

WHITEMARSH

by

Jason Sherman

Based on true events.

FADE IN:

EXT. BATTLE OF BRANDYWINE - MID-DAY

The sun glistens behind a forest of trees and makes its way to a FRIENDS LOG MEETINGHOUSE.

Cannon and musket BLASTS resonate through the hills. Soldiers YELL at a distance. The mist from an earlier fog and battle smoke hovers.

We follow several FOOTSTEPS through the mud to reveal a group of QUAKERS.

One of them is LYDIA DARRAGH, late forties, fair complexion, light hair, blue eyes, very delicate in appearance and extremely neat.

She has two of her CHILDREN huddled, JOHN, 14 and SUSANNAH, 9 as they walk toward the meetinghouse.

She and the other Quakers are dressed to the rules of the Society of Friends.

As they turn a corner in the path they are on, the trees and large boulders reveal --

BODY after BODY of dead AMERICAN and BRITISH troops. Some without limbs.

It's a bloody trail of death.

Susannah turns her head into her mother's dress. John's gaping mouth says it all. Lydia nudges her children toward the meetinghouse.

LYDIA
Hurry along children.

INT. MEETINGHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

We see about twenty hand-carved pews, lit by a few candles and streaks of sunshine that snuck past the logs.

The faint BOOM of battle shakes the SEATED QUAKERS.

Most Quakers have their eyes closed. They breathe deeply and try to clear their minds.

Every gunshot or cannon blast SHAKES little Susannah and some of the others. No one says a word. It is just eerie silence and the sounds of battle.

EXT. FOREST - DUSK

A HORSE races through the hills as the sun slips behind them.

Trees whiz by to reveal a PATRIOT at the reins.

A beautifully lit PHILADELPHIA is seen from a distance.

EXT. CITY TAVERN, PHILADELPHIA - MOMENTS LATER

The Patriot ties up his horse behind the three story, brick tavern. He has a leather satchel around his shoulder and is dressed in civilian attire.

As he approaches the front of the tavern the street is BUSY with Colonists, horse and wagons, and merchants.

A man lights the street candle lamps in front of the tavern.

INT. CITY TAVERN - CONTINUOUS

The Patriot makes his way to the back of the tavern when a PROSTITUTE stops him --

PROSTITUTE
Time for a romp?

PATRIOT
Not this time.

He smiles at her and brushes by.

PATRIOT (CONT'D)
But maybe next.

CAPTAIN JOHN CADWALADER sits at a table in the corner of the tavern. He has various documents surrounding him.

PATRIOT (CONT'D)
Captain. I have a report from
Mclane at Brandywine.

The Patriot hands Cadwalader a sealed letter. He quickly cuts the seal with a knife and reads it. Realizing it's ciphered, he grabs a nearby lit candle and holds the letter over the flame.

We see a message appear through the lines of the innocently worded letter:

RETREATED TO CHESTER. REDCOATS EN ROUTE TO PHILA.

He folds up the letter, gathers his things and stands quickly.

CADWALADER

Good God --
We need to evacuate the city.

EXT. MEETINGHOUSE - EVENING

The battle noise has dissipated. Two QUAKER MEN from the meetinghouse hack the dirt with shovels. They form a ditch and drop the dead soldiers in, one by one.

QUAKER MAN

Poor souls.

INT. MEETINGHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

EDWARD BRADSHAW stands in front of the others. Late fifties, stocky with a thick, white beard, he is a senior member.

BRADSHAW

Having frequently neglected to
attend our religious meetings...
The advice of Friends she appears
to reject. Lydia Darragh --

Lydia, perturbed, looks at Bradshaw. He sighs and looks down for a moment. The other Quakers dare not look at her.

BRADSHAW (CONT'D)

We therefore cannot continue to
hold your right of membership among
us.

Lydia's children look at their mother in confusion. She stands up.

LYDIA

(furious)
Is this because of my son?

No answer.

LYDIA (CONT'D)

Mr. Bradshaw! I did not ask of him
to enlist in this war!

The room falls silent. Bradshaw gazes rigidly.

BRADSHAW
Nor did you stop him.

Bradshaw sternly holds his hand upward in the direction of the door.

BRADSHAW (CONT'D)
You have been expelled.

Lydia aggressively grabs her children. They storm out.

EXT. WASHINGTON'S CAMP - NIGHT

We move through a field of tents, campfires and WOUNDED SOLDIERS. We see a line of CONTINENTALS. Each holds a wooden bowl as they each receive soup from a large pot.

GENERAL NATHANAEL GREENE rides through camp on his HORSE. Mid thirties, continental attire and white wig. He looks left and right as he arrives to a LARGE TENT.

A GROUP OF SOLDIERS drink rum out of leather satchels as they goof off. They see Greene arrive and quickly stand at attention.

SOLDIERS
(in unison)
Sir!

GREENE
Enjoy your pints gentleman. You've earned 'em.

They nod their heads and hold up their satchels.

SOLDIER
Thank you sir.

He walks past them and enters the tent.

INT. LARGE TENT - CONTINUOUS

GENERAL GEORGE WASHINGTON stands over a table with other OFFICERS. He is dressed in a majestic, dark blue suit. A bit on the disheveled and worn out, he commands the room.

There is a large map in the middle with a variety of metal pieces on certain spots.

Washington moves a piece to a position on the map.

WASHINGTON

Someone must've helped them ford
the river to the north, here.

Greene picks up one of the pieces and places it northward on
the map.

GREENE

General Howe flanked us here,
correct?

WASHINGTON

Aye, while we stood strong at
Chadds Ford.

GREENE

Not one Redcoat could've had
reconnaissance on --

COLONEL JOSEPH REED, mid thirties, pointy nosed, interrupts.

REED

Except for possible Loyalists near
the Birmingham meetinghouse.

As he approaches the map to move a piece, Washington hits all
the pieces off the table furiously.

WASHINGTON

How many losses?

Greene picks up a paper from the table.

GREENE

About 200 killed. 750 wounded. 400
taken as prisoner.

Washington slowly paces the room with his hands on his waist.

REED

We had to leave ten cannons behind
and other artillery as well.

Washington motions to a nearby SOLDIER.

WASHINGTON

Write to Congress and our other
officers. Let them know of our
status. Injury sustained by the
Marquis Lafayette and General
Woodford.

(beat)

General Howe and his army will
inevitably take Philadelphia.

EXT. PHILADELPHIA STREET - MORNING

It is complete chaos. Frantic COLONISTS fill the streets. A PATRIOT on horseback trots through --

PATRIOT
(screaming)
British en route. Leave your homes!

Patriots and colonists pack to leave the city. Soldiers pack provisions, artillery, and supplies onto wagons.

Horses and wagons gallop through the cobblestone roads. ELIZABETH DRINKER, mid twenties, fair-skinned, stands in the doorway of her STONE HOUSE.

ELIZABETH
Why must we leave, Henry?

INT. STONE HOUSE - MORNING

The plain wooden floor supports a small kitchen, if you can call it that. A large pot sits in a fireplace with ladles next to it.

Her husband, HENRY DRINKER fills a large burlap sack with supplies. In his forties, with a beard and large brimmed hat, he is dressed like a Quaker. Their son, JACOB, 12 helps him gather provisions.

HENRY
We may not have quarrel with the
Redcoats. But they surely will
with us.

Elizabeth hugs a bible.

ELIZABETH
(lightly)
Lord protect our family during
these dangerous times.

A MAN across the street places a small British FLAG next to his doorway. Elizabeth is appalled by this. The man notices, embarrassed, he quickly shuts his door.

Just a few blocks away, CONGRESS is at CARPENTER'S HALL. They scramble to gather what they can before leaving the city.

A DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE is seen on a nearby table along with other documents.

An AIDE rushes into a room on the second floor. Various MEMBERS OF CONGRESS frantically gather documents.

AIDE
Gentlemen. The coaches are ready to take you to York.

MEMBER OF CONGRESS
We'll be right there.

EXT. BRITISH ENCAMPMENT - MID-DAY

BRITISH SOLDIERS celebrate the Brandywine victory throughout the camp. The ale is plentiful, songs are heard.

A medium sized, white DOG rushes through the camp and enters a LARGE TENT.

INT. TENT

The dog excitedly approaches General Howe who is in the company of his OFFICERS.

HOWE
At last, with this victory, we shall procure Philadelphia.

Everyone raises a glass of champagne.

OFFICERS
Here, here.

HOWE
Major Andre, inform the army. We leave at first light.

MAJOR ANDRE, late twenties, handsome, an artistic and charismatic officer, puts down his glass.

ANDRE
Yes my lord.

He quickly leaves the tent.

EXT. PHILADELPHIA CENTER CITY - DAWN

Cobblestone streets, large homes and plenty of outdoor lamps.

The streets are quiet. Smoke from a chimney lingers about. We follow it to a wide and lengthy two story wooden house --

THE LOXLEY HOUSE.

A balcony spreads across the entire second floor of the home. There are several large windows with many small panes of glass on the ground level.

The inverted roof is held up by protruding carved ornamental cantilever supports.

This home obviously represents prestige and wealth.

As we move along the length of the home, we arrive to a nicely kept garden in the back with a stone patio set.

As we loop around the house we see a window. Through it, Lydia Darragh helps her daughter ANN, early twenties, thin and fair, KNEAD DOUGH in the kitchen.

The sun's rays ILLUMINATE the specks of flour that float about. The fire crackles from the oven warming up.

ANN

Mother, for how long must I knead
it?

Lydia gently places her hands next to Ann's on the dough and begins to knead with her.

LYDIA

Once you feel the dough is soft
enough.

She kneads for a few moments.

LYDIA (CONT'D)

And when your hands begin to tire.

She smiles at Ann who giggles.

Suddenly a RUMBLE is heard from a distance.

The utensils that hang on the wall begin to SHAKE.

It becomes much louder by the second.

We begin to hear MILITARY MUSIC.

LYDIA (CONT'D)

William!

Lydia's husband, WILLIAM DARRAGH darts into the kitchen with their son John.

William, mid forties, salt and pepper beard, Quaker attire runs through a hallway, enters the parlor and exits the front door of the home. John follows closely behind.

MILITARY MUSIC and thousands of FOOTSTEPS echo through the streets.

With various BANDS at the front, General Howe and his Redcoat army MARCH THROUGH.

Lydia and Ann discreetly look through the window to see the crimson wave rushing through.

William and John now stand at the front windows behind curtains.

They see General Howe and his officers take over the home across the street. It is Captain John Cadwaladar's home.

EXT. CITY STREETS

Redcoats begin to occupy homes. Some homes have British flags, some don't. It doesn't seem to matter to the Redcoats.

Some homes are empty. Others still have their inhabitants.

INT. HOME

REDCOAT

By the order of King George. This dwelling is now property of General William Howe and his Majesty's soldiers.

A WOMAN, her HUSBAND, THREE CHILDREN, and TWO AFRICAN SLAVES are huddled together in the small home.

WOMAN

But where might we go?

REDCOAT

That's none of our concern ma'am.

Two other REDCOATS come in and separate the slaves from the family.

REDCOAT (CONT'D)

Please gather any important belongings and depart immediately.

One Redcoat ushers the slaves out of the home.

HUSBAND
 Josiah and Mary belong to us.
 Where are you --

The Redcoat and his Second Officer get frustrated and assertive.

REDCOAT
 They belong to the crown now.
 Leave or you will be hanged for
 treason.

The woman and children begin to cry as the husband grabs whatever supplies he can. They leave the house a few moments later.

WOMAN (O.S.)
 Where will we go?

HUSBAND (O.S.)
 Let's pray the Lord will guide us.

INT. THE LOXLEY HOUSE KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Lydia and Ann add honey and cranberries into the biscuits of dough.

ANN
 Will we have to leave mother?

LYDIA
 How about we give them a reason for
 us to stay?

She nudges Ann, smiles, and places the biscuits into the oven while Ann continues to knead more dough.

EXT. HILLSIDE - NIGHT

Washington is on horseback with several officers by his side outside the city limits.

They reconnoiter Philadelphia with a HANDHELD TELESCOPE.

Washington sees barricades, garrisons, and all points of entry secured by troops and defensible blockades.

WASHINGTON
 (distraught)
 They are well fortified in our
 capital.

GREENE

How many men?

WASHINGTON

I can't imagine more than a few thousand.

REED

That means the bulk of the army is in Germantown indeed.

They turn their horses and make haste.

EXT. WASHINGTON'S CAMP - NIGHT

All is quiet. Candles and lamps light the camp. The light murmur from the army sails through the wintry air.

INT. WASHINGTON'S TENT

Washington is surrounded by his top officers.

WASHINGTON

We've received intelligence to confirm that most of Howe's men are stationed in Germantown.

GREENE

This could be our one chance to take them George.

WASHINGTON

I agree, but we mustn't underestimate them.

He moves four pieces to separate locations on a map.

WASHINGTON (CONT'D)

If we send four columns in --

CADWALADER

Sir. Although brilliant... That could... Puzzle our men.

GREENE

And we do have the element of surprise. Should we not simply engage with our full force?

Washington sighs and moves away from the table. He FEEDS some scraps to his dog.

WASHINGTON

You are my most trusted officers.
 You've been in countless battles
 with me. You know as well as I
 that Howe has outmaneuvered and
 outflanked us at every opportunity
 he's had.

Washington gives his men a stone-hard look.

WASHINGTON (CONT'D)

Let's not give him any more
 opportunities.

The officers breathe deeply and nod.

EXT. FRANKFORD BOROUGH - AFTERNOON

CAPTAIN ALLEN MCLANE and his DRAGOONS march their mounted
 forces through a bustling colonial neighborhood.

