

THE MIDNIGHT RIDE

Written by

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"If ever a time should come, when vain
and aspiring men shall possess the
highest seats in Government, our country
will stand in need of its experienced
patriots to prevent its ruin."

-- Samuel Adams

BLACK

The voice of a NARRATOR. Frail with age.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
*Listen, my children and you shall
hear ... Of the midnight ride of
Paul Revere.*

(TITLE UP:)

THE MIDNIGHT RIDE

EXT. BOSTON - DAY

A gnarled hand works the lever on a water pump. Putrid water spills out. We PULL BACK to reveal --

A line of abject TOWNSPEOPLE. Frost bitten. Mud stained. Somewhere a baby is crying.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
*In 1768, the people of Boston were
starving. Diseases were common.
Water was scarce. Protests and
riots took place almost every day.*

OUT-OF-WORK PROTESTORS

march through the city -- led by a MAN WITH BRIGHT RED HAIR. Some carry an EFFIGY with notes pinned to its hands.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
*Back then, they were part of the
Colonies -- ruled by King George
and his government of rich nobles.*

CROWN OFFICIALS observe the protest through a frosted window. They exchange dark looks.

EXT. BOSTON HARBOR - DAY

Gun ports swing open. Cannons are pushed forward, pointing at the Boston peninsula.

Locals crowd the dockyard. Some of them gasp in horror. SIX MEN-O'-WAR are angled at the city, as if for a siege. Dozens of longboats are ferrying REDCOAT SOLDIERS to the shore.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
*Instead of providing relief, the
 king dispatched an army to occupy
 Boston and quell any talk of unrest.*

A boat docks at the pier. Soldiers climb out.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
*Tensions began at once. Insults
 escalated into fights. Fights turned
 into skirmishes. Soon another riot
 was on the city's hands.*

PRE-LAP -- the peal of RINGING CHURCH BELLS.

EXT. KING STREET - NIGHT

A HUNDRED LOCALS swarm outside the CUSTOMS HOUSE, shouting at
EIGHT REDCOAT SOLDIERS and their CAPTAIN.

SUPER: **March 5, 1770**

The soldiers point loaded muskets at the crowd, who throw
 snowballs and oyster shells at their feet.

REDCOAT
 Any of you take one step closer,
 I'll blow your bloody brains out!

LOCALS	RECKLESS TOWNBORN
Lobsters! Bloody backs! Leave our town alone. [etc.]	Go on, do it! Fire on us, I dare you!

INT. GUARDHOUSE - NIGHT

A REGULAR LT. pours himself a drink with trembling hands. A
 PRIVATE watches the commotion through a window.

REGULAR PVT.
 How did all this start, sir?

REGULAR LT.
 Who cares? They've been fixing to
 riot ever since that kid got shot
 last week.

He takes a swig.

EXT. KING STREET - CONTINUOUS

CAPT. THOMAS PRESTON (48) struggles to calm the crowd.

THOMAS PRESTON
 Peace, I implore you! Go back to
 your homes lest there be murder!

A dockworker named CRISPUS ATTUCKS brandishes a stick near
 the front. He's 47. Part Native, part African-American.

CRISPUS ATTUCKS
 If it weren't for you, Chris Seider
 would still be alive!

The redcoats shove protestors back with their bayonets.

THOMAS PRESTON
 Citizens, please! None of us desire
 for any bloodshed --

SMACK!! A snowball flies into the face of a soldier. His
 musket DISCHARGES. The crowd SCREAMS. Preston wheels around.

LOCALS
 They started shooting! Look out!

And then --

THE OTHER SOLDIERS DELIBERATELY OPEN FIRE.

FLASHES OF SMOKE explode in a series of CRACKLING GUNSHOTS.
 Everyone runs for cover. Some slip on the icy pavement.

The soldiers reload. Preston pushes their guns aside.

THOMAS PRESTON
 Ceasefire, dammit! They're civilians.

In less than a minute the street is nearly empty.

FIVE BODIES litter the ground. All protestors.

Closest to the soldiers is Crispus Attucks, two musket balls
 embedded in his chest.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
It only got worse after that.

EXT. TOWN HALL - DAY

A soldier clamps a PADLOCK down on a door.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
*The town hall was shut down. The
 harbor closed. And the number of
 troops in Boston more than doubled.*

A squad of REDCOATS marches past on patrol. TWO LOCALS watch them closely, then disappear down an alley.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
*All the while, in secret rooms and
 far off country taverns --*

EXT. BUCKMAN TAVERN - NIGHT

A DOZEN MEN argue inside, visible through the window.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
*Whispers began to spread of armed
 revolt...*

FADE TO BLACK.

ON THE SOUNDTRACK:

The wheezy puff of a bellows.

An ORANGE GLOW lights up the screen, revealing the inside of a furnace. A pair of tongs reach in. Remove a SILVER DISK.

INT. SILVER FORGE - DAY

A SILVERSMITH plunges the disk into acid water. Steam gushes out. He places it on a work bench. Wipes his brow.

This is PAUL REVERE (40). Stocky, round face, dark hair. He takes a seat, starts hammering the freshly annealed silver.

SUPER: Spring, 1775

SOMEONE watches him from the entrance. A woman, 30, wrapped in a cape, her nose red from a cold. Revere doesn't see her.

RACHEL
 I could've sworn I was married, but
 I haven't seen my husband in almost
 a week.

REVERE
 (glances back)
 Sorry, Rachel. I told Reverend Byles
 I'd have this for him on Wednesday.

RACHEL
 You know that man's a Tory? Half
 his parish quit 'cause he kept
 standing up for the king.

She enters the forge and pulls off her cape.

REVERE

If I didn't work for Tories I
wouldn't have a job. Elizabeth and
Deborah are sick. Paul's too young
for a trade. Now's not the time to
be selective about my clients.

RACHEL

(dark whisper)

That hasn't stopped you going to
those *meetings* every night. I don't
think your clients would appreciate
that.

REVERE

You know, I should've told Byles
I'd finish this on Friday. It's
just sometimes I --

RACHEL

Lack good sense?

REVERE

Try to do too much at once.

Rachel wraps her arms around his chest.

RACHEL

Next time, wake me up before you
go. ... I like to say goodbye.

REVERE

I'll remember.

She kisses him on the neck. Revere continues hammering,
crafting the lid for a teapot.

CRACK!!

They sit up. We hear it again: CRACK! CRACK!

RACHEL

Those are gunshots!

Revere runs to the street. NEIGHBORS hurry past him.

REVERE

What's going on?

NEIGHBOR

I don't know. I think it's a fight
on Middle street.

Rachel grabs Revere's arm.

RACHEL
The girls are on Middle Street.

She meets his eyes, frightened.

EXT. MIDDLE STREET - DAY

A THIRTY-PERSON CROWD has gathered at the corner. Revere locates a 5-YEAR-OLD GIRL, watching with her friends from a distance.

REVERE
Elizabeth! Are you safe?

ELIZABETH
I'm fine, Dad, let me go.

REVERE
Where's your sister?

ELIZABETH
Up there. I think she was shouting at someone.

She points to the center of the crowd.

REVERE
Go home. Your mother's worried.

Revere pushes his way into the mob.

In the middle, FOUR OFFICERS square off with the Boston locals. A ROPEMAKER lies on the ground, clutching his leg.

A redcoat SUBALTERN tries to wrestle his musket back from a teenage girl. This is DEBORAH, 17. Revere's oldest.

REVERE (CONT'D)
Deborah! Stop! What are you doing?!

He yanks the gun away and throws it at the redcoat.

DEBORAH
One of them shot Amos Lincoln's cousin.

SUBALTERN
He started it!

TOWNBORN
That's ridiculous!

ROPEMAKER
I just offered him a job!

SUBALTERN

You told me to clean up your
horse's shit, you sonofabitch.

Everyone slams into each other, shouting themselves hoarse.

REVERE

That's enough! Quiet! You want
another incident like King Street?

COLONEL (O.S.)

MAKE WAY FOR THE ROYAL GOVERNOR --
GENERAL THOMAS GAGE!!

Silence. The crowd parts to reveal a handsome black coach.

The door opens and THOMAS GAGE steps out. He's a haggard 56,
with yellowing skin and sparse, gray hair.

The locals eye him up.

SNARKY TOWNBORN

Careful not to get mud on your shoes.

Gage ignores this. He examines the scene before him.

GAGE

Is there a reason you're blocking
the street with this disturbance?

ROPEMAKER

One of your lapdogs shot me in the
leg!

SUBALTERN

That's not true! They attacked me,
sir, my gun accidentally discharged.

The clamor starts again.

COLONEL

QUIET!!!

It settles. Gage turns to the ropemaker.

GAGE

If you think you've been
mistreated, take your grievance up
before a judge.

BOSTON LAWYER

We go to court, the trial gets held
in England.

SCHOOL TEACHER
A London jury can't even find
Boston on a map!

ROARS of agreement.

GAGE
A law born of necessity, to avoid
the obvious bias you have here.

MARGARET (O.S.)
Darling!

A WOMAN in a stately pink dress leans out of the coach. This
is MARGARET KEMBLE GAGE (41). The governor's wife.

MARGARET (CONT'D)
I hate to interrupt, but we're
already late. The reception will be
over by the time we arrive.

GAGE
Apologies, my dear.
(to the crowd)
Clear the street! Return to your
houses at once.

Gage moves to the carriage. He has one foot inside, when --

REVERE
What about his leg?
(Gage turns around)
The bone is probably shattered.
This man may never walk again.

Gage digs into his pocket. Throws a copper coin into the mud.

GAGE
Here. If some of you pitch in too
he can buy himself crutches.

He slams the coach door shut. As it rolls away, his wife
looks out the window at Revere.

The crowd breaks up. Some of them lunge for the penny and
start fighting. Revere helps the ropemaker up.

REVERE
(to some locals)
You three, take him to Doc Warren.
Give him this. Tell him what
happened.

He hands one of them some silver.

DEBORAH
Tell your cousin Amos I said hi!

REVERE
Hey. We should go.

Revere walks Deborah home. She wraps a handkerchief around her palm.

REVERE (CONT'D)
Are you bleeding?

DEBORAH
No -- It's nothing. I cut my hand
on that lobster-back's bayonet.

REVERE
I don't mind you standing up for
yourself or Amos Lincoln's cousin,
but you have to be more careful
when you're out with your sister.

DEBORAH
I'll try.

REVERE
Deborah, this is serious --

Deborah wheels on him.

DEBORAH
If we can't even walk down the
street, then why are we still in
Boston?
(keeps moving)
By the way, Mackintosh said there's
a meeting tonight. He said they
won't start till you're there.

REVERE
At the Green Dragon?
(she nods)
God help us. Heaven knows what
it'll be about.

Dark storm clouds form over the city.

EXT. BOSTON - NIGHT

Rain lashes a brick-built, three-story tavern. A copper
DRAGON FIGURE hangs over the door.

INT. BACK ROOM, THE GREEN DRAGON - NIGHT

Revere squeezes inside. It's a packed room, hazy with smoke. Maybe thirty to forty men, talking quietly. Among them is DR. JOSEPH WARREN (33): a born leader with boyish good looks.

WARREN

Revere!

REVERE

Doctor Warren. How's our friend?

WARREN

He'll live, but it was close. He got hit in a minor artery.

CHURCH (O.S.)

It's a lucky thing this officer he slandered wasn't a better shot.

REVERE

Doctor Church, good to see you.

Revere shakes hands with another doctor named BENJAMIN CHURCH. He's 40, smartly dressed, with a dark, brooding face. Church indicates an AWKWARD MAN behind him (early 20s).

CHURCH

Revere, I want you to meet a friend of mine who's joining us --

REVERE

Hello, Robert Newman!

(shaking hands)

You're a sexton at the Old North Church, is that right?

NEWMAN

Yes, sir.

CHURCH

(laughs)

Serves me right for thinking there was anyone in this town you didn't know.

WARREN

Since we're all here, do you wanna get started?

MOMENTS LATER -- Everyone is sitting, except Warren. He raises his right hand, places his left hand on a bible.

WARREN (CONT'D)

I swear that everything discussed tonight shall not be repeated outside of this room. And that our transactions will not be discovered, but to Messrs. Hancock, Adams, myself, Doctor Church, or Revere. So help me God.

BOSTON PATRIOTS

So help me God.

Warren sits down at the head of the table.

WARREN

First thing's first. I'm sure some of you may have noticed that a few of our number are missing.

The red-haired protester speaks up. This is MACKINTOSH (40s).

MACKINTOSH

I'd say. Where the hell are Hancock and Adams?!

Shouts of agreement.

WARREN

They both went into hiding. There's a rumor Gage was gonna start making arrests. We wanted to get them out as soon as possible.

Worried whispers. Dr. Church cleans a white IVORY PIPE.

WARREN (CONT'D)

Also... the governor is going to seize another powder house.

BOSTON PATRIOTS

No! / We can't let him! / If he succeeds, then we're finished!

NEWMAN

Wait -- I thought he got all the powder when he hit Quarry Hill...?

CHURCH

That was just one site. There were stores set up in every village in case they were attacked during the French and Indian War.

WARREN

Technically they belong to the king --
(groans and head-shaking
from the room)
-- but they're out of his reach and
unguarded, so we're hoping to use
them ourselves in a revolt.

MACKINTOSH

Belongs to the king, my ass! They
were meant to protect us. We're
using them to protect us.

CHURCH

Against the king's army?

MACKINTOSH

That counts!

OLD VETERAN

We've been adding to them ourselves
since the Suffolk Resolves. That
makes these storerooms ours as much
as anyone's.

WARREN

The problem is Gage wants them too.
Last fall he secured the largest
usable powder house in New England.
If he claims any more -- it doesn't
even matter which one -- we won't
have what we need to form an army.

CHURCH

He could kill our revolution in its
crib.

A deathly quiet settles over the room.

NEWMAN

Well, it hasn't happened yet.

REVERE

Damn straight.

MACKINTOSH

How do we know for sure this is
what Gage is planning?

