

**We Hate Paul Revere**

"Pilot"

Written by

Ethan Sandler and Adrian Wenner

ICM PARTNERS  
10250 Constellation Blvd  
Los Angeles, CA 90067

"PILOT"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

**TITLE: "The following is entirely historically accurate in every way."**

INT. "THE GREEN DRAGON" TAVERN - NIGHT

A dark, dingy 18th Century public house with a claustrophobically low ceiling. A crowd of filthy MEN in tri-cornered hats drink warm ale and rum. This is:

**TITLE: "BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS - MARCH 3RD, 1770"**

MATT DAMON (V.O.) \*

Almost 250 years ago, on Union Street, there was a tavern called "The Green Dragon." In it, the people of Boston would come to drink, socialize, and eventually, plan a revolution. These people did and saw shit you can't even imagine. Life was beyond hard.

A GRIZZLED 45 YEAR-OLD MAN's laugh turns into a hacking cough.

MATT DAMON (CONT'D)

This guy is only 27. He's had this cough for 23 years.

An INJURED MAN with his arm in a colonial excuse for a sling tries to drink, clearly in great discomfort.

MATT DAMON (CONT'D)

This man will be dead in a six days.

We CONTINUE TO MOVE through the crowded bar.

MATT DAMON (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Within a few years, the men and women of this small city will wind up changing the course of Western Civilization.

**\*If Matt Damon doesn't do the voice-over, there will be no voice-over at all.**

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGLE ON: A HANDSOME MAN orates from a stage in the corner.

HANDSOME MAN

Furthermore, good countrymen --

MATT DAMON (V.O.)

Men like: Paul Revere.

Even this rowdy crowd listens when PAUL REVERE (charisma of George Clooney in the package of a colonial Tom Brady) speaks.

PAUL REVERE

-- It is the privilege of a freeman  
and an Englishman to be taxed only by  
his own consent! Shall we be not  
Englishmen? Be we not freemen?

WE MOVE through the crowd to the very back, where we find...

ABRAHAM and HUGH MOODY at the worst table in the joint.  
Abraham strains to hear, while Hugh studies the bill.

MATT DAMON (V.O.)

Oh... And these guys.

HUGH

What are "wet fries"?

ABRAHAM

Unbelievable. He's stealing my words  
again. I said that exact phrase to  
him: "privilege to be taxed only by  
his own consent." I said that!

Abraham whips out a piece of PARCHMENT from his sleeve.

ABRAHAM (CONT'D)

And he's messing it all up! You start  
with "freeman" and end with  
"Englishman." That's the whole point.  
If we're not free, then why bother  
being English? It doesn't make sense  
the other way.

HUGH

(re: the bill)

Did you order "wet fries"?

ABRAHAM

The potato spears with the gravy?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HUGH

I just... I didn't get any "wet fries." They were a schilling, so I didn't know if I was paying for them.

ABRAHAM

Hugh. We're brothers. It comes from the same pocket.

HUGH

No, no, no no. I'm just making sure we aren't charged for something we didn't order. Now I know. So, good!

ABRAHAM

"Get".

HUGH

Hm?

ABRAHAM

You said "get." "I didn't get any." Which sounds like you wanted some.

HUGH

No, it's fine. I am fine... They looked interesting but --

A LOUD CHEER erupts from the crowd.

ABRAHAM

What? What'd he say?

The whole crowd engages in a "Hip-Hip-HOORAY!" call.

ABRAHAM (CONT'D)

"Hip Hip Hooray"? Revere got a "Hip Hip Hooray"? What was the "Hip Hip Hooray" line? Ah, for Christ... Is it ever going to be my turn to speak?

Abraham begins to wind his way through the crowd.

HUGH

Be nice!

ABRAHAM (O.S.)

I am nice!

HUGH

You can tend toward the brash, brother!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Abraham exits. Hugh again studies the bill.

ANGLE ON: THE SPEAKER'S AREA

Abraham approaches SAMUEL ADAMS, a powerful-looking man with great hair seated at a table, and patiently waits.

SAMUEL ADAMS

Dr. Warren, you're scheduled to speak  
after John Hancock! Make ready!

Sam Adams indicates that Abraham may approach.

SAMUEL ADAMS (CONT'D)

My good man...?

ABRAHAM

Samuel Adams, sir. I was wondering  
where I might be on the list?  
(as afterthought)  
... My good man.

SAMUEL ADAMS

Of course, good man. Your name?

ABRAHAM

Moody. Abraham Moody. We've met.

Adams makes a frowny "doesn't-ring-a-bell" face, and checks the list. Abraham rolls his eyes.

ANGLE ON: THE MOODY'S TABLE IN BACK

Hugh summons the BARMAID, a woman in an outfit that... accents her attributes. He hands her the bill and coins.

HUGH

This is all set. Keep the rest.  
(then; awkwardly)  
Oh. This, er, is also for you too.

Hugh gives her a piece of paper with a very detailed PENCIL SKETCH of her face and... accentuated upper body.

BARMAID

Wow.

HUGH

Just something I was inspired to do.

BARMAID

No, yeah... That's *really* detailed.  
How long have you been staring at me?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

HUGH

Hm? No. No, no. No staring. I sketch things. It's what I do. Well, one thing I do. I'm also a silversmith.

BARMAID

I have a lot of tables, so...

ANGLE ON: THE SPEAKER'S AREA

Samuel Adams looks up from his list.

SAMUEL ADAMS

Let us try this: What organization are you representing tonight?

ABRAHAM

Organization?

SAMUEL ADAMS

Yes. Are you with the Free Masons?

ABRAHAM

Um. No.

SAMUEL ADAMS

The Sons of Liberty?

ABRAHAM

You know that I am not...

ANGLE ON: THE MOODY'S TABLE IN BACK

Hugh with the disinterested Barmaid.

