale, you have been found guilty of espionage and sentenced to death. Do you have any last words.

NATHAN

I regret I have but one life to give for my country.

The trap door is released and Nathan drops like rock. His feet dangle just above the ground. They twitch for a moment as the life bleeds out of him then the legs go limp.

The sound of the execution being carried out stops the woman in her tracks. She remains still amongst the crowd for a moment.

Close on the woman's eyes a tear trickles down her cheek.

Then she and her older male escort disappear into the mob of people.

INT. RICHARDS HOME - NIGHT

Another stately home but more restrained in it's decor. It reflects Richards character subtle and pragmatic. Functional without putting on airs.

INT. ELIZABETH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Elizabeth is adjusting Mary's hair sitting at the dresser looking in the mirror. Mary seems a little bit jittery.

ELIZABETH
Calm down cousin.

MARY
I can't after what happened last night.

ELIZABETH
It's over.

MARY
And Papa being away.

ELIZABETH
Lets not mention him in front of the British.

There is a quiet understanding between them on the subject.

MARY
I just wish I knew where he was.

ELIZABETH
He's fine.

MARY
Can I go with you to pick out your dress tomorrow?

ELIZABETH
We'll see.

Mary finishes with her hair and walks out of the room. Elizabeth reaches into the drawer of her dresser and pulls out a little locket.

It is a porcelain portrait of Nathan Hale. Elizabeth's eyes look upon it with tenderness.

ELIZABETH
You did not die in vain my love.

INT. HALL RICHARDS HOME - NIGHT

Guests are arriving, Richard, Elizabeth and Peter stand at the door greeting everyone. Andre and Clinton arrive, and pleasantries are exchanged they proceed on inside.

Next an older Gentleman steps in HERCULES MULLIGAN (50) a dressmaker and tailor. A jovial man, who has a quick wit. Elizabeth is pleased to see him.

ELIZABETH

Ah Hercules, is my dress ready.

HERCULES

Almost my dear.

Another young man appears at the door, ROBERT TOWNSEND (25) a Tavern Owner and Newspaper Man. Richard is happy to see him.

ROBERT

I am running low on ale.

Richard taken aback.

RICHARD

You are my next priority.

ROBERT

The fire get you?

RICHARD

Yes, but I will double my efforts.

ROBERT

See to it I have thirsty customers.

ELIZABETH

Glad you could make it.

ROBERT

Are you kidding, this is the social event of the season. I have to cover it for my readers.

RICHARD

How is the Royal Gazette doing?

ROBERT

Circulation is up.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The little dinner party is in full swing. Peter sits next to Elizabeth. General Clinton and Major Andre are on the other side of the long table.

Peter eats with a coming appetite. Elizabeth picks at her food. Richard is in complete business mode.

RICHARD

We will have full operation back soon.

CLINTON

I hope so, the situation is getting more tenuous.

Peter looks up from his plate.

PETER

That's impossible.

ANDRE

Last night was only the beginning.

ELIZABETH

How do you mean?

ANDRE

The fire was almost too convenient.

ELIZABETH

What do you mean?

ANDRE

A spy was caught the same night, while most of the British Army were occupied.

CLINTON

(worried)

Yes.

RICHARD

But for what purpose?

ANDRE

We don't know. You haven't seen any strangers have you Elizabeth?

ELIZABETH

You mean a spy?

Andre pauses to let that sink in.

(CONTINUED)

ANDRE

This war is going to be won by information.

CLINTON

Yes, but the fact of the matter is hundreds died, innocent women and children.

Richard looks distraught and downs his wine in one big gulp.

ELIZABETH

Are you sure I saw very few bodies?

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

LATER

Elizabeth and Peter are making small talk. Drinking after dinner champagne. Peter has to excuse himself. Andre steps in to fill the void.

ANDRE

Peter is a good man.

ELIZABETH

I think so.

ANDRE

The Empire needs more like him.

ELIZABETH

Your too kind.

ANDRE

The rebellion is pointless.

Elizabeth takes a sip of her champagne.

ELIZABETH

Depends on how you look at it.

ANDRE

That's a surprise.

ELIZABETH

How do you mean?

ANDRE

Well, you were almost killed by those rebels.

(CONTINUED)

ELIZABETH

Maybe they were just making a point.

ANDRE

A very sharp one.

They share a laugh between them.

ANDRE

Surely you don't condone terrorists?

ELIZABETH

It's only terrorism when you are on the receiving end.

ANDRE

You like playing games.

ELIZABETH

No, I'm just trying to understand your meaning.

Andre smiles at the gentle banter.

ELIZABETH

Secrets?

ANDRE

I am a man of secrets.

Elizabeth being coy and mischievous.

ELIZABETH

We all have secrets.

ANDRE

Yes we do.

Andre sets his glass of champagne on the mantle.

ANDRE

Tell me, would you like to play a game?

ELIZABETH

Depends.

ANDRE

No, this is a helpful game.

Andre leans in close, being a little more serious.

ANDRE

This is something, Peter, your father, or even myself can't do. But you can.

ELIZABETH

Sounds intriguing.

ANDRE

You don't want anymore innocents to get hurt do you?

ELIZABETH

Heavens no.

ANDRE

Neither do I, and you want your father's business to thrive?

ELIZABETH

Of course, but what are you asking?

ANDRE

To listen.

Elizabeth confused.

ELIZABETH

Listen?

ANDRE

Women talk, more than men, and when they do, men don't tend to pay attention.

ELIZABETH

I still don't get your meaning.

ANDRE

Just, if you hear of anything important tell me.

ELIZABETH

If I didn't know any better, I'd say you wanted me to spy for you.

ANDRE

Nothing so grand.

General Clinton joins the pair. Andre shuts up.

(CONTINUED)

CLINTON

Quit hogging the young lady's attention. He isn't boring you my dear?

ELIZABETH

Oh no, he's fascinating to listen to.

EXT. RICHARD'S HOME - NIGHT

Mary has stepped away from the party to see about her horses. She walks towards the barn. Ahead of her is a **BRITISH SOLDIER**. He wobbles walking towards her and appears drunk.

Mary tries to steer clear, but he is blocking her path. He leers at her disgustingly, watching her walk. She keeps a wary eye on him. She veers towards the barn, but the soldier quickens his pace and intercepts her.

He slurs his speech as he talks.

SOLDIER

Where you going lass?

Mary is indignant at his inquiry.

MARY

Get out of my way.

The Soldier has more on his mind as he eases up to Mary. He is grinning like a possum. His yellow teeth shimmer in the moonlight.

An uneasy feeling creeps over Mary. Without warning the soldier pounces and wrestles her to the ground. She tries to scream but his heavy hand covers her mouth.

With the other he tries to reach under her dress. Mary is feisty and puts up a good struggle, but the man is twice her size and strength. He grapples to unbuckle his pants.

WHEN

Another hand grabs the man's forehead. The man is yanked back and tossed to the ground like a rag doll. The soldier shakes his head clearing the cobwebs. He looks up and towering over him is Major Andre.

A **LIEUTENANT**, the Soldier's immediate superior, rushes up.

(CONTINUED)

ANDRE
Disgusting animal.

The soldier on the ground is scared.

LIEUTENANT
Sorry sir.

ANDRE
Keep your men on a leash!

Hearing the commotion, Elizabeth and Peter run out of the house. They rush to the scene of the attack.

Elizabeth regards the Lieutenant taking the soldier into custody. She holds on both their faces, the Lieutenant returns her glare.

Elizabeth jumps to Mary's aide. Consoling her after being almost violated. Mary sobs scared and humiliated.

ELIZABETH
Shush, I'm here, it's okay.

Her face flips up to the men surrounding them especially glaring at the British. To say she sees red is an understatement.

ELIZABETH
Animals.

ANDRE
I am sorry.

ELIZABETH
That is no excuse.

ANDRE
My men are a long way from family.

ELIZABETH
Maybe they should go home then!

She keeps a locked glare on Andre still kneeling and consoling Mary.

Other British regulars come in and take away the soldier. They are joined by General Clinton, Richard and Robert. Elizabeth remains with her arms around Mary comforting her.

CLINTON
What happened here?

(CONTINUED)

ANDRE

That soldier tried to have his way.

LIEUTENANT

He'll be punished Sir!

CLINTON

See to it. Take him away.

Clinton turns to Richard.

CLINTON

I am so sorry about this.

RICHARD

Thank God you were here.

Elizabeth looks incredulous at her father's statement.
Robert takes advantage of the situation.

ROBERT

This would be newsworthy. Occupying
force takes advantage of locals.

CLINTON

You will print no such thing.

An aside from Robert.

ROBERT

No, of course not.

Elizabeth is mad as hell.

ELIZABETH

Heaven forbid we disagree with the
crown.

RICHARD

Elizabeth!

Andre gives them both a look of suspicion. Then steps to
Elizabeth still coddling a weeping Mary.

ANDRE

My humblest apologies, now you see
the need to settle things down.

ELIZABETH

Is this how the crown treats its
subjects?

ANDRE

No, but consider what I've asked.

(pause)

It may be more help than you know.

EXT. MULLIGANS TAILORING - DAY

A Carriage stops in front of the establishment. It is driven by Cato he steps down to open the door.

INT. CARRIAGE - DAY

Inside the carriage Elizabeth peers out the window from her POV she sees the address is 629 Broadway.

INT. MULLIGANS TAILORING - DAY

An old business frequented by the British and colonists alike. The shelves are lined with bolts of fabric. A large table occupies center of room. A fabric manikin with half made dress is to the side.

A typical clothing store of the day. This is a fine Taylor shop, where the clothes are made from hand. Bolts of the finest fabrics from all over the world line the walls.

This is the go to place for all the finest clothes.

British get their uniforms fitted and made by here as well. So does most of society's elite in the New York area, both Men and women.

