SONS of LIBERTY

Night One

"A Dangerous Game"

Ву

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ACT ONE

OVER BLACK:

SUPER: 11 years before the American Revolution...

FADE IN:

1 EXT. BOSTON - DUSK

1

A TOWERING AERIAL SHOT of a COMPACT TOWN crowded onto a narrow, hill-covered peninsula. The bustling SEAPORT CITY sits like an island in the middle of the Massachusetts Bay.

This is Boston.

More than 50 wharves and shippyards rings the waterfront. Ships' masts and steeples dominate the skyline. A thin STRIP OF LAND (The Neck) connects the city with the mainland.

As we DRIFT DOWN we can hear a MUFFLED ROAR in the distance. Men YELLING, DEADLY SCREAMS. A RIOT.

As we approach the streets the roar grows LOUDER...

And LOUDER... And LOUDER...

Until we...

SMASH CUT TO:

2 EXT. TOWN HOUSE SQUARE - SAME

2

A DEADLY GANG RIOT, mid-battle.

DOZENS of BRUTISH MEN square off in a NO HOLDS BARRED territorial GANG FIGHT. It's a brutal array of deadly carnage.

Eye-gouging. Groin stomping. Sucker punching. ANYTHING GOES. Skulls CRACK. Legs, arms and kneecaps SNAP. Bricks fly.

SUPER: Boston May 1765

The Men are pulled straight from the LOWER CLASS ranks of this DEPRESSED CITY — DOCKWORKERS, ROPE BEATERS, FISHERMAN, etc. They're bearded and rough, out of work and angry.

And they're OUT FOR BLOOD.

AROUND THE SQUARE

SHOPKEEPERS SHUT and LOCK their doors.

ABOVE THE CARNAGE, young children watch the battle from the windows. It's almost a game for them.

We get the impression from the reaction of the TOWNSPEOPLE that this is a regular occurrence.

FROM A SIDE STREET

A YOUNG MAN (mid 20s) approaches the FIGHT on horseback. We'll learn later that this is JOSEPH WARREN.

He's dashing, deadly good looking. And right now he needs to get to the other fucking side of Town House Square ASAP.

Warren looks for an OPENING in the melee but there's none to be had. His horse REARS UP, nearly tossing him.

WARREN

(calming the horse)
Whoa! Whoa!

The MOB doesn't pay him much mind. If he's not from a RIVAL GANG he's of no interest to them.

OUT OF THE CARNAGE...

A CHUNK of a BROKEN CLUB whips through the air, NARROWLY SLASHING Warren on the cheek.

Warren wipes a spot of BLOOD from his cheek, doubles back on his horse and TAKES OFF into Boston.

CUT TO:

3 INT. GREEN DRAGON TAVERN - SAME

3

A PACKED BAR in the heart of the city.

The CLIENTELE is slightly more upscale than the thugs in the gang fight... but not by much.

At the center of the action is a RUGGEDLY HANDSOME MAN. He holds court with the BAR PATRONS, glad handing the men, charming the women, and giving life to the party. He's easily the most popular guy in the bar. By a mile.

This is Sam Adams.

SAM ADAMS

I round the corner onto Purchase street and drop my collections to the ground. Heart almost stops. Because right there before me, clear as day...

(dramatic pause)

Is a full-grown Black Bear.

SHIP CAPTAIN

Come on!

SAM ADAMS

I swear! He rears up on his hind legs. Stood 12 feet tall. Not an inch shorter.

(pantomiming the bear)
He shows me his fangs, claws in the air, great big bear balls hanging down low.

The crowd LAUGHS then LEANS IN to hear more.

SHIP CAPTAIN

What did you do?

SAM ADAMS

I fought him to the death! Of course!

The crowd hangs on this for a moment, not sure whether or not he's being serious. Most are leaning toward yes.

SAILOR

Did you really?

A beat but then Sam breaks into a SMILE.

SAM ADAMS

Of course not! I ran as fast as my skinny little legs could carry me to the closest tavern!

The Crowd ERUPTS into laughter.

Sam has complete control of this room -- the slick charisma of Bill Clinton meets the relatable charm of George W. Bush.

As Adams continues to DOWN BEERS with his BUDDIES, he's approached by a PORTLY MERCHANT (mid 30s.)

MERCHANT AMOS

Mr. Adams!

Sam can't quite hear him over the NOISE of the BAR.

MERCHANT AMOS (CONT'D)

(a little louder)

Mr. Adams!

Sam!

(beat)

The Merchant finally catches Sam's attention...

SAM ADAMS

Amos! How are you?

MERCHANT AMOS

I wanted to thank you for helping me out this week. I owe you a pint.

SAM ADAMS

No thanks necessary. But I'll take the pint!

And so the party continues...

4 EXT. BOSTON STREETS - SAME

4

Joseph Warren HAULS ASS through Colonial Boston, galloping through the WORKING CLASS STREETS.

He WHIPS PAST a number of WOODEN TOWN HOUSES and BRICK SHOPS. A few COLONISTS mill about, some stumbling home drunk, others out for a nighttime stroll.

Warren takes a left onto a NARROW SIDE STREET. He SLOWS his horse to a trot.

UP AHEAD, CROSSING A MAIN STREET

Warren spots a line of 20 or so BRITISH SOLDIERS, dressed in their iconic RED COATS, resting MUSKETS on their shoulders.

Warren keeps deadly quiet, praying not to be seen. Is he running from them? We're not sure.

The Soldiers pass through the intersection.

Warren CREEPS UP on his horse at the end of the narrow street, craning his neck to make sure he hasn't been spotted.

Coast is clear.

Warren kicks his horse into a GALLOP as he quietly RUSHES down the Main Street, away from the Soldiers.

5 INT. GREEN DRAGON TAVERN - SAME

5

Adams continues to be the CENTER OF ATTENTION in the bar.

The door to the tavern BURSTS OPEN, causing the bar to go briefly QUIET. In walks Joseph Warren. All eyes on him.

After a quick beat the noise picks up again and the people return to their drinks. Warren makes his way over to Sam, who didn't seem to notice his entrance.

WARREN

Sam!

Sam turns to see his familiar friend.

SAM ADAMS

Dr. Warren! Welcome! Let's get drunk.

WARREN

Sam, I need to talk with you.

Sam notices the DEEP SCRATCH on Warren's cheek.

SAM ADAMS

What happened to your face?

WARREN

Riot down on the square. North and South End mobs going at it again.

SAM ADAMS

They should come down here, settle their disputes over drinks. As civilized men do.

Sam SLAPS Warren on the back.

SAM ADAMS (CONT'D)

You need a pint. Or perhaps a few. (to the bartender)
Isaac! A pint for Dr. Warren. Put

it on his tab.

WARREN

Sam, listen to me. We need to talk.

Sam can tell this is serious. His mood quickly changes.

SAM ADAMS

What's happened?

WARREN

Governor Hutchinson has issued a warrant for your arrest.

SAM ADAMS

(outraged/flabbergasted)

A warrant? For what?

WARREN

He's likely tired of being cheated!

SAM ADAMS

Cheated? I'm not the one cheating anybody. He's the one in that fortress of his --

Warren cuts him off.

WARREN

How much do you owe?

Sam clearly has NO IDEA how to answer that question. Merchant Amos pipes in...

MERCHANT AMOS

My brother went to Debtor's Prison, Sam. You don't want any part of that.

And just like that...

The doors BURST OPEN revealing a BRITISH COMMANDER (Thomas Preston, 40s) followed by a handful of BRITISH SOLDIERS.

Now the place REALLY goes quiet.

COMMANDER PRESTON

Which one of you is Sam Adams?

Every single person in that bar knows exactly who Sam Adams is. But no one says a word.

ON SAM, Oh shit. Warren quietly nods toward a DOOR behind the bar in the back of the room.

Commander Preston and his Soldiers push through the crowd, which isn't exactly eager to get out of their way.

Adams quietly SNEAKS toward the back door.

But he's SPOTTED...

REDCOAT SOLDIER

There he is!

Adams RUSHES through the crowd. He JUMPS OVER THE BAR, knocking over some glass mugs, which SHATTER on the floor.

He BOLTS through the door.

Soldiers PUSH THROUGH the crowd with FORCE.

6 EXT. BACK ALLEY BEHIND GREEN DRAGON - CONTINUOUS

6

Sam BURSTS through the back door into a DARK ALLEY behind the bar. He doesn't know which way to run.

He BOLTS left.

He gets to an INTERSECTION. Looking left, he spots THREE BRITISH SOLDIERS on HORSEBACK.

AND THEY SPOT HIM...

REDCOAT SOLDIER

It's Adams!

Sam TAKES OFF on foot through the alley, away from the soldiers.

The Soldiers on horses GALLOP top speed after him.

Commander Preston and his Soldiers from the bar emerge from the same BACK DOOR as Sam. They, too, give chase.

7 EXT. BOSTON STREETS - CONTINUOUS

7

Sam EXPLODES from the alley, nearly toppling over a WOMAN.

He RACES down the street, away from the soldiers.

The British Soldiers are in CLOSE PURSUIT, on both HORSEBACK and FOOT.

Sam has a good jump on them but the HORSES are bearing down fast.

He ROUNDS a corner, onto...

A MAIN STREET

Sam RACES DOWN the street before QUICKLY DUCKING into...

A SMALL ALLEY

Sam runs the length of the alley, stopped by a PICKET FENCE at the end.

It's a DEAD END.

THROUGH THE FENCE, he can see...

THE GANG RIOT

The very one Warren mentioned earlier, still going STRONG in Town House Square.

By this point some of the Thugs may have some BROKEN LIMBS and BLOODY NOSES but they're still swinging CLUBS and FISTS.

IN THE ALLEY

Sam attempts to CLIMB THE FENCE, trying his best to JUMP OFF the WALL and grab the top of it.

But he can't quite make it.

He frantically looks for a PLACE TO HIDE but there's nothing.

He's TRAPPED.

BACK ON THE MAIN STREET

Commander Preston and his Soldiers come to the SAME CORNER Sam ducked around.

They make their way into...

THE SMALL ALLEY

But Sam's not there. It's empty. All they see as the same DEAD END picket fence.

Commander Preston scans the alley for ANY SIGN of Sam. But finds nothing.

They've lost him.

COMMANDER PRESTON

Damn it!

HIGH ON THE WALL above the alley, not 10 FEET above the heads of the Commander and his men...

SAM ADAMS CLINGS to a bit of LATTICE WORK.

He HOLDS HIS BREATH, desperately careful not to make a sound.

He spots an OPEN WINDOW a little bit higher up on the wall.

He QUIETLY CLIMBS towards the window.

BACK ON THE GROUND

Commander Preston and his men are about to GIVE UP.

But just when it seems all hope is lost, Preston LOOKS UP to the wall, only to spot...

Sam Adams CLIMBING INTO THE WINDOW.

COMMANDER PRESTON (CONT'D)

(a forceful whisper)

Into the house!

8 INT. COLONIAL HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

8

Sam CLIMBS THROUGH the window and FALLS to the floor into the SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY of the house.

He stands and brushes himself off, confident he's lost the Soldiers.

9 EXT. COLONIAL HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

9

Preston and Soldiers reach the BACK DOOR of the house.

Commander Preston DROPS A SHOULDER and BREAKS IT OPEN.

10 INT. COLONIAL HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

10

Sam Adams QUIETLY makes his way down the HALLWAYS toward the STAIRS, thinking he's home free.

BUT THEN...

HE SPOTS COMMANDER PRESTON AND HIS SOLDIERS at the Bottom of the stairs, COMING RIGHT AT HIM.

COMMANDER PRESTON

There he is!

Sam RACES DOWN THE HALLWAY away from the stairs.

He BURSTS...

INTO THE BEDROOM

Sam RUSHES to the window.

BACK IN THE HALLWAY

Commander Preston and his Soldiers RUN UP THE STAIRS.

IN THE BEDROOM

Sam THROWS OPEN the window. He looks outside, down to the street -- a 20 FOOT DROP below.

To the right he spots a LARGE FLAGPOLE flying a COLONIAL FLAG.

The Commander and his Soldiers BURST INTO the room. They LOCK EYES with Sam.

Sam looks back out the window. Welp. Fuck it.

11 EXT. BOSTON STREETS - CONTINUOUS

11

Sam LEAPS to the FLAGPOLE, barely grabbing onto it.

He quickly SHIMMIES his way down.

About halfway to the ground he LOSES HIS GRIP, CRASHING to the cobblestone street, LANDING HARD on his wrist.

12 INT. COLONIAL HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

12

Commander Preston and the Solders LOOK OUT THE WINDOW, only to see Sam in a pile on the ground.

COMMANDER PRESTON

Back out around!

They double back into the house.

13 EXT. BOSTON STREETS - CONTINUOUS

13

Sam nurses his wrist, which appears to have been badly sprained in the fall.

He stands and brushes himself off, reassessing his surroundings.

He looks to head to his right only to find...

A BAND OF 20 BRITISH SOLDIERS marching right toward him.

He doubles back to his left only to find ...

COMMANDER PRESTON AND HIS SOLDIERS also coming right at him.

He's trapped in the middle. The Soldiers CLOSE IN from both sides. The gig is up.

But then Sam remembers: THE RIOT.

He looks BEHIND HIM where he spots...

A NARROW STREET, leading directly into Town House Square. Between the BRICK BUILDINGS he can see the MELEE OF THE RIOT.

He realizes: It's the perfect way to lose them.