HUGH

Perhaps you could visit our shop sometime. We're off Brattle Street. But it's a little hard to find.

BARMAID

I know where Brattle Street is.

HUGH

Off Brattle. Third alley in from --

BARMAID

-- By all those whorehouses.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

HUGH

(covering poorly)

Whorehouses? Are there whorehouses there?

BARMAID

For the last time, Hugh Moody, I'm not interested in hooking up with some nobody craftsman from Whore Alley.

As Hugh watches her go, he sketches a penis very close to the Barmaid's face but feels guilty and crumples up the paper.

A COLONIAL MESSAGE BOARD catches his eye. On it are ADS from the period: **"Used Musket - Fired once!" "Lost Slave! Silver Reward" "Fife Player seeks Drummer!"**

He sees a BEAUTIFUL PASTORAL PRINT -- lush vegetation, and half-naked Native American playing in a babbling brook. It reads, **"NEW land", "Your FORTUNE awaits!", "This... is OHIO."**

As Hugh stares, transfixed by the print: A clip-art drawing of him enters the landscape. He is immediately fawned over by the Native Women who adorn him with gold and fresh fish.

*Thwap!* Hugh rips the advertisement off the board.

ANGLE ON: THE SPEAKER'S AREA

Back at the table with Samuel Adams and Abraham.

SAMUEL ADAMS

The North Caucus Club?

ABRAHAM

No.

SAMUEL ADAMS

The South Caucus Club?

Abraham stops even bothering to answer.

SAMUEL ADAMS (CONT'D)

The Middle? Caucus Club?

(then)

Let us try this: What club are you affiliated with?

ABRAHAM

None. For I did not know it was a requirement.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

SAMUEL ADAMS

(defensive)

Of course it is not a requirement.  
Unlike the wretched Parliament, here  
at the Green Dragon, our deus is open  
to ANY citizen who wishes to speak!

(then; almost guiltily)

It is, however, the policy, for ease's  
sake, to afford priority to those men  
from bona fide Boston Clubs.

ABRAHAM

I see. For "ease's" sake?

SAMUEL ADAMS

Perhaps you might do well to affiliate  
yourself with a club.

ABRAHAM

I would do that. I have tried that.  
But I have found a certain level of  
wealth and property is expected.

SAMUEL ADAMS

Ah. Perhaps t'is true.

ABRAHAM

T'is.

The two men stare at each other for a beat.

SAMUEL ADAMS

It may be that you should start at one  
of the... less prestigious  
organizations.

ABRAHAM

And it may be that you should start to  
shove your quill --

Hugh suddenly appears and begins to tug Abraham away.

HUGH

-- into the inkwell of freedom where  
mankind is happy and understands  
itself!

(sotto; to Abraham)

Brash.

ABRAHAM

Not brash.

CUT TO:

INT. MOODY'S SILVERSMITH SHOPPE/RESIDENCE - MORNING

Precious little morning sun streams into the Moody's silversmith shoppe, which is filled with tools of the trade: kiln, anvil, desk, hammers and hammering pillows, etc. There's a small counter from which business may be conducted.

A swinging door separates the shoppe from the brothers' "living quarters": kitchen table, pantry, stove and ladders leading to lofted beds. Another door leads to a back alley.

The brothers work on a set of spoons. Hugh stares dreamily into space while Abraham hammers angrily, fuming to himself.

ABRAHAM

A club? Sure, I'm in the "Give Sam Adams Small Pox" club. I'm the Founder. And President. And Secretary of Slapping That Smirk Off Your Face.

Abraham's aggressive banging shakes Hugh from his daydream.

HUGH

Easy, easy. You are rushing, and the weight of that one looks off to me.

ABRAHAM

So what? So Mrs. Felton doesn't have perfectly weighted tea spoons?

(posh accent)

"Ooh me. I can barely lift it."

(then)

Mrs. Felton can bunt me. So can the rest of the Boston Elite. They rail against the English class system only to create their own.

HUGH

You are wise as always, brother. Luckily, I think I have stumbled upon the solution to all of our challenges.

Hugh pulls the OHIO FLYER out of his coat.

HUGH (CONT'D)

Look at this. This is a place where fish jump into your boat. The women never wear tops. And very small bottoms. This is a place called "Cleveland".

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ABRAHAM

That is a painting.

HUGH

Representing a place where we can start anew. Out there we can be the elites.

ABRAHAM

Brother, I don't know how to say this more kindly: you sound like an ass.

HUGH

So brash.

ABRAHAM

You're talking about going west of Amherst?

HUGH

Further.

ABRAHAM

The mountains?

HUGH

Further!

ABRAHAM

Ech. We don't have the money to get to Medford, much less the mountains.

HUGH

Which is why we sell the shoppe!

ABRAHAM

Nobody is going to buy a dumpy silversmith shoppe in Whore Alley.

A loud *WHUMP!* is heard from the back living quarters.

ABRAHAM (CONT'D)

Yes, and I suppose we take this idiot with us?

Hugh nervously hides the flyer and pretends to work.

HUGH

Ssh, ssh. He might hear.

ABRAHAM

What the hell should I care?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HUGH

Please be nice? Please?

NIGEL GAGE lumbers in. He is an unwieldy stalk of a man, dressed as a British Regular -- a "Redcoat."

HUGH (CONT'D)

'Morning, Nigel!

ABRAHAM

Sleep well in my bed, Nigel?

NIGEL

(ignoring them both)

Is tea on, then?

ABRAHAM

Um, it was. Two and a half hours ago. When I walked to the well in the cold and got water first thing in the morning. But not now, no.

HUGH

Should I make a pot?

NIGEL

If it's no bother.

Abraham shakes his head in disgust, but Hugh goes to make it.

NIGEL (CONT'D)

Another morning in the arsehole of the world.

