

UNITED STATES OF FUCKIN' AWESOME

By

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FADE IN:

INT. NATIONAL ARCHIVES MUSEUM - DAY

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

TOUR GUIDE

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

A few tourists lazily snap pics with their smart phones.

TOUR GUIDE

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

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

TOUR GUIDE

Our founding fathers - imperfect as they were - stood with foresight and dignity to create a majestic new nation.

EXT. COLONIAL TOWNSQUARE - NIGHT

SUPER: JULY 4th, 1776

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

THOUSANDS OF RED COATS crest the hill!

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

JEFFERSON

We're all gonna die.

TITLE OVER BLACK:

The United States of Fuckin' Awesome

INT. COLONIAL APARTMENT - DAY

SUPER: JULY 3rd, 1776 - One Day Earlier

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

JEFFERSON

Complete horse shit! Every word.

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

JEFFERSON

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

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

FRANKLIN (O.S.)

A bit indisposed at the moment.

Jefferson goes back to writing, grumbles under his breath.

KNOCK KNOCK! Frantic pounding on the front door.

JEFFERSON

You expecting company?

FRANKLIN (O.S.)

The more the merrier.

Jefferson ignores the door, and instead lights a cigarette.

JEFFERSON

As long as it's not John--

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

Jefferson puts out the cigarette, hides it behind him.

JEFFERSON

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

ADAMS

Where's the Declaration?

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

JEFFERSON

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

ADAMS

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

JEFFERSON

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

ADAMS

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

Hancock groans in anger, CRACKS his knuckles.

ADAMS

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

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

JEFFERSON

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

Hancock glares, throws Jefferson through a door into--

BATHROOM:

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

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

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

FRANKLIN

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

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

ADAMS
He's had enough.

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

JEFFERSON
These things take time.

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

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

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

Jefferson wipes his face with the rag.

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

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

EXT. WASHINGTON'S MANOR HOME - DAY

A stately home surrounded by manicured hedges. Quiet, serene.

INT. WASHINGTON'S MANOR HOME - OFFICE - DAY

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

An ARTIST'S hand makes quick brush-strokes.

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

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

WASHINGTON

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

ARTIST

You cannot rush perfection, sir.

Washington struts over to check out the painting up close.

WASHINGTON

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

ARTIST

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

WASHINGTON

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

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

WASHINGTON

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

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

BARWICK

Still need your signature on these,
General...

He notices the papers all over the floor.

BARWICK

...and those.

WASHINGTON

Since when has paperwork ever saved
a country, huh?

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

WASHINGTON

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

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

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

MARTHA

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

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

WASHINGTON

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

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

MARTHA

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

Everyone lays into Washington all at once.

BARWICK

We need your authorization in
triplicate, sir--

ARTIST

Please stop moving around so
I may finish--

MARTHA

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

BARWICK

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

WASHINGTON

Fuck this noise.

Washington storms out of the house.

INT. CRAMPED COLONIAL APARTMENT - NIGHT

Candlelight illuminates Jefferson scribbling away.

JEFFERSON

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

FRANKLIN

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

Jefferson hands the pages over. Franklin holds them close, takes his glasses off, but still has to squint to read them.

JEFFERSON

Need new glasses, old man?

FRANKLIN

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

JEFFERSON

Trust me, it's brilliant.
(instantly doubts)
I think... Oh God, maybe I should take another quick pass at it. Add something about unfair taxation...

FRANKLIN

You'll do no such thing!

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

FRANKLIN

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

They both take a deep, proud breath.

FRANKLIN

But first... drunken celebration!

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

INT. LOCAL PATRIOT TAVERN - NIGHT

A smoky tavern, beer and conversation flowing freely.

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

FRANKLIN

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

JEFFERSON

I was asking about French tariffs.

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

WASHINGTON

Heyyyyy!

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

WASHINGTON

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

JEFFERSON

Special occasion.

FRANKLIN

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

WASHINGTON

(to Franklin)

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

FRANKLIN

Bah! I'm busier than ever. Just discovered electricity, as well.

WASHINGTON

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

Washington gives Franklin a solid high-five.

WASHINGTON

(to Jefferson)

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

JEFFERSON

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

WASHINGTON

I'm here, ain't I?

INT. LOCAL PATRIOT TAVERN - LATER

Same table, but by now our guys are off-their-balls drunk.

Jefferson's liver clearly can't keep up with the other two--

But he tries.

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

WASHINGTON

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

JEFFERSON

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

WASHINGTON

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

Everyone LAUGHS uproariously.

Jefferson absently plays with a cigarette.

WASHINGTON

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

JEFFERSON

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

WASHINGTON

Shit. Buzzkill at ten o'clock.

FRANKLIN

Ugh, must we engage with Benedict Arnold right now?

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

Our guys shield their faces, but it's too late. Benedict bounds over, awkwardly tries to wedge another chair between them, but there's not much room.

BENEDICT

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

JEFFERSON

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

BENEDICT

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

WASHINGTON

(sarcastic)

Whaaaat? Never.

BENEDICT

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

Benedict bounces out the tavern's back door, just as--

Several REDCOAT SOLDIERS enter the bar, already a bit drunk. Laughing amongst themselves. A chill goes through the room at the sight of these armed enemy soldiers.

REDCOAT SOLDIER #1

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

The Redcoats strut over to the bar like they own the place, all eyes on them, waiting for trouble. The Barmaid nervously starts pouring them glasses of beer.

BARMAID

Here ya go, gents. On the house. Don't want any trouble--

The soldiers sip their beers, recoiling in distaste.

REDCOAT SOLDIER #2

It's cold! And there are bubbles in
it for some ungodly reason!

Redcoat Soldier #1 POURS the beer at the Barmaid's feet.

REDCOAT SOLDIER #1

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

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

WASHINGTON

This is OUR tavern. Serving
American beer for American men.
Someone's gotta teach these
assholes a lesson.

JEFFERSON

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

WASHINGTON

I am.

EXT. LOCAL PATRIOT TAVERN - NIGHT

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

FRANKLIN

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

JEFFERSON

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

WASHINGTON

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

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

Redcoats storm out, ready to fight.

JEFFERSON

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

Washington marches over to the Redcoats.

WASHINGTON

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

REDCOAT SOLDIER #1

(removes white gloves)

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

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

WASHINGTON

Welcome to America, son.

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

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

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

INT. LOCAL PATRIOT TAVERN - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

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

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

WASHINGTON

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

JEFFERSON

They threw me through a window!

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

The rest of the fighters make their way back inside.

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

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

KA-POW! A gunshot. Everyone freezes.

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

BARMAID

Redcoats or not, you all best
vacate the property 'fore I reload
my friend here.

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

REDCOAT SOLDIER #1

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

Redcoats leave the tavern, LAUGHING.

EXT. LOCAL PATRIOT TAVERN - NIGHT

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

FRANKLIN

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

A wobbly Franklin drunkenly saunters off with the women.

Washington rubs his jaw, winces in pain.

WASHINGTON

So, where to next, man?

JEFFERSON

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

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

WASHINGTON

Not sure that means what you think
it means.

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

WASHINGTON

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

Jefferson sighs as Washington slumps over, half-passed out.

The carriage slowly veers off the road, into the grass.

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

JEFFERSON

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

INT. LOCAL TAVERN - NIGHT

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

BARMAID

Those your friends that were drinkin' here?

BENEDICT

My best friends!

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

EXT. WASHINGTON'S MANOR HOME - NIGHT

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

WASHINGTON

You're gonna show up in my fuckin' country and insult the alcohol. Warm beer. And what next? Cold pussy? That ain't ever gonna be the American way.

(to Jefferson)

And you! You shoulda been in there, fighting, protecting the honor of our beer.

As they pull up, Barwick rushes out, hoists an arm around Washington to help him stumble inside.

Martha greets them, un-surprised by her husband's state. She hands Jefferson a mug of coffee.

MARTHA

Thomas. Always the loyal friend.

JEFFERSON

At least someone thinks so.

MARTHA

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

JEFFERSON

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

MARTHA

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

Jefferson nods, follows her inside.

