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Revolution

By Robert Dillon

Ready?
Hang the king.
-Pull.
-Pull him down.
-Pull.
-Pull him down, Mohawks.
Down with the king.
Let's smash the bastard.
-Help me up. Come on, help me up.
-I've got you. I've got you.
Heave. Heave.
-Pull.
-It's going.
Pull. Pull. Pull.
Revolution.
A word spoke everywhere.
-Tear him apart.
-Bastard.
To the river.
To the river.
Let's drown him. Come on.
Come on, let's drown the bastard.
It's about the bringing down of a king...
...and the noisy shouting, celebrating...
...on the day my Ned and me
come into New York.
Then douse the fire. Go ahead, son.
My boy asks...
...what it is.
I don't know.
Great noisy fight...
...to make our business of trading furs
and skins a hard chore.
That's for certain.
Though only us, Ned and me, my Kaitlyn
and our two babes taken by fever...
... those year I go
stay my family deep in me...
... traveling every mile we travel.
Bright as a new penny, Ned is.
Like his ma, rest her beautiful soul.
His eyes are the same as hers.
Quick and keen.
She'd have told him more than me.

She'd have been able. Oh, my Katie.
-How do you like it here today?
-Down with the king.
Come on, ladies.
Wanna kiss German George?
-You filthy bastard.
-Get him. Get him.
I'm no Tory. No.
No, I can't swim.
-No more monarchy.
-Down with German George.
Read the declaration.
Read Jefferson's words.
Read the Declaration of Independence.
Daisy, now,
don't you go spoiling our lovely day.
-Liberty or death.
-Here.
Good for the curling papers.
Go on, scum.
Join our independence.
The last thing I need
today is a headache.
Daisy McConnahay,
don't you dare.
-Mama.
-But, Daisy...
-Mama, I must.
-You're so pissing melodramatic, Daisy.
Language, Betsy. Daisy.
Read the declaration.
No more king.
-Liberty or death. No more king.
-No more king.
-Liberty or death. No more king.
-Liberty or death. No more king.
Liberty or death.
Hey.
Hey, Miss New York,
you coming to join us then?
Liberty or Death. No more king.
Liberty or death. No more king.
Liberty or death. No more king.
Liberty or death. No more king.

Join the German swine.
Piss on the British.
Let me through.
You there. You there.
The Army needs your boat
to drive the British out of Brooklyn.
My boat?
No, I can't give it to you.
Citizen, it's your duty,
your responsibility to give us your boat.
-Come on, Ned. Let's go.
-Give it to them.
-You're a patriot. You give your boat.
-Take the boat.
-Take the boat.
-Take the boat.
-Take the boat. Take the boat.
-Take the boat.
No, get off. Get off my boat.
-No. Ned. Ned. Ned.
-Take the boat.
Not my personals, you bastards.
-Hey, they're mine. Leave me alone.
-Get out.
Get your hands off me.
Leave my son alone.
-Leave me alone.
-Come on, get them off.
-Leave my son alone.
-Pa.
-Get him off.
-Ned.
-Take your hands off me.
-Get them off the boat.
Give the patriot a cheer.
Captain, give this man a note.
Let's go and get to the waters.
Ned.
-Ned.
-What's your name?
-You all right?
-Yeah.
Name?
-Hm?

-Dobb.

Tom Dobb.

Well, Dobb.

Take this to Wall Street,
and if you want cash for your boat...

Cash or coin in place of my boat.

Who the hell is that?

What good for us will come of it?

-You two, guard the boat.

-Aye, sir.

They are absolved from all allegiance
to the British Crown...

...and that all commanding...

Why do we travel and trade,
Ned and me?

Oh, bloody mean and damn unkindly thing
to take my boat...

...with its full stock of skins and furs.

We're an independent state.

-Join or die.

-Join or die.

Here, read it for me, Ned.

" Boat and providence, \$70."

-Come on.

-Join or die.

-Join or die.

-We got no money, Pa.

-No, we ain't.

-Where are we gonna sleep?

But he keeps asking
the whys and wherefores.

They don't want a king here anymore
as far as I reckon.

That's all my learning of it.

Wait here, Ned.

Wait for me here.

Come through, then. Move along.

Down with King George.

-An independent state.

-Yay!

That they are absolved from
all allegiance to the British Crown.

-Shut up.

-Fellow patriots.

There is no cash. It's gone to war.
These notes are issued
by the Treasury of the United States--
God bless our Congress.
And they'll be redeemed in gold.
-Two weeks.
-Two weeks.
-When the war is won.
-Two weeks.
-When the war is won.
-When the war...
What is a congress
that God should bless it?
Oh, words be a sad struggle...
...not being a reader or a writer
of my language.
I read only my feelings.
And they say, king or congress...
...is all the same to me.
He's... He says the notes in your hand
are worth more than gold.
They are the future
of your country.
Our country.
Our country.
Two weeks. Now, get out.
Five shillings, and I repeat,
Now, what about you, young man?
-Can I beat the drum?
-Can you what?
-Beat the drum.
-Can you beat the bloody drum, he says.
Of course you can.
Come on.
Step up and get your 5 shillings.
Right, come on then.
Open the door now.
-I don't think women should fight.
-I will.
Right. Stand up straight here.
Turn to your left.
-Ned, it's your father.
-Ned.
What? What'd you do?