It's hard for them not to grab your attention. The horses
 are pure muscle and wear leather bands marked with a colonial
 seal. The dragoons wear battle ready outfits with bulky
 helmets and look a bit like mercenaries.

Mclane, mid thirties, handsome with wavy hair looks at a
 GROUP OF WOMEN on the side of the road. They obviously fancy
 him and giggle. He smiles and continues on.

A group of CHILDREN begin to chase the cavalry.

A NEWSIE stands on the corner --

NEWSIE

(shouting)

Continental's fall at Brandywine.
 Redcoats to take Philadelphia.

Mclane and his dragoons arrive to THE JOLLY POST TAVERN. The
 large colonial three story tavern, has a well out front, and
 ample horse stables in the rear.

Various MERCHANTS sell their wares.

As the dragoons tie up their horses in the rear of the
 tavern, numerous COLONISTS who are in the midst of
 conversation stop to look in awe.

As Mclane and his men approach the tavern, the children
 barrage them.

CHILD
Were you at Brandywine?

Mclane and his men casually stride toward the tavern while they give the children some face time.

Mclane stops to pull his sword from his sheath.

MCLANE
See this sword?

The children are bewildered.

MCLANE (CONT'D)
It helped us push back the Queens
Rangers while Washington and the
Continentalists escaped.

He puts the sword away and pulls a red piece of fabric from his satchel.

CHILD
Wow -- Is that from a British coat?

Mclane hands it to him.

MCLANE
Yup, last one I killed.

The children are astonished as Mclane and the dragoons enter the tavern.

EXT. LOXLEY HOUSE - AFTERNOON

BRITISH SOLDIERS everywhere. Horse and wagons move supplies and artillery.

SLAVES are forced to lug equipment or supplies by British soldiers.

There are very few merchants.

It is suddenly a very red city. British flags are ubiquitous.

MAJOR JOHN ANDRE BANGS on Lydia's door. Lydia finishes a bandage on a wounded BRITISH SOLDIER in the parlor.

LYDIA
All done.

Andre continues to bang on the door.

LYDIA (CONT'D)
Now let us see what all the
commotion is about.

Finally, Lydia opens the door. The wounded soldier stands
next to her.

LYDIA (CONT'D)
Don't forget to apply the ointment
twice a day to avoid infection.

SOLDIER
Thank you for everything ma'am.
And for the biscuit too.

He has a bottle of ointment in one hand and a cranberry
biscuit in the other.

With a mixture of blood and flour on her apron Lydia now
directs her attention to Andre.

LYDIA
My apologies sir. I was tending to
your soldier's wounds.

ANDRE
I thank you on behalf of the King
for your kindness...
But regrettably, I must ask that
you and your family vacate the
premises.

LYDIA
Excuse me? On what grounds?

Surprised that Lydia talks back to him, Andre looks confused
and stumbles a bit on his words. He stands up straight.

ANDRE
General Howe requires extra room
for his officers in order to host
meetings.

LYDIA
No offense to you, officer...

ANDRE
Major, John Andre ma'am.

Lydia back tracks a few steps, grabs a tray of cranberry
biscuits from a nearby table and shuffles back to the door.

LYDIA

Well Major Andre, I'm sure you
wouldn't mind if I spoke to your
General, now would you?

Tray in hand, she quickly glides past him into the busy
street.

Andre tries to keep up as he follows with his finger up in
the air.

ANDRE

Ma'am, I wouldn't suggest doing
that!

CAPTAIN JOHN BARRINGTON who sees the whole thing from across
the street, chuckles a bit. As she approaches General Howe's
headquarters he gets serious and approaches Lydia.

BARRINGTON

Can I ask your urgency ma'am?

She notices his Irish accent. Being from Dublin, Ireland
herself, she adds a bit of her old accent.

LYDIA

And who might you be?

BARRINGTON

Captain John Barrington ma'am.

LYDIA

Barrington aye?
(smiles)
My name of maiden is Barrington.
Father John, mother Mary of the
same.

Captain Barrington's eyes widen.

BARRINGTON

Well what a serendipitous moment.
(smiles)
I do believe John Barrington was
the cousin of my father James.

Lydia becomes giddy. Major Andre swoops in.

LYDIA

Well surely your General won't mind
if your cousin once removed lives
across the street now will he?

BARRINGTON
 I do believe he won't.
 (smiles)
Cousin.

LYDIA
 Well then, after you.

She follows Barrington into the Cadwalader home. Major Andre is a bit humiliated.

As we follow the trio into the large home we pass various extravagant tapestries, Cadwaladar family portraits and other beautiful paintings by Charles Wilson Peale.

We arrive to a large set of ornamented double doors. A soldier opens them to reveal --

General Howe sitting at a desk. There is a tea set nearby. Steam hangs over a tea cup next to Howe.

BARRINGTON
 Excuse the intrusion General, sir.

Howe looks up to find Lydia. He eyes the biscuits and makes his way toward her.

HOWE
 No intrusion at all Captain.

BARRINGTON
 Thank you sir.
 (holds hand toward Lydia)
 I'd like to introduce Mrs. Lydia
Barrington Darragh.

Howe breathes in the scent of honey and cranberry on the biscuits. He's a bit distracted.

HOWE
 Yes. Thank you captain.

BARRINGTON
 I'd like to add sir.

Howe licks his lips.

HOWE
 (frustrated)
 Go on...

BARRINGTON
 Sir, Miss... Barrington happens to
 be my second cousin.
 (MORE)

BARRINGTON (CONT'D)

Surely her loyalty to the crown
will grant her family the privilege
of remaining in their home?

Andre itches to earn some good will.

ANDRE

Sir, might I also bring to your
attention.

Howe is now a bit annoyed.

HOWE

Yes major.

ANDRE

She tended to one of my wounded
men, sir.

HOWE

Lydia... May I call you Lydia?

Lydia smiles and curtesies with the tray of biscuits.

LYDIA

Yes you may, your excellency.

HOWE

Well Lydia, we do need your home in
order to host meetings for our
officers.

Lydia extends the tray of biscuits to Howe for him to take
one. He gracefully takes one. She then offers them to
Barrington and Andre who happily accept.

LYDIA

Surely your meetings will require
refreshments... Will they not?

Barrington and Andre watch as Howe takes a bite of his
biscuit so that they may follow suit.

The INTENSE EUPHORIA that exudes from their faces is
priceless.

HOWE

(mouthful)

Indeed... I can imagine they will.

LYDIA

And surely your men will need
tending to, as I am nurse?

The three men finish their biscuits. She offers the remaining three biscuits.

LYDIA (CONT'D)
By all means, please... Enjoy them.
(smiles and curtesies again)

Howe takes another bite of euphoria.

HOWE
I suppose I can make an exception
in your case.

LYDIA
(humble)
Thank you your excellency. I would
have nowhere to take my children if
not.

HOWE
In accordance of this exception, I
must require the use of your parlor
for staff meetings at any time.

LYDIA
Yes your excellency, of course.

HOWE
(serious)
Without any objection,
interference, or interruption.

LYDIA
I understand, your excellency.

Howe heads to his desk. Barrington smiles at Lydia and ushers her to the door.

HOWE
Oh and Lydia.

She turns around as they reach the door.

LYDIA
Yes your excellency?

HOWE
(smiles)
Make sure these biscuits are
available to our officers at the
meetings.

He shakes his head in glee while he enjoys the last bite. She curtesies yet again and smiles as they leave the room.

EXT. HILLSIDE - DUSK

A PATRIOT glides through various fields and forests. He arrives to Frankford borough.

INT. JOLLY POST TAVERN - MOMENTS LATER

Mclane and his dragoons enjoy food and ale with the company of MERCENARIES and PROSTITUTES.

MCLANE

And just as the 71st battalion
flanked Greene...
(takes a sip of ale)
My dragoons and I rushed in to
flank *them*!

DRAGOON

Nothin' like flankin' a wanka'!

Hearty laughter roars about. The Patriot squeezes through the crowded tavern and approaches Mclane and his men.

PATRIOT

Captain Mclane, sir. I need a word.

Mclane signals to his second in command, LIEUTENANT JOHN SPRINGER, mid twenties, a pretty boy, muscular. They casually get up so as not to dampen the mood.

INT. PRIVATE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

As sounds from the tavern penetrate the small room on the second floor of the tavern, Springer deciphers a coded message on a table.

MCLANE

John?

SPRINGER

Almost.

He uses a CODE LEGEND to figure out each letter.

SPRINGER (CONT'D)

Looks like Washington is planning a
four column attack at Germantown.

MCLANE

When?

John checks the legend one more time.

SPRINGER

In two days time.

MCLANE

We'll need the full cavalry for this one.

SPRINGER

How 'bout we throw the British off a bit?

MCLANE

What did you have in mind?

He slyly pulls a Quaker hat out of his satchel.

EXT. FRANKFORD BOROUGH - MORNING

A log cabin sits on a small hill above a bustling town.

Birds fly about while other animals on the ground seek their morning meal.

Through a window in the medium-sized log cabin we see Elizabeth Drinker WRITE on parchment paper with a quill.

ELIZABETH (V.O.)

29 September, in the year of our Lord 1777.

Elizabeth sits at a small wooden table with a set of slender chairs in front of a small window.

ELIZABETH (V.O.)

3 days ago, about 3,000 British took Philadelphia unopposed. We left our home with quite a bit of fear. We are now safely situated at the home of Henry's Aunt Emily in Frankford.

She drops her quill in the inkwell as she gazes through the window for a few moments. She sees a butterfly float by.

The front door opens suddenly. Her husband and son come through the entrance.

JACOB

Mother -- Look what papa found!

He holds out a small TURTLE. She shuffles away her journal paper and focuses her attention to Jacob.

ELIZABETH

What a wonderful creature Jacob.
Now wash up for supper.

Jacob races to another room.

HENRY

Too much skirmishing the past few
days. Scared off the game.

He lays a burlap sack on a chest next to the table.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Traps were empty today.

Walks over to Elizabeth and gently gives her a kiss on the
cheek. She smiles and walks toward the fireplace.

ELIZABETH

Emily had some potatoes for the
soup.

She mixes the soup with a ladle.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

Any loaves in the least?

HENRY

Got two of 'em from Mrs. Darragh,
thank her soul.

He pulls the loaves out of the bag and sets them on the
table. She looks at Henry behind her shoulder with a soft
gaze.

ELIZABETH

How does she fare?

HENRY

Well they've allowed her stay.
(solemn)
Didn't have much time to exchange
many words else the Redcoats
might've pressed my beliefs.

Henry picks up a bible from a nearby shelf and opens it to
where he last read. He slowly takes a seat.

ELIZABETH

I understand. But I *would* like to
thank her. May we see her in
Philadelphia?

Jacob enters the room and heads over to the pot.

HENRY

I suppose we could journey to the market in a few days to sell some parchment.

JACOB

Supper ready mother? Today's walk made me quite hungry.

She nudges him toward the table.

ELIZABETH

Yes Will, please ready the table.

EXT. DELAWARE RIVER - AFTERNOON

We navigate the waters of the Delaware and pass several CHEVAUX DE FRISE that block the path of any ships. As we turn a bend in the river a vast treeline reveals --

Part of THE CONTINENTAL NAVY with a FRIGATE consisting of 28 GUNS. A PROVINCE ship with 18 GUNS.

TWO LARGE BRIGGS, with 16 and 10 GUNS.

SIX more LARGE VESSELS with 10 GUNS each.

TWO FLOATING BATTERIES, 10 GUNS each.

EIGHT SMALLER ARMED VESSELS.

17 FIRE VESSELS and a GREAT NUMBER of FIRE RAFTS.

The Americans have the Delaware River access points secure.

The BRITISH FLEET helplessly floats in the Delaware Bay.

Not far from the American ships we see American occupied FORT'S MIFFLIN AND MERCER.

INT. FORT MIFFLIN - CONTINUOUS

CONTINENTALS stand at attention at various cannons.

SOLDIERS patrol the perimeter.

INT. A BUILDING IN THE FORT

A Patriot enters a room to reveal FRENCH MAJOR and now LIEUTENANT COLONEL FRANCOIS DE FLEURY in discussion with OFFICERS.

FLEURY

As long as Commodore Hazelwood
continues to defend the river...
We will hold this fort.

OFFICER

I agree Lieutenant. But with the
British now in Philadelphia, I fear
they may become more desperate for
supplies.

PATRIOT

Excuse the interruption, sir.

FLEURY

Speak freely soldier.

PATRIOT

Your presence is requested
immediately.

FLEURY

By whom?

PATRIOT

General Washington sir.

Fleury looks at LIEUTENANT COLONEL SAMUEL SMITH.

FLEURY

Sam, it appears you are in command
of this fort until my return.

SMITH

Yes of course Francois.

INT. LOXLEY HOUSE - STUDY - AFTERNOON

The SCRIBBLE of Lydia's quill as she writes on parchment
paper fills the candle-lit study.

She hears a series of LOUD KNOCKS at her front door.

Startled, she diligently folds the paper and opens a large
metal button. She places the paper inside.

She clicks the button closed and places it in the back of a
desk drawer under blank paper and supplies.

The knocking continues as she makes her way down the hall.

She opens the front door to reveal Major Andre.

ANDRE

I do see it takes you quite some time to answer my calls.

LYDIA

My apologies sir, I was in the kitchen preparing dinner for my family.

ANDRE

Good. I hope you've prepared biscuits as we need to use your parlor in one hour.

LYDIA

Yes of course. I'll serve them with tea when you arrive.

ANDRE

Many thanks. And do try to be more expedient when I call.

Lydia smiles and curtesies a bit flustered.

EXT. PHILADELPHIA BRITISH GATE - MOMENTS LATER

A QUAKER arrives to the now gated entrance of Philadelphia.