WARREN

Some of us have seen Regulars
mending field kits. Making practice
marches in the country. They have
to be preparing for a mission.

NEWMAN

Which town is the target?

WARREN

We don't know. Once we do, one of us will ride there in person to warn them. They can split the stockpile up and spirit it into other towns in the area.

OLD VETERAN

We can use the town militias to buy us time. They're not as good as soldiers, but they'll help.

DOCKWORKER

Emptying a magazine could take days. If the messenger doesn't arrive, or even if he's late --

BOSTON LAWYER

We wouldn't stand a chance.

MACKINTOSH

Who did you have in mind as the expressman?

Warren looks at Revere. Dr. Church sits up, intrigued.

REVERE

This is why you waited for me, isn't it?

WARREN

You're a good rider. And you have friends in every town for twenty miles.

DOCKWORKER

And it needs to be someone we trust.

MACKINTOSH

Hear hear!

REVERE

It's a dangerous job.

WARREN

I wouldn't be asking if I wasn't sure you could do it.

CHURCH

Well...?

NEWMAN

What do you think?

Everyone holds their breath.

REVERE

I think... this occupation has gone
on long enough.

The room exhales. A few men cheer and shake Revere's hand.

REVERE (CONT'D)

But as soon as you learn the target,
let me know. When the army leaves
Boston, I need to be miles away.

EXT. THE GREEN DRAGON - NIGHT

The windows are dark, the tavern quiet. A UNIT OF SOLDIERS
marches past. Once they're gone, the door eases open.

WARREN

Alright, it's clear. Next group.

A DOZEN REBELS exit the building.

Revere and Newman break off from the others. They hurry
through an alley, winding north. Revere stops.

REVERE

Newman, I need a favor.

NEWMAN

What is it?

REVERE

A backup plan -- in case Gage
closes the city before I can leave.
We need a way to warn our friends
in Charlestown the enemy's moving.
Something they can see from across
the river.

NEWMAN

What do you have in mind?

REVERE

Does the Old Church have any
lanterns?

Off Newman, thinking:

REGULAR OFFICER (PRE-LAP)
On my mark -- fire!

EXT. PROVINCE HOUSE - DAY

A line of REDCOATS discharge muskets at a bullseye 50 yards away. They're in a FIRING RANGE outside the governor's home.

A man in uniform passes behind them. This is MAJOR EDWARD MITCHELL (30s). He climbs a staircase to the mansion. Knocks on the door. It is opened by a FOOTMAN.

MITCHELL
Major Mitchell. I was summoned.

FOOTMAN
This way, Major.

He enters.

INT. GAGE'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Velvet drapes. A bust of King George. Gage is stooped over a CHESSBOARD, thinking. He looks up and stands.

GAGE
Major, please come in.
(to the footman)
That'll do.

The footman bows and shuts the door behind them.

GAGE (CONT'D)
At ease. Would you like some Madeira?

He offers Mitchell a glass. Pours one for himself.

GAGE (CONT'D)
Your superiors say good things about you. Extensive battle experience. A capable rider and marksman. And you often display a very fierce devotion to your country.

MITCHELL
For once I agree with them, sir.
Cheers.

Mitchell downs his glass.

GAGE
What do you think?

MITCHELL

It's very good.

GAGE

I might start a vineyard. His Majesty gave me eighteen-thousand acres in Oneida, and I intend to make the most of them.

MITCHELL

Is that why you summoned me, sir?
To talk about your plantation?

Gage sips his wine, studying Mitchell with interest.

GAGE

Your superiors also say you know how to keep a secret.

(puts down glass)

Tell me, Major. Where were you stationed before Massachusetts?

MITCHELL

Ireland, sir. I helped put down two revolts.

GAGE

In -- ?

MITCHELL

Belfast and Waterford.

GAGE

Good. You'll be doing that again, but this time you'll stop one before it can begin.

Gage circles around his desk. He writes on a slip of paper.

GAGE (CONT'D)

I'm preparing a mission. Its aim is to secure a munitions warehouse, before any Rebels can take it. The unit leaves tomorrow, but I want you to set out this evening.

MITCHELL

Sir?

Gage puts down his quill. Walks back to Mitchell.

GAGE

My sources say the Rebels have made plans to oppose us.

(MORE)

GAGE (CONT'D)

Their scheme depends on a rider in Boston setting out first to inform them. Your job is to prevent that.

(beat)

Take twenty men and patrol the country roads. After dark, don't let anyone through.

MITCHELL

Which town is the target?

Gage hands him the slip of paper. Mitchell unfolds it.

GAGE

Do you know where that is?

MITCHELL

Yes sir.

GAGE

You know all the roads leading through there?

MITCHELL

I do, sir.

GAGE

Perfect.

(takes back the page)

There are only four people, including myself, who know this. You're number five.

Gage walks to a fireplace.

GAGE (CONT'D)

Therefore, it should go without saying that this knowledge is confidential. Battles can be won or lost based solely on information. Who has it. When do they get it. And how much do they know. In the wrong hands, information can spread like wildfire.

He drops the note in the fire. It burns up in seconds.

MITCHELL

I won't let that happen.

GAGE

Of course not. That's all. Good luck, Major.

Gage shakes his hand. He sits down to finish his chess game. Mitchell starts to leave.

GAGE (CONT'D)
By the way, watch out for Paul
Revere.

MITCHELL
The silversmith?

GAGE
He's been picked as a Rebel
expressman. If required, you have
my permission to kill him on sight.

MITCHELL
Very good, sir.

As Mitchell leaves, we TRACK DOWN to reveal -- an ashtray on a table. Resting on top is a familiar, white IVORY PIPE.

INT. STABLES - NIGHT

Mitchell drops a saddle on a horse. NINETEEN OTHER OFFICERS prepare to leave. They holster pistols. Don blue riding coats. Check their saddles' straps.

A STABLEHAND opens the door.

EXT. BOSTON - MOMENTS LATER

The mounted patrolmen emerge from the stable. They trot through the eerie, moonlit streets.

INT. BEDROOM, REVERE HOUSE - NIGHT

Rachel lies awake. Revere has his arm wrapped around her.

RACHEL
Paul?

REVERE
Uh-huh?

RACHEL
You remember that night? Nine years ago, when the Stamp Act was repealed. There were fireworks and bonfires. And everyone hung lights on the Liberty Tree.

REVERE

I remember.

RACHEL

That was the first time I saw you.
(he reacts, surprised)
You were holding up Deborah, so she
could hang a lantern of her own.
(smiles to herself)
I think I had a crush on you
immediately.

EXT. BOSTON COMMON - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

A thousand LOCALS gather around an elm tree, drinking and waving flags. The tree is furnished with HUNDREDS OF LIGHTS.

Revere lifts a LAUGHING GIRL up to a branch.

RACHEL (V.O.)

*Everything was different back then.
The port was open. The town wasn't
teeming with soldiers.*

A younger Rachel watches Revere from a distance. Her face lights up as a firework explodes overhead.

INT. BEDROOM, REVERE HOUSE - RESUME SCENE

The light is gone. The room is pale and dark.

RACHEL

Now you can't find one man in a
hundred who has hope.

Revere takes this in, thinking.

REVERE

When my first wife died... it felt
like I was trapped in a bottomless
pit, and everywhere I turned there
was nothing but darkness. ... That
ended the day I met you.

(beat)

This shadow won't last forever.

Rachel leans her head on his chest, comforted.

INT. SILVER FORGE - DAY

Revere finishes the teapot. Rachel sits nearby, reading. We hear a voice outside. A BOY runs in.

STABLE BOY

Mr. Revere! It's happening tonight.
I heard two redcoats talking at the
livery on Anne Street.

Rachel stands up. Revere pulls the boy away from the street.

REVERE

Did they mention a target? Which
storehouse they're going to move?

STABLE BOY

No, sir.

Revere looks at Rachel, eyes wide.

RACHEL

Tonight? That's too soon...!

REVERE

Maybe not.

He grabs his hat and jacket off a hook.

REVERE (CONT'D)

I'm going to see Doc Warren. Be
ready when I get back.

INT. WARREN'S OFFICE - DAY

Revere bursts through the door. Warren stands. It's a respectable 2nd story room, filled with medical books.

REVERE

It's happening tonight.

WARREN

I've heard. Friends have been
telling me all morning.

REVERE

So what's the target?

WARREN

I don't know.

REVERE

There are over five thousand redcoats in the city. None of them have mentioned the town -- ?

WARREN

They've mentioned ten towns! Worcester, Watertown, Salem. Everyone in Boston is saying something different. The governor put out disinformation.

REVERE

Dammit! Fine. Which town has the largest store of powder?

WARREN

Worcester, but it's forty miles away.

REVERE

What's next after that?

WARREN

We don't have time to survey every village. Gage has been planning this for months.

REVERE

I can't set out with this!

WARREN

I know that, Paul!

REVERE

So what do we do?

Warren turns to the window.

WARREN

There's someone I can ask. An inside man with access to Gage's files, but their position's too precarious. If I send for them today, they'll be exposed.

REVERE

It's now or never, doctor. You have to risk it.

Warren thinks. He looks at Revere.

WARREN

Alright.

INT. WARREN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

They sit in silence. A grandfather clock points to 10:12 PM.

WARREN

How many do you think he'll send?

REVERE

For Quarry Hill, he used two-hundred-fifty. This store's more important. Doesn't want to make a mistake. If it were me, I'd go with -- twice that.

WARREN

Five hundred?

REVERE

Five hundred men sounds right.

Warren nods. Anxious.

KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK.

Revere freezes. Warren stands.

WARREN

... Stay here.

He marches down the stairway to the door. Revere listens as a flap in the door slides open.

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

Oh. It's you. Come on up.

The door opens and a LARGE MAN shuffles in.

DAWES (O.S.)

I'm not too late am I? Any word from your man?

WARREN (O.S.)

Still waiting.

Huffing up the stairs is WILLIAM DAWES, JR. (30) -- a grungy, corpulent man with a spectacular double chin.

DAWES

Ah, Revere! You're here, are you? I figured you would be.

WARREN

I recruited William Dawes to give us a hand. Thought it couldn't hurt to have two riders. Double our odds.

DAWES

Not quite double. More like one-and-a-half, seeing as I can't ride worth a damn.

REVERE

Dawes? I heard you stole a couple army cannons last September.

DAWES

Little ones, mind you.

(to Warren)

Hey, Doc, I've been meaning to ask. I got this pain in my lower back area. Could you take a look --

WARREN

Dawes, not now.

DAWES

I thought, maybe, if we're waiting here a while.

There's ANOTHER KNOCK on the door.

WARREN

Get down.

Dawes backs into the corner. Revere ducks behind the desk. Warren descends the stairs again. He checks the flap.

Revere and Dawes listen closely.

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

Were you followed?

(beat)

Good. Come in. Hurry.

Revere and Dawes stare intently at the stairway, listening to the CLUNK-CLUNK-CLUNK of someone climbing the stairs.

The person gets higher and higher, until they emerge through the doorway and remove their hood to reveal the face of --

MARGARET KEMBLE GAGE.

Revere's mouth drops open.

REVERE

Mrs. Gage...!

DAWES

You're the governor's -- you're his -- HA!!

MARGARET

Keep your voice down. We don't have much time.

(ushers them into a corner)

My husband already left to order the army's departure. They'll be ready to leave in less than half an hour.

WARREN

Where is he sending them?

MARGARET

Concord. Via the Lexington Road. They'll ferry over Back Bay and land at Lechmere's point.

REVERE

How large is the unit?

MARGARET

Fifteen hundred men.

REVERE

Did you say --

DAWES

Fifteen hundred!!!?

Warren unrolls a map. Boston is connected to the mainland by an isthmus called THE NECK. To the west and north is the CHARLES RIVER, part of which widens out into BACK BAY. Charlestown is on another peninsula to the north.

Concord is twenty miles north-west of the city.

REVERE (CONT'D)

Concord's what -- four hundred people? Five if you count Lincoln?

WARREN

It's not enough to warn the Concord militia. You need to muster every Rebel town in Massachusetts.

DAWES

How the hell do we do that in time?

REVERE

We'll stop at every village on the way. Tell anyone with a horse to spread the word.

MARGARET

That's not all. They've been ordered to make two arrests.

(everyone looks up)

John Hancock and Samuel Adams.

WARREN

They're in hiding. That won't be a problem.

MARGARET

He knows they're both in Lexington.

Warren is speechless.

REVERE

I guess you're not the only one with spies.

Warren sits at his desk. He scribbles out two letters.

WARREN

Revere, cross the river to Charlestown. Dawes, try to get out on the Neck. Stop at Clarke's house in Lexington, then keep riding to Concord.

REVERE

Mrs. Gage, if there was any way to repay you...

MARGARET

I was born in this country. So were my friends and my neighbors. It'd be nice if we could call it our own.

Warren seals the letters and gives them to Revere and Dawes.

WARREN

Deliver these to Adams and Hancock. See they don't fall into enemy hands. Paul. William. We're counting on you. Good luck.

He shakes their hands.

Revere and Dawes descend the stairs. Revere checks the flap in the door. The street is empty.

He looks back at Dawes. Takes a deep breath.

REVERE

Let's go.

They open the door and slip outside.

INT. BARRACKS - NIGHT

A LIEUTENANT moves between bunks, waking his men.

REGULAR LT.

It's time, get up. It's time.

The troops spring out of bed. Many are already awake.

REGULAR LT. (CONT'D)

Thirty-six rounds of powder and ball.

Provisions for one day. No knapsacks.

The order gets passed through the group in WHISPERS. They don their red jackets. Cross belts, waist belts, swords, bayonets, cartridge boxes. Lastly, they grab their muskets.

EXT. BARRACKS - NIGHT

The lieutenant ushers his men outside. Nobody makes a sound.

EXT. BOSTON - NIGHT

Different companies set out from all over Boston. Some from the Boston Common, some from Fort Hill, others from the Neck and the barracks near Long Wharf. No fifes or drums. No shouting. All of them are silent as the grave.