INT. WASHINGTON'S HOUSE - SPARE BEDROOM - LATER

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

JEFFERSON

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

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

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

WASHINGTON (O.S.)

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

MARTHA

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

WASHINGTON (O.S.)

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

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

JEFFERSON

Sounds like the worst is over.

MARTHA

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

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

WASHINGTON (O.S.)

(drunkenly sings)

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

Ugh. Martha heads out to deal with her husband's bullshit.

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

FADE TO BLACK.

SUPER: JULY 4TH 1776

EXT. NEW ENGLAND ROADSIDE - DAY

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

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

COCKY MAN

Dammit, men! Move faster!

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

PENNYWEATHER

Excuse me, kind sirs. Would either of you happen to know where I could find the man in charge around here?

COCKY MAN

Speaking. And what would you have of me?

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

PENNYWEATHER

(gives a formal wave)
Nigel Pennyweather, Esquire, at
your service. Personal assassin to
His Majesty King George. Pleased to
be your final acquaintance.

Pennyweather pulls out a pistol, squeezes the trigger. BOOM!

The Cocky Man falls over dead.

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

PENNYWEATHER

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

Patrick Henry rushes to the dead man's side.

PENNYWEATHER

Ah hello. And who are you?

HENRY

Patrick Henry. Give me liberty or
give me death.

PENNYWEATHER

Can you wait for the British army
to arrive or must I get another
pair of gloves?

HENRY

General Washington will see you
hang for this.

PENNYWEATHER

Pardon? Isn't that the gent lying
here?

HENRY

No. That is-- was the provincial
governor of Massachusetts Bay.

Pennyweather SCOFFS loudly, very annoyed by the mistake.

PENNYWEATHER

Tsk-tsk. You colonies are so
uncouth, running around willy-nilly
not being the correct corpses... Do
you know where I could find the
General?

(MORE)

PENNYWEATHER (CONT'D)

I'm rather keen on squashing this pesky rebellion by putting a round in the old boy.

HENRY

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

INT. WASHINGTON'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAWN

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

Jefferson enters, rubbing his temples and hating life.

SOLDIER

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

Washington doesn't bother to lift his head.

WASHINGTON

What's the rule?

SOLDIER

(sighs)

Sir. No bad news before noon. Sir.

JEFFERSON

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

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

WASHINGTON

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

JEFFERSON

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

WASHINGTON

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

JEFFERSON

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

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

JEFFERSON

Shit.

(to Washington)

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

EXT. BROTHEL - DAY

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

JEFFERSON

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

WASHINGTON

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

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

JEFFERSON

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

MADAM

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

JEFFERSON

That's not what-- I mean a mutual friend partook of your goods and services last night and--

Washington pushes Jefferson out of the way.

WASHINGTON

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

She holds out an expectant palm.

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

The door swings open wide into--

INT. BROTHEL - MAIN ROOM - DAY

A grandiose lobby oozing sleazy charm.

The MADAM, 40s, big hair and heavy make-up, flesh spilling out of her bodice, leads the men to the "showroom." Topless WORKING GIRLS prance in and flirt. Each set of boobs boasts a colony sash: Ms. Delaware, Ms. Vermont-- 13 of 'em.

MADAM

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

JEFFERSON

I'm not sure I know what that--

MADAM

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

WASHINGTON

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

A BUXOM BLONDE shimmies and waves her boa at Washington.

WASHINGTON

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

He makes a lewd hand gesture. The blonde nods.

Jefferson pushes a distracted Washington towards the stairs.

INT. BROTHEL - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

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

JEFFERSON

Ben? Ben, are you in here?

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

Washington SLAMS the door and pushes Jefferson to the next.

WASHINGTON

How the hell have you never been to a brothel?

JEFFERSON

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

WASHINGTON

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

FRANKLIN (O.S.)

Darling Claire, where are you?! According to my almanac, you're hours late.

Washington throws open the last door.

INT. BROTHEL - BEDROOM - DAY

The guys rush in to see Ben tied to the broken bed. Nude.

Lil' Franklin flopping around.

The room shows evidence of a scandalous night that should never be spoken of again. There's empty liquor bottles and whips, a saddle, melted candles... Jefferson quickly throws a sheet over Ben's pruned junk.

WASHINGTON

Where's the declaration, old man?

FRANKLIN

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

Jefferson and Washington dig through the damage, searching.

FRANKLIN

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

Jefferson starts to untie Franklin, but Ben squirms away.

JEFFERSON

Help us look.

FRANKLIN

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

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

FRANKLIN

(sighs)

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

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

FRANKLIN

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

JEFFERSON

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

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

WASHINGTON

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

Franklin shrugs, begins to dress. Starts with his undershirt.

Then top shirt... buttons each button... Adds his puffy tie--

WASHINGTON

Pants first.

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

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

WASHINGTON
 (re: Declaration)
 It ain't here.

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

JEFFERSON
 She robbed you!

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

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

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

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

JEFFERSON
 Yeah. Except I maaaaaybe included a
 list of all the names of who was
 gonna sign it.

FRANKLIN
 Dear God, why would you do that?

JEFFERSON
 I'm sorry. I was just-- Ugh. I
 thought I could sneak my name in
 there, really small so no one would
 notice.

(MORE)

JEFFERSON (CONT'D)

You know Hancock is gonna sign so freakin' big, I thought I might get away with it.

WASHINGTON

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

JEFFERSON

They were all gonna sign it anyway!

FRANKLIN

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

JEFFERSON

How bad is it?

WASHINGTON

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

Jefferson plops on the edge of the broken, slanted bed.

Swipes a bottle of whiskey from the night stand and swigs.

JEFFERSON

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

WASHINGTON

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

Jefferson takes a longer swig.

FRANKLIN

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

WASHINGTON

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

FRANKLIN

"B" it is.

JEFFERSON

What else you got?

Washington strolls to the window, gazes out over Philadelphia.

Puts his hands on his hips.

WASHINGTON

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

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

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

INT. BROTHEL - CHECK IN DESK- DAY

Our guys approach the Madam, doing paperwork.

FRANKLIN

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

Franklin storms up.

FRANKLIN

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

MADAM

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

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

Jefferson and Washington step up and play along.

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

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

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

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

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

Franklin takes the book, scans the page.

FRANKLIN
 All acts completed.

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

FRANKLIN
 Completed. Completed.

Jefferson and Washington look back at a shameless Franklin.

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

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

SAM TIMPSON 7/4/76 3:28am -- Checked out for day permit.

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

Washington rips out the last page. They run out.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - DAY

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

JEFFERSON

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

A pristine Liberty Bell over the courthouse TOLLS eleven am.

WASHINGTON

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

JEFFERSON

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

FRANKLIN

That would never happen, friend.

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

FRANKLIN

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

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

Adams oversees, unhappy with every aspect.

ADAMS

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

WORKER

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

ADAMS

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

JEFFERSON

(spotting Adams)

Shit.

Our guys cover their faces, and sneak behind the bandstand.

They see underneath the stage, stockpiled boxes of party hats, KAZOOS, and FIREWORKS.

FRANKLIN

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

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

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

JEFFERSON

So now we just have to find this Sam Timpson.

WASHINGTON

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

FRANKLIN

Tim Sampson.

(beat)

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

WASHINGTON

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

JEFFERSON

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

Mention of that name deflates all the energy.

WASHINGTON

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

JEFFERSON

But if they can help us...?

FRANKLIN

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

JEFFERSON

Fine. I'll do it.

FRANKLIN

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

JEFFERSON

Guys, it's a child.

WASHINGTON

It's a monster!

EXT. CITY STREET CORNER - DAY

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

TOWN CRIER

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

Jefferson stands directly in front of the Town Crier.

TOWN CRIER

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

JEFFERSON

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

TOWN CRIER

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

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

TOWN CRIER

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

JEFFERSON

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

TOWN CRIER

(annoyed)

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

Jefferson grimaces, digs through his pockets.

JEFFERSON

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

TOWN CRIER

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

A CROWD starts to gather, interested in this news.

JEFFERSON

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

That's a misrepresentation of the facts.