Elizabeth enters, the door chime announces her arrival. She notices another young woman looking around the shop, she is accompanied by a tall soldier.

The soldier looks familiar to Elizabeth, then she remembers he is the **LIEUTENANT** who arrested the man who attacked Mary.

The two of them are admiring the fine selections.

The woman is **PEGGY WALLACE** (25) the American mistress of General Clinton. a wealthy loyalist socialite from Philadelphia. She is beautiful, and wears an expensive looking dress.

Peggy glances at Elizabeth in a very haughty manner. The Lieutenant doesn't turn around.

(CONTINUED)

Hercules enters from the back room and spies Elizabeth instantly. He motions to her that he will be just a minute then takes a cloth sample over to Peggy to inspect.

HERCULES
Is this what your looking for?

PEGGY
Yes, do you have enough?

HERCULES
I believe so.

PEGGY
Good I will be back for a fitting.

HERCULES
When would you like it?

PEGGY
Friday week?

Hercules turns to the tall Lieutenant.

HERCULES
And you sir?

LIEUTENANT
I need a tailored new coat for when
we hang that rebel general.

HERCULES
You will have to catch him first.

PEGGY
That won't be long.

Peggy's attitude is flippant and drops the remark without even thinking. Elizabeth with her attention on the fabrics picks up on the conversation. The Lieutenant admires himself in the mirror, then he sees Elizabeth in it's reflection.

Elizabeth catches a somewhat strained expression from the Lieutenant. Hercules always being gracious guides Peggy over to Elizabeth.

Peggy puts extra emphasis on the last word. Elizabeth picks up on it, but doesn't let it phase her.

HERCULES
Elizabeth, let me introduce Miss
Peggy Wallace.

PEGGY

Your Richards daughter aren't you?

ELIZABETH

Yes he is. How is your family?

The question seems to sting Peggy.

PEGGY

Fine, after they were run out of Philadelphia.

ELIZABETH

Must be hard.

PEGGY

I hear your engaged to Peter Delancey. Good stock.

The little banter could continue, but Peggy is tiring.

PEGGY

Sorry I must leave, my ladies club is meeting this afternoon. Perhaps you would like to join us?

ELIZABETH

Maybe.

PEGGY

How about Friday.

ELIZABETH

Sounds lovely.

PEGGY

See you then.

(to Hercules)

We'll see ourselves out. Nice to meet you Elizabeth.

Elizabeth acknowledges with a nod. Peggy is still acting snobbish, and excuses herself. Hercules turns back to Elizabeth.

HERCULES

Elizabeth how are you?

ELIZABETH

Doing better.

HERCULES

You have been through a lot.

ELIZABETH

I have put it behind me.

HERCULES

Yes, you have a wedding to get ready for.

ELIZABETH

Do you have it ready.

HERCULES

I'm sorry, I've gotten behind.

His eyes indicate Peggy. He whispers under his breath.

HERCULES

She takes all my time.

ELIZABETH

(understanding)

But you will have it by Friday.

HERCULES

I'll have it this afternoon.

The S/O of the door chime rings. Elizabeth looks up and sees Peggy and the Lieutenant walking out.

ELIZABETH

That will be fine. I'll come by later.

HERCULES

Very good my dear.

Elizabeth bids him farewell and exits the store.

INT. TAVERN - DAY

The day is young and the place isn't busy. There are rooms upstairs for guests to stay overnight.

Robert stands at the bar pouring a customer a cup of coffee. Elizabeth recognizes this gentleman. It is **ABRAHAM WOODHULL** (20's) a neighbor.

He looks serious, and in deep conversation with Robert. They do not look up as Elizabeth walks in.

(CONTINUED)

She politely clears her throat. Robert looks up and is immediately pleased to see her.

Abraham faces her, they share a deep penetrating gaze. Almost as if they are communicating telepathically. A moment passes with no reaction between them. Abraham breaks the apparent spell in a low concentrated tone.

ABRAHAM

It is agreeable to see you again.

ELIZABETH

I heard about your father.

ABRAHAM

It is regrettable.

ELIZABETH

His death hurt us all.

ABRAHAM

Yet you side with the British.

ELIZABETH

I loved your father, you know that.

Abraham looks to his coffee regretting his tone.

ABRAHAM

It was not your fault.

ELIZABETH

I am trying to help.

ABRAHAM

I understand that.

Their greeting seems manic and rehearsed.

Abraham takes a final gulp of his coffee and rises.

ABRAHAM

Robert, we will talk later.

ROBERT

Good enough.

ABRAHAM

Hold my room.

ROBERT

It will be waiting for you.

Abraham places his payment on the counter and leaves.

(CONTINUED)

ROBERT
Well you're good for business.

ELIZABETH
I'm sorry we were more than
friends.

ROBERT
Oh, I see.

ELIZABETH
It was long ago and he doesn't
approve of the British, he blames
them for his father's death.

ROBERT
That's understandable.

Elizabeth has to come back from the past, remembering why
she came in.

She looks around curiously and glances over into the
Gazette, the Tavern shares a hall with it. Robert gathers
she is interested in something else.

ROBERT
Can I help you with something?

ELIZABETH
Oh, uh yes, did you happen to write
anything yet?

Robert Smiling.

ROBERT
As a matter of fact I did.

ELIZABETH
(surprised)
Could I see it?

ROBERT
We're not busy, come on.

Robert leads her to the Gazette.

INT. ROYAL GAZETTE - DAY

Elizabeth is apprehensive as they enter the establishment.
The place is an organized mess with stacks of half printed
papers everywhere.

(CONTINUED)

Lead cast letters and other symbols are stored and ordered for visual display, in wooden type cases. Ink is everywhere. Elizabeth carefully steers through the maze trying not to get anything on her.

ROBERT

Be careful that doesn't come off.

Coming around the corner she doesn't see Peggy anywhere. Robert notices her curiosity.

ROBERT

Looking for someone?

ELIZABETH

Oh no, all this is so fascinating.

ROBERT

It can be a lot of work.

He guides her over to his standing writing desk in the corner next to the window. Elizabeth notices a doorway just opposite of the desk.

ELIZABETH

Where does that go?

ROBERT

That's where we keep the press.

ELIZABETH

Why is that?

ROBERT

Cooler in the summer and dryer. Up here the sea air is too humid.

Robert fumbles with papers on his desk, finally finding his story. He holds it up proudly to Elizabeth to read and get her approval.

ROBERT

I hope you like it.

Elizabeth clears her throat and begins to read.

ELIZABETH

The Lovely Elizabeth Floyd and the right Peter Delancey formalized their upcoming Union last night at her home on Mastic beach.

Robert looks embarrassed.

ROBERT
Please, I didn't know you were
going to read it out loud.

ELIZABETH
Don't be silly, it sounds good.

Elizabeth continues.

ELIZABETH
In attendance were her father and a
host of friends and family. May
this love be ever eternal.
(pausing)
That is so sweet.

She sets it down and sees another piece of prose, she picks
it up intrigued. Robert tries to stop her.

ROBERT
No, that's not finished.

Too late Elizabeth already has it her grasp and reading.

ELIZABETH
For there are so many
mountains to climb
so many bridges to cross
and so many problems to solve,

ROBERT
(picking up)
But when love
is real and true
it will overcome
all those hidden hazards

ELIZABETH
(continuing)
Love is a precious treasure,
That protects us from the fall.
With Love all things are possible,
Because Love conquers all.

A Moment passes between them there is something unexpected
brewing here.

ROBERT
Almost prophetic.

ELIZABETH
I don't know, maybe.

They look into one another's eyes.

(CONTINUED)

ELIZABETH
Love of what?

ROBERT
I don't know, family, country,
freedom.

ELIZABETH
Freedom, that is an ideal.

ROBERT
I could be reality.

Then, outside the window, she sees Peggy walk by. Elizabeth stands.

ELIZABETH
I need to go.

Elizabeth walks to the door Robert opens it for her. As soon as it opens they are greeted by the massive frame of Cato. He doesn't look pleased.

CATO
Ma'am I been looking everywhere for
you.

Elizabeth peers around him and sees Peggy getting in a carriage and heading away. It's pointless to try and follow her now.

CATO
Ma'am they are closing the city.

ELIZABETH
What?

CATO
They think there's a spy loose.

ROBERT
It's impossible to get out now.

ELIZABETH
But where will I stay?

ROBERT
I have rooms for let.

Elizabeth thinks hard.

ELIZABETH

I do have to pick up the dress
later.

INT. TAVERN - NIGHT

Elizabeth sits near the hearth, a few other guests mingle about getting drunk. She watches the fire crackle in the dim light. Candles flicker on the Mantle.

Cato brings in a keg of ale from the back. Robert pours drinks for the customers. The front Tavern door opens and Major Andre drifts in.

Elizabeth is turned away from the door. Andre sees her sitting by the fire. Curious, he hangs his coat and hat on the rack, and walks over to her.

ANDRE

May I join you?

Elizabeth looks up and is surprised to see him.

ELIZABETH

Of course.

ANDRE

What are you doing here so late?

Andre pulls up a chair next to her. Robert walks over.

ROBERT

Evening Major, Ale?

ANDRE

Yes.

Robert walks away to get the drink.

ELIZABETH

I got caught in the city.

ANDRE

Oh yes, sorry about that, security reasons.

ELIZABETH

I heard there is spy on the prowl.

ANDRE

Are you considering my offer?

(CONTINUED)

ELIZABETH

Perhaps.

Elizabeth looks into the fire.

ANDRE

Is there more?

ELIZABETH

Do you know Peggy Wallace?

Andre's eyes narrow, there is an uncomfortableness about the question.

ANDRE

Yes, her family are loyalists.

ELIZABETH

She was with the Lieutenant from last night, in Mulligans clothier.