A MANGY DOG watches a company pass. It lets out a long, guttural GROWL -- then starts BARKING.

A CAPTAIN snaps his fingers at TWO MEN, points at the dog.

They attach bayonets to their guns and drag the mutt around a corner. We hear the sound of BAYONETS PIERCING FLESH... then whimpering... then silence. The soldiers rejoin their unit.

(**Note:** this actually happened.)

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Thirty troops walk past a window. We TILT DOWN onto --

A BOSTON MAN, asleep in bed. Completely oblivious.

EXT. SALEM STREET, BOSTON - NIGHT

Revere sneaks onto the porch of a three-story lodge. He KNOCKS on the door. No answer. He KNOCKS again.

REVERE
Newman, it's Revere. Open up!

He checks the window. HIS STOMACH DROPS OUT:

EIGHT REDCOATS are sitting around a table, playing cards and drinking. A LANDLADY moves to the door.

REDCOAT
Hey, miss. There's someone at the door!

MRS. NEWMAN
I know, I heard it...!

She reaches the door and opens it:

NO ONE'S THERE. Revere is gone.

EXT. BACK GARDEN - MOMENTS LATER

Revere climbs over an iron gate. He finds a PEBBLE and hurls it at a second-story window.

REVERE
Newman, get down here!

NEWMAN (O.S.)
Shhh! I'm behind you.

Newman is hiding in the shadow of a tree.

REVERE
(angry hiss)
Why is half the redcoat army in your living room!?

NEWMAN
Sorry. Money's kinda tight, so my mother rented out some rooms.

REVERE
Fine. It doesn't matter. I need you to send the signal.

NEWMAN
Fantastic!
(leans back)
Hear that, boys? We're on.

TWO MORE MEN emerge from behind the tree. ONE is ten years old. THE OTHER is seventy-five.

REVERE
Who the hell are they?

NEWMAN
Tommy and Captain Pulling. They
wanted to help us out.

REVERE
Do you trust them?

CAPTAIN PULLING
Son, I'd sooner rot in hell than
fight for King George.

REVERE
... Perfect. Let's go.

They open the gate and slip into -- AN ALLEYWAY.

NEWMAN
I had a feeling you'd show up. The
city's been on edge all afternoon.

REVERE
Do you remember the signal?

NEWMAN
Hang lanterns in the steeple when
the army's ready to march. One if
they move by land. Two if by sea.

REVERE
It's the second one. Hang two.

NEWMAN
Right.

TOMMY
What about you, Mr. Revere?

REVERE
I'm going home to get my things,
then I'll row across the Charles.

They reach the street.

NEWMAN
What if you can't get through, or
Charlestown misses the signal?

REVERE
William Dawes is getting out on the
Neck. He'll deliver the message.

NEWMAN

What if he's caught as well?

REVERE

Then I hope you know the lyrics to
'God Save the King.'

Revere hurries away.

INT. PROVINCE HOUSE - NIGHT

The footman opens the door for General Gage.

FOOTMAN

Good evening, General. I put your
tea in the office.

GAGE

Thank you. Is Margaret downstairs?

FOOTMAN

I believe she retired early.

GAGE

Fine. Send a boy to my office at
once. I need to convey a message.

GAGE'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

A MESSENGER BOY waits as Gage completes a letter.

GAGE

Deliver this to the garrison on the
Neck. I'm suspending all movement
in and out of the city, by order of
His Majesty's government.
(seals the note)
With all possible haste.

EXT. PROVINCE HOUSE - NIGHT

The boy races out and leaps down the steps.

He passes a WOMAN hidden in shadow. It's Margaret Gage. She
watches him go, then enters the house via a SERVANTS DOOR.

EXT. CHECKPOINT, BOSTON NECK - NIGHT

A TINY FORTRESS guards a DRAWBRIDGE out of the city. A DOZEN
REDCOATS man the gate, inspecting each party that crosses.

William Dawes joins a LONG LINE of people waiting to leave. He leads a fat, old horse named MAJOR SHIRLEY.

Dawes is eighth in line. He taps the man in front of him.

DAWES

Excuse me, I'm in a hurry. Would it be possible for me to go ahead of you?

MAN

Clear off, puff gut!

DAWES

Right. Sorry.

He steps back, concerned.

EXT. BACK BAY - NIGHT

The most remote corner of the city. Normally deserted, the beach is now teeming with HUNDREDS OF REGULAR SOLDIERS.

LT. COL. FRANCIS SMITH (52) waits nearby. He's a stout man with a stern, genteel bearing. His AIDE-DE-CAMP steps up.

AIDE-DE-CAMP

Colonel Smith, the roll call's completed. All companies are accounted for.

SMITH

Good. Begin loading the boats.

Smith marches off, revealing -- FORTY LONGBOATS on the bay.

INT. OLD NORTH CHURCH - NIGHT

The door opens. Newman enters with Tommy and Captain Pulling.

NEWMAN

Tommy, keep watch. We'll take care of the lanterns.

Tommy nods and moves to a window.

Newman and Pulling hurry across the hall. They open a closet and remove TWO MASSIVE LANTERNS. Pulling digs through a drawer. He finds candles, flint and steel, and a tinder box.

NEWMAN (CONT'D)

That's it. Let's go.

They sling the lantern straps over their necks and hobble to the stairs.

INT. STEEPLE TOWER - CONTINUOUS

Newman and Pulling enter the steeple. Above them is a rickety, wooden staircase made of 154 steps.

CAPTAIN PULLING
This'll take all night!

NEWMAN
We better get started.

He begins climbing up.

INT. REVERE HOUSE - NIGHT

Rachel and Deborah stare at a clock. It's 10:38.

RACHEL
Something's wrong. He should've
been back by now.

Revere bursts through the door.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Paul!!

She throws her arms around him.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Where were you? I was worried sick!

REVERE
The governor tried to throw us for
a loop. Kids!

Revere's MANY CHILDREN appear behind Deborah.

REVERE (CONT'D)
Get my riding boots and surtout.
And my spurs.

DEBORAH
Do you know where you're going?

REVERE
Lexington and Concord.

The children hop to it. Rachel leads Revere into the kitchen.

RACHEL

Did you tell that Newman kid what's going on?

REVERE

Don't worry. He's hanging up the lanterns as we speak.

INT. BELL TOWER, OLD NORTH CHURCH - NIGHT

A trapdoor swings open. Newman climbs up.

NEWMAN

You're almost there, Captain!

CAPTAIN PULLING (O.S.)

I swear I'm gonna murder whoever built this place!

Captain Pulling enters, clutching his side.

They set the lanterns down. Newman opens the tinderbox, arranges the cloth inside. He strikes the flint and steel.

Sparks fly. The charcloth catches fire. Newman lights a candle. He passes the flame to Pulling. They place their candles in the lanterns.

NEWMAN

Onwards and upwards.

They ascend a ladder into the uppermost part of the steeple.

INT. LANTERN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The city of Boston opens up around them: a spectacular view of rooftops and steeples. Newman scans the vista.

NEWMAN

Northwest. This is it.

He undoes a latch. Opens a window.

INT. CONANT'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

A DOZEN WHIGS are crowded into the living room. WILLIAM CONANT (65) sits with his back to the window, playing cards.

CONANT

Dammit! When I say play your lowest card, I don't mean one with faces.

(MORE)

CONANT (CONT'D)

Now we gotta reshuffle the deck.
Start all over.

Behind him, Boston is silhouetted in BLACK. The North Church tower looms over the city.

SUDENLY--! A tiny light appears in the steeple.

A CHARLESTOWN WHIG jumps up.

CHARLESTOWN WHIG

Colonel, it's the signal!

Everyone turns to stare at the Boston skyline.

INT. LANTERN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Newman is hanging his lantern out the steeple window.

NEWMAN

That's one.

Pulling steps up, extends his lantern over the sill.

INT. CONANT'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

As everyone watches, *a second light* appears.

CONANT

Two lanterns. They're coming by sea!
(turns around)
Hitchborn, saddle up and warn the
Committee in Cambridge. Then ride to
Lexington and inform Samuel Adams.

THOMAS HITCHBORN

Yes sir.

A TEENAGE LAD (Thomas Hitchborn) bolts for the door.

CONANT

Devens, take three men to the river.
If Revere shows up, help him hide
the boat. Henry, find him a horse.
Make sure it's fit, it'll need to
run clear through the night.

HENRY

I'll get the best one in Charlestown.

CONANT

By God, we're not gonna mess this up.

INT. LANTERN HOUSE, OLD NORTH CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

NEWMAN

That's long enough, blow them out.

They pull the lanterns back in and extinguish the candles.

INT. STEEPLE TOWER - MOMENTS LATER

Newman and Pulling stomp downstairs, grinning wildly.

NEWMAN

Now it's up to Revere and William
Dawes!

EXT. CHECKPOINT, BOSTON NECK - NIGHT

Dawes is fourth in line. An ARGUMENT breaks out at the front.

1ST GUARD

What's a Whig-journalist cad like you
doing on the Neck this time of night?

2ND GUARD

Sending secret messages to all your
Rebel friends, are you?

BOSTON JOURNALIST

I'm visiting my aunt in Roxbury!

1ST GUARD

Get outa here! Go find some more
horseshit to print in your paper!

They drag him out of line and kick him to the ground.

1ST GUARD (CONT'D)

NEXT!!

The line moves up.

Dawes fingers the envelope in his pocket. Behind him, the boy
from Province House arrives. He runs past the line.

Dawes sees him *whisper something* to a HEAVYSET GUARD. The
guard nods, then leads the boy up some stairs into an office.

1ST GUARD (CONT'D)

You're clear. Next!

The man in front of Dawes steps forward.

DAWES

Uh, excuse me! I was here first.

Dawes pulls his horse ahead of him. The 1st guard frowns.

DAWES (CONT'D)

Please?

1ST GUARD

Open your saddlebags.

INT. OFFICE, BOSTON NECK - CONTINUOUS

A HARD-FACED LIEUTENANT reads Gage's note.

HARD-FACED LT.

Raise the drawbridge. Immediately.
No one else leaves the city.

HEAVYSET GUARD

Right away, sir.

EXT. CHECKPOINT, BOSTON NECK - CONTINUOUS

The watchmen looks through Dawes's saddlebags.

2ND GUARD

Occupation?

DAWES

I'm a tanner. I own a shop on
Hawkins Street.

The heavyset guard emerges from the office. He approaches TWO SOLDIERS and quietly gives them an order. They snap to and climb to the top of the gate.

Dawes spots this. He looks back at the first two guards.

DAWES (CONT'D)

Sergeant Wilson knows me. Ask him.

1ST GUARD

It's fine. Go ahead.

Dawes walks his horse past the heavyset guard.

HEAVYSET GUARD

(indicating Dawes)

That's the last one over!

Everyone MOANS in protest.

Dawes leads Major Shirley over the bridge. As soon as he's clear, THE BRIDGE RISES UP. He breathes a sigh of relief.

He climbs onto his horse and kicks it forward. Together they disappear into the night.

INT. REVERE HOUSE - NIGHT

Revere pulls on his coat. A pair of SILVER SPURS are already strapped to his boots.

REVERE
I'm sorry we don't have time for a proper goodbye.

DEBORAH
You want your pistol?

REVERE
Won't need it. If I'm caught they'll go easier on me if I'm unarmed. Take care of each other.

He snatches his hat and steps into the hallway. He opens the front door, when --

RACHEL
Paul!

Rachel emerges from the kitchen and races to Revere. She kisses him on the lips.

REVERE
Come back to me.

REVERE (CONT'D)
I will. I promise.

He steps outside.

EXT. NORTH END, BOSTON - NIGHT

Revere sprints across a street. He hops over a wall and lowers himself onto a damp, muddy beach.

REVERE
Richardson! Bentley!

TWO MEN emerge from beneath a pier. They are both mid 30s.

REVERE (CONT'D)
Good, you got my note.

RICHARDSON
We've been waiting for six hours!

REVERE
I'm here now. Let's do this.

EXT. CHARLES RIVER - MOMENTS LATER

They push a TINY ROWBOAT into the river and climb in.
Richardson and Bentley plunge oars into the water and row.

REVERE
Did you muffle the oars like I told
you?

BENTLEY
We took care of it.

Behind them, an ENORMOUS FULL MOON rises over the city.

RICHARDSON
See that eyesore up ahead? That's
the *HMS Somerset*.

BENTLEY
She's been seizing ships all
afternoon. No one's gotten through
to Charlestown yet.

REVERE
Keep to the shadows. If we're lucky
they won't see us.

The black, hulking mass of the *Somerset* looms over them.

ON THE SOMERSET -- A SENTRY watches the pitch black river.
The slightest hint of movement stands out.

SENTRY
Captain...?

Revere spots the sentry.

REVERE
Stop.
(beat)
Stop rowing, now. Get down.

The others obey. They shrink beneath the rim of the boat.

The SOMERSET CAPTAIN joins the sentry on the foredeck.

CAPTAIN
What is it, sailor?

SENTRY
I thought I saw something. Over
there.

He points in the direction of the rowboat.

Bentley lifts his head up.

BENTLEY
What did you -- ?

REVERE
Shh!!

The three of them hold their breath. The captain studies the
water. He turns away.

CAPTAIN
If you see it again, let me know.

SENTRY
Very good, sir.

He moves off. Revere exhales.

REVERE
Alright. Let's go.

They grab the oars and row.

EXT. CHARLESTOWN SHORE - MOMENTS LATER

They land on the beach. FOUR SHADOWS emerge to receive them.

DEVENS
Revere? It's Devens. Mr. Conant
will be mighty glad to see you.

They help heave the rowboat onto the shore.

EXT. CHARLESTOWN - NIGHT

Revere and Conant hurry through the Charlestown streets.

CONANT
I sent one of those Hitchborn kids
to Cambridge. He's stopping at
Clarke's house too.
(beat)
(MORE)

CONANT (CONT'D)

Fifteen-hundred of the bastards!
Puts a chill in the bones just
thinking about it.

