

AMERICA: THE UNKNOWN COUNTRY

EPISODE SEVEN

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FADE IN:

EXT. COLONIAL STREET - DAY

Superimpose: New York, Evacuation Day, November 25, 1783

VOICEOVER

In 1783 Britain signs the Treaty of Paris which recognizes American Independence. That November, British soldiers and Loyalists depart New York on the ships of the Royal Navy. As they do so, American troops return to the city they had been forced to abandon seven years before.

A horse and rider are seen, immobile, on a colonial square, with only the legs of the horse and the booted right leg of his rider visible. In the far distance, ahead of us, a street runs from the square up a hill.

There is COMPLETE SILENCE at first, then a very dim noise is heard in the background. As the CAMERA PANS BACK from the horse, the rider is seen to be a BRITISH OFFICER. The CAMERA REMAINS FOCUSED on him. To his left is seen a flagpole, from which a Union Jack flies.

The NOISE BECOMES LOUDER, and is heard to come from the street ahead of us, from marching men, parading down towards the square. They are led by a horseman in a blue and buff uniform, indistinctly visible. Marching behind him is a fife and drum corps, playing "The White Cockade." Behind them is a row of American soldiers, ill-clad and weather-beaten, each bearing a black and white cockade.

The British officer watches them till they are about 200 yards away. Then he very slowly turns his horse about and rides directly away from the American soldiers, towards the camera. The officer is seen to be SIR GUY CARLETON. His head is down but we see his face. He is 59, tall, thin, white haired, very dignified.

SUPERIMPOSE: Sir Guy Carleton, Commander, British Forces in North America

As he disappears, the American soldiers enter the square. The CAMERA'S FOCUS now SHIFTS to the American officer on horseback, who is seen from behind, before the flagpole. He is tall, holds his head erect, and has a military bearing. His hair, tied back in a queue, is grey.

The FOCUS REMAINS on the American rider, seen from behind.

As the American soldiers reach the square, the music from the fife and drum band fades away. The soldiers assemble around the flagpole, in military squares on both sides of the rider, and as they do so a crowd of civilians join them, timorously, on the far side, directly in front of the rider. Some are street urchins, some in business attire, mostly men and women of the tradesman class. Only one is African-American. All are silent.

From the ranks of the soldiers on the right a sailor emerges and tries to climb the flagpole, but finds it greased and gives up.

A soldier emerges. He puts cleats on his shoes and succeeds in climbing the pole. When at the top, he tears down the Union Jack and replaces it with an American flag with thirteen stars.

As he does so we see the crowd and the soldiers, who until now have been silent, begin to cheer wildly. A volley of cannon fire is heard.

The CAMERA PANS AWAY and the soldier on horseback is seen to be GEORGE WASHINGTON. Washington alone does not cheer, his face set in a firm and austere gaze at the horizon.

SUPERIMPOSE: General George Washington

EXT. TAVERN - DAY

VOICEOVER

America has won a war against a British king. But now, the war over, many wonder whether Washington will appoint himself an American king. Some hope he will do so, for the Congress is in disarray and has failed to pay the troops. Only one person prevents a return to monarchy.

CUT TO:

INT. LARGE TAVERN ROOM - DAY

VOICEOVER

Before leaving New York, Washington asks his officers to meet him at the Fraunces Tavern.

(MORE)

VOICEOVER (CONT'D)

Instead of leading a march on Philadelphia to overthrow the government, he will resign his commission and return to Virginia.

INT. LARGE TAVERN ROOM - DAY

Washington will make his farewell to his officers at the Fraunces Tavern.

The room is filled with continental army officers in uniform. Flags hang from the ceiling.

As the clock strikes noon, George Washington enters from a door at the back of the room. A hush descends over the room. The CAMERA'S FOCUS, from 20 paces from the front of the room, DOES NOT CHANGE.

Washington walks towards the group, and they assemble around him, keeping a respectful distance. One of them is

ALEXANDER HAMILTON, short, red-haired, handsome, 30 or 32. He is greatly devoted to Washington, who has a paternal regard for the younger man. Hamilton never knew his father and Washington has no children.

WASHINGTON

My dear comrades, America is free. We have the satisfaction of knowing that we have done our duty and that we have been blessed with success.

Washington looks closely at his officers.

WASHINGTON (CONT'D)

But now we must lay down our arms and repair to our homes. My dear friends, with a heart full of love and gratitude, I take my leave of you.

(looking around the room)

I cannot make my way to each of you, but ask you to come and take my hand.

They obey in silence, the generals first. Washington's face is wet with tears.

One of the last to take his leave of Washington is Hamilton.

HAMILTON

We have won a war but are not yet a country. You'll be called back.

Washington greets Hamilton but does not speak to him. After a moment he looks up, nods to all assembled, quits the weeping group, and walks out the door, which remains open.

VOICEOVER

Under the Articles of Confederation the states are governed by a Continental Congress, which creates "a firm league of friendship" amongst them. This has given America the weakest of governments, and Congress is frequently in deadlock. Nationalists such as Washington, Hamilton, James Madison and Gouverneur Morris yearn for the creation of an American republic with a stronger central government. They call for a convention of all the states in Philadelphia on the second Monday of May 1787, and Congress agrees to convene it.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PHILADELPHIA STREET - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: Philadelphia, Sunday, May 13, 1787

Washington arrives on a carriage, not in uniform but followed by officers in uniform.

Riding atop the carriage is BILLY LEE, 37, short and muscular, Washington's African-American valet and slave, who walks with a pronounced limp.

A crowd on the street has gathered to welcome Washington, amongst them ANNE WILLING BINGHAM, 23, tall, blond, elegant. Her portrait is thought to have been used as the model for Lady Liberty in the "Draped Bust" dollar coin of 1795-1808. She is something of an 18th century republican groupie.

CHURCH BELLS PEAL.

From the crowd, ROBERT MORRIS steps out to greet Washington, who descends from the carriage. Morris is 53, plump, obviously wealthy, in civilian clothes.

SUPERIMPOSE: Robert Morris, banker, financier of the American Revolution

R. MORRIS

(smiling)

Welcome to Philadelphia, General Washington. Our hotels are full. Please stay with me while you are here.

Without smiling, Washington takes Morris' hand. The two have quarreled in the past. Washington nods to Lee, who moves to take care of the luggage.

