

# *America*

## *The Motion Picture*

*Based on*

*The Constitution of the  
United States of America*

*Written by  
The People  
for  
The People*



*“Don't start no shit,  
won't be no shit.”*

*- Thomas Jefferson  
First Continental Congress*

# Chapter One

*In the Beginning...*

FADE INTO:

EXT. WASHINGTON DC - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

A FULL MOON hangs over the city that we know now as our Capitol. But on this night, 500 years ago, it is but a sapling dreaming of growing to mighty heights:

A humble series of cobblestone streets winding through single-storey buildings. ROPE BRIDGES connecting the numerous tree-top huts.

In the distance, the KING JAMES OBELISK glistens in the moonlight.

Off this peaceful snapshot of our country's humble beginnings, A SOARING ARIA carries us...

INT. FORD'S THEATER - NIGHT

An exquisite building, fit for a king. Which, tonight, it is: KING JAMES (60's, bearded, horrible teeth, the King of England) sits in the theater's most ornate private box, enjoying an evening at the opera.

But our story does not begin with King James. Rather, it begins with the THREE YOUNG MEN sitting in a box nearby:

GEORGE WASHINGTON. ABRAHAM LINCOLN. JOHN ADAMS.

Washington (Early 20's, heart-stopping good looks, muscles forged of iron) leans over to Lincoln (same with a chinstrap beard and a big hat), whispers:

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
I should say, that Martha Dandridge  
has the voice of an angel!

ABRAHAM LINCOLN  
(breathless)  
And juggalos to match!

Washington laughs heartily, leans backward to address Adams (unemotive, bleeding from the hairline, shifty eyes).

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
Adams. How much do I owe you for  
the tickets?

Adams stares straight ahead, blood trickling down the side of his palid face.

GEORGE WASHINGTON (CONT'D)  
Adams!

Slowly, Adams turns toward Washington. His features remain static.

GEORGE WASHINGTON (CONT'D)  
I say. How much for the boffo  
tickets?

Beat.

JOHN ADAMS  
(lips not moving, muffled)  
Um. About... fifty... quid.

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
Quid? What's a quid?

JOHN ADAMS  
Did I say quid? I meant dollars.

Washington regards Adams with confusion for a moment. He's about to respond, when, unexpectedly, ADAMS LEAPS TO HIS FEET, TEARS HIS OWN FACE OFF.

JOHN ADAMS (CONT'D)  
Have at you!!!!!!

Adams lunges toward Lincoln, biting the bearded man in the jugular.

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
My God, Adams! What are you  
doing?!

The assembled crowd turns toward the commotion as Adams shakes Lincoln violently, finally tearing his victim's throat out. Lincoln collapses to the floor, a FOUNTAIN OF BLOOD jetting from his neck.

GEORGE WASHINGTON (CONT'D)  
John! Why did you do that?!

Adams grins, wipes the gore from his face. Washington gasps as he finds himself not looking at John Adams at all, but BENEDICT FUCKING ARNOLD!

GEORGE WASHINGTON (CONT'D)  
Benedict Fucking Arnold!

BENEDICT ARNOLD  
Someday, Washington, you'll have to draft a document that specifically outlines the punishment for what I just did! But for now... I bid you adieu!

With that, Arnold JUMPS out of the box, landing on the stage below before disappearing into the panicked crowd. Washington watches him go, then looks down to his fallen friend. He drops to his knees, takes Lincoln's bloodied face in his hands.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

Abe. Can you hear me? You're going to be OK. Clara Barton lives in my condo, she can fix you right up. You hold on.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

(soft, pained)

George. You must. Free the colonies.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

We'll do it together, Abe.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

No. George. Listen. Free the colonies. Found a new country. Name her...

GEORGE WASHINGTON

Name her what, Abe?

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

(whisper soft)

Name her... America.

Lincoln's eyes roll back, his head falling to the side. Dead. Washington hangs his head for a moment, given over to the heart-wracking pain that envelops him... then he leans his head back, calls to the Heavens:

GEORGE WASHINGTON

ABE!!!!!!!!!

Slowly, galvanized, Washington stands. He's about to exit the box when he catches sight of King James, watching and grinning from his royal perch.

GEORGE WASHINGTON (CONT'D)

Was this your doing, James?!

KING JAMES

You haven't the manpower or the funds to overtake the British Empire, Washington. Your twilight is upon you.

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
It's always darkest before the  
dawn, James.

KING JAMES  
That's stupid.

James motions for his head of security, JOSEPH STALIN, to  
lead the way to the exit. Washington can only watch him go.

INT. FORD'S THEATER - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Washington hurries into the hallway, pushes through the  
throngs of rioting opera-goers. Finds a pimple-faced usher  
cowering against the wall.

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
You! Usher! Benedict Arnold!  
Which way did he go??

USHER  
He... he said that he'd kill me.  
If I revealed his escape.

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
Listen to me, son...

USHER  
Ulysses, sir. Ulysses Grant.

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
This is a crucial moment in your  
life, Ulysses Grant. You are  
standing on the precipice of a new  
tomorrow. A tomorrow that will see  
the birth of a new nation. And you  
can be a part of that new nation,  
that new... America. Or you can be  
left behind, relegated to the  
dustbin of history. You decide.

Grant considers long and hard, sweat pouring from his  
teenaged face.

ULYSSES GRANT  
He took the back exit. Onto James  
Street.

Washington nods, clasps Grant by the shoulder.

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
I'll see you in the history books,  
Ulysses Grant.

Washington dashes away. Grant remains, a new fire burning in his eyes...

EXT. FORD'S THEATER - NIGHT

Washington exits the theater onto a sidestreet, away from the crowds. At the end of the street, Benedict Arnold can be seen climbing into a HORSE-DRAWN CARRIAGE.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

Arnold!

Arnold turns, gestures for four of his REDCOAT ACCOMPLICES to stop Washington's advance.

The first two run directly at Washington, who sidesteps them both easily. Their knuckle-forward boxing stances are no match for Washington's highly polished JEET KUN-DO; he dispatches them in seconds with a blinding series of kicks.

The second pair of redcoats, having watched this martial display, brandish SABRES. They hurry towards their target...

... who activates the SLEEVE-CONCEALED MINI CHAINSAWS hidden in his coat. The tiny razor-sharp chains WHIR TO LIFE as Washington runs BETWEEN the redcoats, chopping both of them in half. They fall to the ground in pieces, damned to a long moment to comprehend their fates.

GEORGE WASHINGTON (CONT'D)

The cherry tree didn't chop itself down.

The unmistakable sound of a CARRIAGE IN MOTION jars Washington from his moment of self-satisfaction. He turns...

... just as Arnold's carriage rolls past, its diabolical owner leaning out of the window and SLOW-CLAPPING.

Infuriated, Washington takes up a BRISK JOG, just keeping pace with the carriage as it winds through the city.

BENEDICT ARNOLD

An impressive display, Washington. But I'm afraid it will prove meaningless. Your people will be crushed, once and for all.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

(already winded)

They were your people too, Ben.

BENEDICT ARNOLD  
I made an educated decision,  
George. The writing's on the wall.  
It's not too late to join us.

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
(really winded)  
I'll never...  
(deep breath)  
... join the Brits.

BENEDICT ARNOLD  
Suit yourself. I just hope that  
you're ready to die for this cause  
of yours.

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
(clutching side, wincing)  
I... hey. Can you... slow down...

Arnold calls out to his driver.

BENEDICT ARNOLD  
Juan Carlos! *Más despacio*. I want  
to hear what this fool has to say.

The carriage slows, allowing Washington to pace it at a brisk  
walk. He puts both hands behind his head, sucking wind.

BENEDICT ARNOLD (CONT'D)  
You were saying?

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
I was saying: I am.

BENEDICT ARNOLD  
You are what.

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
I am ready to die for this cause of  
mine.  
(off Arnold's confusion)  
You asked me if I was ready to die  
for this cause of mine.  
(more confusion)  
Before I gassed out?

BENEDICT ARNOLD  
Oh, right. OK.  
(a beat as Arnold plays  
the conversation back in  
his head, catching up)  
Good. Because you're going to.

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
I'm going to gas out?

BENEDICT ARNOLD  
What? No. You're going to die for  
this cause of yours.

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
Oh.  
(then)  
No I'm not.

BENEDICT ARNOLD  
I think you might.

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
I think I might not.

BENEDICT ARNOLD  
You might not?

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
I will not.

BENEDICT ARNOLD  
You said 'might.'

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
You said 'might.'

BENEDICT ARNOLD  
I meant might. Then you parroted  
me without considering the  
consequences, and now you're paying  
the price.  
(beat)  
Just as you will if you continue to  
pursue this 'revolution' of yours.

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
I'll never quit.

BENEDICT ARNOLD  
Then you will die.

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
I doubt it.

BENEDICT ARNOLD  
I guess we'll see.

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
I guess we will.

Arnold gestures to his driver, who cracks the reins. The carriage disappears into the night, finally allowing Washington a moment to double over, catch his breath...

... and in doing so, he notices that Arnold has dropped something in his haste: a HERRINGBONE SCARF. Washington retrieves it, clutches it in a tight fist, and looks up at the King James Obelisk, the all-seeing monolith that casts a shadow over the city.

GEORGE WASHINGTON (CONT'D)  
(sotto)  
I guess we will.

TITLE UP:

*AMERICA: THE MOTION PICTURE*

Then...

*Based on actual history*

FADE TO BLACK.

MARTHA DANDRIDGE (O.S.)  
(singing)  
*Close your eyes, give me your hand,  
Darling.*

FADE INTO:

EXT. ARLINGTON NATIONAL CEMETERY - AFTERNOON

MARTHA DANDRIDGE (Scarlett Johansson) stands beside a simple wooden coffin, her heavenly voice soaring through the TORRENTIAL DOWNPOUR that soaks her heaving bosom.

MARTHA DANDRIDGE  
(singing)  
*Do you feel my heart beating -- do  
you understand?*

REVERSE ANGLE: Hundreds of gathered mourners bow their heads as Abraham Lincoln's widow, TRISHELLE, steps forward, drapes a heavy quilt over her husband's casket. Rendered in faded reds, whites and blues, the fabric bears a now familiar motif: Thirteen STRIPES... an ass-ton of STARS...

MARTHA DANDRIDGE (CONT'D)  
(singing)  
*Do you feel the same, or am I only  
dreaming?*

As Trishelle collapses to her knees in the foreground, we RACK FOCUS to Washington, who stands front and center among the mourners in the BG. Off his granite countenance...

MARTHA DANDRIDGE (CONT'D)  
 (singing)  
*Is this burning an eternal flame?*

MATCH FADE TO:

LATER

Washington stands beside the coffin, alone now. The mourners have retired, as has the sun. But the storms -- in the air, in his heart -- have not. Will not. Will never.

Washington reaches out, runs a hand along the faded quilt that covers his friend's pine box. Martha appears at his side. He doesn't look up.

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
 He sewed it by hand when Trishelle came down with Dengue Fever last May Day. He laid it upon her, and she healed. Now, she lays it upon him... but we will never heal.  
 (then, still not looking up)  
 You're Martha Dandridge. Your voice is the last thing that Abe ever heard. If I'm to find solace in any of this madness, it is that.

Martha nods slightly, moved.

MARTHA DANDRIDGE  
 And you are George Washington.  
 Inventor of peanut butter.

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
 The same.

MARTHA DANDRIDGE  
 Abraham Lincoln's best friend.

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
 Forever.

Martha lays a gentle hand upon Washington's muscular shoulder.

MARTHA DANDRIDGE  
 You've suffered a tremendous loss.  
 (then, testing)  
 You should not be alone tonight.

Finally, Washington looks up. Locks eyes with Martha. And off the smouldering look shared between them...

SMASH CUT TO  
 FUCKING.

INT. WASHINGTON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Martha writhes atop Washington, naked and glistening. After a long, orgasmic moment, she sits upright, makes a funny face like maybe she ate too many eggs at the funeral. She puts a hand to her belly...

MARTHA DANDRIDGE  
 George. We've conceived.

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
 What? Just now?

MARTHA DANDRIDGE  
 (nodding, moved)  
 Just now.

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
 But how can you --

MARTHA DANDRIDGE  
 A woman knows, George.

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
 Very well. Then we must marry. To make it right.

Martha nods, and so George reaches over to the bedside table, takes hold of a large CORNUCOPIA bearing corn, baby pumpkins, and a bunch of loose cigarettes. He holds it out to Martha with two hands: an offering. Martha bows her head, and again with two hands, accepts the gift.

GEORGE WASHINGTON (CONT'D)  
 It is done.

EXT. WASHINGTON'S CONDO - NIGHT

Washington, swaddled in a bathrobe, sits out on his balcony, lost in tobacco-fueled thought. After a serene moment, Martha joins him. She is now VISIBLY PREGNANT. George courteously offers his new wife a cigarette, and together, they smoke in comfortable silence. Finally:

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
Our child cannot grow up under  
British Rule, Martha. Must not.

MARTHA DANDRIDGE WASHINGTON  
Is there any other way?

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
Yes. The American Way.

MARTHA DANDRIDGE WASHINGTON  
The people will support your  
revolution, George. James is at  
his most unpopular.

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
And yet his most powerful.  
(then, thoughtful)  
Abe and John were my best friends,  
yes... but they were also my  
partners in rebellion. The other  
two legs, if you will, of a three-  
legged table. Remove two legs from  
such a table...

Washington trails off, overwhelmed.

MARTHA DANDRIDGE WASHINGTON  
Thomas Jefferson plays in my adult  
kickball league.

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
(suddenly inspired)  
Thomas Jefferson the martial arts'  
expert?

MARTHA DANDRIDGE WASHINGTON  
No, that's Thomas Jeffersen with an  
'e.' This is Thomas Jefferson with  
an 'o.'  
(beat)  
The demolitions expert.

Better yet! Washington stands, the fire in his belly  
reignited.

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
Arrange a meeting. Tell him George  
Washington is putting together a  
team.

Martha nods. George heads back inside, but stops just short  
of the door. Turns back to his wife.

GEORGE WASHINGTON (CONT'D)  
 No. Tell him George Washington is  
 putting together an army.

CUT TO:

KAABBBBBBLLLLAAAAAAAAAAMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM!!!!!!!

A small rose bush explodes in a thirty foot ball of flame.  
 We are

EXT. MONTICELLO GROUNDS - DAY

Where THOMAS JEFFERSON (20's, white, a bit of a dandy) raises  
 his welding goggles to his forehead, makes several notations  
 in a MASSIVE LEATHER-BOUND NOTEBOOK (the earth-rattling  
 detonations continue throughout the scene).

GEORGE WASHINGTON (O.S.)  
 Boffo fireworks, Mr. Jefferson.  
 Very boffo.

Jefferson turns to find Washington approaching, hand  
 outstretched.

THOMAS JEFFERSON  
 And you are?

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
 George Washington.

THOMAS JEFFERSON  
 The dinosaur rancher?

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
 That's George Washingtén with an  
 'e.' I'm George Washington with an  
 'o.' The Future King of America.

THOMAS JEFFERSON  
 'America?'

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
 Today, the final whispered word of  
 a dying man. But a year from  
 now... the most powerful country in  
 the world. A country free of  
 British Rule.

THOMAS JEFFERSON  
 I see. And you come to procure my  
 explosive services for your  
 revolution.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

Indeed.

THOMAS JEFFERSON

Not interested.

Jefferson spins on his heel, returns to his note-taking. Washington, flummoxed, can only stare at the his back for a long moment, before...

GEORGE WASHINGTON

That's a rather voluminous tome for simple alchemical notation, is it not?

The pen FREEZES in Jefferson's hand, but the man does not turn around. Washington, though, smells blood...

GEORGE WASHINGTON (CONT'D)

You are a writer.

(off Jefferson's continued silence)

You throw yourself into the explosive arts as a means of disguising your true passion -- the written word.