REVERE

We might stand a chance if we raise
all of Middlesex county.

CONANT

Aye, but that's easier said than
done.

He leads Revere into a paddock, where REV. JOHN LARKIN (49)
waits with a gorgeous, chestnut New England SADDLEHORSE.

CONANT (CONT'D)

This here's Reverend Larkin. He's
lent you the use of his animal
tonight.

JOHN LARKIN

Her name's Brown Beauty. I know
she'll serve you well.

Brown Beauty paws the ground, eager to be on the road. Revere
takes her reins and climbs up.

CONANT

Revere, be careful. Whatever happens,
you cannot afford to get caught.

REVERE

I'll do my best. Mr. Conant.
Reverend. You have my thanks.

He steers Brown Beauty around and digs his heels in.

Brown Beauty rears up dramatically, then charges out of the
paddock, hurtling out of Charlestown like a bullet.

Conant watches them go.

CONANT

Godspeed, Paul Revere.

EXT. LEXINGTON ROAD - NIGHT

Brown Beauty's four hooves THUNDER against the moonlit road.
Revere's face is set with grim determination, bundled against
the cold in his scarf and hat.

He urges the horse forward. Dark trees streak by.

As he powers on, the shot HANDS OFF to a view of Boston, seen through a gap in the trees.

EXT. BACK BAY - NIGHT

The longboats creep forward. They are low in the water, packed so tight with redcoats there isn't room to move.

LEAD BOAT

Col. Smith stands at the bow, his eyes on the approaching beach. He addresses the COXWAINS behind him.

SMITH

Faster.

They pull harder on the oars.

LECHMERE POINT

A lonely, swampy beach. The Regular boats lurch against the shore, reaching the edge of the bay.

SMITH

Over the side.

Smith goes first, landing in knee-deep water with a SPLASH. There are more SPLASHES as other soldiers climb out too.

They plod forward, holding their muskets above their heads.

Smith reaches dry land. He turns to his aide.

SMITH (CONT'D)

Order the men to form up. Have them ready to march in fifteen minutes.

AIDE-DE-CAMP

Yes sir.

EXT. LEXINGTON ROAD - NIGHT

Revere races ahead, galloping through dappled moonlight. He passes a SIDE ROAD, branching off to the right.

He slows Brown Beauty to a STEADY TROT.

Brown Beauty senses something. Her head comes up and her ears prick forward. Revere halts, pausing in a PATCH OF SHADOW.

The road is empty.

REVERE
What is it, girl?

SOMETHING moves in the blackness. We hear the rustle of
SOMEONE ON HORSEBACK, shifting position.

Revere presses forward again, at a slow trot. Alert.

The mystery rider doesn't move. Then ANOTHER RIDER eases his
horse back, and we see there are two of them. Patrolmen.

Revere stops again.

PATROLMAN
Who goes there?

The patrolman curls his hand around the hilt of a PISTOL,
holstered in his belt...

Revere *yanks the reins sharply*, turning his horse around.
Brown Beauty takes off, galloping in the opposite direction.

PATROLMAN (CONT'D)
Stop! In the name of the king!

The patrolman draws his pistol, and -- **CRACK!!!**

A clump of bushes EXPLODES to Revere's left. He keeps riding.

The patrolmen spur their horses and chase after him.

Brown Beauty flies forward, easily outpacing her pursuers,
until -- *Revere pulls her to a stop.*

He turns her onto the SIDE ROAD, right as the second
patrolman draws his pistol: **CRACK!!**

A tree behind Revere's head bursts into splinters as he
plummets down MYSTIC ROAD.

One of the patrolmen rears his horse, steers it off the road
into a gully, and through a line of trees. The second one
keeps riding, turns, and follows Revere down the side trail.

MYSTIC ROAD

Revere charges ahead. He glances behind him:

The second patrolman throws down his empty pistol, draws
ANOTHER ONE -- and fires...!

Another miss. Revere keeps riding. The patrolman behind him falls back, unable to keep up.

THE FIRST PATROLMAN

paces through an open field, cutting across country. He spurs his horse, desperate for more speed, and --

CRASHES THROUGH UNDERBRUSH, charging into untamed wilderness.

MYSTIC ROAD

Revere gallops ahead. He spots the other patrolman, riding through the trees. The patrolman is going to cut him off...!

REVERE
C'mon, girl! C'mon!!

He kicks against his animal's BLOODY SIDES. She snarls, galloping faster.

THE FIRST PATROLMAN

is thirty feet from the road... Twenty feet...! And --

SPLASH!! He dives into a swamp. The horse loses its balance and topples over, crushing the rider.

Revere thunders past. The patrolman struggles to climb out.

PATROLMAN
You stupid beast, get up!

The horse stumbles up, but it's too late. Revere and Brown Beauty are gone.

EXT. MYSTIC ROAD - LATER

Revere slows to an easy trot. He pats Brown Beauty's neck.

REVERE
Busy night, huh? Let's hope William Dawes is doing a little better.

EXT. CAMBRIDGE ROAD - NIGHT

Major Shirley plods forward at what could barely be considered a clop. She slows down, until finally --

She just stops.

Dawes kicks the horse's sides, but she refuses to budge.

DAWES
C'mon. Go. Forward!

A FARMER passes by on another horse.

DAWES (CONT'D)
Excuse me, do you know if -- ?

FARMER
Evening, Mr. Watson.

The farmer tips his hat and continues on. Dawes frowns.

EXT. MYSTIC - NIGHT

Brown Beauty canters over a wooden bridge into the town of MYSTIC. Revere dismounts and races to a house.

REVERE
Mr. Hall, get up! The Regulars are out.

He pounds on the door, then opens it and enters.

INT. ISAAC HALL HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

He clomps through the house in his heavy riding boots.

REVERE
Mr. Hall?

ISAAC and ABIGAIL HALL appear, both in nightclothes, mid-40s.

ISAAC HALL
Revere? It's eleven o'clock.

REVERE
The Regulars are out. They're gonna move the powder store at Concord.

ISAAC HALL
Concord? What are you doing here?

REVERE
There were soldiers on the road. I had to make a detour.

ISAAC HALL
That's nearly three extra miles!

ABIGAIL HALL
How many Regulars?

REVERE
Fifteen hundred. They'll be in
Lexington by daybreak.

ISAAC HALL
Wake the servants. Tell them to
rouse Doc Herrick and the deacon.
And fetch me --

ABIGAIL HALL
I know.

Abigail dashes upstairs. Isaac and Revere walk outside.

EXT. MYSTIC - CONTINUOUS

Revere remounts his horse.

ISAAC HALL
I'll raise the town militia, but it
won't be enough.

REVERE
Send an express to Stoneham. Have
'em warn Lynnfield and Reading.

ISAAC HALL
I will. Good luck.

Revere rides off. Abigail appears. She hands Isaac a MUSKET.

ISAAC HALL (CONT'D)
Thank you.

Isaac steps into the street. He aims at the sky: *BOOM!!!* He
reloads, fires again: *BOOM!!* ... And a third time -- *BOOM!!*

INT. BELL TOWER, MYSTIC - NIGHT

A SEXTON heaves on the ropes, sounding the bells.

EXT. MYSTIC - NIGHT

The DEEP RINGING echoes across the small town.

Revere rides on, issued forth by the unbroken toll of the church bell, as we begin --

A MONTAGE OF THE ALARM BEING RAISED

-- All over Mystic, VILLAGERS react to the bells. Wives shake their husbands awake. Boys run to the window.

-- DR. MARTIN HERRICK mounts his horse. He waves goodbye to Isaac Hall, and gallops north out of town.

-- FARMERS hurriedly dress and count out shot.

-- IN MENOTOMY, a tavern door bursts open. Revere enters. Some late-night DRINKERS jump up, ready to act.

-- TWO MORE RIDERS set out, churning up dirt in their wake.

-- Dr. Herrick arrives in STONEHAM, dismounts outside the church. A PRIEST opens the door. MOMENTS LATER, the priest fires his rifle in the air: THE THREE-SHOT ALARM.

-- As Paul Revere rides, a hilltop BEACON glows orange in the background. Another signal is lit further off.

-- Revere speeds on, astride his unfailing steed.

END MONTAGE

EXT. FARM ROAD - NIGHT

The Regulars march down a SOGGY MARSHLAND ROAD. Col. Smith leads them on a horse. Some of the TROOPS speak in whispers:

REDCOAT 1
You know where we're going?

REDCOAT 2
I bet it's another drill.

An OFFICER cuts them off with a '*shhh!*'.

Smith checks his pocket watch. He puts it away, satisfied.

EXT. LEXINGTON GREEN - NIGHT

Revere gallops into Lexington. The Common is a large grassy TRIANGLE, surrounded by a handful of buildings.

He rides past BUCKMAN TAVERN. All the windows are dark.

REVERE
The Regulars are coming! The
Regulars are coming!

Lights appear inside. We hear MUFFLED SHOUTS. Revere turns north onto BEDFORD ROAD.

EXT. CLARKE HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

A two-story, early Georgian timber house, nestled in a grove of trees. A DOZEN REBELS stand watch outside.

Revere canters up on Brown Beauty. The guards straighten up and point their rifles.

REBEL GUARDS
Halt! Who goes there? Stay back!

REVERE
I'm Paul Revere. I'm here to see
Adams and Hancock!

One guard steps up: a cantankerous barkeep named MUNROE (32).

MUNROE
Confound it, you! People are trying
to sleep. Stop making so much noise!

REVERE
(dismounting)
Noise?! You'll have noise enough
before long. The Regulars are coming!

A WINDOW slides open, and a MAN leans out.

MAN
Come in, Revere. We're not afraid
of you.

Revere nods hello, relieved.

REVERE
Good to see you, John.

INT. CLARKE HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Revere meets him inside. John Hancock, 38, is the richest man in New England. He wears a lavish banyan over his nightshirt.

REVERE
Expecting someone else?

HANCOCK

We spotted officers on the road.
Adams suggested precautions. He can
be such an alarmist, sometimes --

ADAMS (O.S.)

Like Cassandra, in the epic songs
of old.

Two more men enter the foyer. One is REV. JONAS CLARKE (35).
The other is SAMUEL ADAMS (53). They're also in nightclothes.

ADAMS (CONT'D)

I foretell the truth, but never am
believed. Revere, good to see you.

REVERE

Mr. Adams. Mr. Clarke.

CLARKE

Can you tell us what this is about?

REVERE

You're going to be arrested in the
morning.

(produces the letter)

Complements of Doctor Warren.

Adams takes it. Revere leans on a door frame, exhausted.

REVERE (CONT'D)

Did Dawes and Hitchborn come
through yet?

CLARKE

William Dawes?

HANCOCK

I haven't seen him in months. Or
any of the Hitchborns.

REVERE

They must've been stopped by
patrolmen.

(beat)

I can't stay long. I need to keep
riding to Concord.

Adams folds up the letter, hands it to Hancock.

ADAMS

We'll send someone else. You need
to rest. Stay here. Get some food.

(MORE)

ADAMS (CONT'D)

I'll have a boy take your horse to the stable.

REVERE

Fine. But you should pack. By dawn, this house has to be empty.

INT. CLARKE HOUSE - LATER

The house is abuzz with movement. Clarke's EIGHT CHILDREN and WIFE run up and down stairs. Every minute more REBELS arrive.

EXT. CLARKE HOUSE - NIGHT

A BOY leads Brown Beauty away, while Adams instructs three express riders: LORING, TIDD, and SANDERSON.

LORING

(repeating instructions)
Fifteen hundred men. Marching to Lexington first, then to Concord.

ADAMS

Right. Tidd, go to Bedford. You two, ride to Concord. Godspeed.

The horses gallop off.

INT. CLARKE HOUSE - SAME TIME

Revere digs into a plate of shepherd's pie. Hancock arrives downstairs, fully dressed, a rifle in his hand.

HANCOCK

I'm gonna reconnoiter the Common.
Scope everything out.

REVERE

Wait, Hancock -- you don't need to do that!

Revere tries to follow him out but bumps into Adams.

ADAMS

Revere, I was hoping we could talk about the numbers.

REVERE

The numbers...?

ADAMS

You said you stopped at Mystic and Menotomy. Do you know how many minutemen they have?

REVERE

Yes, it's -- thirty each, I think.

ADAMS

They sent riders to Stoneham, Reading, and Lynnfield. We sent one to Bedford. Even if they all get here in time, it'd only be a hundred-eighty men, and they probably won't get here in time!

REVERE

Dawes went through Cambridge. That's another sixty.

ADAMS

You said yourself that Dawes was probably captured.

There's a COMMOTION outside as another horseman rides up.

DAWES (O.S.)

Evening boys! Glad you got started without me.

REVERE

Dawes!

He meets Dawes at the door and embraces him.

REVERE (CONT'D)

We thought you were arrested.

DAWES

What? No. Haven't met a soul all night. Who wants the letter?

Adams takes it. Dawes collapses in a chair.

REVERE

There we go. Cambridge is informed.

ADAMS

Even with another town militia, our so-called army still won't be a third of what we need.

REVERE

As long as we slow them down --

ADAMS
THE DIE IS CAST!

The room freezes. Clarke looks up from the hall.

ADAMS (CONT'D)
You think Gage sent a thousand-five-hundred men just to guard some munitions? This is an attack. If we succeed and empty the powder house before the army gets there, there will still be a battle. The Regulars will burn Concord to the ground.

REVERE
They wouldn't do that.

ADAMS
The governor needs to make a show of force!

REVERE
Even if that's true, we're already doing everything we can.

ADAMS
It's not enough...! I'm sorry, but we needed this message three days ago.

Adams looks around -- then marches upstairs.

DAWES
We came as soon as we could!

REVERE
No, he's right. ... We started late. That means we can't leave anything to chance.
(thinks)
You said you didn't meet anyone on the road. Are you absolutely sure?

DAWES
There was a farmer, but that's it. Why?

REVERE
I was nearly caught by two patrolmen. If there's two there's probably more.
(Dawes sits up)
And if you didn't meet them, they have to be further west.