ANDRE

Go on.

ELIZABETH

I was there to see about my dress.

ANDRE

Continue.

ELIZABETH

They spoke of hanging Washington.

ANDRE

We all want that.

ELIZABETH

No, it was if they had a plan.

Andre's eyes and expression are sympathetic like he doesn't believe her.

ANDRE

Anything else?

ELIZABETH

That's what I heard.

ANDRE

Well, I will investigate.

(CONTINUED)

ELIZABETH
One more thing.

ANDRE
Yes, what's that?

ELIZABETH
I would like to invite you to the
wedding.

Andre is pleased.

ANDRE
I would be honored.

Robert stands just beyond Andre, he waits a moment then
brings his drink and sets it down on the table.

Andre looks at the clock on the wall, and he stands. His
manner seems rushed.

ANDRE
Look at the time I must go.

Andre takes some coins out of his pocket and sets them on
the table. He quickly heads to the door, dons his hat and
coat, then quickly dashes out the door.

His sudden exit takes Elizabeth aback.

INT. TAVERN BOARDING ROOM - NIGHT

Robert opens the door, the candle he carries illuminates the
spartan room. Under his arms are several heavy blankets.
Elizabeth steps in behind him.

ROBERT
I'm sorry it's not much.

He goes and lights another candle on the small desk beside
the bed. Robert lays the blankets on the bed.

ROBERT
It shouldn't be too cold tonight.

ELIZABETH
You're most kind.

ROBERT
I know it's not what your used to.

(CONTINUED)

ELIZABETH
I'll be fine, really.

Robert pauses before he leaves.

ROBERT
You know the British won't give up?

ELIZABETH
Why are you telling me this?

ROBERT
Loyalties drift like the wind.

ELIZABETH
You don't know where it comes from.

ROBERT
Always a mystery.

A smile from Robert.

ROBERT
Anyway, if you need anything I'm
right down the hall.

Another awkward moment between them.

ROBERT
Well, good night then.

ELIZABETH
Good night.

Robert turns and walks out, closing the door behind him.

Elizabeth looks around the room, scrutinizing her temporary monastic surroundings. She takes off her shawl and sits down on the bed. She bounces on the mattress it is hard and flat.

Elizabeth goes to the desk with the candle on it, and sits down. There is some stationary there. A quill pen is beside an inkwell. Elizabeth takes a piece of paper and starts to write something down. Then she hears footsteps coming up the steps.

Elizabeth stops what she is doing and pushes the paper aside.

CLOSE ON PAPER there doesn't appear to be anything on it. She listens as the person walks into the adjoining room and closes the door. Then more footsteps coming right behind them. Someone knocks on her neighbors door.

The door opens and the person enters the other room. The door closes behind them. Curiosity is getting to Elizabeth she gets up and goes to the wall and puts her ear up to it.

The muffled voices are almost inaudible. She presses closer to hear. She gets bits and pieces.

WE HEAR:

We have to tell them.

Get word fast.

Tragedy.

You must go now Abraham.

Elizabeth leans back stunned by the name Abraham. Could it be the man she knows?

The conversation ends and the sound of someone quickly vacating the premises. But she only hears one set of feet striding across the wooden planked floorboards and down the stairs.

Elizabeth steps to the window and from her POV a cloaked figure is leaving the Tavern. She hears the downstairs door close. The figure heads down the sidewalk.

She can't let this go, the thrill has gotten to her. Elizabeth puts on her shawl and goes to her door. She opens it carefully trying not to make a sound.

INT. TAVERN - NIGHT

She tip toes down the stairs and peers into the darkened room, letting her eyes get accustomed to the dark. She doesn't see anybody and heads on down.

Hidden in the shadows, a pair of eyes watch her move through the main room and to the door. They watch her open the door and leave.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

A low lying fog has moved in and covers the cobblestone street like a thin luminescent carpet. Elizabeth steps down from the Tavern entrance onto the sidewalk. In the faint candlelit street lights, she sees the figure moving away fast.

She follows them. The streets are devoid of life, she sees the occasional British soldier. She steers clear and keeps to the shadows to avoid detection. The other person does too, ducking in and out of alleyways.

INT. TAVERN - NIGHT

With Elizabeth gone, the person in the Shadows walks up stairs. We can't tell if it is a man or woman. We keep close on their feet as they walk up the hall. They stop at a room, we don't know which one, and they open the door.

The room is darker, it could be a different room we can't be sure. The figure steps to the desk. We see the paper, it is blank.

A hand grabs it and holds it up to light some lettering begins to appear. They read it then the hand holds the paper over the candle and it burns up.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Elizabeth continues to follow the figure for several more blocks. She rounds a corner and sees the figure going up to another home. She keeps next to the building watching. The figure knocks on the door.

From her POV she sees a woman answer the door. The Shadowy figure hands her something. The woman takes it and walks back inside and the man scurries off.

THEN

A loud voice from out of the darkness barks at her.

VOICE (V.O.)

What are you doing out here?!

Elizabeth about faints dead away and swirls around. She comes face to face with a REDCOAT SOLDIER. She fumbles for an explanation.

ELIZABETH

Oh, uh! Sorry!

REDCOAT SOLDIER

Don't you know its a curfew?

ELIZABETH

I just needed some fresh air.

The soldier isn't buying it. He takes her by the arm.

(CONTINUED)

REDCOAT SOLDIER

You better come with me.

ELIZABETH

But I have a room at the Tavern.

REDCOAT SOLDIER

Come on.

Elizabeth struggles to get away. But the soldier has a firm grip. She stomps on his foot and takes off.

She flees down the darkened streets. Her dress and heeled shoes makes it difficult to run. While she runs, she flips the shoes from her feet.

Now barefoot, she is able to maneuver faster. She heads down the street. A fog horn sounds out in the distance. At the end of the street, are the docks and the ocean, she can't go any further.

EXT. DOCK - NIGHT

She breathes heavy, not used to the exertion. Trying to peer through the ever thickening fog, Elizabeth spies a ramp leading down to a small skiff, moored to the dock.

She shuffles down it and entertains the idea of escape by boat. But through thin spots in the fog, she spies many large British warships anchored in the harbor.

The underside of the dock is a maze of pillars supporting the topside, all connected by cross planks. Elizabeth climbs in to hide. Putting her hand out to support herself her palm touches the pointed end of a huge protruding spike.

Carefully she avoids it and is able to grab hold and pull herself up onto one of the beams. It is slippery and she almost falls into the frigid water, but she manages to get a better grip.

A single set of booted feet echoes above her as a soldier in hot pursuit finds his way to the dock. She listens and holds her breath, the footsteps seem to disappear.

Elizabeth waits a moment, making sure the coast is clear, then gingerly steps back onto the dock. She cranes to see if anyone is there. As she turns around there is the British soldier.

He grins an evil smile at her. Then she recognizes him as the man who tried to rape Mary. He holds his crotch with delight sizing her up.

(CONTINUED)

REDCOAT SOLDIER

There you are Missy, just you and me.

He lunges and grabs her. They twist around in some strange dance of carnal desire and self preservation. The Soldier tries to kiss her. But Elizabeth, in one big surge of energy pushes him away.

He stumbles backwards, the five inch protruding spike is directly behind him and his skull finds it. In a sickening crunch and squish, the soldiers head is impaled on the sharp rusty spike.

The Soldier stands there, twitching as his life, blood and brains bleed out of him. With one final jerk he pulls himself off the spike, but its no use, he's already dead. Gravity takes over and he falls back.

The momentum of his weight carries him over the edge of the dock and his lifeless body splashes into the water. In the half light she sees him sink into the black abyss.

Elizabeth collects herself, then stands up defiantly, a power unknown to her is surging to the surface. The past events forming metal in her character and a resolve. She glances through mist seeing the British ships, then runs away.

INT. TAVERN ROOM - NIGHT

Elizabeth exhausted by her ordeal enters the room. She closes the door quietly and leans against it. For the most part she is unscathed, her hair is mused a little, it falls into her eyes. She blows it away exasperated.

She shivers and looks down at her feet. No shoes, she forgot, and throws her head back. For a second she considers going back out, but is too fatigued.

She sits down on the bed, her eyes are heavy. She aches all over rubbing her legs and arms. Suddenly there is a knock at the door, she jumps.

With trepidation she gets up to answer it. There is nothing she can do now. Opening the door, there is Robert with a tray of Ale and some cheese.

ROBERT

I figured you couldn't sleep.

(CONTINUED)

Elizabeth is surprised and relieved. She bids him to come on in. He set the tray down on the desk. Elizabeth eyes the desk looking for something, the paper. Her gaze is intent, but she doesn't give away any other emotion.

ROBERT

I find some warm ale helps me
sleep.

Robert pours her a small mug and hands it to her. Elizabeth politely takes it and sits down on the bed. Robert takes a seat in the chair next to the desk. He looks down noticing Elizabeth's bare feet. Elizabeth shivers.

ROBERT

Cold?

ELIZABETH

Can't get into bed with your shoes
on.

Robert stands and goes to the chest of drawers and opens the top drawer. He pulls out some heavy wool socks and walks back to the chair and sits down.

ROBERT

Here give me.

Elizabeth gets his meaning. She timidly raises her foot, while cupping her ale and sipping. Robert unfolds the sock and gently takes her foot.

His hand softly moves up her smooth skin. The touch is both erotic for him, and her. He looks up at her, their eyes meet something forbidding and natural is happening.

He puts the sock on then takes the other foot. His hand moves up the calf a little further this time taking liberties. Elizabeth doesn't mind. He puts the sock on then removes his hands.

ROBERT

(softly)
Better?

ELIZABETH

Yes.

A passionate moment but neither one pursues it, a man and woman alone in a room late at night. Elizabeth forces them to move on with a blunt question.