(still nothing)

When America rises from the ashes of James' rule, we will announce her Independence to the world via written Declaration. A 'Statement of Having Become A Real Country,' if you will.

THOMAS JEFFERSON

(starting to buy in)

A 'Declaration of Independence.'

GEORGE WASHINGTON

The Declaration of Independence.

(beat)

Written by Thomas Jefferson.

(then, quieter)

Revisions by George Washington.

After a long, placid silence punctuated only by the HELLACIOUS EXPLOSIONS tearing the grounds asunder, Jefferson turns back toward his visitor.

THOMAS JEFFERSON

(inspired)

If we're to build an army, we will first need to transport an army.

(MORE)



SCIENTIST (CONT'D)  
 Science, science, sci-ENCE!  
 Science, science, sci-ENCE!

The Scientist punctuates each round of his chant with a BLAST OF LIGHTNING, which we now realize to be emanating DIRECTLY FROM HIS HANDS.

SCIENTIST (CONT'D)  
 I love fuck-ing sci...

He trails off as a jubilant TWIRL brings into focus THREE FAMILIAR MEN not ten feet away.

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
 Thomas Edison?

CUT TO:

REVERE, WASHINGTON, JEFFERSON AND EDISON RIDE THE CLYDESDALE:

Revere pilots. Washington wraps his arms around Revere's heaving torso. Jefferson wraps his around Washington's. Edison wraps one arm around Jefferson's waist, uses the other to hold his pointy hat atop his head.

THOMAS EDISON  
 (loud, over wind)  
 Arnold knows us. Knows our homes,  
 the circles we travel in. If we're  
 to counteract him, we must even the  
 playing field. He knows how to  
 find us; we must know how to find  
 him. We need a tracker. The best  
 in the Colonies.

EXT. THE NATIONAL MALL - DAY - ESTABLISHING

Hidden in the shadow of King James' mighty obelisk is a small, grassy patch of land. Already forgotten by the growing city around it, the field is nonetheless buzzing with activity: INDIANS (FEATHER) of all ages and genders tend to their horses, carve their arrowheads, spackle their teepees.

GERONIMO (PRE-LAP)  
 I don't know, there's something  
 about you guys I just don't trust.

INT. GERONIMO'S TEEPEE - DAY

Washington, Jefferson, Revere and Edison sit on one side of a crackling fire. Sitting opposite them is the famed KING OF ALL INDIANS, GERONIMO (40's, not white).

All five men are naked and sweating, because that's how Indians do things.

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
We come as friends, Mighty  
Geronimo. Nay. As brothers.

GERONIMO  
(shaking his head)  
Just doesn't feel right. Kinda  
feels like you're gonna try to fuck  
me.

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
We would never.

GERONIMO  
Yeah, no... I think you might.

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
Our word is strong. Like your  
mighty Indian tribe, the... um...  
(testing)  
Ch...

Geronimo shakes his head.

GEORGE WASHINGTON (CONT'D)  
Ssss... Sqquaaaaa...

Geronimo shakes his head again, anger rising. Washington looks to Jefferson for help. Jefferson shrugs. Finally:

GEORGE WASHINGTON (CONT'D)  
Our word is strong. Like oak.

GERONIMO  
I have to tell you, I just can't  
shake the feeling that you're gonna  
lay the pipe to me down the line.  
Just really gonna give it to me.  
Probably my descendants too.

A long, uncomfortable silence permeates the teepee. The only sounds are that of the fire and of SWEAT DRIPPING into the dust underfoot.

GERONIMO (CONT'D)  
You know, I'm probably just being  
paranoid. What was it you guys  
wanted me to do again?

CUT TO:

EXT. GERONIMO'S TEEPEE - DAY

Geronimo stands just outside his teepee, Benedict Arnold's HERRINGBONE SCARF held to his nose. Washington, Jefferson, Revere and Edison watch as he takes a DEEP WHIFF...

... then points to nebulously toward the city.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON: OUR FIVE MAN ARMY

All gazing at something in the middle distance.

PAUL REVERE

I don't know. Something tells me  
we shouldn't go in there.

Washington turns toward Geronimo.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

You're sure he's in there.

In response, Geronimo raises the scarf to his nose, inhales once more. Satisfied, he NODS. He's sure.

REVERSE ANGLE:

The five men are standing on a narrow, cobblestone-lined street, eyeballing a seedy watering hole named VIETNAM. Washington takes a single step toward the building, ready to rock...

... but Jefferson holds him back. Pleading:

THOMAS JEFFERSON

George. I beg you reconsider.  
This venue -- look at it -- it's a  
quagmire. We could be here for  
years and accomplish nothing.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

Perhaps. But we'd be accomplishing  
nothing for America.

This lands. Jefferson bows his head, humbled.

THOMAS JEFFERSON

My liege.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

(to others)  
On my signal.

INT. VIETNAM - EVENING

A busy tavern, notable only for the number of REDCOATS populating it.

GEORGE WASHINGTON (O.S.)  
 (muffled, through front  
 door)  
 E PLURIBUS UNUM!!!!

The table closest to the door turns toward the source of Washington's voice, just in time to see...

... NOTHING. Nothing happens. At all. After an interminable five seconds:

GEORGE WASHINGTON (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 (muffled, through door)  
 I'm sorry, guys. I should have been more clear. That was, uh... man, now I'm embarrassed.

GERONIMO (O.S.)  
 (muffled, through door)  
 Oh, dude, no... that's on us. That was the signal wasn't it.

GEORGE WASHINGTON (O.S.)  
 (muffled, through door)  
 Indeed.

THOMAS EDISON (O.S.)  
 (muffled, through door)  
 Oh, I was wondering.

GEORGE WASHINGTON (O.S.)  
 (muffled, through door)  
 Yeah, no... I... I'm sorry, I thought it would sound cool.

PAUL REVERE (O.S.)  
 (muffled, through door)  
 It did sound cool, George.

GEORGE WASHINGTON (O.S.)  
 (muffled, through door)  
 It did?

THOMAS JEFFERSON (O.S.)  
 (muffled, through door)  
 Absolutely.

GERONIMO (O.S.)  
 (muffled, through door)  
 Totally cool.

GEORGE WASHINGTON (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 (muffled, through door)  
 Thanks, guys.  
 (beat)  
 So, should we just... OK cool.

BLAM!!!!!!!!!! The front door FLIES INWARD OFF ITS HINGES, landing at the feet of a stunned BENEDICT ARNOLD. His surprise quickly evolves into AMUSEMENT, though, when he lays eyes on the five men that have sauntered into the bar.

BENEDICT ARNOLD  
 George Washington. Color me surprised.

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
 I'll color you fucking dead, Arnold!

BENEDICT ARNOLD  
 Bravo! You practice that line in the car on the way here?

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
 What's a car?! And no! It was a rebuttal to something you said... how could I have --

BENEDICT ARNOLD  
 Oh, pardon me. I forget that you aren't versed in the gentlemanly art of debate like your best friend Abe Lincoln. Or should I say...  
Ex. Best. Friend.

Washington BRISTLES. He prepares to launch a retort...

ON EDISON

Using his X-RAY VISION to look *through* a nearby table, where he sees a BLUNDERBUSS being levelled at Washington. The Redcoat surreptitiously wielding the weapon pulls back its hammer --

THOMAS EDISON  
 Washington! Down!

Revere HURLS Washington to the ground just as...

THOMAS EDISON (CONT'D)  
SCIENCE!!!!!!

... Edison flings a BOLT OF LIGHTNING at the would-be assassin.

The resulting blast knocks the Redcoat CLEAR ACROSS THE TAVERN, where he SLAMS into the JUKEBOX. A DEATHLY SILENCE follows, broken finally by an ominous whisper...

DAVE WILLIAMS (RIP)(V.O.)  
 Let the bodies hit the floor. LET  
 THE BODIES HIT THE FLOOR. **LET THE  
 BODIES HIT THE...**

**FLOOOOOOOOOO**  
**Ooooooooooooo**  
**OOORRRRRRRRR**  
**RRRRRRRRRRRR**  
**RRRRRR!!!!**  
**!!!!!!!**

The jukebox landed on 'Bodies' by Drowning Pool! Fucking awesome!!! Also: BAR FIGHT!!!!

The assembled Redcoats spring to action, drawing pistols and sabres. Washington and Crew set upon them without hesitation, happy to slice, bludgeon and burn their way to Arnold:

Revere draws a heavy LONGSWORD from out of nowhere, cleaves an oncoming wave of Redcoats in half. Flanking him on each side are Edison, who launches CRACKLING LIGHTNING BALLS across the room...

THOMAS EDISON  
 Science!!! Science!!!

... and Geronimo, who wields a ferocious oak-hewn BOW that fires TOMAHAWKS.

All the while, Jefferson hurls handheld explosives into the corners of the tavern, driving any surviving Redcoats into the center of establishment, where George Washington dispatches them with a series of VICIOUS KICKS AND CHOPS!

It's a wholly one-sided bloodbath, and Arnold knows it: he SCRAMBLES over the growing mounds of cadavers, makes for the rear exit. He's just about there...

... when a CALLOUSED HAND GRABS HIM BY THE SHOULDER.

GERONIMO

Going somewhere, Bene-dickhead?

Arnold responds by rearing back and, with MONSTROUS FANGS we're only just now noticing, BITING GERONIMO'S ARM CLEAN OFF.

GERONIMO (CONT'D)

Owwwww!!!!!!!! Sweet Wolf and Coyote!

Geronimo collapses to the floor, pawing at his gaping wound, as Arnold makes his escape. Washington pursues...

PAUL REVERE

George. We must tend to our Indian brother.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

Just leave him! He's not important!

Washington bounds after Arnold, chasing him through an open doorway into

A SECOND ROOM, IDENTICAL TO THE FIRST. If not for the lack of fresh cadavers, you'd think it was the first. Arnold is nowhere to be seen. Frustrated, Washington hurries through another doorway into

A THIRD IDENTICAL ROOM.

GEORGE WASHINGTON (CONT'D)

What the shit.

Jefferson bounds into the room.

THOMAS JEFFERSON

Tarnation! I knew we shouldn't have come in here. This place is a maze. We'll never get out.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

That's the Old World in you talking, Jefferson. It's time that you learn to think like an American.

(beat)

Let's carpet-bomb the place with incendiaries and hope for the best.

CUT TO:

EXT. VIETNAM - NIGHT

Our five heroes (Geronimo included) brush themselves off in the foreground as, behind them, VIETNAM BURNS TO THE GROUND. Several surrounding buildings also burn, roasting alive the panicked damsels calling for help from their windows.

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
I assume we're all in agreement?  
Pretend we were never here?

Washington's men nod in accordance... except for Geronimo, who eyeballs his leader with disdain.

GERONIMO  
You tried to leave me in --

THOMAS JEFFERSON  
Arnold!

The team follows Jefferson's gaze to the end of the street, where a familiar HORSE-DRAWN CARRIAGE spirits into the night. No time to spare, Revere WHISTLES, calls out into the night:

PAUL REVERE  
Clyde!!!!

Almost instantaneously, Revere's Clydesdale emerges from a nearby pub. The team piles on, except for Geronimo, who's having trouble mounting the enormous steed with one arm.

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
Leave the Indian!

As the horse accelerates, Geronimo runs alongside it, grasping desperately at its tail with his good arm, before finally grasping the tails of Revere's reins with HIS TEETH. He uses the momentary purchase to hoist himself up just as...

GEORGE WASHINGTON (CONT'D)  
Faster, Paul!

... Revere CRACKS THE REINS, sending GERONIMO'S ENTIRE MOUTHFUL OF TEETH flying into the night.

GERONIMO  
Ohhhhh Son of the Great Turtle!

Geronimo wails in agony, but his comrades barely notice, because...

THE CHASE IS ON!

Narrow streets. Uneven terrain. A RICKETY CARRIAGE in the lead and a CLYDESDALE CARRYING FIVE RIDERS in pursuit.

Tight turns. Low light. The carriage RICOCHETS off stone buildings, street lamps. Extending its lead on the horse, whose riders struggle to stay mounted as the beast SKIDS around corners, TRAMPLES children at play. Soon Arnold will be lost to the darkness...

... if not for the city mercifully giving way to OPEN TERRAIN. And just in the nick of time: Arnold's carriage races toward the horizon; another five seconds and she would have been GONE. But now Clyde is in HIS world. He BARRELS across the open land at full gallop, gaining on the carriage rapidly. So rapidly, in fact, that it takes his riders a moment to process...

PAUL REVERE

The carriage is stopped.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

But why would -- THE DELAWARE!

Just as the words escape Washington's mouth, the front end of the carriage EXPLODES, and a bitchin' SEA-DOO launches OVER the coach's horses and clear into THE DELAWARE RIVER. Onboard, Arnold takes the briefest of moments to look back at his hunters before THROTTLING UP and TEARING TOWARDS THE OPPOSITE BANK.

ON WASHINGTON'S TEAM

Watching, still at full gallop, as Arnold makes his escape.

GEORGE WASHINGTON (CONT'D)

(yelling, over wind)

Can he clear the river?!

PAUL REVERE

(yelling, over wind)

Who, Clyde?

GEORGE WASHINGTON

(yelling, over wind)

No, Thomas Paine.

(beat)

Yes, fucking Clyde, who the fuck else would I be talking about?

PAUL REVERE

(yelling, over wind)

The river is two hundred feet wide.

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
 (yelling, over wind)  
 I didn't ask how wide the river  
 was, I asked if your sizable steed  
 could clear it.

Revere considers for a moment, then:

PAUL REVERE  
 (yelling, over wind)  
 With a slightly lighter load, yes,  
 I believe he could.

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
 (instant)  
 Dump the Indian.

GERONIMO  
 (yelling, over wind)  
 What? It sounded like he said --

Edison HURLS Geronimo from the horse. The Indian lands on a partially exposed boulder with a wet SMACK; the horse picks up speed.

Only ten feet from river's edge now. In the distance, Arnold can be seen dumping his Sea-doo on the opposite bank.

Three feet. Two.

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
 (sotto)  
 In God I trust.

ONE.

Clyde HURLS HIMSELF INTO THE NIGHT SKY, gargantuan muscles rippling in the moonlight. His riders hold on for dear life, clinging to the majestic beast for the entirety of the historical flight:

One and a half seconds.

Clyde SPLASHES down into the Delaware about four feet from the spot he jumped from. His riders, separated from him and from each other by the watery impact, splash about spastically.

GEORGE WASHINGTON (CONT'D)  
 He shorted it, Paul. Paul. He  
 shorted it.

Washington *just* gets these words out before dipping under the surface momentarily -- HE CAN'T SWIM -- and he's not the only one.

THOMAS EDISON

The horse! Use the horse as a raft!

Newly emboldened by Edison's bright idea, the four men dog-paddle toward the Clydesdale. But the horse isn't keen on waiting for them; it swims for the other side at roughly the same speed as the Sea-doo.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

(nearly drowning)

Jumping Jehosaphat, Revere! Did you... (drowning) know the horse... (drowning) could swim that fast?!

PAUL REVERE

Yeah, Clyde's a great swimmer.

A SPLASHING nearby draws the men's attention: Geronimo has caught up once again, and he's now traversing the river with ease thanks to a graceful one-armed backstroke.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

The Indian! Use the Indian as a raft!

GERONIMO

What?! No! I can't possibly carry

--

CUT TO:

EXT. DELAWARE RIVER BANK - DAWN

Soaking and hypothermic, Geronimo single-handedly hauls all four of his bedraggled teammates onto the far shore of the Delaware River. Clyde the horse grazes nearby. He's been here for hours. Arnold is long gone.

Washington, lying stomach-down in the muck, raises his weary head just high enough to watch the first rays of sunlight crest the horizon.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

(delirious)

Oh, say, can you see? By the dawn's early light... I had a dream... the rocket's red glare. One nation, indivisible... rock me Amadeus.