TOWN CRIER

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

JEFFERSON

Oh, come on! I thought this was news!

TOWN CRIER

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

An idea hits Jefferson.

JEFFERSON

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

TOWN CRIER

I'm listening...

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Jefferson returns to a GIGGLING Franklin and Washington.

WASHINGTON

Not so easy, was it, hotshot?

FRANKLIN

Can't win them all, Thomas.

JEFFERSON

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

WASHINGTON

Dude, how'd you pull that off?

JEFFERSON

Just gotta speak her language.

TOWN CRIER

Hear ye, hear ye! Town crier exclusive: Local press master Benjamin Franklin robbed blind by prostitute. General Washington caught shaving the rump of a British horse for his own sick pleasures!

Jefferson walks off as his friends drop their smug smiles.

EXT. ROUGH NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Their carriage pulls up to a cluster of dilapidated shops.

Washington hops down, ties up the carriage horses.

WASHINGTON

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

JEFFERSON

Wait. Why are we stopping?

WASHINGTON

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

Washington points to a grungy TATTOO PARLOR.

WASHINGTON

With every victory, he gets more ink.

FRANKLIN

And when he loses?

WASHINGTON

Inks a Private.

INT. TATTOO PARLOR - FRONT COUNTER - DAY

Walls boast large flippable papyrus pages of tattoo designs.

Our guys talk to the FRONT COUNTER GUY, leather vest over his puffy white shirt.

JEFFERSON

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

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

FRANKLIN

(points to Jefferson)
But, if my colleague here is a customer--

FRONT COUNTER GUY

--He goes back.

JEFFERSON

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

WASHINGTON

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

JEFFERSON

In that case, send him.
 (re: Franklin)
 He's got like ten kids.

FRANKLIN

To be clear, only six I absolutely cannot deny. And of those, zero I'm willing to take a needle for.
 (to Washington)
 What about you? You certainly tout yourself as quite the rough and tumble fellow.

WASHINGTON

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

Washington looks around to make sure nobody else can hear.

WASHINGTON

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

JEFFERSON

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

FRANKLIN

One-two-three-not it!

WASHINGTON

Not it!

JEFFERSON

What!?

CUT TO:

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

We PULL OUT to reveal we're in...

INT. TATTOO PARLOR - BACK ROOM - DAY

The tattoo in progress sits squarely in the middle of Jefferson's ass cheek. He's pants down, bent over a table.

TATTOO ARTIST sits at a large primitive tattoo machine, gears and cogs spinning furiously as he operates it by foot pedals.

The thrusting needle looks like it REALLY hurts.

JEFFERSON

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

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

Hale gets two hash lines added to an inked tally on his neck.

Across his bare, chiseled chest is "1 LIFE 2 GIVE" in Old English script.

HALE

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

JEFFERSON

Action?

HALE

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

JEFFERSON

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

HALE

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

JEFFERSON

My ass.

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

JEFFERSON

(points to the tattoo)
No! No, I mean look, OWWW, would a British spy do this?

Hale walks over, checks out Jefferson's ass.

HALE

Now, that is one beautiful sight!

INT. TATTOO PARLOR - FRONT COUNTER - DAY

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

WASHINGTON

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

HALE

(to Jefferson)

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

JEFFERSON

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

Hale drops his arm from Jefferson's shoulder.

HALE

(crazy-eyed)

You don't like the tattoo?!

Jefferson realizes what dangerous territory he's traversing.

JEFFERSON

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

HALE

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

Hale lights up a cigar, and rushes off.

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

JEFFERSON

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

WASHINGTON

Walk it off, dude. Walk it off.

INT. MUNITIONS STOREHOUSE - DAY

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

RANDOM SOLDIER #1
Move it, guys! They're saying
Concord's fallen the same as
Lexington.

RANDOM SOLDIER #2
If we don't cut off their supply
chain tonight, we'll all be dead.

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

JEFFERSON
Which one is Tim Sampson?

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

HALE
Private Sampson. You have visitors.

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

Washington accosts Sampson with the brothel ledger.

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

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

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

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

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

Tim immediately realizes he's said too much.

WASHINGTON

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

JEFFERSON

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

FRANKLIN

--An angel from heaven!

JEFFERSON

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

FRANKLIN

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

WASHINGTON

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

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

WASHINGTON

(to Franklin)

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

FRANKLIN

That's enough.

JEFFERSON

His youthful energy, gentle caress--

FRANKLIN

Shut your mouth! We're in love!

WASHINGTON

And this guy's already made you a pathetic cuckold. You just gonna take that?

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

TIM SAMPSON

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

FRANKLIN

You depraved bastard!

TIM SAMPSON

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

Washington pulls Franklin off to give Tim some air.

TIM SAMPSON

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

FRANKLIN

Slightly less troubling.

WASHINGTON

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

JEFFERSON

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

WASHINGTON

Sometimes you have to make sacrifices for the greater good.

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

Solemn moment. Washington salutes the soldier.

WASHINGTON

Thank you. Colonel.

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

JEFFERSON

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

WASHINGTON

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

Behind them, all the soldiers begin saluting Tim.
 Before Jefferson can open the Declaration we hear--
 BANG! BANG! Gunshots outside!

EXT. MUNITIONS STOREHOUSE - DAY

BANG! BANG! More gunshots. Our guys run out to investigate.
 Soldiers pour out of the storehouse, followed by Hale,
 thrusting GUNS into everyone's hands.

HALE

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

JEFFERSON

(re: gun)
 Oh no, I don't think I should have
 one of these. I don't know how to--

WASHINGTON

Just stay low and follow my lead.

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

WOMAN #1

(calling to other)
 Nice shot, Mrs. Bechdel!

WOMAN #2

Thanks! My husband taught me.

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

BENEDICT

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

Washington jumps into General-mode.

WASHINGTON

(ordering different men)
 You two, flank to the left.

WASHINGTON

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

Jefferson holds his pistol like a rat by the tail.

JEFFERSON

So what do I do again?

WASHINGTON

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

B-WIZZ! Musket fire explodes the chicken coop.

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

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

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

JEFFERSON

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

Jefferson tries to reload, but gunpowder spills everywhere.

BENEDICT

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

WASHINGTON

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

BENEDICT

Yes, sir! On it, sir!

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

Jefferson, spins around, feeling attacked--

BANG! His pistol goes off... and a round burrows into
Benedict's LEG!

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

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

Washington sees a path to safety leading to his carriage.

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

HALE
 Willfully dangerous distractions are what I do best, General!

Washington grabs Franklin, heads to Jefferson and Benedict.

WASHINGTON
 So, we've got a tiny-ass window to get-
 (beat)
 What the hell happened here?

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

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

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

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

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

BANG! The gun goes off...

Into Benedict's other leg.

Jefferson and Benedict both SCREAM. Benedict waves him away.

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

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

Behind them, Hale sets fire to the carriage.

FRANKLIN
That carriage?

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

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

JEFFERSON
But that was our getaway!

HALE
(shrugs)
Sorry, bro!

Our guys run off from the skirmish.

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

BENEDICT
My house!!!

EXT. ADAMS LAW OFFICE - MINUTES LATER

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

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

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

WASHINGTON
Fuck yeah!

They skid up to Adams and Hancock.

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

Adams snatches and unfolds the paper and sees:

INSERT: FRANKLIN'S BLUEPRINTS

ADAMS

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

Jefferson, confused, grabs the papers back.

JEFFERSON

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

FRANKLIN

My blueprints!

JEFFERSON

He thought this was the valuable document worth stealing!?

Jefferson crumples the blueprints, throws them at Franklin.

Franklin picks up his blueprints, smooths them out.

FRANKLIN

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

ADAMS

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

Hancock menacingly grins. Stalks towards our guys.

EXT. SMALL CAFE PATIO - DAY

Nigel Pennyweather sips tea, flips through a newspaper.

PENNYWEATHER

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

SOUNDS of the nearby scuffle. Pennyweather looks up.

PENNYWEATHER

What is that dreadful racket?

YOUNG SQUIRE

A street brawl, sir.

PENNYWEATHER
Typical yanks.