Just as the Soldiers close in, Sam TEARS THROUGH THE ALLEY...

14 EXT. TOWN HOUSE SQUARE - CONTINUOUS

14

Sam RUNS DIRECTLY INTO THE RIOT.

It's still going strong.

Some of the men LIE ON THE COBBLESTONES, knocked out or dead. Others cling to BROKEN LIMBS and BUSTED KNEES. But a good number are still BEATING THE LIVING SHIT out of each other.

Sam BARELY DODGES a wayward SWING from a Thug, darting between fighting GANG MEMBERS as he makes his way into the heart of the battle.

BACK IN THE STREET

Commander Preston and his Soldiers watch as Sam DISAPPEARS into the CHAOTIC MOB of people.

They have no choice but to chase after him...

IN THE MELEE

Sam PUSHES THROUGH THE CROWD, almost to SAFETY.

ON THE OTHER END OF THE FIGHT

Commander Preston and the BRITISH SOLDIERS push into the riot themselves, trying to get to Sam.

COMMANDER PRESTON

Stop him! That's a wanted man!

In the Melee a Thug HITS A SOLDIER in the face with the back swing of a CLUB.

Two Soldiers DRAW THEIR MUSKETS.

REDCOAT SOLDIER

Watch it!

The tenor of the riot SUDDENLY CHANGES as the attention of the Thugs SHIFTS to the British Soldiers.

Commander Preston IMPLORES his Command to STAND DOWN -- he can't risk sparking DEADLY VIOLENCE between the Colonists and British Soldiers.

COMMANDER PRESTON

Hold your fire! Do not shoot! Do
not shoot!

But it's no use...

A FIGHT breaks out between the Thugs and the Soldiers.

The two RIVAL GANGS are no longer battling each other -- now their COMBINED FOCUS is on the soldiers.

Thugs punching Redcoats, Redcoats fighting back with the HARD ENDS of their muskets.

Sam POPS OUT the other side of the chaos, now well separated from the Soldiers, who are fully occupied fighting off the thugs.

COMMANDER PRESTON

Spots Sam. They make BRIEF EYE CONTACT before Sam DISAPPEARS into a SIDE STREET.

Preston gets HIT IN THE SHOULDER with a BRICK.

COMMANDER PRESTON (CONT'D) (clutching his shoulder)
We have to get out of here.

REDCOAT SOLDIER

Where do we go?

Commander Preston looks around, taking stock of their location.

COMMANDER PRESTON

The Governor's Compound.

The Other Soldier nods.

COMMANDER PRESTON (CONT'D)

(calling out)

Retreat! Retreat!

The Soldiers defensively FIGHT OFF the Thugs, backing off in a retreat.

15 EXT. HOUSE OFF TOWN HOUSE SQUARE - CONTINUOUS

15

A TOOL SHED on the side of a LARGE COLONIAL HOUSE.

The SOUNDS OF NEARBY MAYHEM begin to dissipate.

After a beat...

Sam emerges from the shed, still struggling to CATCH HIS BREATH.

The coast appears to be clear.

16 EXT. BOSTON STREETS - CONTINUOUS

16

Commander Preston and his British Soldiers RUSH PAST a few STRAY PEDESTRIANS.

Some of the Soldiers are BLEEDING, others LIMPING.

CLOSE BEHIND THEM, the now united GANG OF THUGS.

17 EXT. TOWN HOUSE SQUARE - CONTINUOUS

17

Sam reemerges into the now MOSTLY DESERTED city center.

DOZENS OF BODIES -- some wounded, some dying, some already corpses -- litter the square.

The LAST OF THE MOB is in the distance, heading after the British Soldiers.

Sam DUSTS HIMSELF OFF and follows after them, from a safe distance, curious to see what happens next.

18 EXT. HUTCHINSON'S MANSION - CONTINUOUS

18

A LARGE MANSION, fortified by a HIGH WALL and HEAVY GATE.

AT THE FRONT GATE

A SMALL GARRISON of SOLDIERS stand guard.

Commander Preston RUSHES TOWARD THEM, out of breath.

GUARD

Are you here to see the Governor?

COMMANDER PRESTON

Open the damn gate!

The Guard OPENS the gate and lets Commander Preston and a few Soldiers rush inside.

19 INT. HUTCHINSON'S MANSION - CONTINUOUS

19

GOVERNOR THOMAS HUTCHINSON (late 50s), a thin and elegant aristocrat, huddles with an AIDE (early 30s), reviewing paperwork and correspondence in an ORNATE HOME OFFICE.

Hearing some commotion outside, the Aide walks to the window, where he sees...

The GATE OPEN and the Soldiers rushing in.

IN THE DISTANCE: A LARGE and ANGRY MOB marching after them.

GOVERNOR'S AIDE

Governor, you need to come see this.

HUTCHINSON

Just tell me what it is.

GOVERNOR'S AIDE

There's a large mob...

HUTCHINSON

This is Boston. There's always a mob.

GOVERNOR'S AIDE

That may be so. But this one's headed right toward us.

Hutchinson approaches the window and looks out. His EYES GROW WIDE, terrified at the sight.

20 EXT. HUTCHINSON'S MANSION - CONTINUOUS

20

TWO SOLDIERS have yet to reach the gate, STILL RUNNING just ahead of the mob.

GUARD

Hurry! Hurry!

They finally arrive.

21 INT. HUTCHINSON'S MANSION - CONTINUOUS

21

Hutchinson watches as the FINAL SOLDIER enters his property and the Guards RUSH INSIDE the walls, closing the gate behind them.

HUTCHINSON

(panicked)

Why are they coming in here?

GOVERNOR'S ATDE

For protection, sir.

HUTCHINSON

Protection? I pay them to protect me.

22 EXT. HUTCHINSON'S MANSION - CONTINUOUS

2.2

The MOB finally REACHES THE GATE.

They GRAB THE BARS and SHAKE THE WALL.

They SHOUT, ANGRIER than ever.

23 INT. HUTCHINSON'S MANSION - CONTINUOUS

2.3

Hutchinson stands at the window, nearly in shock.

Various MAIDS and SERVANTS from Hutchinson's staff peak into the dining room, eager to see what all the fuss is about.

GOVERNOR'S AIDE

What do we do?

HUTCHINSON

(re. the Brit Soldiers)
Tell them to shoot to kill!

GOVERNOR'S AIDE

Sir, we can't open fire on a group of unarmed colonists.

HUTCHINSON

Why not? They're here to kill us!

24 EXT. HUTCHINSON'S MANSION - CONTINUOUS

24

The mob STRAINS AGAINST the gate, growing ANGRIER and MORE VIOLENT. YELLING, CURSING, SEETHING with FURY.

WAY IN THE BACK

Sam approaches from a SAFE DISTANCE, watching the CHAOS unfold.

CUT TO:

25 INT. HUTCHINSON'S MANSION - CONTINUOUS

25

The window SHATTERS as a BRICK comes CRASHING THROUGH. One of the Maids SHRIEKS in terror.

Hutchinson's Aide clings to the wall, for fear of another brick.

Commander Preston and his Soldiers BURST into the room.

COMMANDER PRESTON

Out the back! Quickly!

The Soldiers QUICKLY RUSH Hutchinson and his Staff out of the house.

26 EXT. HUTCHINSON'S MANSION - CONTINUOUS

2.6

The mob is OUT OF CONTROL straining against the gate.

The gate CREAKS and CRASHES TO THE GROUND under the weight of all of the men.

A large IRISH TOUGH yells back to the Men.

IRISH TOUGH

Take the house!

They charge forward, screaming.

FROM HIS POSITION IN THE BACK

Sam takes it all in...

27 INT. HUTCHINSON'S MANSION - CONTINUOUS

27

Inside the now deserted home, we hear the angry mob POUNDING ON THE DOOR.

Glass SHATTERS, and the Mob pours in through the broken windows.

IN THE LIVING ROOM

Two men trash a beautiful PIANO that sits at the center of the room. Others throw expensive look VASES to the ground, where they EXPLODE into a million pieces.

Another man tears the wood from the walls, and uses it to shatter the GLASS WINDOWS.

IN THE BEDROOM

A pair of THUGS raid Hutchinson's JEWELRY BOX, loading their pockets with WATCHES, RINGS, BROACHES and more.

IN THE OFFICE

The Irish Tough leads THREE THUGS into Hutchinson's FRESHLY ABANDONED office, their EYES WIDE.

The Irish Tough looks to a large FULL LENGTH PORTRAIT of KING GEORGE III, hung with pride above Hutchinson's desk.

TRISH TOUGH

Well look who it is.
 (to the Thugs)
Let's show our Good King what the people of Boston think of his reign.

The Two Thugs giddily TEAR THE PAINTING FROM THE WALL. They then SMASH IT to pieces and TOSS it in the corner.

The Irish Tough approaches the painting, now lying in a CRUMPLED HEAP on the floor.

IRISH TOUGH (CONT'D)
You look thirsty, George...

FROM THE BACK we watch as he unfastens his fly and begins PISSING ON THE PAINTING.

28 EXT. HUTCHINSON'S MANSION - CONTINUOUS

28

Hutchinson and his STAFF appear from a side street, a good distance from the mayhem, escorted by the Soldiers.

Hutchinson watches as his home is RANSACKED.

Only one man stands apart from it all, watching alone, and it's this man that Hutchinson sees.

In an instant he recognizes him. He knows who's responsible for this tragedy...

Samuel Adams.

ON SAM ADAMS

Watching Governor Hutchinson's house -- the house of the very man who has issued a warrant for his arrest -- getting TORN TO PIECES. He doesn't know what to make of it.

Some of the GIDDY THUGS emerge from the home, jewels, wine and more in hand. They NOD to Sam as they pass.

But Adams himself is CONFUSED and a little FREAKED OUT.

He never meant for any of this to happen.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

29 INT. HUTCHINSON'S MANSION - DAY

29

Hutchinson and his Aide tour the RANSACKED HOME.

All around is DESTRUCTION and DEBRIS -- SHATTERED glass, TORN curtains, HOLES in the walls, BUSTED furniture, etc.

Hutchinson stops at what remains of the portrait of King George III, lying in a TWISTED, HALF-TORN heap on the floor.

He's approached by his Aide.

HUTCHINSON

Get him. Now.

The Aide NODS and leaves.

ON HUTCHINSON, rage BURNING on his face.

30 EXT. BOSTON STREETS - DAY

30

Commander Preston MARCHES DOWN the street, FLANKED by a HALF DOZEN BRITISH SOLDIERS.

Various ONLOOKERS and PASSERSBY gawk at the COMMOTION.

31 INT. GREEN DRAGON TAVERN - CONTINOUS

31

Preston and his Men BURST into the CROWDED BAR, instantly silencing the room.

There they find a bar full of BRUTISH THUGS (including the Irish Tough and some of the men from the RIOT) staring right back at them.

COMMANDER PRESTON

Where's Sam Adams?

IRISH TOUGH

He's not here.

COMMANDER PRESTON

Nonsense. We know he's in here.

Commander Preston and Soldiers attempt to PUSH INSIDE, until...

EVERY THUG IN THE BAR STANDS TO BLOCK THEIR WAY.

Commander Preston tries to PUSH PAST the large Irish Tough but he DOESN'T MOVE AN INCH.

It's then that Preston notices that some of the Thugs hold CLUBS and LONG KNIVES.

Others are ARMED with FLINTLOCK PISTOLS.

Clearly there's no way they're getting into the tavern.

COMMANDER PRESTON (CONT'D)

We'll be back.

He NODS to the door and he and his Men LEAVE.

IN THE BACK OF THE BAR

Peaking around the corner is a TERRIFIED Sam, who sheepishly NURSES his hand and wrist, now wrapped tight with a make-shift bandage.

ON SAM, knowing he's completely FUCKED.

CUT TO:

32 INT. SUPERIOR COURT - DAY

32

A CROWDED COURTHOUSE, mid trial.

A JUDGE sits on a HIGH BENCH. Across from him are TWO LAWYERS and their CLIENTS. One of those lawyers is the soon-to-be ESTEEMED and FAMOUS JOHN ADAMS (mid 20s).

But right now, Mr. Adams is defending a DELINQUENT TAX CHEAT. And it's not going well. It's clear that, at this point, John is nothing more than a LOWLY PUBLIC DEFENDER.

JOHN ADAMS

Your Excellency, my client is an honest man. A proud, family man. He is innocent of the charges levelled.

JUDGE

Mr. Adams, you client's pride in his family has no bearing on his guilt or innocence.

JOHN ADAMS

(scrambling)

Yes, while that may be true, I would offer to the court that it is simply impossible for shopkeepers in this environment to ---

JUDGE

John, enough. Your client's 8 weeks behind payment, he's going in.

The Judge BANGS his gavel.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

30 days in the stockade.

The Tax Cheat turns to John, bewildered.

John SIGHS heavily. British Soldiers CUFF the Cheat, who looks back to the courthouse seats. There he sees...

HIS FAMILY: A plain-looking WIFE (30s) and a YOUNG BOY about 12 years old. (We'll learn later this young boy is CHRISTOPHER SEIDER.)

As the Soldiers haul the Cheat away, his son calls out...

SEIDER

Father!

ON JOHN, watching the whole sorry display unfold.

33 INT. SUPERIOR COURT - HALLWAY - DAY

33

John EXITS the courtroom, struggling to jam a number of LEGAL BRIEFS into an old hand-me-down BRIEFCASE.