CLARKE

Are you thinking there's some sort of ambush?

REVERE

Exactly. Those boys you sent to Concord -- Sanderson and Loring? They're walking into a trap.

DAWES

Well, then what are we doing here?

REVERE

Let's give it an hour. Rest up while we can. Then we'll set out for Concord together.

INT. BUCKMAN LIVERY - NIGHT

The door is pulled open. Revere and Dawes enter.

DAWES

How far is it to Concord?

REVERE

Another ten miles.

DAWES

My legs are still sore from the last ten miles.

Revere throws a saddle on his horse. He rubs her nose.

REVERE

Hey, Brown Beauty. You up for one more ride?

(she snorts)

Yeah, me neither. I got you something.

He shows her an APPLE. Brown Beauty gobbles it up.

REVERE (CONT'D)

Shh! Don't tell anyone. I didn't bring enough for anyone else.

EXT. BUCKMAN LIVERY - MOMENTS LATER

Revere and Dawes canter out of the stable.

EXT. THE GREAT ROAD - NIGHT

They've slowed down to a trot. Brown Beauty wheezes quietly, already out of breath.

DAWES

Nasty business, tanning. Gotta soak the skin in urine to remove the hair, paint it with an alkaline lime, then you scrape off all that's left using a knife --

Revere suddenly stops. Dawes stops as well. The CLIP-CLOP SOUND of a horse continues a moment. *Then* it stops.

DAWES (CONT'D)

What is it?

REVERE

Nothing. Just a feeling.

They keep riding.

DAWES

After that, you bate the hide with pigeon shit. It doesn't have to be pigeon. Dog works just as well.

REVERE

Stop.

(they halt)

We're being followed. Don't look.

We can faintly see the silhouette of a RIDER behind them.

DAWES

Are you sure?

(Revere nods)

What do we do?

REVERE

Keep riding. Follow my lead.

MOMENTS LATER -- The third man continues forward. He enters a patch of moonlight, revealing his face:

He's a YOUNG MAN. Handsome, rich clothes. A bit of a dandy.

He rounds a bend in the road and stops: Revere and Dawes are GONE. The man turns around: *did he take a wrong turn?*

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

Yah!

Revere and Dawes appear out of nowhere and surround him.
Revere grabs the other man's reins.

REVERE (CONT'D)

Who are you and what do you want?

DAWES

You some kind of army spy, watching
us for the general?

THIRD MAN

No, I'm not! I hate the Regular army
and the king and all that stuff. I'm
a doctor. I was seeing a patient.

REVERE

You always go on house calls at one
in the morning?

Dawes seizes the man's lapel. He flinches.

THIRD MAN

I'm sorry! I lied. I was visiting a
girl. My fiancée, Lydia Mulliken. Her
father doesn't know we're engaged, so
I have to see her in secret.

REVERE

What's your name?

PRESCOTT

Prescott! Samuel Prescott.

Dawes lets him go. He turns to Revere:

DAWES

You know anyone named Prescott in
Lexington?

REVERE

There's a Prescott family in Concord.

PRESCOTT

That's us! My father and my
brothers. We're all doctors. I was
going home when you found me.

REVERE

Don't move.

Revere takes Dawes aside.

REVERE (CONT'D)

What do you think?

DAWES

We could make him turn around,
spend the night in Lexington.

PRESCOTT

I could help you!
(they look back)
You're expressmen, right? I know
the Concord area pretty well. And
I'm a Son of Liberty, like you.
Let's join up.

DAWES

I'm sorry, kid, but we don't need
any --

REVERE

Try to keep up.

Dawes shoots a look at Revere. He shrugs.

EXT. CLARKE HOUSE - NIGHT

A trunk is lifted onto a giant CARRIAGE. Hancock helps his
aging aunt LYDIA and fiancée MISS DOLLY inside. He confers
with his high-strung clerk JOHN LOWELL (40s).

HANCOCK

You got all my clothes and my books?

LOWELL

Yes sir. It's all taken care of.

Lowell climbs in after the girls. Hancock addresses them all.

HANCOCK

The coach is gonna take you to a
safe house in Woburn, then it'll
come back for Adams and myself.

MISS DOLLY

Darling, can't you come with us now?

HANCOCK

I want to, love, but there's not
enough room. We'll be fine.

He kisses her and shuts the door. The carriage takes off.

EXT. THE GREAT ROAD - NIGHT

Revere, Dawes, and Prescott canter down an empty road. They reach a cluster of FARM HOUSES.

REVERE
You know who lives here?

PRESCOTT
The Nelsons. Good people.

REVERE
Wake 'em up. Dawes, go with him.
I'll check out the road up ahead.

Prescott and Dawes leave the road. Revere keeps riding.

DOWN THE ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

Revere rounds a bend and stops. The terrain slopes up on either side. A large OAK TREE looms over the trail.

He studies it. Then turns his horse around and gallops back.

EXT. NELSON FARM - NIGHT

Prescott and Dawes finish informing the FARMER.

FARMER
Thanks for the warning. Good luck.

The pair remount their horses. Revere rides up.

REVERE
We've got trouble. Two patrols. Just like the ones outside Charlestown.

DAWES
Can we go another way?

PRESCOTT
There is no other way. This is the only road into Concord going west.

REVERE
It's three against two. I say we try to rush 'em.

EXT. THE GREAT ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

The trio rides abreast. We can scarcely make out the PATROLMEN, hidden behind the tree. Revere holds his breath.

The officers move onto the path.

PATROLMAN
Hold it there!

Revere and the others stop. Prescott grips his riding whip.

REVERE
Now!!

They GALLOP FORWARD. Suddenly -- TWO MORE HORSEMEN charge down the slope, joining the two by the tree.

Revere rears his horse and turns back, but --

Patrolmen FIVE, SIX, and SEVEN race down the incline behind them, cutting off their retreat.

One man points a pistol at Revere (CAPTAIN LUMM).

CAPTAIN LUMM
Move another inch, you're a dead man.

It's seven against three. They're trapped.

EXT. PASTURE - NIGHT

The trio is herded onto a field. A few more OFFICERS wait by a FOREST at the edge of the pasture.

CAPTAIN LUMM
Find Mitchell. Tell him we caught
three more Rebels.
(to the first two patrols)
You two, go back to the highway.

Three of the horsemen ride off.

CAPTAIN LUMM (CONT'D)
Search 'em.

A LARGE PATROLMAN dismounts. He grabs Revere and heaves him off his saddle. He frisks him roughly.

Captain Lumm points his gun at Prescott and Dawes. They dismount as well. The other patrolmen search them.

PRESCOTT
Careful, please. That's a brand new vest.

PATROLMAN
Shut up.

LARGE PATROL
(re: Revere)
He's clean.

PATROLMAN
So are they.

One of them holds a lantern up to Revere.

LANTERN PATROL
Hey! I know him. That's Paul Revere.

This creates a stir among the officers.

CAPTAIN LUMM
Is that true?
(Revere nods)
Why were you on the King's Road?

REVERE
I'm delivering secret messages for the Rebels.

PATROLMAN
He won't even deny it!

CAPTAIN LUMM
Fine. Tie them up with the others.

The patrolmen push the trio into the woods.

PRESCOTT
The others...?

They are forced into a ditch, where FOUR PRISONERS are tied up. We recognize some from Lexington.

REVERE
Lemme guess. Sanderson and Loring?

LORING
So they got you, too, huh?

There's also a ONE-ARMED PEDDLER and a Rebel named BROWN.

DAWES

But if *they* got captured too, then
that means --

REVERE

No one's made it through. Concord
doesn't know.

We hear the GALLOP of approaching hooves. Mitchell rides up.

MITCHELL

Where are they?

He sees the new captives.

LANTERN PATROL

That one there is Paul Revere.

MITCHELL

This one?

Mitchell dismounts. He grabs Revere by his neck and drags him
into the clearing.

DAWES

Hey!

PRESCOTT

What are you doing!?

CAPTAIN LUMM

We already searched him.

Mitchell draws his pistol. Points it at Revere's head.

CAPTAIN LUMM (CONT'D)

Major, he's tied up! He wasn't even
armed.

Mitchell stops.

MITCHELL

Where's his horse?

He spots Brown Beauty and makes the connection. He snatches
her reins away from another patrolman.

PATROLMAN

She's played out, sir. They must've
been riding all night.

REVERE

You can take her to Hartwell Tavern.
It's less than a mile --

BANG!! Mitchell shoots Brown Beauty through the head.

The animal collapses. Everyone is stunned. Revere lunges at Mitchell. Patrolmen hold him back.

REVERE (CONT'D)
You bastard, you didn't have to do that!

MITCHELL
This is how your country deals with traitors! If anyone attacks the army tomorrow, the same thing will happen to them.

Revere settles down. The patrolmen step back.

PRESCOTT
Now what? We just stay here?

DAWES
There's nothing we can do.
(to Revere)
Gage outplayed us. You were never gonna make it to Concord.

Revere doesn't move. He eyes the lifeless body of his steed. Dawes gently grabs his shoulder. He pulls Revere away.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. PASTURE - NIGHT

It's unclear how much time has passed.

Revere stands alone, his hands tied up. Mitchell is back on his horse. Dawes and Prescott are with the other prisoners.

PRESCOTT
I'm starting to regret coming with you.

DAWES
You'll be fine. A slap on the wrist. Maybe a week in jail. They'll get Revere on treason though. Try him in England. Might have him hanged.

A peal of laughter reaches them from Mitchell. Dawes glances over. When he looks back, Revere is striding toward him.

DAWES (CONT'D)
What are you thinking, Paul?

REVERE

What happens to me doesn't matter.
(beat)

The message is the mission. When I
say, run for your horses.

Revere walks past them.

PRESCOTT

What? No! I'm already in trouble.

DAWES

Shut up and do what he says.

Revere approaches a PATROLMAN, sitting on a log, cleaning his
teeth with a pick. The man looks up, rises to his feet.

TOOTHPICK PATROL

Can I help you?

Revere looks him over.

REVERE

PUT ON!!

He snatches a pistol out of Toothpick's belt and shoves him
back, knocking him over the log.

Everyone reacts. Dawes wallops his tied-up fists into the
face of the man holding his horse.

Mitchell turns his own horse around.

Revere aims at Mitchell. He fires -- just as Large Patrolman
tackles him from the side. BANG!! He grazes Mitchell's arm.

Prescott and Dawes leap onto their steeds and take off.

MITCHELL

After them! Go!

Four patrolmen mount their horses and gallop after the pair.

Prescott and Dawes hurtle over the damp, black grass.

CRACK! CRACK!!

Two gunshots ring out behind them.

PRESCOTT

I knew this was a mistake!

DAWES

Keep going! I'll draw them away.

He steers his horse away from Prescott, back to the highway. One patrolman follows him. The others stay with Prescott.

DAWES (CONT'D)

Hey, over here! I've got two of them!

His voice echoes over the field.

Two of Prescott's followers pull to a stop. They chase after Dawes instead. The last one stays with Prescott.

WITH REVERE

He clubs the large patrolman with the pistol, then staggers to his feet and runs for the road.

In seconds he is surrounded by five officers on horseback. They draw their swords, pointing them at his head.

Revere stops. He puts his hands up.

WITH DAWES

He gallops into the woods, darting between trees. A tree branch WALLOPS him in the chest, knocking him to the ground.

His horse keeps running.

DAWES

Come back, you worthless animal!

The patrolmen thunder past him, chasing down Major Shirley. They disappear into the night.

WITH PRESCOTT

His horse bounds a low granite wall. The patrolman leaps it as well.

They bolt into a forest. The patrolman follows him in. He draws to a stop. Looks around. Prescott has vanished.

PATROLMAN

Dammit.

He turns his horse around and returns to the pasture.

WITH REVERE

Mitchell's sword pokes the flesh under Paul Revere's chin.

MITCHELL

You try that again and I'll blow
your brains out.

REVERE

You missed your aim.

MITCHELL

What?

REVERE

I've alarmed every town on the
road. Now Concord's warned as well.
Soon all of Massachusetts will know
the general's designs.

PATROLMAN

Horseshit.

REVERE

They'll know more than you do!

(beat)

A thousand men left Boston at ten.
They ferried over Back Bay and
landed at Lechmere's Point with
orders to arrest Hancock and Adams
and secure Concord's munitions.

The patrols exchange looks. The other captured Rebels sit up.

LARGE PATROL

Is that true?

LANTERN PATROL

How does he know so much?!

REVERE

Five hundred Rebels are already
mustered in Lexington, with more
coming in every hour.

CAPTAIN LUMM

Colonel Smith needs to know -- !

MITCHELL

Quiet! We'll see for ourselves. Put
them all on horses. If he's lying,
then we'll execute all five of them.

EXT. HARTWELL TAVERN - NIGHT

Prescott reaches a TWO STORY INN. He slides off his horse and
stumbles to the door, bent over.

PRESCOTT
Hartwell, open up! Mr. Hartwell --

The tavern door is opened by a SLAVE. The tavern owner EPHRAIM HARTWELL (68) appears behind him.

EPHRAIM HARTWELL
Prescott? What do you want?

PRESCOTT
The redcoats are coming. Warn as many people as you can.

He runs back to his horse, mounts it, and gallops off.

EXT. THE GREAT ROAD - NIGHT

The ten patrolmen lead the prisoners back to Lexington. Revere is double mounted with Brown, sitting back-to-back.

A GUNSHOT sounds behind them. The patrolmen wheel around.

MITCHELL
What was that?

There's ANOTHER GUNSHOT. Then a THIRD.

REVERE
The signal. Another town's just been alerted.

LORING
You think our friends in Lexington will let you get away when they see you've got us captive?

SANDERSON
If you carry us into town like this, they'll kill you.

The patrolmen look terrified. TOWN BELLS sound nearby.

PATROLMAN
Those are coming from Lexington...!
(desperate)
If the word's already out, what does it matter if we hold them?

MITCHELL
Pull them down. We'll deal with them right here.