What happened?
Five shillings, Pa.
It's for you.
And a hundred and fifty acres of land
when the war's over.
-What'd you do, Ned?
-I joined up, Pa.
-No, you ain't. Come on.
-Where you going with that boy?
No, it's my son.
Here. Here's your 5 bob back.
It was a mistake here. Come on.
Where do you think you're going, mister?
Step back here at once.
-What do you think you're doing?
-I was in the commissary.
-I found out he joined.
-That's right.
-But it's a mistake. He ain't joined.
-Is this a mistake, Corporal Smith?
I recognize the boy.
-Show him the roll book.
-Top of the list.
I know his name. I'm his Pa.
I told you, he ain't joined.
-Yes, he has.
-He ain't had my permission.
Makes no difference.
He received the 5 shillings
and signed his name.
-Right here.
-You cross his name off with that quill.
-Then it never happened. Come on.
-Detain that man.
-Hold him there.
-Let go.
This boy's a recruit.
Your son's a soldier now.
You're in the Army.
-You can't just take him.
-They're all somebody's sons, mister.
And they're all willing to shed
their blood fighting tyranny.
Ask your boy whose war.

-All right, let's move on.
-No.
-Come, let's move it.
-No, it ain't his war.
-Company, about face.
-Come on, let's get it moving.
-Left right, left right.
-You can't force him in.
Hold, hold, hold it. Sergeant.
Come now, you gotta be a family man.
I've had three kids, one wife dead.
That's all I got living.
-Come on, you can't take him from me.
-Sons go to war because fathers don't.
If you wanna see your son again,
just sign the roll book.
Pa.
Hold him. If you do that once more,
I'll run you through, so help me.
Now, if you wanna see your son,
you sign the book.
That's right, sign up.
Four in my family signed up.
Sign the book here.
You're a bastard.
Hold him.
-Sign on the line.
-You're a bastard.
And you
watch your language too, mister.
Good.
Hey, Mr. Dobbs.
Here's your 5 shillings.
You are now a member
of the United States Army.
Read Jefferson's words.
Read Jefferson's words.
-Read the Declaration of Independence.
-One musket, two flints.
-One powder horn.
-Don't worry.
One musket...
Here you are. Half a cup of peas.
-...two flints, one powder horn.

-That's right, half a cup.
Now there, you join them over there.
One piece of dried fish.
Keep it dry, now, keep it dry.
Fight the whole of
our life to get born...
...to stay alive, fight nature,
gain food and warmth.
Fight our faults to
stay a decent man.
And now to fight someone else's
goddamn fight...
...that I have no understanding of
or reason for.
Oh, my Ned.
All for the sake of banging a drum.
There's freedom in your muskets, boys.
-We love you.
-I'll pray for you, men.
-God's with you all.
-For liberty.
-I love you.
-Liberty.
No more king.
I look in the face of
women to see a reminder.
Some mirror of my Katie,
taken from us.
I never, ever see it.
Other women...
...lost to me.
Liberty or death.
Goodbye.
Liberty or death.
Liberty or death.
-Liberty or death.
-Victory.
Godspeed.
Liberty. To freedom.
We love you.
Listen good to me now, Ned.
When we get to where we're going...
...if something should happen to me,
we get separated...

...you stick by the officers,
do you hear?
They never risk hurt.
You stick close to the officers...
...and you look out for yourself first,
you hear?
This is the note, remember?
They gave us for the boat.
You keep it.
Go ahead, put it in your shoe.
Be brave, boys.
We fight for a true and just cause.
God will be with us.
Our life will turn
in many a strange direction.
Now coming on a boat of my own
to trade my trappings of fur and skins...
... to go off on a boat of war
to fight for a word they named liberty...
...of which I am unknowing,
never having had it in my own life...
... wondering of its need.
The British are coming.
Get out of New York.
Washington's words.
Read George Washington's words.
British are coming.
Get out of New York.
Washington's words.
Daisy. Daisy McConnahay,
if you go out there, you're a fool.
Daisy, take me with you.
Mama told us we
shouldn't go outside.
-Daisy.
-Mama.
Daisy, what is it?
What are you getting up to now?
What is all this?
You're not going out
into that street today.
Don't you know what's happened?
I know very well what's
happening out there.

There's madness out there,

Daisy, madness.

-You don't understand.

-I forbid you to leave this house.

Mama, I'm sorry.

-Serves you right if you get yourself raped.

-You... Oh!

Don't be so vulgar, Betsy.

I'll help hold him.

Dr. Sloan?

Dr. Sloan?

What in blazes are you doing here,

Miss McConnahay?

This is no place for you.

Go home to your mother and sisters.

-I brought some food.

-Well, give it out, and you go home, Daisy.

Give me something for

a tourniquet here.

Now hold it, girl.

Brooklyn Heights shows

the terrible force of the British army.

And this man called Washington.

And all us under him

are suffering painful defeat.

Legs and limbs strewed

along the flowered fields.

I and Ned before

ever lifting our weapon...

...were in the whistling path

of deadly grapeshot and chain.

Again, this lass?

You got eats?

-Her face come like a strange omen.

-Yeah.

Why does she appear this way?

What may she want from us?

She causes an uncomfort to me.

Is there some purpose to it?

-Here.

-Thanks.