WASHINGTON

I thank you, Morris. Will the Convention meet tomorrow?

R. MORRIS

No. We're not all here. But the delegates from Virginia and Pennsylvania have met privately to plan for a new government.

WASHINGTON

Unless we succeed, the Revolution will have been for nothing.

R. MORRIS

(shaking his head)

No credit, no leadership, no country.

Washington walks with Morris, smiles to Anne Bingham, who curtseys and smiles.

Bingham speaks to a young GIRL, her companion and confidant.

SUPERIMPOSE: Anne Bingham

BINGHAM

He is still the handsomest man, is he not?

Both women gaze admiringly at Washington. The girl is star struck.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROBERT MORRIS' HOUSE - DAY

Washington and ROBERT MORRIS have left the crowd and walk to the steps of Morris' large, Georgian house. Washington turns to Morris.

WASHINGTON

Let me first pay my respects to Dr.
Franklin.

Washington leaves Morris and walks down a street, now quiet. He passes a few people, who doff their hats and stand aside for him.

One passer-by almost bumps into Washington, and is startled as he recognizes him. Washington does not pause in his walk, but nods to each. He is always the tallest man, wherever he is.

CUT TO:

EXT. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN'S HOUSE - DAY

Washington opens the gate of a yard and enters. The camera pans to BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, 81, dressed informally, sitting at a table under a tree, in a reverie, eyes closed. He is a world-renowned scientist, and as a diplomat played a very deep game. He seeks to be underestimated and pretends to be more naïve than he really is.

WASHINGTON

(smiling)

I thought I might find you here.

Franklin opens his eyes. He was clearly not asleep. He smiles.

FRANKLIN

(standing unsteadily to
greet Washington)

My dear General. I cannot tell you
how happy I am to see you in
Philadelphia. Come inside and have
a glass of claret with me.

They leave towards the house.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FRANKLIN'S LIBRARY - DAY

WASHINGTON and FRANKLIN pass by some early electrical equipment on a table (some beakers, a bell jar, a friction machine). Franklin points to one or two of them.

FRANKLIN

You must forgive me my little toys,
General.

They stop before glass jar with a two-headed snake preserved in it.

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)

Here, let me show you this one.
It's a two-headed snake. Do you
know the story?

Washington smiles at his old friend.

WASHINGTON

I believe I will now hear it.

FRANKLIN

The snake was going to drink at a
brook, but when it came to a gate
one head went one side and the
other head the other side. They
were in a deadlock and could not
budge... and so the snake died of
thirst.

(looking directly at
Washington)

That's where we are now. Congress
can never agree and nothing
happens.

Washington studies the snake.

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)

(looking at Washington)

I am 81, General. I don't have much
time left. I want something better
to come from our Convention.

(becoming agitated)

Did you know that there is a
British spy in town? They think
that the country will fall apart.
They hold our Western forts and
think we'll all tumble into their
hands. The Revolution will have
been for nothing. We cannot let
that happen!

(composing himself and
smiling)

But I am taking you from your wine.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ROBERT MORRIS' HOUSE - DAY

A well-stocked, elegant library. Washington's eyes rest on a book, Addison's Cato. Washington is pensive and puts the book down.

Robert Morris knocks and enters.

R. MORRIS

General, I have brought some men
who will join us in the matter at
hand.

Several men enter, none in uniform. They include GEORGE MASON, GOUVERNEUR MORRIS and JAMES MADISON. Mason is 63, a little plump, choleric. He is a planter in Northern Virginia and a confidant of George Washington.

Blond-haired Gouverneur Morris is 35. He lost his left leg two inches below the knee and has a peg-leg attached by straps to securing arms about his thigh. His right arm is withered and hidden in his jacket. Nevertheless, he is agile and handsome, debonair and brimming full of self-confidence. He is a bachelor and very much a ladies man. He speaks like the brash New Yorker that he is.

Madison is 36, 5 feet, four inches, balding, hesitant of speech and retiring in appearance. He is a hypochondriac who will outlive all the other delegates. Washington stands to greet each.

MASON

(warmly taking
Washington's hand)
My dear neighbor.

SUPERIMPOSE: George Mason, author of the Virginia Declaration of Rights.

R. MORRIS

(pointing to G. Morris)
You know my associate, Gouverneur
Morris. We will need his advice.

SUPERIMPOSE: Gouverneur Morris, delegate from Pennsylvania.

Morris makes a little bow to Washington.

R. MORRIS (CONT'D)

Mr. Madison you well know.

SUPERIMPOSE: James Madison, delegate from Virginia

Madison gives a little smile and nods.

WASHINGTON
 (smiling serenely but
 formally)
 Gentlemen, I am happy to see you.

MASON
 Let us tell the General of our
 ideas thus far. Mr. Madison?

Washington sits and all join him in doing so, except Madison.

MADISON
 (primly,
 characteristically
 speaking lowly, cupping
 his hands upwards, his
 right hand resting on his
 left)
 We have entered into a treaty of
 peace with Britain, but they still
 retain all their forts in the West.

G. MORRIS
 Can we indeed say that the war is
 over?

MADISON
 We are at an impasse. The federal
 government cannot raise taxes. Even
 during the war, the states did not
 pay as they should.

WASHINGTON
 Our soldiers were not paid and
 mutinied not fifty miles from here.

G. MORRIS
 How much worse, now that we are in
 peace!

MASON
 The rebellion in Massachusetts...

G. MORRIS
 The entire western part of the
 state in revolt.

MADISON
 And the rebels, like as not,
 encouraged by the British.

MASON

New Hampshire has not paid a shilling in taxes since the war was over, and does not intend to pay for all eternity.

G. MORRIS

In New York we pay well, but that is because of the tariffs we levy on New Jersey and Connecticut.

MADISON

The states treat each other as if they were foreign countries.

G. MORRIS

And so they are. When I moved here from New York I had to take out Pennsylvania citizenship.

WASHINGTON

So many of us are unwilling to rise above local concerns.

G. MORRIS

That is the point of our Convention.

MADISON

To devise a national government.

G. MORRIS

One that is not a democracy.

MASON

We see the mobs on the street, plaguing suspected Tories, even witches. I begin to wonder, are we truly in the Eighteenth Century?

G. MORRIS

It was easy enough to start a revolution. The hard thing is to know when to stop it.