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

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

EXT. ADAMS LAW OFFICE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

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

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

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

FRANKLIN
You take that back, sir!

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

Washington turns to Adams.

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

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

WASHINGTON
Not fucking likely.

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

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

WASHINGTON
Son of a bitch! Quick!

Washington pushes Adams out of the line of fire.

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

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

Pennyweather picks one with a pearl inlay handle.

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

PENNYWEATHER
How very unsporting of them.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - DAY

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

Blood spots appear on Washington's shoulder.

JEFFERSON
Holy shit, George. You get hit?

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

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

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

Franklin finds an unlocked door, swings it open.

FRANKLIN
Quick gents! Inside!

INT. BURLESQUE CLUB - DRESSING ROOM - DAY

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

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

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

WASHINGTON

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

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

JEFFERSON

You know that guy?

WASHINGTON

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

FRANKLIN

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

WASHINGTON

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

FRANKLIN

That sounds splendid.

WASHINGTON

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

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

INT. BURLESQUE CLUB - MAIN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A sexy DANCER on stage, wearing only frilly underwear and garters, leads a risqué fan routine with several other GIRLS as a PIANO PLAYER belts out a jaunty tune.

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

WASHINGTON

Might as well enjoy the show 'til the coast is clear.

(distracted by girls)

(MORE)

WASHINGTON (CONT'D)

And then we'll go find the...
whatever it was...

Jefferson pulls out his cigarette, again fiddling with it.
Really jonesing for a puff. Almost shaking from nerves.

JEFFERSON

God, I need a smoke! But no, no,
not until after the war--

WASHINGTON

We're safe, alright? No way that
limp dick Limey is coming in a dive
like this.

FRANKLIN

Gents, this is exactly the
diversion we need to take stock,
rethink our strategy, and time
permitting, lap dances for all!

Franklin pulls a wad of cash from his pocket, drops it on the
table. Jefferson picks up one of the bills, scrutinizes it.

JEFFERSON

Really Ben? Counterfeit money?

FRANKLIN

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

JEFFERSON

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

WASHINGTON

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

BETSY (O.S.)

George?

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

WASHINGTON

(sarcastic)

Well if it isn't Betsy "Save the
Earth" Ross. You always did have a
habit of showing up and makin' my
day just a little bit worse.

BETSY

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

WASHINGTON

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

Betsy SLAPS him.

WASHINGTON

Are we done here?

BETSY

I see, now you take making a new
country seriously because your
friends are doing it--

WASHINGTON

(sotto)

Guess not.

BETSY

But, back when it was us, you
couldn't be bothered. We were gonna
change the world, George.

WASHINGTON

I helped. There was that sign-
painting night.

BETSY

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

WASHINGTON

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

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

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

JEFFERSON

Shit, guys. He's coming in!

WASHINGTON

Quick! Grab a girl, and we'll look like every other horndog in here!

The men grab the closest scantily-clad DANCERS and pull them into their laps. Franklin gets greedy, pulls an extra one. It works - they do blend in now.

Betsy GLARES at Washington.

BETSY ROSS

We're not done here, mister.

Pennyweather storms in, followed by the Squire.

PENNYWEATHER

Good God! It's a haven of grotesqueries.

Pennyweather covers his young Squires's eyes, as he tries in vain to get everyone's attention over the music.

PENNYWEATHER

Pardon the intrusion, I hope to make certain inquiries...
(no response, tries louder)
I say, please cease jiggling your dainty bits for one moment, this is terribly important...

Annoyed, Pennyweather cocks his pistol and--

KA-BLAM! Shoots the piano player dead. The whole room gets quiet real fucking fast. Pennyweather puts on a genteel smile, even as the smoke from his gun hangs in the air.

PENNYWEATHER

I do hate to interrupt this godless parade of fornication, but I have a shiny silver pound for information on the whereabouts of your General Washington and his accomplices.

Awkward silence as everyone hangs their head, looks away.

PENNYWEATHER

Very well, two pounds. And my solemn vow you won't end up like that unfortunate chap at the piano.

MUMBLES in the crowd. But still no takers, until--

BETSY ROSS

I know where that asshole's at.

Jefferson cringes in his seat, as Washington CURSES under his breath. Franklin peeks through the dancer's hair to get a better look.

BETSY ROSS

But I want five pounds. Upfront. Girl's got a business to run, ya know?

PENNYWEATHER

(hands over the coins)
Fine, yes, agreed. I advise you purchase more clothing for these women before they die of consumption.

Washington braces for the inevitable. His life over, when--

BETSY ROSS

Ol' Georgie left about an hour ago, said something about heading to Jersey for a long weekend. Leave now, you can probably catch up.

Whew! Huge SIGH of relief from our guys, still hiding behind the dancing girls to keep from being seen.

PENNYWEATHER

Pity he's no longer here. I was prepared to go as high as twenty pounds for his immediate capture.

That does it -- CHAOS ERUPTS as everyone in the room points out our guys at their table, the dancing girls leaping up to reveal them.

Patrons and dancers alike SWARM towards Pennyweather to claim the reward.

Pennyweather spots Washington across the room, grabs another pistol from his Squire and tries to aim--

But can't get a good shot through the riotous crowd. Damn!

Jefferson ushers his friends through the chaos.

JEFFERSON
Back the way we came!

They pass Betsy Ross, who's still pissed at Washington.

BETSY ROSS
Hey, you owe me one! Women better
get the fucking vote when you pull
this whole thing off.

WASHINGTON
Yeah yeah, of course. Can't tell a
lie, remember?

She's NOT happy with that answer. The men dash behind a nearby curtain into the...

INT. BURLESQUE CLUB - DRESSING ROOM - DAY

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

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

Washington rips the lock off the closet.

WASHINGTON
Hey ladies! These perverts were
diggin' through your panties!

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

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

ADAMS
You can forget about ever being
more than a secretary!

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

BETSY
Thanks a lot for ruining my
costumes, assholes!

She reaches for the fabric. Blue in one corner, with strips of red and white. Glittery stars spilled all over the blue.

Head tipped to one side, an idea sparks.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - DAY

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

Washington suddenly looks woozy, shoulder leaking blood.

JEFFERSON

You sure you're okay?

WASHINGTON

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

Washington stumbles a bit, braces himself against the wall.

WASHINGTON

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

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

EXT. ARMY FIELD HOSPITAL - DAY

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

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

DR. ABERNATHY

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

WASHINGTON

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

DR. ABERNATHY

Would you like something for the
pain?

WASHINGTON

I'll try anything once.

JEFFERSON

Franklin's rubbing off on you.

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

FRANKLIN

Who's rubbing me off?

Dr. Abernathy preps a needle full of morphine.

Washington instantly turns pale at the sight of the needle.

WASHINGTON

(re: the wound)

Shit, this? Don't hurt at all.

Washington smacks his own wound to show how tough he is. Bad idea. He fights to not grimace, tries to stretch, show off how great he feels.

He notices a glass container of white pills. Swipes a handful, downs them in one gulp.

WASHINGTON

Here we go! Couple of these pain killers oughta do the trick.

DR. ABERNATHY

General, those aren't pain killers. They're... erectile enhancers for the infantry.

WASHINGTON

Why the hell are we givin' boner pills to the troops?

DR. ABERNATHY

(holds up paperwork)

You ordered them, sir--

WASHINGTON

God, I really gotta start reading the shit I sign off on.

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

DR. ABERNATHY

I have my nurses treat the local working girls for bumps, rashes and those little pinchy buggers.

FRANKLIN

How noble of you.

DR. ABERNATHY

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

JEFFERSON

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

Dr. Abernathy raises an eyebrow in surprise.

FRANKLIN

My girlfriend Claire.

DR. ABERNATHY

Most of the women have been booked for a Loyalist party this evening in Torresdale. The Brits tend to spend freely the night before a big battle.

WASHINGTON

(thinks it over)

Huh. Torresdale is miles away, but if we cross the Delaware River... we can make it to that party.

FRANKLIN

What do you propose? Swim?

EXT. BIG CHIEF TRADING OUTPOST - DAY

Our guys inspect the merchandise at the outdoor market.