You fought in the battle?

It must have been terrible.

God, you're cut.

Wait, I'll...

Let me help you. Lie back.

What was it like out there?

Could you tell me?

-The fighting?

-Yeah.

You wanna know that?

-Why do you wanna know that?

-Please.

We was just over there in...

In the marshes.

Under the Brooklyn Heights.

Was dawn.

We was waiting.

There was shooting.

Then men just start falling
all around us from the gunfire.

You saw the British?

-We never saw no one.

-No, they used chain...

...from the cannon they shot chain
and grape.

Cutting men down.

Cutting them in half.

It was my first battle.

You're so brave.

You keep your head down, Ned.

Get some sleep, son.

You fought for our cause.

My cause to fight
was to stay with my boy only.

She has little knowing of me.

She seems as though lost.

Some hurtful sadness in her
would have me say words of comfort...

...for I could find the words.

-On your feet. Let' s go.

-Move, I said. Move yourselves.

How many more times do we tell you?

-Come on, lads.

-Face back there.

-Come on.

-Come along.

-Form up and march, you sluggards.

-You lousy vermin.
-Back to the wall.
-Get on your feet.
Form up.
Form up. Come on.
-Get in line and follow these men.
-Go on. Get up.
Move along.
Back to the line.
To be an American in this uneven
fight is to be a lamb to slaughter.
An angry squirrel fighting a lion.
God's on our side.
Come on, son. Come on.
-Be brave.
-Stay close to me, son.
Get to the wall.
Get to your positions.
Come on, boy.
We can beat them.
-God have mercy.
-Aim for the officers.
Amen.
Aim for the officers.
Be brave, men.
They're nothing
but bloody animals.
Friday's children.
-Major.
-Ready, my lord.
For king and country.
Hear me.
God is with you.
Be brave.
You're British soldiers and the
best bloody regiment in the world.
Extend the range, captain.
Forward march.
Good job.
Keep your dressing.
Get ready, boys.
Hold your fire.
Many a time have I prepared
a weapon to defend against a threat.

Well, unruly beasts
during the need of fur to trade...
...but never to the destruction
of another human soul.
If it be in me to do,
I cannot know.
Aim steady, men.
On my command. Fire.
Regiment...
...hold.
Poise muskets.
Make ready.
Front rank, fire.
Second rank, fire.
Rear rank, fire.
Back to the second line.
Remember, you're Americans.
Come back. Stand and fight.
Hold your ground.
Order arms.
Present bayonets.
By the center. And march.
Keep your dressing.
Fall back, men.
-Fall back.
-Come on, now. Come on, Ned.
-Long live America.
-God, it's a massacre.
Come back.
Stand your ground.
Ned.
Get him.
Charge. Charge.
Run. Run for your lives.
Back. Back, Ned.
Come on.
Pa.
-Pa.
-Bastard.
Ned.
-Jump.
-Come on.
Come along, lad.
Get the flag.

God save King George.
I, being born of another place,
sold and sent as a babe to this land...
...makes me only
some little bit American.
For I would as leaf be back in
the natural land of my birth...
...than caught in this butchery
for a cause not mine.
Regiment...
...reform at color.
-The Army was going north.
-Wait for me.
-Let them go.
-We're gonna cut around the British.
I'll take freedom for Ned and me
from this bloodshed now and here.
We're going home.
It's over for us.
This war's over for us.
Come on.
Wait for me, Billy. Wait.
What are we gonna do, Pa?
I don't know, son.
Go back to New York.
Work in the rope factory.
-Get out.
-Heads up, men.
Go home.
Watch out for trouble.
Keep your eyes peeled.
Come here, you little rat.
New York is not as we left it.
It is now a place of complete England
with its ceremony and its soldiers.
Oh, but the throne itself
fills every street and alley.
They that were called
the Continental Army...
...broken as a dry twig.
-We're with you, lads, don't worry.
-Yeah, the Mohawks are with you.
-We're with you.
-We'll get them next time.

Back there.

Here, have a drink.

Thanks, lady.

You too, my brave boy.

Drink up.

-Thanks. -It's Merle the drummer.

He hasn't seen us.

-Here, drink.

-Merle.

-Ned.

-Get back in line there.

This can't change anything.

All right, move, move, move. Come on.

All right, corporal, get them in the line.

-Welcome. Welcome to New York.

-Be careful, Ned.

Declaration.

Although the Congress

whom the misguided Americans...

...suffer to direct their opposition...

...to a reestablishment of the constitutional
government of these provinces...

-...have disavowed every purpose of...

-Stop. Stay there, lad.

-Merle, it's me.

-Ned, you got away.

Shut your corn box, boy.

No talking.

Where are your glorious rebels now,

Daisy?

-Run off like skunks?

-Oh, look. Look at father with the general.

...from the misguided Americans...

Betsy,

do you think we'll meet him?

Him and the cream of the British Army,
my dear.

They'll be drooling at our feet.

Every colony is part
of the British Empire.

God, you disgust me.

The king,

being most graciously disposed...

...to direct a revision

of such of his royal instructions...
...as may be construed
to lay an improper restraint...
...upon the freedom of legislation
in any of his colonies...
...and to concur
in the revisal of all acts...
...by which his subjects there
may think themselves aggrieved...
...it is recommended
to the inhabitants at large...
...to reflect seriously
upon their present conditions...
...and their expectations,
and to judge for themselves...
...whether it be more consistent
with their honor and happiness...
...to offer up their lives...
...or to return to their allegiance,
accept the blessings of peace...
...upon the true principles
of the constitution.