He STOPS SHORT as he hears a quick WHISTLE.

He looks over to his LEFT, trying to find its SOURCE, only to see...

Joseph Warren, waiting for him.

CUT TO:

34 INT. GREEN DRAGON TAVERN - DAY

34

Warren and John walk past the crowd to the BACK OF THE TAVERN. There a number of STACKED BARRELS sit before a BACK WALL.

Warren moves some of them to the side. They're HEAVY...

WARREN

(to John) Some help?

John helps him move some barrels, REVEALING...

A DOOR TO A PRIVATE ROOM

Warren opens the door, REVEALING...

SAM ADAMS, dirty, but otherwise good, in the dank, musty space.

JOHN ADAMS

Jesus, Sam...

35 INT. GREEN DRAGON TAVERN - PRIVATE ROOM - LATER

35

Sam and John HUDDLE in the DIMLY LIT, windowless room.

Laid out before them is an OFFICIAL LOOKING DOCUMENT, signed with the ROYAL SEAL of the British Crown. It's the WARRANT.

SAM ADAMS

How bad is it?

John RUBS his temples with his thumb and forefingers, trying to WIPE AWAY a stress headache.

JOHN ADAMS

How long have you been a tax collector?

SAM ADAMS

A little less than a year.

JOHN ADAMS

Then how is it at all possible you already owe the crown over 8,000 pounds in uncollected taxes?

SAM ADAMS

It can't possibly be that high.

JOHN ADAMS

(exasperated)

It is! It clearly says so right here in this warrant for your arrest.

Sam puts up his BEST DEFENSE.

SAM ADAMS

I don't know what to tell you. If a friend can't make a full payment one week, I'm not going to drive him out of business just so our fat Governor can line his pockets.

JOHN ADAMS

Well I hope you're happy, because now their debt is yours.

A BEAT. John tries to reason with him.

JOHN ADAMS (CONT'D)
This is the way things are here.
This is the law. You can't be
disturbing the order of things.

SAM ADAMS

That order of things has hundreds out of work, fighting for scraps in the streets. Taxes are so high, everything costs so much, there's no way to get ahead. Forget getting ahead, there's no way to keep up. I can't keep up, it's impossible.

John Adams has HEARD THIS ALL BEFORE.

JOHN ADAMS

You always have an excuse for everything! Look at you. This is just another job in a long line of jobs you can't hold onto.

John grabs the WARRANT.

JOHN ADAMS (CONT'D)
The only difference is, this...
(holding up the warrant)

isn't a problem you can run away from.

A BEAT.

After a MOMENT Sam finally begins to understand the gravity of the situation.

SAM ADAMS

I just don't know what I'm supposed to do.

John lets out a HEAVY SIGH.

JOHN ADAMS

There is one person we can talk to - someone who might be able to get you out of this. But you won't like it.

SAM ADAMS

Who?

John HESITATES a beat before answering. But Sam can already sense what he's thinking...

SAM ADAMS (CONT'D)

No. No way.

JOHN ADAMS

Sam, come on --

SAM ADAMS

No, absolutely not.

CUT TO:

36 EXT. HANCOCK'S MANSION - DAY

36

The MOST MAGNIFICENT private residence in Boston.

The lawn is perfectly manicured, as a team of GARDENERS tend to the LUSH vegetation that decorates the property.

SUPER: Hancock House Beacon Hill, Boston

37 INT. HANCOCK'S MANSION - DAY

37

Sam and John walk down a LONG HALLWAY in the LARGE and OSTENTATIOUS MANSION.

All along the walls hang LARGE PORTRAITS of HANCOCK FAMILY MEMBERS, decked out in FULL REGAL GARB looking every bit a part of the BRITISH ARISTOCRACY.

Sam regards the paintings with DISDAIN.

SAM ADAMS

So he lives here while the rest of Boston starves...

JOHN ADAMS

Stop. We need his help.

Sam comes to a LARGE PLAQUE on which is engraved:

To Commemorate
Mr. John Hancock's Presence
at the Coronation of
His Majesty King George III
the 22nd of September, 1761

Sam looks to the plaque with DISGUST.

SAM ADAMS

(under his breath) Entitled little prick.

The two men are INTERRUPTED by a VOICE.

HANCOCK (O.S.)

John Adams!

They turn to see a HANDSOME and ELABORATELY DRESSED young man (mid 20s). This is JOHN HANCOCK, richest guy in Boston.

JOHN ADAMS

Mr. Hancock!

The Two Men share a WARM EMBRACE.

Everything about Hancock SCREAMS wealth -- from his fine clothing to his perfectly manicured nails to his dark shoes, polished to a high shine.

HANCOCK

Last we saw each other must have been back in Braintree.

JOHN ADAMS

That was a long time ago. (turning to Sam)
You remember my cousin, Sam.

HANCOCK

Ah yes. The infamous Sam Adams.

Hancock OFFERS HIS HAND. Sam eyes it SUSPICIOUSLY for a beat before finally giving it a FIRM SHAKE.

HANCOCK (CONT'D)

(showing off)

So what do you think of the house?

SAM ADAMS

I think your Uncle must have worked very hard to have had so much success.

John SHOOTS SAM A LOOK as they follow Hancock down the hall, as if to say Behave yourself.

CUT TO:

38 INT. HANCOCK'S MANSION - OFFICE - LATER

38

The room is LARGE and PRETENTIOUS. And Sam can't stand it.

Hancock sits in a LARGE CHAIR behind a THICK MAHOGANY DESK, Sam and John in LOW CHAIRS directly across from him.

HANCOCK

So, let me get this straight. You want me to go down to the court, pay your fine, to absolve you from any trouble with Hutchinson and the Crown?

JOHN ADAMS

Exactly.

HANCOCK

And in return, there will be no more trouble. No more mobs or violence or any of that nonsense. Sam, you can guarantee that?

SAM ADAMS

Guarantee?

HANCOCK

Obviously people follow you.

SAM ADAMS

Well, actually that was just a mis -

JOHN ADAMS

(interrupting)

Yes. He guarantees it.

Hancock FURROWS HIS BROW, thinking this over.

HANCOCK

(in an ambiguous tone)

Hmmm.

A BEAT as Hancock continues to think. ON SAM AND JOHN, not really able to read him, neither man sure which way he'll go.

Finally...

HANCOCK (CONT'D)

(very straight forward)

Yes. I'll do it.

John is SURPRISED but ELATED.

JOHN ADAMS

Really?

HANCOCK

Yes. Fine.

JOHN ADAMS

Oh that's great!

(turning to Sam)

Isn't that good, Sam? Very generous.

But Sam's not sure what to make of this. A BEAT as he looks to Hancock, trying to size him up.

After a moment he offers his own response, which sounds vaguely familiar...

SAM ADAMS

(suspicious tone)

Hmmm.

Sam and Hancock exchange a look. Sam is SUSPICIOUS of Hancock's motives, having NO IDEA why he'd agree to help him.

Before it all falls apart...

JOHN ADAMS

Well I think we've taken up enough of your day. Thank you, John. Truly.

HANCOCK

(smug)

Of course!

Hancock RINGS A BELL. His Butler enters the room.

John stands. Sam still looks on suspiciously at Hancock thinking, "What's Hancock's angle here?"

JOHN ADAMS

Sam - let's go.

John NODS. He and Sam follow after the Butler, who SCURRIES down the hallway.

As Sam walks away he LOOKS BACK, only to see...

Hancock ALREADY BACK TO WORK, ruffling through some PAPERS on his desk.

He TURNS BACK and walks down the LONG HALLWAY.

DISSOLVE TO:

39 INT. HANCOCK'S MANSION - NIGHT

39

The same hallway, DAYS LATER, now FILLED with dozens of RICH PEOPLE all dressed in their PARTY BEST.

We follow the crowd down the hall, into...

THE PARLOR

Where we follow along while happy RICH MEN and RICH WOMEN dance and enjoy themselves, eating FINE FOOD and drinking SPARKLING DRINKS in CRYSTAL GLASSES, all while a STRING QUARTET plays a light 17TH CENTURY WALTZ.

Hancock is of course here, revelling in the pretention of it all. He's approached by an OLDER, PLUMP WOMAN (early 60s), decked out in PEARLS and a FINE DRESS. His Aunt Lydia.

AUNT LYDIA

John, I'd like you to meet my friend, Mr. Richardson.

John extends his hand to ABNER RICHARDSON (early 50s), a local business owner.

RICHARDSON

A pleasure to meet you, son. Your Aunt has told me so much about you.

As John shakes he's DISTRACTED as he spots across the way...

Thomas Hutchinson, dressed in his PUFFIEST FINERY, flanked closely by his Aide.

HANCOCK

(still eyeing Hutchinson) Oh? All good things I'm sure.

RICHARDSON

(sucking up)

I was so sorry to hear about your Uncle. He was a good man. And I understand he had the good sense to leave you in charge of the family business.

But Hancock is BARELY LISTENING, watching the Governor across the way. An AWKWARD BEAT as Hancock doesn't say anything in response to Richardson. Finally...

HANCOCK

If you'll excuse me.

Hancock NODS goodbye and exits the conversation, making his way over to Hutchinson. As he approaches...

HANCOCK (CONT'D)

Governor Hutchinson! Thank you so much for coming.

Hutchinson and Hancock SHAKE.

HUTCHINSON

Lovely party, Hancock. If you keep throwing more like these people might start confusing you for being British.

HANCOCK

(smiling)

Even a Colonist can enjoy the finer things, Governor.

Hutchinson NODS and SMILES politely.

Hancock DROPS HIS VOICE a bit and LEANS IN, looking around to make sure no one can LISTEN IN, speaking in a HUSHED WHISPER.

HANCOCK (CONT'D)

So about your recent... problem. I wanted to let you know I've taken care of it.

HUTCHINSON

(suspicious)

What problem?

HANCOCK

I've silenced Adams. He and his band of thugs won't be bothering you anymore.

Hancock is BEAMING PROUD, so sure he's done the Governor a HUGE FAVOR.

HUTCHINSON

And what did he ask for in return?

HANCOCK

Oh, nothing really. I paid off his debts.

(smiling)

Money can solve most anything.

But Hutchinson isn't having this. He BLOWS UP, FURIOUS.

HUTCHINSON

Are you an idiot?

Hancock is TAKEN ABACK. This is the last reaction he'd expect.

HUTCHINSON (CONT'D)

This person destroys my house and you reward him with immunity?

HANCOCK

But as I said, there's an assurance there will be no more trouble. I thought that --

HUTCHINSON

Do you not think I can deal with this? That I need a *colonist* to help me?

HANCOCK

Sir, I --

HUTCHINSON

(cutting him off)
You had no authority!

Hutchinson has said this MUCH TOO LOUD. Some of the Partygoers TURN and STARE.

ON AUNT LYDIA, watching with CONCERN.

A BEAT as Hutchinson gathers himself, taking a DEEP BREATH.

HUTCHINSON (CONT'D)

(cutting)

Do you not like our arrangement, Mr. Hancock?

ON HANCOCK, who clearly understands this not-so-veiled THREAT.

Without another words, Hutchinson WALKS AWAY with his Aide. Once they're out of earshot....

HUTCHINSON (CONT'D)

Take his boat.

The Aide NODS and Hutchinson WALKS OUT.

CUT TO:

40 EXT. BOSTON HARBOR - DAY

40

CLOSE ON: A sign that reads HMS Liberty.

PULL OUT to reveal that it is a SMALL SHIP docked in the harbor. On its mast hangs a COLONIAL FLAG.

The ship is filled with BOXES and CRATES, all bearing the label: HOUSE OF HANCOCK.

SAILORS mill about on deck, careful not to make a sound. Whatever they're doing, it doesn't appear to be fully legal.

SUDDENLY, a GANGPLANK HITS THE DECK with a deafening THWACK.

In a split second, a DOZEN BRITISH SOLDIERS storm onto the deck, MUSKETS DRAWN, in an powerful DISPLAY OF FORCE.

Coming up behind the Soldiers is Commander Preston. He immediately approaches the ship's Captain.

COMMANDER PRESTON

As I understand it, this ship hasn't declared its full freight.

LIBERTY CAPTAIN

(confused)

Mr. Hancock and Governor Hutchinson have a long-standing arrangement.

COMMANDER PRESTON

Do they now?

Preston hands the Captain a ROYAL WARRANT.

COMMANDER PRESTON (CONT'D)

I regret to inform you that the arrangement has ended. By order of the King, all duties are to be paid in full -- with no exception.

Preston turns to the Sailors.

COMMANDER PRESTON (CONT'D) This ship and its contents are now the property of His Majesty King George III.

He turns back to his Soldiers.

COMMANDER PRESTON (CONT'D) Seize the ship. And the wine. And if any of these criminals gives you any trouble -- put a bullet in him.

The Soldiers begin VIOLENTLY HANDCUFFING the Sailors, some of whom PUT UP SOME RESISTANCE.

A Soldier WHACKS a Sailor ACROSS THE FACE, BLOOD GUSHING.

With that SHOW OF FORCE MADE, the Other Sailors BACK DOWN, as the Soldiers begin TEARING THROUGH the ship's cargo.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

41 INT. HUTCHINSON'S MANSION - OFFICE - DAY

41

The room has now been FULLY RESTORED.

John Hancock, barely containing his anger, sits opposite Thomas Hutchinson, whose Aide stands behind him.

HANCOCK

Every day that my ship and its cargo sit impounded I lose hundreds of pounds!