Washington's head drops back to the ground.

GEORGE WASHINGTON (CONT'D)  
(sotto)  
Rock me Amadeus.

THOMAS JEFFERSON  
George... that was beautiful. You  
should write it down.

His face still buried in the mud...

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
I'll remember it.

As he says it, Washington's hand slips slightly to the side, brushing against a BRIGHT YELLOW FLYER. A BEAT as he feels at the paper with his hand, verifying its reality, before lifting his head once more, studying the paper.

Slowly, his eyes WIDEN. A SMILE crests his haggard face.

GEORGE WASHINGTON (CONT'D)  
Et tu, Brute?

Portions of the flyer's text have been SMUDGED INTO ILLEGIBILITY, but the bulk of the message is clear:

**TOP SECRET MEETING**  
**TO FINALIZE THE SECRET PLAN**  
**TO DESTROY GEORGE**  
**WASHINGTON'S STUPID**  
**REBELLION ONCE AND FOR ALL**  
**ONE WEEK FROM THIS EXACT**  
**MOMENT**  
**AT THE SECRET**  
**HEADQUARTERS**  
**(*Bankers Trust* ST., GETTYSBURG)**

**A-M ENTREES**

**N-Z DESERTS**

THOMAS JEFFERSON (PRE-LAP)  
We need that address.

MATCH CUT TO:

THE SAME FLYER

Now lying atop a wooden table beside a GIANT MAP OF GETTYSBURG (which consists only of a massive hand-drawn circle with the word 'Gettysburg' inside).

THOMAS JEFFERSON (O.S.)  
Gettysburg is impossibly vast.

PULL OUT TO REVEAL: We are

EXT. WASHINGTON DC - VICTUALS COURTYARD - DAY

A large, open courtyard surrounded by a bevy of family-owned food stands: The Sbarro Family, The Del Taco Family, The Panda Family, The Orange Julius Family, etc.

Washington, Jefferson, Edison and Geronimo sit at one of the many picnic tables that crowd the courtyard, studying the map and flyer.

THOMAS JEFFERSON  
Without the exact address, James' Secret Headquarters is a needle in a haystack.

THOMAS EDISON  
'A needle in a haystack.' What an apt metaphor, Jefferson. Did you concoct it?

THOMAS JEFFERSON  
I did. Just now. That sentence I just said was the origin of the phrase.

Revere approaches, a large plastic tray in hand. As he joins his comrades, digs in to his meal...

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
Say, Paul... what manner of foodstuff is that?

PAUL REVERE  
It's quite amazing, actually: it's a traditional Italian sandwich that's been toasted in an oven. Mr. Sbarro's boy made it for me.

MR. SBARRO (O.S.)  
Mamma Mia! What'sa this?! My boy  
made this for you!?

The men look up to see an incensed MR. SBARRO (40's, hairy chest, wearing a gold chain and matching watch and pinky ring) hurrying toward them. He calls out to his son...

MR. SBARRO (CONT'D)  
Son!

... who scampers over. The boy is ten.

MR. SBARRO (CONT'D)  
Son! What'sa this?

MR. SBARRO'S SON  
It'sa my new invention, Papa!

MR. SBARRO  
This isn't traditional Italiano  
cuisine! I forbid you from ever  
making it again!

MR. SBARRO'S SON  
But papa! It'sa my dream!

MR. SBARRO  
(horrified)  
Your dream is to make-a sandwiches?

MR. SBARRO'S SON  
Toasted sandwiches, Papa!

MR. SBARRO  
Nonsense! Your dream is to follow  
in your Papa's footsteps... and  
your Papa, he make-a delicious  
stuffed pizzas by the slice! No  
sandwiches!

MR. SBARRO'S SON  
But I want to have my own stand  
someday, Papa.

MR. SBARRO  
Your own stand?! You think this is  
a free country, where you can just  
do whatever you dream?! This isn't  
a free country!!!

MR. SBARRO'S SON  
But Papa...

MR. SBARRO

Enough, Quizno!!!! Until this is a free country, your job is to listen to your Papa! Not to dream!

Sufficiently chastised, poor Quizno Sbarro sulks off. Horrified by the interaction, Washington leans in to his compatriots...

GEORGE WASHINGTON

We must find that address. Not only for our own children. But for all the children of the Colonies who dare to dream.

PAUL REVERE

Perhaps I'm missing something, but... what difficulty does an unknown address pose when we have in our number the greatest Tracker in the Colonies?

GERONIMO

My tracking is useless without my arm.

THOMAS EDISON

Your olfactory senses are linked to your arm?

GERONIMO

Don't question me, scientist! Your Western science knows nothing of the Old Ways.

THOMAS EDISON

Fine. Let us re-focus on the task at hand. Even if we do discover the precise address, there's something else we'll need to attend to before we strike. Something I know you had already suspected to be an issue... well as a scientist, I can now confirm your fears.

(then, heavy-hearted)

Benedict Arnold suffers from werewolfism.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

In English, egghead!

THOMAS EDISON

He's a werewolf.

A massive, dumbfounded GASP from the collective.

THOMAS EDISON (CONT'D)

As I'm sure you've realized, this means that one thing and one thing only can stop him: A silver bullet.

The collected men hang their heads, overwhelmed: the road ahead is fraught with even more peril than they could have dreamed. But hope springs eternal:

PAUL REVERE

(low)

I know a man. An expert with metals; a smith. If there is a man alive who can forge silver into ammunition -- and there may not be -- it is he.

Washington nods -- slowly at first -- but then faster, and FASTER, until he's worked himself into a lather of blind optimism and false confidence.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

Then we will visit this smith. And he will discover the secret of the impossible weapon we require, because God himself will reveal it to him. Because our cause is just. It is righteous.

(standing)

It is His will!!!

(then)

His and Abe's!

GERONIMO

And the Great Corn Rabbit's!

GEORGE WASHINGTON

No!

THOMAS EDISON

And Isaac Newton's!

GEORGE WASHINGTON

Just God's!

(then, quickly, to prevent further outburst)

I hold these truths to be self-evident!

THOMAS JEFFERSON

(standing)

Here, here!

The rest of the men stand, sufficiently riled up.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

All for one, and one for all... we  
will find the Gettysburg Address.

ALL

Huzzah!!!!

This last cheer is punctuated by a deafening CLANG: metal on metal manifested as AURAL EXPLOSION. With the cacophony we

CUT TO:

A SHOWER OF WHITE HOT SPARKS

Arcing across the screen. Followed by a moment of perfect stillness, then: CLANG! Another impact. Another blizzard of heated metal. We are

INT. BLACK SMITH'S WORKSHOP - DAY

Where SMITH (30's, Black, explosive athlete) lines up his HAMMER and CHISEL to make one final adjustment to his life's work: A GARGANTUAN, PERFECTLY PROPORTIONED COPPER BELL.

He lines up his tools *just so*; this last strike will require the *utmost precision*, the *absolute perfect amount of pressu--*

PAUL REVERE (O.S.)

SMITTTAAAAAYYYYYYYYYYYYYY!!!!!!!

The outburst JARS Smith, and, in turn, his HAMMER. Which BLUDGEONS THE BELL, cracking it instantly. The resulting fissure runs front and center down the ENTIRE HEIGHT of the piece. The bell is ruined.

BLACK SMITH

Fuck my life.

EXT. BLACK SMITH'S WORKSHOP - DAY

Smith, nonplussed, sits at a picnic table outside his workshop, joined by our five intrepid heroes.

BLACK SMITH

Do I want to know why you would  
require a silver bullet?

PAUL REVERE

Best that you not, Smitty. It will  
be used to free the Colonies; let's  
leave it at that.

BLACK SMITH

If freeing the colonies is your aim, why not just collaborate with Alexander Hamilton and save yourselves the silver? He shares your cause.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

Alexander Hamilton the professional wrestler?

BLACK SMITH

No that's Alexander Hamilten with an 'e.' This is Alexander Hamilton, with an 'o.' The amateur wrestler.

Washington nods, intrigued.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

Confer with him we will... but we'll still need that bullet.

BLACK SMITH

Fair enough. I'll need a bar of silver of no less than one thousand troy ounces.

THOMAS EDISON

One thousand troy ounces?! But surely a bullet should require no more than one!

BLACK SMITH

Correct. The rest is my fee for delivering such a unique commission. If you don't like it, I'm sure there are many other smiths in the colonies capable of the job.

(long beat)

Not.

EXT. BLACK SMITH'S WORKSHOP - HITCHING POST - DAY

As Revere untethers Clyde...

GEORGE WASHINGTON

We're going to need to split into units. One will procure the silver. Personally, I'd like to have a word with this Hamilton fellow, see if he knows anything about the Gettysburg Address.

(MORE)

GEORGE WASHINGTON (CONT'D)  
 And then the guns... where in  
 Tarnation are we going to get guns?

GERONIMO  
 Well I think that's obvious.

CUT TO:

EXT. WASHINGTON DC - MERCANTILE WARD - AFTERNOON

Looming over the lean-to markets and shed-like trading posts that comprise the city's growing shopping district is a SINGLE, SPRAWLING BUILDING:

WAL-MART EMPLOYEE (PRE-LAP)  
 Welcome to Wal-Mart, how may I help  
 you?

INT. WAL-MART - FIREARMS DEPARTMENT

Geronimo approaches the impressive Firearms Department. A pimply, teenaged EMPLOYEE (pimply, teenaged) smiles lamely from the other side of the counter.

GERONIMO  
 Hey, yeah, how's it going. I need  
 a shit-ton of guns.

WAL-MART EMPLOYEE  
 Super. And did you have any  
 particular type in mind?

GERONIMO  
 Whatever's most inhuman. I just  
 really want to be able to hamburger  
 large groups of people in a matter  
 of seconds.

WAL-MART EMPLOYEE  
 Well I don't know what 'hamburger'  
 means but I can definitely help you  
 with that. Now... we do have a  
 waiting period, so...

The employee pulls out a POCKETWATCH, stares intently at the face for TEN PERFECTLY SILENT SECONDS...

WAL-MART EMPLOYEE (CONT'D)  
 ... aaaannnd great. We're all set.  
 Let's get you heavily armed!

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON: A GARGANTUAN, TWENTY-BARRELLED REVOLVER

Spinning atop a highly polished WOOD SURFACE. PULL BACK to reveal that surface to be A BAR, then further still to show the facility in its entirety:

A GRIMY, OLD-TIMEY SALOON

Populated in equal number by nondescript townspeople and REDCOATS. The revolver's OWNER leans over the bar, face obscured. He wears a blue WRESTLING SINGLET with a large HOLSTER over it.

GEORGE WASHINGTON (O.S.)  
Alexander Hamilton.

PAN TO FIND Washington and Jefferson standing in the center of the saloon, scanning the patrons. Off the silence that greets them...

GEORGE WASHINGTON (CONT'D)  
I say. We're looking for Alexander Hamilton.

A HOARSE CROAK crawls from the throat of the man at the bar:

ALEXANDER HAMILTON  
Who's looking.

Washington and Jefferson approach the man, ALEXANDER HAMILTON (30's, white, looks like the kind of guy who might die in a duel gone wrong).

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
Friends. We come to discuss...  
common interests, shall we say.  
(then, taking in the  
surrounding Redcoats)  
But not here. Join us for a walk?

Hamilton considers the offer, then SLAMS what remains of his whiskey, stands.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON  
Should I bring my gun?

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
I can think of no reason whatsoever  
that you would need to be carrying  
a gun in a public outdoor area in  
the middle of the day.

Hamilton nods in assent, follows the men. His massive revolver, conspicuously, REMAINS ON THE BAR.

SFX OVER: the unmistakable cadence OF GALLOPING HORSES carries us into...

EXT. WOODS - AFTERNOON

... where Edison and Revere stand in the center of the well-worn DIRT ROAD that cuts through these dense and darkened woods. The horses, by the sounds of things, are approaching rapidly. Edison drops into a wide-legged SQUAT.

PAUL REVERE

Now what is that you're doing there?

THOMAS EDISON

Scientific method. This part is called the 'Hypothesis.'

Edison balls his hands into tight fists, tucks them into his (no doubt rippling) abs.

THOMAS EDISON (CONT'D)

This here is the 'Procedure.'

For a long moment following, the only sound is the approaching horses...

THOMAS EDISON (CONT'D)

And this... is...

... an EXPLOSION OF MOTION: The horses, a team of four, round the bend, pulling behind them a robust CONCORD STAGECOACH. At the sight of it, Edison PUNCHES HIS ARMS OUTWARD, manifesting A SIZZLING ORB OF BRIGHT BLUE PLASMA...

THOMAS EDISON (CONT'D)

Science!!!!

... that ENVELOPS the entire procession and then LEVITATES IT FOUR FEET OFF THE GROUND.

THOMAS EDISON (CONT'D)

'Results.'

The horses, baffled, simply stare down at their dangling legs. The coach's human passengers, though, are less passive about their predicament:

The SHOTGUN MESSENGER (coach security [read a book]) levels his namesake firearm at Edison...

... only to have both of his arms BLUDGEONED CLEAN OFF by the brutish BALL-AND-CHAIN FLAIL wielded by Revere.

PAUL REVERE  
Farewell to arms.

The outraged STAGE DRIVER stands in his driver's basket...

STAGE DRIVER  
What is the meaning of this  
madness?!

PAUL REVERE  
This is a robbery. Hand over the  
silver you're transporting in the  
coach and no one else needs be  
hurt.

STAGE DRIVER  
You are suicidal. Do you know  
whose silver this is??

PAUL REVERE  
Don't care.

JOSEPH STALIN (O.S.)  
Are you sure about that?

The coach's side door swings open. King James' personal  
bodyguard, JOSEPH STALIN (30's, muscles like steel cable,  
bizarre accent), leans out, a STEEL HALLIBURTON CASE dangling  
from his outstretched hand.

THOMAS EDISON  
(to Revere, whispering)  
Joseph Stalin. James' personal  
bodyguard.

PAUL REVERE  
(whispering)  
Yeah thanks I know who he is.

THOMAS EDISON  
(whispering)  
The most dangerous man in the New  
World.

PAUL REVERE  
(whispering)  
I'm aware.

THOMAS EDISON  
(whispering)  
Slayer of the nine-headed Lernaean  
Hydra and captor of Cerberus, the  
three-headed Hound of H--

PAUL REVERE  
 (whispering)  
 I'm caught up.

Stalin gestures toward the Halliburton.

JOSEPH STALIN  
 Take it.

PAUL REVERE  
 (pleasantly surprised)  
 Oh. Great.

Revere strides up to Stalin, takes hold of the case's handle, and pulls...

... but Stalin's NOT LETTING GO. Instead, he uses their shared grip on the case to pull the knight CLOSER. Their faces a mere INCHES apart:

JOSEPH STALIN  
 The silver is yours to take... but know that it comes with a price.

PAUL REVERE  
 That's the whole reason I'm robbing you; I don't want to pay for --

JOSEPH STALIN  
The price is your life.

PAUL REVERE  
 Oh.  
 (then)  
 OK.

Stalin pulls Revere EVEN CLOSER. Maybe he's not making himself clear...

JOSEPH STALIN  
 If you take this silver, I will hunt you down. And kill you.

PAUL REVERE  
 No, you don't have to explain, I got it. I accept.

Revere tries to TUG the case away from Stalin. Stalin tugs back.

JOSEPH STALIN

By accepting this case full of silver, you are entering into a legally binding verbal contract with me, "LENDER," which provisions that in exchange --

Revere YANKS THE CASE FREE.

PAUL REVERE

I got it, bro. Fuck.

A TENSE BEAT as the two men stare each other down.

JOSEPH STALIN

I would kill you right now but I'm late for a tea party.

PAUL REVERE

Well I'm easy to find. Just ask around for the guy who's totally not scared of you at all.