Given at New York,
the 19th day of September, 1776...

You ran?

We all ran. Everybody ran.

You ran?

It was run or get caught.

So I ran.

I thought you might have
stood your ground, Mr. Dobb.

Ain't my fight.

It ain't my fight.

She gives fright to me with her fury
to believe in some kind of fairy-tale soldier.

I wanna tell her so,
be shut of her.

And yet, she ties my tongue.

-You gotta be careful, you hear?

-Come here.

-Yes, Pa.

-Come here, you. Get out.

-Watch it, Ned.

Don't catch their eye. -Yes, Pa.

Hello, little soldier.
Go ahead.
Just keep going.
Us that's fought are now
sought as lowly criminals...
...scurrying like rats in the shadows
to save our skin.
Renegade, rebel traitors,
that's what we 're named.
And so this high-held word, liberty,
has come to shackle and enslave us.
Look here. Let me show you.
Let me show you down the sides.
No, it's beautiful. Beautiful.
And these curls are so crisp.
Pierre, so crisply curled.
Daisy.
My God, Mama,
what's going on here?
Now, Daisy,
before you start, don't.
I haven't the patience
and I haven't the time.
Now, here, take this.
This is you.
Now, go and make yourself presentable.
Tonight is a very special occasion.
The chance of a lifetime for your sisters.
So don't you go spoiling it.
-Here, dear, more powder.
-No.
Be quiet, Amy.
Don't be peevish.
-More powder.
-Mama.
What are those cases of luggage?
Now, these belong to two young officers
the general has asked us to billet.
Lord Hampton and Lord Darling.
Nobility, Daisy,
and both of them unmarried.
Lord Hampton
is the nephew of Poppy Hessup...
...who I'm told stands very close

to the queen's chamber.
Yeah, holding the pot, no doubt.
I'll not say any more, Daisy.
We all know your views on the subject,
but tonight, please keep them to yourself.
Now, here's your dress.
Go and put it on and try, just for once...
...to behave like a respectable member
of this family.
Betsy.
And while you're up there...
...you can clear your room
of all that poxy rebel-patriot stuff.
As you wish.
Voil, madam.
We'll be out here all night.
I'm sorry, may I interrupt?
Daisy, what are you doing?
Betsy, I'm sure you don't
mind sharing him with your Daisy.
Charming little girls.
Oh, what are you doing?
Oh, why don't you give me one, huh?
One for you.
You bitch.
Bloody Yankee bitch.
Your daughters are whores, madam.
All of them.
Whores.
-Henry.
-Dear God.
-Oh!
-Ahem.
Bastards. I'll show you.
Letting the English
swine in my room.
You pigs.
You murderers.
You...
I hate you.
I hate you, Mama and Papa.
Daisy.
There.
Well, I hope you're proud of yourself.

Did you hear what he called you?
Yankee bitch.
Whore.
Whatever you may think, Daisy,
we have always loved you.
Your father and I...
...have had such hopes for you.
And you've never before given
me cause to feel ashamed of you.
It's not fair.
It's not fair. It's not fair.
After tonight...
...you know where we stand, Daisy.
You cannot belong to this family
and fight on the other side.
I know that.
You make up your mind.
I have.
Form into your companies.
Come on.
-We got a pig.
-Put that pig down.
Come back here.
-Get that boy.
-You bastard. That's our dinner.
-Give me the gun to shoot the pig.
-I got a grenade.
I feel that Ned's growing beyond me.
-Get on the cart.
-Steady. Steady.
I see him scant of the time now.
And it hurts hard to see
the sweetness of his youth...
...being lost in this
damn devil's fight.
Come on,
let's get out of here.
I'm alone and lonely without him.
-Over here.
-I stole a pig.
-Good, we eat.
-It got away. I fumbled it.
You fumbled it?
Dick stole a grenade

for us Mohawks...
...so we can blow a hole
in the sergeant's mess.
You ain't blowing nothing.
You ain't no Mohawk.
Well, I am now, Pa.
They just elected me to the gang.
What are you talking about?
You wanna get killed?
No, I ain't blowing no grenade.
Dick's blowing the grenade.
Then all of us are gonna go
in there and get all the eats.
What eats? Eats? What eats?
You eat, Ned.
I work for your eats.
-It's not for me. It's for Merle and them.
-I don't care who it's for.
You ain't no Mohawk and you
ain't blowing no grenade, you hear?
-Well, I'm going.
-No, you ain't going nowhere.
-I go where I want.
-No, you're staying here.
Ned, listen.
You've seen them bodies
floating in the river?
You seen them?
What are they?
They're just boys like you.
That's all they are.
Is that what you want?
In here.
-Stand clear.
-All right.
Move.
Well, well. We've got ourselves
a likely looking candidate.
Yes, you.
Are you fit?
Well, you look fit. You're fit.
What about legs?
Can he move his legs, corporal?
Ask him to move his legs.