HUTCHINSON

Mr. Hancock --

HANCOCK

You need to turn over the Liberty, and pay me what I'm owed.

HUTCHINSON

Mr. Hancock, I think you are quite confused as to the nature of our relationship.

HANCOCK

I pay you, and you keep the customs officials off of my back -- and my ships. That is the extent of the relationship you had with my uncle and it's the extent of the relationship you have had with me.

HUTCHINSON

Maybe you should have thought of that before conspiring with your friend Mr. Adams.

HANCOCK

I didn't conspire with anyone --

HUTCHINSON

(cutting him off)

You eliminated any legal recourse I had to deal with that scoundrel.

A BEAT, ON HANCOCK, who takes a DEEP BREATH.

HANCOCK

Governor, if my family is made to pay full duties on our cargo, then there's no way for us to make any money.

Hutchinson stares at Hancock for a LONG BEAT.

Finally...

HUTCHINSON

Mr. Hancock, if you want to get back in my good graces, there's really only one thing you can do.

A QUICK BEAT as Hancock awaits the answer.

HUTCHINSON (CONT'D)

(harsh)

Take care of Adams.

Hancock isn't quite sure what he means by this.

HANCOCK

Take care of him?

But Hutchinson doesn't say another word, STARING BACK at him.

AFTER A MOMENT... It finally hits Hancock: He's just been asked to kill Sam Adams.

A quick look of PANIC on his face. But he also realizes...

HE HAS NO OTHER CHOICE.

42 EXT. FRANKLIN'S HOUSE - DAY

42

A nondescript four-story row house nestled between the Strand and the Thames River.

SUPER: London England 3 Months Later

43 INT. FRANKLIN'S HOUSE - DAY

43

A SIXTY-YEAR-OLD MAN lounges in a BATHTUB which sits against the wall of a BEDROOM that looks a bit like a HOTEL SUITE.

This is BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

A KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

FRANKLIN

Come in.

Franklin's landlady, MRS. STEVENSON, a plump widow about Franklin's age, opens the door.

She sees him the TUB.

MRS. STEVENSON

Oh for heaven's sake!

FRANKLIN

Can I help you with something, Mrs. Stevenson?

MRS. STEVENSON

(looking away)

Dr. Franklin. You have a visitor downstairs.

FRANKLIN

What sort of visitor? A shapely one, I hope?

MRS. STEVENSON

He has the shape of a Messenger from Parliament, if that's to your liking.

FRANKTIN

My least favorite shape, indeed.

Franklin CLOSES HIS EYES and LEANS BACK against the wall of the tub.

MRS. STEVENSON

Dr. Franklin...

FRANKLIN

(without opening his eyes)
I was thinking, Mrs. Stevenson,
that perhaps later this evening you
could give me a sponge bath.

MRS. STEVENSON

I was thinking instead that you could travel to Westminster with the gentleman downstairs.

A BEAT. Franklin SINKS a little deeper into the tub. Then...

FRANKLIN

Very well.

CUT TO:

44 INT. PALACE OF WESTMINSTER - PRIME MINISTER'S OFFICE - DAY 44

Franklin STANDS before a LARGE DESK in an INTIMIDATINGLY PRISTINE office. Across the desk sits a young ARISTOCRATIC BUREAUCRAT (mid 30s).

This is Lord Frederick North, Prime Minister of Great Britain.

LORD NORTH

This news we're hearing out of Boston is most disturbing.

FRANKLIN

I wouldn't disagree.

LORD NORTH

Governor Hutchinson is demanding a full military response.

Franklin attempts to diffuse the situation.

FRANKLIN

Your Excellency, for every miscreant or troublemaker in Boston, there are 100 tradesmen and merchants, loyal to the King.

Lord North SHIFTS a bit in his seat.

LORD NORTH

Why then all this unrest?

FRANKLIN

It's the economic conditions.

LORD NORTH

Conditions?

FRANKLIN

Too many taxes and too little work. People are hungry. And a bit bored, I suppose.

LORD NORTH

So they destroy the Governor's house?

FRANKLIN

That I do agree is inexcusable. But I also know, if a populace doesn't have a chance to prosper, then unrest, and even violence, are inevitable.

A beat as Lord North sits in SILENCE, trying to intimidate Franklin.

LORD NORTH

What is to be done? And by that I mean, what are you going to do about this?

Franklin looks for a RESPONSE that will salvage the situation.

FRANKLIN

Allow me to correspond with some of my contacts in Massachusetts. I will gladly get to the bottom of this and squash any unrest in the Colonies.

Lord North looks to Franklin as if to say That's it?

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)

I'll fix it.

A BEAT, ON LORD NORTH, stone faced.

LORD NORTH

Ok.

CUT TO:

45 INT. GAGE MANSION - PARLOR ROOM - DAY

45

A LARGE yet SPARSELY DECORATED ROOM, befitting a TAKE-NO-SHIT British General.

GENERAL THOMAS GAGE (mid 40s), a TALL and THICK MAN, stands before a LARGE WINDOW, calmly and patiently watching something outside.

We hear the SOUND of a CARRIAGE pulling up, it's door OPENING and then CLOSING.

Gage turns from the window, only to see his BEAUTIFUL WIFE, MARGARET KEMBLE GAGE (late 20s), enter the room, patting down the wrinkles on a fine dress.

Margaret LOOKS AWAY, avoiding eye contact with Gage. She appears TIMID, almost FEARFUL of her husband.

A KNOCK ON THE DOOR.

Gage goes to answer, pulling open the door to reveal...

Lord North.

LORD NORTH

General Gage.

GAGE

Mr. Prime Minister.

Gage gestures for North to come inside. He closes the door behind him.

GAGE (CONT'D)

You remember my wife, Margaret.

LORD NORTH

Yes, so lovely to see you again.

Lord North bends down and KISSES Margaret's hand.

As Margaret speaks, we note her AMERICAN ACCENT.

MARGARET

(of dubious sincerity)
Always an honor to be in your

presence, Your Excellency.

The three SMILE for an AWKWARD BEAT. After a moment...

LORD NORTH

(to Margaret)

If you'd excuse us, the General and I have some business to discuss.

Before Margaret can respond...

GAGE

She was just leaving.

Margaret NODS timidly and exits the room, ROUNDING A CORNER.

Once out of sight, she stops to listen for a moment, discretely EAVESDROPPING, her TIMID SHELL softening a bit now that she's out of Gage's sight.

BACK ON GAGE AND NORTH

thinking she's gone.

LORD NORTH

We have a problem in America.

GAGE

Is this about the business with Hutchinson?

OFF NORTH'S REACTION the answer is clearly yes.

GAGE (CONT'D)

It's simple. The Colonies are like children. And like all children, when they misbehave, they must be punished.

LORD NORTH

We're of the same mind. I was hoping you could travel to Boston to take care of this at once.

Gage isn't having it.

GAGE

No. This can be resolved without my presence.

LORD NORTH

(pleading his case)

But General --

GAGE

(cutting him off)

I'm not going back that dreadful place.

(gesturing to Margaret)
I've taken all of America that I
want.

ON MARGARET

Around the corner, hearing everything. She WINCES a bit at Gage's HARSH WORDS -- although it's clearly nothing she hasn't heard 100 times before.

Having heard enough, Margaret continues down the hall...

46 INT. GAGE'S MANSION - MARGARET'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

46

We follow Margaret into her SMALL BEDROOM, the sounds of Gage and North's discussion FAINTLY AUDIBLE in the distance.

She stands before a LARGE MAHOGANY DRESSER. A BEAT, on Margaret, who we can tell has more STRENGTH and PRIDE than she's able to let show in the presence of Gage.

She looks up, where hanging above the dresser we see...

A PAINTING

A posed portrait of a PROUD NATIVE AMERICAN WARRIOR. Full HEADDRESS on. A STREAK OF RED WAR PAINT on his right cheek.

Margaret looks to the painting for a LONG MOMENT -- her small piece of home in a very harshly British world.

47 INT. GAGE MANSION - PARLOR ROOM - CONTINUOUS

47

Back with Gage and North ...

GAGE

Send three ships, filled with men. They'll be able to get the peasants in order without much trouble.

ON LORD NORTH, thinking this over. After a beat, he ACCEPTS.

LORD NORTH

Very well.

CUT TO:

48 EXT. BOSTON HARBOR - DAY

48

A BUSTLING DOCK, DOCKHANDS rushing about, unloading CRATES and BARRELS. Among the workers is Sam Adams.

SUPER: Four Months Later

Sam has clearly picked up a NEW JOB. He unloads some HEAVY CRATES, taking a break to wipe some SWEAT from his brow. He doesn't seem to be enjoying the new gig.

Among Sam's coworkers is the Irish Tough we saw earlier.

SAM ADAMS
Is it always like this?

The Tough just LAUGHS and shakes his head.

A BEAT as Sam takes a breather. His FOREMAN notices him SLACKING OFF.

FOREMAN

Adams! I don't pay you to take in the scenery. Get back to it!

ON ADAMS, who has to do the hardest thing in the world for him to do: SWALLOW HIS WORDS.

After a BEAT, Sam takes a DEEP BREATH and gets back to work.

IN THE DISTANCE

Standing near a STACK OF BARRELS is John Hancock.

Hancock watches Sam, careful not to be seen. He's clearly STAKING HIM OUT, trying to get a better read on WHO HE IS and HOW HE OPERATES. But as Hancock watches Sam, a realization sinks in:

He has no earthly idea how he could possibly do what Hutchinson has asked him to do.

Feeling a bit frustrated, Hancock looks out to the ocean. He does a quick DOUBLE TAKE, his eyes GOING WIDE.

ON SAM

Who STACKS another crate, wipes his brow, and then looks out to the ocean himself. His EYES too GOING WIDE as he spots the same thing Hancock has seen.

We revere for a...

HUGE REVEAL

Three HULKING BRITISH WARSHIPS pulling into the WATERS of BOSTON HARBOR. Each one carrying HUNDREDS of BRITISH SOLDIERS.

BACK ON SAM & HANCOCK

Dumbfounded. No one in the Colonies has ever seen anything like this.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

49 EXT. BOSTON HARBOR - DAY

49

A CROWD has begun to form on the docks, no one quite sure why so many British Ships have suddenly appeared in the harbor.

Sam approaches from the back along with the Irish Tough and some of the other Dockhands.

A LITTLE WAYS DOWN THE DOCK

Hancock also approaches, straining to see over the crowd. He watches as...

DOZENS OF BRITISH SOLDIERS

Begin DISEMBARKING from their ships, marching in ORDERLY LINES onto the Harbor Streets.

ON SAM

Not sure what to make of the display.

As he watches the Soldiers, he suddenly spots on the other end of the crowd... JOHN HANCOCK.

The two men LOCK EYES, exchanging a STRAINED LOOK.

BACK ON THE DISEMBARKING SOLDIERS

Who continue gathering in the harbor. At their head is Commander Preston. And behind him is THOMAS HUTCHINSON himself.

Sam watches Hutchinson, looking a bit SMUG as the TROOPS GATHER on the docks. Hutchinson turns and MEETS HIS GAZE.

The two exchange a TENSE LOOK as Commander Preston begins to address the now LARGE CROWD.

COMMANDER PRESTON

By the will of His Majesty the King and by the order of Lord North, all taxes are to be paid in full. If you are unwilling or unable to comply, you will be dealt with swiftly and without mercy. Boston will be brought to order... As Preston speaks, we intercut with...

50 EXT. BOSTON STREETS - DAY

50

British Soldiers MARCH THE STREETS, armed to the TEETH.

Looking down the block, we watch as Soldiers VIOLENTLY BREAK INTO SHOPS.

They BRUTALLY PULL SHOPKEEPERS out of the shops, throwing them to the GROUND.

51 INT. SEIDER SHOP - DAY

51

A MODEST STORE. We can tell from the BARE SHELVES the shop isn't doing so well.

Young Christopher Seider (from Act 2) is there, cowering in the corner, while his terrified Mother hovers at the DOOR, nervously watching the action in the street. Suddenly...

The door BURSTS OPEN as THREE SOLDIERS bust in.

The LEAD SOLDIER holds in his hand an OFFICIAL ROYAL DOCUMENT.

REDCOAT SOLDIER

You're 8 weeks behind on payments.

A nervous beat.

SEIDER'S MOTHER

We're having trouble keeping up.

REDCOAT SOLDIER

You can tell it to the courts.

The Lead Soldier NODS to his fellow Soldiers.

Taking his cue, the Soldiers FORCE THEIR WAY behind the front counter. They BREAK OPEN the cash box and begin PULLING OUT coins and bills.

SEIDER'S MOTHER

You've already taken my husband. What more can I give you?

But the Lead Soldier shows NO REMORSE.

REDCOAT SOLDIER

Only what you owe.

The Soldiers continue STUFFING the money into a SMALL POUCH.

With the cash box emptied, they STORM OUT of the Shop, leaving Seider's Mother IN TEARS.

ON CHRISTOPHER SEIDER, terrified at what's just happened.

52 INT. WARREN'S DOCTOR OFFICE - DAY

52

A dozen SICK or INJURED COLONISTS crowd into a CRAMPED doctor's office. Some have been BADLY HURT by the British crackdown. Others bring CHILDREN who appear to be starving.

IN THE BACK

An overworked Joseph Warren tends to a MALE PATIENT (40s) who appears to have a BROKEN LEG.

The Patient SCREAMS and WRITHES in DEADLY PAIN as Warren attempts to SET THE LEG.