JOSEPH STALIN

Maybe instead I should ask for the biggest pussy in the Colonies.

PAUL REVERE

I don't know why you'd want to bring your mother into this.

Stalin SEETHES.

JOSEPH STALIN

This isn't over.

Stalin nods to the driver, who SNAPS the reins. Edison, in turn, releases his scientific hold on the coach, allowing it to CRASH BACK TO EARTH and, moments later, ESCAPE INTO THE WOODS.

As the coach vanishes around a bend, Stalin leans out one final time, makes a *'throat cutting'* gesture at Revere. Revere counters with *'I am giving a blowjob and the top part of the penis head is making my cheek bulge out.'*

And then the stagecoach is gone. A lengthy BEAT, then...

THOMAS EDISON

He said he was going to a tea party... what kind of tea party requires a coach full of silver?

PAUL REVERE  
 (realizing)  
 A royal one.

THOMAS EDISON  
 Exactly.  
 (then, in an awful  
 satirical British accent)  
 Care to join me for tea?

PAUL REVERE  
 (equally terrible play  
 accent)  
 It would be my pleasure, Guv'ner.

EXT. IDYLLIC COBBLESTONE STREET - MAGIC HOUR

Washington, Jefferson and Hamilton walk the completely empty street, free to openly discuss their revolutionary plans.

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
 ... and so you see, Hamilton: if  
 only we knew the Gettysburg  
 Address, we believe we could deal a  
 devastating -- perhaps lethal --  
 blow to the Empire.

Hamilton freezes in his tracks.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON  
 I have it.

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
 You have...

ALEXANDER HAMILTON  
 The address you seek. The  
 Gettysburg Address. It was passed  
 on to me by a source I thought to  
 be corrupted, and so I didn't act  
 on it.

THOMAS JEFFERSON  
 Well good God, man, where is it?

Hamilton points to his own noggin.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON  
 Right here and right here only.

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
 Brilliant. No one can know the  
 Address without you being alive to  
 recount it to them.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON  
 Exactly. It is completely and  
 utterly irretrievable should I  
 befall a sudden and unforeseen end.

THOMAS JEFFERSON  
 The ultimate lock and key.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON  
 (nodding)  
 For the ultimate secret. Which I  
 will now reveal to you, thus  
 loosing information that would  
 otherwise follow me to my grave.  
 Whenever that may be.  
 (beat)  
 The address is: One --

DUELIST (O.S.)  
Hey Hamilton!

Hamilton SPINS to see a TALL MAN standing in the center of  
 the street twenty feet behind him. The man's hand creeps  
 toward his holstered PISTOL...

DUELIST (CONT'D)  
Draw!!!

Hamilton's eyes drop to his EMPTY HOLSTER. SHIT.

BLAM! The Duelist puts a single shot through his opponent's  
 heart, then disappears down a sidestreet before Hamilton's  
 body has even hit the ground.

Washington and Jefferson stand rooted in place for a long,  
 dumbfounded beat, before, finally...

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
 Was that Aaron fucking Burr?

THOMAS JEFFERSON  
 I believe so.

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
 Guy is such a dick!

THOMAS JEFFERSON  
 And a known British sympathizer to  
 boot.

A shared look: *are you thinking what I'm thinking?*

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
 After him!

THOMAS JEFFERSON  
 After him!

INT. WAL-MART

Geronimo pushes a SHOPPING CART FULL OF GUNS down an aisle, headed for checkout. He's almost there...

VENDOR

Hey man. Wanna try a free sample?

Geronimo turns, takes in the nearby VENDOR (30's, cowboy hat, gangrenous muttonchops) standing behind a table loaded with BLACK-LABELLED BOTTLES.

GERONIMO

Sample of what?

The vendor holds out a small cup, offers a WIDE SMILE.

VENDOR

It's called whiskey.

EXT. BOSTON HARBOR - NIGHT

Revere and Edison crouch behind a STACK OF BARRELS eyeballing Stalin's stagecoach, which, now empty, is parked nearby.

Looming over the scene and filling the entire harbor in the BG is a GARGANTUAN THREE-MASTED BRITISH CARGO SHIP, *THE TITANIC*. Party-goers in their finest threads (mostly women and children) crowd onto the ship for what is surely the Tea Party of the year.

Revere and Edison study the scene, planning their next move...

GEORGE WASHINGTON (O.S.)

Revere? Edison?

The crouching men turn to find Washington and Jefferson sneaking through the darkness to meet them.

PAUL REVERE

George. Thomas. What are you doing here?

GEORGE WASHINGTON

We followed Aaron Burr here after he shot Hamilton dead in the street.

PAUL REVERE

Aaron Burr is mixed up in all this?! Guy's such a dick!

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
Quite. And you?

PAUL REVERE  
The coach we robbed?

Revere points to the nearby stagecoach.

PAUL REVERE (CONT'D)  
Property of one Joseph Stalin.

THOMAS JEFFERSON  
With both Stalin and Burr in attendance, I think we can assume that this is no ordinary Tea Party.

THOMAS EDISON  
Our thought exactly. This is an event of Royal magnitude... if James himself is not aboard that ship, certainly his most trusted advisors are.

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
(inspired)  
A fortuitous opportunity to cripple our enemy, granted by God Himself. It mustn't go to waste.  
(then, to Jefferson)  
Have you anything in your explosive repertoire that can sink a ship of that stature?

THOMAS JEFFERSON  
I have.

Washington nods, his resolve steeled.

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
Then by the Grace of God... let's get ready to rumble@!!

The four men abandon their cover and run, crouched, toward the monolithic ship. As they do...

GEORGE WASHINGTON (CONT'D)  
Hey, any news of Geronimo?

CUT TO:

EXT. WAL-MART - NIGHT

Geronimo and the whisky vendor stumble across the expansive parking lot, arms draped heavily around one another.

GERONIMO

(loud, slurring)

This guy here... this is the guy!  
Jack fucking Daniels! This is  
where the guy is, right here, is  
where it's at. Where. It's. At!

VENDOR/JACK DANIELS

(louder, slurring)

Geronimo, motherfuckers! Who wants  
some?! Who wants some?!

BACK TO:

CLOSE ON THE HULL OF THE TITANIC

Moonlit and silent, save for the rhythmic SLOSHING of bay waters against weathered wood. For a long moment, this is the only movement...

... until a FLOTILLA OF SMALL BUBBLES breeches the surface, preceding by several seconds THOMAS JEFFERSON'S HEAD.

Jefferson hugs the hull of the mighty ship, silently affixes an amorphous lump of C4 EXPLOSIVE to the battered wood. Satisfied, he withdraws a TIN CAN from somewhere beneath the surface, whispers into its open end:

THOMAS JEFFERSON

Seagull One has landed.

As Jefferson's voice rattles around inside the can, we dip

BELOW THE SURFACE

First FINDING and then FOLLOWING the thin LENGTH OF TWINE that emerges from the can's bottom lid:

Initially, the twine traces the ship's port side, slicing SIDEWAYS past barnacles and remoras and a small, humanoid GREMLIN eating a hole in the boat...

... then DOWNWARD, into the depths, winding through kelps, a bunch of hot lesbo mermaids, and an underwater graveyard of murdered Indians...

... and then BACK TOWARD THE SURFACE, and, finally, INTO THE COLD NIGHT AIR, where it leads into the business end of ANOTHER CAN, this one held to the ear of one PAUL REVERE.

THOMAS JEFFERSON (CONT'D)

(in can)

Seagull One has landed.

Revere nods to himself, places his own lump of C4. Whispers into a DIFFERENT CAN...

PAUL REVERE  
Seagull Two has landed.

... which also births a length of twine, this one dipping

CLEAR UNDER THE SHIP

and emerging on the other side, in the waiting hand of THOMAS EDISON.

PAUL REVERE (CONT'D)  
(in can)  
Seagull Two has landed.

Edison has already placed his charge, so he immediately coughs into his second line:

THOMAS EDISON  
Seagull Three has landed.

EXT. THE TITANIC - STARBOARD SIDE - NIGHT

George Washington, his whigged head just cresting the inky surface, listens as Edison's call echoes out from the can held to his ear:

THOMAS EDISON  
(in can)  
Seagull Three has landed.

Immediately, Washington barks BACK into the incoming line:

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
It's 'Eagle.' 'Eagle' Three has landed. Not 'Seagull.'

THOMAS EDISON  
(in can)  
I thought it was 'Seagull.'

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
It's not, it's 'Eagle.' Why would it be 'Seagull?' What's cool about seagulls?

THOMAS EDISON  
(in can)  
They change color with the seasons.

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
That's not cool.

THOMAS EDISON  
 (in can)  
 I think it's cool.

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
 It's not. You know what's cool?  
 Eagles.

THOMAS EDISON  
 (in can)  
 What's cool about eagles?

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
 Oh, I don't know, fucking  
everything?!

THOMAS EDISON  
 (in can)  
 With all due respect, George,  
 that's a bit tenuous.

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
 Shut up, geek! Call waiting.

Washington drops the that can, brings his second line up just  
 in time to hear:

THOMAS JEFFERSON  
 (in can)  
 ... landed? I repeat, has Seagull  
 Four landed?

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
 'Eagle.' Yes, Eagle Four has  
 landed. Christ.

EXT. BOSTON HARBOR - LATER

Having completed their task, the four men once again crouch  
 behind their shelter of barrels. In the BG, the Tea Party  
 of the Century rages on.

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
 Eagles are awesome. They have  
 claws and boffo white hair like me  
 and they eat Chinamen.

To the side, Revere silently implores Jefferson to detonate  
 the charges: *End this buffoonery!*



... but ONLY THE CHORUS (*I get knocked down/but I get up again/You're never gonna keep me down -- don't pretend you didn't know that shit*). The lines repeat OVER AND OVER AND OVER, increasing not only in volume and energy but in anger and defiance as we SMASH THROUGH...

LIGHTNING-FAST MONTAGE: GERONIMO GETS WASTED

- Geronimo and Jack Daniels sit in the VIP section of a night club, blazing through their bottle service. Like a G6!

- Geronimo hurls a pair of dice down the length of a CRAPS TABLE. The assembled crowd ERUPTS IN CELEBRATION.

- Blow!!

- Geronimo gets a tattoo on his abdomen. It features one arrow, labelled '*The Man,*' pointing up toward his head, and a second arrow, '*The Legend,*' pointing down toward his (partially exposed) dong.

- Geronimo wrestles a bear. It's unclear whether this is part of a travelling exhibition or just a spontaneous man/bear fisticuffs. Who cares?! SHOTS!!!!

- Geronimo SCALPS A SCREAMING BUSINESSMAN, and with the man's frantic screams we

FADE TO:

EXT. BOSTON HARBOR - LATE NIGHT

The businessman's screams fade into those of a frail woman shuddering out her final death throes on the shoreline. Small bits of wreckage burn on the surface of the Bay behind her; the bulk of The Titanic is long since sunk.

The woman gives one final groan, then dies. A BEAT OF PURE, TRAGIC STILLNESS follows...

... but ends SUDDENLY, when a WATER-LOGGED HAND explodes from the water, paws at the sand. Inch by agonizing inch, the man, half-dead, drags himself from the Bay. Finally safe, he rests for a long moment...

... then looks up, into the distance. Eyes burning.

The man is Joseph Stalin.

AND HE. IS. PISSED.

SMASH TO BLACK.

THOMAS JEFFERSON (O.S.)  
Geronimo. Wake up. Wake up, man.

UP ON:

GERONIMO'S BLOATED FACE

Eyes creaking open to find Jefferson, Edison, Revere and Washington standing above him. We are

EXT. WASHINGTON'S CONDO - LATE NIGHT

And Geronimo is lying across the front steps beside a massive CACHE OF MACHINE GUNS.

GERONIMO  
Where... where am I?

THOMAS JEFFERSON  
You managed to find your way back to George's condo somehow.  
(as he helps Geronimo up)  
What's wrong with you?

GERONIMO  
What's wrong with you?!

Washington leads the other men into the building. Jefferson, supporting the bulk of Geronimo's weight, struggles to guide the Indian through the doorway.

GERONIMO (CONT'D)  
Hey. TJ. TJ. We should start a casino.

INT. WASHINGTON'S CONDO - LIVING ROOM - LATE NIGHT

Washington welcomes the other men into his home, gestures widely to the numerous COUCHES and DAYBEDS that occupy the space.

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
It's been an eventful night, gents; your rest is well-deserved. Help yourself to whatever luxuries you require to salve the body and mind... the revolution continues at daybreak.

With that, Washington excuses himself to his bedroom. The remaining four men claim makeshift beds, before Edison realizes...

THOMAS EDISON

Perhaps we should post a sentry  
outside? For safety's sake?

PAUL REVERE

Good idea.

A quick look around the room: Revere and Edison stand tall. Jefferson sits bolt upright on a nearby armchair, ready to accept the challenge. Geronimo sleeps face-down on the coffee table.

INT. WASHINGTON'S BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

Washington stands above a WOODEN CRIB, gazing down at his infant son, CalebTron (who actually looks more like a toddler at this point.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

He's grown.

Martha appears behind him, massages his weary shoulders...

... his mountainous traps...

... his bulbous, vein-rippled delts...

... his granite pectorals, thickly cabled with muscle like so many thick cables and nearly BURSTING through his shirt with every throaty breath...

MARTHA DANDRIDGE WASHINGTON

You've grown.

As her hands roam his hardened body, her hunger grows -- as does his -- until finally, they can take no more...

Martha SPINS George violently, kisses him with the passion of a thousand lost loves. Their lips smack together noisily, their tongues dance like horny Latin Americans.

Passion like this bridges oceans... heals wounds... BIRTHS NEW COUNTRIES.

Finally, their desire momentarily sated:

MARTHA DANDRIDGE WASHINGTON (CONT'D)

(breathy)

What news of your revolution?

GEORGE WASHINGTON

We struck a mighty blow against the  
Empire tonight...

(MORE)

GEORGE WASHINGTON (CONT'D)  
 but without the Gettysburg Address,  
 all our victories are merely oases  
 on the road to defeat.  
 (thoughtful beat)  
 I begin to fear that we will never  
 find what we seek.

MARTHA DANDRIDGE WASHINGTON  
 Fatigue makes cowards of us all:  
 the tirelessness with which you've  
 pursued your quest has betrayed  
 your confidence in it.

Martha reaches up, touches her beau's weathered face.

MARTHA DANDRIDGE WASHINGTON (CONT'D)  
 Rest. Clear your head. And the  
 answers will come.

FADE TO:

LATER

Washington lies in bed, eyes wide open and glued to the  
 ceiling.

MARTHA DANDRIDGE WASHINGTON (V.O.)  
 Rest. Clear your head. And the  
 answers will come.

CUT TO:

CLOSER - WASHINGTON'S FACE ONLY

MARTHA DANDRIDGE WASHINGTON (V.O.)  
 Clear your head. And the answers  
 will come.

CUT TO:

CLOSER - WASHINGTON'S EYES

MARTHA DANDRIDGE WASHINGTON (V.O.)  
 And the answers will come.

MATCH FADE TO:

THE SAME EYES

... but something's different. They're not as TIRED. Not as  
 CYNICAL. And it doesn't take long to understand why: we PULL  
 BACK TO REVEAL...

... that we now accompany GEORGE WASHINGTON AS A BOY. He's six, maybe seven, wearing a traditional PILGRIM'S COSTUME and focusing intently on the OPEN BIBLE before him.

GEORGE WASHINGTON (BOY)  
 (reading)  
 Thou... sh... sh... shalt. Not.  
 Steal.

MR. WASHINGTON (O.S.)  
 Good George.

George looks up over his shoulder to his proud FATHER, who incidentally is A CAVEMAN: He wears an ANIMAL PELT TOGA, has wild, unruly FACIAL, HEAD AND CHEST HAIR, and carries A LARGE WOODEN CLUB.