Get your legs up.
On the spot. Running on the spot.
Up, up, up.
-Up, up, up.
-Left, right, left, right, left.
Get them arms up.
Legs up.
-Up, up, up.
-Left, right, left, right, left.
All right, all right, that'll do.
You and Clowski get to drag the guy.
What are you gawping at, you lot?
This, you dumb Yankees...
...is the guy.
And it's for the officers.
On account, they want a bloody fox hunt
before they ride off to their bloody war.
But there ain't any foxes
in this part of the world.
I daresay, you've ate them all.
So these two get to drag the hunt...
...using this ropey-looking effigy
of dear old Georgie Washington there.
But if you've got any ideas
about running off, forget them...
...because when we catch up with you,
and we will, we'll hang you.
Understood?
Right, corporal, bring them on.
Right. The pay's 2 coppers.
One now, one when you're finished,
if the dogs don't eat you.
Come on over there. I want
another man on this pump now. Move.
Get us a sausage.
No. I won't get you no sausage.
Get your own.
You toady to these bugs
like they was tin Jesus.
-It's just to keep you safe.
-Me, Pa, I can watch out for myself.
-It's you who wants to keep low.
-That ain't right to say to me, Ned.
Ain't me hiding.

It was you who run and me you dragged.
Ned. Ned.
-Ned.
-Take care of yourself, Pa.
Stick with the officers.
You won't risk getting hurt.
Away from that door. Come here.
Where do you think you're going?
Where'd you think
you were going, eh?
You say something?
-No.
-Did you say something?
Talking about an officer?
-I could charge you for that.
-Come on.
-Bring him out. Follow me.
-Out. Move.
You there, fall in. Move it.
Let's get this pair down to the field.
Come on, come on. Move along.
Are these the men, sergeant major?
-Yes, sir.
-I see. Well, get them scented up.
You heard what the captain said.
Scent them up.
Now, look,
you're being paid handsomely for this...
...and we want some good sport,
so see you earn your money.
Right, sergeant major.
-Run them bloody off.
-Very good, sir.
Here's your pass.
Gets you through the lines. Off you go.
All right. Away you go.
Come on, move. Move. Move it.
-Move. Move it along.
-Give them a good start, master.
Hold back, hold back.
Get them away.
Ten sovereigns,
the big one doesn't last the course.
It's the little man

you have to watch out for.
You make one ashamed,
hunting with men.
-No more.
-No, it's not far. It's not far.
No.
Listen, the water's there.
We gotta get the water on it.
-It's not far.
-No water.
It's right there.
-Free.
-Idiot. Idiot.
You got the scent on you.
-I don't care.
-They're gonna run you down.
-You got the scent on you.
-I don't care.
Have they lost the beggar?
Nothing down there.
A strange and cruel thing to die
a hunter of animals for means to live...
...and now the animal hunted.
All for the foolish sport of kings.
I am made prideless,
crawling to survive for my Ned's life.
-Divide and rule, eh?
-Come on.
What?
Now let's get the one
running with the fox.
Come on, you bastards.
Call off the dogs.
Good heavens, it's not.
It can't be.
Oh, look,
it's poor old Georgie Washington.
Poor old chap
seems to have run out of puff.
-Hold it. Hold it, then, hold it.
-Developing a soft spot for him, are we?
I think we'll have to
put him out of his misery.
And so ends the American dream,

eh, what?

-Come on, tallyho.

-Damn fine ride.

"...valley of the shadow of death,
I will fear no evil, for thou are with me.
Thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me.
Thou preparest a table before me
in the presence of mine enemies.
Thou anointest my head with oil,
my cup runneth over.
Surely goodness and mercy
shall follow me all the days of my life.
And I will dwell in the house
of the Lord forever."

Amen.

-They're all gone now, Bill?

-Well, they're sleeping, Ben.

-Just sleeping.

-Put to bed with a mattock.

Tucked in with a spade.

-It's me going next.

-No, you have drummers' luck.

-Like you.

-Aye. Like him.

You can't fight a war
without drummer boys, son.
Now we'll get some more.

Ben.

That's nice.

Good.

-Ned, stop. Stop.

-What?

Look.

You're good, son.

-We'll give you a drum of your own.

-Ahh!

Cross me, and I'll pop out your glim.
Corporal.

Here.

-Come on, lad. On your feet.

-You just got lucky.

Move.

Come on.

-Come on.

-Come on, me laddie.
Make ready.
Regiment.
-Please let me through.
-Keep quiet.
-I beg of you.
-I don't care. Get back. Come on.
-Just get back. Shut up.
-Let her through.
-Tom.
-It's a Tory chicken.
Have you seen Tom Dobb?
Does Tom Dobb work here?
Five, five, I want five. I want five.
Give me five, give me five.
-Give me five.
-Five, five. I got five.
Anyone else? Five, five.
Give us five.
Four, four, four,
I want four. I want four.
-I want four. You betting, lady? Four.
-No.
-Miss Daisy.
-What?
-In there.
-Where?
-In there.
-All right, let them go.
-Form them. That's another one.
-One, two, three.
Tom.
Tom.
It's your son.
They took your son.
I saw him taken this
afternoon by the British.
I let him go too far from me.
Everything that was
is now far from me.
They've marched north.
North. We've lost.
Oh, Tom.
I'll find him, Katie, I swear.