ABRAHAM

Aren't you late for work?

Nigel picks up the apple on the desk and begins to eat it.

NIGEL

(shrugs)

Eh.

ABRAHAM

So the King shoves 4000 troops in the middle of Boston, makes us give you bed and food and drink. And you don't even have anywhere to be?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

NIGEL

Oh, I have somewhere to be. I have to keep you colonial savages from picking fights with the Natives and slipping into the Dark Ages out here on this Godforsaken rock.

(Abraham scoffs)

Believe me, I'd rather be in London, the greatest city in the world, than in this backwater cyst of a village without an ounce of bloody culture.

Hugh re-enters with a cup of tea.

HUGH

Your tea...

NIGEL

(British politeness)

Ah, yes. 'Ta very.

He sips his tea. The brothers work. Nigel studies them.

NIGEL (CONT'D)

Explain to me how you're brothers that look like that?

HUGH

Once again: We are half-brothers. My mother died giving birth to me, because of her petite frame.

ABRAHAM

And our father re-married my mother. Who, sadly, also died in childbirth. Because of her petite frame.

HUGH

Half. Brothers. Same father. Different mothers.

NIGEL

So you had no mums. Only a pa.

ABRAHAM

Well... He died too. Run over by a carriage.

Nigel glares at them, shaking his head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

NIGEL

Savages.

(then)

Well, I'll have a pee then.

Nigel heads out of the back, slamming doors and being loud. As soon as he's gone, Hugh pulls the Ohio Flyer back out.

HUGH

(pleading)

There is no future for us here.

ABRAHAM

I disagree. There is change in the air. One day Bostonians will ascend not because of our class, but because of our ideas. Our merit.

HUGH

Yes, yes. And when do you expect all this "ascending" to take place?

ABRAHAM

Soon. I will earn respect once I speak at the Green Dragon. I will be recognized.

HUGH

If you would merely consider selling the shoppe --

ABRAHAM

The answer is no!

Hugh points to the desk where his apple was.

HUGH

Nigel ate my apple, Abraham. I was saving it.

A bell *DINGS* as group of YOUNG, PRIVILEGED HARVARD GUYS enter. Hugh snaps into "professional" mode.

HUGH (CONT'D)

Good day, sirs. Prithee, can we be of assistance?

HARVARD DICK

Well, let's just get this out of the way now. Yes, we are the Harvard Crew Team. Thank you for your support.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

Hugh and Abraham say nothing. He opens his knapsack on the table revealing a large silver trophy, broken in half.

HARVARD DICK (CONT'D)

Now then: The Henry Dunster Grandis Veritas Trophy suffered a mishap during one of our... rituals.

The Harvard Dicks giggle guiltily like a pack of idiot fraternity guys. They wind up in an infantile "push-fight."

HARVARD DICK (CONT'D)

Stop it! We are to race the inbred bastards of Yale on Friday, and we need a new one. And even grander!

HUGH

(examining the trophy)

Allow me... My, this is a handsome item. And may I add that I am sure you will once again triumph and do our great city proud --

Something catches Hugh's eye on the trophy. He weighs it in his hands. Frowning, he turns it over and looks closely.

HUGH (CONT'D)

Just what I thought. It's a Revere.

HARVARD DICK

Yes, Paul Revere himself designed it. It was quite expensive.

HUGH

I'm sure it was. But may I...

(showing him)

See the inside here? Shoddy. No wonder it broke. This doublee looks like a damned baboon did it!

HARVARD DICK

Look, are you able to produce us a new trophy cup in two days or no?

ABRAHAM

Absolutely. Our work is the best in Boston. And I'll add that Revere is about sixth on that list.

HARVARD DICK

If that is true, why have we never heard of you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

HUGH AND ABRAHAM  
(dejected)  
Location...

The Harvard Dicks exit, and Nigel returns in from the back.

NIGEL  
Um. Your fing is ou.

ABRAHAM  
What? Your "fing" is "ou"?  
(to Hugh)  
What's he saying?

HUGH  
I don't know. What are you talking  
about, Nigel?

NIGEL  
Your fing. In the back. It's ou.

HUGH  
Our fing in the back is ou?

ABRAHAM  
Are you talking about our horse? Our  
horse is out?

NIGEL  
Yea.

This news throws Hugh into an instant panic. He literally  
gets up and runs in small circles.

ABRAHAM  
Nigel. We quarter you at great cost  
to us. The very least you can do when  
our horse - the most expensive thing  
we own - has escaped, the least you  
can do is try to come up with the word  
for "horse."

NIGEL  
I was 'elping, mate. I didn't want to  
upset him. With his irrational fear  
of 'orses and what not.

Abraham exits out the back to track down their horse.

HUGH  
It's not irrational! Nothing that  
strong should be domesticated.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

*Ding!* A stunningly beautiful woman (mid 30s) enters the shoppe. This is RACHEL WALKER REVERE, Paul's second wife. She wears a large silver cross on her neck. Always.

RACHEL  
God blesses us this morn, Hugh.

HUGH  
(greeting an old friend)  
Rachel!

NIGEL  
(bowing with reverence)  
Mrs. Revere. God certainly does grant  
us beauty in His wisdom and glory of --

RACHEL  
-- I believe you were leaving, Nigel.

NIGEL  
Indeed. I was. Good day, Madame.

Nigel clumsily EXITS out the front.

HUGH  
I'm still not used to hearing "Revere"  
at the end of your name, Rachel.

RACHEL  
(smiling to herself)  
It has been nearly a year. I have  
grown quite accustomed. Speaking of  
which, I am on my way to Hancock's  
wharf. Paul's engagement present  
could arrive any day!  
(conspiratorially)  
I know what he got me. A 1768 *couture*  
hat. The very newest fashion!

HUGH  
Oooh, that does sound grand.  
(to self, annoyed)  
Revere....