MADISON

We need to extract from the mass of society the purest and noblest characters.

G. MORRIS

It is commerce we need to defeat democracy. In any event, we cannot go on as we are.

MADISON
 (with determination)
 The Virginia Plan will cure all
 this.

G. MORRIS
 We are the greatest states, in
 Virginia and Pennsylvania. If we
 are agreed, who can oppose us?

Washington smiles, is silent. A pause.

ROBERT MORRIS
 But now let us leave the General,
 who must be tired from his journey.

All leave save Washington. His book lies, unread, in his lap.

BILLY LEE enters.

LEE
 Can I get you anything, General?

WASHINGTON
 No, Billy. I will take my rest.

LEE
 Will you retire?

WASHINGTON
 No. A Mrs. Bingham has invited me
 to an entertainment this evening.
 It seems I am required to show
 myself whilst I am here.

Lee withdraws.

Washington walks about the room, examines the library
 briefly, then sits at a desk and draws out a pen and paper.
 He thinks for a moment, then begins to write.

WASHINGTON (CONT'D)
 To the Marquis de Lafayette... You
 will be surprised to receive a
 letter from me here. I am again
 brought to a public spectacle.

Washington rises and paces the room in thought, then returns
 to the letter.

WASHINGTON (V.O) (CONT'D)

I pray that some good may come of our Convention, and that we may be an example for other countries.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BINGHAM HOUSE - EVENING

Sounds of revelry. Well-dressed people enter the house.

CUT TO:

INT. BINGHAM HOUSE - EVENING

We see an orchestra beginning to play a country dance, a contredanse—Mr. Beveridge's Maggot.

The CAMERA PANS BACKWARD and we see a double row of ladies and gentlemen, men on the right, women on the left, facing each other, four rows in all.

Washington is at the head of the first row on the right. To his left, and the head of the next row, is Anne Bingham. To her left is G. Morris and to his left is the girl who accompanied Anne when Washington arrived in Philadelphia.

Washington's hair is powdered, as is Bingham's, but not most of the other dancers. Several of the male dancers are in military uniform, blue and buff. It is a very elegant affair. The ladies are gloved, the servants wear powdered hair. Morris will dance with surprising agility.

We observe the dancers from the front of the room, the orchestra in the back. As the dance begins, all turn to face the camera and dance towards it, four abreast, from the right to left: Washington, Bingham, Morris and the girl. As they dance, Bingham and Washington speak. She smiles at him. He remains stiff at first.

BINGHAM

You've made a great hit with the ladies, General.

Washington is slow to respond.

WASHINGTON

We shall see what the gentlemen have to say about that.

BINGHAM

Perhaps it will be our secret.

As they dance they pass near Morris, who overhears their conversation.

MORRIS

And do you keep secrets, Mrs. Bingham?

BINGHAM

Always!

MORRIS

I might test that!

BINGHAM

(to Morris, a little annoyed that he has cut in to the conversation)
I am told that you have your secrets.

WASHINGTON

(who has not heard any of this)
We shall forget our business here, with your entertainments, Madam.

BINGHAM

Heaven forfend we should take you from your duties. But when you meet tomorrow, General, will the ladies be quite forgotten in your new government?

WASHINGTON

(smiling)
How could that be, Madam, as you govern our hearts.

BINGHAM

You must be careful what you say to us, who so easily are swayed by the savior of America.

WASHINGTON

A savior, Madam? Hardly, say only one who followed the command of duty.

BINGHAM

But the commands of duty allow time for this dance, do they not?

WASHINGTON

There are times when the performance of duties is attended with enjoyment.

BINGHAM

Oh, do not speak of duty, dear General, not this evening.

WASHINGTON

I do believe you are right, Mrs. Bingham.

The dance ends, the musicians begin a piece of non-dance music. Hayden possibly. The dancers applaud, and withdraw slowly to the sides. Bingham and Washington part, and Bingham curtsies.

As the crowd parts, many of the delegates are seen talking amongst each other. They have southern accents and laugh animatedly around a punch bowl. One of these is foppishly dressed. Morris joins them and takes some punch. Washington nods to them but walks to another group of delegates, one of whom is Alexander Hamilton.

HAMILTON

For elegance, Philadelphia could match anything in Europe.

WASHINGTON

I would not know. I have never visited there, and have no plans to do so.

HAMILTON

If you did, you'd be greeted as the greatest of heroes.

WASHINGTON

Were I to travel, it would be westward, beyond the Potomac to the Mississippi.

HAMILTON

Or Detroit.

WASHINGTON

I began to travel west as a surveyor. Nearly forty years ago. I was 17.

HAMILTON

My age, when I first came to America.

WASHINGTON

I know that many of those here have been to Europe. But what could those countries teach us except monarchy and corruption?

HAMILTON

And yet where would we have been without the French?

WASHINGTON

The French were unfailingly polite, but they were still unlike us. They had more in common with the British.

HAMILTON

I never felt at ease with them. We are a new people.

WASHINGTON

With different customs and different morals. That was why we had a revolution, and why in choosing a government we must seek for models from the heroes of ancient times, disinterested, incorruptible.

Several other guests join Washington, and Hamilton disengages himself and wanders over to Morris, who appears to have had too much to drink.

HAMILTON

How goes it, Morris?

MORRIS

(jocularly, looking at Washington)

I see you are in good company.

HAMILTON

George III called him the greatest man in the world, when he might have been king and returned home after the war.

MORRIS

I know, and am quite as familiar with him as you are.

HAMILTON

Even so? I will wager with you. Go up to him, greet him, clasp him by the back, and I will offer you a dinner with a dozen of your friends.

MORRIS

(smiling a little
drunkenly)

Do you dare me, Hamilton?

Morris swaggers over to Washington and places his hand on Washington's back.

MORRIS (CONT'D)

How are you, my dear General! I am delighted to see you look so well.

Washington glares at Morris. All stare at him. The music stops and Morris beats a retreat back to Hamilton.

MORRIS (CONT'D)

(ruefully and returning to
Hamilton)

I have won the bet, but nothing could induce me to repeat it.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROBERT MORRIS' HOUSE - BEDROOM - EVENING

Billy Lee attends to Washington in his bedroom. He helps him with his coat, and undoes Washington's stock around his neck. He then unbraids Washington's hair, standing behind him. After doing so he combs Washington's hair. The two are very familiar and affectionate with each other, as old friends.