God, give me strength.
Tom, what are you doing?
Gonna get a boat.
But you got no weapon.
-Tom.
-Thank you for coming to me.
We could have spoke.
God save you, Tom and Ned.
I'll find you, Ned.
Wherever you be, by God,
I'll find you.
Number three post,
move with 12.
-You got it.
-Sergeant major.
His Lordship wants a boy...
...to polish his boots.
Come on then.
Go on, go on.
Hello, Ben.
Ah. A new boy.
Well.
You.
Come.
Ah! You bugger.
Sergeant major.
Sir?
The gunner's daughter.
Sir.
Here.
-You others can witness this.
-Let me go.
Boys.
Now, me little fish.
See what's come to us.
See what you've done.
Get his boots off.
Wonder who he picked on this time.
-Christ, he's only a boy.
-Heave it up.
Hold him steady.
You let him alone.
Follow me.
Please.

Ben, go to bed.
-Want some booze, Bill?
-Three knaves.
Cheating, Jesse?
Come on, don't take
all night. Come on, lay a card.
-Oh, blimey, look at this.
-What you got?
Beat you again.
-Ned, Ned, it's me.
-Pa.
Oh, Ned.
Oh, Ned.
Oh, God,
what have they done to you?
Oh, Ned. You're safe now, son.
I'll take care of you now, son.
I'll cut you free.
I'll cut you free.
Take Merle, Pa.
He helped me. Please.
Take Merle.
Can you walk?
Oh, God.
-I got you, Ned.
-Pa.
-Here, let me take you.
-Please take Merle.
He tried to help.
Come on.
Oh, no, where is it?
What was given me to get through.
Oh, yes. The crown. Here.
-They hurt, Pa.
-I know, son, I know.
I got you. God.
It's all right.
I got you.
Ben.
Ben.
Ben.
Where'd they go, son?
You know, Ben.
Now, where'd they go?

-They was taken, Bill.
-By who, taken?
-It was a man who came and took them.
-You made no alarm?
I didn't mean to.
I didn't mean to. I thought
you liked him better than me.
Ben, Ben.
You'll always be dear to me, Ben.
Now, go on.
-Pike.
-Sir.
My knife.
Give it to who brings back me boys.
Now, go on.
Sir.
Oh, Ned.
Here. You gotta keep awake, son.
You got to keep awake.
Wait!
Over there. You go over.
Oh, what means to safety now?
How to leave this place?
I know it well in peace time
for all I hunted...
...but now with its sharp, rocky hills,
it's enemy land.
Tom, sir.
American.
I hate les Anglais.
I hate Iroquois. They kill Huron.
My father sont Francais.
Mama, she was Huron.
The man who kill my enemy...
...is my friend.
A real feeling of kin and sameness
come over me for these colored men.
These natives of this country...
...who try to remain
where and what they be.
It carries me in my mind
to my early years.
Taken as a young ignorant from
my frightened folk in this new land...

...sold for a few coin of the realm
and a written paper...
...binding me to be a worker
for my food bed...
... till I came in age when the paper said
I were no longer bound.
And now a memory also of how I felt
akin to the black slaves at those days.
Though no folk of them was given coin,
and no paper freed them after any time.
Those things of old...
...have gone almost complete
from my mind...
...now flood back on me.
You gotta stay awake, son.
-You gotta stay awake.
-Just hold on.
Pa.
I'm here, Ned.
I got you. I got you.
I got a terrible dream.
-I'm drowning, Pa.
-No, no, no, you ain't.
No, you ain't. No, you're here.
Hold my hand.
You hold my hand
like they're rope.
I won't let you sink.
I won't let you sink.
You hear me talking, Ned?
-Yeah.
-Come on, come on.
I'm gonna talk to you now.
I'm gonna tell you...
Tell you about your Ma.
Now, you remember your Ma?
Yeah. You tell me about her.
Come on. You just tell
me what you remember.
The way she smelled.
-Yeah.
-All warm.
-Yeah.
-How she rocked me.

Oh, she loved you, Ned.
-She loved you too, Pa.
-Oh, yeah.
-She died.
-Yeah.
It was fever took her, Ned.
Took everyone. Man, wife,
the Indians, by the thousands.
And your sister, Nell,
and James, your brother...
...and little baby Ann.
Remember Ann, Ned?
Yes, Pa.
It's all right, Ned.
It's all right.
Okay, hold on.
Hold on, hold on.
Here we go. Hold on.
Pa.
I'm with you.
I'm with you.
I'm with you, son.
I'm with you, son.
Ned.
Oh, Ned. Oh, Ned.
Bite on it, Ned. Bite on it.
There, Ned.
That's it, Ned.
They're finished.
Ned. Ned.
-There.
-Pa.
-Yes.
-Pa?
Yeah. Yes?
-You saved me, Pa?
-Yeah.
Yes.
-Pa.
-Yes.
-I thought you was a coward.
-You did, Ned? You thought that?
-But you ain't a coward.
-No, I ain't.