Rachel sees the "OHIO!" pamphlet on the desk.

RACHEL  
What's this?

HUGH  
That is paradise. "Cleveland". I am  
trying to convince Abraham to move  
there and start over.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (8)

Rachel cannot hide the emotion in her eyes.

RACHEL

What? Leave Boston? Does Abraham want to move?

HUGH

There's little left for us in Boston. You've known Abraham since he was four. Can you think of any thing here for which he should stay? Or any one?

RACHEL

I'm... sure I do not know what you mean.

Abraham re-enters, wiping his hands. He sees her and freezes.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Abraham.

ABRAHAM

Rachel.

Abraham and Rachel hold a tremendously long, meaningful look in silence. Hugh cannot take it any longer.

HUGH

Hey! Did you find Bess?

Rachel and Abraham break their look and try to act normal.

ABRAHAM

Hm? Yes. She was evacuating herself on the Fletcher's well. Which is what you get when you don't let people use your well.

RACHEL

How... is business, dear Abraham?

ABRAHAM

A new commission just this morn.

RACHEL

Praise our Holy Maker! Perhaps things are turning around for the Moodys. Despite your unfortunate location...

Rachel puts her hand up against the wall of the shoppe.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (9)

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Imagine. Just next door. All the disobedient things performed there. Terrible, sinful acts.

Rachel picks up two spoons and demonstrates with them:

RACHEL (CONT'D)

There's most certainly some of this happening in there. Probably a good amount of *this*. Uh oh, *this*.

Hugh rolls his eyes and returns to his work. Abraham shakily manages to pour himself a glass of ale and downs it quickly.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

(adding a third spoon)  
And surely the Devil's will is being done like so.

ABRAHAM

Ahem. How are things in the Revere house?

RACHEL

Hm? Uch. A circus. Paul's children hate their step-mother. That alright, I hated mine. And she, hers.

(then)

Have you any snuff?

Abraham retrieves a tin and hands it to her.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Thank you.  
(sniffing snuff)  
AHHHHCHOOOO!! Whoa. This is good.  
WAAHHCHOOO!! Excuse me.

Rachel turns away and honks her nose. She spots a stack of papers, and begins reading, while fondling her cross.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Oh Abraham. This is magnificently written. It moves the reader. These words should be spoken at the Green Dragon.

ABRAHAM

Yes, well, the smooth-brained, maggot-brigade over there think differently.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (10)

HUGH  
(still working)  
Brash, brother.

ABRAHAM  
Oh, do shut up!  
(then)  
I am not a member of a club, so I am  
kept off their docket. It's a rule.

RACHEL  
I find that absurd! 'Tis classist,  
materialistic, and shallow! There is --

*CHURCH BELLS* can be heard.

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
(genuinely excited)  
The ships are docking! My hat!!

She dashes out.

CUT TO:

EXT. COLONIAL BOSTON CORNER - DAY

A 10 YEAR OLD BOY holds thin board that reads, "**Moody Brothers Silversmith Shoppe**". The Boy flips the sign around and dances like a kid outside a Verizon store would do today.

CUT TO:

INT. "THE GREEN DRAGON" TAVERN - NIGHT

Abraham drinks a pint with Sam Adams, who wears a prominent "Son of Liberty" pin on his lapel.

ABRAHAM  
... are we to settle for merely the  
Whigs and the Tories?! Is this  
nascent democracy so small as to have  
room for only two voices?

At the end of the bar a TALL MYSTERIOUS MAN, wearing a hat over his eyes, cocks his head to listen to Abraham.

ABRAHAM (CONT'D)  
I worry we will be stuck with two  
choices, barely different. Both  
beholden to the same monied interest.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAMUEL ADAMS

I will admit, Mr. Moody, you have some compelling thoughts.

ABRAHAM

And I would make an excellent addition to the Sons of Liberty, would I not?

Adams finishes his drink and rises, smirking.

SAMUEL ADAMS

Just as soon as you can pay the dues.

Adams pats Abraham on the back and exits.

ABRAHAM

(sotto, into his ale)

Oh, do get smallpox you smirking pud.

The Tall Mysterious Man plunks his beer down and sits.

TALL MYSTERIOUS MAN

You must be Abraham Moody. My venerable club has need for your zeal.

ABRAHAM

I am not a man of great property, sir.

TALL MYSTERIOUS MAN

What if your dues were taken care of?

Abraham lights up and turns to shake the Man's hand.

CUT TO:

INT. SAMUEL GRAY'S OFFICE - NEXT DAY

SAMUEL GRAY, a pasty, wealthy-looking merchant, leans on the counter, overcome with emotion.

GRAY

Ooh, this is difficult. You'll have to give me a moment, Hugh Moody.

HUGH

Difficult, Mr. Gray?

GRAY

Yes! I have not been in this shoppe since the day my carriage's wheel split your father, Hugh Moody Senior in half. It is a sight not soon forgotten.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HUGH

Oh, that must have been terrible...  
for you.

GRAY

-- Half his body still wiggling it's  
last bit of life, while the other half  
was oh so still. It was like...

Gray demonstrates while standing, shaking his right side  
violently while his left side is dead calm.

GRAY (CONT'D)

But I digress. I told you that day,  
that I owed you and your brother each  
one favor. And I grant you yours.

Gray holds Hugh's face tightly and weirdly affectionately.

GRAY (CONT'D)

I will buy your half of this lousy  
shoppe in Whore Alley for greater than  
market value. Favor granted. I shall  
confer with my banker and we shall  
complete this sale in the 'morrow.

They shake hands. Gray exits quickly, passing Abraham at the  
door as he enters.

GRAY (CONT'D)

(calling)  
Favor granted! Closure!!

ABRAHAM

What was that father-killer doing in  
here?!

HUGH

I am selling him my half of the  
shoppe.