MR. WASHINGTON (CONT'D)  
 Now. What lesson.

George turns back toward the Book, refocuses.

GEORGE WASHINGTON (BOY)  
 The lesson is... you shouldn't steal.

MR. WASHINGTON  
 No.

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
 The lesson is... thou shouldn't steal?

MR. WASHINGTON  
 No. Lesson is: Hate blacks, jews, muslims, homos, womenfolk.

George PEERS at the text, confused.

MR. WASHINGTON (CONT'D)  
 And retards.

George looks back to his father.

GEORGE WASHINGTON (BOY)  
 But Papa...

MR. WASHINGTON  
 And gooks.

GEORGE WASHINGTON (BOY)  
 I don't understand. It says 'though shalt not steal.'

MR. WASHINGTON  
 That what it say, Son. But not  
 what it mean. There hidden meaning  
 in everything.

George looks back to the Bible, gobsmacked.

GEORGE WASHINGTON (BOY)  
 Everything?!

MR. WASHINGTON  
 Everything.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON BOY GEORGE'S FACE

GEORGE WASHINGTON (BOY)  
 (sotto)  
 There hidden meaning in everything.

CUT TO:

CLOSER: THE BOY'S EYES

GEORGE WASHINGTON (BOY)  
 (sotto)  
Everything.

MATCH FADE TO:

ADULT GEORGE

Still lying in bed, but his eyes now WIDE WITH REALIZATION.

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
 (sotto)  
 Everything.

A loud CRASH from an adjacent room jars Washington from his  
 reverie.

CUT TO:

INT. WASHINGTON'S CONDO - LIVING ROOM - LATE NIGHT

Washington enters the living room to find his compatriots  
 held at gunpoint by a team of REDCOATS. Furious, Washington  
 steps forward to engage the Brits...

JOSEPH STALIN  
 Ah, the man of the house. So kind  
 of you to join us, Mr. Washington.

... just as Stalin emerges from a nearby hallway.

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
Stalin! But you're dead!

JOSEPH STALIN  
No, you're dead. Dead wrong, that  
is!  
(beat)  
About me being dead.

THOMAS EDISON  
But how...

JOSEPH STALIN  
I'm an excellent swimmer, dickhead.  
You should have done your research.

THOMAS EDISON  
Thanks for the tip. When I invent  
the internet next year, I'll make  
sure to edit your Wikipedia page  
myself -- '*Joseph Stalin: great  
swimmer and TOTAL FUCKING ASSWIPE.*'

JOSEPH STALIN  
Good luck getting that one by the  
edit mob without an independently  
verifiable source.

THOMAS JEFFERSON  
And what of Geronimo? I suppose  
you did him in like you plan to do  
us?

JOSEPH STALIN  
What's a Geronimo?

THOMAS JEFFERSON  
King of All Indians? Maybe you've  
heard of him? We posted him as a  
sentry outside this very abode.

JOSEPH STALIN  
There was no sentry. Our assault  
was unimpeded...  
(then, turning back to  
Washington)  
... not unlike yours on James'  
charity tea party. I must say,  
your little 'revolution,'  
Washington, has become quite the  
thorn in the Empire's side.

(MORE)

JOSEPH STALIN (CONT'D)

So I'm here now to send a message:  
the games are over.

SFX OS: A BABY'S WAIL.

Washington turns in horror just in time to see a redcoat emerge from the bedroom, CalebTron cradled in his arms. Martha follows, hammering frantically on the man's back and shoulders, but she is quickly subdued by Stalin's forces.

Washington turns back toward Stalin, SEETHING.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

You invade my house -- my home.  
You lay hands not only on my  
friends, not only on my family...  
but on my child?! AN INFANT?!

JOSEPH STALIN

Infant?! Surely, he's a toddler at  
the very least. Like a 3T? 4T?

GEORGE WASHINGTON

He was born three nights ago.

JOSEPH STALIN

No!

MARTHA DANDRIDGE WASHINGTON

He's in the ninety-fifth percentile  
for both length and weight.

JOSEPH STALIN

What do you feed him?

MARTHA DANDRIDGE WASHINGTON

During the day, a homemade formula  
of root vegetables and dairy  
proteins...

As Martha continues, Stalin whips out a small MOLESKINE,  
takes notes.

MARTHA DANDRIDGE WASHINGTON (CONT'D)

... and at night a slurry of egg  
whites, ambergris, and Triscuit.

Stalin nods, gestures to his notepad.

JOSEPH STALIN

Me and Svetlana are probably going  
to start trying next month, so...

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
Enough!!!! What manner of monster  
 are you?!

Stalin casually tucks away his Moleskine.

JOSEPH STALIN  
 The manner that is willing to go to  
 any lengths to ensure the victory  
 of his cause. Something that I'm  
 quite sure you would never  
 understand.

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
 (through clenched jaw)  
 I'll show you just how far I'm  
 willing to go...

JOSEPH STALIN  
 No, I'm afraid you won't. Because  
 if you do -- if, from this moment  
 on, you make a single move against  
 James or the Empire in general --  
 you will never see your son again.

MARTHA DANDRIDGE WASHINGTON  
 No!!!!

Stalin continues, unmoved by Martha's maternal agony.

JOSEPH STALIN  
 He will be kept in a secret  
 location, supervised by my best  
 men. He will be safe... unless you  
 choose to act. In which case...

Stalin makes his now signature 'throat-slitting' gesture.

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
 And if I choose not to act? If I  
 kowtow to your imperialist demands?

JOSEPH STALIN  
 In a year's time, your revolution  
 will have lost all momentum, and  
 James' power will be absolute. If  
 at that point you have adhered to  
 our demands... your son will be  
 returned to you. Safe. Do we  
 understand one another?

Washington nods, humiliated.

JOSEPH STALIN (CONT'D)

Good. Oh, and one more thing  
before I bid you *adieu*.

(to Revere)

I told you if you took that silver  
I would kill you.

Without so much as a pause, Stalin pulls a sidearm from his coat, SHOTS REVERE IN THE CHEST. Revere flies back into a china cabinet, SHATTERING its contents and collapsing in a BLOODY MESS.

THOMAS EDISON

Paul! No!

As Edison and Jefferson rush to their friend's aid, Stalin herds his men through the front door. George and Martha, clutching each other for support, can only watch as their crying son disappears with them.

The Redcoats vanish as fast as they appeared, with one exception: Stalin, the last in line, lingers momentarily at the door. Turns back to the heartbroken couple.

And throws a farewell CROTCH CHOP. *SUCK IT!*

Then he's gone.

For a long, heavy moment, the room simply wallows in pain: a revolution derailed. A child kidnapped. A friend mortally wounded.

There is no measure for heartache of this magnitude. It is breath-constricting, soul-crushing, WORLD ENDING.

GERONIMO (O.S.)

Hey guys, I picked up breakfast!

ON GERONIMO, still drunk and standing just inside the front door. He holds two paper bags aloft in his one hand, shakes them for effect.

GERONIMO (CONT'D)

I got sesame and...

He trails off as he finally processes the scene before him. He lowers the bags to his side.

GERONIMO (CONT'D)

... poppy dipped pumpernickel.

CUT TO:

EXT. WASHINGTON'S CONDO - LATE NIGHT

Jefferson and Edison HURL Geronimo to the street.

GERONIMO

What am I supposed to do now?!

As they disappear back into the building...

THOMAS JEFFERSON

Jump out of an airplane, for all I care.

SLAM! Geronimo stands alone in the street, the door (to the condo, to friendship, to *revolution*) closed to him forever.

GERONIMO

(yelling)

What the fuck is an airplane?!!!

INT. WASHINGTON'S CONDO - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Washington, Jefferson and Edison crowd around the bloodstained daybed where CLARA BARTON (Natalie Portman) tends to Revere. Martha, still in tears, clings to her husband for support.

CLARA BARTON

I can save him. But it will require the full breadth of my cybernetic research to do so.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

Meaning?

CLARA BARTON

Meaning when I'm done...

THOMAS EDISON

(understanding)

... he'll be more machine than man.

CLARA BARTON

Exactly. And there's also a chance that at some point in the distant future, he'll rise up against us and enslave humanity for all of eternity. Can you live with that on your consciences?

Washington, Jefferson and Edison look to one another...

THOMAS EDISON

He owes me three bucks, so...

Washington shrugs, turns back to Barton.

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
Do what you must.

Barton nods, returns her attention to the patient.  
Jefferson, Edison and the two Washingtons retreat into a corner of the room...

THOMAS JEFFERSON  
So. Our journey has come to an end.

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
No.

THOMAS JEFFERSON  
George. We've lost two of our team. And what's worse...

MARTHA DANDRIDGE WASHINGTON  
They have our son.

THOMAS JEFFERSON  
Yes. They have your son. And they're keeping him, no doubt, at the Gettysburg Address... the same address, you will recall, that has eluded our every effort at detection thus far.

(then)  
Face it, George. Our twilight is upon us.

Washington nods...

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
(sotto)  
But it's always darkest before dawn.  
(then, to group)  
It's true. Without that address, our revolution is dead. Without that address, my son is but a memory. Without that address... all hope is lost.  
(dramatic beat)  
But we are not without that address.

Edison and Jefferson react with appropriate shock.

THOMAS EDISON

What?! You... you have the address?!

GEORGE WASHINGTON

No. But it is within our grasp. Closer than ever before.

(then, off his comrades' confusion)

There is a hidden meaning in everything -- including Abe's dying words to me. Many people don't know this, but Abe wasn't just the greatest celebrity chef of our generation... he was also its most capable cryptographer.

THOMAS JEFFERSON

Crypto-huh???

THOMAS EDISON

Cryptographer. Someone who crafts and solves codes and ciphers.

THOMAS JEFFERSON

Thank you for the definition. It will enable me to fully understand the conversation to follow.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

I've come to realize that Abe's final edict -- that I name our freed country 'America' -- was more than a request: it was a cipher. 'America' is not just the name of the soon-to-be greatest country in the world, it is itself a code... and hidden within that code, my friends, is the Gettysburg Address.

THOMAS JEFFERSON

(stunned)

Amazing... but how can you be sure?

A dramatic BEAT as Washington makes penetrating eye contact first with Jefferson, then Edison. Granting them access to the window to his soul.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

Because.

Edison and Jefferson share an impressed look: they're sold. Edison looks to his watch.

THOMAS EDISON

James' secret meeting is three days from now. Will you be able to crack the code in time?

GEORGE WASHINGTON

I will... because I must.

THOMAS JEFFERSON

(nodding)

We'll bring the silver to Black Smith. If and when you crack the code... your army will be ready to strike. The army... of the United States of America.

Washington smiles, nods. He likes it.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

(slow at first)

U.S.A. U.S.A.

(then faster)

U.S.A. U.S.A.

Jefferson joins in, then Edison. Soon they're chanting at the top of their lungs, hearts aflame with newly reignited flames of rebellion!

ALL THREE

U.S.A! U.S.A! U.S.A!

FADE TO:

INT. WASHINGTON'S CONDO - STUDY - EARLY MORNING

The chant fades into the staccato opening riffs of "Battleflag" by the Lo-Fidelity All-Stars. The riffs are joined by the track's techno percussion as Washington enters the room, takes it in: The massive OAK DESK. The multiple large, 'flip-over'- style CHALKBOARDS. The HUNDREDS OF CANDLES lining every flat surface. He nods to himself, invigorated. *Let's do this.*

The song kicks into full gear ("I SAID HALLELUJAH!") as our 'CRACKING THE CODE' MONTAGE begins: Washington...

- LIGHTS EVERY CANDLE IN THE ROOM (these will serve as a gauge for the passage of time over the course of the montage)...

- CONSULTS HUNDREDS OF BOOKS AND DOCUMENTS pulled from his shelves...

- WORKS AN ANCIENT CHINESE ABACUS mounted to the wall...

- SCRIBBLES NOTES AND NOTATIONS ON EVERY POSSIBLE SURFACE: his books, his windows, his hands...

- BLOW!

- STARES AT A FRAMED PORTRAIT OF ABE he keeps on his desk. *Share with me your secrets, old friend...*

But primarily, MOSTLY, he:

- WORKS THROUGH INSANELY COMPLICATED EQUATIONS AND FORMULAS ON HIS CHALKBOARDS. Once he fills one, he FLIPS IT OVER, continues on its opposite side. When that side is full, he moves on to the next board. Over the course of the montage, he fills A HALF DOZEN DOUBLE-SIDED CHALKBOARDS with cryptographic calculations of dizzying complexity...

... until, finally: One final notation (which we don't see) causes Washington to STUMBLE BACKWARD. He covers his mouth with one hand, AWED. His other hand FALLS TO HIS SIDE, and from it, in slo-mo, HIS WELL-WORN CHALK FALLS TO THE FLOOR.

INT. WASHINGTON'S CONDO - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jefferson and Edison look up from their Jenga game as Washington finally emerges from his study. His clothes are rumpled and stained, his beard bushy and full. But his eyes tell the true story: They SPARKLE with the inextinguishable EUPHORIA OF DISCOVERY.

INT. WASHINGTON'S CONDO - STUDY - LATER

Every candle in the room is melted to a nub. Washington moves to the final chalkboard, having already walked Jefferson and Edison through the calculations that brought him here:

GEORGE WASHINGTON

... at which point I was reminded of one of Abe's favorite algorithms, a variant of Dijkstra's formula but without a min-priority queue or unbounded nonnegative weights. That algorithm, combined at its single destination vertex with a heap data structure rooted in the Fibonacci sequence indicated that the answer lie not in a tridigital cipher, as I initially suspected, or even in the fractionated morse cipher that later became Abe's signature, but an alphanumeric cipher unlike any previously recorded.

(MORE)

GEORGE WASHINGTON (CONT'D)  
 When extrapolated through a dual-  
 node minimum spanning tree, that  
 cipher's definition revealed  
 itself:

Washington points to a large, double-underlined line in the center of the chalk board:

**A = 1**

GEORGE WASHINGTON (CONT'D)  
 A is the first letter of the  
 alphabet. Which means it is letter  
 'number one.' Therefore, A equals  
 One.

Jefferson gasps in appreciation. Edison claps softly.

GEORGE WASHINGTON (CONT'D)  
 And if 'A equals One,' then...

Washington shifts to the next line on the board, also double-underlined:

**AMERICA = 1MERICA = 1 MERICA**

Jefferson slaps his forehead with an open palm. Edison nearly loses his balance; he has to lean on Jefferson for support.

GEORGE WASHINGTON (CONT'D)  
 'America' equals 'One Merica.'  
 Now. Does that word 'Merica' ring  
 a bell with either of you?

THOMAS JEFFERSON  
 Yes, but... but... hellions! I  
 just can't place it!

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
 Maybe this will jog your memory:

Washington unfurls a LARGE MAP.

GEORGE WASHINGTON (CONT'D)  
 I zoomed in on our map of  
 Gettysburg. This is ten times  
 magnification.

Sure enough, right there on the map, a SINGLE STREET is now visible running through the center of Gettysburg. That street's name? You fucking guessed it. MERICA.

Washington FLIPS THE CHALKBOARD, revealing a SINGLE LINE OF WRITING that traverses the entire board:

# **1 MERICA ST.**

Jefferson emits a high SQUEAK then audibly shits himself. Edison feints.

GEORGE WASHINGTON (CONT'D)  
Gentlemen. I give you the  
Gettysburg Address.

EXT. WASHINGTON'S CONDO - NIGHT

Washington, Jefferson and Edison load up Clyde, Revere's horse.

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
How much time do we have until the  
top secret meeting?

Edison checks the rudimentary watch strapped to his wrist.

THOMAS EDISON  
An hour.

THOMAS JEFFERSON  
Just how accurate is that  
contraption, Edison?

THOMAS EDISON  
It's an atomic clock, asshole.  
(beat)  
Pretty accurate.