I was, Ned. I was.
It was me got you in this mess.
What'd I do that for?
-Pa.
-It was needing you, Ned.
It was just needing you.
-Needing to hold you.
-Pa.
You're my son.
That's all I got.
Pa.
-I'm drowning, Pa.
-No.
-Pa.
-No, no, no.
No, don't sink.
Don't fall on me. Don't drown.
No, Ned. Damn you, Ned.
Damn you, Ned. No, no.
Pa. Pa.
Can't you feel me rock you?
I'm rocking you.
I'll rock you like
when you was my baby.
-Oh, Ned.
-Pa.
Oh, Ned.
I'll rock you now.
-Come on, Ned.
-Are we on the river?
No, Ned. No.
-I can feel it moving.
-No.
It's just me rocking you.
I'm gonna keep rocking you.
Just rocking you back and forth
like when you was my little baby.
Where are we going, Pa?
We're going...
...somewhere.
Somewhere new.
-What's it like?
-Oh, I don't know.
It's like nowhere else.

-Please tell me, Pa.
-I'll tell you.
I'll tell you.
We're gonna find us a place...
...where there ain't no one
to bow down to.
Where there ain't no
lord or lady better than you.
Where you can say what you like
and climb as high as you want.
And there ain't nobody gonna
treat no one like a dog in the dirt.
I look around me, Ned,
and I see all kinds of people.
Men, women.
And they got families like mine.
And we all stand together
like brothers and sisters.
And we make a place for ourselves.
We'll make a place where our babies
can sleep safe through the night.
Are we there, Pa?
We're almost there, Ned.
You come through, Ned.
I spake words to Ned
I did not know were in me.
And now with them said, I am new.
And there's new purpose
in this bloody and uneven fight.
I can now see what parted
Ned from me these many a month.
He knew deep in him
this land of his birth was home.
Hyah!
Cuffy, the flag.
-Halt.
-Whoa.
-Where's your tally?
-Whoa.
-Here.
-All right.
Thank you.
All right, let's go. Go on.
Come on, go.

-I'm coming to get some.
-Hey, wait for me.
-Corn.
-Corn.
Food.
Come on, food.
-The food is here.
-Hello, there.
Oh, sergeant.
You got any tobacco?
Yeah, I got some tobacco.
-Come on, keep them moving.
-Hoped you might.
Come on, move on.
Come on up here.
-What else you bring?
-Move.
Come on, Charlie,
food's arrived.
-Come on. Help me get it unloaded.
-Two pigs, three sheep...
-...three barrels of fish.
-Right.
As much cheese as we
could lay hands on.
There's also sour grass, chamomile
and mistletoe for the medicine chest.
Get these goods unloaded.
Captain Cray,
here's a team and wagon, sir.
Is there anything
I can do to help you?
I'll need you and your carts.
I've got sick men to be taken
to the hospital at Yellow Springs.
Water. Water.
Doctor,
this wound is festering badly.
-Sergeant.
-Yes, ma'am.
-These men are dying.
-That's why they must go.
There's food, just arrived.
The general don't want

no men dying at Valley Forge.
Get them loaded now, sergeant.
Yes, sir.
Corporal,
get the stretcher cases over here.
-Get this man bandaged.
-You, go with him.
-I want him ready to be moved.
-All right, now, move.
Those men that are able to be moved,
I want them on this wagon ready to roll.
I know you. Miss New York.
You wouldn't come to war.
-Well, I've come now.
-So you have.
I remember you.
-You had a fella.
-Bill was killed at Trenton.
Nurse, for God's sake.
-Is that his son?
-Don't move.
-Yes. And I'm heavy with Jack's now.
-Nurse.
Daisy?
Daisy.
It's me, Ned.
Ned. Oh, Ned.
God, you're safe.
God, you've grown. Look at you.
Oh, my God.
-Look at you. You got a rifle.
-Yeah.
We're scouts now.
-My mother once told me...
-Scouts?
Mm.
-Where's your dad, Ned?
-Over in the hut.
Oh.
One, two, one, two, one, two.
Pa, look who's here.
What have I to say to her?
This woman I took to be a girl of
fantasy playing at a toy-soldier war.

Through all the thunder of battle,
soft and smiling she appears still...
...like a guiding angel.
God, I prayed for you, Tom.
I prayed for you so much.
You got thin.
A soldier' s life.
Come on. Oh, you're cold.
Here. Ain't got much.
Some pumpkin soup.
Ain't much in it, but it's warm.
Here.
I got salt.
-You got salt?
-Yeah.
Here.
That's good.
Sit here.
Oh, your feet must be ice.
Heaven above,
how light shines in her tired eyes.
-Come here.
-You're an Indian now.
-This well-born New York Joan of Arc...
-I'm a scout.
...throwing away all comfort to
tread this muddy hell to reach us...
...time and again
with her burning purpose of liberty.
Here.
God, I never thought
I'd see you again.
Tell me, Daisy.
What happened to you?
Well, Cuffy and I, we left New York
and fled to Philadelphia...
...where there were partisans,
and we joined them.
And we smuggled food, boots,
muskets, flints.
And I learned how to sail.
-Did you?
-Yeah, on the Chesapeake.
I can see you're

wearing a captain's coat.
It's Captain Stanhope's.
He gave it to me.
Look at my hands.
-See how rough they got?
-Oh, yeah.
-Look at the calluses on them.
-It's from the ropes.
It's from sailing.
Yeah.
-They're like mine.
-Yeah.
Where will I find the words?
The courage to tell her?
I can sail anywhere with you now, Tom.
Oh, could you, Daisy?
Yes, I could.
There's some more if you want it.
Pa, the wagon's coming.
You'll be all right at Yellow Springs Hospital.
I'll wait till you get back.
-See you when you get back.
-Got your wagon ready? Whoa!
Cuffy, this is Tom.
Tom, this is Cuffy.
-Pleased to meet you.
-Mr. Tom.
-Wait, I got something for you.
-Get that wagon rolling.
I'm Bella.
-My father's Israel Davis, the gunner.
-Come on, walk.
-Just a minute.
-I'm staying here with him.
Pleased to meet you.
I'm Ned.
-Pleased to meet you, Ned.
-This will keep you warm.
-Oh, thank you, Tom.
-All right, let's go. Come on, come on.
-Let's move out.
-Pack my stuff for me.
Yeah, just a moment, Pa. Come on.
-You've got a limp.