A patrolman grabs Revere's collar and drags him to the ground. Mitchell canters up. Draws his sword.

Revere shuts his eyes. Mitchell SWINGS DOWN, and -- *SWISH!!*
Cuts through the rope on Revere's wrists.

The other prisoners are freed as well.

MITCHELL (CONT'D)
Take their horses. Let's get the
hell out of here.

They grab the animals' reins and gallop away.

LORING
Now what? We can't get to Concord
on foot.

REVERE
Dawes and Prescott escaped.

SANDERSON
Dawes had three men on him. There's
no way he got through.

BROWN
That leaves Prescott.

The Lexington boys exchange WORRIED LOOKS.

REVERE
What? He said he's a Son of Liberty.

LORING
Everyone's a Son of Liberty. We need
a Rebel. Not some preening doctor
trying to impress his fiancée.

REVERE
He'll have to do. What matters now is
getting things ready in Lexington.

EXT. LEXINGTON GREEN - NIGHT

Mitchell and his patrolmen ride up and stop. The Green is
MOSTLY EMPTY. A few men loiter around Buckman Tavern.

LANTERN PATROL
That son of a bitch!

MITCHELL
There's gotta be twenty people here!
(turns horse around)
(MORE)

MITCHELL (CONT'D)

I'm going back to finish that little shit!

CAPTAIN LUMM

Major, if this is all they have, it's a *good thing*. We can tell Colonel Smith, make sure he's prepared. Let's keep riding east.

Mitchell thinks it over. He nods and gallops forward.

EXT. PARKER HOUSE - NIGHT

A simple, saltbox farmhouse. A MESSENGER rides up.

INT. PARKER HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The messenger enters without knocking.

MESSENGER

Hello? Captain Parker! The Regulars are coming. We need you on the Green.

MRS. PARKER appears with a candle.

MRS. PARKER

What are you doing? You can't just barge in here like that.

MESSENGER

I'm sorry, ma'am. Your husband was picked to lead the militia. It's assembling in town right now.

MRS. PARKER

He can't. John's sick. He barely got to bed three hours ago.

CAPTAIN PARKER (O.S.)

Lydia.

CAPT. JOHN PARKER (46) is standing in the bedroom door. He is pale and dripping with sweat -- dying from tuberculosis.

CAPTAIN PARKER (CONT'D)

I spent my whole life fighting for King George. Now I have a chance --

He bursts into coughs and collapses onto a chair.

MRS. PARKER

He can't even stand! You'll have to find somebody else.

MESSENGER

There is nobody else.

CAPTAIN PARKER

I'll be dead in six months anyway.
At least let me die for a cause.

She considers him, then nods. The messenger helps him up.

EXT. ALEWIFE BROOK - NIGHT

Col. Smith leads the Regular army over a short, stone bridge. Horsemen appear up ahead. Smith stops.

SMITH

Halt!
(they stop)
Muskets!

They point their guns forward. The patrolmen ride up.

SMITH (CONT'D)

Halt, in the name of the king! Speak the password, or go no further!

MITCHELL

Patrol! I'm on your side, dammit.
(the soldiers relax)
You've been exposed. The Rebels are assembling in Lexington.

SMITH

How many?

MITCHELL

Dozens, maybe. The county's been alarmed. We heard it from Paul Revere himself.

SMITH

Fine. I can handle this.
(to his aide)
Send a rider to General Gage.
Request reinforcements.

AIDE-DE-CAMP

Yes sir.

The aide rides off to make arrangements.

SMITH
 Major Pitcairn!
 (a MARINE approaches on
 horseback)
 If the locals seize the bridges at
 Concord, we'll be cut off from our
 aim. Assemble six companies and go
 on ahead.

PITCAIRN
 Right away, Colonel.

SMITH
 And Pitcairn!
 (Pitcairn turns around)
 Everything will depend on speed.

Pitcairn nods. He canters down the line, giving instructions.

PITCAIRN
 Fourth Foot! Fifth Foot! Tenth
 Foot! Twenty-third Foot!

There's a commotion as soldiers reorganize into different
 groups. Whispers spread among the troops:

REDCOATS
 There are Rebels in Lexington. /
 They already know that we're coming!

Some of them mutter prayers under their breath. All of them
 are scared. 200 TROOPS separate into the vanguard.

PITCAIRN
 Lieutenant Adair.
 (a foot soldier steps up)
 Set the pace. To Concord with
 utmost speed.

JESSE ADAIR
 Yes sir.
 (shouting)
 FIFES AND DRUMS!!!

A handful of BOYS begin playing music.

JESSE ADAIR (CONT'D)
 FORWARD MARCH!!

Adair leads the detachment forward.

MITCHELL
 Colonel Smith. Permission to
 accompany them?

SMITH

Granted. Take your flock as well.
Maybe this time you'll be useful.

The patrolmen turn and follow Pitcairn west.

EXT. CLARKE HOUSE - NIGHT

Revere runs up, clutching his side. We hear RAISED VOICES within. The coach is parked by the entrance.

INT. CLARKE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Revere enters. The house is empty. Chairs and dropped clothes are strewn all over the floor.

ADAMS (O.S.)

John, see reason! You're more
useful to the cause as a statesman!

Revere moves into the dining room, where Adams, Clarke, and Hancock are still gathered.

REVERE

Why haven't you left yet?

ADAMS

Ask him.

HANCOCK

I'm not going! People will be talking
about this day for centuries. I'd be
damned if anyone said I ran away.

REVERE

I'd be damned if they said you got
yourself arrested either.

CLARKE

Or needlessly killed.

HANCOCK

I don't care. My grandpa built this
house. I won't leave it now out of
fear.

REVERE

Hey! I rode twenty miles to get here!
I've been ambushed, chased, and shot
at, and I watched my horse get killed
right in front of me.

(MORE)

REVERE (CONT'D)

So either you're getting on that coach, or I'm knocking you out, tying you up, and putting you there myself.

CUT TO:

THE COACH DOOR

-- slamming shut on Hancock's face. Revere circles around and climbs in on the other side.

REVERE

Let's go!

The driver cracks his whip and the coach jerks into motion.

INT. COACH, LEXINGTON GREEN - NIGHT

The coach turns onto the Green, driving east. Revere checks the window: 30 to 40 REBELS are assembled on the lawn.

EXT. LEXINGTON ROAD - NIGHT

Adair leads. Pitcairn rides at the back. They pass a set of BOULDERS known as "The Rocks."

JESSE ADAIR

Two miles to Lexington!!

The young soldiers harden their faces.

EXT. PARSONAGE, WOBURN - NIGHT

The coach rolls to a stop. Revere climbs out.

INT. PARSONAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Hancock lets himself in. Miss Dolly flies into his arms. Revere and Adams shuffle in behind him.

MISS DOLLY

Thank God! I thought you'd try to stay behind and fight.

HANCOCK

I wouldn't dream of it.

LOWELL

Sir, you have to go back. I forgot
your second trunk at Buckman Tavern.

HANCOCK

What do you mean, you forgot
it?!

ADAMS

Dammit, John. I told you to
take care of that.

REVERE

What trunk?

HANCOCK

It's where I keep my papers.

LOWELL

Finance ledgers, meeting notes,
letters from other colonies...!

ADAMS

It'll give Gage everything he needs
to lock up half of Boston.

Revere sighs. He is worn out and shaking from lack of sleep.

HANCOCK

They're not gonna search every room.

REVERE

Save it.

(points at Lowell)

You're coming with me. Nobody else
leave the house.

MISS DOLLY

Buckman's on the Lexington Green.
That place will be a graveyard in
less than an hour!

REVERE

Then that's how long I have to get
it out.

EXT. PARSONAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Revere and Lowell exit the house. Above them, the nighttime
sky is beginning to turn GRAY.

EXT. THE GREAT ROAD - EARLY MORNING

Prescott gallops forward. Birds twitter. Color seeps into the
trees. A HORIZON emerges before him.

The outline of several BUILDINGS is visible, including a few church steeples. *Prescott has made it to Concord.*

EXT. CONCORD - EARLY MORNING

Prescott charges through. Half the town is already awake -- doing chores or eating breakfast.

PRESCOTT

The redcoats are coming! The redcoats
are coming! ... Get ready to fight!

EXT. EMERSON HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Prescott dismounts and runs to the door. It opens before he gets there. Out steps WILLIAM EMERSON (32). Fully dressed.

EMERSON

Prescott?

PRESCOTT

Reverend Emerson, sir. The redcoats
are coming. They'll be in Lexington
any minute.

EMERSON

In Lexington?! Why didn't we hear
about this sooner??

PRESCOTT

There were officers on the road.
Most the messengers got caught.
Paul Revere got caught. I'm the
only one who made it through.

EMERSON

A late warning's better than no
warning at all. Tell your folks, then
go to Barrett's farm. The powder's at
his mill. We'll take it out before
the king's men can retrieve it.

PRESCOTT

Yes sir.

EXT. LEXINGTON GREEN - MORNING

The sky gets brighter. Capt. Parker inspects the Lexington militia, including a black man named PRINCE ESTABROOK.

CAPTAIN PARKER
Winslow, Hobbs, glad to have you.
Estabrook, do you have enough
powder for that musket?

ESTABROOK
Ten rounds, captain.

CAPTAIN PARKER
Try to find more.

John Parker's older brother JONAS steps up to embrace him.

JONAS PARKER
John! I knew consumption couldn't
keep you down.

CAPTAIN PARKER
How's Mum?

JONAS PARKER
Better tonight than I've seen her
in years.

LEXINGTON MINUTEMAN
I finished the count, sir. There's
fifty-seven men.

JONAS PARKER
Fifty-seven...!?

CAPTAIN PARKER
It'll have to do. It's time.
Assemble into formation!

The Rebels arrange themselves into TWO ROWS of 30 men each.

EXT. BUCKMAN TAVERN - MORNING

Revere and Lowell circle around to the front of the Buckman lodge. In the BG we see Parker and his men forming up.

INT. BUCKMAN TAVERN - CONTINUOUS

The taproom is empty except for a BARMAID cleaning up.

LOWELL
It's upstairs.

Revere follows him up.

BARMAID

Wait -- excuse me! Can I help you?

Lowell and Revere reach the landing. Lowell tries a door.

LOWELL

It's locked.

Revere turns around and bumps into the maid, coming up.

REVERE

Ma'am, we need to get this door open at once.

BARMAID

I'll see what I can do.

She produces a RING OF KEYS, inserts one in the lock. It doesn't fit. She tries another one. The door swings open.

REVERE

Thank you very much, ma'am.

BARMAID

You best be leaving soon. I heard someone say the redcoats are coming.

REVERE

Trust me, we know.

In the corner of the room Lowell finds an ENORMOUS TRUNK, bound in leather and studded with nails. He checks inside.

LOWELL

It's all here -- No, wait! This should go as well.

He grabs some papers off the desk, shoves them into the trunk. He grabs some books. Revere straightens up.

REVERE

Do you hear that?

LOWELL

What?

REVERE

... Music.

Barely audible is -- the sound of FIFES AND DRUMS.

Revere strides through a hallway, checking every window. He enters another room and stands on a chair to look through a window at the road. Now he can see *it* too:

AN ENDLESS COLUMN OF BAYONETS AND RED JACKETS -- 200 REGULAR SOLDIERS, stretching down Lexington Road.

The Regular army is here.

REVERE (CONT'D)

Lowell!!

(climbs back down)

Lowell, finish up, we gotta go!

EXT. LEXINGTON ROAD - DAY

Lt. Adair leads the men into Lexington. As they round a bend, the Lexington Green comes into view:

At the nearest corner of the triangle is the MEETING HOUSE, three stories high. To its left is the belfry and to its right, across the northern road, is Buckman tavern.

The Rebels are gathered at the far end, on the NW corner.

As he marches closer, Adair sees that -- THE ROAD SPLITS IN TWO before the meetinghouse.

JESSE ADAIR

Major...? Major Pitcairn...?

Riding in the back, Major Pitcairn doesn't hear him.

INT. BUCKMAN TAVERN - CONTINUOUS

Lowell slams the trunk shut, secures the lid.

LOWELL

Let's clear out.

Revere lifts up one side, Lowell grabs the other.

LOWELL (CONT'D)

Good Lord!

REVERE

This thing weighs a ton!

They hobble through the door and down the stairs.

LOWELL (CONT'D)

You know where we're taking this?

REVERE

Straight west? Hide it in the woods?

LOWELL

Sounds like a plan.

EXT. LEXINGTON ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Adair looks between the two directions: left vs. right.

REDCOAT

Concord's on the left, sir, isn't it?

Adair doesn't answer. He considers the Rebel militia:
assembled on the NORTH side of the Green... To the right.

REDCOAT (CONT'D)

Sir, which way?

They're ten feet from the fork... five feet...

JESSE ADAIR

Right!!

He marches onto the right hand road.

EXT. BUCKMAN TAVERN - CONTINUOUS

Thirty feet ahead of the column, Revere and Lowell stagger
out of the Buckman's front door. They look around and see the
army coming straight for them.

LOWELL

Oh shit!

REVERE

Move!

They hobble across the field, toward the Rebel lines.

EXT. LEXINGTON ROAD - CONTINUOUS

At the back of the column, Pitcairn sees Adair turn right.

PITCAIRN

What's he doing? Concord's to the
left!

He spurs his horse forward, trotting past his army.

PITCAIRN (CONT'D)

Left! Turn left!

The remaining soldiers turn left when they hit the fork, but
half of them are already following Adair down the right path.

EXT. LEXINGTON GREEN - CONTINUOUS

The militia watches as the Regulars approach. Captain Parker stands between his brother Jonas and Rev. Clarke.

CLARKE

There are so few of us, it is folly
to stand here.

JONAS PARKER

The time for discussion has passed.

CAPTAIN PARKER

Stand your ground! Don't fire
unless fired upon! But if they want
to have a war -- let it begin here!

The minutemen give a FAINT CHEER.