Warren holds the man's LEG UP and puts his FULL WEIGHT on it. The Man SCREAMS OUT until we hear...

A LOUD CRACK!

And then CALM. The leg is set. The Man, no longer screaming, takes some DEEP BREATHS.

WARREN

How many were there?

PATIENT

Three. The big one put me into the street.

Warren lays TWO LARGE WOODEN RODS on either side of the man's legs, which he then begins WRAPPING TOGETHER in a 17th century version of a cast.

WARREN

What happened to the shop?

PATIENT

They closed me up. Took all the money and broke most of the merchandise. I'm lucky I'm still here.

ON WARREN, outrage quietly brewing. But he keeps it hidden deep.

WARREN

(re. the leg)

Lay off it for a month. My assistant can get you some crutches.

PATIENT

Thank you, Doctor.

Warren helps the man to his feet.

WARREN

You're the 12th person I've seen today. I fear it's going to get worse before it gets any better.

The Patient NODS and hobbles away, ANOTHER PATIENT helping him to the door.

Warren watches him go, RAGE deep down inside.

53 INT. HANCOCK'S MANSION - OFFICE - NIGHT

53

Hancock sits at his desk, at a COMPLETE LOSS as to how to move forward.

His Aunt Lydia very calmly enters the room and SITS DOWN across from $\mbox{him.}$

A LONG SILENT BEAT. Eventually...

AUNT LYDIA

You need to fix this.

HANCOCK

I know.

But Aunt Lydia isn't convinced.

AUNT LYDIA

(stern, voice raised)
This business operated without
incident for nearly 40 years before
it was given over to you. And now
it seems as though we've been
operating at a loss for months.

ON HANCOCK, sitting silently as he's LECTURED.

AUNT LYDIA (CONT'D)
Do I need to find someone else to run this company?

Hancock is THOROUGHLY ASHAMED. FRIGHTENED.

HANCOCK

That won't be necessary.

AUNT LYDIA

Are you sure?

Hancock attempts his BEST ASSURANCE.

HANCOCK

I'll handle it.

A BEAT. Aunt Lydia staring daggers into Hancock. Finally, the final word...

AUNT LYDIA

The Hancock's will not become destitute.

With that she WALKS OUT, leaving Hancock ALONE at his OVERSIZED DESK.

Hancock sits silently for a LONG BEAT.

He then stands and walks over to a LARGE and NICELY POLISHED WOODEN CHEST. He opens the drawer to the chest and pulls out... An EMBOSSED DARK WOODEN BOX.

He places the wooden box on the desk and LOOKS AT IT for a long moment. Finally... he opens the box.

INSIDE

Is a large, PRISTINE, porcelain-inlaid, gold plated FLINTLOCK PISTOL. Beside the pistol, displayed with care, are THREE SILVER BULLETS.

It's clear that this gun has NEVER BEEN USED. Clearly it was presented to Hancock as some sort of ORNAMENTAL GIFT.

A LONG BEAT as Hancock looks to the gun.

Eventually he PICKS IT UP and HOLDS IT AWKWARDLY in his hands. He's clearly never held a gun before.

He grabs the bullets and pockets them. He then takes the gun and SLIPS IT into the WAISTBAND of his pants.

He walks out of the room.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

54 EXT. BOSTON HARBOR - NIGHT

54

John Hancock silently makes his way down the docks, doing his best not to be seen.

He's returned to the site he STAKED OUT in the previous ACT.

UP AHEAD

Hancock spots a team of BURLY DOCKHANDS, busy unloading a LARGE MERCHANT SHIP.

Among the Dockhands is Sam Adams, working alongside the Irish Tough and some other FAMILIAR FACES.

ON HANCOCK

Watching Sam, looking nervous, sweat beading on his forehead. On his hip we see...

THE GUN.

Hancock slowly, and DISCRETELY, makes his way towards Sam.

As he gets closer, he clumsily BUMPS into a CRATE, KNOCKING it down with a SLIGHT THUD.

ON SAM AND THE DOCKHANDS

Who immediately LOOK OVER to the source of the sound.

BACK ON HANCOCK

Who JUMPS BEHIND a STACK OF CRATES before they can spot him.

He HOLDS HIS BREATH. Heart pounding.

After a BEAT Hancock LOOKS back around the corner.

Sam and the Dockhands are no longer looking. Coast clear.

Hancock continues nervously walking towards Sam. As he gets closer, he SLIPS HIS HAND onto his GUN.

The tension is THICK. Is he really going to kill this guy?

CLOSE ON HANCOCK'S FACE

Sweat on his brow, nervous, looking like he might vomit.

Hancock STOPS and watches Sam. He waits for the RIGHT MOMENT.

And waits.

And waits.

Sam has guys ALL AROUND HIM. Big, thick, TOUGH LOOKING dudes. As he was in the bar, it's looking like he's the MOST POPULAR guy at the docks.

ON HANCOCK, looking sick to his stomach. He absolutely DOES NOT WANT to have to kill this guy.

Hancock watches as Sam and the men UNLOAD CRATES and OTHER CARGO from the ship, transporting them to a nearby warehouse.

He watches for a LONG BEAT.

ON HANCOCK, gears turning in his head. AN IDEA COMES TO HIM. Maybe he doesn't have to kill him. Maybe he can work with him...

He slowly SLIPS HIS HAND OFF HIS GUN.

55 INT. GREEN DRAGON TAVERN - NIGHT

55

Later that NIGHT...

John Hancock enters the bar. He immediately STICKS OUT amongst the less refined PATRONS in the establishment.

With all of the British closures of shops and other businesses, the tavern is much more CROWDED than usual.

Hancock makes his way toward the back, DISCRETELY.

He passes by CHRISTOPHER SEIDER, who is now sporting a SMALL APRON, sweeping up some BROKEN GLASS in the corner. He's clearly picked up some EXTRA WORK at the Green Dragon.

ACROSS THE WAY

Hancock spots Sam, seated at a table in the back, not far from some of his USUAL BAR BUDDIES -- including the Irish Tough, Merchant Amos, the Sailor, and others from the DOCKS.

Hancock APPROACHES the table. Sam finally spots him.

Well if it isn't John Hancock!

HANCOCK

Sam. I was hoping we could have a word.

Sam LAUGHS slightly to himself. He gestures for Hancock to TAKE A SEAT across from him.

SAM ADAMS

(getting down to business)

So what do you want?

Hancock takes a seat. A BEAT as he collects himself, taking in his surroundings a bit. Then...

HANCOCK

I need your help.

SAM ADAMS

(suspicious)

And why would I help you?

HANCOCK

You owe me.

Sam SLAPS the table.

SAM ADAMS

I knew it! I knew you were after something.

HANCOCK

Look --

SAM ADAMS

(growing impatient)

So what do you want? Seriously.

A BEAT. Hancock EYES Sam and then some of the other men in the bar, many of whom he's just seen WORKING AT THE DOCKS.

HANCOCK

I need a way to get my cargo into the city. Without having to go through Hutchinson. And without having to pay his taxes.

Sam BURSTS OUT LAUGHING!

SAM ADAMS

Are you serious?

HANCOCK

Yes.

Sam KEEPS LAUGHING. Then...

SAM ADAMS

And how am I supposed to help you do that?

HANCOCK

You know people! You have mobs following you in the street.

Sam ROLLS HIS EYES.

SAM ADAMS

And why would any of my friends help you? You didn't bail them out of jail.

A BEAT. Hancock offers the only incentive he knows...

HANCOCK

I can pay.

Sam LAUGHS at him again.

SAM ADAMS

Of course you can.

But Hancock counters...

HANCOCK

Do you have a better offer?

ON SAM, a little thrown by that. Clearly the answer is no.

HANCOCK (CONT'D)

You have the influence, I have the money. Why not combine our talents and together enjoy the rewards?

A BEAT as Sam considers this. He's waiting for the other shoe to drop.

And then it does...

HANCOCK (CONT'D)

I would of course have to ask for your discretion.

So you don't want your rich friends to know you're cavorting with the likes of us, huh? Afraid that might get you kicked out of Hutchinson's inner circle?

HANCOCK

Oh, yes. Hutchinson won't like this at all.

A BEAT, ON SAM, smiling. Something about this intrigues him. Finally...

SAM ADAMS

Then I'm in.

56 EXT. PAUL REVERE'S WORKSHOP - DAY

56

ESTABLISHING SHOT: A LARGE SHOP FRONT on a mostly deserted street in the heart of Boston.

A sign on the front reads REVERE / SILVERSMITH.

57 INT. PAUL REVERE'S WORKSHOP - BACK WAREHOUSE - DAY

57

A LARGE and OPEN WAREHOUSE SPACE, hidden away in the back.

All around MEN are HARD AT WORK -- including Joseph Warren, young Christopher Seider and other familiar faces from the Green Dragon (including the Ship Captain, Sailor, Merchant Amos and Irish Tough.)

We can see they're planning and prepping something big -- an INVOLVED OPERATION. But we're not exactly sure what it is.

IN THE BACK, away from the focus of the camera, some men are dying a LARGE SAIL a deep BLACK.

Others stack a number of LARGE LOBSTER TRAPS.

Sam and Hancock review a MAP OF BOSTON HARBOR with the Ship Captain from the Green Dragon. The Captain traces a route.

SHIP CAPTAIN

We come in this way, from the south, out of the moonlight. That will put us in the shallow water, here.

That's great. Perfect.

The men are interrupted by the arrival of PAUL REVERE, a grizzled DRUNK and TAKE-NO-SHIT veteran in his late 20s.

Although Revere is letting them use his workshop he has no idea what they're up to. And he doesn't care.

SAM ADAMS (CONT'D)

Paul! How are you?

REVERE

Not bad, Sam.

The two share a manly embrace.

SAM ADAMS

I appreciate you letting us do this here.

REVERE

Oh hell, for what Hancock paid, you can have the place! I don't have much use for it lately anyway. Not with Hutchinson squeezing my balls.

Hancock winces at Revere's vulgarity. Revere notices.

REVERE (CONT'D)

I'm gonna end up with a shriveled little pair like you, Mr. Hancock.

Revere slaps a clearly uncomfortable Hancock on the back, laughing at his own joke.

Revere notices a GROUP OF MEN attaching THICK ROPES to a NUMBER of LOBSTER TRAPS.

The ropes are MUCH THICKER than would ever really be necessary to haul the traps.

REVERE (CONT'D)

I see you boys are expecting some heavy lobsters this season.

HANCOCK

Well, if we're to be completely honest with you --

Adams cuts him off, not wanting to alarm Revere.

What Mr. Hancock means to say is that, yes, we're hoping this is a banner year.

But Revere is on to their little game.

REVERE

If this little lobster hunt of yours somehow ends up with Thomas Hutchinson's house torn to pieces again, the drinks are on me.

He gives a wink and a nod and leaves them to their business.

58 EXT. BOSTON HARBOR - NIGHT

58

A SHIPPING VESSEL sails through the Harbor under the cover of darkness, speeding through the waves.

The Captain stands behind the Sailor (from the Green Dragon), who grasps the wheel tightly.

SATTOR

We're approaching the bay, sir.

The Captain nods. He turns to make an announcement to his crew.

SHIP CAPTAIN

Alright men. Put out the lanterns and change the sails! It's time.

The Deckhands SPRING INTO ACTION.

Men EXTINGUISH the lamps, casting the ship in darkness.

Others PULL DOWN the large white sail. In its place they raise a LARGE BLACK SAIL.

Hancock's ship is going into STEALTH MODE.

The ship continues cutting through the water.

Almost as if on the cue, the imposing HMS ROMNEY APPEARS IN THE DISTANCE.

The Men on the ship DROP EVERYTHING and IMMEDIATELY QUIET. They stand in place, careful not to make a move, hoping, PRAYING, the Romney can't see them.

ON THE DECK OF THE ROMNEY

A BRITISH LOOKOUT scans the bay. But all he can see is darkness...

BACK ON HANCOCK'S SHIP

The men HOLD THEIR BREATH, no one wanting to move an inch.

Suddenly a DECKHAND emerges from a lower deck carrying a LIT LANTERN.

SHIP CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

(in an angry whisper)

Put that out! Now!

The Deckhand FUMBLES with the lamp, trying to extinguish it before the Romney sees.

But it's too late...

ON THE DECK OF THE ROMNEY

The British Lookout SPOTS THE LANTERN barely illuminating Hancock's ship.

BRITISH SAILOR

Smugglers! Due east!

BACK ON HANCOCK'S SHIP

The Captain watches as the Romney turns and BEARS RIGHT DOWN on the ship. They've been spotted.

SHIP CAPTAIN

Lay anchor! All hands on deck!

The Captain turns to the Irish Tough and nods at him. The Tough heads towards the back of the ship.

We follow him to the side of the vessel where he CLIMBS DOWN a SMALL LADDER.

At the bottom of the ladder he DIVES INTO THE OCEAN.

59

59 EXT. HANCOCK'S SHIP - SHORTLY AFTER

The Ship Captain and his crew stand on deck, as a British Commander (Thomas Preston, from Act 1) and a troop of SOLDIERS board the ship. Commander Preston approaches the Colonial Ship Captain, who is waiting for him.

COMMANDER PRESTON

Interesting choice of color for your sails, Captain.

SHIP CAPTAIN

The glare off the white hurts my eyes, Sir.

Commander Preston doesn't appreciate the bullshit.