LEE

A long day for you, General.

WASHINGTON

There will be many long days. I don't know whether any good will come from this.

Lee pulls off Washington's boots.

LEE

Philadelphia is a fine city.

WASHINGTON

Yet I long to be back in Virginia.

LEE

Life is different here. I see many men of my color who are free.

WASHINGTON

Veterans freed for their service in the field, most of them.

LEE

I did not serve. But then I was with you throughout the war.

WASHINGTON

It was service indeed.

Both are silent, as Lee continues assisting Washington.

LEE

You know that my wife Margaret is here. I will see her tonight.

WASHINGTON

(smiling)

Try again to persuade her to join us in Virginia, Billy.

Billy gives a pained smile.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Morris walks down the street, seemingly more sober. He passes several people, including SALLY, a ravishing courtesan, who smiles at him.

SALLY

Somebody's had a good evening!

MORRIS

An evening of republican virtue is what I had. Bah!

SALLY

I don't know what that is, but I'm sure I don't have it.

MORRIS

And why should you? It's the virtue of Virginia planters, of tobacco, duels and slaves.

SALLY
Doesn't sound like me.

MORRIS
Or me either. It's sad, in a way.
They're aristocrats planning to
create a new country, but one that
will have no place for them.

They walk together.

MORRIS (CONT'D)
The new world will be one of
commerce, not planters—of money and
not slaves.

SALLY
I like the part about money.

MORRIS
Tell me, how might I be better
acquainted with a lady so charming
as you?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Billy Lee sits with his wife, MARGARET THOMAS, as she washes dishes.

LEE
Philadelphia agrees with you.

THOMAS
I am free here.

LEE
You would be free in Virginia.

THOMAS
I would live in the slave quarters
of your master.

LEE
Is it so different from your work
here?

THOMAS
The difference between being free
and a slave?

LEE

He said he would free me, when he no longer needed me.

THOMAS

I see how he needs you. It will be when he dies.

LEE

We have grown old together. There is a special closeness. But it gives me such pain to live apart from you.

THOMAS

Then stay here.

LEE

I don't have that right.

THOMAS

(with contempt)

Rights! That's what they're talking about, isn't it? About freedom?

Lee ties to rise. He is crippled and rises with difficulty. Thomas helps him up.

CUT TO:

INT. STUDY IN PHILADELPHIA - DAY

We see Washington speaking the words of a letter he has written.

WASHINGTON

My dear Jefferson, you see me here in Philadelphia, compelled to sacrifice my desire to retire to Mount Vernon.

CUT TO:

INT. PARISIAN SALON - DAY

THOMAS JEFFERSON, 44 years of age, in a Parisian drawing room, reading a letter. Around him, ladies talk. He ignores them, absorbed in the letter.

SUPERIMPOSE: Thomas Jefferson, American minister to France

WASHINGTON (V.O.)

That something is necessary none will deny, for the situation of the national government, if it can be called a government, is shaken to its foundation, and liable to be overturned at every blast.

FRENCH LADY

(smiling)

Monsieur Jefferson, it seems we bore you?

JEFFERSON

(with an accent)

Not at all, Madame! I will be with you in a moment. I pray that you excuse me.

The ladies at the salon talk animatedly.

WASHINGTON (V.O.)

In a word, our government is at an end; and unless a remedy is soon applied, anarchy and confusion will necessarily ensue.

Jefferson frowns, tucks the letter away and joins the ladies.

JEFFERSON

(to the ladies)

Please accept my apologies, Madame.

CUT TO:

INT. ORNATE CHURCH - DAY

A Catholic Church in Philadelphia. The parishioners are well dressed, the women wear hats or scarves on their heads, the men are bare headed.

A priest in green vestments and two altar boys walk to the altar. As they do, parishioners stand and cross themselves. One altar boy bears an incense holder on a chain (thurible).

As they reach the altar, the priest and altar boys genuflect. The altar boy bearing the thurible hands it to the priest, who shakes it over the altar to produce clouds of incense. Having done that, the priest then shakes it to the congregation, first center, then right, then left.

He then hands the thurible to the altar boy, who leaves the altar with it.

The priest ascends the altar and stands, back to the parishioners. The remaining altar boy kneels.

PRIEST
In nomine Patris, Fillii, et
Spritus Sancti.

ALTAR BOY
Amen

PRIEST
Introibo at altare Dei.

ALTAR BOY
Ad Deum qui laetificat juventutem
meum.

A small bell rings and all kneel, save for Washington and Mason, who are seen in the back row, hats in their hands. Neither speak. Washington is solemn, Mason not, and an ironic smile plays on his face.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

Washington and Mason exit the church, amidst the other parishioners. Both men put their hats on, as do the other men.

MASON
They like to ring those little
bells, don't they?

WASHINGTON
It is very different with us.

MASON
No popish ornaments.

WASHINGTON
You know what our Christ Church
looks like, in Alexandria. No
statues, no stained glass, all in
white.

Mason nods.

WASHINGTON (CONT'D)

The country we make cannot leave anyone out. Do you remember Charles Carroll? He is a Catholic. We thought the British would seize the lands of those who signed the Declaration of Independence. And when he signed, someone said, "There are so many Carrolls they'll never know how to find you." So he wrote "of Carrollton" after his name. "Now they will," he said.

The parishioners as they leave touch their hats at Washington, who reciprocates gravely.

INT. SYNAGOGUE - DAY

With his head down, JONAS PHILIPS, 51, writes and reads aloud a letter he has written, in a darkened room.

SUPERIMPOSE: Jonas Philips

PHILIPS

To the president of the Convention. With leave and submission, I write to you as a veteran of our army, on behalf of a people scattered and dispersed among all nations, the Jews of this country.

Philips looks up to a rabbi next to him. The rabbi has a questioning expression.

PHILIPS (CONT'D)

The Jews of America have been faithful patriots, and have fought bravely and bled for liberty. And therefore I say that all men have a natural and unalienable right to worship Almighty God according to the dictates of their own conscience; and that no man should be compelled to attend any religious worship or support any place of worship contrary to his free will and consent. My prayer is unto the Lord. May the people of these states rise up as a great and young lion.

(MORE)

PHILIPS (CONT'D)

And may the almighty God of
Abraham, Isaac and Jacob extend
peace so long as the sun and moon
endureth, and give our descendants
the satisfaction to see that our
present toil and labor may be
approved of throughout all the
world.