Off Abraham's look, we...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. MOODY'S SILVERSMITH SHOPPE/HOME - CONTINUOUS

Things are as we left them; Abraham furious with Hugh.

ABRAHAM

How dare you sell your share of this shoppe without my consult?

HUGH

I'm pleading with you. Sell your stake to Grey. Now is our chance for a new beginning.

ABRAHAM

I don't want a new beginning. I am not a quitter. I will stay and work my way --

HUGH

-- Abraham. She will never leave Paul. And you will never do anything about it.

This stings Abraham, as much as he tries to conceal it.

ABRAHAM

If you need a new beginning so badly, then show your mettle and go! I will run the store without you.

HUGH

Without me? You must be joking. You don't know a planishing hammer from a cross-pein hammer.

ABRAHAM

I hope your vast knowledge of hammers serves you while you are being devoured by an Appalachian bobcat.

HUGH

(suddenly emotional)

Wait. Listen. I can't leave you. We are brothers. We are all we have.

ABRAHAM

You just remembered you need someone to protect you from a damned horse!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HUGH

Absurd accusation! I shall take a donkey. They are more outsmartable.

ABRAHAM

I am not going anywhere.

HUGH

Brother, you will ne'er be happy here. Ne'er. The elites control your fate. You cannot ascend the way --

ABRAHAM

You are wrong, Hugh. Stupidly and profoundly wrong. I have ascended. I have been accepted into the Masons!

HUGH

I am the older brother. You should obey me and my wishes!

ABRAHAM

*Barely* older.

HUGH

What was that? What did you say? Do not start this again.

ABRAHAM

You played the "older brother" card. I only point out the mathematics regarding your mother's death and my birth.

HUGH

Father was devastated by her loss.

ABRAHAM

He must not have mourned very long since I was born a mere ten months after he became a widower!

HUGH

You watch your mouth!! My mother was a saint!!

ABRAHAM

Be that as it may, she was a saint soon forgotten!

SMACK! Hugh attacks Abraham. They wrestle like six year olds, knocking things off the shelves. As soon as it began, the fight is over. 'Tis a draw.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ABRAHAM (CONT'D)

You hit me with a planishing hammer.

HUGH

Hm. Lucky guess.

Both men catch their breath for a beat.

ABRAHAM

I can't believe you used our favor with Samuel Gray without asking me.

HUGH

Calm down. You get a favor too. He said we each get one.

ABRAHAM

I guess this is it then. Good luck in Ohio. Now, if you'll excuse me, I have somewhere important to be.

HUGH

So do I!

ABRAHAM

A whore?

HUGH

("Yes")

No.

ABRAHAM

I have an audience with the Masons. I suggest you work on your Harvard cup.

HUGH

T'isn't my cup. I no longer work here.

ABRAHAM

Fine. I will bang it out later tonight.

HUGH

"Bang it out"? You sound no better than Revere.

ABRAHAM

Quitter!

*Ding! SLAM!* Abraham barges out.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOSTON COMMON - DAY

A colonial-era version of the "flailing-arms-inflatable-guy" that one sees at car dealers today, advertising "**Moody's Silversmiths**". The same sign-twirling Boy operates a bellows, making the arms flail.

CUT TO:

INT. EAST BOSTON BLACK GRACKLES - ANTE-ROOM - DAY

Abraham and the Tall Mysterious Man stand at a door. Abraham is clearly nervous.

TALL MYSTERIOUS MAN  
Just speak as you spoke at the Green Dragon. The East Boston Black Grackles will love you.

ABRAHAM  
Thank you. Wait. The what?

TALL MYSTERIOUS MAN  
The East Boston Black Grackles.

ABRAHAM  
You're not the Masons?

TALL MYSTERIOUS MAN  
The Masons?! Good Lord, no! Ha! Can you imagine?! You'd *better* be nervous if you are meeting the Masons. Relax.

He opens the door and leads Abraham into a --

CUT TO:

INT. EAST BOSTON BLACK GRACKLES - MEETING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A few candles shed some light, but not enough to reveal the faces of the MEN gathered around a long table.

TALL MYSTERIOUS MAN  
Brotherhood of the East Boston Black Grackles. I present Abraham Moody.

EAST BOSTON BLACK GRACKLES  
GrrACK!!

EBBG #1  
Reply to the following. One: Do you believe foremost in the sanctity of the Human Soul and the liberty thereof?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ABRAHAM

Absolutely.

EBBG #1

Two: The Human Soul shall not be  
compromised by the Tyranny of Monarchy?

ABRAHAM

Most definitely!

EBBG #1

Number three: The most important task  
of our time is the hunting and  
extermination of Witches.

ABRAHAM

I -- witches? Did you say witches?

EAST BOSTON BLACK GRACKLES

GrrACK!!

CUT TO:

INT. MOODY'S SILVERSMITH SHOPPE/HOME - LATER

Hugh works on a strange contraption at the work bench.

*DING!* Abraham enters wearing an elaborate PIN on his lapel.  
Hugh quickly hides what he was working on.

ABRAHAM

Brother, I regret our row earlier. I  
am sorry to have disparaged your  
mother. Unforgivable.

HUGH

I am o'er it.  
(then; noticing)  
That is a handsome new pin.

ABRAHAM

Thank you, Hugh.

HUGH

At long last, you are a Mason!

ABRAHAM

Turns out they are not exactly Masons.  
Although they are venerable.

Abraham holds the shoppe door open for someone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ABRAHAM (CONT'D)

I have found you a guide for your  
voyage West!

ETHAN ALLEN enters. The man whose name is associated with overpriced furniture was, in fact, a feral beast of a man. He wears all manner of animal pelts, and is equipped with a musket, pistols and several knives.

ETHAN ALLEN

Hello, m'ladies!

Ethan Allen inspects his surroundings like a wild animal, pawing everything that catches his eye.