Washington knocks on the wood of the several boats, testing them for who knows what.

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

THE CHIEF

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

JEFFERSON

Just a canoe.

WASHINGTON

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

THE CHIEF

How about Dutch oven? Or slightly used garden till?

FRANKLIN

Who'd want these silly things anyway?

Franklin picks up a walking stick, looks it over.

WASHINGTON

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

(looks around)

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

FRANKLIN

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

The Chief instantly drops the Native American accent.

THE CHIEF

Ok, who the hell are you guys?

JEFFERSON

Hey, what happened to your accent?

THE CHIEF

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

FRANKLIN

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

THE CHIEF

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

WASHINGTON

How much for that canoe over there?

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

THE CHIEF

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

WASHINGTON

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

THE CHIEF

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

Jefferson takes a softer approach.

JEFFERSON

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

WASHINGTON

Fuckin' run for it!

Washington flips a table of animal pelts, and books it to the
canoe. Jefferson trailing.

JEFFERSON

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

WASHINGTON

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

They jump in the canoe, grab the paddles, look back to see
The Chief and Franklin running side by side.

JEFFERSON

Ben! Hurry!

FRANKLIN

Alas, these haunches of mine are
too slow! But you must make haste!

Franklin purposefully BUMPS into The Chief, causing them both
to TRIP and tumble to the ground.

Washington starts paddling furiously away from the bank.

JEFFERSON

We can't just leave him here.

WASHINGTON

The old man bought us enough time
to maybe still pull this off.

FRANKLIN

(yells out to them)

If you find my darling Claire, put
in a good word for me!

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

The Chief stands up, brushing himself off, pissed.

THE CHIEF

Fucking immigrants, man.

EXT. DELAWARE RIVER - SUNSET

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

JEFFERSON

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

WASHINGTON

You know why we're friends, Thom?

JEFFERSON

Cause I'm your designated driver?

WASHINGTON

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

(beat)

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

JEFFERSON

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

WASHINGTON

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

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

JEFFERSON

--What are you doing?

WASHINGTON

Those pills from the army doc.
They're, uh...
(embarrassed)
Taking effect.

Washington stands up, adjusts his crotch.

JEFFERSON

Get down! You'll have us spotted.

WASHINGTON

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

JEFFERSON

Dammit, you're gonna tip us over.

WASHINGTON

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

Jefferson accidentally looks at Washington's bulge.
Horrified, he picks up the pace of his paddle strokes.

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

JEFFERSON

Just try to look natural.

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

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

Franklin trudges along in the dark, creepy sounds in the woods. Up ahead, something glows orange in the shadows. Cigarette embers. Sound of a gun CLICKING.

Oh shit! Franklin quickly turns to see even more behind him.

The FIGURES move in the dark, ever closer.

FRANKLIN

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

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

FRANKLIN

Wait, so if you're not...

He notices the French emblem on their jackets.

FRANKLIN

The French! I love the French!

The soldiers CHEER. It's obvious that these guys are wasted.

A FRENCH CAPTAIN stumbles over, hands Franklin a cask of wine.

FRENCH CAPTAIN

(broken English)
Do you talk French?

FRANKLIN

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

More drunken CHEERS from the French soldiers.

INT. FRENCH PARTY-BUS CARRIAGE - NIGHT

Franklin is mid-party with the French.

MONTAGE:

--They pour champagne down Franklin's throat.

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

--They all rough-house like old friends.

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

END MONTAGE

EXT. DELAWARE RIVER - NIGHT

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

EXT. BRITISH MANSION - NIGHT

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

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

INT. FRENCH PARTY-BUS CARRIAGE - NIGHT

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

FRENCH CAPTAIN
We've arrived, Monsieur Franklin.

FRANKLIN
You are gentlemen and scholars.

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

FRANKLIN
(re: eagle)
And thank you kindly for my new
friend. I shall name him Bartleby.

Franklin drunkenly stumbles out, the eagle under one arm.

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

EXT. BRITISH MANSION - NIGHT

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

WASHINGTON

Franklin's girl has gotta be here somewhere.

JEFFERSON

How are we getting in there unnoticed?

FRANKLIN (O.S.)

I have a saying for that! "An unnoticed man is like a potato..."

They spin and see: Franklin, an eagle perched on his shoulder. He HICCUPS, obviously drunk.

FRANKLIN

Clearly not one of my best.

WASHINGTON

Hey, you made it after all! How the hell did you travel like five miles on your own?

FRANKLIN

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

WASHINGTON

He's slosed. He's fuckin' slosed.

JEFFERSON

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

ONSTAGE:

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

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

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

FAKE FRANKLIN
 And why is that?

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

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

FAKE WASHINGTON
 Waaaaaah!!!

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

IN THE BUSHES:

Franklin GIGGLES, and leans over to Washington.

FRANKLIN
 Oh, that is so you!

Washington is not finding this sketch at all humorous.

ON STAGE:

Fake Washington stands, hands on hips, effeminate.

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

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

FAKE WASHINGTON
 Does it work?

FAKE FRANKLIN
 Of course not!

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

IN THE BUSHES:

Franklin grabs his tummy, can't stop LAUGHING.

FRANKLIN
That's hi-larious!

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

JEFFERSON
At least you got acknowledged.

FRANKLIN
You know who would LOVE this?
Hamilton. He's always singing and
dancing.

WASHINGTON
Yeah, let's not give him any ideas.

JEFFERSON
(an idea hits)
Say, if they're wearing Colonial
costumes, then where are their
actual outfits?

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

BEHIND THE STAGE:

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

FRANKLIN
(to the eagle)
Stay.

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

JEFFERSON
(whispers to Franklin)
Pants first.

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

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

JEFFERSON

No time to pull rank, George--

WASHINGTON

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

JEFFERSON

Nobody will notice.

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

MANSION GROUNDS:

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

PARTYGOER #1

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

PARTYGOER #2

(takes a sip)

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

JEFFERSON

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

INT. MANSION - MOMENTS LATER

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

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

BRITISH SOLDIERS

(singing, drunken unison)

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

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

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

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

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

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

FRANKLIN
 Sing it! God save that King!

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

Jefferson looks at Washington. Will this song never end?

A British soldier pushes Jefferson forward.

BRITISH SOLDIER
 Solo!

Jefferson freezes. The piano player's hands hover over the keys, awaiting Jefferson to start.

All eyes on Jefferson as he does his best guess at lyrics, still singing to the tune of "God Save the King."

JEFFERSON
 Kings look good in a crown / Not at
 all like a clown--

The other soldiers look at each other confused.

WASHINGTON
 (joining in)
 'Cause this King rules.

Washington glares at the others.

WASHINGTON
 What? You guys don't know this
 version? Here we'll teach you.

Washington raises his hands to "conduct" the others, as Jefferson and Washington improvise lyrics on the spot.

JEFFERSON/WASHINGTON
 Let's don our fancy wigs / and kill
 the rebel pigs / God save the King!

Everyone lifts their glasses in CHEER.

JEFFERSON

We're never gonna search the whole house this way. Let's split up. Cover more ground.

Our guys head in three different directions.

INT. MANSION - EAST WING - LATER

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

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

Washington steps back, listens in.

INT. MANSION - LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

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

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

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

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

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

They notice the costumed Washington at the doorway.

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

Washington bites his tongue.

WASHINGTON

I am. Thank you.

The Officer is clearly waiting for something more.

WASHINGTON

(begrudging)

...Sir.

INT. MANSION MAIN ROOM - SAME

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

Suddenly, he catches a glimpse of Claire!

INT. MANSION - SECOND FLOOR HALL - CONTINUOUS

CLAIRE, in a masquerade mask, fixes her make-up in a large wall mirror next to a railing that looks down on the party.

She's accompanied by a BEAUTIFUL FRIEND, applying lipstick.

CLAIRE

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

BEAUTIFUL FRIEND

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

CLAIRE

Girl, I've gotten worse for less.

Claire hands her a folded piece of paper.

CLAIRE

Blot.

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

CLAIRE

Oh shit! Hide me.