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
Then we haven't the time to bicker.

All three men mount the horse, then all three men start heel-kicking the horse simultaneously.

GEORGE WASHINGTON (CONT'D)  
Clyde. To Gettysburg!

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON THE THREE MEN

Staring just past the camera, dumbfounded to the man. After a long silence:

THOMAS JEFFERSON  
I guess we, uh. I guess we should  
have scouted the area.

REVERSE ANGLE:

The men still sit atop Clyde, who has come to a rest just beside a large roadside sign:

*WELCOME TO GETTYSBURG*

*If You Lived Here You'd Be Home By Now*

Beyond the sign, a single DIRT ROAD (*MERICA ST*) comprises the entirety of the city. There is only one building on the road, and therefore in the city: An ENORMOUS, GAUDY MANSION that is currently BUZZING WITH REDCOATS.

1 MERICA ST.

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
Yeah, well, you know. Hindsight,  
or whatever.

THOMAS JEFFERSON  
How on Earth are we going to gain  
entry?

Washington turns his attention to the THREE REDCOATS loading a cannon into a nearby stagecoach. All three are dark-complected INDIANS(DOT). Two of them, who are happen to match Washington and Jefferson's respective body types perfectly, wear traditional redcoat garb (whatever that is). The third wears a near perfect replica of Edison's robe and pointy hat -- only the Indian's is RED.

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
I think I have an idea...

CUT TO:

WASHINGTON, JEFFERSON AND EDISON

Dressed in the Redcoats' garb and using the butt end of the cannon as a BATTERING RAM on the Secret Headquarters' heavy front door.

Several Redcoats lounge on the porch nearby, baffled (*it should be noted that our heroes look absolutely nothing like the Indians whose clothes they now wear, for obvious reasons*).

LOUNGING REDCOAT 1  
What do you suppose Jinder, Dalip  
and Ranjin are up to over there?

LOUNGING REDCOAT 2  
Must have forgot their keys.

ON OUR HEROES, smashing away...

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
Once we're inside...  
(SMASH)  
... we'll split up...  
(SMASH)  
... look for James, Arnold or  
Stalin...  
(SMASH)  
... and when we do...  
(SMASH)  
... we kill two birds...  
(SMASH)  
... with one stone...  
(SMASH)  
... we force the secret plan out of  
them...  
(SMASH)  
... then kill them.  
(SMASH)  
(SMASH)  
(SMASH)  
Jesus Fucking Christ what kind of  
wood is this door made of?

INT. 1 MERICA ST - LIVING ROOM - DAY

A small group of Redcoats play an early version of TABOO.

REDCOAT 1  
(reading clue)  
Oh! OK. Stone...

REDCOAT 2  
Henge?

REDCOAT 1  
Yes!

BZZZZT!! Another Redcoat stands behind the clue-giver,  
buzzer in hand. He points at the clue.

REDCOAT 3  
Dude, you said 'stone.'

REDCOAT 1  
Oh, shit.

BING-BONG! A sing-songy DOORBELL echoes out through the house.

REDCOAT 1 (CONT'D)  
I'll get it.

The Redcoat stands, walks into

THE VESTIBULE

Where he leans in close to the front door.

REDCOAT 1 (CONT'D)  
Who is it.

GEORGE WASHINGTON (O.S.)  
(muffled, through door)  
Yeah hi I have a delivery here?

REDCOAT 1  
(suspicious)  
A delivery for who?

Beat. Whispers can be heard through the door. Finally:

GEORGE WASHINGTON (O.S.)  
(muffled, through door)  
Uh... Nigel?

REDCOAT 1  
Oh, great. That must be my cricket  
bat thing I ordered.

The Redcoat opens the door...

... and Jefferson instantaneously leaps in, slaps a STICKY  
LANDMINE to the Brit's face.

REDCOAT 1 (CONT'D)  
(muffled)  
Shit!

REDCOAT 2 (O.S.)  
Swear jar, Nigel!

THOMAS JEFFERSON  
Down!!!!

Jefferson ducks, as do Washington and Edison behind him, just as Nigel's HEAD EXPLODES ALL OVER THE FOYER. The entire house TREMBLES with the explosion.

Using hand signals, Washington gestures to different parts of the house, commanding his soldiers in perfect silence. They split up: Jefferson upstairs, Edison right, Washington left.

THE ASSAULT IS ON.

And man alive, is it violent (but it's in the 'style of 300,' obviously, so it doesn't really count):

EDISON

Races through first the DINING ROOM and then THE KITCHEN, flinging lightning bolts haphazardly as he goes. Some of his blasts catch unexpected Redcoats center mass; those men EXPLODE in a RAIN OF INNARDS. Others miss their mark completely, BLASTING GIANT HOLES THROUGH WALLS, CEILINGS AND FLOORS. And through it all...

THOMAS EDISON  
Science! Science! Science!

JEFFERSON

Clears a tangle of bedrooms upstairs, clearing out each with some sort of unnecessarily large explosive: A BUNDLE OF DYNAMITE here, a POTATO SACK FULL OF LIVE GRENADES there. When he encounters individuals...

RANDOM REDCOAT 1  
Dalip, did you hear that?! I think  
the water heater's --

... he dispatches them with either a GLOB OF C4 or an RPG launched from his BAZOOKA PISTOL.

WASHINGTON

Marches through the LIVING ROOM and several DENS, wreaking havoc with his MINI-CHAINSAWS. Most Redcoats FREEZE at the sight of his blood-soaked form:

RANDOM REDCOAT 2  
Jinder... you've got something on  
your jacke--

Washington springs forward and SUCKER-CHOPS THEM IN HALF. Others, witness to the carnage, actually rush toward him...

RANDOM REDCOAT 3  
 Stop!!! Jinder! Your mini  
 chainsaws are on and you're killing  
 all of our friends!!!

... and meet even bloodier ends as Washington HACKS THEM LIMB  
 FROM LIMB before PARTIALLY DECAPITATING THEM AT THE MOUSTACHE  
 LINE.

After a marathon of blood-letting, a crimson-coated  
 Washington finds himself back in

THE VESTIBULE

Where Edison and Jefferson wait for him.

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
 Oh. Hey. You guys are done  
 already?

The other two nod.

GEORGE WASHINGTON (CONT'D)  
 Yeah, me too. And you didn't find  
 James, Arnold or Stalin?

The other two shake their heads.

GEORGE WASHINGTON (CONT'D)  
 Yeah, me neither. I guess we  
 missed the meeting.  
 (beat)  
 Hey did you guys kill everybody?

The other two nod.

GEORGE WASHINGTON (CONT'D)  
 Yeah, me too.  
 (beat)  
 Shit. Does this mean there's no  
 one left in this house who can tell  
 us what James' secret plan was?

CALEBTRON WASHINGTON (O.S.)  
 Papa?

Washington turns to see his now 5 year-old son, CALEBTRON (5,  
 maybe played by a monkey) standing in the doorway.

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
 CalebTron? Is... is that you?

The boy nods, frightened. Washington drops to a knee, opens  
 his arms wide.

CalebTron runs to him, and Washington holds him tight. Tears stream down both of their faces. Edison's and Jefferson's, too.

GEORGE WASHINGTON (CONT'D)

You've grown so much.

CALEBTRON WASHINGTON

They fed me well, Papa.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

You speak so well. Such a smart, smart boy.

CALEBTRON WASHINGTON

They home schooled me.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

Oh. That's... uh. Nice of them. I guess. Why would they do that?

CALEBTRON WASHINGTON

They started a trust to pay for my college education. So they probably wanted me to be as prepared as possible when I got to campus...

GEORGE WASHINGTON

Well, I mean... sure. But. Life isn't all about 'book smarts,' Son.

CALEBTRON WASHINGTON

I know. That's why they also taught me basic self-defense, egg poaching, and how to incorporate my non-profit.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

Your non-profit.

CALEBTRON WASHINGTON

We started a charity to end polio, Papa. All of us, together!

GEORGE WASHINGTON

Oh. That's --

CALEBTRON WASHINGTON

Say, Papa. Whose blood is this all over you and your friends?

BEAT. Washington looks to Edison and Jefferson who, also covered in gore, look to the floor lamely.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

Um. Well...

CALEBTRON WASHINGTON

You're not going to let my friends sneak attack you tomorrow, are you Papa?

GEORGE WASHINGTON

Say what?

CALEBTRON WASHINGTON

They're my friends, but you're still my Papa, and --

GEORGE WASHINGTON

No, shut up, skip that. What about a 'sneak attack?'

CALEBTRON WASHINGTON

You know, the big sneak attack they're planning for tomorrow. Every British soldier in the colonies is meeting at 9:00AM tomorrow in Attrition, which is the next town over. Then they're all going to sweep through DC together, rounding up and killing every last rebel.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

You're sure about this?

CALEBTRON WASHINGTON

(nodding)

Uncle King James was here earlier, finalizing the plans.

Washington takes a deep breath, shares a look with Edison and Jefferson. So this is it.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

Where in Attrition are they meeting, Son?

CALEBTRON WASHINGTON

Soldier Field.

Washington nods to himself. Of course. After a lengthy moment, Washington looks to his colleagues.

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
Revolution, it seems, has sounded  
her call earlier than we had  
anticipated.

EXT. 1 MERICA ST - NIGHT

Washington, Calebtron, Jefferson and Edison walk away from  
the Secret Headquarters in SUPER SLO-MO as it EXPLODES BEHIND  
THEM.

GEORGE WASHINGTON (V.O.)  
But no fight of import has ever  
been scheduled in advance.

FADE TO:

INT. MONTICELLO - FRONT STEPS - NIGHT

Jefferson, exhausted, walks up the iconic front steps of his  
legendary home.

GEORGE WASHINGTON (V.O.)  
So go home.

FADE TO:

INT. EDISON'S LAB - NIGHT

Edison, his face wrought with concern, gently strokes each of  
his SEVERAL HUNDRED WHITE RABBITS.

GEORGE WASHINGTON (V.O.)  
To your friends.

FADE TO:

INT. WASHINGTON'S CONDO - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Washington enters with a tired CalebTron slung over his  
shoulder. Martha, weakened and broken by the experience,  
rushes to them, embraces them.

GEORGE WASHINGTON (V.O.)  
To your families.

As Martha fawns over the safely returned CalebTron,  
Washington looks out over his domain, pensive...

GEORGE WASHINGTON (V.O.)  
Maybe for the last time.

FADE TO:

INT. JEFFERSON'S EXPLOSIVES ARMORY - NIGHT

Jefferson stands to the side of a large, futuristic room, watching as a MASSIVE STEEL CASE RISES FROM THE FLOOR.

GEORGE WASHINGTON (V.O.)

And then...

The case rises all the way to Jefferson's waist height before its top retracts, revealing a COLLECTION OF EXPLOSIVES UNLIKE THE WORLD HAS EVER SEEN. As Jefferson peruses its contents...

GEORGE WASHINGTON (V.O.)

... ready your arsenals.

INT. EDISON'S LAB - NIGHT

Edison stands beside a large wooden table. He has a variety of MAGIC WANDS spread out before him, but he looks unsatisfied.

GEORGE WASHINGTON (V.O.)

Bring not the weapons you would use to topple men...

Slowly, Edison turns his head to regard the FRAMED GLASS CASE mounted in the center of the far wall. It contains only a single wand... but that wand is twice the size of the others... AND RED.

GEORGE WASHINGTON (V.O.)

... but the weapons you would use to topple armies.

INT. WASHINGTON'S CONDO - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Washington reaches under his bed, withdraws a LARGE, TRI-FOLDED POSTERBOARD. He sets the display up atop the bed, regards it gravely.

It's his 7th grade science project. And its title:

**THE WORLD'S FIRST ATOMIC BOMB**

**BY GEORGIE WASHINGTON**

Is only slightly less eye-opening than the LARGE ATOMIC BOMB STRAPPED TO THE CENTER OF THE POSTERBOARD. As Washington reaches for the bomb...

GEORGE WASHINGTON (V.O.)  
The weapons you would use to topple  
nations.

FADE TO:

EXT. ARLINGTON NATIONAL CEMETERY - NIGHT

Pelted by a torrential rain, Washington stands before Abe's  
tombstone, head bowed.

FADE TO BLACK.

GEORGE WASHINGTON (V.O.)  
For tomorrow, our revolution  
dies...

THE FIRST RAYS OF THE MORNING SUN shatter the darkness, peek  
over the inky horizon...

GEORGE WASHINGTON (V.O.)  
... and America is born.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. SOLDIER FIELD - MORNING

Where Washington sits astride Clyde, watching the sunrise  
from atop a LARGE HILL that overlooks the vast field.

He turns slightly at the sounds of advancing horses: Edison  
and Jefferson approach, now riding steeds of their own.  
Edison holds out a STARBUCKS CUP to Washington. Jefferson  
already has one.

THOMAS EDISON  
Nonfat latte.

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
Thanks.

Washington takes a sip. Eyeballs the cup suspiciously.

GEORGE WASHINGTON (CONT'D)  
This is nonfat?

THOMAS EDISON  
She said it was nonfat.

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
I don't think...  
(takes another sip)  
... no, this is definitely not...  
(MORE)

GEORGE WASHINGTON (CONT'D)  
 (smacking lips together)  
 ... this might even be two percent.

THOMAS EDISON  
 Oh man, George, I'm sorry.  
 (to Jefferson)  
 I told you she was new.

THOMAS JEFFERSON  
 Yeah, fuck.  
 (to Washington)  
 Mine was supposed to have mocha  
 chips but she put in chocolate  
 covered espresso beans.

THOMAS EDISON  
 Maybe I should go back and have her  
 fix them.  
 (beat)  
 I should go back, yeah.

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
 Yeah, if you don't mind. It's  
 just, you know. We've been pretty  
 busy with this revolution and so I  
 haven't really been eating that  
 well. Or not as well as I'd like,  
 at least, right? So. Things like  
 two percent, if I can avoid it...

THOMAS EDISON  
 Of course, no, totally understood.  
 Lemme just run back there and...

Edison trails off as he becomes aware of the HEAVY RUMBLE  
 echoing out across the field below. He turns toward the  
 sound...

... and DROPS HIS COFFEE. Washington and Jefferson do the  
 same.

THOMAS JEFFERSON  
 Fuuuuccckkkkkkkkk me.

BELOW, Soldier Field is being swallowed whole by a TEN  
 THOUSAND MAN ARMY OF REDCOATS. As far as the eye can see,  
 from the base of the hill clean to the horizon -- RED.

NOTHING BUT RED.

Redcoats with spears. Redcoats with guns. Redcoats riding  
 horses. Redcoats on stilts.

Elephants draped in red, carrying huge howdahs (giant people-carrying baskets [read a book]) on their hulking backs. Red, red, red. Everything is RED.

Everything, that is, but the GLITTERING GOLD HOVERCRAFT in the center of the swell. King James stands alone in the unit, looking out over his army, but he's flanked on one side by Stalin and on the other by Arnold. Each of these two rides a BENGAL TIGER.

Needless to say, the overall visual effect of this procession is JAW-DROPPING...

... and that's precisely the effect it's had on our heroes. They watch from their perch, hope deflating, as the army marches across Soldier Field below. They clearly were not expecting a showing this impressive.

Finally, Washington turns back to the other two.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

I'm not going to sugar-coat this.  
Three against ten thousand...  
that's pretty bad odds for us.

THOMAS JEFFERSON

(trying to be positive)  
We have the high ground.

Washington ignores Jefferson's comment, reaches into his saddlebags...

GEORGE WASHINGTON

I made these last night. I hoped  
that they might inspire us on the  
field of battle today.  
(a downcast beat)  
Now I pray that they do.

... and withdraws three AMERICAN FLAG BASEBALL JERSEYS. Jefferson GASPS as Washington hands them out.

THOMAS JEFFERSON

George. They're... they're  
majestic. This design...