HUGH

Ethan Allen! What gives us the  
pleasure of your presence in town?

ETHAN ALLEN

(quick to rage)

Am I not welcome?! Do you insult me?!

HUGH

No. No, no. I'm merely asking what  
brings you down from the mountains.

ETHAN ALLEN

Oh. 'Tis time to resupply and trade  
some pelts.

Ethan proudly holds up some very fresh, bloody animal skins. Hugh reels at the smell of them. Ethan puts his arm around him and whispers conspiratorially.

ETHAN ALLEN (CONT'D)

Truth be told, I could use to polish  
me musket. If you know what me mean.

HUGH

(forcing a smile)

Mmm. Quite.

ETHAN ALLEN

I'm also due to see a whore.

HUGH

(now confused)

Oh. Right.

ABRAHAM

Hugh, Mr. Allen can guarantee your  
safety all the way to the mountains.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ETHAN ALLEN

You're lucky your brother found me.  
(deadly serious)  
My Green Mountain Boys would've make a  
badger trap out of your bones.

HUGH

Uh. Oh. Well, thank you in advance.

ETHAN ALLEN

I'm surprised anyone stays here wit'  
all these red-coat cowards traipsing  
around like--

Nigel enters, dressed in his red coat.

ETHAN ALLEN (CONT'D)

Well, speak of the god-damned Devil.

Ethan spits at Nigel's feet in disgust.

NIGEL

(to self)

Oh, Lord. This thing is back...

Nigel helps himself to a large mug of the Moody's ale.

ABRAHAM

Yeah, sure. Hey, help yourself there,  
Nigel. Glad you're home.

NIGEL

I wouldn't have to drink your stupid  
ale if I didn't have to stand out in  
your stupidly freezing cold weather to  
guard your stupid Custom House.

ABRAHAM

If you don't want to guard our stupid  
Custom House, why don't you pack up  
your stupid belongings and go home?

NIGEL

(to Abraham, re: Ethan)

Because if we left, this lewd  
reprobate would make you both his wife  
in a week. You should express some  
gratitude to the greatest and most  
powerful military the world has ever  
known for protecting you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ABRAHAM

Why does everything with you people have to be the "greatest" or "MOST powerful"?

NIGEL

Because Great Britain is the greatest and most powerful country in history, that is why! Self-explanatory, mate.

ETHAN ALLEN

All I hear is, "Taxes taxing tax taxes."

NIGEL

("U-S-A! U-S-A!" chant)  
Great Bri-tain! Great Bri-tain!!

Ethan Allen squats with his rear-end aimed at Nigel. His face shows strain as he tenses his body.

NIGEL (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

Finally: *Pop... pop pop... Pop!* Ethan Allen farts weirdly. They all reel at the smell.

NIGEL (CONT'D)

Savages.

Nigel leaves. Abraham dons his wig.

ABRAHAM

I must leave for the Green Dragon. I speak tonight. Are you coming, Hugh?

HUGH

Hm? Oh, no thank you. Your petty Boston politics holds no interest for me. I'm soon a man of the world.

Abraham leaves. Hugh turns to Ethan Allen.

HUGH (CONT'D)

So! Tell me what you hear of Ohio! Gold in the ground?

ETHAN ALLEN

No, but there's freedom all over the ground. My people didn't come all this way to be ruled by "laws".

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

HUGH

Well, some law, no?

ETHAN ALLEN

None! Any government better be small enough to drown in me pisspot.

HUGH

Tell me of the native women, Ethan.

ETHAN ALLEN

Pssh, I ain't put me penis in a live thing for years.

HUGH

(worried)

Oh... Oh, dear.

ETHAN ALLEN

Sometimes a dear! But only if it's dead!

CUT TO:

INT. "THE GREEN DRAGON" TAVERN - LATER

Another meeting. Many wigs. And Whigs.

ANGLE ON: A portly, impassioned SPEAKER regales the room.

SPEAKER

... it is just to avoid taxes, raised in an unjust manner...

The room echoes with "Harumphs!" and "Here Here!"s.

ANGLE ON: At the usual, lousy table, Abraham sweats and chews his nails while looking over some notes.

Rachel appears, wearing an ABSURD HAT with a garish figurine of a PEACOCK on the huge brim.

ABRAHAM

At last it has arrived!

RACHEL

Do I look stupid? Paul loves it. I worry it's prideful. Is it over the top?

ABRAHAM

Yes. In truth, it is absurd. Why the peacock?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RACHEL  
It hurts my head a bit, actually.

ABRAHAM  
You look beautiful even in that.

Rachel smiles and notices Abraham's Black Grackle pin.

RACHEL  
Abe! Is that...?

ABRAHAM  
It is. I am a proud member of the  
East Boston Black Grackles. I speak  
tonight, in fact. After Paul.

RACHEL  
Oh Abraham! Praise be to our Heavenly  
Martyr! I am so proud of you!

She embraces him.

ABRAHAM  
(to self)  
Oh... You smell of cinnamon.

RACHEL  
But where is Hugh?

ABRAHAM  
Hugh is at home, likely packing for  
his voyage West to Cleveland to find  
his fortune.

RACHEL  
But... you...?

ABRAHAM  
I am staying.

Paul Revere interrupts, surrounded by a posse of MINIONS.

PAUL REVERE  
There's the hat I love! Now what to  
do with the lass beneath it?! Huh?!

The Minions crack up.

PAUL REVERE (CONT'D)  
I was, for a moment, upset that  
another man was embracing my bride. I  
was greatly relieved to find out it  
was but Abraham Moody.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The Minions crack up again.

PAUL REVERE (CONT'D)

I understand you are enjoying some of my table scraps with the Harvard Crew, eh? Trophies are easy money. I banged that one out in under an hour.

ABRAHAM

Really?! An hour?! It barely shows!