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

FRANKLIN

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

CLAIRE

I'm sorry! It wasn't my idea--

FRANKLIN

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

The two girls look at each other in confusion.

INT. MANSION - DINING ROOM - SAME

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

HIGH RANKING OFFICIAL #1

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

HIGH RANKING OFFICIAL #2

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

They all turn to Jefferson.

HIGH RANKING OFFICIAL #1

What is your opinion?

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

HIGH RANKING OFFICIAL #2

Colonel?

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

JEFFERSON

(British accent)

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

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

HIGH RANKING OFFICIAL #2

Dear God, man, are you suggesting
democracy for our military
decisions?

JEFFERSON

(nervous laugh)

Nooooo.

(MORE)

JEFFERSON (CONT'D)

That would be the Colonial way of doing things, which I am obviously totally against.

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

JEFFERSON

Tell me, which ones are us again?

The officers exchange curious glances.

INT. MANSION - SECOND FLOOR HALL - SAME

Franklin takes a deep breath, and begins:

FRANKLIN

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

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

FRANKLIN

One. The way the freckles on your cheek make up the points on a heart. Two. The ringlets in your hair that know the natural curve of your ear. Three--

This is going to take a while...

INT. MANSION - MAIN ROOM - SAME

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

INT. MANSION - DINING ROOM - SAME

The officers grow impatient with Jefferson.

HIGH RANKING OFFICIAL #1

Sir, we need a decision now.

JEFFERSON

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

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

HIGH RANKING OFFICIAL #2

And what exactly is the strategy here? A big pile of Redcoats?

JEFFERSON

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

PENNYWEATHER (O.S.)

--Excuse me!

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

PENNYWEATHER

I have some rather taxing news. Small cock-up. Their traitorous leader Washington is a bit jammy and has eluded me thus far.

JEFFERSON

I'm sorry. I didn't understand most of that.

(jokingly)

Speak English, will ya?

PENNYWEATHER

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

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

JEFFERSON

That's great.

(beat)

Anyone got a cigarette?

Heads swivel towards Jefferson.

HIGH RANKING OFFICIAL #1

What did you just say!?

Jefferson realizes his mistake.

JEFFERSON

Fag! I said anyone got a fag?

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

INT. MANSION - SECOND FLOOR HALL - SAME

Washington finally bounds over, interrupts the proposal.

Claire, frightened, hides behind her mask again.

FRANKLIN

Reason twenty-three. The way your
bosoms--

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

WASHINGTON

(to Claire)

--Where's the document?

FRANKLIN

What document? Oh yes, right.

CLAIRE

Sorry boys, but my brother took it.

WASHINGTON

The other one. It was a rambling
essay on a folded up piece of
paper--

Claire's eyes go to the paper her Friend used to blot her
lipstick. Washington follows her sight line.

Horrified, he rips the paper from her Friend, unfolds it.

Yup.

It's the Declaration. Covered in lipstick kisses.

Just then--

HIGH RANKING OFFICIAL #1(O.S.)

Seize the American spy!

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

EXT. MANSION GROUNDS - MOMENTS LATER

Franklin and Washington run towards the trees.

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

FRANKLIN

Damn thing's in there backwards.

Franklin puts on the glasses, blinks in astonishment.

FRANKLIN

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

WASHINGTON

No one cares! Come on!

FRANKLIN

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

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

FAKE WASHINGTON

Rebels have infiltrated the party!

The audience LAUGHS.

FAKE WASHINGTON

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

The audience still doesn't believe him.

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

HIGH RANKING OFFICER #1

There are spies among us!

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

IN THE BUSHES:

Washington turns his attention to Jefferson's plight.

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

WASHINGTON

Oh shit! Thom's about to be--

MANSION GROUNDS:

High Ranking Officer #1 announces to the gathering crowd:

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

IN THE BUSHES:

Washington points to what's happening to Jefferson.

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

Franklin grins triumphantly. Holds up his bifocals.

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

MANSION GROUNDS:

The hot tar being poured into buckets with basting brushes.

Jefferson looks as scared as he should be.

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

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

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

IN THE BUSHES:

Washington makes wild gestures as he thinks aloud.

WASHINGTON

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

He points at several crates near the fountain.

WASHINGTON

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

FRANKLIN

Indeed! But we'd be dead.

WASHINGTON

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

FRANKLIN

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

WASHINGTON

Fine. What if we sneak over with--

PENNYWEATHER (O.S.)

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

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

MANSION GROUNDS:

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

FAKE WASHINGTON

Whaaaaa?!

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

PENNYWEATHER

Did you see the distance on that shot?

YOUNG SQUIRE

Magnificent, sir.

The Squire hands Pennyweather his congratulatory tea.

PENNYWEATHER
To a hero well murdered.

He raises his cup, pinky out, and sips.

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

REDCOAT CAPTOR
Oh, my spatterdashes! My ruined
spatterdashes!

Jefferson runs away, picking off feathers as he goes.

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

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

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

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

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

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

WASHINGTON
Problem is, there's no way outta
here.

BENEDICT (O.S.)
Hey guys! Over here!

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

FRANKLIN
Thank the heavens for Benedict
Arnold!

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

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

BENEDICT

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

WASHINGTON

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

FRANKLIN

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

BENEDICT

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

WASHINGTON

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

BENEDICT

We were supposed to be best friends.

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

FRANKLIN

Easy down there. I'm engaged now.

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

BENEDICT

(reading)

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

The soldiers LAUGH at this. Benedict loves the attention.

WASHINGTON

(to Jefferson)

That for real?

(MORE)

WASHINGTON (CONT'D)

We've run all over New England, risking our lives for that weak shit? For a man orchestrating a revolution, you're kind of a pussy.

JEFFERSON

Great, so now you're against me too.

BENEDICT

(to soldiers)

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

WASHINGTON

Well, guess this shit is over.

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

JEFFERSON

Not if no one reads it!

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

BENEDICT

Oh come on! Not cool!

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

WASHINGTON

(re: Jefferson)

Okay, that was less pussy.

Benedict consults in hushed tones with the Soldiers. Returns.

BENEDICT

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

FRANKLIN

What does being a traitor get you?

BENEDICT

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

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

FRANKLIN

(to Eagle)

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

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

BANG! SQUAWK!

The dignified bird crumples, plummets, and disappears behind the line of trees.

A Redcoat Officer smirks, holding his smoking musket.

FRANKLIN

You uncivilized murderer!

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

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

REDCOAT OFFICER

Start marching.

BENEDICT ARNOLD

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

Benedict grins, loving his revenge.

Our guys reluctantly strip down to their whitey-tighties.

Well, not exactly Franklin. He's just nude, except for his boots and knee-high socks.

JEFFERSON

God, no, where's your underwear?!

WASHINGTON

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

They march at gunpoint. No clothes, no declaration, no hope.

Franklin's wrinkly butt gleams in the moonlight.

INT. JAIL CELL - NIGHT

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

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

JEFFERSON

(sotto)

Woulda been a nice country...

WASHINGTON

I gotta piss.

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

WASHINGTON

Screw it. I'll be dead in thirty minutes. It can wait.

FRANKLIN

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

WASHINGTON

Figured I'd kick it in battle. Like a hero. There'd be books about my life that kids would be forced to read. They'd carve my face in the damn mountains.

(beat, looks around)

Not this shit.

FRANKLIN

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

(an idea hits)

Wait, that's it!

Franklin reaches into his boot and pulls out...

FRANKLIN

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

WASHINGTON

Fuckin' do it already!

FRANKLIN

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

That's it. Jefferson just SNAPS, punches the wall, unleashing a pent-up anger we've seen simmering all day. The other two step back, surprised by this new side of Jefferson.

JEFFERSON

No. Fuck the Brits. And fuck this place, I'm not dying here.

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

WASHINGTON

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

FRANKLIN

My God! What are you doing?

JEFFERSON

Getting us the hell out of here.

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

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

But it leads into the primitive sewers.

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

WASHINGTON

Nope. I'll hang.

FRANKLIN

(pouting)

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

Jefferson climbs down into the hole. No fucks left to give.