Philips lays down his pen, and looks at the Rabbi, who nods
his head at Philips.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET SCENE PHILADELPHIA - DAY

A British SPY encounters the French Chargé d'Affaires, M.
OTTO. They walk together.

That the British employed a spy is highly probable, since
spies were frequently employed by all sides, and since a
letter of the British Home Secretary to Sir Guy Carleton on
Sept. 14, 1787 plainly averts to the use of a spy. Although
we do not name him, he was plausibly Phineas Bond, the
representative of the British government in America. Bond
reported on the doings of the Convention to Lord Carmarthen,
the British Foreign Secretary, on July 2, 1787.

Otto can himself be called a spy, since he reported back to
the French Foreign Affairs Secretary with inside information
about the proceedings of the Convention. Evidently the rule
that delegates were to keep silent about their deliberations
was not always observed.

SPY

Monsieur Otto, I am happy to see
you here!

OTTO

(Clearly surprised to see
the spy)

My dear colleague, I suppose you
are here to enjoy the spectacle in
the interest of His Britannic
Majesty?

SUPERIMPOSE: Louis-Guillaume Otto, French Chargé d'Affaires

Otto is 33, and elegantly dressed.

SPY

Quite a spectacle.

OTTO

One rarely sees a meeting so consequential.

SPY

You assume that something of consequence will come of it?

OTTO

Something must come of it, even if they fail to agree. That also would be an event.

SPY

And will they agree?

OTTO

The large states want representation by population, the small states want each state to have the same number of votes in Congress. They cannot agree.

SPY

And if they don't?

OTTO

Come, Monsieur. You know as well as I. The country would then be split into different sections. During the Revolution they had cause to unite. But what need have they for a united country today? There is no Philip of Macedon at their gates whom they need fear.

SPY

A confederation of the north, composed of the New England states, fishermen and sailors. The middle states, between the Hudson and the Potomac, small farmers for the most part. And then the planters, in Virginia and the states to its south.

OTTO

(smiling)

The United States broken up into pieces. And will your government seek to pick up some of the pieces, I wonder?

SPY

Come, Monsieur Otto, is it possible your government might have an interest in such a breakup?

OTTO

You forget, Monsieur, that my government is allied to the United States and rendered them invaluable assistance in the late war of Independence against your country.

Otto bows to the spy.

SPY

(smiling)

Indeed sir. But did you consider that in doing so you were assisting in the creation of a country that speaks English?

OTTO

They cast off the yoke of British rule. Do you think they would ever consent to return to it? They will not want a king. They will want a republic.

SPY

Tell me, my dear Monsieur Otto, do you fear that the American republican principles might lead the French to question the need for a monarch?

OTTO

I throw the question back to you, mon cher collègue. Is your George III so secure on his throne?

SPY

Our constitution is different from yours, sir, and our leaders in Parliament have very nearly made themselves the rulers of England. That is where we are headed. That is where we are all headed. But I fear it may be easier for us to get there than you.

OTTO

It is natural for a country to have a monarch. Even the Americans, for the most part, know this.

(MORE)

OTTO (CONT'D)

They had a Washington during the Revolution, and they have him here now in Philadelphia.

They have walked to Independence Hall, where a crowd is gathering

OTTO (CONT'D)

But come, I see the play begins.

EXT. INDEPENDENCE HALL - DAY

ROGER SHERMAN, 67, grim-faced, graceless and clad in an ugly brown suit approaches Independence Hall along a street. He walks determinately, nudging people aside, not rudely but swiftly and efficiently. He brushes past Otto and the spy, sees G. Morris talking to Hamilton, but walks past them.

SUPERIMPOSE: Roger Sherman, delegate from Connecticut

Gawkers outside, male and female, observe the delegates. They include a PRINTER, 40s, wearing a printer's hat, and a younger WORKMAN, early 20s, both in work clothes. An older madwoman, the WIDOW KORBMACHER, ugly, dressed entirely in black, shouts curses.

Franklin arrives on an ornate sedan-chair, carried by four convicts.

KORBMACHER

(at Franklin)

The devil take thee. Thou wilt build a prison for all of us.

Franklin smiles and waves at her, then alights from the litter.

The gawkers disperse, except for the printer and workman, who follow the delegates into the building.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. INDEPENDENCE HALL - HALLWAY - DAY

Delegates enter into the Convention room. Two guards in uniform stand outside. Inside the room, through the doors, Washington is seen on a dais. Madison is beside him, writing.

Delegates mill around and enter the room. One has glasses with a heavy black frame. Another has fashionable close-cropped hair.

The last delegate enters, and the guards close the doors. Lingerers try to listen but are deterred by the guards.

Left in the hallway, the workman and printer speak.

WORKMAN

So that's it. We're not to hear what they say.

PRINTER

Whatever they agree on will have to be submitted for a vote.

WORKMAN

And who gets to vote?

PRINTER

All taxpayers in this state, men anyway.

WORKMAN

Not in other states.

PRINTER

There you have to own land.

WORKMAN

So when they give us a Constitution, what will make it our Constitution?

PRINTER

What made it our Revolution?

WORKMAN

Our blood.

PRINTER

My blood. You were too young. You were busy here rioting in Philadelphia.

WORKMAN

The aristocrats here were taking away our homes and giving them to Tories.

PRINTER

Homes you had taken from the Tories.

WORKMAN

They wanted to take our votes away from us. They were profiteers.

PRINTER

So you killed a few people. One thing you proved is that a mob can't govern.

WORKMAN

One thing we proved is that you can't ignore common folk.

CUT TO:

INT. INDEPENDENCE HALL - CONVENTION ROOM - DAY

There are books, papers, snuff boxes and quill pens on the tables. Not all the 55 delegates are present at any one time. Some arrive late, in June or even July.

But for short interjections, delegates will rise and address Washington when they deliver a speech. During the proceedings the delegates do not speak to each other, and when they adjourn Washington will rise from his chair to leave, and all delegates will stand in their places until he has left the room.

Accents vary. Delegates from Virginia on south speak with what we would think a cultured southern (i.e., Richmond) accent. Delegates from the middle states—Delaware to New York—are largely accent-less, save for what today would be called a mid-Atlantic accent. In New England, people have distinctive Yankee accents, Sherman in particular. His accent is harsh, nasal and grating, and Southerners cup their ears and pretend they cannot understand him when they are upset with him. Some of them laugh at him.