The Regular column picks up speed, almost breaking into a run. Seventy yards from the Rebels, they separate, re-organizing into battle formation. Two rows of soldiers are formed, across from the militia --

And directly in between the Regulars and the Rebels ARE
LOWELL AND REVERE.

LOWELL

Revere, they're gonna open fire...!

REVERE

I see them, keep walking!

Revere glances back and spots Mitchell. They lock eyes.
Mitchell looks apoplectic.

Pitcairn watches from the Concord Road.

PITCAIRN

Halt!

The second half of the vanguard stops marching. Pitcairn canters across the Green to Adair and his men.

Revere and Lowell reach the Rebel lines. They shuffle between the minutemen, struggling with the trunk.

REVERE

Excuse me!

LOWELL

Pardon me, let us through!

They pass the militia and make for the edge of the Common.

Pitcairn rides along the Regular lines.

PITCAIRN
 Whatever you do, don't fire.
 (to the Rebels)
 Throw down your arms! Disperse! In
 the name of the king, disperse!

The Rebels don't move an inch.

PITCAIRN (CONT'D)
 (to Adair)
 Begin marching forward. Keep ranks
 and surround them.

JESSE ADAIR
 Forward march!

The wide line of Regulars marches forward in unison.

The Rebels exchange nervous looks.

LEXINGTON MINUTEMAN
 What do we do? ... Captain Parker,
 should we break up?

Parker glances around. His mind races.

Some of his militia are still in their teens. Others are
 fathers or grandfathers.

WITH REVERE

Revere and Lowell cross the road at the edge of the Common.
 Revere glances back.

WITH CAPTAIN PARKER

The Regulars keep advancing.

LEXINGTON MINUTEMAN
 Captain Parker?

Parker turns to his brother, desperate.

CAPTAIN PARKER
 (quiet)
 I can't do this.

JONAS PARKER
 John...?

CAPTAIN PARKER
I won't lead our men into a
slaughter.
(louder)
Disperse! ... Everyone disperse!
Break up the militia!

No one's sure if they heard it. Only a few people move.

Mitchell watches as the Rebels start to scatter.

MITCHELL
To hell with this.

He draws his pistol, aims at the Rebels, and --

PITCAIRN
Major, halt!

-- **BANG!!!**

There's a blast of WHITE SMOKE. It's answered by a REBEL MUSKET half-a-second later -- then TWO MORE REGULARS fire --

Then *everyone* starts shooting.

The Regulars charge. Their guns go off in a steady, rising CRACKLE. A handful of Rebels are hit.

CAPTAIN PARKER	JONAS PARKER
Disperse! Everyone disband.	Hold fast! Stand and fight!

JONAS PARKER
Hold fast! Stand and fight!

Half the militia run for the hills. The others keep firing.

PITCAIRN
Halt! Cease fire. Do not advance!

His words have no effect.

A minuteman reloads, dropping TWO BALLS into his musket instead of one. He aims at Pitcairn, and --

BOOM!! His musket explodes in his face.

A Regular lieutenant loses control of his horse. It gallops straight for what remains of the Lexington line. Rebels dive out of the way as it charges right through them.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Revere and Lowell hobble through the trees. They drop the trunk and collapse, gasping for air.

REVERE
That should do for now.

LOWELL
Did you see who fired first?

Revere shakes his head.

EXT. LEXINGTON GREEN - DAY

The Rebels are getting their asses kicked. Regulars plunge their bayonets into screaming men.

Prince Estabrook gets shot in the shoulder.

INT. BUCKMAN TAVERN - DAY

Redcoats surge into the taproom. They snatch up anything they can carry. Silverware. Money. Dropped books and clothing.

REDCOAT
Check upstairs!

A few men bound upstairs and smash open doors.

EXT. LEXINGTON GREEN - CONTINUOUS

PITCAIRN
Get back in formation! You're king's
soldiers, not a band of cutthroats!

A bullet hits his horse. It whinnies and topples over.

Jonas Parker shoots a Regular in the thigh. He reloads, takes aim, and -- WHZZZ!! -- a bullet flies through his heart!

He drops the gun, collapses to his knees. His younger brother catches him. Blood oozes out of Jonas's chest.

CAPTAIN PARKER
I got you, Jonas! I'm here.

JONAS PARKER
Who'd've thought that I would die
before you?

Jonas fades away.

Four Regulars chase a MINUTEMAN into the meeting house.

INT. MEETING HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The minuteman flies into the loft and bolts the door. The room is filled with sacks and kegs of GUNPOWDER. This is the Lexington arsenal. The troops try to ram the door open.

MINUTEMAN

I got a thousand pounds of powder
in here! You open that door, I'll
blow you all sky-high!

BANG!! They slam into the door. The minuteman opens a keg and thrusts his pistol into the powder.

MINUTEMAN (CONT'D)

This is your last chance!

BANG!! The wood by the hinges cracks.

The Rebel cocks his gun. We hear MUFFLED SPEAKING through the door. Then footsteps as the Regulars hurry away.

EXT. LEXINGTON GREEN - DAY

Pitcairn staggers around. He sees something and stops.

PITCAIRN

Oh no...!

COLONEL SMITH has reached the Lexington Common with the rest of the Regular force. He scans the battlefield, aghast.

Smith canters forward.

SMITH

Major Pitcairn, what in hell's
eternal fire is going on here?

PITCAIRN

The Lexington Rebels are dealt with,
sir. Their parties have dispersed.

SMITH

Like hell! This looks like a
goddamn mess!

Smith spots a DRUMMER watching the conflict.

SMITH (CONT'D)

You there. Beat to arms.

The boy snaps to. He beats out a rhythm on his drum. All over the field, the Regulars stop what they're doing.

SMITH (CONT'D)
Soldiers of the King's Own! Form up.

The men race to assemble into formation.

PITCAIRN
It's not as bad as it looks, sir.

SMITH
I sent you to take the bridges at Concord! If you're here, those bridges aren't secure, and every minute we spend on this field is wasted.

PITCAIRN
What about Hancock and Adams?

SMITH
They're gone now, Major! Probably cut and ran as soon as you started shooting. Fortunately, a barn full of munitions is harder to move.

EXT. CONCORD - DAY

THE TOWN IS IN CHAOS!! Woman and children scramble to evacuate. Some carry furniture. Others hide their valuables. A few bid farewell to their husbands and sons.

Emerson supervises from outside the COURTHOUSE, where an extra magazine is kept. Minutemen scoop powder into HORNS.

EMERSON
Everyone get as far west as you can. Don't take anything. Just go.

YOUNG REBEL
What about me?

EMERSON
If you can fight, go to the North Bridge. That's where we'll make our stand.

Emerson turns around to see an OLDER REBEL snatch a keg of powder off the pile. Emerson grabs the keg.

EMERSON (CONT'D)
Where are you going with that?

OLD REBEL
I need it to kill the redcoats.

EMERSON

You're gonna fight the entire redcoat army on your own? Take thirty rounds and save the rest for later.

The old man grumbles and turns away. TWO WAGONS roll up.

EMERSON (CONT'D)

No! Not here. Get 'em to Barrett's mill. Tell everyone with a cart to go to Barrett's mill, on the other side of the bridge!

EXT. BARRETT'S MILL - DAY

JAMES BARRETT leads Prescott to his barn. He's 64. Heavy, with a cherubic face and a floppy brown hat.

JAMES BARRETT

You say the army's already on it's way?

PRESCOTT

Yes, sir. They're probably leaving Lexington right now.

JAMES BARRETT

That doesn't give us very much time. I'm leading the Concord militia, so I can't stick around, but all my sons and farmhands will help out. Make sure this room is empty by midday.

Barrett unlocks the barn door and opens it. They stare at a vast, cavernous ROOM -- stacked to the ceiling with barrels.

PRESCOTT

Mother of God...!

JAMES BARRETT

The powder alone weighs fourteen thousand pounds. Then there's muskets, cannons, field tents.

PRESCOTT

Everything you need to supply the king's army.

JAMES BARRETT

Our army, now. The future of Massachusetts is in this room.

A cart arrives. Barrett's son EPHRAIM leaps down (30s).

EPHRAIM BARRETT

Dad! I came as soon as I heard.
Stephen's coming too with a wagon.

JAMES BARRETT

Ephraim, you know Mr. Prescott?

EPHRAIM BARRETT

How do you do?

Instead of shaking hands, Ephraim strides past Prescott and grabs a keg of powder. He heaves it onto the cart.

EPHRAIM BARRETT (CONT'D)

You better get going. The minutemen
are gathering on the bridge.

PRESCOTT

What about the town?

EPHRAIM BARRETT

It's being evacuated. By the time
the army gets there it'll be empty.

EXT. HARTWELL TAVERN - DAY

The Regular army marches past the inn Prescott warned.
Pitcairn confers with Smith:

PITCAIRN

Should we halt, sir?

SMITH

We don't rest until we reach Concord.

INT. PARSONAGE, WOBURN - DAY

Revere stumbles in with Lowell. They heave the trunk onto the floor. Hancock, Miss Dolly, and Adams are waiting for them.

ADAMS

You got it!

HANCOCK

Well done!

They collapse into chairs, grim-faced. Neither of them speak.

MISS DOLLY

What is it?

ADAMS

Did you see the battle?

Revere nods.

LOWELL

It was a massacre. We were outnumbered.

HANCOCK

How is that possible?!

MISS DOLLY

John --

HANCOCK

After everything King George and the governor have done! The occupation. King Street. The Intolerable Acts. How can no one show up when it matters?

ADAMS

Maybe no one cares about all that. People talk about change, but when the chance comes to take it, it's easier to stay home. Complacency always wins.

REVERE

I don't believe that.

ADAMS

Then where the hell are they?

REVERE

I don't know.

(beat)

It isn't over. We still have a chance at Concord. I just hope it's enough.

INT. BARRETT'S MILL - DAY

A massive operation has formed to empty the mill. Men, women, farmhands, a couple of slaves -- about two dozen people in total. They move munitions into six carts waiting outside.

EXT. BARRETT'S MILL - CONTINUOUS

Ephraim confers with a DRIVER on a filled-up wagon.

EPHRAIM BARRETT

Where are you taking that load?

WAGON DRIVER

To Hubbard's farm.

EPHRAIM BARRETT
That's not far enough. Go all the
way to Sudbury.

The driver nods and cracks the reins. The wagon takes off.
Prescott passes Ephraim, rolling a barrel.

PRESCOTT
We haven't even made a dent in this.

EPHRAIM BARRETT
Don't stop. We'll do as much as we
can.

EXT. NORTH BRIDGE - DAY

A timber pile bridge, 100 feet long, arching gently over the
CONCORD RIVER. The Rebels take positions -- almost two
hundred men. Barrett and Emerson supervise.

JAMES BARRETT
I want the Chelmsford and Groton
militias behind that wall. Captain
Davis, assemble your men in double
file, closer to the bridge.

EMERSON
How long will your boys need to
empty the mill?

JAMES BARRETT
Another hour. Maybe two.

A grumpy, round-faced LIEUTENANT approaches. He tips his hat.

REBEL LT.
Colonel Barrett. Reverend.

JAMES BARRETT
Lieutenant.

REBEL LT.
Not exactly fifteen hundred.

JAMES BARRETT
It'll have to do.

REBEL LT.
Every other town thinks we're
gathering on Punkatasset Hill.

JAMES BARRETT

We can't spare the men for a welcome party, lieutenant. Latecomers will just have to find us on their own.

A YOUNG BOY hurries across the bridge and locates Emerson. Emerson kneels beside him.

EMERSON

Is there anyone left in the village?

YOUNG BOY

Just Elias Brown and a couple of stragglers. No one who can fight.

EMERSON

Good boy. Go and find your mother.
(the boy keeps running)
Looks like this is it.

EXT. CONCORD - DAY

Col. Smith leads the Regular forces into Concord. It's a GHOST TOWN. Almost every house has been abandoned.

SMITH

Captain Laurie. Take seven companies and secure the northern bridge. Then go on ahead to Barrett's mill.

CAPTAIN LAURIE

Very good, sir.

SMITH

Hamilton, take a company to the South Bridge. The rest of you, scour the village. Make sure they didn't hide anything in town.

EXT. NORTH BRIDGE - DAY

The Rebels stand frozen, weapons poised, faces set.

The enemy arrives. CAPT. LAURIE appears from around a corner, leading a detachment of 400 Regular soldiers.

EMERSON

Stand your ground. Your cause is just and God will bless you.

The army gets closer, fanning out to cover the embankment.

INT. BARRETT'S MILL - DAY

The arsenal is HALF EMPTY. Ephraim throws a keg down from the loft. Prescott catches it. He freezes. Everyone stops what they're doing.

The popping of FAR-OFF MUSKETS can be heard.

PRESCOTT
That's coming from the bridge...!

EPHRAIM BARRETT
They're not here yet. Keep going.

He tosses another powder keg to Prescott.

EXT. NORTH BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

A cloud of MUSKET SMOKE hangs over the river. The fighting is brutal and desperate. People fall in the water. One man buries a hatchet in a redcoat's scull. A Rebel gets grazed on the cheek. He checks his bleeding face.

REBEL GUARDS
What are they firing? Jack knives?!

Emerson seeks out Barrett.

EMERSON
We have to retreat.

JAMES BARRETT
It's too soon.

EMERSON
I don't care. We can't let our men
get butchered like in Lexington.

A Rebel gets killed right beside them. Barrett nods.

JAMES BARRETT
FALL BACK TO PUNKATASSET HILL!!

The Rebels scramble to get away.

Across the river, Capt. Laurie barks orders.

CAPT. LAURIE
Parsons! Lead four companies across
and retrieve those munitions.

EXT. BARRETT'S MILL - DAY

There are two carts left, almost full. Ephraim hoists a barrel onto one of them.

EPHRAIM BARRETT
That's it. Good luck.

The wagon rolls away. Ephraim addresses the last cart:

EPHRAIM BARRETT (CONT'D)
Where are you going?

WAGON DRIVER
Acton.

EPHRAIM BARRETT
Alright. Move it out.