(CONTINUED)

ELIZABETH
Do you like the British?

ROBERT
It's not a matter of like, just
pays the bills.

ELIZABETH
Does Abraham come around much?

ROBERT
When he has business in the city.

ELIZABETH
What does he do?

ROBERT
Work for his father I think.

ELIZABETH
His father's dead.

Robert's eyes betray his irritation and suspicion.

ROBERT
Why so many questions?

ELIZABETH
Just curious.

ROBERT
Well, he comes around and I listen.

ELIZABETH
A lot of that going around.

Robert has had enough small talk.

ROBERT
It's late, see you in the morning.

ELIZABETH
Wait.

ROBERT
For what?

ELIZABETH
Thank you.

Robert appears perplexed.

ELIZABETH
For the socks, and the poetry.

ROBERT
Love is our most powerful weapon.

She understands and he leaves.

INT. TAVERN ROOM - DAY

Sun beams into the room and drifts across a sleeping Elizabeth. She rouses, then a sharp knock at the door. She immediately gets up to answer it.

Opening it up, there is Cato, he holds up her shoes that she left behind.

CATO
Found these.

Elizabeth grabs them from his hands and he enters.

ELIZABETH
(mad)
Following me?

CATO
Miss what are you doing?

ELIZABETH
Nothing.

CATO
Don't give me that.

ELIZABETH
Leave me alone.

CATO
Mr. Richard and Peter gonna be mad
as hell.

ELIZABETH
Let me worry about that.

Elizabeth puts on her shoes then stands and proceeds to the door. Cato blocks her way.

CATO
Miss which side are we on?

Elizabeth looks hard into Cato's eyes then moves around him and out the door.

EXT. RICHARDS HOME - DAY

Cato wheels the carriage up to the front of the house. There is another horse hitched to the post. Cato stops the carriage and gets down to open up the passenger compartment.

Opening it Elizabeth steps out. She immediately recognizes the horse. Cato reaches back in and takes out a large box. It is her wedding dress.

Together the two of them walk up the steps. Again Cato opens the door for her.

INT. RICHARDS HOME - DAY

She steps in to the front foyer, Cato sets the box down on the credenza. She looks into the living room and sees Peter standing by the fireplace.

He doesn't look up, by his stance and countenance he looks upset. Elizabeth expecting trouble, walks on in. Peter exhales getting ready, he starts slowly.

PETER

I have been at sea, and when I get home anticipating seeing my fiance she's not home.

ELIZABETH

I can explain.

PETER

All night, and nobody knows where you are!

ELIZABETH

You are getting upset for nothing.

PETER

Really? There is a war on.

ELIZABETH

And that is the very reason why.

Elizabeth goes back into the foyer and retrieves the dress box. She brings it back into the room.

She sets it on the coffee table.

ELIZABETH

There, that is the reason.

Peter doesn't understand.

(CONTINUED)

ELIZABETH

Open it.

Peter does as he's told and opens the box. From his POV he sees a beautiful white lace and frills wedding dress.

ELIZABETH

Mr. Mulligan was finishing it when
the city was closed by the British.
(pause, beat)
It was curfew and I couldn't leave,
neither could Cato.

PETER

I'm sorry.

ELIZABETH

You didn't know.

Peter looks apologetic and steps closer. He reaches up on the mantle and takes down a large book and hands it to her.

PETER

I got this for you.

Elizabeth examines the book, close on the title.

COLLECTED POEMS

Elizabeth smiles.

PETER

I know of your fondness.

ELIZABETH

Thank you.

PETER

Use it wisely.

He then places his hands on her arms in a loving manner.

PETER

I just want you safe. After all
that's happened.

ELIZABETH

You are being over protective.

PETER

Dear the world is dangerous.

(CONTINUED)

ELIZABETH
We have the power to change that.

PETER
You're talking like your uncle.

Peter drops his hands.

PETER
That is sedition.

ELIZABETH
No, you take everything wrong.

Elizabeth turns away from him. Peter attempts another reconciliation, but she gives him a cold shoulder.

PETER
I must return, the French may be on their way to help the rebels.

He goes to the door, Elizabeth hurries after him.

ELIZABETH
Peter wait.

He turns back

PETER
What is it?

ELIZABETH
We have to be open about this.

PETER
I would like to.

ELIZABETH
But.

PETER
Hard to tell which side is right.

ELIZABETH
Your conflicted too.

A statement that hits him in the face. His features change slightly, but he doesn't say a word and walks on out.

EXT. NEW YORK HARBOR DOCK - DAY

Major Andre stands on the dock with the Lieutenant. Both of them look down into the ocean as the soldier Elizabeth killed is fished from the water.

The other men pull the dead man onto the dock face down. Andre indicates for them to roll him over. The dead mans eyes stare blankly into space.

Andre looks irritated and disgusted.

your man?

LIEUTENANT

Yes.

ANDRE

This is what happens when you don't keep your mouth shut.

LIEUTENANT

We were in the clothier.

ANDRE

Who else was there besides Peggy?

LIEUTENANT

Mulligan. But he wasn't in the room.

ANDRE

Who else, don't lie to me I know.

The Lieutenant thinks.

LIEUTENANT

The girl from the night before.

ANDRE

Who?

LIEUTENANT

The party. Elizabeth.

ANDRE

Elizabeth?

LIEUTENANT

I believe so.

Andre thinking.

(CONTINUED)

ANDRE

There's no use in trying for
Washington now.

LIEUTENANT

You think she said something?

ANDRE

Not intentionally she's a woman.

Andre looks at him like he's an idiot. The Lieutenant understands he messed up and doesn't say another word.

INT. RICHARD'S HOME - NIGHT

Elizabeth sits with a lap desk, in the parlor, the house is quiet. She ponders the past events, with a troubled brow. She scribbles on some paper. She doesn't like what she has written but is out of paper.

She gets up and goes to a large desk in the corner. It's obviously a man's desk. She opens the top drawer. Looking down she sees a book. From her POV the title reads **BRITISH NAVEL CODE BOOK**.

Curious she picks it up and examines it. Flipping through the pages, we see Flag Illustrations in various configurations. By each one is written what they mean.

We see the flags then explanation.

DISTRESS

HARD PORT

RETREAT

ADMIRAL ON BOARD

LOW MUNITIONS

ETC.

Then suddenly someone knocks at the front door it startles her. She puts the book back, Cato goes to answer the door.

ELIZABETH

Who is it Cato?

The door opens and closes then around the corner steps Cato with Robert.

(CONTINUED)

ROBERT
Sorry to call on you so late.

ELIZABETH
That's okay.

Cato steps away leaving them alone.

ELIZABETH
What do I owe the pleasure?

ROBERT
I don't know.

ELIZABETH
You don't seem to be a man who does
things for no reason.

ROBERT
No I don't.

An awkward moment.

ELIZABETH
Just say what you feel.

An open invitation.

ROBERT
The poem it was for you.

ELIZABETH
You let me find it on purpose?

ROBERT
Not very subtle?

ELIZABETH
No, not really.

Elizabeth steps closer, Robert still holding his hat in
hand.

ELIZABETH
The last stanza seems unfinished.

A beat.

Elizabeth picks up the paper she was working on and begins
to read.

ELIZABETH

Love makes not, wants not, Love is
a whisper that once heard cannot be
forgotten, love is the only thing
that lasts.

Robert moves up, Elizabeth does not shy away. A momentum is building. Robert cups her chin with the lightest touch and brings her lips to his. Passion now wells through them.

A wave of emotion they can't get enough of one another. Holding on passionately and kissing. It is Elizabeth who finally breaks the bond.

ELIZABETH

We can't do this.

ROBERT

I'm sorry.

ELIZABETH

You must leave.

Confused she looks ashamed. She turns around and takes the papers she was working on folds them together. She reaches up to a shelf on the mantle and takes down a book. She hands the book over to Robert.

ELIZABETH

Here this is for you.

ROBERT

What is this?

ELIZABETH

A book of poems I thought you'd
like.

Robert wants to say more but Elizabeth shakes her head for him to go.

EXT. ROAD TO NEW YORK - NIGHT

Robert trots along, the full moon makes traveling easier. It is getting late and he's tired. He stops and gets down off the horse.

He stretches, then thinks and opens the saddle bag. He pulls out the book of poems. There are papers stuffed between the pages. He opens it up, his eyes focus and he notices the paper is stuck between page numbers 722 and 723.

(CONTINUED)

His eyes narrow and he unfolds the papers. On several pieces written and drawn in ink are flag signals and their corresponding meanings.

He considers the book then a voice from out of the darkness beckons to him. Robert isn't startled nor does he flinch. The voice speaks in a low murmur as if to disguise who it is. A dark shape walks out of the shadows.

The FIGURE is covered in a cape and a Tri-corner hat pulled down low to conceal their face. Robert doesn't feel threatened, but is curious why the person is following him.

ROBERT
How did you find me?

FIGURE
We have a mutual contact.

ROBERT
The girl or Peter?

FIGURE
They wish to keep their identity secret.

ROBERT
But you know.

FIGURE
Its best if we don't discuss it.

Robert looks at another piece of paper on it we read. BRITISH AWARE OF FRENCH FLEETS ARRIVAL. Robert's face looks worried. The figure holds out its gloved hand.

FIGURE
Lets use what they gave us.

MONTAGE BEGINS:

A courier on horseback flies down a backwoods dirt road.

The courier arrives at Washington's camp

General Washington takes the information and reads it.

A small schooner makes sail from an unknown port.

The French Fleet with dozens of massive ships on the ocean

The schooner arrives at the French Fleets flagship. The courier gets off and hands the dispatch to the captain.

MONTAGE ENDS:

INT. BRITISH HEADQUARTERS - DAY

General Clinton and his aides including Andre and Peter hover over a large map spread out over the conference table.