It is guarded by a SMALL PLATOON OF BRITISH SOLDIERS.

SOLDIER

What's your business here?

The Quaker lifts his head from under his large brimmed hat to reveal --

SPRINGER

(thick British accent)
I have some intelligence that might interest your General.

The gates open.

SOLDIER

Very well. This way.

The soldier leads him to General Howe's home.

Springer looks about and notices the horrible sight of Philadelphia being occupied by the Redcoats.

A BEATEN COLONIST MAN is being dragged away by two British soldiers.

COLONIST

(crying)
My family is starving. Please!

Springer tightens a fist but keeps his composure.

INT. GENERAL HOWE'S HEADQUARTERS.

The soldier enters Howe's office with Springer in tow.

Springer eyes the officers in the room with Howe.

SOLDIER

Sir. This Quaker Loyalist has come forward with information.

Howe puts down a battle plan and walks over to Springer.

HOWE

Thank you Private. You may wait outside.

Howe surveys Springer.

HOWE (CONT'D)

So you're loyal to the crown, aye?

SPRINGER

Yes your excellency. My family of Quakers and I hail from Oxford.
(stands proud)
Long live King George!

HOWE

And what is this...
Information you have?

Springer pulls out a folded letter with a broken seal.

SPRINGER

Well sir, as I arrived to the last Friend's Meeting I was aghast to find several dead soldiers laying about.

HOWE

(curious)
Go on...

SPRINGER

Yes, as my brothers and I began burying the bodies, I found this sealed letter among one of them.

He opens the letter and hands it to Howe. His face glows.

HOWE

Have you shown this to anyone else?

SPRINGER

No sir.

Howe hands the letter to one of his officers as he ushers Springer out of his room.

HOWE

You've done a service to the crown.
I thank you for that.

SPRINGER

Yes of course sir.

As Howe opens the door and signals to the soldier waiting outside, Springer stops --

SPRINGER (CONT'D)

Sir. Could I trouble you for some food.

HOWE

Food?

SPRINGER

Yes sir. It has taken me two days of travel to arrive here. And it will take me two more to walk home. I'm famished.

HOWE

(sighs)
Very well. Go across the street to Mrs. Darragh's house. She should have some bread prepared.

SPRINGER

You are too kind, sir.

The soldier escorts Springer out of the house and points to Lydia's house.

EXT. LOXLEY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Springer avoids eye contact with Colonists for fear they may recognize him as he walks over to Lydia's house and knocks on the door.

As usual she takes a while to answer. Springer just keeps his head down until she does.

The door swings open.

LYDIA
Hello. Can I help you?

Springer looks up. Lydia is jolted for a moment but quickly gains her composure.

SPRINGER
Hello Mrs. Darragh.

She pulls him into the house and shuts the door. Ann KNITS a dress in the parlor.

LYDIA
Ann, please go to your room to work on your dress. The officers will be having a meeting here shortly.

Ann gathers her supplies and heads to her room.

LYDIA (CONT'D)
(whispers)
This way John.

She leads Springer down the hallway to her study and shuts the door.

He takes off his hat and takes a breath of relief.

SPRINGER
(in his usual accent)
It has been quite a while Lydia.

LYDIA
Yes John. Yes it has.

She heads to her desk to grab her button.

LYDIA (CONT'D)
Unfortunately, Howe and his men will be here at any moment.

SPRINGER
So they are using your home to host their discussions?

Lydia has scissors, needle and thread in hand.

LYDIA
Take off your coat.

SPRINGER

This is quite an advantageous position you're in.

LYDIA

Yes it is. And what pray tell are you doing here?

She starts to remove one of the buttons of his coat.

LYDIA (CONT'D)

Do you want to be hanged?

SPRINGER

(laughs)

I prefer a firing squad. It's quicker.

She cuts a small piece of fabric from the inside of the coat to cover her metal button.

SPRINGER (CONT'D)

Truth is, Captain Mclane sent me here to confuse the Redcoats with fictitious information.

She starts to sew it onto the same place she removed the original button.

LOUD BANGS are heard at the front door to her home. She panics and finishes sewing the button.

LYDIA

We don't have the luxury of time. When you see Charles, please give him that button. It will explain everything.

As Major Andre is about to bang on the door again it flies open. Springer shuffles out with bread in hand.

SPRINGER

(nods head)

Gentleman. Thanks again for your kindness.

Lydia holds the door open with her other arm extended toward the parlor.

LYDIA

Your excellency. I have biscuits and tea awaiting you.

Springer takes off quickly while Howe and his men enter the parlor. Howe breathes in the smell of biscuits and tea as he heads to the large table in the middle of the room.

EXT. WASHINGTON'S CAMP - DUSK

Fleury arrives at Washington's camp on horseback with a pair of Patriots who accompany him. He is dressed inconspicuously.

Most of the tents seem empty.

He and the other Patriots get off the horses and slowly make their way into camp.

As they do, they begin to hear --

WASHINGTON

I would hope that the applause of your countrymen and of all the posterity as the defenders of this nation would be reason enough.

Fleury and the Patriots make their way through the crowd toward Washington. He and his officers stand in front of most of the Continental army.

He notices Fleury and acknowledges him.

WASHINGTON (CONT'D)

As we are the procurers of peace, it is our duty to bring happiness to unborn millions in the present and future generations.

What started as light murmurs from the crowd, begins to intensify.

SOLDIERS

Here here! America!

As the crowd settles a bit --

WASHINGTON

I can't begin to tell you the importance of this upcoming battle.
(beat)
In less than two days time, we march on Germantown to take Howe and his army!

The crowd goes wild.

EXT. FOREST PATH - NIGHT

Captain Mclane and his dragoons follow a wide, dirt path through the woods on their way to Germantown.

It's quiet enough that all you hear is the horses hooves CLIP CLOP along with sounds of the forest.

They turn around a bend to reveal --

A SMALL BRITISH BRIGADE commanding a blockade.

Mclane and his dragoons immediately pull out their weapons including LENUWAXEN (A STRONG WIND), Native American, strong, his clothes mixed Native and Colonial. He steadily holds a magnificent bow and arrow, stretched and ready to go.

BRITISH COMMANDER

By the order of his Majesty, the King's Highway is no longer accessible --

Mclane charges them. His men follow.

An arrow FLIES toward the British and lands next to the head of one of the officers on horseback into a tree.

The British soldiers appear terrified. The officers on horseback stand still. The horses become agitated. The soldiers on foot begin to run into the woods.

Mclane whacks one of the officers on horseback with the back of his pistol.

MCLANE

Welcome to Philadelphia.

The other officer on horseback puts his weapon away and looks down in embarrassment.

DRAGOON

(points to Lenuwaxen)
My grandfather helped *his*
grandfather build this road 100
years ago.

The dragoon uses his sword to LIFT a leather sack of rum from the embarrassed officer. The officer appears worried that he might stab him. The dragoon takes a swig.

DRAGOON (CONT'D)

We own this road. Let this be a warning.

MCLANE

Ladies... It seems as if Philadelphia has taken you in the end. I suggest you make haste before I decide to test my new pistol.

He cocks his beautifully ornamented pistol. The officers fearfully turn and take off in an instant.

Mclane FIRES in their direction and hits a tree next to them. His dragoons follow suit. Bullets and an arrow or two whiz by the officers but don't hit them.

Mclane and his dragoons laugh and continue down the road.

EXT. PHILADELPHIA STREET - MORNING

The barely emerged sun makes its way over the homes and buildings of MARKET STREET.

INT. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

As we enter the Inventors' home we see various SCIENTIFIC APPARATUS, MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, BOOKS, and a PORTRAIT OF FRANKLIN.

Major Andre looks at documents while he sits at a desk.

The CLICKING of mechanical gears flow through the room as they slide against each other. A CHORUS OF BELLS start to chime.

Andre looks up at Franklin's majestic grandfather clock and notes the time.

He gathers some papers and heads out.

EXT. PHILADELPHIA STREET - CONTINUOUS

The hustle and bustle of British soldiers, merchants, slaves, and Loyalists fill the streets as they start their day.

Andre walks down the street as soldiers salute him. He turns the corner to SECOND STREET and walks down toward Howe's HQ.

After a few moments we a SMALL MARKET.

Merchants set up their wares from their wagons or small tables.

Andre fancies a small wagon that has parchment paper hanging from ropes.

The merchants are none other than Henry and Elizabeth Drinker.

Two British soldiers argue with Henry.

HENRY

My apologies sir. But as I have stated, the cost of each sheet is two pence.

One of the soldiers grabs four sheets of paper from the hanging ropes and THROWS one pence on the ground next to Henry's feet.

HENRY (CONT'D)

(upset)

One pence is not nearly enough --

Andre sees this and quickly makes his way over to the wagon.

The British soldiers don't see him at first, but when he appears, they stand at attention.

SOLDIERS

Sir.

ANDRE

What is thy quarrel merchant?

HENRY

(head down)

I have no quarrel sir. I am a simple merchant selling parchment for two pence a sheet.

Andre eyes up the four sheets in the soldiers' hand.

ANDRE

Soldier, I see *one pence* laying here on the ground.

SOLDIER

Yes sir. I am only adopting the cost of parchment back in London.

Andre understands as he looks back at Henry.

ANDRE

Ah, I see. Your name merchant?

HENRY
 Drinker sir. Henry.

ANDRE
 Well Henry. Your cost is simply
 too high for parchment. You will
 sell it at one pence per sheet from
 this day forward.

HENRY
 Sir I cannot afford --

ANDRE
 (stern)
 Excuse me?

Andre takes two steps closer to Henry. Elizabeth notices and looks worried.

HENRY
 I simply meant that --

ANDRE
 Are you not loyal to the crown?

HENRY
 I have no quarrel with either side
 sir.

ANDRE
 Remaining neutral does not mean
 loyalty.

Henry has his head down and remains silent.

ANDRE (CONT'D)
 (signals to soldiers)
 Arrest him.

Henry's head shoots up with a look of terror.

HENRY
 But sir! I have no quarrel!

Elizabeth runs over to the soldiers who now have Henry by the arms.

ELIZABETH
 Sir, please I beg you.

Andre looks at Elizabeth.

ANDRE

Ma'am I order you begin selling the sheets at one pence per. If I hear otherwise, you will also be jailed.

She regains her composure as she watches Henry get taken away. Andre walks away as she begins to cry.

Andre is now a stones throw away from Howe's HQ as Lydia walks past him.

LYDIA

Good day sir.

ANDRE

(tips his hat)
And you as well Lydia.

She makes her way over to the market to find Elizabeth in shambles.

LYDIA

Dearest Elizabeth, why do you cry?

ELIZABETH

They took him --

LYDIA

Took who?

Elizabeth continues to cry. Lydia looks around.

ELIZABETH

Henry... They took Henry...

Lydia is dumbfounded. She consoles Elizabeth.

INT. GENERAL HOWE'S HEADQUARTERS - MOMENTS LATER

HOWE

The Loyalist Quaker had some superb intelligence.

ANDRE

Yes, quite.

HOWE

Now that we know Washington and his men are far from Philadelphia, I will rendezvous with our army at Germantown this eve.

ANDRE

Excellent sir. I'm sure that will
liven their spirits.

OFFICER

Shall I prepare a platoon sir?

HOWE

Aye. And have Lydia prepare some
provisions for the trip.

BARRINGTON

I'll take care of that sir.

EXT. WASHINGTON'S CAMP - DUSK

Springer slowly walks his horse through camp.

He looks around to see many wounded soldiers.

Some soldiers are without shoes. Their feet bloody.

Others drink rum and laugh while fully clothed.

Springer jumps off his horse and walks up to a soldier who
sits by a fire around other men.

SPRINGER

Charles. How do you fare?

CHARLES DARRAGH, early twenties, medium build, exhausted sees
Springer.

CHARLES

John!

He excitedly gets up and shakes Springer's hand.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

I had hoped to see you here after
Brandywine.

Charles hands Springer a leather flask as they begin to walk
toward a tent.

SPRINGER

Would've been here sooner. But I
had to take care of some business
for Captain Mclane.

Springer takes a swig of the flask. They enter the tent.

INT. TENT - CONTINUOUS

Springer pulls out a knife and cuts off the button from his coat.

SPRINGER
I exchanged a few words with your
mother.

He hands Charles the button.

CHARLES
(happy)
How is she?

He cracks open the button with a blunt knife.

SPRINGER
She's well. Even with the reds
using her home for meetings.

Charles starts to unfold the letter.

SPRINGER (CONT'D)
I'll leave you to it. I gotta meet
with the Dragoons.

They shake hands up to their forearms.

CHARLES
Thanks again John... For bringing
this to me.

Springer leaves the tent and walks down a path of tents.

The occasional soldier salutes him.

He takes a swig of his flask as he approaches a large tent.

INT. WASHINGTON'S TENT - CONTINUOUS

Mclane and the dragoons are inside while Washington lays out the battle plan for Germantown.

WASHINGTON
Mclane, I'll need your dragoons
here...
(places a metal horse on a map)
To support the right-center
column...

EXT. GERMANTOWN - DAWN

A dense fog surrounds a field with an abundance of trees.

Through the white veil we see a column of Continental troops led by Washington slowly advance.

The light footsteps reveal an apparent surprise attack.

As we travel through the foggy expanse to another column of troops led by General Greene he halts his men.

GREENE

(whispers)

I don't think we're on the right road.

One of his officers pulls out a map. They look at it and look around.

Suddenly they hear gunfire from a distance.

GREENE (CONT'D)

Damn. We missed it! Follow that gunfire men!

They begin to hustle toward the battle.

EXT. CHEW HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

A British battalion stands in front of the Chew house.