The cart leaves, taking some of the farmhands with it. Only a few people are left: Prescott, Ephraim, and Ephraim's two brothers: STEPHEN and PETER (both 20s).

A REBEL runs up, clutching an injured arm.

CONCORD REBEL
They're coming. The Regulars have made it past the river.

PRESCOTT
What else is left? We got all the powder.

EPHRAIM BARRETT
The cannons.

STEPHEN BARRETT
Shit, he's right.

PETER BARRETT
I forgot about those.

PRESCOTT
What do you mean? What cannons?

Ephraim marches back into the mill. The others follow.

PRESCOTT (CONT'D)
Wait! *What cannons??*

INT. BARRETT'S MILL - MOMENTS LATER

A sheet is pulled off -- TWO 24-POUNDER LONG GUNS. They are both nine feet long. Prescott turns white.

EPHRAIM BARRETT

We stole them off a ship they dismantled
in Portsmouth.

PRESCOTT

These must be five thousand pounds each.
It takes twelve people just to *fire* one
of these.

PETER BARRETT

How long do we have?

STEPHEN BARRETT

Twenty minutes, maybe less.

PRESCOTT

Call back the last wagon!

EPHRAIM BARRETT

We can't. It's already full, and
the guns weigh too much anyway.

Prescott turns away. He stares outside at the OPEN FARMLAND.

STEPHEN BARRETT

Maybe we can scuttle them.

PETER BARRETT

With what? The powder's gone.

PRESCOTT

I've got it!

(turns around)

You two, hook up the horses.

Ephraim, find some shovels. We'll
bury them in the field outside.

The Barretts exchange looks -- then they jump into action.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

150 redcoats march down the trail, led by CAPT. PARSONS. A
few of Mitchell's patrolmen ride with them.

They turn left at a fork in the road.

INT. BARRETT'S MILL - DAY

Stephen and Peter attach the first cannon to a pair of large
DRAFT HORSES. Stephen clicks his tongue, leading them
forward. The line goes taught. The cannon doesn't budge.

STEPHEN BARRETT

Oh no.

PETER BARRETT

Keep pulling.

Peter pushes from behind. The cannon moves an inch. Then another. It escapes a SHALLOW DITCH and rolls freely.

PETER BARRETT (CONT'D)

There we go!

EXT. BARRETT'S MILL - MOMENTS LATER

Ephraim and Prescott dig a HOLE in the furrows behind the mill. Stephen and Peter arrive with the horses.

STEPHEN BARRETT

Careful! Watch your toes.

They detach the cannon. The four of them shove the gun into the hole. Ephraim and Prescott cover it up.

INT. UPSTAIRS, BARRETT HOUSE - DAY

MRS. BARRETT (57) glances out a window. She sees the REGULAR SEARCH PARTY -- half a mile away.

EXT. BARRETT'S MILL - MOMENTS LATER

The horses drag the SECOND CANNON out of the barn. Mrs. Barrett calls down from the house.

MRS. BARRETT

You better finish up. I can see 'em from the window!

PETER BARRETT

Shit!

STEPHEN BARRETT

We're almost done.

They steer the horses around to the field out back.

EXT. ROAD - SAME TIME

The army arrives outside the front door.

PARSONS

Boyd, have your men get the munitions in the barn. Craig, search the house for anything else.

They split into groups to search the Barrett grounds.

EXT. BARRETT'S MILL - CONTINUOUS

The Barretts roll the second cannon into another hole. They snatch up shovels and start throwing dirt onto it.

EPHRAIM BARRETT
That's good enough, let's go!

WITH THE REDCOATS

The redcoats circle around the mill to discover -- AN EMPTY FIELD. The cannons are nowhere to be seen.

Prescott and the Barretts are "caught" unhooking the horses from a PLOW. They look up, faux-surprised.

EPHRAIM BARRETT
Morning, gents.

INT. BARRETT'S MILL - CONTINUOUS

Capt. Parsons throws open the door. The mill is COMPLETELY DESERTED. Baffled redcoats enter behind him.

1ST REDCOAT
Where's all the weapons?

2ND REDCOAT
There should be powder for a whole goddamn army in here!

EXT. PUNKATASSET HILL - DAY

The wounded Rebels recuperate in a field enclosed by trees. Barrett attends to a MAN shot in the shoulder.

JAMES BARRETT
A little lower and you would've been in eternity.

WOUNDED REBEL
A little higher and the ball wouldn't have touched me at all!

HOLDEN MINUTEMAN (O.S.)
Colonel Barrett!? I'm looking for Colonel James Barrett!

Barrett stands up, wiping his hands. Waiting nearby is a middle-aged VETERAN, musket in hand, red-faced from walking.

JAMES BARRETT

I'm Colonel Barrett. What do you need?

HOLDEN MINUTEMAN

We came as soon as we could. Sixty of us, all told.

He indicates a MASSIVE CROWD of Rebels emerging from the trees. Emerson joins Barrett.

HOLDEN MINUTEMAN (CONT'D)

We're the militia from Holden. And there's forty more from Lancaster behind us.

EMERSON

(amazed)

They're still coming in?

JAMES BARRETT

How many? Do another head count.

INT. BARRETT HOUSE - DAY

The soldiers turn the house inside out: upending drawers, ripping up bags of flower. Mrs. Barrett watches, stone-faced.

Capt. Parsons enters.

PARSONS

Ma'am, my men are hungry. I would appreciate it if you prepared them breakfast.

MRS. BARRETT

I am commanded to feed my enemy.

She ties on an apron and starts cutting bread.

EXT. BARRETT'S MILL - DAY

Redcoats spread out, scouring the field. A patrolman approaches the Barretts. It's Captain Lumm.

CAPTAIN LUMM

You boys look exhausted.

PRESCOTT
We've been working the field all
morning. Planting barley.

Lumm examines Prescott.

CAPTAIN LUMM
Haven't I seen you before?

PRESCOTT
Don't think so. Have you ever been
to Westford?

Lumm glances at the Barretts.

CAPTAIN LUMM
You boys get back to work.

INT. BARRETT HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Captain Lumm joins Parsons in the kitchen.

CAPTAIN LUMM
I don't think there's anything here.

PARSONS
Fine. Let's return to town. See
what Colonel Smith wants to do.

EXT. NORTH BRIDGE - DAY

SMITH
What do you mean it's empty!?

Colonel Smith is standing on the North Bridge, along with
Parsons, Mitchell, and Pitcairn.

SMITH (CONT'D)
They didn't know we were coming till
this morning. How could they make
seven tons of powder disappear?

PARSONS
They were organized. Everyone in
Concord must've helped.

MITCHELL
Bullshit.

SMITH

I can't go back with this! We've been marching for twelve hours. My men haven't slept in two days.

PITCAIRN

Colonel, if the munitions are gone, there's nothing we can do.

MITCHELL

That's not true. They can't have taken the weapons very far. Some of them could still be on the road.

Smith nods, thinking.

SMITH

Yes. Exactly. We'll dig in. Expand the search. I want units sent to every town in a five mile radius. And stop any cart on the road. Reinforcements are coming. We'll stay here as long as it takes.

PITCAIRN

Every hour we wait, more Rebels could arrive from other towns.

SMITH

There's not enough! They showed us their cards this morning and they lost. Nobody's on their side. These so-called patriots are all alone!

A PRIVATE races up from the west embankment.

REGULAR PVT.

Colonel, you better come see this.

MOMENTS LATER -- Smith pushes to the front of a line of troops. They look out on an OPEN FIELD.

Across from them, emerging from a row of trees at the base of a hill, are -- HUNDREDS OF REBELS, marching in unison.

A dozen REBEL MUSICIANS play a tune called "The White Cockade." James Barrett leads the march.

SMITH

I don't believe it...!

PARSONS

There weren't this many earlier!

The Rebels keep advancing, swelling to MORE THAN A THOUSAND MEN. The Regulars back up, frightened.

PITCAIRN

Sir, should I sound the retreat?

SMITH

This isn't possible! It doesn't make any sense!

PITCAIRN

What are your orders?? *Colonel!*

Smith is frozen. The Rebels get closer and closer.

MITCHELL

Sir, if you turn back now, it would be tantamount to treason.

(no answer)

Don't tell me this actually scares you!

SMITH

Dammit. We'll be lucky just to make it back to Boston.

(calling out)

RETREAT!! ALL COMPANIES, GET BACK TO THE KING'S ROAD, AT ONCE!

The redcoats don't need telling twice. They stagger across the bridge. One company collides with another. It's a mess.

SMITH (CONT'D)

I want the Fourth and Tenth Foot Infantry as rear guards.

A hundred men rush forward to form the rear guard.

The Rebels are fifty yards away. The Regulars open fire. A handful of minutemen collapse.

JAMES BARRETT

Fire! For God's sake, fire!

The Rebel army shoots back, hitting a number of redcoats. They continue to advance -- THEIR NUMBERS STILL GROWING.

Smith and the officers hurry across the bridge, beginning the long march back.

SMITH

How in God's name did a bunch of starving peasants pull this off...!?

INT. PARSONAGE, WOBURN - DAY

John Hancock hurries upstairs, excited.

HANCOCK

Revere, they're retreating! They
searched the mill and didn't find a
thing -- !

He opens the door and stops. Revere is FAST ASLEEP, still
wearing his jacket and boots. Hancock quietly shuts the door.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. PROVINCE HOUSE - DAY

It's raining outside. Margaret sits alone in the living room.
The VOICES of her husband and Smith carry in from the foyer.

SMITH (O.S.)

They pursued us all the way back to
Charlestown. More than four
thousand men, all told. We held 'em
off at the Charlestown Neck, but
just barely. Every route into the
city has been cut off.

GAGE (O.S.)

It's a siege?

SMITH (O.S.)

Yes sir.

GAGE (O.S.)

Have the Second Brigade placed in
Charlestown. We need fresh troops
on the river. What's most important
now is protecting the harbor.

SMITH (O.S.)

Very good, sir.

GAGE (O.S.)

That's all for now. I'll prepare
more detailed orders later.

We hear HEELS CLICKING TOGETHER, then the front door OPEN AND
CLOSE. Gage joins Margaret in the living room.

MARGARET

I take it the expedition was a
failure.

GAGE

They knew we were coming. Some of the officers believe, and I'm inclined to agree with them, that the Rebels were alerted by a spy.

(beat)

I think I know who it was.

Margaret doesn't answer.

GAGE (CONT'D)

Why did you do it?

MARGARET

They're suffering, Thomas. I couldn't stand by any longer.

GAGE

Suffering...? We're at war now. Soon most of your neighbors will be dead.

(beat)

I'm putting you on a ship to England. You'll be with the sick and wounded rotating back.

Gage straightens his uniform.

GAGE (CONT'D)

Really, Margaret. I thought you were better than this.

MARGARET

(cold)

I'm sorry about your eighteen thousand acres.

Gage considers this. He leaves without a word.

EXT. HASTINGS HOUSE, CAMBRIDGE - DAY

Hancock's coach rolls up. Revere climbs out.

INT. HASTINGS HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Revere enters. SEVERAL REBELS are gathered around a table -- including Warren and Dawes, who are drafting a LETTER.

DAWES

Start with Lexington -- and don't forget to mention me.

WARREN

I know that -- this is not a memoir!

REVERE

Dawes!

Revere bounds forward and embraces them both.

DAWES

Look who it is!

WARREN

You're the man of the moment.

REVERE

What happened to you?

DAWES

Fell off my horse. Spent the night held up in an empty farmhouse.

REVERE

I'm glad you made it.

WARREN

We owe yesterday's victory to you two.

ADAMS (O.S.)

(sarcastic)

Yes, yes! A hearty congratulations all around.

Adams and Hancock shuffle in, toting Hancock's trunk.

ADAMS (CONT'D)

Now, if you're quite done flattering yourselves, I believe we just began a *revolution*, so that means we have work to do.

WARREN

We're drafting a letter to circle around New England.

REVERE

When it's done I can deliver it.

ADAMS

Not before I see it.

(picks up the letter)

No, no! This is rubbish! The language is much too flowery.

Warren pulls Revere aside.

WARREN

Paul. After I made it out, Gage shut down the city again. With the siege up now, he's not letting anyone through. Not even women and children.

He gives him a pointed look.

EXT. CAMBRIDGE SHORE - DAY

Revere stares across Back Bay at the Boston Peninsula. Adams approaches him from behind.

ADAMS

She'll be fine. Rachel can look after herself.

REVERE

I know.

ADAMS

They're right, by the way. We owe you both a debt.

Revere shakes his head.

REVERE

I didn't even make it to Concord. Prescott did that. Larkin provided the horse. Newman hung the lanterns. Richardson and Bentley got me over the river. The only reason any of this worked is because we had plenty of help.

ADAMS

All the same. Thank you.

(Revere nods)

You know the other colonies will want to hear about this. Envoys from every province are meeting in Philadelphia. I'm leaving in a few days to tell them.

REVERE

While you're down there, maybe you could find us a good general.

ADAMS

I've already got one in mind. In the meantime, you have an army to supply. A lot of outdoor work.

(MORE)

ADAMS (CONT'D)

Don't think because you saved us once
you can sit out the rest of the war.

REVERE

I won't let you down.

ADAMS

You never have.

Adams claps him on the shoulder and walks off. As the sun
sets behind him, a cool WIND blows Paul Revere's hair.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

*Borne on the night-wind of the past
... Through all our history, to the
last ...*

EXT. CHECKPOINT, BOSTON NECK - DUSK

A hundred redcoats swarm over the fortress. They push cannons
into place, preparing for war.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

*In the hour of darkness and peril
and need ... The people will waken
and listen to hear ...*

INT. REVERE HOUSE - DUSK

Rachel and her children wait by the window. They stare into
the distance.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

*The hurrying hoof beats of that
steed...*

EXT. CAMBRIDGE SHORE - CONTINUOUS

Revere stares back. Almost as if he can see them.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

*And the midnight message of Paul
Revere.*

SNAP TO BLACK.