Close on Clinton's finger. It moves up the contour of the coast of New England finally landing on Rhodie Island.

CLINTON
I believe they will land here.

PETER
Yes Sir, it is easy access to shore.

ANDRE
And it has a good dock to off load troops.

CLINTON
How many can we expect?

PETER
At least four thousand.

The number worries Clinton.

CLINTON
Well, they'll be exhausted after such a long journey.

LIEUTENANT
And ill prepared to fight.

ANDRE
Surprise is the key to victory.

CLINTON
I'll leave that to you.

Peter ponders what is said.

CLINTON
Without the French, the rebellion will fall.

Clinton turns to another aide.

(CONTINUED)

CLINTON

Prepare my horse, and send word to the other commands. We move out at first light.

PETER

Sir if you don't need me, I must be off to my ship.

CLINTON

Of course.

Peter salutes then steps away. Andre also bows out. He follows Peter.

EXT. BRITISH HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Peter stands on the steps adjusting his coat and putting on his hat. Andre joins him.

ANDRE

I hear your bride to be had another little adventure.

PETER

Yes, she told me that you were there.

ANDRE

What else did she tell you?

PETER

What business is it of yours?

ANDRE

There is a lot of loose talk.

PETER

Elizabeth has nothing to do with that.

ANDRE

No, of course not.

Andre smiles a cat like grin and leaves a worried looking Peter.

EXT. PEGGY'S HOME - DAY

Cato drives the carriage up to the stately home on the outskirts of New York. Cato opens the door and Elizabeth gets out and walks up the steps. Peggy opens the door and greets her.

INT. PEGGY'S HOME LIVING ROOM - DAY

LATER

The group of women sit around socializing and drinking tea. Elizabeth sits across the room from Peggy conversing with another **YOUNG WOMAN**.

YOUNG WOMAN

I hear the French are coming.

ELIZABETH

Really?

YOUNG WOMAN

My fiance said it could be trouble.

ELIZABETH

I hope not.

YOUNG WOMAN

He said Clinton is sending his army to meet them.

Elizabeth perks up.

YOUNG WOMAN

The French will be exhausted when they arrive, so it won't be much of a fight.

ELIZABETH

But what about Washington?

The girl leans closer as if to divulge some privilege information.

YOUNG WOMAN

There is a certain General close to him that says his army is on the verge of mutiny.

ELIZABETH

So what are you saying?

(CONTINUED)

YOUNG WOMAN
He won't attack.

Elizabeth takes a sip of tea then holds her hand over her stomach.

ELIZABETH
If you'll excuse me.

Elizabeth stands with her clutch bag in hand and walks over to Peggy.

ELIZABETH
I'm sorry, which way to the privy?

PEGGY
Down the hall, past the credenza
and to the left.

Elizabeth walks away.

INT. PEGGY'S HOME HALL - DAY

Elizabeth walks by the credenza she eyes the top drawer.

INT. PEGGY'S HOME LIVING ROOM - DAY

We hear the door opening and closing. Moments later Elizabeth returns and sits back down. The young woman is getting some tea from the dining room.

INT. RICHARDS SHIPPING - DAY

Workers are busy rebuilding the business. Richard barks orders to people. He signs papers and hurries about. The building is progressing but it isn't fast enough for him.

Major Andre enters the workspace, he looks around examining the progress. Richard notices his arrival and goes to greet him.

RICHARD
Ah Major, what do you think?

ANDRE
Looks most promising.

Richard puts on airs admiring what it will be like.

(CONTINUED)

RICHARD

I hate to say it, but the fire may have been a blessing.

ANDRE

Indeed.

RICHARD

I'll have twice the storage space.

ANDRE

Yes, fortunate that you could recover so fast.

Andre sounds suspicious.

RICHARD

(worried)

Yes.

ANDRE

Lucky that you took out a large policy just days before the fire.

RICHARD

I talked with Elizabeth, and with the war, no one can be too cautious.

ANDRE

So it was Elizabeth's idea?

RICHARD

No, I make all the decisions.

ANDRE

And with a steady flow already from the crown on imports not yet arrived, you could afford some down time so to speak. Warehouses such as these are not too hard to put up.

RICHARD

What are you accusing me of?

ANDRE

Not a thing, but it is common knowledge that the adjacent property is in your brother's name. And since he has been disavowed joining the rebel cause its loss would be of no consequence. You had everything to gain.

(CONTINUED)

Richard looks weak.

ANDRE

But you did not plan on it spreading. Your friends in the Sons of Liberty helped you didn't they?

Richard looks aghast.

RICHARD

I have nothing to do with them.

ANDRE

But Elizabeth was romantically involved with one of them, wasn't she?

RICHARD

(stunned, questioning)

Nathan?

Andre's eyes widen, Richard realizes he's let the cat out of the bag, Andre tricked him.

RICHARD

You tricked me.

ANDRE

Yes, Nathan Hale.

RICHARD

That was years ago.

ANDRE

Yes, we know, in Boston.

Richard wipes his forehead of nervous sweat.

ANDRE

We believe he set the bigger fire to cover something else up.

RICHARD

What?

ANDRE

He was apprehended very near the burning house where Elizabeth escaped.

RICHARD

And you think he rescued her?

(CONTINUED)

ANDRE
Coincidence, maybe.

Richard is flustered.

ANDRE
I know you started this fire,
that's of no consequence. But if
you, or Elizabeth have information
I need and don't tell me, you'll
both hang.

Andre steps closer, and glares down at the shorter Richard
in a menacing manner.

ANDRE
Where is Elizabeth?

INT. MULLIGAN'S - DAY

Elizabeth has her wedding dress on and is admiring it in the
mirror. Mulligan is on his knees with pins in his mouth
making corrections. Elizabeth squirms and shifts trying to
get comfortable.

ELIZABETH
It itches.

MULLIGAN
Be still my dear.

ELIZABETH
But it's not comfortable.

The door chimes and another voice answers her, it is Andre.

ANDRE (V.O.)
It doesn't have to be.

Elizabeth sees his reflection in the mirror.

ANDRE
You only have to look lovely.
(beat)
And you do indeed.

ELIZABETH
Thank you Major.

Andre steps up next to her. Mulligan finishes with what he
is doing and stands up.

(CONTINUED)

MULLIGAN

It's good to see you Major.

ANDRE

You to, mind if I speak to Elizabeth alone?

MULLIGAN

Of course not, I be in the back if you need me.

Mulligan walks away leaving the two alone. The air between them is a little awkward.

ANDRE

Yes Peter is a lucky man.

Andre walks around Elizabeth sizing her up. From his point of view he leers at her figure. Like a slave trader examining his goods. He looks at her in the mirror both of them standing next to one another.

He in his pristine red Uniform and her in the glorious white wedding gone.

ANDRE

A perfect looking pair wouldn't you say?

ELIZABETH

If we were getting married.

ANDRE

Marriage is overrated don't you think?

ELIZABETH

Not to God.

ANDRE

The Almighty? What does he have to do with this?

Andre leans closer his breath touches her ear.

ANDRE

No, its just biological.

ELIZABETH

I don't like your tone Major.

(CONTINUED)

ANDRE
Sex, Elizabeth.

Elizabeth pulls away and faces him.

ELIZABETH
What do you want Major?

ANDRE
Only what you promised before,
information.

ELIZABETH
And I am doing just that, listening
for information.

ANDRE
But your not telling me everything.

Elizabeth stares directly into Andre's piercing blue eyes.

ANDRE
What about Nathan?

ELIZABETH
Who?

ANDRE
Don't play games, Nathan Hale.

ELIZABETH
Yes we saw one another years ago.

ANDRE
And you had no idea he was in the
city the other night.

ELIZABETH
Of course not.

ANDRE
He was caught spying for
Washington.

ELIZABETH
That is unfortunate.

ANDRE
(hard)
Yes, we hung him.

Its a sucker punch that hits Elizabeth in the gut but she
remains stoic.

(CONTINUED)

ELIZABETH

Well, that's what happens to traitors.

ANDRE

Exactly.

Andre closes the space between them.

ANDRE

The fire was a cover for something. Whether to hide the fact he was here or to make contact with another spy, one deeper we don't know about. I also know your father deliberately set fire to his warehouse. That alone looks like sedition.

ELIZABETH

Again, what do you want Major?

ANDRE

Your Uncle is a leader in the rebel army, that will give you easy access to them, they won't suspect you. Infiltrate these Sons of liberty and get me names.

Elizabeth steps even closer putting on the air of a seductress.

ELIZABETH

Is that all you want Major?

ANDRE

No it's not.

Andre grabs her and kisses her passionately. Elizabeth responds but only for a moment then she pushes him back and slaps him hard. The blow causes him a bloody lip, he wipes it away.

ELIZABETH

You take liberties Major.

ANDRE

Just remember what I said.

Andre grabs his hat and storms out. Mulligan comes from the back looking concerned.

(CONTINUED)

MULLIGAN

My dear this is difficult business.

Elizabeth nods her head yes.

INT. TAVERN - DAY

Elizabeth enters the establishment. There are only a few patrons sitting around. Two mysterious looking men sit at a back table. Robert is at a bar scribbling some notes.

Elizabeth steps up and sits down. It genuinely seems to startle him, he tries to hide what he's writing. Looking up Robert is pleased at what he sees.

ROBERT

Awe, what a pleasant sight.

ELIZABETH

Are you busy?

ROBERT

Oh just notes for a story.

ELIZABETH

Anything interesting?

ROBERT

Just boring stuff.

ELIZABETH

There's anything boring now days.

ROBERT

Why do I get the feeling you want to ask me something?

ELIZABETH

No, well yes, do you find yourself divided sometimes?

ROBERT

That is a deep question.