COMMANDER PRESTON

To whom is this ship registered, and what is its cargo?

SHIP CAPTAIN

John Hancock, sir. And our cargo is

COMMANDER PRESTON

Madeira wine.

SHIP CAPTAIN

Molasses, sir. Mr. Hancock has quite the sweet tooth.

Commander Preston scowls.

COMMANDER PRESTON

Bring me to the hold.

60 INT. HANCOCK'S SHIP - CARGO HOLD - SHORTLY AFTER

60

Commander Preston stands with the Ship Captain in a LARGE STORAGE ROOM that is only half-filled with CASES OF MOLASSES. He holds a LARGE CANE.

The Soldiers stand in the back of the room, ready to do the Commander's bidding.

SHIP CAPTAIN

We have claimed 20 crates of molasses - that is what you will find.

COMMANDER PRESTON
You expect me to believe that this is the only cargo on this ship?

SHIP CAPTAIN I merely report the facts.

Commander Preston turns to the Soldiers.

COMMANDER PRESTON
Search every inch of this ship. Any
goods unaccounted for in the
register are now the lawful
property of His Majesty the King.

He takes a few steps forward, knocking on the floor boards with his cane.

KNOCK. The sound of full, plank wood.

KNOCK. A nearly identical sound.

KNOCK. A lighter, hollow sound.

The Captain's pulse beating, sweat crawling down his forehead.

Commander Preston bends down, and feels around the piece of wood, and removes it, revealing...

A LARGE HIDDEN COMPARTMENT.

COMMANDER PRESTON (CONT'D)
I know every trick, Captain. And I
must say your methods are the work
of an amateur.
 (to Soldier)
Light!

The Soldier strikes a match to a LANTERN, and hands the light to Commander Preston. He looks at the Captain menacingly, and shines the light into the Compartment.

ON THE COMMANDER, shocked by what he has found...

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

61 INT. HANCOCK'S SHIP - CARGO HOLD - NIGHT

61

We come back mid-scene. ON THE CAPTAIN, relieved.

REVEAL: The completely EMPTY COMPARTMENT. There's nothing.

SHIP CAPTAIN

A vanishing trick perhaps, sir?

Commander Preston SCOWLS.

COMMANDER PRESTON

Tear this room apart. Search everything... and everyone.

The Soldiers go to work, grabbing the Captain and his Crew.

They immediately begin RIPPING THE PLACE TO PIECES, tearing into CARGO, hacking open the CARGO HOLD with large axes, etc.

62 EXT. HANCOCK'S SHIP - NIGHT

62

The ship floats calmly in the water, beside the threatening HMS ROMNEY.

THE CREW stands under the watch of the Soldiers, who search every inch of the vessel for hidden cargo.

The Soldiers continue TEARING THE PLACE APART, ripping open CRATES, searching every nook and cranny of the ship.

A Soldier RIPS OPEN a BARREL, finding it empty. Frustrated he THROWS IT OVERBOARD.

We follow the Barrel as it ARCS THROUGH THE SKY from the deck of the ship, falling all the way down...

Where it CRASHES INTO THE BAY...

RIGHT NEXT to the Irish Tough, still treading water.

While the barrel floats, the camera CONTINUES TO PAN DOWN, dipping below the surface of the water.

UNDERWATER

We continue to PAN DOWN the back of the ship, under the water. A small SCHOOL OF FISH swims by, blocking our vision.

When the FISH disappear, we see --

DOZENS OF BARRELS OF WINE, MOLASSES AND OTHER CARGO tethered to the underside of the ship.

The Shipping Vessel isn't smuggling cargo on the ship -- it's smuggling cargo beneath it.

John Hancock's smuggling operation has gone underground.

AT THE WATER LINE

The Irish Tough continues to tread water. He holds a LARGE KNIFE in his teeth.

He begins cutting through the rope that holds the barrels.

He ties a LOBSTER TRAP with FULL RED AND WHITE BUOY to the cut end of the rope.

CUT TO:

63 EXT. BOSTON HARBOR - NIGHT

63

A FULL MOON peaks over the horizon.

ON A RED AND WHITE BUOY

Bobbing on top of the water.

A SMALL ROW BOAT comes into view. Sam Adams and Merchant Amos row over and pick up the buoy.

The two exchange a SMILE.

ON THE DOCKS

A BRITISH SOLDIER glances out at the water. He sees Sam and Merchant Amos pulling up a lobster trap. They are pulling very slowly.

The boat nearly tips over and the two men steady and ease up the trap. All the Soldier can think is, what a couple of poor wretches. They'll drown themselves.

IN THE BOAT

Sam checks the wharf. He waves to the Soldier, holding up a trap, filled with LOBSTERS.

Connected to the rope, BENEATH THE WATER...

The barrels of molasses, wine, etc.

The Soldier turns and leaves and Sam and the man hastily haul the barrels into their boat. They quickly cover them with a BURLAP TARP.

A close call, but they have the CONTRABAND secured.

LATER, AT THE DOCKS

Sam and Merchant Amos row their boat to the dock, the contraband under their burlap tarp.

ON THE SHORE, they can see their WAGON waiting for them.

But between them and the wagon is the British Soldier, still on regular patrol.

There's no way to transfer the cargo to the wagon without being noticed.

Until a voice rings out...

WARREN (O.S.)

Please help! Somebody!

DOWN THE DOCK

Christopher Seider writhes on the ground, eyes clenched closed, GROANING in terrible pain.

The Yelling Voice belongs to Joseph Warren, who stands over Seider.

The British Soldier runs to him.

REDCOAT SOLDIER

Dr. Warren...

WARREN

This child has collapsed. I need a packet of cathartic salts.

Seider continues to GROAN.

REDCOAT SOLDIER

Sir, I don't --

WARREN

You can find them in the storehouse 100 yards down shore.

The Soldier hesitates.

WARREN (CONT'D)

Hurry! Now!

The Soldier TAKES OFF in a SPRINT.

As he leaves, Seider stops writhing on the ground, exchanging a knowing smile with Warren.

BACK ON SAM

With the COAST CLEAR, Sam and Merchant Amos load their Cargo into the waiting wagon.

SAM ADAMS

Thank you, good job.

MERCHANT AMOS

No problem.

SAM ADAMS

I'm headed to the warehouse.

MERCHANT AMOS

Ok.

SAM ADAMS

There's 24 more buoys. But don't grab them all at once -- space out your runs. I don't want any Redcoats getting suspicious.

MERCHANT AMOS

Got it.

CUT TO:

64 EXT. PAUL REVERE'S WORKSHOP - EARLY MORNING

64

The Wagon backs up toward Paul Revere's LOADING DOCK.

Eagerly awaiting its arrival is John Hancock.

Sam lifts the CANVAS on the back of the wagon. Barrels, still damp from the harbor.

65

Hancock's face widens into a smile. He starts clapping in appreciation.

HANCOCK

Bravo!

Hancock gets close, the chummiest we've seen him yet.

HANCOCK (CONT'D)

How much do you think you can handle?

SAM ADAMS

Everything you have.

Hancock PATS Sam on the back.

HANCOCK

We're going to make a lot of money.

65 INT. PAUL REVERE'S WORKSHOP - BACK WAREHOUSE - DAY

Sam, Hancock, Warren, Revere, Seider et. al huddle together in Revere's Storehouse, now their BLACK MARKET HQ.

Behind them MEN stack crates of ILLICIT GOODS, still dripping from their time in the ocean, into NEAT PILES.

Sam runs them through a MAP OF THE CITY, on which is a DETAILED PLAN for their BLACK MARKET OPERATION.

He's in TOTAL COMMAND and CONTROL, looking as if he's FINALLY FOUND HIS CALLING.

SAM ADAMS

We have fronts here, here and here. We'll run merchandise from the stockroom to the sites along these routes.

HANCOCK

How will we know who's on the inside?

WARREN

We need some sort of signal.

Paul Revere PIPES IN from the back.

REVERE

I can help with that.

LATER

Revere runs a **BRONZE COIN** through a POLISHING LATHE while the other men watch.

He FLICKS the FINISHED COIN to Sam Adams who catches it.

Sam looks to the coin, a SMILE across his face. He PALMS it.

SAM ADAMS

Ok, so here's how it'll work.

66 EXT. PAUL REVERE'S WORKSHOP - DAY

66

Merchant Amos approaches the door and KNOCKS.

No answer. He waits.

SAM ADAMS (V.O.)

Amos, you come here at a set time every morning. Say 10 o'clock.

Finally, a metal drawer SHOOTS OUT from the door.

Amos drops a BRONZE COIN (identical to the one minted by Revere) into the drawer, and it slides back into the door...

The sound of locks and bolts moving and... THE DOOR OPENS. Amos slips inside.

SAM ADAMS

Drop your coin out front, we'll load up the wagons...

MOMENTS LATER

Merchant Amos emerges from the shop, followed closely by the Irish Tough and some others, each carrying a LARGE CRATE of TEA, fully MARKED and STAMPED with the ROYAL SEAL.

They load up a mid-sized HORSE DRAWN WAGON.

67 EXT. BOSTON STREETS - DAY

67

Amos RIDES ALONG in the wagon. Up ahead he spots a handful of BRITISH SOLDIERS at a makeshift CHECKPOINT.

SAM ADAMS (V.O.)

Head through town, careful around the checkpoints....

Amos stops his wagon at the checkpoint. The Lead Soldier approaches him, giving the wagon a SUSPICIOUS LOOK.

He gives a NOD to the Other Soldiers, who head to the back of the wagon.

One of the Soldiers CRACKS OPEN one of the crates.

ON AMOS, holding his breath, NERVOUS, sweat on his brow...

The Soldier LOOKS INSIDE the crate.

REVEAL INSIDE: Just some LOOSE LEAF TEA.

The Soldiers runs his hands through the tea, even picking some of it up and SMELLING IT.

Satisfied it's all legit, he closes the crate and NODS to the Lead Soldier, who lets Amos on his way.

ON AMOS, feeling relieved as he drives away.

68 INT. SEIDER SHOP - HIDDEN ROOM - DAY

68

Amos enters a CRAMPED, DARK storeroom. The room is lit by LIGHT pouring in from around the edges of a CURTAIN.

SAM ADAMS (V.O.)
You get the stuff into the shops, and stack it up quickly.

He drops the crates down and CRACKS one open. He tosses the loose leaf tea to the ground.

REVEAL: Hidden inside the tea, BOTTLES and BOTTLES of WINE.

He begins STACKING the bottles onto MAKESHIFT SHELVES, on top of which are already a number of bottles.

CLOSE ON: The Curtain, light pouring in around the edges, some sort of ACTIVITY audible on the other side.

CUT TO:

69 INT. SEIDER SHOP - DAY

69

On the other side of the curtain is the Seider Family Shop, now converted into a BLACK MARKET STORE FRONT.

Christopher Seider sits behind a table at the front, boxes and barrels stacked around him.

Anyone with a coin is one of us.

A CUSTOMER slides a BRONZE COIN across the table, along with a STACK OF CASH.

Seider grabs the cash and walks to a BACK WALL, where a LARGE TAPESTRY hangs, covered with dust. It blends in with the wall so perfectly that we didn't notice it at first.

Seider pulls the tapestry aside, revealing a WOODEN DOORWAY.

He walks through it, into...

70 INT. SEIDER SHOP - HIDDEN ROOM - SAME

70

Amos is nearly finished unpacking the wine, which is now NEATLY STACKED on the shelf. He NODS HELLO to Seider.

SAM ADAMS (V.O.)
Once the stuff's in place, you grab
the money and head back home.

Seider walks to a LARGE ENVELOPE on the shelf. He grabs it and places the cash inside. He then starts grabbing some bottles of wine.

Amos grabs the envelope and walks out into...

71 INT. SEIDER SHOP - SAME

71

Amos walks through the shop, which is now CROWDED with people.

He walks out onto...

72 EXT. SEIDER SHOP - SAME

72

Amos exits the shop, only to see stretching down the block...

A LONG LINE of COLONIAL MEN and WOMAN waiting to purchase Black Market goods.

He walks along the line, stuffing the cash envelope into his jacket.

73 INT. PAUL REVERE'S WORKSHOP - BACK WAREHOUSE - DAY 73

Amos enters the shop, which is HUMMING with ACTIVITY.

People everywhere, unloading WET CRATES, stacking WINE and OTHER CONTRABAND into dry TEA CRATES. A well-oiled machine.

Amos makes his way over to a TABLE in the BACK where Sam Adams is waiting.

He DUMPS THE CASH out onto the table.

Sam CRACKS A SMILE.

CUT TO:

74 INT. HANCOCK'S MANSION - DAY

74

Another ELABORATE PARTY at Hancock's MANSION, this one to celebrate MAY DAY and the beginning of SPRING.

The USUAL SUSPECTS are there, including Hancock, Aunt Lydia, Governor Hutchinson and other BRITISH ELITE (including Abner Richardson and Mr. Lille), dressed in their SPRING FINEST.

Hancock SMILES and MINGLES with the guests, clearly STILL AT HOME with these people despite the illicit business with Sam.

Hancock and Hutchinson EYE EACH OTHER from across the room. Eventually Hutchinson approaches Hancock.

HUTCHINSON

Walk with me.

Hancock and Hutchinson WALK THROUGH the party.

HUTCHINSON (CONT'D)

About our business with Adams.

The private conversation is briefly INTERRUPTED by a passing partygoer (Abner Richardson, seen at the earlier party).