Washington wears a military uniform today, but on other days is dressed in black. In the Convention, he speaks with a republican austerity, unless angry. Outside the Convention, he is more relaxed and clubbable; with the ladies he is charming.

Washington's chair has inlaid upon it and visible to all a picture of a sun sinking into or rising from the ocean.

Madison and a CLERK sit on the dais, to the right of Washington.

Unless he is speaking, Madison is always seen, head down, taking notes of what others are saying.

The delegate with close-cropped hair is often drunk and is seen from time to time to rest his head on his hand and close his eyes.

As the delegates pour in, Washington remains standing.

From his seat, Mason looks around the room, taking stock of the delegates.

To his left the delegates from Connecticut and New Jersey sit. They gather around Sherman, talk animatedly and familiarly.

MASON

(undertone to G. MORRIS,
one table over)
Jefferson has described us as
demigods.

MORRIS

(smiling ironically)
And we're not?

MASON

Perhaps. But I also see a few
knaves and fools. And some office
seekers.

The CAMERA PANS over the delegates around Sherman.

Washington at the dais stands. The room falls silent.

WASHINGTON

Gentlemen, I thank you for
selecting me as president of the
Convention, and beg that you
forgive my lack of experience. I
also ask you to recall that all
proceedings must be kept entirely
secret.

Washington nods to EDMUND RANDOLPH, who rises.

WASHINGTON (CONT'D)

Governor Randolph?

SUPERIMPOSE: Edmund Randolph, Governor of Virginia

Stately, plump, smarmy Randolph is 33 and looks the
politician he is. He makes a low bow to Washington, who sits.

Randolph nods to Madison, and begins, addressing Washington.

RANDOLPH

Let me remind you how things stand.
Congress is without funds and
powerless. Anarchy looms.

(MORE)

RANDOLPH (CONT'D)

The Virginia delegates have therefore met to propose a plan for a federal government.

The House of Representatives will be democratic, and the people will elect its members. The House will then elect the Senators, and together both bodies will elect the president.

The CAMERA REMAINS on Randolph. A shuffle is heard from the delegates.

Hereafter the delegates address each other, not Washington on the dais.

SHERMAN

(seated)

So the people do not elect the senators or the president?

RANDOLPH

No. They would be misled by demagogues.

MADISON

We must refine democracy by successive filtrations, with the president chosen by Congress.

SHERMAN

Very well. But how will the number of seats in the Senate be determined?

RANDOLPH

(nervously)

According to population.

SHERMAN

(harshly)

So the two large states, Virginia and Pennsylvania, will rule the roost?

G. MORRIS

How else could it be? Pennsylvania has seven times more people than Delaware. And you would give them the same number of senators?

MADISON

And since all our ills come from the state governments, the federal government must have the right to set aside state laws.

Randolph sits. For several moments no one speaks. Several delegates shake their heads.

Sherman rises.

SHERMAN

Do you gentlemen from Virginia mean to abolish the states? No new government can come from this!

RANDOLPH

(smoothly, seated)

You misunderstand me, sir. These are merely general principles for discussion.

G. MORRIS

Only the strongest of national governments can remedy our ills.

SHERMAN

And yet the people are more happy in small than in large states.

MADISON

It is just the opposite. In small states a majority might oppress a minority. In a large state the factions are so dispersed they can never unite to do so.

There is a silence. Several delegates rise to speak, but Washington rises and all sit.

WASHINGTON

(impassively)

Gentleman, we stand adjourned till tomorrow morning.

As Washington rises, so do all the delegates, who remain standing until Washington has left the room.

The delegates talk amongst each other, those around Sherman whisper angrily, then leave.

As the delegates shuffle out, G. Morris approaches Franklin.

MORRIS

May I join you, Dr. Franklin?

FRANKLIN

(genially)

You needn't ask.

G. MORRIS

Will we unite, do you think?

FRANKLIN

What matters is that we have a country. Not how we do it.

G. MORRIS

But if the federal government is too weak, we will split apart in time. The Revolution was a civil war. Brother against brother.

FRANKLIN

I know. My son turned Tory. I disowned him.

G. MORRIS

My half brother was a British general.

FRANKLIN

We can at least be happy about who's not here. Jefferson in Paris. Adams is in London. He has a new book out. Madison makes fun of it.

G. MORRIS

Or Patrick Henry. We weren't sent here to make a new constitution, but he said we'd do it anyway. "I smell a rat!" he said.

FRANKLIN

He said that, did he? He's no fool.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRY SCENE - DAY

Near a river. WASHINGTON and ANNE BINGHAM are riding.

WASHINGTON

You ride uncommonly well, Mrs. Bingham.

BINGHAM

I am always happy to do so.
(with a little sadness)
It was not so easy during the war,
you know.

WASHINGTON

You were but a girl then.

BINGHAM

I was twelve when it started. I was
always a Patriot, you know.

WASHINGTON

Not everyone in Philadelphia was.

BINGHAM

(a little defensive,
looking away)
My mother was a Shippen and Peggy
Shippen was my friend. She was very
glamorous and I looked up to her.
She wore exquisite gowns that
glimmered across a room.

FADE TO:

FLASHBACK - INT. HOUSE - EVENING

ANNE BINGHAM, 16 years old, simply dressed, is seen on the darkened upstairs steps of an elegant house, and peering through the railings at a dance floor beneath her, fascinated by what she sees.

We then observe what she has been looking at, a large body of men and women, the men in red British uniforms, the women elegantly dressed. Both men and women have powdered hair, and talk easily with each other.

We observe British officers talking animatedly to each other, and are meant to think that one is Benedict Arnold, 39, a forceful looking man.

They are joined by a blonde lady, evidently Peggy Shippen, gorgeously dressed in pink, who takes Arnold by the hand. On the stairs, a captivated Anne Bingham, stands and curtseys to Peggy Shippen.

EXT. COUNTRY SCENE - DAY - PRESENT DAY

BINGHAM

When she married Benedict Arnold I was at the wedding.

WASHINGTON

Had we caught her husband I should have been happy to see him hanged. We hanged a better man in his place.

BINGHAM

You speak of Major André. I knew him.