Elizabeth backs up a little, not wanting to seem too obvious. Out of frustration she takes a piece of paper and begins to doodle.

ELIZABETH

Do you mind.

(CONTINUED)

ROBERT
No go ahead.

ELIZABETH
I find it relaxes me.

Her hand shakes a bit.

ROBERT
My you are nervous.

ELIZABETH
Wedding jitters and father.

ROBERT
I apologize for the other day.

ELIZABETH
We both were at fault.

ROBERT
Peter seems to be a good man.

ELIZABETH
I'm sure he is.

Robert leans in getting a little more serious.

ROBERT
Your trying to convince yourself.

ELIZABETH
Now, whose being deep?

ROBERT
It is an arranged marriage, I get that. But what I don't see is, someone like you being talked into it.

ELIZABETH
We all have our obligations.

ROBERT
What about to yourself?

ELIZABETH
Happiness can be learned.

Robert sits back smiling, he taps his fingers on a book sitting on the table.

ELIZABETH
You still have the book of poems.

ROBERT
Yes, its been a great help.

ELIZABETH
I'm sure it has. Poetry fits you.

She looks out the window and sees Cato and the carriage pull up

ELIZABETH
I must be off.

Onstanding she offers a bit of information.

ELIZABETH
I heard over at Peggy's the French fleet is on its way.

ROBERT
That could be trouble for the British.

ELIZABETH
True, if Washington does not attack New york first.

ROBERT
What makes you think he won't?

ELIZABETH
She said his army if on the verge of collapse.

Elizabeth sounds indifferent as she flits out of the tavern. Robert looks down at the paper Elizabeth was scribbling on. From his POV he sees something in Latin.

CLOSE ON LATIN PHRASE

"UT VIVA VIGILIA"

Then - 355 AGENTE UN VIA

EXT. TAVERN - DAY

Elizabeth steps out of the Tavern. Cato jumps down and opens the door for her. She looks at him with a wayward eye. Cato remains stoic. Cato opens the door for her. She gets in the carriage and he closes the door.

Cato gets back up in the seat and slaps the reins on the horses and the carriage pulls away.

INT. CARRIAGE - DAY

Elizabeth sits there as the carriage sways back and forth. She turns to look back at the Tavern. From her POV she sees two people hurrying up to the Tavern entrance. One is a man he has his Collar pulled up and hat low on his forehead.

The other person is a woman in a dress, she has a cloak over her head. As they step up the entrance, the woman turns ever so slightly. The timid little creature peaks out from under the cloak, it is her cousin, Mary.

She and the other man disappear inside. Elizabeth turns back around, her face has no expression.

INT. MAJOR ANDRE'S HOME - NIGHT

Andre walks into his home. There is a note in an envelope just under the door, he picks it up and goes into his office.

INT. MAJOR ANDRE'S HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

Curious at the Envelope, he seems to recognize the handwriting. He stands next to his wet bar and pours himself some wine, then opens the letter.

He scrutinizes it, but in the dim candlelight, it is hard to read. He holds it next to the light to get a better view. His eyes widen and he smiles.

He immediately goes to his desk and takes out some paper. He sits down and dips his quill pen into the inkwell and scribbles something down. A moment passes as he finishes the letter.

Then there is a knock at the door. He sets the letter down and proceeds to the door.

INT. MAJOR ANDRE'S HOME FRONT HALL - NIGHT

Andre opens the door, and there stands Elizabeth. He is curious, and pleased to see her.

(CONTINUED)

ANDRE

Its surprising to see you.

ELIZABETH

Yes I want to apologize.

ANDRE

Won't you come in.

ELIZABETH

Thank you.

She walks in, Andre's lustful eyes follow her. He closes the door and with an outstretched arm points the way to the Parlor.

INT. MAJOR ANDRE'S HOME PARLOR - NIGHT

Elizabeth sits down on the couch. Andre steps to his wet bar and pours both of them a glass of wine. He takes them over and hands one to Elizabeth. This time he is not as forward and takes the chair across from her.

He attempts to make the visit more comfortable.

ANDRE

It is I who need to apologize.

ELIZABETH

We are both adults.

ANDRE

But that is no excuse.

ELIZABETH

You are under a lot of pressure.

ANDRE

Indeed.

He takes a sip of his wine and settles back in his chair.

ELIZABETH

I have to make a confession.

ANDRE

About what?

ELIZABETH

I wasn't totally honest.

Andre is intrigued and sits up.

(CONTINUED)

ELIZABETH

I have a good memory and bad temper.

ANDRE

That can be advantageous.

ELIZABETH

Please let me finish.

ANDRE

Go on.

ELIZABETH

The Lieutenant from the party. You told him to arrest the man who assaulted my cousin Mary.

ANDRE

Yes.

ELIZABETH

Well I followed him after curfew.

ANDRE

That was illegal, and unsafe.

Elizabeth rocks nervously.

ELIZABETH

It was more curiosity than anything. I guess when you asked me to listen out it struck an adventurous chord in me.

(pause, beat)

Anyway I got caught by the same man who tried to rape Mary and he attempted to have his way with me!

Tears are streaming down Elizabeth's face. Andre looks sterner.

ELIZABETH

He grabbed me and I pushed him back.

She is almost inconsolable.

ELIZABETH

I was scared you'd find out about Nathan -

(crying)

and then you did, and Father. Oh God I didn't mean too.

(CONTINUED)

She comes off the couch and on to her knees begging for forgiveness.

ELIZABETH
It was an accident.

Andre's features soften and he bends down to pick her up.

ANDRE
That's understandable, it was self defense.

ELIZABETH
(choking back tears)
So your not going to turn me in?

ANDRE
The man was a pig and deserved it.

Andre sits her back down on the sofa. He takes a handkerchief and wipes her tears.

ELIZABETH
What are you going to do?

ANDRE
He was a drunkard and fell on the spike

ELIZABETH
How can I ever repay you?

ANDRE
Just do as I ask, and get me information.

Elizabeth timidly nods her head. She tries to compose herself.

ELIZABETH
I did hear something today.

ANDRE
Yes, please continue.

ELIZABETH
It was really only in passing.

ANDRE
Anything is helpful.

ELIZABETH

I was leaving Peggy's this afternoon, and while I was waiting for my carriage I heard some folks saying that Washington was planning to attack New York.

Andre sighs.

ANDRE

That confirms a bit of news I got.

ELIZABETH

That's not true is it?

ANDRE

My source is pretty reliable. Do you remember who the people were?

ELIZABETH

No, was just in passing.

Andre moves closer to her.

ANDRE

I'm glad you came.

ELIZABETH

Like I said it was necessary.

ANDRE

Don't be so analytical.

Elizabeth is embarrassed.

ELIZABETH

I'm sorry.

ANDRE

Don't be. I should have never treated you like that.

ELIZABETH

But I am to be married.

ANDRE

Are you happy?

Elizabeth glances away.

ELIZABETH

Happiness is irrelevant.

(CONTINUED)

ANDRE

No its not.

Elizabeth's face glows in the candlelight. Their eyes meet the tension eases. From his POV her red lips glisten. He places his hand on her thigh. She does not resist.

Andre leans nearer their lips are on a collision course. Slowly, tenderly, not like before they kiss. Elizabeth responds with full passion. Their arms entwine needing one another. She pushes away but not resentful.

ELIZABETH

Wait shouldn't we tell somebody.

ANDRE

(incredulous)

What?

ELIZABETH

About Washington.

ANDRE

It can wait.

ELIZABETH

Could I have some more wine?

ANDRE

Of course.

He takes her glass and goes back to the wet bar. Elizabeth takes a small vile of white powder and pours it into Andre's drink. It quickly dissipates.

INT. ANDRE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Andre lies asleep on his side snoring like a pig, out cold. Elizabeth is next to him. Both are nude under the covers. A candle has burned down to a small wick and offers little illumination.

Elizabeth eases out from the covers she wraps another blanket around her. She gets out of bed careful not to wake Andre. She goes to the window. From her POV she sees a figure hiding in the shadows just beyond the street light.

The figure walks away.

INT. ANDRE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Elizabeth walks over to Andre's desk. The light from the full moon floods through the window. She steps to the desk and looks down. From her POV she sees the letter Andre was composing.

CLOSE ON PAPER:

ELIZABETH READS

Washington preparing to attack New York troop strength at least five thousand. Not expected to launch action until Friday week, must replenish supplies. Suspect ample time to move by tomorrow. Minimum force to be retained in City.

END OF LETTER

Determination fills Elizabeth's eyes. She sits down, takes another piece of paper and begins to write.

EXT. ANDRE'S HOME - NIGHT

The mysterious person in the shadows looks through the office window and sees Elizabeth at Andre's desk. It lingers there for a moment.

INT. ANDRE'S HOME - NIGHT

LATER

The mysterious cloaked figure drifts into the office. A female hand reaches down and snatches up a piece the paper. We don't know which one. The figure like a ghost silently leaves.

EXT. TAVERN - NIGHT

A black carriage pulls up to the front of the establishment. The street is eerily deserted with no troops around. In the distance can be heard the sound of an army on the move.

Robert hurries out of the Tavern. The mysterious woman figure holds the door open. Robert hands her a leather bound package. She takes it.

ROBERT
Get this to Washington.

(CONTINUED)

FIGURE
Everything is in motion.

ROBERT
We may win the day.

The woman in a sterner tone.

FIGURE
May? We will!

She slams the door shut.

INT. ANDRE'S HOME BEDROOM - DAY

Andre is getting dressed. Elizabeth is still asleep on the bed. He looks in the mirror and adjusts his coat. Elizabeth rouses. Holding the sheet in front of her, she sits up.

Andre sees her in the mirror he smiles.

ANDRE
Good morning.

ELIZABETH
(coily)
You too.