RICHARDSON

Happy May Day, Governor.

Hutchinson SMILES and NODS. After Richardson walks away...

HANCOCK

All in due time, Governor.

HUTCHINSON

(slightly skeptical)
So then you're dealing with it?

HANCOCK

(convincingly)

Just waiting for the right moment.

Hutchinson NODS, somewhat CONVINCED. For now. The Two Men stand in silence for a BEAT.

Eventually...

HUTCHINSON

I've been hearing rumors of some illicit businesses operating around town. You wouldn't know anything about that, would you?

HANCOCK

(stone faced)

No, sir. Haven't heard anything.

ON HUTCHINSON, maybe a BIT SUSPICIOUS. But not enough to pursue it.

Hutchinson SPOTS SOMEONE across the way -- someone MORE IMPORTANT than Hancock.

HUTCHINSON

If you'll excuse me.

Hutchinson NODS and excuses himself.

As Hancock watches him walk away he's approached by Aunt Lydia.

AUNT LYDIA

Everything back on track?

ON HANCOCK, a BIG SMILE on his face.

HANCOCK

Absolutely.

SMASHCUT TO:

75 INT. PAUL REVERE'S WORKSHOP - BACK WAREHOUSE - DAY

75

Hancock ENTERS the BUSTLING WAREHOUSE.

People are everywhere rushing about, including Joseph Warren, the Irish Tough, Christopher Seider, etc.

ON HANCOCK, a BIG SMILE on his face.

He walks TO THE BACK TABLE where Sam Adams is standing before a MASSIVE PILE OF CASH.

Sam counts out some of the money, ALL BUSINESS. He spots Hancock and gives him a NOD.

Hancock takes a place next to Sam and begins COUNTING OUT some of the money himself.

The Two Men COUNT in SILENCE for a bit, one time RIVALS who have now COME TOGETHER.

Revere walks by.

REVERE

Awful good lobster season this year, eh boys?

Revere SLAPS the two men on the back and continues on. As he walks away, we CATCH A SMILE on Sam's face. He's loving this.

Sam's approached by Seider.

SEIDER

I'm headed back to the shop, Mr. Adams.

SAM ADAMS

Sounds good, Chris.

SEIDER

I appreciate you letting me be a part of this. My mother and I finally have enough money to eat.

SAM ADAMS

Oh?

SEIDER

(trying to sound tough)
Redcoat bastards threw my dad in jail. Feels good to get the bastards back.

Sam NODS, giving a quizzical look to this precocious kid. Clearly this means more to him than just making money.

FROM A LITTLE WAYS AWAY, Warren watches the whole exchange. Sam catches his gaze and the two exchange a LOOK.

76 INT. GREEN DRAGON TAVERN - NIGHT

76

Later that day...

Adams toasts a pint in celebration. CHEERS all around the room, from the many MEMBERS OF THE OPERATION -- including Joseph Warren, Christopher Seider, and Paul Revere.

Glasses clinking in toast and cheers throughout the tavern.

Christopher Seider GRABS a BEER from the bar and attempts to drink it. Revere stops him.

REVERE

Hey now buddy! Not so fast.

Revere GRABS the beer from Seider.

REVERE (CONT'D)

That's my beer.

He TOSSES it back.

AT THE BAR

A SHADY MAN watches the celebration. With his back to us we can't quite make out who he is.

The Sailor from Sam's BLACK MARKET OPERATION leaves the group and STUMBLES DRUNK over to the bar, next to the Shady Man.

The Sailor FINISHES his beer. He pulls a few SHILLINGS from his pocket, throws them on the bar and then leaves.

CLOSE ON THE PILE OF SHILLINGS: in the mix, a BRONZE COIN.

ON THE SHADY MAN, who we now recognise to be HUTCHINSON'S AIDE (seen earlier), his eyes LOCKED on the COIN.

CUT TO:

77 INT. HUTCHINSON'S MANSION - OFFICE - DAY

77

A small ARMY OF AIDES surrounds Hutchinson's office desk. Among them is his Aide we just saw leaving the celebration at the Green Dragon.

Hutchinson holds up the BRONZE COIN.

CLOSE ON HUTCHINSON, rage in his face. But also a hint of SATISFACTION.

END ACT SIX

ACT SEVEN

78 INT. SEIDER SHOP - DAY

78

Hutchinson's Aide, dressed again in CIVILIAN CLOTHES, inspects MERCHANDISE along the walls in the Seider family shop. Merchant Amos sits at the front, reading a PAMPHLET.

The Aide casually approaches the Amos and LEANS IN close.

GOVERNOR'S AIDE

I'm having trouble with my garden. I heard this is the place for fertilizer.

Amos looks up, and NOT RECOGNIZING the man, points to the exit.

MERCHANT AMOS

I'm sorry, sir, but there's no fertilizer here. This is an apothecary. Try Mrs. O'Brien's down on Barrington Street.

The Aides reaches into his pocket, and pulls out a BRONZE COIN. He slides it over to Merchant Amos.

GOVERNOR'S AIDE

One bag of fertilizer, please.

Amos LOOKS UP again, and sees the COIN on his counter. He puts down his Pamphlet, and picks up the COIN.

Amos walks to the window and looks outside, making sure the STREET IS EMPTY.

It is.

Amos returns inside, and goes behind his desk, walking to the BACK WALL.

MERCHANT AMOS

(to the man)

Wait here.

He moves the LARGE TAPESTRY aside and opens the SECRET DOOR to the HIDDEN BACK ROOM.

79 INT. SEIDER SHOP - HIDDEN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

79

The room is packed with HUNDREDS OF BOTTLES of wine.

MERCHANT AMOS

(calling out)

How many bottles you want?

A beat. There's NO RESPONSE.

Amos SHRUGS. He grabs a wooden box, and puts TWO BOTTLES inside.

He closes the box, and walks back towards the Shop.

80 INT. SEIDER SHOP - CONTINUOUS

80

Merchant Amos emerges from the Hidden Room.

MERCHANT AMOS

One bag of fertilizer for --

He looks up to see the store is filled with BRITISH SOLDIERS.

He drops the BOX, which falls to the ground with a sickening THUD.

Wine begins spreading out across the floor, like a POOL OF BLOOD.

Hutchinson's Aide SMILES at Amos.

GOVERNOR'S AIDE

Thank you for your assistance.

The Soldiers walk forward, MENACING.

CUT TO:

81 EXT. SEIDER SHOP - SOON AFTER

81

The British Soldiers TEAR the shop apart, walking CRATES and CRATES worth of CONFISCATED MERCHANDISE out into the street, carelessly throwing them into LARGE PILES.

Two Soldiers lead Merchant Amos from the shop, hands shackled behind the back in CUFFS.

AROUND A NEARBY CORNER

Careful not to be seen, Sam and Hancock watch one of their Black Market shops get TORN TO PIECES. Sam is OUTRAGED.

If they're going to take down our shops, we have to go after theirs.

HANCOCK

(incredulous)

What are we going to do, send a mob to tear every loyalist shop in Boston to the ground?

ON SAM, gears TURNING in his head.

SAM ADAMS

No. We need to start a boycott.

HANCOCK

A boycott? What for?

SAM ADAMS

So people won't buy from them. They'll know to buy from us.

HANCOCK

But no one knows it's us!

A TENSE BEAT. Sam's rage isn't going anywhere.

HANCOCK (CONT'D)

We need to lay low for a while -- until this blows over.

Hancock can see the ANGER on Sam's face.

HANCOCK (CONT'D)

We can get the market up and running again. In the meantime... (pointed, at Sam)

Just don't do anything.

With that ORDER GIVEN Hancock WALKS OFF, leaving Sam ALONE.

A BEAT ON SAM, deep in thought.

CUT TO:

82 EXT. BOSTON STREETS - NIGHT

82

FULL MOON high over Boston.

Sam Adams PEAKS HIS HEAD from around a CORNER of a SMALL ALLEY. Coast is clear.

Sam NODS back into the alley. He stealthily creeps into the street, followed closely by the Irish Thug, Christopher Seider and Others from their operation.

Each man carries with him a PAINT BRUSH and a BUCKET OF PAINT.

THE IRISH TOUGH

Sneaks up to the door of a LOYALIST SHOP. He dips the brush into the bucket, and paints a LARGE "T" on the door.

He stands back for a second, observing his handiwork.

Satisfied, he hurries off DOWN THE ROAD.

WE GO WIDE, REVEALING...

Sam overseeing while his men paint "Ts" on a NUMBER OF SHOPS down the road:

A TAVERN, a CUSTOMS OFFICE, a GENERAL STORE, etc.

83 INT. HANCOCK'S MANSION - DAY

83

Hancock walks through his mansion, walking into the PARLOR, where he comes across his Aunt Lydia and an older FEMALE FRIEND (Richardson's Wife, who we'll see later). He catches the TAIL END of their conversation.

AUNT LYDIA

It's disgraceful. Troublemakers, tearing Boston apart.

Hancock's EARS PERK UP. Lydia notices him.

AUNT LYDIA (CONT'D) Have you heard about this, John?

HANCOCK

Heard about what?

AUNT LYDIA

Some hooligans have been painting *Ts* on some of the shops downtown. And now large crowds are protesting outside the doors, not letting anyone inside.

ON HANCOCK, angry. He knows EXACTLY what this is about.

HANCOCK

No, I hadn't heard.

84 INT. GREEN DRAGON TAVERN - NIGHT

84

Hancock BURSTS IN. He SPOTS SAM in his usual place and STORMS OVER TO HIM.

He confronts Sam in a HUSHED yet FORCEFUL WHISPER.

HANCOCK

What are you doing? We got away with this! Are you trying to get caught?

SAM ADAMS

I'm doing what we set out to do.

HANCOCK

No. You're not.

Sam DIGS INTO Hancock.

SAM ADAMS

You want to keep making money, don't you? You want to keep living that privileged life...

HANCOCK

Why are you making this into something that it's not?

SAM ADAMS

You try so hard to be one of them. Don't you realize you never will be? No matter how many parties you throw?

HANCOCK

You act like you have so much integrity. But if it wasn't for me and my money you'd be rotting in a jail cell right now.

SAM ADAMS

At least I know which side I'm on.

HANCOCK

Why do there always have to be sides with you?

SAM ADAMS

Because there are!

A TENSE BEAT as both men take this in.

Finally...

HANCOCK

Ever since I helped you, my life has been shit.

SAM ADAMS

Shit huh? Well, I don't remember asking for your help.

HANCOCK

You are playing a dangerous game.

SAM ADAMS

Maybe it's not a game.

Hancock is a little THROWN by this comment.

HANCOCK

That's even worse.

A BEAT. Hancock LEANS IN to Sam, dropping his voice, getting DEADLY SERIOUS.

HANCOCK (CONT'D)

You need to stop this. Now.

SAM ADAMS

(mocking him)

Of course, Your Majesty.

HANCOCK

(bursting rage)

Screw you!

Hancock STORMS OUT leaving Sam to finish his drink.

85 EXT. BOSTON STREETS - MORNING

85

The next morning, a large CROWD OF PEOPLE is gathered outside one of the Loyalist shops we saw earlier, its FRONT DOOR marked with a LARGE "T".

The Crowd CHANTS and TAUNTS the store. Some hold LARGE SIGNS that read "TORIE" and "IMPORTER" etc. In the middle we see Christopher Seider and some other FAMILIAR FACES -- including the Irish Tough.

We find Sam Adams off to the side, watching it all.

IRISH TOUGH

Torie! Torie! Torie!

The crowd takes up the Chant. But still, no reaction from inside the shop.

IRISH TOUGH (CONT'D)

Perhaps Mr. Lillie is hard of hearing. Let's show him what we think!

A group of MEN STORM INTO the shop, and drag out the LOYALIST SHOPKEEPER (Mr. Lillie).

The Crowd surrounds him, continuing with their chant. Mr. Lillie looks around, genuinely confused.

MR. LILLIE

What is this about?

The crowd quiets down. The Irish Tough steps forward.

TRISH TOUGH

You have been tried and found guilty by your fellow citizens. Now accept your punishment.

MR. LILLIE

I'm just trying to run my business to feed my family.

The CROWD ROARS, angrily TAUNTING Lillie.

Abner Richardson, the Loyalist Merchant seen earlier at Hancock's parties, watches the ANGRY SCENE from down the road.

He approaches a BRITISH SOLDIER who's STANDING GUARD but not looking eager to intervene.

RICHARDSON

Are you just going to stand there and let them get away with this?

REDCOAT SOLDIER

We're not looking to escalate the situation, sir.

RICHARDSON

That's outrageous! Look at these animals.

Richardson SPOTS a CLUB hanging from the Soldier's BELT.

He GRABS IT.

REDCOAT SOLDIER

Hey!

Richardson PUSHES through the crowd, club in hand, making an ANGRY BEELINE for the heart of the MOB.

RICHARDSON

Get away from here!

He attempts to WRESTLE a Protest Sign away from Seider, who resists. A STRUGGLE BREAKS OUT.

The CROWD'S ATTENTION quickly turns to Richardson.

They ANGRILY TAUNT him. Richardson GETS DEFENSIVE.

RICHARDSON (CONT'D)

Out of here! All of you.

Richardson CLUBS A THUG right in the FACE. Blood SHOOTING from above the Thug's EYE.

ALL HELL BREAKS LOSE.

ROCKS FLY THROUGH THE AIR, some STRIKING Richardson on the NECK and BACK.