(defensively)

He was very gallant and I had a little tendresse for him. He didn't betray his country, like Benedict Arnold.

WASHINGTON

We used spies. So did Moses. But the rules, when a spy is caught, are strict. Major André had conspired with Arnold to deliver West Point to the British.

BINGHAM

Peggy is now Peggy Arnold, with her husband in the wilds of Canada. I wonder how she stands it.

WASHINGTON

(stern, turning grim)

I would not speak of him.

BINGHAM

(flirty now)

Before I was married my maiden name was Willing. Anne Willing. The boys used to make sport of the name.

They laugh. The tension has passed.

BINGHAM (CONT'D)

How does the Convention go? One never hears anything of it?

WASHINGTON

(austerely)

That is well.

(MORE)

WASHINGTON (CONT'D)

We are under strict orders not to say anything of it, and that must apply even to you, Madam.

Washington doffs his hat as he says this, and then smiles, politely, not warmly.

BINGHAM

We have come far.

WASHINGTON

If we continued on this path we'd come to Valley Forge before long.

BINGHAM

That was the winter of 1777. I was thirteen and General Howe arrived with his British troops. Peggy was in her glory.

Bingham is in a reverie, seemingly about Philadelphia under the British. Washington is pensive, looks ahead, speaks almost to himself.

WASHINGTON

Our army had been driven from New York and Philadelphia and arrived in Valley Forge just before Christmas. No huts to greet us, little food, many soldiers barefoot.

DISSOLVE TO:

FLASHBACK - EXT. MILITARY CAMP - DAY

A younger George Washington, in a general's uniform, walks through a military encampment in the snow at Valley Forge, passing soldiers on guard who salute him. One of the guards is without shoes, in the snow, his feet wrapped in rags. Washington passes tents and enters a rude cabin.

A SURGEON looks up but does not speak. Washington looks down at a young SOLDIER, lying between them and no older than 18. His feet are exposed, evidently a victim of frostbite. Washington looks at the surgeon, who looks down and shakes his head. The young soldier smiles at Washington.

EXT. COUNTRY SCENE - DAY - PRESENT DAY

Back from flashback. WASHINGTON riding with BINGHAM.

WASHINGTON

I begged Congress for supplies.
They did not believe me. Months
later they sent a delegation to see
whether we needed anything. That is
our government today.

BINGHAM

(awakening from a reverie
herself)

It is time to return, I think.

Her face is wet. They turn around down the path.

INT. BOARDING HOUSE ROOM - MORNING

A bedroom scene. We do not see people in bed, but see the
covers. Nothing moves, then we see a female leg kick off a
sheet.

From behind, we see Gouverneur Morris rise from bed and put
on his shirt. We do not see Sally initially, but it will
appear that he has slept with her. He fumbles with his wooden
leg.

MORRIS

Where is my shoe, I wonder?

SALLY

(a voice from behind him)
I promise you, I don't have it.

MORRIS

I shouldn't wonder. You've taken
everything else.

SALLY

(smiling)
Your republican virtue too? Or was
that lost before my time?
(rising from bed)
Do you meet today?

MORRIS

No, it's a rare day off.

SALLY

That story about how you lost your
leg...

MORRIS

Jumping from a window to escape a
jealous husband? A good story.

SALLY

Do you know that a strange man has been asking about your meeting? And offering money too.

G. MORRIS

And what did you tell him?

SALLY

Nothing. They say he's a spy, and I'm a loyal American! Not that I know anything. People say we must have a king, and that you will bring one over from Europe to rule us.

G. MORRIS

(smiles indulgently)

Do they now? How very interesting? Ah, here's the shoe.

Morris leaves, and descends downstairs.

INT. BOARDING HOUSE - DINING ROOM - MORNING

As Morris enters, he sees Margaret seated at the empty dining room table, She has been cleaning up and wears an apron. Beside her Billy Lee sits, deep in conversation with her.

THOMAS

You are afraid to start over. But I have saved some money.

LEE

I could not stay in Philadelphia. They would seize me and drag me back. And what would my life be like then?

THOMAS

We needn't stay here. I can work anywhere. You could find work.

LEE

Where?

THOMAS

In the north. Canada even. Where thousands of us went, when Carleton evacuated New York.

Thomas doesn't react. Then a smile plays on his face.

CUT TO:

INT. INDEPENDENCE HALL - CONVENTION ROOM - DAY

Randolph stands to speak.

WASHINGTON
(looking at Randolph)
Governor Randolph?

RANDOLPH
Turn next to the president. I move
that Congress elect him, for a term
of seven years.

The delegates look nervously at Washington, who is impassive.

FRANKLIN
(genially)
Come gentlemen, do not be
embarrassed. The subject is of
importance. Let us hear from you.

SHERMAN
Let us have several co-presidents,
not a single one, so they may check
each other.

MASON
A single president would be a
tyranny. We are not indeed
constituting a British government,
but a more dangerous monarchy, an
elective one.

RANDOLPH
It would be the fetus of monarchy.

MASON
Do those of you who want a single
president mean to pave the way to a
hereditary monarchy? Do you flatter
yourselves that the people will
ever consent to this? If you do, I
tell you that you are mistaken. The
people will never consent.

FRANKLIN
The first man put at the helm will
be a good one.

(MORE)

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)

Nobody knows what sort will come afterwards. The power of a single executive will always be increasing, until it ends in a monarchy.

SHERMAN

(standing)

Let us have more than one president, but let the number not be fixed, that Congress might appoint one or more additional co-presidents as needed.

FRANKLIN

There is scarce a king in a hundred who would not seek to follow the example of Pharoah, and get first all the people's money, then their lands, and then make them and their children servants forever.

Several delegates bang their tables to signify they agree.

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)

It will be said, that we don't propose to establish an American king. I know it. But there is a natural inclination in mankind to kingly government. It sometimes relieves them from aristocratic domination. They had rather one tyrant than five hundred. It gives more the appearance of equality, and that people like. I fear that a single presidency may in time resemble a monarchy.

The delegates are seen to be divided, some nodding their heads, some shaking them.

CLERK

(standing)

On whether we shall have a single president.

(counting)

Seven to three for a single president.

SHERMAN

A nice republic!

FRANKLIN

(snorts)

Let us see if we can keep it.

John Dickinson stands. He is 55, frail, and dressed in black.