PAUL REVERE

TURNAROUND! That is the way to build a business! Something you daisies have yet to learn.

RACHEL

Abraham has joined a Boston Club, Paul, and is speaking tonight!

Revere looks closely at the pin on Abraham's lapel.

PAUL REVERE

The East Boston Black Grackles?

Abraham motions to the BAR: the EBBGs give him a thumbs up.

PAUL REVERE (CONT'D)

Those witch-hunters? How do they still maintain a spot on the Green Dragon Speakers Docket?!

ABRAHAM

They've -- We've been in existence for two hundred years, Revere. Venerable.

RACHEL

I've read some of Abraham's notes. I believe you'll be quite stirred by his speech, Paul.

Paul Revere takes a swig of Abraham's ale as he studies him.

CUT TO:

INT. "THE GREEN DRAGON" TAVERN - SPEAKERS AREA - LATER

Abraham nervously stands to the side of the Speakers Area, biting his fingernails while Paul Revere addresses the crowd.

PAUL REVERE

And OOOHHH does it raise my ire!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The crowd cheers. Paul looks over to Abraham and grins.

PAUL REVERE (CONT'D)

But enough talk! Patriots! Do we wish to spew rhetoric, or rather to take a stand on this snowy night?!

The Crowd yells, "Take a stand!!".

ABRAHAM

Spew Rhetoric! One more!

PAUL REVERE

Let us confront these accursed soldiers! To the Custom House! Let us toss snowballs of Liberty upon their red coats! SNOWBALL FIGHT!!

CROWD

(chanting)

Snowball fight! Snowball fight!

The crowd begins to file out the door, leaving Abraham alone on the stage and revealing: HUGH sits alone at the Moody's table. He smiles warmly at his brother.

CUT TO:

INT. MOODY'S SILVERSMITH SHOPPE/HOME - LATER

Hugh and Abraham enter from the freezing cold and unwrap themselves from all their outer-wear.

ABRAHAM

Enough is enough! I tell this city, "Enough!"

HUGH

Enough! I say it too.

ABRAHAM

We will go this Cleveland. We will build a new society.

HUGH

Yeah we will! With lots of gold. And Indian wives.

A COMMOTION OUTSIDE. Shots fired? They don't notice.

ABRAHAM

But our society will be pure. It will be a true democracy.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ABRAHAM (CONT'D)

Based on merit of thought. No elites.  
No clubs. Venerable or not.

HUGH

Whatever!

ABRAHAM

Are you prepared to go?

Hugh takes a strange-looking, half-backpack contraption from the corner and puts it on over his shoulders.

HUGH

I got as far as making this...

*SHHHPPING!* When Hugh sticks his arms out in front of him, two very large blades shoot out, giving him knife hands.

ABRAHAM

Whoa. That is... elaborate.

HUGH

Your "bobcat eating me" image really stuck with me.

ABRAHAM

Well, good for you, Hugh. Let us shed this shoppe. I will sell my share to Samuel Gray and begin our new lives!

*DING!* The door swings open, revealing Nigel, with tears streaming down his BLOOD-SPLATTERED face.

NIGEL

It was awful. A nightmare. We were standing guard, minding our own business. And a crowd appeared. They called us names! They threw snowballs at us. Hard ones. With ice in them. And then... we fired shots.

ABRAHAM

Are you fucking kidding me?!

NIGEL

I saw brains. Brains. I think some went in my mouth. I'm in such shite. They'll hang me. Or, worse, transfer me to New York!

(really sincerely)

I like living with you boys. We're like a lit'l family, right?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ABRAHAM

I'm sure it's not that bad...

NIGEL

There were dead people everywhere.

HUGH

Who, Nigel? Did you get any names?

NIGEL

Just one. His face came clear off.  
Samuel Gray.

ABRAHAM

Samuel Gray?! Shot?!

Hugh starts to have trouble taking a breath. Panic.

HUGH

Cannot... I... This... Forsaken.

The springs are coming off Hugh. He wanders out of the room.

NIGEL

I cannot close my eyes without seeing  
the man's head come apart like a  
melon. And the sound of it.

Hugh drifts back in, chewing on a raw potato.

ABRAHAM

Hugh, put the potato down. Come here,  
brother.

NIGEL

It sounded like "pffvtht". Or  
"shbbttk".

HUGH

(lost in deep panic)  
Daddy! Look out for the carriage!

Nigel slaps Hugh, snapping him out of it.

NIGEL

Snap out of it! I am quite sure Nigel  
is over-reacting.

NIGEL (CONT'D)

You're not hearing me, mate. British  
regulars killed colonists. Do you see  
what this means? The King will be  
very upset.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ABRAHAM

'Twas a misunderstanding. Come light  
of day, Boston will return to normal.

Abraham opens the front door, and the SOUNDS of absolute  
fucking chaos can be heard. A MUDDY COLONIST appears in the  
doorway.

MUDDY COLONIST

Town borne, turn out! Turn out!  
REVOLUTIOOOOOOOON!!!!

Nigel runs toward the back room.

NIGEL

Don't give me to the mobs!

Abraham calmly shuts the door.

ABRAHAM

Sam Gray is dead. I never got my  
favor. The man who killed our father  
is gone, and I never got my favor.  
Nobody will buy this shoppe now. We  
are stuck here. I want my favor!

SMACK! Hugh slaps Abraham out of it.

HUGH

Those Harvard boys are going to want  
their cup tomorrow. Have you finished  
it?

ABRAHAM

Uh... no? I don't know how to make a  
cup.

HUGH

Alright, alright. Let us get to work.

Hugh begins to work on the trophy. *DING!* Rachel enters,  
looking terrified.

RACHEL

Have you heard the news? I didn't  
know where to go. May I stay here  
with you?

ABRAHAM

Anytime, Rachel.