BRITISH COMMANDER

Stand ready. Fire!

Through the fog we see several continental troops FALL to the ground after being shot.

General Sullivan commands the column.

SULLIVAN

Ready your weapons men!

The Continentals prepare their muskets. Sullivan points his sword toward what he thinks are the British.

SULLIVAN CONT'D)

On my mark. Fire!

The troops fire their guns synchronously.

Seconds later, faint cries travel toward them along with the scent of gunpowder.

Nearby, GENERAL WAYNE and his column of troops advance toward the battle.

He halts the column.

WAYNE
Get ready men!

He tries to look through the thick fog and takes a deep breath.

WAYNE (CONT'D)
Stand ready... Fire!

The barrage of musket fire adds more smoke to the already impossible to see battlefield.

One SOLDIER tries to make out another column of TROOPS through the fog.

SOLDIER
General Wayne, sir!
I think that's one of our brigades!

A few CONTINENTALS appear through the fog as they run toward Sullivan.

MILITIA SOLDIER
General -- We're with Greene sir.
Can't see a thing out here!

The BOOM from nearby cannons and smoke from gunfire makes things worse by the second.

WAYNE
(shouts)
All troops disengage and
rendezvous hastily!

Down the line, a BUGLER sounds the retreat.

Mclane and the dragoons arrive to Washington's column.

MCLANE
General... Sir! The fog has caused
our men to fire upon each other!

WASHINGTON
Thank you captain. Get your men
back to camp!

With a look of disgust, Washington signals his men to retreat.

EXT. WASHINGTON'S RENDEZVOUS CAMP - EVENING

The flicker of candles emanate from tents.

CRIES are heard throughout the camp.

DEAD BODIES lay in columns.

Medics try to help wounded soldiers in tents. Limbs have been lost.

Lucky Continentals who escaped the unfortunate battle, waft through the camp.

A JINGLE is heard in the distance.

As the jingle gets closer, we look behind a large boulder by a group of trees to reveal a STRAY DOG.

The medium-sized, white dog makes his way toward the camp.

He's intercepted --

SOLDIER

Whoa there boy.

The soldier gets on his knee and pats the dog. He pulls out a small piece of jerky. The dog gladly chews on it while the soldier checks the tag on his collar.

INT. GENERAL WASHINGTON'S TENT - CONTINUOUS

Several officers surround Washington's large table.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON, one of Washington's aides-de-camp sits at an table adjacent to him.

There are other aides-de-camp at various tables writing letters as well.

Washington is in the middle of dictating a letter to Hamilton.

WASHINGTON

The morning was extremely foggy,
which prevented us from being
advantageous, such as we hoped...

The soldier enters the tent with the dog.

Washington and the officers look defeated.

Washington seems as if he was about to continue his dictation but pauses. Hamilton puts his quill into the inkwell.

SOLDIER
General Washington, sir. Pardon the interruption.

Washington looks at the dog who PANTS HEAVILY.

A BASSET HOUND next to Washington growls.

WASHINGTON
(condescending)
Duchess. Mind your manners.
(she whines)
Pray tell me soldier -- Are you going to just stand there?

SOLDIER
(confused)
Not sure I follow sir?

WASHINGTON
Some water'll favor that dog.

SOLDIER
Oh -- Sir, yes of course!

He hands another soldier the rope he tied to the dog's collar and pours the dog a bowl of water.

The thirsty canine soars to the bowl in an instant to drink.

SOLDIER (CONT'D)
I believe 'tis General Howe's dog sir.

WASHINGTON
(stands up)
Howe's dog aye?

He walks over to see the dog collar and looks at the tag in disbelief.

WASHINGTON (CONT'D)
Gentleman. Indeed, Lila, is the dog of our enemy.

The room fills with light amusement.

SOLDIER
Your order sir?

WASHINGTON

Order?

SOLDIER

Yes, sir. Should the animal be slain?

Washington quickly grabs the rope from the soldier.

WASHINGTON

Slain? -- What's your name? Whose your commander?

SOLDIER

Name's Private Gagnon, sir. I'm with the 2nd Canadian Regiment under Colonel Hazen.

Washington turns to smile at the other officers. They chuckle.

WASHINGTON

Not sure how things are done in Canada. Here in the American Colonies we respect our enemy... Human and Canine alike. There's a... Certain code of conduct. You're dismissed Private.

SOLDIER

(embarrassed)
Sir! My apologies!

The soldier runs out of the tent.

Washington focuses his attention to Hamilton.

WASHINGTON

Mr. Hamilton... Let's continue the letter to John Hancock please.

Hamilton dabs his quill into an inkwell and gets ready.

WASHINGTON (CONT'D)

Our men unable to distinguish friend from foe. If not for that reason, we should have made a decisive and glorious day of it...

EXT. PHILADELPHIA STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Wagon loads of wounded and dead British soldiers are wheeled through the streets.

Cries for help are heard everywhere.

INT. LOXLEY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Lydia and her family sit around the fireplace.

John, Susannah and Ann play a game together.

William reads his bible while Lydia knits a blanket.

THUD THUD THUD. Someone bangs on the door.

ANDRE (O.S.)

Lydia!

Lydia looks at William. The kids look at her with a worried look. She opens the door to reveal --

A wagon full of wounded British soldiers in the street.

ANDRE (CONT'D)

Lydia, I need you to tend to these men.

Her face widens as she places her hand on her chest in horror.

With soldiers missing limbs, blood everywhere, and the stench of death, she is appalled.

ANDRE (CONT'D)

Lydia? Do you understand?

She tries to regain composure.

LYDIA

Yes of course. Can you have some of your men aid me?

Andre points to two soldiers who aren't wounded.

ANDRE

Do whatever Lydia asks of you.

Lydia goes to the doorway.

LYDIA

(shouts)

William, we need clean water, as many bandages as possible, and --

William appears at the door, sees the horror and immediately turns back to usher the kids to their rooms.

WILLIAM

Children, stay in your rooms until I come to get you!

The two soldiers begin to help wounded soldiers into Lydia's home.

She goes to a cabinet and grabs a medical kit and supplies.

She pauses for a moment and thinks about Charles.

LYDIA

(whispers)

I beg of you Lord. My Charles *must* be alive and well.

She closes her eyes for a moment, breathes deeply, and motions a cross across her chest.

William has begun to create makeshift gurneys out of chairs and wood with blankets.

SOLDIER

Lydia?

She turns around with her medical kit and supplies, takes a deep breath and walks over to the first of the wounded soldiers.

INT. AUNT EMILY'S LOB CABIN - NIGHT

ELIZABETH (V.O.)

This has been a sorrowful day at Philadelphia. And much more so at Germantown and thereabouts.

Elizabeth sadly writes by candlelight while her son Jacob reads a bible in front of the fireplace with Emily.

ELIZABETH (V.O.)

So many killed on both sides today.
(sighs)
If only Washington's troops had succeeded, I might have my Henry back with us at this time.

She puts her quill in the inkwell, puts away her journal papers, and joins Jacob and Emily.

As she sits next to them they all look saddened by the current situation.

They hug for a few moments and then continue to read some scriptures.

INT. WALNUT STREET PRISON - NIGHT

RATS crawl around a prison cell.

Two prisoners fight over a small piece of bread.

A British soldier outside the cell bangs on the door.

SOLDIER (O.S.)
Halt or you will be punished!

The prisoners go to separate sides of the cell.

Henry Drinker is crouched in another corner with his head down as he prays.

HENRY
(whispers)
Lord, give me strength to get
through this ordeal.

He shivers from the cold while he gazes at the moonlight through the tiny, barred window.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Watch over my dearest Elizabeth and
Jacob. They need you now more than
ever...

EXT. LOXLEY HOUSE - DAWN

Andre BANGS on Lydia's door first thing in the morning.

At first she doesn't hear the knocks from pure exhaustion.

Several wounded soldiers lay asleep in her parlor.

One of them, barely awake goes to the door to find Andre.

Lydia suddenly appears in the parlor and navigates through the several makeshift gurneys.

ANDRE

Men, I'll need you to clear out
this parlor within an hour.

The soldiers start to wake up and gather themselves.

ANDRE (CONT'D)

Lydia, we need to host a meeting.
Please prepare refreshments for us.

As she rubs her eyes, she nods her head, barely awake.

She makes her way down the hallway to the kitchen and walks
over to her pantry.

She grabs her burlap sack of flour only to find it almost
empty.

As she looks inside she realizes that she won't be able to
make any fresh bread or biscuits.

She quickly opens her bread box to find two loaves.

She puts her hand to her chest and breathes a sigh of relief.

As Ann enters the kitchen, she sees Lydia dump the remaining
flour onto the table.

ANN

Is that all that's left mother?

LYDIA

Unfortunately it is, my dear.

She puts the two loaves of bread on the table.

LYDIA (CONT'D)

I'll need you to make what you can,
with what we've got.

ANN

Yes mother, of course.

LYDIA

I'll have to travel to the mill.

Lydia grabs the large, empty burlap sack.

LYDIA (CONT'D)

I'll let Howe and his men know that
you will tend to them in my
absence.

ANN
Yes mother.

Lydia carries the large burlap sack across the street to Howe's headquarters.

INT. GENERAL HOWE'S HEADQUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

Captain Barrington sees Lydia from a side room as she walks down a hallway.

He catches up to her.

BARRINGTON
Lydia!

LYDIA
Good morning Captain.

BARRINGTON
Please Lydia, call me cousin.

LYDIA
(smiles)
Thank you cousin.

Barrington sees the large sack over her shoulder.

BARRINGTON
Going somewhere?

LYDIA
With the commotion yesterday, and
tending to the wounded men...

She suddenly gets light headed and drops the burlap sack.

Barrington quickly helps her sit down on a nearby chair.

He signals to a nearby soldier.

BARRINGTON
Please bring some tea immediately.

He holds Lydia's hand while she takes a few breaths.

LYDIA
Thank you cousin. I apologize for
allowing exhaustion to overcome me.

BARRINGTON

If anything, *I apologize*. Tending to our men must have been quite taxing.

He looks at the burlap sack on the ground.

BARRINGTON (CONT'D)

So where are you headed?

LYDIA

That's actually why I came here this morning. To ask permission to leave the city in order to fill my bag of flour at the Frankford grist mill.

The soldier appears with tea and hands a cup to Lydia.

She takes a few sips and breathes deeply.

LYDIA (CONT'D)

Thank you so much.

BARRINGTON

Surely I can send some men to gather flour for you?

LYDIA

(concerned)

Not in the least. Frankford is full of Patriots.

BARRINGTON

Surely that will endanger you?

LYDIA

(smirks)

Don't be silly. They won't bother an old Quaker woman.

After a simple nod, Barrington walks toward the room he was in when Lydia first walked in.

BARRINGTON (O.S.)

You'll need a pass to leave the city and to get through the various checkpoints.

The SHUFFLE of paper is heard through the hallway as Lydia continues to drink the tea.

A few moments later he enters the room with the pass and hands it to her.

She puts down the tea on a nearby table and picks up her burlap sack.

LYDIA

Thank you cousin. My daughter Ann will tend to your needs in my absence. I apologize in advance for the lack of ample refreshments.

He helps her up and begins to walk her out of the house.

BARRINGTON

No need to apologize, you've been a great help to the crown thus far.

She leaves the house while Barrington stays behind watching her disappear down the road.

She reaches the guarded gate at the entrance of Philadelphia.

OFFICER

What business do you have here ma'am?

Lydia hands her pass to the Officer.

LYDIA

I have a pass from Captain Barrington sir.

He takes a look at it, eyes her up, hands it back to her and signals to some soldiers to open the gate.

She scurries through the gate and makes her way to the main road out of Philadelphia.

As she walks against the winter breeze, she covers herself up as much as she can with her bonnet and coat.

Soon, buildings turn into trees, and the noise of the city dissipates.

She feels a bit of welcome loneliness as she walks along a dirt road with the empty burlap sack on her shoulder.

INT. WASHINGTON'S TENT - MOMENTS LATER

Hamilton ties a sealed letter to the collar of Howe's dog. He signals to a nearby soldier.

HAMILTON

Private, take Howe's dog to his camp at Germantown.

(MORE)

HAMILTON (CONT'D)

Make sure the letter stays attached
to the collar.

The Private lifts Lila's rope from a high stake in the
ground.

PRIVATE

Will I be safe sir?

Hamilton opens a nearby chest and grabs a white flag.

HAMILTON

Hold this up as you reach the camp
just as a precaution.

PRIVATE

Thank you sir.

The Private takes the flag and makes his way out of the tent.

As he walks through the camp with the flag and the dog,
bewildered soldiers look on. They've never seen such an
absurd sight. A light laughter exudes from the camp.

One soldier nudges a group of drunk soldiers who are all
around a fire guzzling rum.

SOLDIER

(sings)

Then from the cask of rum once
more...
They took a heady gill;

Nudges a soldier who starts to sing with him.

SOLDIERS

When one and all, they loudly
swore...
They'd fight upon the hill.

More soldiers join in the humorous song from all around.

The private and dog look at them sing as they continue their
walk out of the camp.

SOLDIERS (O.S.) (CONT'D)

With a musket in each hand...
Followed Washington through the
bog;
Now here the loyal heroes stand...
Huzza! For the Dog!

The private and dog disappear into the woods as the sound of
the soldiers song is heard in the distance.

EXT. GENERAL HOWE'S CAMP IN GERMANTOWN - NIGHT

The camp is filled with Redcoats. Candle-lit tents abound.

The light MURMUR of chatter is heard.

Wounded soldiers are tended to while others drink and gossip around campfires.

Suddenly the private and dog appear out of the mist.

The entrance to the camp, lined with flags and soldiers is seen from a distance.