GEORGE WASHINGTON

Abe's own.

George turns his own jersey over in his hands for a long moment, thoughtful.

GEORGE WASHINGTON (CONT'D)

My dream -- as silly as it seems now -- was that after God led us to victory today, this design would become a national symbol: The first ever American Flag.

Jefferson and Edison don the jerseys, inspired.

THOMAS JEFFERSON

Yes! A symbol of our indomitable spirit!

THOMAS EDISON

Of our tireless quest for righteousness!

Washington looks up at his compatriots, both surprised and THRILLED at their ceaseless patriotism.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

Yes! Yes, exactly!

THOMAS EDISON

A symbol of everything that is...  
AMERICA.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

(feeling the flow)

And, and... this style of blouse, which I invented last night, will become the uniform of the first ever American National Pastime. It will be like cricket, but much less faggy... and you won't even have to be athletic to participate!

THOMAS EDISON

Dynamite!

A loud CAW overhead. The three men look up to see a BALD EAGLE circling overhead.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

The National Bird!!!

THOMAS JEFFERSON

Boffo!

THOMAS EDISON

Huzzah!

GEORGE WASHINGTON (CONT'D)

All we require now is a National Anthem...

As if on cue, the first epic riff of "Free Bird" sings out across the hilltop. The three AMERICANS turn, stunned, to see...

... PAUL REVERE, who is now a BIOMECHANICAL CENTAUR, shredding on a DUAL-NECKED ELECTRICAL GUITAR.

PAUL REVERE

(singing)

*If I leave here tomorrow/  
Would you still remember me?  
For I must be traveling on, now/  
'Cause there's too many places I've  
got to see.  
But, if I stayed here with you,  
girl/  
Things just couldn't be the same.  
'Cause I'm as free as a bird now/  
And this bird, you can not change!  
Oh ooo oh ooo oh ooo oh ooo oh/  
And this bird you cannot change!  
And this bird you cannot change!  
Lord knows, I can't change!!!!*

(stops playing)

I wrote it last night.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

(awed)

The National Anthem.

Revere nods.

PAUL REVERE

If you'll have it. If you'll have...

(gestures to his new form)

... me.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

Always, brother.

Revere bro-hugs each of his old friends.

GEORGE WASHINGTON (CONT'D)

I should warn you though, Paul. The odds are stacked against us today. Our numbers, even with your addition, pale in comparison to those of our enemy.

PAUL REVERE

I thought that might be the case. So I brought some friends.

Revere gestures for his 'friends' to crest the hill, revealing themselves to Washington and company one at a time:

The first man (30's, white) wears only GI PANTS, a BLACK BELT, and a WHITE HEADBAND. He executes a dazzling array of kung-fu maneuvers.

PAUL REVERE (CONT'D)  
Thomas Jeffersen. Martial Arts' expert.

The second man (30's, white) is relatively un-noteworthy, outside of the fact that he's riding a fully grown TYRANNOSAURUS REX.

PAUL REVERE (CONT'D)  
George Washington. Dinosaur rancher.

The third and final man (30's, white) is enormous, with a BARREL CHEST and MASSIVE HANDS. He wears spandex tights, rubber boots, and a LUCHADORE MASK.

PAUL REVERE (CONT'D)  
Alexander Hamilton. Professional wrestler.

Pleasantries are exchanged, and then Washington looks out over his army, which is now seven strong. He then glances over his shoulder, at the EARTH-QUAKING SEA OF REDCOATS marching across the field below.

When he looks back at his team, he's SMILING.

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
Let's go start a fucking revolution.

EXT. SOLDIER FIELD - DAY

The British Army marches on, completely oblivious to the fact that they've been made...

... until it's way, way too late:

OUR SEVEN HEROES STORM DOWN FROM THEIR PERCH, fire in their eyes. In their hearts. We momentarily FREEZE-FRAME their approach, just long enough for a title to slam into place:

## *The War of Attrition*

... and then we're moving again, and the ASSAULT IS ON:

The first line of Brits never even see it coming.

One moment they're marching along, picturing the tea and crumpets that await them at home... the next, they're being torn asunder by MORTAR FIRE, by MINI-CHAINSAWS, by a RAVENOUS DINOSAUR WITH A DUDE RIDING IT LIKE A HORSE.

Redcoats are SLICED BY REVERE'S BROADSWORD, ELECTROCUTED BY EDISON'S SCIENCE. They're KARATE-CHOPPED BY JEFFERSEN and BODYSLAMMED BY HAMILTEN.

It's a BLOODBATH.

It takes several minutes of unadulterated PANDEMONIUM before James' men even realize what's happening, but once they do, their organization is impressive: They charge the Americans as a unit, A TWO-HUNDRED MAN CRIMSON WALL.

The Americans give pause, unsure of how best to address this overwhelming challenge. Ultimately, they decide simply to meet it HEAD-ON; they form a SEVEN-MAN WALL, prepare to charge...

THOMAS EDISON

Hold.

The Americans look to Edison, who has withdrawn his SPECIAL RED WAND from his robe. He points it at the fast-approaching Redcoat mob...

THOMAS EDISON (CONT'D)

HOLD!

The Brits are almost on top of them now. The Earth TREMBLES with their footsteps...

THOMAS EDISON (CONT'D)

HOLD!!!!

A SINGLE REDCOAT breaks free from the pack, rushes at Washington with a BUTTERFLY KNIFE OUTSTRETCHED...

THOMAS EDISON (CONT'D)

SCIIIEEEEEENNNCCCEE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

ZZZAAPPPPPPPPPPPPP!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

... and is INSTANTLY EVAPORATED by the blinding red DEATH RAY that EXPLODES from Edison's wand. Edison grips the device with both hands, struggling to contain the wild power of the sustained beam, but it's a near-impossible task: The death ray sweeps right and left, reducing everything it touches to ash.

In a manner of several retina-burning seconds, the entire Redcoat wall is INCINERATED.

ON KING JAMES

Standing atop his hovercraft, steam pouring from his ears (metaphorically).

KING JAMES

Washington.

He turns to his trusted henchmen, Stalin and Arnold. Growls:

KING JAMES (CONT'D)

Bring me his head.

The men nod in assent, charge into the fray.

AND THE BATTLE CONTINUES.

Washington and his men HACK, BURN and BLAST their way through the British contingent: Revere, now an unstoppable cibernetic force, slashes through the British archers, their arrows bouncing harmlessly off his steel exoskeleton. Washington's T-Rex goes first for the horses and then for the elephants, tearing the smaller animals apart with its mighty jaws. And Hamilton picks up the pieces, SUPLEXING AND PILEDIVING stragglers to their deaths.

It's an unimpeded march toward James... until the Americans encounter the King's diabolical lackeys.

Stalin makes his presence known first, SLITTING JEFFERSEN'S THROAT with a BROKEN VODKA BOTTLE. The karate master doesn't have time to so much as gurgle before he falls into the mud underfoot, DEAD.

Then it's Arnold's turn: In a shocking display of fearlessness, he goes right for the T-Rex, engaging the monster in a SNARLING, ROARING SHOWDOWN. The battle is fierce, but it's Arnold who lands the killing blow, TEARING OUT THE DINOSAUR'S JUGULAR with his teeth before dispatching its rider, Washington, with a similar attack.

Stalin, in the meantime, has honed in on Hamilton; he stalks the wrestler, about to chalk up another kill...

... when a MASSIVE BROADSWORD EXPLODES THROUGH HIS CHEST. He falls to his knees, blood pouring from his mouth, and in doing so reveals PAUL REVERE standing behind him. Finally, their epic rivalry has met a conclusive end. Stalin can't help but smile as the life drains from him.

JOSEPH STALIN

(weak)

*Dasvidaniya, Paul. Dasvidaniya.*

PAUL REVERE

Eat a dick, Stalin.

Revere KICKS Stalin in the back, planting the Russian face-first in the mud... for good. Revere's still staring at his opponent's vanquished body...

... when a furious Benedict Arnold leaps onto his horse part, starts biting wildly at his neck. Revere's exoskeleton protects him from the attack, but Arnold is powerful... eventually he'll bite through.

PAUL REVERE (CONT'D)

The silver bullet! Use the silver bullet!!!

Nearby, Jefferson nods to Washington, who in turn pulls the HALLOWED SILVER BULLET from his coat pocket. He hands it to Jefferson, who loads it into a long-barrelled pistol...

GEORGE WASHINGTON

It's the only one we have, so make it count.

THOMAS JEFFERSON

You don't have to tell m--

BLAM! Jefferson accidentally discharges the gun into the crowd. After a long, stunned BEAT, he turns back to Washington, makes the lamest *'did I do that'* face in history.

KING JAMES (O.S.)

Face it, Washington.

Washington turns to find King James hovering nearby, a wry smile on his face.

KING JAMES (CONT'D)

The day is mine.

Washington looks around: indeed, the battle seems to have swung back in the favor of the Redcoats. A relentless scarlet storm, they close in on the Americans' diminished numbers, using sheer numbers to overwhelm their opponents.

Washington turns back to James.

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
If it's my destiny to die on this  
field today in the name of  
freedom... then so be it.

KING JAMES  
That's a retarded destiny.

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
You're a retarded destiny.

KING JAMES  
All the witty comebacks in the  
world won't save you this time,  
George.

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
Then what will save me, James?

KING JAMES  
My first name is Scott, not James.

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
Oh. I thought it was James.

KING JAMES  
It's not. It's Scott.

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
I always thought the name after  
'King' was your first name.

KING JAMES  
Sometimes. It's convoluted.

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
You're convoluted.

KING JAMES  
OK, that's it...

James points an UZI at Washington...

... then lowers it as he becomes aware of a DEEP RUMBLING  
echoing out across the field. And he's not the only one: the  
entire battle has momentarily CEASED as the rumbling  
intensifies, builds to a BONE-RATTLING CRESCENDO.

And then, seemingly from everywhere at once, the source of  
the sound is revealed:

INDIANS. THOUSANDS AND THOUSANDS OF INDIANS. Charging into the battle from every conceivable direction, they lay waste to the surprised Redcoats, turning the tide of the battle instantaneously.

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
How in the Hell...

As if in answer, ANOTHER RUMBLE echoes out... this one from the SKY. The mystified combatants all look up, awed, at the BIPLANE zooming overhead...

INT. BIPLANE - DAY

... where GERONIMO stands on the wing, nods to the plane's TWO PILOTS.

GERONIMO  
(yelling over wind)  
Orville. Wilbur. I owe you one.

Geronimo then takes a MASSIVE PULL OF JACK DANIELS before LEAPING FROM THE PLANE.

GERONIMO (CONT'D)  
(screaming)  
GERONIMOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO...

EXT. SOLDIER FIELD - DAY

The entire field watches, rapt with attention, as the drunk Indian falls to the Earth.

GERONIMO  
(yelling, a speck in the sky)  
... OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!

Keep in mind they've never seen an airplane, let alone...

FWUMP! Geronimo's parachute engages, easing him gently to terra firma.

ENTIRE FIELD  
Oooooohhhh!

A round of applause from everyone -- Americans, Indians and Brits alike. Then... BACK TO WAR!

When Geronimo lands, Washington, Jefferson, Edison and Revere are there to greet him.

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
Geraldo. Why did you --

GERONIMO

It's Geronimo, you pale-faced dick.  
And why? Because I realized  
something: This is my land, and I  
don't need your fucking permission  
to defend it.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

OK, that seems fair.

THOMAS EDISON

James! Arnold! They're getting  
away!

And so they are. Realizing that they've no hope of victory,  
James and Arnold have beat a hasty retreat, shoving aside  
their compatriots in an attempt to flee the battlefield.  
Edison takes aim at the retreating Arnold...

... but Geronimo steps in front of the scientist.

GERONIMO

This is personal.

Edison nods, steps down. Geronimo then SNIFFS AT THE AIR,  
quickly picking up a scent and following it to a nearby  
REDCOAT CORPSE. The King of All Indians then drops to a  
knee, roots around violently inside the dead man's innards  
for a moment before finding distraction in the Brit's COAT  
POCKET: A FLASK.

Geronimo downs the contents of the flask in a single, stomach-  
churning pull, then returns to the man's guts. He spends  
another few seconds disembowling the man before  
withdrawing...

... THE SILVER BULLET.

THOMAS EDISON

Your tracking powers... but how...

Geronimo proudly displays his RECENTLY RE-ATTACHED ARM. He  
is, once again, whole.

GERONIMO

I went to my plastic shaman, Shlomo  
Who Fixes Noses. He patched me  
right up.

Wasting no more time, Geronimo strings the silver bullet up  
in his bow, using it in the place of an arrow. He aims...

GERONIMO (CONT'D)

I am become Death, Destroyer of  
Worlds.

... and FIRES.

SILVER BULLET POV:

WE ARE THE BULLET. We TEAR ACROSS THE BATTLEFIELD, our singular mission as clear as the sky above. The sun, arcing ever higher across that sky, radiates downward, reflects brilliantly off our PURE SILVER FORM, our FLAWLESS PEWTER HEAD... flawless, that is, until we PUNCH A GORE-SPATTERING HOLE IN THE BACK OF A RANDOM REDCOAT'S HEAD. Our tour of the cerebellum is short-lived, though; we emerge back into the open in a FINE MIST OF BRAIN MATTER, continuing on our divine course. We tunnel CLEAN THROUGH THE CHEST CAVITIES OF SEVERAL MORE REDCOATS before finally finding our target: BENEDICT ARNOLD.

Running as fast as he can, Arnold looks over his shoulder... and in that split second, he recognizes not only our pursuit, but our composition: the unmistakable GLINT of the sun reflecting off PURE SILVER. He knows, in other words, that we are his death.

And so he turns back to his course, redoubles his efforts...

... but they are in vain. He is just a man, and WE ARE A SILVER BULLET. We catch him in seconds, entering his wretched body at the base of his skull, severing his spinal cord, and exiting through his silenced throat.

And now, our task complete, we speed on. Only God Himself knows what next lies in store for us and our --

END SILVER BULLET POV.

Geronimo watches as Arnold falls to the ground, transforming in his final death throes into his WOLF FORM. With its last breath, the traitorous wolf emits one final, pathetic HOWL... and then dies. Silenced forever.

Geronimo lowers his bow, sated.

GERONIMO (CONT'D)

*Ich bin ein Berliner.*

Geronimo then turns to Washington.

GERONIMO (CONT'D)

Only James still escapes. Go.  
Fulfill your destiny.

(MORE)

GERONIMO (CONT'D)  
Fulfill Abe's final wish. We'll  
 finish up here.

Washington turns, watches James' hovercraft zoom into the distance. Then, emboldened, he turns back toward Geronimo, places a hand upon the Indian's broad shoulder.

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
 Thank you, whoever you are.

GERONIMO  
 What? Really?!

But Geronimo's disappointment falls on deaf ears...

... because WASHINGTON IS ALREADY GONE.

ON WASHINGTON

Riding Clyde at FULL SPEED across the battlefield. James' hovercraft is but a GLITTERING SPECK on the horizon, but Washington is determined: he pushes Clyde to his breaking point. And as he gives chase, Washington reflects back on the journey that brought him here...

DOCTOR (PRE-LAP)  
 This is a very special boy, Mr. and  
 Mrs. Washington.

FADE TO:

A NEWBORN BABY BOY

Still attached at the umbilical, held out to his EXHAUSTED AND DEPLETED MOTHER by an UNSEEN DOCTOR. Washington's CAVEMAN FATHER stands nearby, emotional.

DOCTOR (O.S.)  
 He will accomplish great things.

As she cradles baby George...

MRS. WASHINGTON  
 How can you be sure?

REVERSE ANGLE: The doctor, JESUS CHRIST (30's, white), smiles knowingly.

JESUS CHRIST  
 I just have a good sense for these  
 things.

Christ then cups his hands together in benediction, bends slightly at the waist...