Rachel runs over and hugs Abraham

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

ABRAHAM (CONT'D)  
Are the children alright?

RACHEL  
Yes, of course. They're with the  
neighbor's slaves.

Abraham hands Rachel his handkerchief and the snuff box.

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
I thank you, kindly.  
(takes snuff)  
ACHOO!

ABRAHAM  
Where is Paul?

RACHEL  
The Sons of Liberty are in emergency  
meetings. Everything has changed  
tonight. Paul is talking about  
expanding the movement. The Grackles  
will be needed.

ABRAHAM  
I do not think I am a good fit with  
that lot of weirdos.

RACHEL  
I understand. Perhaps I can find  
another interested...

Rachel trails off thinking. Abraham studies her.

ABRAHAM  
You sponsored my membership.

RACHEL  
... yes. Of course I did.

ABRAHAM  
I do not require your charity, Rachel!

RACHEL  
It was not charity, old friend. I  
believe in you. And your words are  
too precious to remain in piles on  
your counter. I took action.

Abraham turns away. Rachel turns him to face her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Please, Abraham. Do not be cross. They need you. We need you. I need you.

Hugh looks through the drawers, frustrated.

HUGH

We have no tin left. For the soldering. We are undone.

ABRAHAM

What? Where did it go?

HUGH

I used it all on this.

*Shhhping!* Hugh shoots his knife-hands out.

RACHEL

What is that?

ABRAHAM

It's his bobcat destroyer.

RACHEL

Here.

Rachel takes off the ridiculous hat, sending her hair unfurling down her back, and removes the peacock figurine.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

T'is tin. T'isn't it?

ABRAHAM

Rachel. It's your engagement present.

RACHEL

My husband owes you this at least.

(placing it in his hands)

Please Abraham. Let me help.

This lands on Abraham. They share a smile. Hugh takes the figurine and melts it in the kiln.

Nigel enters.

NIGEL

Um... Your fing is ou.

CUT TO:

INT. THE GREEN DRAGON TAVERN - LATER

Hugh and Abraham share a plate of wet fries at their usual shitty table with a newly completed (and extremely well-made) Henry Dunster Grandis Veritas Trophy.

HUGH  
(re: wet fries)  
These truly are phenomenal.

The Harvard Crew Team descends upon them.

HARVARD DICK  
Moody Brothers, good day.

He picks up the Trophy and admires it.

HARVARD DICK (CONT'D)  
Well, this Henry Dunster Grandis  
Veritas Trophy is fetching. Thank you  
for your hard work.

*PONG! PING!* The Harvard Dick smacks a buddy with the cup.  
They all giggle as he chases the team out of the Tavern.

Abraham raises his glass.

ABRAHAM  
Brother. To you. Some of your finest  
work. Here's to breaching the doors  
of Harvard. We may gain respect in  
this town yet.

Paul arrives, surrounded by an even larger crowd of Minions.

PAUL REVERE  
Ah. There goes the Harvard Crew team.  
That must have been quite a nice  
little commission for your small and  
poorly-located shoppe. Of course, you  
know, I am currently forging an entire  
flatware set for the Harvard Board of  
Trustees, but no matter.

Paul stuffs a bunch of Hugh's wet fries into his mouth.

PAUL REVERE (CONT'D)  
(to Abraham; chewing)  
Now then, you... With the pin-backed  
ears. My wife, the delicious Rachel  
Revere, tells me you have much to  
offer to the great cause.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PAUL REVERE (CONT'D)

I told her I have known you since I was six, and I have yet to see it. But she has convinced me otherwise. She can be.... verrry... convincing. Physically.

Abraham winces.

PAUL REVERE (CONT'D)

Thus I have assigned you Moody brothers the important duty of tracking British Soldier movements.

ABRAHAM

Really? Wow. We are your men.

PAUL REVERE

You have the shift from one in the morning to four in the morning. In the snow. By the dockworkers' outhouse. Bring something for your nostrils.

The Minions laugh. Revere leads them away.

REVERE

Revere, away...!

HUGH

I fucking hate that guy.

The Moodys drown their sorrows, together, in ale.

MATT DAMON (V.O.)

In five years, Paul Revere will make his midnight ride, warning of the approaching British army. You know the story. What you don't know is that same night, two men rowed Revere and his horse across the Charles River. He never gave these men credit, because he was kind of a dick. And those two men were forgotten by history. This is their story.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

TAG

INT. HARVARD UNIVERSITY - NIGHT

In a beautiful wood-panelled room, a few COLLEGE COUPLES engage in intimate conversations in the dim lighting.

**TITLE: "Harvard University Final Club, Present Day"**

A HANDSOME MAN, mid 20s, dressed in a smart, Harvard blazer has his arm up on a bookshelf beside the head of a BEAUTIFUL YOUNG CO-ED in a preppy dress.

HANDSOME HARVARD MAN  
... and I told him, "Look, I'm going to be clerking for Justice Roberts next year, so I'm hardly worried about a few campus police parking tickets."

The Beautiful Co-Ed laughs. He kisses her lightly.

HANDSOME HARVARD MAN (CONT'D)  
Whoops.

BEAUTIFUL CO-ED  
(flirty)  
Whoops? That didn't seem like an accident.

HANDSOME HARVARD MAN  
It wasn't. Hey, have you ever seen the secret library in this place?

BEAUTIFUL CO-ED  
I haven't. I'd like to.

HANDSOME HARVARD MAN  
After you...

Handsome Harvard Man shows her the way, and she walks off. As he walks past, we see him reach into Hugh Moody's **Henry Dunster Grandis Veritas Trophy** on the fireplace mantle.

He pulls out a condom, winks at another HARVARD GUY on the couch and crosses out.

FADE TO BLACK.

The Beatles' "Revolution" plays us out as credits roll.

END OF SHOW