An OFFICER sees the private and dog few hundred yards ahead.

OFFICER

What in the King's name?

The WHITE FLAG flutters in the private's hand as he holds it up.

Lila get's EXCITED and runs to the entrance to the camp.

OFFICER (CONT'D)

That's Lila!

She runs over to the Redcoat officer and he happily pats her as she jumps on his knees.

The Continental private confidently approaches the entrance.

PRIVATE

Courtesy of General George Washington.

OFFICER

I'm sure General Howe will want to thank you himself... If you please?

The Redcoat officer extends his hand toward the camp. The Continental private accepts his invitation and proceeds to walk down the aisle of flags past many British soldiers.

INT. HOWE'S TENT - CONTINUOUS

Howe happily pats Lila who is extremely excited to see her owner. A British soldier unfolds the letter attached to her collar.

SOLDIER

General Washington's compliments to General Howe.

(MORE)

SOLDIER (CONT'D)

He does himself the pleasure to return him a dog, which accidentally fell into his hands, and by the inscription on the Collar appears to belong to General Howe.

Howe looks at the Continental private.

HOWE

Please give my warmest regards and thanks to your commander...

Howe turns to the British soldier.

HOWE (CONT'D)

Please see to it that this soldier receives a meal, a flask of rum and an escort out of the camp.

BRITISH SOLDIER

Yes your excellency. Immediately.

EXT. DIRT PATH - MOMENTS LATER

Lydia has walked for miles and her fatigue is obvious.

She arrives at a British blockade. She shows them her pass as they look inside her empty bag.

After they make sure all is well, they let her continue on her path.

A few minutes down the road a family with a horse and wagon pass her going in the opposite direction.

She stops for a moment and looks around. She delicately heads into the woods with only the moonlight as her guide.

We start to hear the flowing ripple of water from afar.

Lydia makes her way past some trees to reveal a rolling river. As the moonlight bounces off the river, she calmly sets down her burlap sack and crouches over the river.

You can see each breath she takes as the temperature is quite low. She gently scoops up water from the river and drinks it a few times.

She stands up and heads up river while she listens to the sounds of the forest.

EXT. FRANKFORD GRIST MILL

Lydia hears the CHURN of the MASSIVE THREE STORY GRIST MILL close by.

As she arrives we see a large wheel SPIN as water powers it.

Colonists scuttle by her with wheelbarrows or horses carrying bags of flour.

As she approaches the mill she finds other colonists with big bags of grain or flour engaged in conversations.

She doesn't recognize anyone and politely navigates through the small crowd.

She graciously acknowledges people with gentle nods and smiles. They do the same, with some gentleman tipping their hats.

INT. FRANKFORD GRIST MILL - MOMENTS LATER

As Lydia slowly enters the mill we hear ground corn SLIDING down into barrels, wheels and gears CLICKING, people TALKING, and water RUSHING.

She approaches the main counter where she finds the MILL OWNER.

MILL OWNER

Greetings ma'am. How may I help you?

Lydia places her burlap sack on the counter.

LYDIA

Evening sir. I'd like this filled with flour if you please.

He points to a sign behind him with his thumb.

MILL OWNER

Of course. You do know we charge double if you don't bring your own grain?

She looks at the sign and politely nods.

LYDIA

Yes of course.

She pulls a small leather satchel from her pocket. The JINGLE of coins is heard.

MILL OWNER

That'll be 1 shilling 4 pence per
pound of grain.

He begins writing on a piece of parchment that already has a
bunch of calculations on it.

MILL OWNER (CONT'D)

Then 2 Farthings per pound milled.

She pulls out 1 pound sterling and some change.

LYDIA

Thank you sir. This should
suffice.

He counts out the coins.

MILL OWNER

That's a bit too much ma'am.

LYDIA

On account of your toll, I'd like
to bring home 25 pounds total.

MILL OWNER

Understood. Thank you ma'am.

He takes her sack and hangs it on the wall next to other
orders awaiting to be filled. He sticks a tag on the hook
and hands Lydia the other tag.

MILL OWNER (CONT'D)

Here's your tag.

LYDIA

How long must I wait?

MILL OWNER

Oh, I wouldn't advise waiting.
With the Redcoats in town we're
busier than ever. It won't be ready
until morning. My apologies.

Lydia sighs and frowns.

LYDIA

I understand. Thank you sir.

She puts away her leather satchel of coins and leaves the
mill.

INT. LOXLEY HOUSE - NIGHT

Howe and his officers sit around the parlor table as Ann serves tea and what refreshments are left in the house.

HOWE

You have to admit, it was quite brave of them to attack us.

ANOTHER OFFICER

Yes, and quite foolish.

Howe takes a sip of tea.

HOWE

Agreed. Apparently taking Philadelphia hasn't stopped this war. In fact it has been intensified.

Andre has a few maps and documents in front of his seat at the table.

ANDRE

Sir, if I may?

Howe nods. Andre lifts a map toward the others.

ANDRE (CONT'D)

This map shows an accurate depiction of their strongholds on the river. In order for our supplies to get through to the city we need to take them.

Ann stumbles while pouring an officer tea and spills a bit.

ANN

My sincerest apologies sir!

She uses a towel to wipe down his arm and table near him.

HOWE

(frustrated)

That'll be all girl, you may leave!

Ann scurries out of the room while the officer shakes off his wet hand and dries it off with the towel she left behind.

HOWE (CONT'D)

And where is Lydia?

Looks around the room.

BARRINGTON

Sorry sir, she had to travel to Frankford to purchase more flour.

HOWE

Ah, yes. We can't be without her delicious biscuits, such as tonight.

He dreams about them for a moment --

ANDRE

Sir, may I continue?

HOWE

(collects himself)

Yes of course Major. How do you plan on taking the forts?

EXT. FRANKFORD BOROUGH - NIGHT

It's quieter than usual in Frankford. With the Redcoats only a few miles south in Philadelphia, concerned colonists walk around a bit more vigilant.

Lydia arrives to town and walks through the slightly busy main street until she arrives to the RISING SUN TAVERN.

INT. RISING SUN TAVERN - NIGHT

Lydia walks into the busy tavern and takes a moment to pull down her bonnet and fix her hair while she looks around.

We see many colonists eat and drink, one MAN reads Poor Richard's Almanac.

A MAN plays a FOLK SONG on the fiddle, while a WOMAN plays the flute to accompany him.

Lydia makes her way toward the back of the tavern when --

MCLANE

Lydia?

She is startled by Mclane who is at the tavern with Springer and the other dragoons.

LYDIA

My dear Allen! How goes it?

They hug for a few moments.

MCLANE

Come, there's much to talk about...

Takes her by the hand and directs her toward his table in the back corner.

MCLANE (CONT'D)

What are you doing here?

LYDIA

I had to purchase flour at the mill...

Springer pulls out a chair for her.

SPRINGER

Mind your manners captain...
I'm sure Lydia could use a drink
and a rest.

Mclane pours her a large stein of cider.

MCLANE

My apologies. Some warm cider will
help your fatigue.

She slowly drinks from the stein, steam floats out from the warm cider. She closes her eyes for a moment while she savors each delicious gulp.

MCLANE (CONT'D)

By the way, I wanted to introduce
you to Colonel Thomas Craig...

COLONEL CRAIG, early thirties, a decorated officer smiles and nods at Lydia.

CRAIG

The pleasure's all mine Mrs.
Darragh... Your son Charles is
quite the soldier.

LYDIA

You know my son?

Lydia's tired face suddenly turns to hope and joy.

CRAIG

I surely do. He's served under my
command many times... In fact, he
asked me to give this to you.

Craig pulls a letter out of a leather satchel and hands it to Lydia.

LYDIA
Is he okay? Is he safe?

She starts to unfold the letter.

LYDIA (CONT'D)
I was worried he may have been
harmed at Germantown... Or...

CRAIG
(smiles)
Why don't you read for yourself?

EXT. HILLSIDE - MORNING

Two Patriots on horseback sit at the top of the hill.

One LOOKS through a telescope, while the other WRITES on parchment.

PATRIOT SURVEYOR
There's a large entrenchment at the
rear of the position.

The scribe writes quickly.

PATRIOT SURVEYOR (CONT'D)
On the left flank there's an
abundance of trees...

The scribe continues to write as the surveyor moves his line of sight and focuses.

PATRIOT SURVEYOR (CONT'D)
Right flank favors the
Wissahickon...
The center will provide us ample
space to fend off any potential
attacks.

The surveyor collapses the telescope and puts it away.

The men stand for a few moments to absorb the area before they turn to head back to camp.

INT. WASHINGTON'S TENT - DAY

Washington and his officers debate their next move in a crowded tent. Washington enjoys a meal with cider while he listens to his men.

GREENE

We've lost enough to desertion as it is.

SULLIVAN

I agree, but with this new reconnaissance we would have an advantageous position at --

Washington throws down a leg of meat and stands up. The men pause. He takes a swig of rum.

WASHINGTON

We need to secure our army. Congress isn't pleased with our latest defeats --

GREENE

With all due respect --

WASHINGTON

Respect is earned Nathan. And while you've indeed earned it. I've taken all your suggestions into consideration...

He walks over to a table and picks up the surveyor's report.

WASHINGTON (CONT'D)

It's quite clear... That the various elevations at *Whitemarsh* offer us the protection we need to survive until we can move our army to a more secure location for the coming winter.

He hands the report to Greene who looks it over.

GREENE

I'll alert the other officers immediately sir.

EXT. DIRT PATH - DAY

The THUD of a 25 pound bag of flour hits the ground.

Lydia drops the heavy sack and drinks from a small leather flask given to her by Mclane.

The weather is clear, although Lydia's ample sweat would appear regardless from carrying the heavy bag of flour.

After she breathes in the forest a bit she picks up the bag and continues her 6 mile journey back to Philadelphia.

EXT. PHILADELPHIA BRITISH GATE - DAY

Lydia is exhausted, sweating and can barely carry the 25 pound bag of flour anymore.

She drops it in front of the gate and breathes heavily.

The British soldiers look at this spectacle and laugh.

Captain Barrington, who happens to be nearby sees her behind the gate. He hurries over.

BARRINGTON
Open this gate immediately!

The British soldiers quickly stand at attention while two soldiers open the gate.

SOLDIER
My humblest apologies sir!

BARRINGTON
Don't apologize soldier. Pick up that bag and carry it for Mrs. Darragh!

He quickly picks it up and holds it over his shoulder. He adjusts it because it is big and heavy.

BARRINGTON (CONT'D)
I am so sorry Lydia.

He talks to her while giving the soldiers an evil eye.

BARRINGTON (CONT'D)
These *pathetic excuses* for the King's men haven't the faintest as to how much General Howe *appreciates* your kind support.

The soldiers look down in embarrassment.

LYDIA
Thank you Captain. I do appreciate that.

They start to walk toward her home as the soldier carries the heavy bag behind them.

Lydia looks behind her to see him struggle and smirks.

BARRINGTON

I assume your travels went well?

LYDIA

Yes cousin, I have enough flour for the next few weeks.

BARRINGTON

Wonderful, we are hosting a meeting tomorrow evening in your parlor. I assume that'll give you enough time to prepare refreshments?

LYDIA

Yes of course.

They continue down the road to her home as the soldier continues to struggle with her bag on his shoulder.

EXT. HILLSIDE - SUNSET

Washington's army marches toward their new encampment at Whitemarsh.

We see HORSES, WAGONS, SOLDIERS, CANNONS, PROVISIONS, TENTS, FOOD AND SUPPLIES. Everything is being transported.

Mclane and his dragoons protect the front of the cavalcade while Washington and his most important officers are right behind them on horseback.

The rest of the army follows behind in succession.

A BAND lightly PLAYS a marching tune somewhere in the middle of the massive army as the grand parade marches into the sunset.

FADE OUT:

SUPER: ONE MONTH LATER

EXT. PHILADELPHIA STREET - NIGHT

British soldiers and Loyalists revel in the streets.

MUSIC and LAUGHTER is heard everywhere.

A local theater hosts a PLAY by Shakespeare. People are dressed to the nines.

Ample food and drink is SERVED at various taverns.

Major Andre walks down the road toward Lydia's house.

Several POOR COLONISTS ask him for handouts. He looks disgusted as he ignores them.

INT. LOXLEY HOUSE - NIGHT

Howe and his officers are in the middle of a battle plan in the parlor.

Lydia prepares tea in the kitchen. Ann PULLS fresh biscuits from the oven.

HOWE

While our army is comfortable, I
can't say the same for the
colonists.

OFFICER

(slams fist)

That's precisely why we must
obliterate their blockades and navy
at the river!

Lydia appears in the room with a tray of biscuits, cheese and meats, with Ann close behind with a tray of tea. They hear the SLAM as they enter carefully.

LYDIA

Is this not a good time to offer
refreshments?

Howe waves them in.

HOWE

Not at all, you may enter.

As she and Ann begin to serve the men, Howe continues.

HOWE (CONT'D)

Our intelligence suggests that
General Gates is not sending
reinforcements to the fort.

Major Andre enters the home.

ANDRE

Excuse my tardiness your
excellency.

He quickly takes a seat. Howe looks annoyed.

OFFICER

It is imperative that we bring supplies into Philadelphia. We will not last another month.

ANDRE

I agree. As a witness to the growing poverty, food continues to dwindle in supply.

Howe looks over some documents near his map.

HOWE

Then we must bombard the Mud Island Fort with cannon fire immediately. If we can force the Americans away from their position, our navy can take the river.

The officers around the table nod their heads in agreement.

ANDRE

When shall we begin the bombardment sir?

HOWE

We strike tomorrow.

Lydia continues to pour tea for the officers as Ann serves them the tray of food.