Richardson drops the club and RETREATS, breaking out of the crowd in a SPRINT.

IRISH TOUGH

After him!

DOWN THE STREET

Richardson RUNS through the city, keeping a GOOD PACE for an old British guy. Elements of the ANGRY CROWD chase after him in CLOSE PURSUIT.

He RACES up to a MODEST HOUSE.

He JUST MANAGES to make it to SAFETY inside the door.

86a INT. RICHARDSON'S HOUSE - DAY

86a

Richardson DOUBLE BOLTS the door.

And RUNS UPSTAIRS.

86b EXT. RICHARDSON'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

86b

The ANGRY CROWD arrives and POUNDS THE DOOR.

IRISH TOUGH

Come out, you coward!

86c INT. RICHARDSON'S HOUSE - 2ND FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

86c

Richardson RUSHES into a BEDROOM, where he finds his TERRIFIED WIFE.

RICHARDSON'S WIFE

What's happening?

Richardson goes to the window and opens it. He yells down to the ground...

RICHARDSON

Get lost! All of you!

86d EXT. RICHARDSON'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

86d

The Crowd only YELLS LOUDER.

OFF TO THE SIDE

The Irish Tough grabs a ROCK. He looks up to Richardson's window.

86e INT. RICHARDSON'S HOUSE - 2ND FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

86e

The rock comes CRASHING THROUGH the top of the window, GLASS SHATTERING.

Richardson's wife SCREAMS.

86f EXT. RICHARDSON'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

86f

More Thugs pick up ROCKS and HURL THEM at the house.

86g INT. RICHARDSON'S HOUSE - 2ND FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

86q

Richardson DUCKS below the window, his wife COWERING in the corner.

He CRAWLS across the GLASS STREWN floor and grabs a MUSKET from a nearby CHEST.

86h EXT. RICHARDSON'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

86h

The STONE SHOWER is relentless. Richardson appears at the window. He rests his musket on the sill.

RICHARDSON

Last chance or I'll fire!

The threat only INFLAMES the mob. A hail of STONES and CURSES answers Richardson.

Richardson raises the musket to his shoulder... AND FIRES.

CHRISTOPHER SEIDER

catapults backward, HIT IN THE CHEST AND ABDOMEN.

A WOMAN SCREAMS.

The Mob QUICKLY SCATTERS.

Seider lies jerking spastically on the street. Blood seeps from beneath the boy's shirt and pants.

ON SAM ADAMS

watching from down the street. He can't quite make out what's happened. But quickly the HORRIFYING REALIZATION sinks in.

He CALLS OUT in a PANIC.

SAM ADAMS

Somebody get Warren! Now!

He RUSHES to Seider's body, which CONVULSES as the young boy COUGHS UP blood. Sam DROPS TO HIS knees, helpless.

After A MOMENT, Joseph Warren arrives.

He immediately tends to Seider. But it's too late...

The life slowly drifts out of the young boy's body, as he dies in Warren's arm, a STREAK OF BLOOD across his RIGHT CHEEK (which might call to mind Native American WAR PAINT.)

Warren looks up to Sam, RAGE in his face.

ON SAM, a terrified look. What have I done?

END ACT SEVEN

ACT EIGHT

87 EXT. BOSTON GRAVEYARD - DAY

87

CLOSE ON: TWO YOUNG BOYS walking hand in hand, dressed in their Sunday finest. Two boys follow them, and two others follow after them.

PULL OUT to reveal a procession of a DOZEN YOUNG BOYS, solemnly walking in pairs down the street.

Behind them is a SMALL, ELABORATE CASKET, engraved with three lines:

The serpent lurks in the grass. The fatal dart is thrown. Innocence is nowhere safe.

Holding the casket is a collection of BOSTON'S most Prominent Citizens, including Sam Adams, Joseph Warren and Paul Revere.

A SOBBING WOMAN walks with them -- Seider's Mother.

Behind them, DOZENS OF TOWNSPEOPLE follow, showing their support.

British Soldiers line the streets, ready for anything that might happen. But this is a day of mourning. The Procession files peacefully past --

A TREE

which has just one sheet of Paper nailed to its bark. It reads:

The wicked shall not pass unpunished.

The processing reaches...

THE BURIAL SPOT

Adams and co. lay the coffin down in front of an already dug GRAVE.

Adams LOOKS OUT into the crowd, where he spots John Hancock. The two exchange a DEADLY TENSE LOOK.

They hold the look for a LONG BEAT.

Sam drops Hancock's gaze and approaches SEIDER'S MOTHER, her face RAW and RED with tears.

SAM ADAMS

I'm so sorry, ma'am. Mr. Hancock has covered any expenses. If you need any money --

Seider's Mother SLAPS HIM across the face.

SEIDER'S MOTHER

You're a monster.

ON SAM, shocked, then deeply wounded. The comment STINGS.

SEIDER'S MOTHER (CONT'D)

He was just a boy. He looked up to you.

A powerful beat as this sinks in. Seider's Mother's despair has turned to ANGER.

SEIDER'S MOTHER (CONT'D)

How dare you get him involved in something like this.

ON SAM, wracked with guilt.

SAM ADAMS

(at a loss)

I'm sorry...

Seider's Mother walks away, FURIOUS.

ON SAM, ashamed.

A MINISTER begins his sermon.

MINISTER

We are gathered here today to mourn the loss of a child of Boston. And of an innocence gone too soon.

LATER

Seider's Coffin is LOWERED into the ground as his Parents and a small crowd of MOURNERS watch on.

IN THE BACK, away from the crowd...

Sam stands solemnly, Revere, Warren and some of the others from their operation at his side.

They watch as...

IN THE DISTANCE

Hancock approaches Seider's mother to pay his FINAL RESPECTS. She EMBRACES him warmly.

JUST THEN...

An ORNATE CARRIAGE pulls up near to Sam & Co., out of which steps perhaps the most unwelcome visitor possible...

GOVERNOR THOMAS HUTCHINSON.

The Governor walks past Sam, Warren and Revere.

SAM ADAMS

How dare you show your face here.

HUTCHINSON

I only come to pay my respects. And to tell the boy's family how sorry I am for their loss.

SAM ADAMS

We are far past apologies.

Hutchinson SIGHS and shakes his head.

HUTCHINSON

The boy's blood stains your hands more than mine, Mr. Adams. You must end this madness before it's too late.

Hutchinson makes his way toward the service (and Seider's family). As he walks away...

REVERE

You're a coward Hutchinson!

Hutchinson STOPS SHORT but doesn't turn around.

REVERE (CONT'D)

You should have your bloody face bashed in! You damn weasel.

Hutchinson makes to walk toward the service again but then thinks better of it. He doubles back to his Carriage.

He ENTERS the carriage, which TROTS OFF.

ON SAM, WARREN AND REVERE, watching him as he goes.

88

88 INT. GREEN DRAGON TAVERN - DAY

A SPARSE CROWD of MOURNERS sit and drink. A heavy and sorrowful quiet fills the tavern.

Sam sits alone at the bar, deep in thought.

John Adams ENTERS. He spots his cousin and walks over to him, taking a seat beside him at the bar.

JOHN ADAMS

(to the bartender)

A pint, please.

Sam looks to John but the two say nothing. The BARTENDER hands John the beer.

They sit in silence for a heavy moment.

The only sound is the light CLINKING of glass and the murmur of QUIET CONVERSATION in the back of the bar. Finally...

SAM ADAMS

He was just a boy...

Sam trails off, not sure how to complete the thought. John speaks quietly and gently.

JOHN ADAMS

Sam, please. This has gone too far.

It needs to end now.

Sam STANDS from his chair. He finishes his drink and places a SHILLING on the bar.

SAM ADAMS

This is just the beginning.

He WALKS OUT without looking back.

END ACT EIGHT

ACT NINE

89 INT. GREEN DRAGON TAVERN - PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT

89

Sam Adams gathers with his LOYAL GANG. Among the assembled men -- Joseph Warren, Paul Revere, etc.

For months these men have been running an UNDERGROUND smuggling operation to make some money.

But now THINGS HAVE CHANGED. They want REVENGE.

Revere takes a long roll of paper and spreads it out in front of Sam: A MAP OF BOSTON.

REVERE

There was a scuffle down 'round Dock Square. Redcoats got into it with a few of our boys. Market's a complete mess.

SAM ADAMS

Were any of our people hurt?

REVERE

(shaking "no")

No one seriously.

Sam nods.

REVERE (CONT'D)

Our men beat the soldiers back toward the barracks, nothing but clubs and torches in their hands.

Sam considers the report, pouring over Revere's map as he considers the next move.

WARREN

The streets are awful quiet. Frost likely has the Redcoats boarding up for the night.

SAM ADAMS

Good.

(beat)

Then let's hit the barracks.

The Men STAND to depart, grabbing CLUBS, UNLIT TORCHES, etc.

SAM ADAMS (CONT'D)

There will be no more comfort for British Soldiers in Boston.

The door SWINGS open.

The Irish Tough comes in from the cold. His chest heaves, out of breath.

IRISH TOUGH

Mr. Adams -- the soldiers are on the move.

SAM ADAMS

Where?

IRISH TOUGH

King Street.

90 EXT. BOSTON STREETS - NIGHT

90

A GROUP OF BRITISH SOLDIERS under a barrage of snowballs.

COLONIAL CHILDREN duck and hide along the buildings.

Commander Preston comes forward from the barracks to join his troops. He's irritated, flustered by the taunting children.

AROUND THE CORNER

A cold draft blows through Boston, snow lightly falling.

Sam Adams, leading the GREEN DRAGON MEN. Clubs in hand.

They're all FIRED UP, looking for action.

MEN catch sight of the crowd from their BEDROOM WINDOWS. They rush for their coats and... EMPTY OUT INTO THE STREETS.

The mob gathers MOMENTUM, an avalanche of angry men gathering. Marching to King Street.

The town CHURCH BELLS ring, echoing through Boston...

BACK ON COMMANDER PRESTON

On the SOUND OF THE CHURCH BELLS, the soldiers raise their MUSKETS at the children.

Snowballs continue to fly through the air, joined by sticks and rocks.

COMMANDER PRESTON (to the children)
Stand down, you fools! Stand down!

One of the soldiers takes a hit from a BALL OF ICE. He stumbles backward, dropping his musket.

Commander Preston watches the soldier go down. He's frantic, incensed.

AT THE BARRACKS

Thomas Hutchinson and his Aide EMERGE to see what all the Commotion is about. They look down the road, only to see...

BEYOND THE CHILDREN

A MOB OF MEN surges onto King Street.

At the head of the crowd, Sam Adams, flanked by his MEN.

BACK ON HUTCHINSON

Who IMMEDIATELY SPOTS Adams.

He turns to Preston, the two men LOCKING EYES.

Hutchinson POINTS DIRECTLY AT ADAMS.

BACK ON PRESTON

Who LOOKS BACK to the MOB of MEN.

His anger quickly turns to FEAR.

ON SAM ADAMS

Who CALLS OUT to Preston and his troops.

SAM ADAMS Villains! Murderers!

The mob join the children, picking up SCRAPS OF RUBBISH, launching anything they can grab at the soldiers.

SAM ADAMS (CONT'D)

You turn your guns on citizens of the crown! His Majesty's children! How dare you?

SCREAMS and TAUNTS come from every direction. The British soldiers are vastly outnumbered.

Noise from the mob, the church bells ringing -- pure bedlam in the streets of Boston.

ANOTHER VOLLETY OF RUBBISH AND ICE

Strikes the troops.

The British soldiers inch back. The mob inches closer, close enough that the soldiers can clearly see their faces.

ON SAM ADAMS, anger in his eyes. He's practically BEGGING the Soldiers to shoot.

COMMANDER PRESTON

LOOKS BACK to Hutchinson, as if to ask What to do?

Hutchinson simply NODS.

Preston TURNS BACK to the CROWD OF MEN.

COMMANDER PRESTON
(yelling to be heard)
We will not tolerate your threats!
By the command of the King --

Preston dodges another volley from the mob.

COMMANDER PRESTON (CONT'D)
(to his soldiers, barely
audible over the noise)
Fire!

The soldiers HOLD, SHOCKED by the order. Never before has an officer commanded his soldiers to fire on colonial citizens.

They FREEZE, stuck between the terror of the mob and their desperate Captain.

SAM LEADS THE MOB TO BATTLE

The men brandish sticks as if they were swords, forcing themselves on the soldiers.

A THUG swings his club down on the head of a SOLDIER.

The soldier falls back onto Commander Preston, who forces him back on his feet.

COMMANDER PRESTON (CONT'D) Fire damn you, fire!

Whoozy from the blow, the Soldier aims. A THUG ahead of him, point black.

THE SOLDIER'S FINGER ON THE TRIGGER.

Squeezing down...

The musket hammer wretches back, slams forward.

FIRE as the powder charge ignites. SMOKE.

Musket ball hurtling through the air.

It STRIKES one of ADAMS' MEN, laying him out on the ground.

CUT TO:

91 INT. HANCOCK'S MANSION - SAME

91

Hancock HEARS THE GUNFIRE.

He hurries over to the window as MORE SHOTS RING OUT.

92 EXT. BOSTON STREETS - SAME

92

BULLETS FLYING, bodies STREWN about the streets.

CLOSE ON SAM, TERROR in his face.

CUT TO BLACK

THE SOUND OF HISTORIC GUNSHOTS ECHOING THROUGHOUT BOSTON.

END ACT NINE

END NIGHT ONE