JEFFERSON

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

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

WASHINGTON

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

SERIES OF SHOTS

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

-- Jefferson's rage building as they climb under pipes.

JEFFERSON

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

-- They crawl through sludge.

JEFFERSON

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

FRANKLIN

I concur.

JEFFERSON

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

Jefferson gets more worked up, practically shouting.

JEFFERSON

With their quartering soldiers bullshit. And not letting us pass laws. Cutting off our trade--

WASHINGTON

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

-- Trudge through sewers. Jefferson on a roll now.

JEFFERSON

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

WASHINGTON

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

FRANKLIN

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

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

INT. PURITAN CHURCH - SAME

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

MINISTER

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

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

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

But the congregation GASPS, eyes wide open.

MINISTER

They've risen! Kill the demons!

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

MOB

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

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

Franklin gets walloped by a YOUNG GIRL with her bible.

INT. FRANKLIN'S PRINT SHOP - NIGHT

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

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

JEFFERSON

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

Washington opens a closet, finds several printshop aprons.

Puts one on, grabs two more. No pants but it'll have to do.

FRANKLIN

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

Franklin holds up a handful of tiny letter blocks.

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

JEFFERSON

Oww! Mother of Jes--

He hands Jefferson the quill.

WASHINGTON

Here you go, buddy.

EXT. FRANKLIN'S PRINT SHOP - NIGHT

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

WASHINGTON

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

FRANKLIN

I've got this.

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

JEFFERSON

You want a carriage, you take a carriage.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - NIGHT

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

The band packs up their instruments. Crates of fireworks and party hats sit unopened under the stage.

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

ADAMS

Please give me ten more minutes,
I'm finishing it now... These
things take time.

Our guys rush up to the crowd, passing...

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

TINY TIMOTHY

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

TINY TIMOTHY'S DAD

'Fraid not, son. 'Fraid not.

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

BETSY ROSS

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

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

They run past her to...

EXT. COURTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

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

JEFFERSON

We've got it!

ADAMS

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

WASHINGTON

(to Adams)

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

FRANKLIN

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

JEFFERSON

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

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

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

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

Adams RUNS INSIDE like a coward, slams the wooden door behind him. KA-CHICK! Locked.

Our guys turn and see:

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

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

JEFFERSON

We're all gonna die.

FRANKLIN

Where the blazes did they come from?

WASHINGTON

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

JEFFERSON

Yeah, that might be my fault, guys.

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

WASHINGTON

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

(re: Hale's army)

Some who believe in the freedom to bear arms.

(re: The Chief)

Some who believe in screwing over the people that wronged you.

(re: Burlesque girls)

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

(addressing all)

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

(re: The British)

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

CHEERS from everybody. Washington grins, proud of himself.

He's now truly a leader.

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

The Chief looks around assesses the situation. He stands before a makeshift table full of guns.

THE CHIEF

Okay, people. Guns are now double the price.

ANGRY LOCAL

But we need them!

THE CHIEF

(shrugs)

Y'all wanted a capitalist nation...

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

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

Smashing the bottles to use as weapons.

FRENCH CAPTAIN

Where is your feathered friend?

FRANKLIN

Bartleby. He, he didn't make it.

FRENCH CAPTAIN

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

The Frenchmen charge the Redcoats.

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

Nathan Hale fires a musket, turns to Jefferson.

NATHAN HALE

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

JEFFERSON

No, God! Just fight in the normal way.

NATHAN HALE

Okay!

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

JEFFERSON

So glad that guy's on our side.

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

PENNYWEATHER

Squire! Procure me another weapon.

But his Young Squire is busy gawking at the burlesque girls.

One of them chokes a Redcoat with a feather boa while another beats guys with her high heels.

Jefferson runs up to Washington.

JEFFERSON

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

WASHINGTON

Damn, we might actually win this thing! As long as the...

The sound of American gunfire peters out. Nobody was really prepared for a massive battle to break out at the party.

WASHINGTON

(deflated)

...ammunition doesn't run out.

Everyone looks at Washington for answers. He has none.

The town crier climbs to the top of what was the Adams statue, calls out.

TOWN CRIER

Hear ye, hear ye: Patriots on losing side of history. All hope decimated.

WASHINGTON

Can someone shut that kid up?!

The Redcoats have plenty of firepower left. The townspeople start to take cover behind whatever they can.

JEFFERSON

What's the next move? Maybe if we take 'em from the north--

WASHINGTON

Just go, man. Get the hell outta here. I'll hold 'em back long enough for you to get that document to safety.

JEFFERSON

But you'll die.

WASHINGTON

(smiles)

What Generals do best.

Jefferson surveys the scene, the Brits inching closer with every gunshot.

JEFFERSON

No. We go out, we go out together.
I got your back on this one.

WASHINGTON

It's over, Thom. We don't have a
gun between us. Hell, we don't even
have pants.

JEFFERSON

(an idea hits)
We don't need guns...

Jefferson darts off towards the band stage. Washington is
confused. Where the hell is he going?

PENNYWEATHER (O.S.)

How many bloody times must I kill
you? It's getting rather tiresome.

Washington spins to see Pennyweather daintily slip on his
once white, but now burnt and ashy gloves.

WASHINGTON

Got one more chance... Mano a mano,
Sir-shit-head.

Washington stomps up and swings. But Pennyweather agilely
ducks. Washington keeps swinging hard. Finally one lands.

Pennyweather spits a bit of blood, drops his posh mannerisms.

PENNYWEATHER

You're mine.

ZEEEEEEEE-BANG! The Redcoat's frontlines suddenly engulfed in a
beautiful explosion of red and silver shimmery fire.

Redcoats SCREAM and dive away.

ZEEEEEEEE-BANG! Another explosion, blasts of colorful flames
beat back the British a couple more steps.

Washington and Pennyweather stop fighting, look over to see:
Jefferson using the party fireworks as ammunition. In close
range, fireworks are basically huge, colorful grenades!

WASHINGTON

Fucking. Awesome.

With Washington distracted, Pennyweather gets in a solid
punch to the wound on his shoulder. Damn, that hurts.

A giddy Franklin runs over to grab some fireworks himself, followed by all the townspeople.

BANG! BANG! BANG! Reds, and Greens, and Blues, and whistling spinny ones, and crackling ones, and color-changing ones.

TOWN CRIER

Hear ye, hear ye! Breaking news:
America declares independence with
no actual plan on how to go
forward, but it doesn't even
matter!

The French Captain turns to his compatriots.

FRENCH CAPTAIN

Le Revolution is magnifique! We
shall do this at home!

A roman candle sparks up a keg of gun powder next to the British cannons. KA-BOOM! Massive explosion!

JEFFERSON

That's it! Aim for the gun powder!

With everyone now launching, the British frontline explodes in such succession, like a relentless grand finale of a fireworks show. Only with more screaming, burning, hysteria.

Suddenly, an eagle's SCREECH! Franklin looks up to see Bartleby, bloody wing but ready for a fight.

FRANKLIN

Bartleby! You're alive!

Several other eagles swoop down behind Bartleby, rip the wigs off the British Officers, peck at their flesh.

Everyone battles amid the flames until the British retreat.

FRANKLIN

Back you go! To your tiny pompous
island across the pond.

JEFFERSON

(to the British)
Set sail, mother fuckers!

Washington and Pennyweather collide and hit the ground, oblivious to the gunshots and fireworks whizzing overhead.

Pennyweather gets the upper-hand. Washington looks worried, but a solid American knee to an English groin switches the balance of power.

WASHINGTON

This is our damn country now.
Spacious skies, amber waves of
grain, purple mountains majesty!

Washington pins him to the ground, throttling him.

WASHINGTON

King George is a dandy. Say it!

PENNYWEATHER

Never.

Washington puts more pressure on Pennyweather's throat.

PENNYWEATHER

I renounce the crown.

WASHINGTON

Doesn't count. Too damn fancy.

PENNYWEATHER

(humiliated)

King George is a dandy.

WASHINGTON

There we go.

Washington smiles. Lets the man to his feet, and marches him
as his prisoner.