OFFICER

We will need ground forces to occupy the fort once we eliminate them.

Full well knowing that she cannot get a message out in time for tomorrow's siege, Lydia maintains her composure before she ushers Ann to the door.

LYDIA

Is there anything else I can get for you gentlemen, before we retire for the night?

Andre who is closest to Lydia responds in a light voice while the officers continue to discuss the siege.

ANDRE

No thank you Lydia. I will call for you once we are finished so that you may lock up and blow out the candles.

She smiles, nods and closes the door behind her to put Susannah and John to bed.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

One lit candle on a dresser fills the room with a glow as Lydia tucks Susannah in bed.

LYDIA
Now let us pray.

John and Susannah are on opposite sides of the room in small beds. They close their eyes and clasp their hands together.

LYDIA (CONT'D)
Dear Lord... I summon your angels
and instruct them to build a shield
of protection around my family. I
ask you to fill my home with your
presence...

EXT. DELAWARE RIVER - FORT MIFFLIN - DAY

CANNON BLASTS fill the air as we see a flurry of cannonballs hit FORT MIFFLIN.

British ships target the fort with as much firepower as they can muster.

The American ships are cut off by some British ships who engage in cannon battle.

British soldiers throw makeshift hand grenades at soldiers on the American ships.

A back and forth volley of cannonballs go to and from the fort. Soldiers continue to prepare the cannons.

Walls are being damaged left and right. Soldiers are being hit by explosions.

It is complete CHAOS.

The British fleet and soldiers take the fort.

The Americans flee to Fort Mercer across the river in New Jersey.

EXT. WHITEMARSH ENCAMPMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Washington WATCHES the siege of Fort Mifflin from his telescope.

WASHINGTON
They've taken the river.

His officers look disappointed.

GREENE
Looks like they'll be staying in Philadelphia this winter...

INT. AUNT EMILY'S LOG CABIN - MOMENTS LATER

The distant BOOM of cannon fire keep the Drinker's on edge as they try to enjoy a meal together.

Jacob's melancholy countenance haunts the room.

AUNT EMILY
Jacob dear, you *must* eat something.

Jacob plays with the wooden spoon in his soup.

JACOB
When will papa come home?

Aunt Emily somberly looks at Elizabeth.

Elizabeth grabs Jacob's hand and holds it gently.

ELIZABETH
Soon Jacob, soon...
Now please eat something so that you are strong when you see your father.

He looks at her, sighs, and begins to eat. She gets up to leave the table.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
(smiles)
When I get back, I want to see all of it gone.

The faint BOOM of cannons is heard less and less as she walks down a narrow hallway with a candle in her hand to light the way.

She enters a room at the end of the hallway and closes the door behind her.

Inside the room, there is a desk with a chair by a small window, covered by a curtain.

A small makeshift mirror on the wall reflects a bed with a dresser on the other side of the room.

Elizabeth sits down at the desk and removes some parchment from a drawer.

She pulls the drawer out some more to reveal a fake bottom.

She pulls a set of documents from the bottom and unfolds one of them. It appears to be a legend of cipher codes.

As she looks at the legend she puts her quill into the nearby inkwell and begins to write in ciphers.

EXT. WHITEMARSH ENCAMPMENT - MORNING

It is noticeably colder. The Continental army isn't in the best shape. There is a lack of winter clothes on most of the soldiers and most look battle worn and filthy.

Soldiers build trenches throughout the front of the camp.

Mclane and two of his dragoons are on horseback in front of the trenches.

They gallop down the vast hill.

EXT. WHITEMARSH LEFT FLANK - MOMENTS LATER

Dozens of Continental soldiers lift trees into various positions to form blockades.

Mclane and the dragoons gallop in to supervise. Mclane spots an OFFICER.

MCLANE

Lieutenant. Make sure those blockades reach the tree line over there.

He points to a forest. The Lieutenant nods.

LIEUTENANT

Will do Captain!

EXT. DELAWARE RIVER - DAY

The British navy and army unload a vast amount of supplies from their ships.

Horses food, weapons, cannons, and a thousand fresh British soldiers are unloaded from the large ships.

Nearby, GENERAL CHARLES CORNWALLIS occupies the evacuated fort.

There are various FIRES that slowly dwindle, whether on nearby abandoned American ships, or in the fort itself.

Cornwallis and some of his Senior Officers oversee the occupation of the fort with pride.

EXT. PHILADELPHIA BRITISH GATE - DAY

Elizabeth arrives at the entrance gate to Philadelphia as a large bag hangs from her shoulder.

ELIZABETH

Hello kind gentlemen. I'm here to sell parchment at the market.

One of the soldiers EYES up the Quaker woman as another SEARCHES through her bag.

He takes a few pieces of parchment.

SOLDIER

We'll be needing a few of these.

She politely smiles and nods.

ELIZABETH

Yes of course. Toll and all.

The soldiers open the gate to let her in. She heads toward General Howe's headquarters.

When she arrives, two soldiers guard the front door.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

Excuse me gentlemen. Might I have a word with your General?

SOLDIER

In regards to?

ELIZABETH

Information sir.

SOLDIER

Wait here.

He opens the door and heads inside. She waits outside and looks around patiently as the street bustles with action.

She looks across the street at Lydia's house when the soldier comes back to the door. She turns around.

SOLDIER (CONT'D)

Follow me.

INT. GENERAL HOWE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

HOWE

Please.

Howe points to a chair. Elizabeth politely accepts, and sits down.

HOWE (CONT'D)

So I hear you have some information for me?

ELIZABETH

Yes your excellency.

She ruffles through her bag of parchment and reaches inside a hidden flap. He grins.

She pulls out the ciphered letter she wrote, unfolds it, and hands it to him.

HOWE

(confused)

And this is?

ELIZABETH

A ciphered letter I was given by one of Washington's agents, sir.

Howe begins to walk around his desk toward Elizabeth.

HOWE

And why would he do that?

She gets a bit nervous.

ELIZABETH

Because sir... He was drunk... He asked me to take it to a certain Quaker meetinghouse.

Howe circles around to the front of Elizabeth smiling.

 HOWE
Ah yes, typical.

He hands the ciphered letter to one of his officers.

 HOWE (CONT'D)
Have one of my cryptographers
decipher this.

The officer takes the letter and quickly exits the room.

Howe turns to Elizabeth once more.

 HOWE (CONT'D)
His majesty and the crown thank you
for your service Miss...

 ELIZABETH
Drinker. Elizabeth sir.

He holds out his hand to help her from her chair. He guides her to the door.

 ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
If I may be so bold... As to ask
his excellency for a... *Favor?*

He stops in his tracks and before a soldier opens the door. Howe turns to her.

 HOWE
A favor you say?

 ELIZABETH
Yes, sir. My husband...

 HOWE
Your husband...
(looks around)
Where is he?

 ELIZABETH
That's just it sir. You've jailed
him without a true offense.

Howe signals to one of his OFFICERS by his desk.

 OFFICER
Drinker you say?

 ELIZABETH
Yes sir. Henry.

The officer ruffles through some jail records and seems to have found Henry's name. His face becomes dismal.

Elizabeth is confused.

OFFICER
I'm... Terribly sorry...
(shakes his head)

ELIZABETH
(gets upset)
You're terribly sorry about what?

OFFICER
It says here... He is deceased.

He gets closer to her to show her the document. She reads it.

ELIZABETH
But that's impossible!

She bursts into tears.

OFFICER
I'm afraid disease and famine have
taken hold of the jail.

Howe looks distraught as he tries to comfort Elizabeth.

HOWE
One million apologies Elizabeth. I
can't imagine the pain you must
feel...

He nudges her toward the door. He signals to the same officer.

HOWE (CONT'D)
Make sure she receives two
complimentary Africans for this
terrible inconvenience... And a
pass to get home.

OFFICER
Yes sir.

The officer walks her out of the room as she continues to cry.

INT. LOXLEY HOUSE - AFTERNOON

As John and Susannah PLAY marbles in the parlor, Lydia carries clean linens down the long hallway to a large STORAGE CLOSET in the room adjacent to the parlor.

She opens the door to the closet which heavily CREAKS.

The FAINT SOUND of her children emanates from the parlor as they play and laugh, which brings a smile to her face.

As she begins to put the linens in the closet she realizes that she can hear her children even though their voices are just above a whisper.

Her mouth widens as she moves deeper into the closet and listens to her children.

She sees a small space in the closet next to the parlor wall where every word seems to pass through undeterred.

A light bulb goes off in her head as she excitedly runs down the hallway and goes into her study.

William is in there writing at the desk.

LYDIA

William, could I bother you for a moment?

WILLIAM

Of course my sweet.

He puts his quill into the inkwell and turns around to get up.

LYDIA

Could you bring in some firewood and put it in the kitchen... I'll need to make a fire to prepare bread and biscuits for Howe and his officers.

He grabs his coat from a rack.

WILLIAM

Of course.

She leans over to give him a kiss. He smirks and heads out.

She listens to hear him go down the hallway through the back entrance of the house. As soon as she is sure he's gone she shoots over to a chest next to the desk.

She rummages through it until she finds what appears to be a container of oil.

She rushes down the hallway to the storage closet and begins to apply the oil to the various hinges of the closet.

Once she's done, she opens and closes the door several times and hears no creak. She's satisfied and rushes back to the study to put the oil back before William returns.

She goes to the kitchen and dumps flour onto the table, Ann is already in there peeling potatoes.

William arrives with firewood only to find there is plenty there already. He looks confused as he places it next to the stack of firewood.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
Seems plentiful already...

He stands next to the piles of wood and waits for Lydia to look.

LYDIA
Oh... Silly me... I'm sorry dear!

He gives her a snooty look, shakes his head, and leaves the kitchen. She breathes a sigh of relief and starts to make dough.

INT. WASHINGTON'S TENT - EVENING

Hamilton stands over Washington as he sits in front of a table full of documents. He reads from a letter.

His officers are at an adjacent table going over the current encampment layout.

HAMILTON
In conclusion, we shall visit your
army during the winter session.
Again, we recommend General Gates
relieve you of your command...

Washington looks around while he processes this.

WASHINGTON
I'd like to see *Congress* lead an
army of poorly clothed militia,
tired n' hungry soldiers, with the
coldest of days yet to come...

He gets up to go outside of the tent. Hamilton follows him.

He looks around at the camp.

Soldiers are in poor spirits, wounded, tired, hungry.

He walks over to the edge of the barricades at the top of the hill to look down at the various flanks. The cold winter air rushes against he and Hamilton.

HAMILTON

They know nothing of battle sir.
This is clear.

WASHINGTON

Indeed. And more battles shall we
have...

INT. LOXLEY HOUSE - EVENING

The Darragh family eats dinner in the dining room which is in the very back of the home adjacent to the kitchen.

Lydia, William, Ann, Susannah and John. The whole family.

WILLIAM

And have your studies been going
well?

ANN

Yes father, I've been teaching them
science as of late, as well as
arithmetic.

WILLIAM

And?

He looks at both Susannah and John.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

What have you learned as of late?

JOHN

(excitedly)
Newton's laws of motion are quite
spectacular... I am especially fond
of --

SUSANNAH

Yes! And gravity is quite a wonder!

She picks up a sliced carrot from her plate and drops it on the plate. John does the same. They continue to pick up and drop the carrots while everyone slightly has a chuckle.

While they pick up and drop the carrots the sound they make is suddenly much louder, THUD THUD THUD!

Lydia looks at the table and listens. She lifts her hand in the air to calm them down.

LYDIA
Halt for a moment children.

Everyone settles down. THUD THUD THUD!

LYDIA (CONT'D)
Who could be calling from the back entrance at this hour?

WILLIAM
I will go and see.

He walks through a doorway, into a foyer and grabs a rifle that leans in the corner. He carries it through a set of doors that take him to the back entrance.

He holds the rifle behind the door with his left hand while he slowly opens the large wooden door with his right to reveal --

Elizabeth and her two newly acquired slaves.

EXT. FOREST PATH - NIGHT

A large GUNPOWDER MILL is on fire.

Mclane and his dragoons arrive to find the MILLER and his FAMILY on the other side of the road as they watch their mill and home burn to the ground.

Mclane gets down from his horse and rushes over to them.

MCLANE
What happened here?

MILLER
Queen's Rangers. Said they didn't want us to supply the Continentals with any more gunpowder.

Mclane looks at his dragoons and then the fire again.

Small explosions happen here and there as the fire hits more gunpowder barrels. Each one startles the Miller's WIFE and two young CHILDREN.

MCLANE
 Queen's Rangers...
 (thinks for a moment)
 Where are they now?

The Miller points down the road.

MILLER
 They can't be but a mile from here
 as they just left.

Mclane jumps back on his horse. He looks at Lenuwaxen.

MCLANE
 Lenuwaxen. Take us to your tribe.

He nods and heads in the direction of the forest as the other dragoons follow.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Mclane slows down his horse as he lifts his hand to halt. The others stop behind him.

Through the trees we see some light FLICKER. The faint sound of British soldiers ARGUING with colonists echo through the woods.

The dragoons slowly approach to find the QUEEN'S RANGERS with torches as they surround a small village. There are at least 30 of them.

QUEEN RANGER
 We cannot allow you to supply the
 rebellion any longer.

VILLAGER
 But we have only been supplying his
 Majesty's soldiers sir.

QUEEN RANGER
 Nonetheless, we cannot leave
 anything to chance.

A VILLAGER WOMAN kneels to beg. Her four young CHILDREN beside her.

VILLAGER WOMAN
 Sir, these are our homes, our
 children's homes...

QUEEN RANGER
 Enough!

At this point we see all of the VILLAGERS outside of their homes and storage shops.