He yawns and stretches.

ANDRE
I slept hard, don't remember a thing.

ELIZABETH
You must have needed it.

ANDRE
I can't tell when I slept like that.

ELIZABETH
You had a good time.

ANDRE
Did I?

ELIZABETH
You Pig!

Andre leans down on the bed. He kisses Elizabeth.

(CONTINUED)

ANDRE
Stay with me.

ELIZABETH
I can't I'm in trouble as it is.

She frowns.

ANDRE
Just because your getting married
doesn't mean we can't see each
other.

ELIZABETH
You are incorrigible.

ANDRE
Yes I am.

Elizabeth moves under the sheets and gets up slipping on her
undergarments. She starts to get dressed.

ELIZABETH
I really must go.

There is a knock at the door. Andre goes to answer it.

INT. MAJOR ANDRE'S HOME FRONT HALL - DAY

Andre opens the front door to reveal Cato standing there.

CATO
Is Miss Elizabeth here?

ANDRE
Yes she is.

Cato looks wary.

CATO
Sorry Sir, but Mr. Peter been
worried about her.

ANDRE
Tell him she has been helping me.

CATO
Begging pardon sir, but we really
must go.

A dressed Elizabeth joins Andre at the door.

(CONTINUED)

ELIZABETH
I'm coming Cato.

ANDRE
I need to be off too.

Elizabeth leaves.

INT. BRITISH HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Andre enters the building looking a bit worse for wear. His Lieutenant passes him. Andre immediately calls for him.

ANDRE
Lieutenant come with me.

LIEUTENANT
Yes sir.

INT. ANDRE'S OFFICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

The Lieutenant and Andre step in, the Lieutenant closes the door.

ANDRE
What do you know of Peggy Wallace?

The Lieutenant looks uncomfortable.

LIEUTENANT
How do you mean?

ANDRE
I don't care who you are sleeping with.

LIEUTENANT
It's just that shes -

ANDRE
I know, the consort of Clinton.

LIEUTENANT
I don't get your meaning.

ANDRE
What do you know of her little woman's club?

(CONTINUED)

LIEUTENANT
It's just a social gathering.

ANDRE
For officers wives?

LIEUTENANT
Yes sir.

Andre sits down in his chair. He looks out the window deep in thought.

ANDRE
It could be anybody.

LIEUTENANT
Begging pardon Sir?

ANDRE
Never mind dismissed.

The Lieutenant salutes and walks out.

EXT. PEGGY'S HOME - DAY

Andre knocks on Peggy's door the maid answers. Andre takes off his hat.

ANDRE
Good day, is your mistress available?

MAID
No Sir she has gone out.

This seems expected by Andre.

ANDRE
That's fine I will wait.

The maid lets him in.

INT. PEGGY'S HOME - DAY

Andre walks in and does a general survey with his eyes of the interior. The maid follows him.

ANDRE
I'll make myself comfortable.

(CONTINUED)

MAID

Yes Sir.

The maid excuses herself and walks to the other room. Andre moves down the hallway. He looks in the small living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Andre begins his snooping. He steps to a desk and causally opens one of the top drawers. He doesn't see anything and moves on.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Returning to the hall he passes a credenza and opens it. Careful not to make a sound. Inside is nothing but silverware.

He frowns this is getting him nowhere. He looks uncomfortable. He spies the water closet at the end of the hall.

He goes into the water closet.

INT. WATER CLOSET - DAY

Andre is taking care of business, peeing in the toilet pale. To his side is a framed print. There is something curious about it.

He finishes and buttons up his pants. He takes the print down and turns it around, there is a note adhered to backside.

He takes it off and on the other side we see the drawing of a snakes sliced into different sections and the words under it DON'T TREAD ON ME.

It is the calling sign of the Sons of Liberty. Andre's eyes widen.

ANDRE

(to himself)

The Sons of Liberty.

INT. PEGGY'S HOME - DAY

Andre steps out of the water closet, and proceeds to the front door. The maid intersects him.

MAID

Can I tell madame you called?

ANDRE

No that is fine.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

Clinton on horseback with his aides at his side, leads his army of six thousand having left the confines of New York. They march in perfect prideful formation. It is a sea of red and an impressive sight. They advance five men abreast in a long column that extends for almost a mile.

Dozens of twelve pound field cannons are being pulled along by pack horses and mules. Behind that, are even more wagons loaded with supplies. Finally bringing up the rear is a medical wagon ambulance and orderlies to care for the injured.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

A lone British courier astride a fast moving horse speeds down a lonely country road. Dust furls behind the heavy gallop. The rider holds onto his hat to keep it from blowing off.

We follow him as he makes a long journey overland.

Over several hilltops.

The horse and rider splash into and ford a river.

Then down a long gully and onto another road.

On and on in an endless flight.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE GENERAL CLINTON'S POSITION - DAY

Finally the courier reaches his destination. He gallops directly up to Clinton. Out of breath he salutes then takes off the satchel thrown over his back and hands to Clinton's Lieutenant.

(CONTINUED)

The Lieutenant opens the satchel, and takes out the dispatch and hands it to Clinton. He reads the dispatch and his eyes go cold and thin.

CLINTON
Blasted to hell! Damnation.

LIEUTENANT
What is it sir?

CLINTON
We've been outmaneuvered.

LIEUTENANT
Sir.

CLINTON
Washington is moving on New York!

In perfect unhurried British demeanor he folds the dispatch into his glove.

CLINTON
Turn the army around!

Clinton takes his reigns and gently reverses his horse. Behind him is the sound of thousands of men, in order turning around and marching back.

INT. RICHARDS HOME - DAY

Elizabeth sits in her chair reading a book. Peter enters, this time he is more amiable than before. Elizabeth puts the book down and smiles upon seeing him.

ELIZABETH
Your home early.

PETER
Yes, there is something brewing.

ELIZABETH
What?

PETER
I know who the spy is.

ELIZABETH
Really?

(CONTINUED)

PETER

Yes, she was right under our nose.

Elizabeth tenses.

ELIZABETH

Who?

PETER

Peggy Wallace.

ELIZABETH

That's incredible.

PETER

Yes a tip from a secret informant.

Peter is in an extra good mood. He goes and hugs Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH

But the war isn't over. I heard the French were coming to aide the colonists.

PETER

Clinton is marching to meet them. They do not stand a chance.

ELIZABETH

What of their fleet?

PETER

We are masters of the seas.

Peter lets go of Elizabeth and leans on the mantle, all full of himself. From his POV his eyes glance across the wooden shelf above the fireplace.

PETER

Where's the book I gave you?

ELIZABETH

I have been looking for that thing everywhere.

PETER

There is a poem I want to read at our wedding.

ELIZABETH

We'll find it.

Peter is satisfied with the answer. He goes and gets his coat.

(CONTINUED)

PETER

Sorry to run off, but I have a spy
to catch.

He turns and kisses her.

PETER

People are not as clever as they
think.

ELIZABETH

Some are.

INT. PEGGY'S HOME - DAY

Peggy walks through her parlor. She hears the sounds of
horses and men gathering outside.

She peers out the window. From her POV she sees British
soldiers and they don't look happy. Then there is a sharp
pounding on the door.

Peggy opens the door and there is Peter.

PETER

You need to come with us.

PEGGY

May I ask why?

PETER

Sedition.

PEGGY

What?

PETER

You are part of the Sons of
Liberty.

EXT. CLINTON'S ARMY POSITION - DAY

A new day has dawned General Clinton holds up his arm to
halt his army. He raises his spy glass and looks through it.

From his POV, through the spyglass, he sees columns of
smoking rising up from behind a not to distant rise.

His Aide and the Lieutenant ride up to his side. Clinton
smiles while looking through the spyglass. The young Aide is
happy beyond words.

(CONTINUED)

AIDE

Washington hasn't reached New York!

CLINTON

We caught him in the open.

LIEUTENANT

(satisfied)

A full days march from New York.

Clinton, the Aide and Lieutenant smile at the implications.

CLINTON

We will attack and destroy his
army.

AIDE

Today will see the end of this.

Clinton turns to his Lieutenant.

CLINTON

Ride ahead and ascertain his
disposition.

LIEUTENANT

With pleasure sir.

The Lieutenant and Aide Gallop ahead.

EXT. LIEUTENANT'S AND AIDES POSITION - DAY

The two men atop their horses ride up the small hill. They reach the crest still with happy countenances. Their smiles quickly turn to frowns.

From their POV down in the small valley are dozens of large fires but no army. Only a single farmer with a hay wagon is there piling hay on to the fires.

He looks up at the two soldiers and waves. The farmer smiles like the kid who just fooled his parents.

Both men turn and ride back to Clinton.

EXT. CLINTON'S POSITION - DAY

The grim faced soldiers return. They stop their horses and salute. Before they say a word Clinton knows.

(CONTINUED)

CLINTON
Washington's not there.

LIEUTENANT
No Sir.

CLINTON
Damn it, we have just lost the war.

LIEUTENANT
We can go back.

CLINTON
No, its too late the French will
have landed by the time we arrive.

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

The mighty French fleet with its massive warships sails into view of the American coastline.

EXT. FRENCH WARSHIP DECK - DAY

The FRENCH CAPTAIN surveys the coast of Rhode Island through his spy glass. At first, from his POV through the glass, he sees nothing but empty beach

FRENCH CAPTAIN
(in French)
We have made it, but there is no
one to greet us.

His Aides strain in the bright morning sun.

EXT. LOOK OUT MAST - DAY

High atop the tallest mast of the main sail on the ship is the lookout nest. A lone French LOOKOUT keeps a vigil. With his spy glass he scans the beach.

From his POV, he sees nothing but see grass and beach. Then suddenly the hint of something blue coming over the sand dune. It slowly comes into view. It is the **AMERICAN FLAG** carried by a soldier on horseback.