WASHINGTON

Mr. Dickinson?

SUPERIMPOSE: John Dickinson, delegate from Delaware

DICKINSON

We seek to produce what has never been done, a stable republic that does not become a tyranny. And we must do so without the aid of a king. We shall have a republic, and yet many of us fear that the president will become too powerful and abuse his powers. To prevent this, we must make him easily removable.

SHERMAN

Let him be removed by a simple vote in Congress. No man should be permitted to stop the will of the whole.

CLERK

(observing votes)

This is carried unanimously.

DICKINSON

This answers wonderfully. We cannot have a monarchy in America. The spirit of the people will not permit it. But we shall have made a republican version of the British government.

The delegates are silent.

WASHINGTON

(standing)

Gentlemen, it is time to adjourn. But let me remind you that you were told that you could not share information about our proceedings with anyone outside.

(angrily)

(MORE)

WASHINGTON (CONT'D)

Gentlemen, I am sorry to find that some one member of this body has been so neglectful of the secrets of the Convention as to let fall a copy of the proceedings.

I know not whose paper it is, but there it is.

(throwing the paper on his desk)

Let him who owns it take it.

Washington bows, picks up his hat and strides angrily from the room. The delegates stand as he leaves, as they always do, but are so frightened that no one speaks. They all look at the paper on the desk. No one dares pick it up.

CUT TO:

INT. PRIVATE HOUSE - DAY

At the studio of CHARLES WILLSON PEALE, 46. WASHINGTON assumes a pose, based on the 1787 Peale portrait of Washington.

Also present is Dr. BENJAMIN RUSH, 41, thin, bald,

WASHINGTON

Peale, are you not yet finished?

SUPERIMPOSE: Charles Wilson Peale

PEALE

If you would be still, General. I only need to touch this up a little.

WASHINGTON

I thank providence and my diet I can still fit in my old uniform.

RUSH

There is not a king in Europe who would not look like a valet de chambre beside the General.

SUPERIMPOSE: Dr. Benjamin Rush

PEALE

It is a rare chance for me, so many subjects for portraits, in Philadelphia at the same time.

(daubing his brush)

(MORE)

PEALE (CONT'D)

But a more close-mouthed group of people I never saw. Quite unlike politicians.

WASHINGTON

We're not to gossip about the Convention, you know.

PEALE

I don't see why not. Everyone else is.

WASHINGTON

Let them talk, so long as they are ignorant.

PEALE

Perhaps. Do you know I was offered money, could I say anything of interest about your doings. That would be a fool's bargain!

Peale continues to daub.

PEALE (CONT'D)

People come just to stare at you people, as if you were a raree-show. They'll want to be telling their grand-children about it.

RUSH

(smiling)

And mightily bored they'll be too.

We see Washington in the pose of Peale's portrait. The camera freezes into the portrait itself, Washington turned into a painting, frozen into history.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TAVERN - EVENING

A dark, inelegant tavern. A tavern-keeper behind the bar washes the counter, and in the corner away from him two people hunch over their drinks. One is the British spy, who sits facing us. An anonymous delegate, 40 overweight, sits, his back to us.

SPY

Admit it, sir, you will never find justice with the large states. They will swallow you up.

DELEGATE

(dejectedly)

We have been a free colony for more than 100 years. We know who we are. I know nothing about the other states.

SPY

You rebelled against us when you thought taxes too high. Do you think you'd pay less to an American government?

DELEGATE

Not much chance of that.

SPY

And what do you need the other states for? No one is about to invade you.

DELEGATE

Let them try!

SPY

You will need a king. All men say so. Better one 3,000 miles away than one in Philadelphia.

DELEGATE

That is what the Tories used to say.

SPY

You know us, sir, we are people of the same blood, the same religion, the same liberties. Of the foolish British government that imposed duties on you I will say nothing. But consider the offer Sir Guy Carleton made you five years ago. Self-government in your own affairs. A handsome offer!

DELEGATE

We had already declared independence by that time. It was too late.

SPY

A combined Anglo-American empire, where the center would one day move to America. What country could then oppose us?

DELEGATE

An idle dream.

SPY

It was what Franklin used to want.
But what of the Convention? Tell me
how it goes.

DELEGATE

We seem on the verge of abandoning
our meetings. There is one last
throw of the dice. If that fails we
shall all go home.

SPY

And then what? We hold all your
forts in the West, and in the North
we expect a renewal of the War. The
French are bankrupt. They cannot
save you again.

DELEGATE

They have their own troubles.

SPY

Your people are tired. They have
fought a Revolution, but would they
do it again? Or would they rather
seek an honorable treaty with us?

DELEGATE

If so, what was the Revolution for?

SPY

Why, it was for your honor, sir!
You defeated the greatest military
power in the world. Recall the
surrender at Yorktown. There's
glory enough for you!

The delegate nods.

SPY (CONT'D)

(warmly)

And if you return to the fold, it
will not be to the British Empire
of 1765. You have taught us a
lesson, sir. Billy Pitt knows that.

DELEGATE

So do we all.

SPY

(earnestly)

Sir, if you return, it will not be in a state of dependence, but as a prized member of the Empire. We have agreed not to impose our taxes on you.

DELEGATE

As if you could.

Off to the side a door opens. The delegate is visibly upset at the intrusion. The spy not.

A STRANGER at the door, ill-dressed, looks in and speaks to the BARTENDER.

STRANGER

Is Jenny here?

BARTENDER

(shrugging)

In the back.

The stranger leaves through the back.

DELEGATE

You're sure we're safe here?

SPY

As a bank.

DELEGATE

Would any special arrangements be made for my state, were we to consider your proposal?

SPY

To be sure, sir. You know the advantage that comes from being first. Even now, representatives from Vermont are in London to discuss union. But you are one of the Thirteen Colonies, and if you joined us others would follow.

(smiling and reaching
under the table)

You will find that we know how to be generous, sir. Indeed, let me offer you something, as a mark of respect.

The spy hands a purse over.

DELEGATE

Then I will see you again?

SPY

(smiles)

Aye, at Philippi.

DELEGATE

Do you know what day this is?

SPY

Of course! 'Tis the Glorious Fourth
of July.

The spy smirks and leaves. The delegate settles back in his chair, then pockets the money, gets up and walks to the door. We observe his feet as he does so.

END OF EPISODE SEVEN