The Ranger looks to his OFFICERS.

QUEEN RANGER (CONT'D)
Burn everything --

Suddenly Mclane and his dragoons quickly APPEAR out of the woods.

MCLANE
I wouldn't do that if I were you...

Mclane and his dragoons are now directly in front of the Rangers.

QUEEN RANGER
Sir you are in direct violation the King's orders...

ANOTHER QUEEN RANGER
And you are vastly outnumbered...

LENUWAXEN
(shouts)
Hnakewsëwakàn!
(howls)
Hnakewsëwakàn!

DOZENS OF NATIVE AMERICAN WARRIORS APPEAR out of the other side of the woods from all angles. They are well armed and look angry. They approach the Rangers as they taunt them.

MCLANE
(smiling)
I'd probably redo your math Queenie...

The distressed Queen's Rangers turn their horses.

QUEEN RANGER
We will finish this on the battlefield soon enough!

The rangers quickly hightail it as the Native American warriors chase them away from the village, howling and screaming.

MCLANE
(yells)
We look forward to it!

The villagers joyfully praise Mclane, the dragoons and warriors while they cheer and embrace their families.

INT. LOXLEY HOUSE - NIGHT

Elizabeth cries in Lydia's arms as they sit on a bed in her bedroom.

ELIZABETH
What will I... Say to... Jacob?

Lydia leans her head on Elizabeth's and continues to hug her.

LYDIA
There there...

William slowly opens the door and enters the room.

WILLIAM
I've situated the Africans with supper. They hadn't eaten in days.

Elizabeth snuffles and looks up.

ELIZABETH
Thank you William... Although...
I'm not entirely sure... what I
will do with them...

WILLIAM
I reckon they can take over...
(sighs)
Where Henry left off...

She continues to cry as William sits on the other side of her to console her.

INT. HOWE'S HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

A Queen's Ranger is in a small room with Howe.

HOWE
You mean to tell me that the
Queen's Rangers couldn't handle a
paltry squadron of Dragoons?

Howe laughs while he sips his tea.

RANGER
Of course we could sir, but --

Howe's good mood turns to anger.

HOWE
Well then why you are here with
this news?

The Ranger hangs his head and sighs.

 RANGER
Because they had the help of
Natives.

 HOWE
Are you to tell me that treasonous
rebels were able to fend off the
Queen's Rangers?

 RANGER
No sir, the *other* natives... An
entire tribe of their warriors sir.

Howe thinks about this for a moment.

 HOWE
I knew the rebels were savages...
But *this*...
Were you at least able to destroy
the gunpowder mills and supply
houses as I requested?

 RANGER
Not all of them sir, but yes we
were able to destroy enough --

 HOWE
We will see if it's *enough* when we
face Washington's army yet again...

BEGIN MONTAGE: Music plays while we see a series of scenes.

Elizabeth Drinker shows up at home with her slaves to explain
things to Jacob and Aunt Emily. They are heartbroken.

Mclane and the dragoons drink and talk to other Continental
soldiers at the Jolly Post Tavern.

Lydia and Ann work hard in the kitchen making food for Howe
and his men.

Washington has Hamilton and his other aides-de-camp write
letters.

MEMBERS OF CONGRESS read the letters and look unhappy.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN talks to the KING OF FRANCE in Paris about
a peace treaty.

Lydia listens in on conversations in her parlor while she serves refreshments to Howe and his men who spill their plans.

British colonists and soldiers enjoy plays at the theater, lavish dinner parties, plenty of drink and warm fires in their comfortable homes and taverns.

Major Andre enjoys the many luxuries of Franklin's home.

Washington's troops suffer the cold of winter in their Whitemarsh encampment. Hungry, worn out, lack of clothes.

Snow begins to fall. A beautiful AURORA BOREALIS appears in the night sky. Everyone at all points stops to gaze at the wonderment.

EXT. PHILADELPHIA STREET - AFTERNOON

It's business as usual on the busy streets of Philadelphia.

SUPER: DECEMBER 2, 1777

INT. LOXLEY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Ann teaches John and Susannah in the parlor while William reads a bible and Lydia knits a sweater.

THUD THUD THUD. Everyone stops what they are doing.

Lydia answers the door to reveal Major Andre.

LYDIA
Afternoon major.

Andre looks a bit uneasy for the first time.

ANDRE
Afternoon Lydia. General Howe and his officers will be using your parlor tonight at eight o'clock.

LYDIA
Yes of course I'll have --

ANDRE
You may leave refreshments prepared in advance and left in the parlor... We will need you to escort your family to their bedrooms so that we may use the parlor free of any interruption.

A bit baffled, Lydia sticks to her polite routine.

LYDIA
(smiles)
Yes of course.

ANDRE
Eight o'clock then.

She smiles and curtesies as she closes the door.

William who overheard the conversation comes up to Lydia.

WILLIAM
That was a bit out of the
ordinary... Was it not?

LYDIA
Yes it was.

A few hours later Lydia puts her children to bed with their usual prayer.

She and Ann lay out food and tea in the parlor while they light a few candles.

William blows out the candles throughout the rest of house and goes to his bedroom.

Lydia is now alone in the parlor as she prepares a fire.

THUD THUD THUD. The eight o'clock door knocks come. Lydia is startled by the knocks. She takes a deep breath and opens the door to greet the men.

Andre pushes through this time while he ushers Lydia toward the parlor exit into the house.

ANDRE
Good evening Lydia. If you please.

Howe and a dozen officers enter the home looking more hard-nosed than usual.

Andre grabs a candle from the table and whisks Lydia through the parlor exit.

ANDRE (CONT'D)
Thank you Lydia. I will personally
wake you when the meeting concludes
so that you may lock up and
extinguish the fire and candles.

He stands in the doorway, hands Lydia the candle and holds out his hand toward the hallway. She timidly begins to walk down the hallway with candle in hand as Andre watches her.

Howe and the officers begin to sit as they start initial small talk.

Lydia hears less and less as she reaches the end of the hallway. She looks back one more time toward the parlor to see Andre as he waves her good night and smiles.

She smiles back and turns the corner to enter her bedroom.

Andre shuts the door, Lydia hears the faint THUD as she enters her bedroom and shuts the door.

William is already in bed under the covers. The room is lit with a candle by his bedside as he reads his bible.

WILLIAM

They're all settled then?

Lydia still a bit unsettled, spaces out for a few moments.

She slowly comes to, and inches toward the bed.

LYDIA

Yes... Yes they are, but...

He lifts the covers and signals her to get in bed.

WILLIAM

But what darling?

She gradually slides her way into bed.

LYDIA

I was given the impression... Of an urgency... I have yet to see.

William lets out a big sigh, puts the bible on the night stand and blows out the candle.

WILLIAM

Then let us pray to our Lord.

As the moonlight shines through the window, they whisper their prayers.

INT. PARLOR - MOMENTS LATER

OFFICER

-- now that we have river access
and control the capital...

ANDRE

Agreed, although I worry that with
Burgoyne's defeat at Saratoga,
there will be a renewed interest by
the French to support the
Americans.

HOWE

Our most recent intelligence
suggests that Washington has
established quite a stronghold in
the hills of Whitemarsh.

INT. BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

William sleeps as Lydia lays in the bed, eyes wide open.

She breathes heavily in peril because of the fact that she is
not allowed in the other room.

She looks at William who is fast asleep.

She looks at the moon and thinks about Charles who happens to
be looking at the moon at the same time in front of his tent
at Whitemarsh.

A relentless fear for his life overcomes her.

Restless and tense, she quietly gets out of bed and puts on
her robe and slippers.

William wakes up but is half asleep.

WILLIAM

(whispers)
Everything OK dear?

LYDIA

(whispers)
Yes, go back to sleep, I am just
going to get more blankets for the
children. It's quite chilly
tonight.

He thinks nothing of it and goes back to sleep.

She softly opens the door and peeks her head out.

It's dark and quiet with the faintest MURMUR from the meeting in the parlor.

She inaudibly slides the door closed and begins to tiptoe through the hallway.

As she takes a few steps she hits a floorboard that CREAKS, although not loud enough to reach the ears in the parlor.

Nonetheless she stops in her tracks, terrified. She tries to control her heavy breathing while she listens for anyone who might have heard her in the parlor.

The light MURMUR continues from the room. She is out of harm's way.

As her eyes adjust to the dark, she continues to tiptoe down the hall, this time making sure she steps on the sides of the hallway so as to not make any more boards creak.

She finally reaches the large storage closet and gently opens the door. The oil worked, no creaks.

At this point she can make out what the men are saying.

She inches her way into the closet.

She holds her breath as she reaches the back of the closet past the linens.

OFFICER

We received reports from our
Loyalist spies that the American
army is in low spirits due to the
cold weather, lack of food,
fatigue...

ANDRE

Then I suggest we move with several
columns. 10,000 men in the least
if not 12.

Lydia's face opens up with shock. She covers her mouth.

CORNWALLIS

My vanguard can travel up
Germantown Pike to take the
field...

It is silent for a few moments. Lydia continues to listen but now gets worried because of the lack of talking.

Her heart pounds with panic as she starts to make her way toward the door of the closet.

HOWE

If we march at midnight to arrive
at Whitemarsh while they sleep...
We will most *definitely destroy*
Washington and his army once and
for all.

The room fills with a light cheer and agreement.

Lydia's heavy breathing from terror has taken her over.

She needs to get back to her bedroom before the meeting is
over. As she slides out of the closet she hears one more
thing --

ANDRE

It will take at least...
(thinks)
Two days to prepare the amount of
troops needed for this battle.

HOWE

Very well... We march at midnight
on the 4th of December.

Lydia now has all of the information she needs. As she
slides out of the closet, and makes her way to the hallway,
she can hear the chairs from the parlor move around as the
men get up from the table to finalize the meeting.

She dashes down the hallway, making sure she only walks on
the edges of the floor boards. She looks behind her to make
sure Andre hasn't opened the door yet. He hasn't.

She breathes a sigh of relief and sneaks into her room
quietly shutting the door behind her.

As she slides into bed and covers herself up, William wakes
up for a moment.

WILLIAM

Children okay?

LYDIA

Yes... They're fine.

She breathes heavily as she believes she might have been
found out. Her heart is pounding. Her breathing worries
William.

WILLIAM

Are you okay?

She looks at him with fear.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
What did you do?

The sound of the parlor door OPENING rushes to her ears.

Andre's FOOTSTEPS unsettle her one at a time.

She grabs William's hand.

LYDIA
I was only thinking of Charles...

The heavy FOOTSTEPS get noticeably closer until they come to a stop. It's silent.

THUD THUD THUD. Andre knocks at her bedroom door.

Lydia looks at William. They are frozen with terror.

THUD THUD THUD. The knocks get louder.

Lydia panics, her heart pounds. William grabs the candle on the nightstand.

THUD THUD THUD.

ANDRE
Lydia? Can you please wake?

Lydia finally gains the strength needed to answer the door.

She slowly opens it to find Andre standing there.

She acts as if she is half asleep.

Andre looks past her to see William as he attempts to light the candle.

ANDRE (CONT'D)
I apologize for waking you... Our meeting has concluded... Please lock up the house and see that the fire and candles are extinguished.

She is too terrified to talk, although Andre mistakes this for sleepiness.

ANDRE (CONT'D)
Either way, we thank you again for tonight's accommodations...
Good night.

He nods his head and turns to walk down the hallway.

Lydia puts her hand on her heart and breathes deeply. She gets behind the door and looks at William who has finally lit the candle. They just look at each other in relief.

EXT. HOWE'S HEADQUARTERS - MORNING

Lydia carries her empty burlap sack to Howe's house across the street.

The two soldiers who guard the door are there.

LYDIA

I need to see my cousin... Ah...
Captain Barrington please.

One soldier fetches him to the door. Barrington sees the empty sack and knows what that means. He smiles.

BARRINGTON

Out of flour aye? Just a moment...
I'll bring you a pass.

LYDIA

(smiles and nods)
Thank you cousin.

EXT. FOREST PATH - MORNING

Lydia walks through a snowy path while she battles a cold wind. She thinks about Charles and the Continental army as she fights feeling the frost on her exposed flesh.

She stumbles in the snow and stops for a moment to catch her breath. In the distance she sees a WOLF standing in the woods staring her down.

She stands strong and continues on.

EXT. FRANKFORD GRIST MILL - AFTERNOON

Lydia exits the grist mill and bundles up before she heads to town. The wintry weather has kept most colonists indoors. As such, it is a quite solitary journey.

She continues to walk through the snow as she thinks about Charles again, this time being killed in battle.

Impassioned, she trudges through the snow. Shaking off the haunting imagery of her dead son, she makes her way to town.

Finally, atop a hill, her cold breath floating with each exhale, she sees Frankford, lit and warm.

INT. RISING SUN TAVERN - DUSK

The door to the tavern SWINGS OPEN with a rush of cold air and snow entering.

Lydia stands in the doorway, cold, tired, blush in the face from the frigid walk.

A MAN gets up to shut the door. Lydia politely acknowledges him.

She slowly looks around the busy tavern and begins to navigate the ample people.

It's business as usual in the tavern. Music, food, drink, laughter, prostitutes hanging on men.

Lydia LOOKS for Mclane, his dragoons, or anyone she can trust. To no avail.

Disconcerted, she makes her way to a LARGE BAR on the left side in the back of the tavern.

She timidly approaches the bar and sits on a tall stool.

The various MEN at the bar give her a peculiar look.

As she discreetly PULLS out a shilling from her leather satchel she gets the EYE of the tavern owner who is serving ale to nearby men.

He makes his way over to her.

LYDIA
I'd like a warm meal and cider
please.

She hands him the shilling.

OWNER
Right away ma'am.