A bloody Franklin and Jefferson deluge the British in one
last multi-colored fireworks inferno as Redcoats run for the
hills.

A magnificent horse gallops up, PAUL REVERE its rider. He's
rugged, handsome.

REVERE

The British are coming! The British
are coming!

WASHINGTON

Yeah, no shit, Revere! Where were
you half an hour ago?

INT. COURTHOUSE - SAME

The FOUNDING FATHERS slowly peel themselves off the floor and
from behind desks, checking themselves for injuries.

WHOOSH! That huge wooden door flies open, to reveal: Jefferson, fireworks launcher strapped across his chest, apron charred, face bloodied, and arms burned.

Silhouetted by the fire still raging outside, a cigarette dangles from his lips. Lights it with a Roman Candle.

He stares down the stuffy, clean men. No one moves. He holds up a piece of paper.

JEFFERSON

"We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of fuckin' Happiness."

He SLAMS the paper down on the table.

JEFFERSON

All it needs are signatures.

No one makes a move to sign it. Finally, Hancock meekly slides a quill across the table to Jefferson.

Jefferson smiles. Takes the quill and SIGNS THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE!

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - LATER

Everyone drinks and celebrates American freedom. Except Pennyweather, who looks on from a stockade, tarred and feathered.

A band plays a patriotic tune on drums and fifes. A drunk Betsy Ross sits in a MUSICIAN'S lap, making out.

BETSY ROSS

Always had a thing for guys in a band.

Nathan Hale passes by, shirtless, sporting his new arm tattoo inspired by Jefferson: an eagle ripping through the skin.

BETSY ROSS

And Patriots...

Her eyes track Hale as he struts off.

Jefferson sits on a bench, holding a compress to his burns. Franklin plops down beside him.

FRANKLIN

With these bifocals, everything looks different. What if Claire arrives and I can't recognize her?

JEFFERSON

You'll know her voice, right?

Franklin pulls out Claire's pink panties.

FRANKLIN

I do hope my beautiful Claire comes. Or this will be most creepy in my possession.

Jefferson's eyes go wide as he notices the panties have a tag hanging. It reads: "Gift from your love, Adam Johns." (The same name inversion popular in the brothels.)

JEFFERSON

That son of a bitch.

PICNIC TABLES:

Washington sits with Barwick, catching up on months of paperwork. Signing and signing.

WASHINGTON

Holy shit, Barwick! Why didn't you tell me how important these papers were?

Martha approaches, hands him a plate of food.

WASHINGTON

Guess what? Turns out I'm even more powerful than I thought!

BARWICK

Here's the current budget. You should probably think about defense spending.

WASHINGTON

Hey! If we melted down the British statues and used that metal for ammunition, we could save, like... forty grand! Damn, it's like I can straight up war from a desk...

Martha kisses Washington on the cheek.

MARTHA

With the states all uniting now,
you can stay home with the family.

WASHINGTON

(lying)

Sure!

Behind Martha's back, Washington shakes his head "Noooooo."

BY THE BAR:

Franklin, still nervous, does a shot.

CLAIRE (O.S.)

There you are, handsome!

Franklin turns left, to the HOT BLONDE next to him, smiles.

FRANKLIN

Claire?

Claire clears her throat. He turns right, and she's up in his face. He gives her a solid look-over.

This is the first time we've seen her face. And with his new bi-focals, it's clear that Franklin is NOT impressed.

CLAIRE

You left so suddenly at the party,
I never got a chance to respond.

FRANKLIN

It's not anything you have to
answer now. In fact--

CLAIRE

Yes! I want to be Mrs. Frank
Benlin! More than anything!

Claire goes for a passionate kiss. Franklin abruptly stands.

FRANKLIN

That's splendid! But, uh, when I
proposed, I forgot that I had a
rather urgent meeting. In...
France?

CLAIRE

How long will you be gone?

FRANKLIN
 Years. Years and years. So many
 years.

CLAIRE
 I'll wait for you!

Franklin starts to slowly back up, looks for an escape route.

FRANKLIN
 (sotto)
 Fuck me.

CLAIRE
 Sure! And if we're married, I won't
 even charge ya!

BY THE KID'S TABLE:

John Adams, always the family man, sits with ABIGAIL and
 recounts his version of the battle for his CHILDREN.

ADAMS
 And then the cannons started
 shooting, BAM! BAM!

ADAMS CHILD
 Were you scared, papa?

ADAMS
 Of course not. Your father can take
 on all the British.

Jefferson marches up.

JEFFERSON
 Can we have a word?

John Adams sees enough intensity that he obliges. He kisses
 Abigail, and follows Jefferson out of the family's earshot.

JEFFERSON
 I want in on the Continental
 Congress. And you're going to call
 a vote right now.

ADAMS
 Look, I am thankful that you were
 able to help us fend off the
 British, and eventually turn in the
 declaration.

(MORE)

ADAMS (CONT'D)

As a thank you I've even pulled
some strings to get you a
prestigious post: Colonel of the
31st Brigade!

Jefferson pulls from his breast pocket just enough of the
panties for Adams to recognize them.

Adams nervously glances back at his wife. She sweetly waves.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - MINUTES LATER

DELEGATES and families stand before Adams and Jefferson.

ADAMS

And with enough delegates here for
a majority of these states united,
all in favor say "aye."

A resounding "AYE" from the Delegates.

Jefferson smiles, chest puffed, and bows to the men.

ADAMS

(reluctant)

I hereby declare Jefferson a
rightful representative within the
Continental Congress, the fourth of
July, Seventeen, seventy-six.

The crowd erupts into CHEERS!

SAMUEL ADAMS saunters up with a cart full of barreled beer.

WASHINGTON

Sam Adams brought more beer? Damn,
I love that guy!

Everyone congratulates Jefferson, except Franklin, who
scurries away in the background, Claire in close pursuit...
The sky alights in the last of the celebratory fireworks. The
band plays a patriotic tune.

JEFFERSON

(re: Fireworks)

We should do this every year!

WASHINGTON

Fuckin' A, man.

They toast their beer mugs.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARIS CITY STREETS - DAY

Franklin leads his FRENCH ADMIRERS, who hang on his every word.

SUPER: Franklin spent nine years in France as an Ambassador in order to convince the French to assist in our war effort.

INT. HIGH SOCIETY FRENCH PARTY - NIGHT

Franklin bounces a French coin on the table and into a fancy tea cup. The FRENCH NOBLES CHEER!

SUPER: ...mostly by attending their high-society parties, inventing history's first recorded drinking game.

EXT. BRITISH FORT - DAY

Benedict Arnold asleep on his military cot. A BRITISH SOLDIER fills his hand with shaving cream. The other one tickles his face, until he slaps himself.

SUPER: Benedict Arnold switched sides in the war, feeding intel to the British... They hated him even more than we did.

EXT. INAUGURATION - DAY

Washington, hand on Bible, is sworn in. Martha looks pissed.

SUPER: General Washington led the revolt against the British, securing victory in 1783 and became the first president of the United States...

INT. MUSEUM - DAY

Tourists admire the unfinished painting hanging on the wall.

SUPER: His official portrait was never completed.

MONTAGE:

Jefferson and Adams doing everything together.

-- Elbow to elbow at a little desk, signing bills together.

-- Holding two sides of oversized scissors, cutting a ribbon together.

-- Standing frozen, arms around each other, for a portrait painting.

In every scene, Jefferson is grinning ear to ear, and Adams is fucking miserable stuck with him.

SUPER: Jefferson lost the second presidential election to Adams. The law at the time forced the losing candidate to take the role of Vice-President; guaranteeing four more years of working together.

END MONTAGE.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

Two caskets, side by side, sport portraits of each of them, in a joint funeral.

SUPER: Adams was determined to outlive his rival. Adams' last words were muttering, "Jefferson lives." He was wrong.

Both men died on July 4th, 1826...

INT. NATIONAL ARCHIVES MUSEUM - PRESENT DAY

As we pull away from the original Declaration behind glass.

You can just barely see a faded lipstick blot.

SUPER: ...on the 50th anniversary of the Declaration of Independence.

FADE TO BLACK