The soldier waves. The Lookout calls down to the captain.

LOOKOUT
Captain! Captain!

The Lookout points in the direction of the soldier on the beach.

EXT. DECK FRENCH SHIP - DAY

The Captain whirls and spots the man. The rest of the sailors on his ship and the others let out a tremendous hurray.

CAPTAIN
We have done it.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

We move up on the soldier astride the horse holding the **American Flag** his face is immediately familiar, it is **GEORGE WASHINGTON**. He too lets out a shout of complete happiness and utter victory.

INT. TAVERN - DAY

Peter enters the Tavern in good cheer. Robert is wiping down the bar. There are very few customers. Peter greets Robert with a welcoming grin.

PETER
Ale.

ROBERT
Kind of early isn't it?

PETER
There is cause for celebration.

Robert retrieves a mug from under the counter. He takes a pitcher and pours Peter a drink. Peter watches with satisfaction.

He reaches for the mug and raises it to his mouth. Then out of the corner of his eye notices the book of poems he gave Elizabeth sitting on the counter.

Slowly he sets the mug down. He reaches and picks up the book. Robert cleans a mug with a rag and watches him. At first apprehensive, but then resolved.

PETER
Where did you get this?

(CONTINUED)

ROBERT
It's from Elizabeth.

Peter looks crushed. Somehow he knew, but didn't want to say it.

PETER
How long have you been seeing one another.

ROBERT
It is not what you think.

Peter slams his fist down causing the ale to spill over the mug lip.

PETER
Damn it do not lie to me.

Then another little voice comes from the darkness of the other room behind the bar. It's not Elizabeth though.

VOICE (V.O.)
He's not.

Coming into the light is Mary. She wears the cloak we have seen so many other times.

Robert smiles at Peter. Then Abraham appears behind her and Cato after him.

MARY
This was all coordinated.

PETER
What in blazes are you talking about?

ABRAHAM
Hear her out.

MARY
She's been alone for a long time.

ABRAHAM
Even before I got involved.

CATO
I was to protect her.

ROBERT
Her strength gave us all hope.

(CONTINUED)

PETER
You are all traitors.

ABRAHAM
Well if we are, so is she and you.

PETER
You are making no sense.

MARY
She made order out of chaos.

Mary comes from around the bar.

MARY
She loves only you.

ROBERT
There was another before you.

ABRAHAM
What she did was for a righteous
cause, and for him.

Peter is beginning to get the picture Mary explains.

MARY
The fire was a cover.

PETER
But what for?

MARY
To contact Nathan.

PETER
Hale?

MARY
She told her Uncle where she would
be the night of the fire so Nathan
could find her.

PETER
Wait a minute if she was so deep
how do you know her identity?

Another soft voice comes from behind him we know who it is.

ELIZABETH
I told them just now.

Peter whips around he has to sit down.

PETER
(exasperated)
Explain all this!

ELIZABETH
It's simple really I listened.

ELIZABETH
Yes, it was actually Andre's idea.

PETER
Major Andre?

Robert smiling like a cat.

ROBERT
He was quite taken with her.

ELIZABETH
He thought I was spying for him

Elizabeth stepping closer.

ELIZABETH
I had to hide in plain sight.

MARY
Men don't notice women.

ELIZABETH
Information was just volunteered.

PETER
From me as well?

ELIZABETH
Yes, I'm sorry.

Elizabeth takes him through the whole scenario of events.

ELIZABETH (V.O.)
The only real hard part was killing
the guard.

FLASHBACK BEGINS:

Back at the dock Elizabeth full of vengeance pushing the
guard into the spike.

ELIZABETH (V.O.)
The guard who assaulted Mary wasn't
British but American, he was
planning to assassinate Washington.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ELIZABETH (V.O.) (cont'd)
When I overheard the Lieutenant in
Mulligans I knew the plan was a go,
so I had to take care of him.

Elizabeth and Peter in their home talking.

ELIZABETH (V.O.)
You told me about the French fleet.

Elizabeth giving book to Robert.

ELIZABETH (V.O.)
But Andre was beginning to suspect.

Andre confronting Elizabeth in Mulligans.

ELIZABETH (V.O.)
So I had to throw him off.

Mary placing disinformation under Andre's door about
Washington planning to attack New York.

Elizabeth at Andre's confessing.

ELIZABETH (V.O.)
I never slept with Andre.

Elizabeth putting sleeping powder in Andre's drink. Andre
falling asleep.

ROBERT (V.O.)
Not only did she place
disinformation of the planned
attack by Washington. But also
implicated Peggy in a note where
Andre was sure to find it. Then he
gave it to you to arrest her.
Allowing the French to hook up with
the Americans.

Andre finding sons of liberty note behind the picture. Peter
arresting Peggy.

Washington marching hand in hand with French forces.

ELIZABETH (V.O.)
Victory.

FLASHBACK ENDS:

Peter looks completely taken aback gazing at Elizabeth.

(CONTINUED)

PETER

Is Washington aware of your identity?

ELIZABETH

He never wanted to know.

ABRAHAM

None of us.

ELIZABETH

For safety reasons.

PETER

So where does this leave us.

ELIZABETH

In a new country we can call our own.

A smile emanates from Elizabeth.

INT. BRITISH HEADQUARTERS - DAY

General Clinton comes in with a huff. He marches into his office followed by his aides.

Andre stands at attention as he passes by. He looks confused at his sudden and abrupt manner.

INT. GENERAL CLINTON'S OFFICE - DAY

Clinton throws his gloves across the room then screams at the top of his lungs.

CLINTON

Andre get in here!

Andre quickly steps in the room. He doesn't get word in edge wise, before Clinton hauls off and slugs him.

CLINTON

Washington never was coming!

ANDRE

But Sir we had reliable information.

CLINTON

From who?!

(CONTINUED)

Then there is the sound of a Peggy in the hallway shouting at the top of her lungs.

PEGGY (V.O.)

Unhand me!

Peggy stumbles into the room, she goes straight for Andre and slaps him.

CLINTON

What is it my dear!

PEGGY

This man accused me of being a spy!

CLINTON

This was your source?!

Andre is thinking his eyes narrow.

ANDRE

Sir I can explain.

CLINTON

Be quiet!

ANDRE

But Sir I know who it is now.

Clinton shakes his head at him.

CLINTON

You've done enough damage.

ANDRE

But Sir.

CLINTON

Shut up Andre, just shut up.

INT. OFFICE TEMPORARY WHITE HOUSE - DAY

Washington sits at his new desk this is the temporary office of the President. The **WHITE HOUSE** is being built we can see it out the window.

Peter walks into the room carrying a small package. Washington looks up and recognizes him. The package gives him pause and concern, Peter sees his apprehension.

(CONTINUED)

PETER

Do not worry Mr. President it's not
a bomb.

Washington sets down his quill pen and takes off his
glasses.

WASHINGTON

I never thought to see you again.

PETER

A friend wishes you well.

WASHINGTON

Who is this friend?

Peter does not answer.

PETER

I only ask you accept this.

Peter hands Washington the package he opens it. In it is
the **BOOK OF POEMS**. There is a bookmark in it marking a
page.

Washington puts his glasses on then walks to the window for
better light. He opens it at first we only see the name of
the poem "**Love Conquers All**".

Washington's eyes drift across the words finally getting to
the page mark **355**.

PETER

She said you would understand.

Washington's eyes widen, a huge smile drifts across his
face. He whirls around to question Peter.

WASHINGTON

How is she? Is she well?

But Peter is gone. Washington runs after him.

EXT. TEMPORARY WHITE HOUSE - DAY

Washington quickly traverses the steps bumping into the
passers by on the busy street.

A carriage is moving down the street. Cato is driving, he
turns and waves to Washington. Inside the window a dainty
pink gloved hand waves at him as well. Still not revealing
her face.

SUPER MASTIC BEACH 1825

EXT. TOWNSEND HOME - DAY

Robert is now an old man, he hobbles from the house with a cane going to the mail box. His nephew RICHARD (20) Elizabeth's fathers namesake, joins him from across the street.

RICHARD

Uncle please you should not be out.

ROBERT

I'm not an invalid yet.

Richard admires Roberts tenacity. Reaching the mailbox Richard retrieves the contents.

ROBERT

Nothing but bills.

As he gets to the bottom of the stack there is a small envelope. It is written in a feminine hand. Robert takes a whiff of it he recognizes the perfume scent.

His nervous hands eagerly try to open it. But age gets the better of him and he drops it. Richard picks it up and takes out the letter.

ROBERT

Quickly read it to me.

Richard is perplexed by his Uncle's agitation but complies.

RICHARD

(reading)

Dear Mr. Townsend, my Mother wished me to write to you upon her death. She wanted to let you know it wasn't in vain and "Love Does Conquer All."

Richard flips the letter over looking for more.

RICHARD

That's it Uncle, nothing more. It's not even signed.

Robert smiles a big one, full of satisfaction, a small tear trickles down his cheek.

(CONTINUED)

ROBERT

No, and you won't find a return address either. That's the way she liked it.

RICHARD

What does it mean?

ROBERT

Let me tell you a tale.

With that Robert puts his arm around his nephew and they walk into the house.

THE END

FADE TO BLACK

SUPER:

The identity of 355 has never been ascertained. This was a work of fiction based on available facts.

Major John Andre was later hanged for being a Spy. The British surrendered six months later at Yorktown.

Elizabeth and Peter did marry and returned, then settled in New Hampshire. Together they had a daughter named Lisa.

Lisa eventually married JAMES FENNIMORE COOPER. The Couple Lived with Peter and Elizabeth for a time while James wrote the famous Novel "The Last of The Mohicans"

During this time he also wrote a second novel entitled "THE SPY"