On the second floor of the tavern Colonel Craig walks out of a room.

He leans on the guardrail as he overlooks the busy tavern while enjoying a cigar and glass of brandy.

It's easy to SPOT Lydia, being that she's the only Quaker woman at the bar and makes his way toward her.

She stares at the bar top while people around her continue to enjoy themselves.

She casually looks around while thinking about their inevitable misfortune when suddenly --

CRAIG
Is this seat taken?

Craig appears at the stool next to her. She is thrilled to see the Colonel.

LYDIA
Colonel Craig!

She takes his hands for a few moments. He feels the cold.

LYDIA (CONT'D)
I can't begin to tell you how
delighted I am to see you.

The owner serves her food and cider.

CRAIG
And I must admit, I did not expect
to see you here, especially with
climate so abominable.

She leans in toward him.

LYDIA
If not for what I must tell you, I
would not have come.

He swallows the rest of his brandy, picks up her plate of food and utensils.

CRAIG
Let's go somewhere with a bit more
privacy.

She picks up her warm cider and follows him to his room.

EXT. FRANKFORD HILLSIDE - MOMENTS LATER

Craig speeds through the snow on his horse over the hills away from Frankford.

INT. RISING SUN TAVERN - MOMENTS LATER

Lydia peacefully enjoys her dinner and cider in Craig's room.

As she washes down the last of the food with her cider she gazes at a WOODEN CROSS on the wall.

The flicker of the candle light reflects a large shadow of the cross across the adjacent wall.

LYDIA

(whispers)

Lord, your protection has been evident during such a trying time...

(takes a breath)

I ask that you continue to protect Charles and the Continental army... For they will need your fortitude now... More than ever.

EXT. WHITEMARSH ENCAMPMENT - NIGHT

Craig flies through the camp on his horse and reaches Washington's tent.

INT. WASHINGTON'S TENT - CONTINUOUS

He enters the tent full of officers who surround Washington.

They are reviewing the current encampment layout and look up to see him.

CRAIG

Sir. I have a critical message of the utmost importance...

EXT. PHILADELPHIA STREET - NIGHT

SUPER: DECEMBER 4, 1777

Cornwallis leads his VANGUARD, which consists of two British light infantry battalions through the entrance gate out of the city headed to the right flank of Whitemarsh.

GENERAL KNYPHAUSEN leads the main column of BRITISH REGIMENTS in a different direction, out of the city toward the left flank of Whitemarsh.

Howe leads a LARGE REGIMENT behind the two other columns, out of the city headed toward the middle of the Whitemarsh encampment.

EXT. WHITEMARSH ENCAMPMENT - NIGHT

American officers BARK orders around the various flanks.

Continental soldiers make campfires everywhere.

From afar it seems as if Washington now has 50,000 soldiers because of the ample campfires.

Mclane and his dragoons slowly patrol a few miles ahead to see if they can spot the Redcoats.

Continental and Militia ready their weapons in nearby homes.

The FAMILIES who own the homes are gathered on top of the steeple of the nearby church. They want to watch the spectacle.

INT. LOXLEY HOUSE - NIGHT

The Darragh's pray by the fire for their son Charles and the American army.

EXT. CORNWALLIS' COLUMN

Cornwallis' vanguard arrives to the area where Mclane and his dragoons patrol, the same place the American soldiers are positioned in Patriot homes.

Mclane and his men see the British at a distance.

Mclane, his dragoons and the American soldiers ready their weapons.

As soon as the British are within their sights they OPEN FIRE.

Cornwallis' vanguard is taken by surprise.

CORNWALLIS
Let the battle begin.

He leans to his left to talk to his SECOND IN COMMAND.

CORNWALLIS (CONT'D)
Destroy everything in our path.
Homes included.

Cornwallis' vanguard returns fire and it's too much for Mclane, his dragoons and the American soldiers to handle.

A few Patriots fall to the ground after being shot.

Mclane and the dragoons, with any remaining Patriots on foot fall back to Whitemarsh as they shoot behind them with cover fire.

As Mclane passes a Patriot who stands over a cannon --

MCLANE
(shout)
Fire!

The Patriot fires the cannon and then follows behind Mclane's platoon.

Cornwallis' vanguard begin to burn down the houses the American soldiers were in.

EXT. WHITEMARSH ENCAMPMENT

Washington and his officers hear the signal cannon as they stand at the top of the vast hill.

Washington looks through his telescope and SEES the British come.

WASHINGTON
Send in the regiments.

EXT. HOWE'S COLUMN

Howe HEARS the minor skirmish and cannon.

He pulls out his handheld TELESCOPE.

He looks around and SEES the plethora of campfires.

HOWE
They can't possibly have such a
great number of troops...

EXT. CORNWALLIS' COLUMN - DAWN

GENERAL JAMES IRVINE and 600 PENNSYLVANIA MILITIAMEN meet Cornwallis.

The Americans fire at the British, but the return fire is too heavy. The Americans head for cover.

General Irvine gets SHOT by two muskets and THROWN from his horse.

One shot GRAZES HIS HEAD, the other TAKES THREE FINGERS from his left hand.

A COLUMN OF HESSIAN SOLDIERS flank the retreating Americans.

They hightail it for the hills back to camp.

Dozens of Americans are wounded, killed or captured in this brief skirmish.

EXT. HOWE'S COLUMN - MORNING

Howe surveys the American position while encamped at a nearby church and SEES the Americans continue to fortify their defenses.

He also SEES reinforcements continue to support their defenses.

HOWE

Fire some artillery. Let's see if we can't reach the lines.

ANDRE

Yes sir.

Andre signals the artillery officers who FIRE SHELLS.

They can't reach the Americans.

HOWE

Can we not flank them on the left?

ANDRE

Sir, our own flank will be vulnerable...

Frustrated, Howe gets off his horse.

HOWE

Let us regroup and decide our next move.

Howe heads toward the church with Lila by his side. She whines.

HOWE (CONT'D)

(to Lila)

I know my darling... I know...

Minor skirmishes take place over the next day or two.

EXT. WHITEMARSH ENCAMPMENT - NIGHT

Washington watches from atop the hill while Greene looks through the telescope.

GREENE

Looks like we continue to hold them off at all points.

WASHINGTON

Good... It seems as if the field favors us this time.

EXT. WHITEMARSH LEFT FLANK - MORNING

DANIEL MORGAN and his RIFLEMEN along with American soldiers fight British troops in an all out guerrilla battle.

The Riflemen and American soldiers use trees and boulders as cover.

Cornwallis shows up with his Regiment to join in the action.

After a bloody fight, Morgan decides to withdraw everyone.

Howe arrives and tries to engage during their retreat.

The Americans are too well defended with STRONG ABATIS, TRENCHES, AND VARIOUS CANNONS.

Howe falls back along with Cornwallis.

EXT. WHITEMARSH RIGHT FLANK - DUSK

The Queens Rangers along with Light Infantry led by BRITISH GENERAL "NO FLINT" GREY jumps into action.

He SEES an open area in the field on the right that has no defenses.

The American line on the right is taken by surprise.

The Queens Rangers begin to plow through the soldiers with their swords and pistols.

The British light infantry support them from the rear.

It's a bloody fight filled with flying limbs.

As the Rangers get through the middle they reach --

Colonel Reed and General Cadwalader in command of the right flank, both on horseback.

The Rangers fire their pistols as they charge the officers.

Reed's HORSE is HIT knocking him to the ground.

As he scrambles to get up from the ground, Reed looks up at Cadwalader on his horse in defeat.

Cadwalader pulls out his sword to defend them both.

REED

This is it old friend...

The Rangers along with the British light infantry surround the officers. Sharp bayonets threaten the officers.

Cadwalader SEES the American line not too far away, but too far to help.

Thwarted, he looks at Reed one last time when suddenly --

SCREAMS, THUD, TRAMPLE, BOOM!

Confused, the Queens Rangers aren't sure what is happening.

Cadwalader and Reed back up and look around.

The British light infantry is getting PUMMELED like bowling pins by none other than Mclane and his dragoons.

The Queens Rangers see Mclane and his dragoons with ample extra horseman behind, charging directly for them.

Mclane and his men take out most of the British light infantry while they fire pistols at the Rangers.

An arrow FLIES INTO THE CHEST of one of the Rangers courtesy of Lenuwaxen.

Mclane gets in front of Cadwalader and Reed to protect them.

He holds out his hand to Reed and smiles.

MCLANE

Need a hand?

Reed thankfully smiles back and grabs his hand.

Mclane PULLS him up on his horse.

REED

Your timing is impeccable Mclane.

MCLANE

(cocky)

I know... Now let's get you guys
back to camp.

The Rangers ride back the way they came, only to be stopped
by the 2ND CONTINENTAL REGIMENT.

As the Regiment FIRES ON the Rangers, Grey and as many
Rangers as possible retreat.

EXT. HOWE'S COLUMN - MORNING

In the church, Howe notices his provisions and supplies are
all but gone.

Andre enters the church and approaches Howe.

ANDRE

Sir. Two more Hessian Regiments
have arrived to support us.

HOWE

(annoyed)
Yes Major...

Andre pulls out a map to show Howe the situation.

ANDRE

I've spoken to the other officers
and we feel as though we can
attempt one last flank to the east
and --
(continues murmuring)

Howe phases him out as he hears his stomach GRUMBLE. He
closes his eyes and thinks of his warm bed and Lydia's
biscuits.

ANDRE (CONT'D)

Sir?

Howe shakes off his hunger.

HOWE

Yes Major...

ANDRE

What are your orders?

Lila WHIMPERS and gives Howe a look. He sulks at her.

HOWE
I believe... We are done here
Major...

EXT. WHITEMARSH - AFTERNOON

The British forces retreat to Philadelphia.

EXT. WHITEMARSH ENCAMPMENT - DUSK

CHEERS are heard throughout the camp. Rum galore.

Wounded or not, the Continental army is in high spirits.

Washington and his officers watch the retreat from atop the hill.

 GREENE
You smell that?

The odor of gunpowder, dead bodies and campfires float by.

 WASHINGTON
What's that Nathan?

He smiles and stands proud.

 GREENE
Victory gentlemen... Although
temporary... It's the sweet smell
of victory...

Washington and the officers bask in their glory as the sun crawls behind the hills of Whitemarsh.

INT. WHITEMARSH ENCAMPMENT - SUNSET

Charles writes a letter to Lydia as the CHEERS fill his ears from outside his tent.

He takes a swig of rum from a wooden cup.

We can see that half the letter is already written.

He continues to write as we see the British march into Philadelphia.

CHARLES (V.O.)

The men are in high spirits, as they should be with the British retreat... Your presence was felt here on the battlefield...

Charles envisions his mother and family, the American flag, his brothers in arms.

A SOLDIER opens the entrance to his tent. He is drunk and happy.

SOLDIER

Will you join us Charles?

Charles looks away from his parchment for a moment and smiles.

CHARLES

Yes of course Eli... Give me a few more moments...

Eli leaves as he closes the entrance to the tent.

Charles continues writing his letter as we travel throughout the camp -- up in the air soaring past the several miles to Philadelphia -- until we reach the British once again.

CHARLES (V.O.)

Our glorious nation thanks you...
Your son thanks you... From the depths of our souls. I expect all is well with my brother, sisters, and father. I expect to see you all very soon ... As a free American...
Your loving Son... Charles.

The Darragh's hear the stampede and rush to the windows.

They SEE the British come.

WILLIAM

John and Susannah. To your rooms.

As the British march past her house, Lydia sees WAGONS filled with DEAD and WOUNDED SOLDIERS again.

She picks up a broom and begins to nervously SWEEP the floor of the parlor.

William reads his bible by the fire while Ann knits.

THUD THUD THUD. The front door calls.

She looks at William who appears concerned.

She hesitates for a moment before answering the door, broom in hand. It's Andre and Barrington.

British soldiers begin to carry wounded soldiers past Lydia.

ANDRE
We'll need you to tend to our
wounded again Lydia.

She steps out of the way to let the soldiers through.

Andre and Barrington follow behind them as they enter the home.

LYDIA
(politely)
Yes Major... Of course.

As she turns to get started --

ANDRE
Lydia...

She stops in her tracks with a tense look.

William and Ann start to help the soldiers.

Lydia turns back around toward Andre.

LYDIA
(humble)
Yes Major?

Andre appears to be a bit untrustworthy of Lydia.

ANDRE
At what time did you say... Your
family retired on the night of the
2nd?

William discreetly gazes at them while he tends to a soldier who is bleeding from his head.

Lydia stays calm, looks at Barrington, and then Andre.

LYDIA
You had *ordered us* all to be asleep
by eight o'clock... And we did as
you ordered... Major.

Andre looks at Barrington, who mildly grins.

ANDRE

Yes... I do recollect having to
knock many times for you to wake...

He gets increasingly more frustrated and makes a noise with
his mouth to warrant disbelief.

ANDRE (CONT'D)

Still... It's as if Washington knew
of our intended attack...

He paces a bit while he looks at the floor.

ANDRE (CONT'D)

His army was quite ready at
Whitemarsh... And they were able to
repel us without issue --

BARRINGTON

Surely my cousin had no involvement
of the sort.

Lydia gently sides with Barrington.

LYDIA

Of course not! I would never
deceive you... My cousin... Or the
Crown for that matter.

Andre stands next to Barrington and Lydia.

ANDRE

Well involvement or not... We
marched back to Philadelphia...
Like a pack of fools...

He quickly leaves the house. Barrington politely nods to her
cousin. Before he leaves --

BARRINGTON

Oh, and Lydia...

LYDIA

Yes?

BARRINGTON

(smiles)
The general could use some
biscuits...

She smiles and nods.

FADE OUT:

THE END