## JESUS CHRIST (CONT'D)

*Namaste.*

... and exits. A BEAT, then Mr. Washington looks to his wife.

MR. WASHINGTON

That's the last time we save money  
by letting the carpenter deliver  
our baby.

BACK TO THE CHASE:

Invigorated by his flashback, Washington leans forward, improving Clyde's aerodynamics. He's closer to James now, but the chase has led them back into Washington DC at this point, greatly amplifying the degree of difficulty of the pursuit:

They now must dodge PEDESTRIANS, HORSES, FRUIT CARTS.

James takes advantage of the superior maneuverability of his hovercraft, blazing in and out of SIDESTREETS, ALLEYS. UP AND OVER PARKED CARRIAGES, CONSTRUCTION SITES. It takes a perfect mental union of horse and man for Washington and Clyde to keep up.

But keep up they do. And, impossibly, they don't just keep up... they catch up:

Clyde's thunderous hooves RATTLE the city, STEAM bellowing from his mighty nostrils, and James' hovercraft grows from a SPECK to a BLUR to a HOVERCRAFT.

James, suddenly nervous, engages a number of evasive options built into his royal craft:

OIL SLICK!

Clyde PLANTS ALL FOUR LEGS, rides across the slick like a surfer.

SMOKESCREEN!!

Clyde closes his eyes, uses his finely tuned HORSE SENSE to follow James through the fog.

LOOSE JACKS!!!

Clyde PICKS UP SPEED, using his momentum to run SIDEWAYS UP AND ALONG A NEARBY WALL, thereby bypassing the deadly jacks.

ON JAMES

Watching Washington's unflinching pursuit in his rear-view.

KING JAMES

Curses! What will it take to stop  
you, Washington?!

Frustrated, James returns his gaze to the road ahead...

... and a WIDE, RICTUS SMILE crests his wrinkled visage. For his prayers have been answered in the form of a MASSIVE BLACK MONOLITH transecting the path up ahead.

THE VIETNAM VETERANS MEMORIAL.

James activates one of the many LARGE SWITCHES on his instrument cluster...

ON WASHINGTON

Watching, heart sinking, as James' hovercraft LEVITATES VERTICALLY, clearing the fifty foot wall with ease. With Clyde still galloping at full speed, Washington SWALLOWS HARD. There's no way he's getting over that thing...

MR. WASHINGTON (PRE-LAP)

True hunter, Son, overcome any  
obstacle.

FADE TO:

A PRAIRIE DOG

Glancing around nervously before vanishing into the protective confines of its BURROW.

Mr. Washington and an EIGHT YEAR-OLD GEORGE, standing in the center of this open field, turn their attention to the BALD EAGLE watching from a nearby tree.

MR. WASHINGTON

No prey impossible for true hunter.

After a long moment of careful thought, the eagle takes flight, TEARING FREE ITS PERCH in the process. The mighty bird then SWOOPS DOWNWARD, plunging the emancipated branch into the rodent's burrow like a spear.

When the eagle returns to the sky, the prairie dog hangs limp from its improvised lance.

Young George can only stare, marvelling at the true wonders of nature...

... when his dad HURLS HIS CAVEMAN CLUB into the air, bludgeoning the eagle clean out of the sky. The club then returns to its owner like a boomerang. As Mr. Washington collects his kill...

MR. WASHINGTON (CONT'D)  
No prey impossible.

BACK TO THE CHASE:

Washington nods to himself, emboldened.

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
 (sotto)  
 No prey impossible.  
 (then, to Clyde)  
 You can do it, Clyde.  
 (then)  
We can do it. Hah!!!

Clyde PICKS UP SPEED, RACES TOWARD THE WALL. Washington hangs on tight, SQUEEZES HIS EYES SHUT.

CLOSE ON CLYDE

Bearing down on the wall, fear in his eyes...

DOCTOR (PRE-LAP)  
 This is a very special foal, Mrs. Dale.

FADE TO:

A SLIMY, NEWBORN HORSE

Flailing around in the hay. An EXHAUSTED AND DEPLETED MARE, the foal's mother, lounges nearby. The delivering doctor's voice booms from O.S.

DOCTOR (O.S.)  
 He will accomplish great things.

MRS. DALE  
 (yes, the horse)  
 How can you be sure?

REVERSE ANGLE: The doctor, SECRETARIAT, smiles knowingly.

SECRETARIAT  
 I just have a good sense for these things.

BACK TO THE CHASE:

Clyde, inspired by the memory of his blessed birth, SQUEEZES HIS OWN EYES SHUT, gives himself over to providence. The wall rushes forward...

... just as a GLORIOUS GOLD HORN GROWS FROM CLYDE'S FOREHEAD. It catches the sun instantly, refracting the solar illumination into a BLINDING BEAM OF LIGHT that blasts a HUGE HOLE in the oncoming wall.

Clyde races it through it, none the wiser, only opening his eyes

ON THE OTHER SIDE

At which point Washington, too, finally dares look. He takes in the GAPING HOLE in the Memorial, the glimmering horn atop Clyde's head...

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
Holy shit, Clyde! You're a very special horse!

Clyde beams with pride.

GEORGE WASHINGTON (CONT'D)  
I gotta call the glue factory and tell them our deal is off!

Then, as he dismounts...

GEORGE WASHINGTON (CONT'D)  
Magic like that belongs in dog food, not glue!!!

Clyde's smile fades.

GEORGE WASHINGTON (CONT'D)  
Oh, come on, Clyde. Why the long face.  
(beat)  
HA HA HA!!!!!! Get it? Because you're a horse?!  
(then, immediate)  
OK I gotta run.

Washington turns back toward the chase, only in this moment realizing that he's standing...

AT THE BASE OF THE KING JAMES OBELISK.

James' hovercraft is parked nearby, and James himself can be seen SHIMMYING UP THE SIDE OF THE MONUMENT.

Washington takes a deep breath, stares up at the top of the obelisk: it's a seemingly infinite climb. An insurmountable obstacle. Yet...

ABRAHAM LINCOLN (PRE-LAP)  
 (soft, pained)  
 George. You must. Free the colonies.

FADE TO:

OUR OPENING SCENE.

Washington cradles a dying Lincoln in his muscular arms.

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
 We'll do it together, Abe.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN  
 No. George. Listen. Free the colonies. Found a new country. Name her...

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
 Name her what, Abe?

ABRAHAM LINCOLN  
 (whisper soft)  
 Name her... America.

Lincoln's eyes roll back, his head falling to the side. Dead. Washington hangs his head for a moment, given over to the heart-wracking pain that envelops him... then he leans his head back, calls to the Heavens:

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
ABE!!!!!!!!

BACK TO THE CHASE:

That's all the motivation Washington needs. He runs to the base of the obelisk, wraps his arms and legs around it, and STARTS CLIMBING.

EXT. THE KING JAMES OBELISK - DAY

Drenched in sweat, an exhausted Washington pulls himself to the pyramid-tipped top of the obelisk. James is already there, gazing out wistfully over the city.

KING JAMES  
 It's a hell of a land, isn't it?  
 This 'New World?'

Washington stands several feet behind James, wary.

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
It is. A land of the free. Home  
of the brave.

KING JAMES  
That's stupid.

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
No, James. It's Democracy.

KING JAMES  
Men aren't meant to be free,  
Washington! Don't you see that!?  
They're meant to work in coal mines  
and eat vulgar meat-filled pies and  
watch soccer all the time! That is  
the natural order of things. That  
is how human society is meant to  
function!

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
Maybe. But not in this country.  
Not in... America.

James turns toward Washington.

KING JAMES  
So that's it, then, eh? Just like  
that, this is your country?

Washington gestures to the GROWING CROWDS two hundred feet  
below. Jefferson, Edison, Revere and Geronimo are clearly  
visible among the mob.

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
It's over, James. Your army is  
routed. Your power evaporated.  
The only rule you retain is over  
your own free will.  
(beat)  
Give it up.

KING JAMES  
Hm. Let me think about it.

Washington nods, allowing James a moment to lower his head  
and think about it. And he's not fucking around -- think  
about it he does, REALLY FUCKING HARD: He furrows his brow.  
Kneads his hands. Works on his breathing. Gazes off into  
the middle distance. For SEVERAL COMPLETELY STATIC MINUTES,  
he thinks. It's nigh interminable. Finally, at a loss...

GEORGE WASHINGTON

Sooooo...

KING JAMES

Fuck off! I said let me think about it! Christ! This is a big decision, man! Really, I should go home and sleep on it. Maybe do like a pros and cons, you know? I mean fuck, it's only out of respect for you and your time that I'm even doing this all right here in the moment, so the least you could do is show me the same respect and give me a goddamn second to my thoughts!

GEORGE WASHINGTON

(chastised)

I'm sorry, of course. Of course.

James nods, annoyed, then exhales deeply. Finds his center...

... and thinks about it for another several minutes. Just really turns it over in his head. It's maddening.

THOMAS EDISON (O.S.)

George!

Washington looks down to ground level, sees Edison tapping on his atomic watch. Washington nods: *I know, I know.* He turns back to James.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

Um. Your majesty? I'm sorry to interrupt, I was just wondering if you've made any headway on the 'whether or not to cede control of the country' thing. No big deal if not, you know, I just wanted to --

KING JAMES

Actually. I have made a decision.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

(pleasantly surprised)

Oh. Super.

As he SLOWWLLY reaches for the sword looped into his belt...

KING JAMES

And I have decided --

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
To fight me?

Beat.

KING JAMES  
How did you know that?

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
You've been reaching for your sword  
for the last ninety seconds. Sort  
of telegraphed it.

James smiles, UNSHEATHS HIS ORNATELY INSCRIBED SWORD.

KING JAMES  
You're not as dumb as you look,  
Washington.

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
(disappointed)  
So this is how it's gonna be. OK.  
(then, unsheathing his own  
sword)  
Let's get down with the sickness.

**OOH WAH AH AH AH!!**

And so as the musical stylings of Disturbed serenade our ear  
canals...

... THE FIGHT FOR AMERICA BEGINS.

It's an epic battle between two world-class...

... just kidding. King James is a monarch. A fat idiot who  
has never actually used a sword in his life. He takes one  
WILD SWING, throws himself off balance, and FALLS OFF THE  
EDGE OF THE OBELISK.

Washington sheaths his sword, walks to the edge, and peers  
over: Predictably, James has somehow managed to catch the lip  
with one hand; he now dangles freely two hundred feet above  
the astonished crowd. When Washington makes no move to help  
him:

KING JAMES

You would let me fall to my death,  
George? In front of all these  
people?? Is that the American Way?

Washington considers briefly, then...

GEORGE WASHINGTON

You're right. That's not the  
American Way. Give me your hand.

James smiles, relieved, and stretches his free hand toward  
Washington. Washington, in turn, reaches out...

... and hands James his SCIENCE PROJECT ATOMIC BOMB.

GEORGE WASHINGTON (CONT'D)

This is the American Way.

Washington then **BOOTS JAMES IN THE FACE**, sending the King  
**PLUMMETING TOWARD EARTH**.

He never makes it.

Halfway down **THE NUKE GOES OFF**, **EXPLODING IN A BREATH-TAKING  
DISPLAY OF RED, WHITE AND BLUE FIREWORKS**. The crowd below  
**ERUPTS IN CELEBRATION**.

Feeding off the energy of the people, Washington **TEARS OFF  
HIS AMERICAN FLAG BASEBALL JERSEY**, **WAVES IT ABOVE HIS HEAD**  
like a makeshift flag. And, with the people cheering below  
and the fireworks dazzling above, the First President of the  
United States of America calls out to all who would hear him:

GEORGE WASHINGTON (CONT'D)

WELCOME. TO. AMERICA!!!!!!

MATCH FADE TO:

AN ACTUAL AMERICAN FLAG

Waving in the place of Washington's jersey. We are

EXT. WASHINGTON MONUMENT - DAY

Where a crowd of **MILLIONS** has gathered to watch as the King  
James Obelisk is toppled, to be replaced by an **EXACT REPLICA:  
THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT**.

**SUPER: 6 MONTHS LATER**

As his glorious monument blots out the sun, **PRESIDENT GEORGE  
WASHINGTON** turns to his architect, **I.M. PEI**.

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
I think it would be nice to make a  
monument for Abe, too.

I.M. PEI  
No problem. Same as yours?

A thoughtful BEAT, then...

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
No. His should be a statue of him,  
sitting there... staring at my  
monument.

Pei nods, scurries off. George then turns, ascends the back  
steps of the GARGANTUAN STAGE set up in front of his  
monument.

Jefferson, Edison, Revere and Geronimo await him there, along  
with a PODIUM, several CLUSTERS OF BALLOONS and a BRIGHT RED  
CEREMONIAL RIBBON that traverses the entire platform. A HUGE  
BANNER hangs overhead:

***AMERICA - GRAND OPENING!***

Jefferson steps forward, hands Washington a pair of OVERSIZED  
SCISSORS. He then starts to retreat, but Washington clasps a  
meaty hand atop his shoulder, leans in to his ear.

GEORGE WASHINGTON (CONT'D)  
After the ceremony, let's kill all  
of the Indians.

THOMAS JEFFERSON  
You got it.

Washington nods, pleased, then marches to the front of the  
stage. He CUTS THE CEREMONIAL RIBBON, to great fanfare, then  
takes his place behind the podium.

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
Happy fucking Fourth of July!!!!

The crowd EXPLODES IN CHEERS.

GEORGE WASHINGTON (CONT'D)  
Four score and seven days ago...

And as Washington delivers the GREATEST SPEECH IN THE HISTORY  
OF PUBLIC ORATION, we PAN PAST HIM...

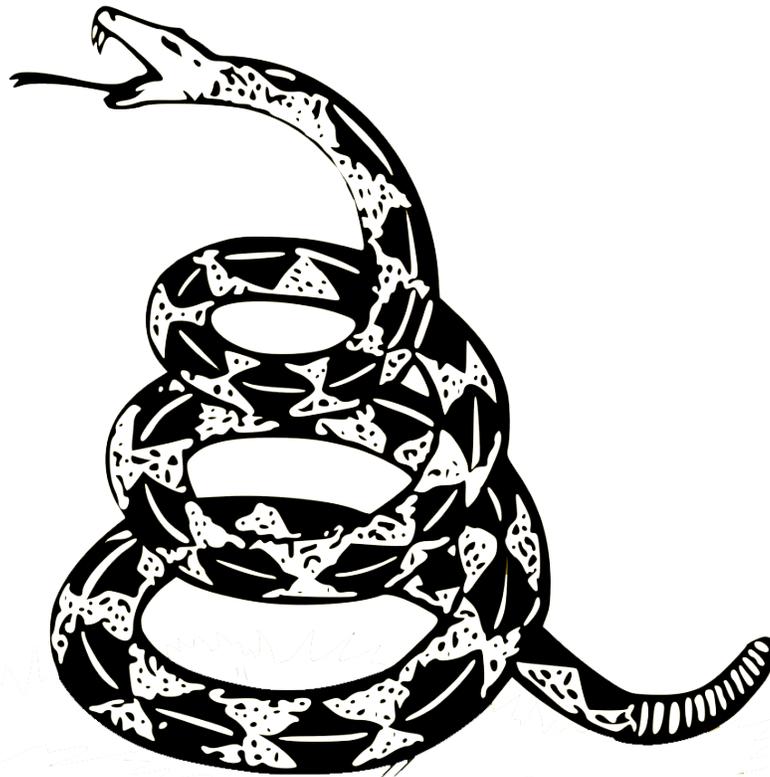
... past the balloons, the amplifier stacks. Past Jefferson,  
Edison, Geronimo...

... closing in finally on PAUL REVERE. Our stoic cyborg centaur. Whose one robotic eye...

... GLOWS BRIGHT RED.

SMASH TO BLACK.

*Coming Labor Day...*



*Chapter Two*

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