-Oh, it's nothing.
-Were you wounded?
-I was captured, but my Pa saved me.
Are you going back to Philadelphia
after you take them to the hospital?
I don't know.
I go where they tell me.
Where are you gonna be?
-I don't know. I'm gonna...
-I love you, Daniel.
Well, I'll be scouting here all winter.
After that, I don't know.
Indians wanna go
back to their families.
Me, I don't know.
Bye, I'll miss you.
You named your horses yet, Daisy?
Yeah, this is Fast and this is Faster.
I cannot let her go
without saying or asking.
God, give me words
to show her my heart.
Quickly, before she goes again.
You can't come.
-Is it this sailor that she speaks of?
-Daisy.
-This Captain Stanhope?
-The guy who gave you the coat.
The captain.
He the one that learnt you to sail?
-Yes, he did.
-He's a good sailor?
Yes, he is.
He's in Philadelphia now?
-No.
-That's as far as you go, scout.
-You gonna marry him?
-No.
Only you, Tom Dobb.
Only you.
Charge.
Turn that wagon.
-Hold on, Cuffy.
-Faster, they're gaining on us.

-They're coming quick. Faster.

-No, go.

Faster.

Go!

Go!

Daisy McConnahay.

You traitorous bitch.

Forward.

Well done, my lord.

That traitor.

Here's the news.

-The news of nearing victory comes.

-The French joined in our cause.

But the thoughts of Daisy cloud
the great happiness I would feel.

The noble Daisy.

Best in spirit, in kindness, in courage.

Be first in my thoughts.

Does she live? Is she hurt?

Killed?

I'd were it me in her stead.

I'd were it me with all my heart.

He says there's records

on everyone in here.

Those dead, those missing.

Did you ever think

we'd be doing this?

-No.

-Three days married.

I can't believe it.

-Give him the corner.

-I'll just go sign for this letter.

Pa, I'll wait over here for you,
all right?

We'll have to work on this
quite considerably, I think.

-I see. All right, thank you.

-No, no.

John Jeffries,

in the third artillery.

I'm looking for someone who was wounded
at Valley Forge, or killed, I don't know.

She was headed this way,

so I thought you might have a record of her.

-Name, Daisy McConnahay.
-Well, this is the book.
That mark there,
that means dead.
I don't read. I don't read.
-What was the name again?
-Daisy McConnahay.
Oh, hello.
What do you think?
-Of what?
-The British.
They made a terrible
mess of this place.
Congress can't meet
unless I set things aright.
Congress?
I heard they fight a lot.
All we can do is pray.
I don't think that...
-Not listed there?
-No.
Mr. Rittenhouse made it.
This is the Earth
and that's the moon.
-How far is that?
-Two hundred thousand miles.
Don't seem that far.
-How do you know for sure?
-I went to Harvard.
See? See how the planets turn?
Each makes its own
revolution around the sun.
See, Mr. Jefferson says
that that's the idea of America.
A revolution.
A new turn.
-Anything?
-Ain't no record.
Long live Washington.
Long live Washington.
Long live Washington.
They say we're going north
to chase the British into the sea.
War will be over in two weeks.

About time.

I've had a belly full of this fight.

I haven't had a belly full in a month.

-Forward march.

-Bye.

-Bye-bye.

-Number one company.

-Forward march.

-Goodbye. Goodbye, sweetheart.

Bye.

-I love you.

-I'll be waiting for you.

And so as everything

in this world...

...like the world itself

turns one full turn...

...here I be witnessing Ned

like once I was...

... taking a girl to wed,

make a wife.

-God bless you, Ned.

-Her name is Bella...

... who he sees and knows

at the mere sight...

-...she is the one.

-Go back to your guns.

As things in war are sudden,

so is the knowing of the heart.

-Thank you, sir.

-God bless you all.

-Do you want anything?

-I love you, Ned.

And with the help of heaven above,

he'll survive these last few days of war...

...to begin his family

in a land of freedom.

Start out on the fatherly life as once I did,

with its joys and its woes...

...its worries and its wonders.

A nearing victory and the last few days

of war they gave promise to...

...became threescore

months and more...

...till we marched into Yorktown

with guns still smoking and firing.
Oh, what teller of fortune or magic
seer would have said or held belief...
...that the beaten and stragglng Continental
Army that we were a long five year ago...
...would today be at what our generals
do proclaim the very doorway of victory.
Get the British bastards out of here.
Fire.
Stretcher.
Fire.
Get up.
Two stretches to the right, Pa.
Two stretches to the right.
You seen him?
-Elevation, 150 yards.
-Got him.
-Where you gonna take him?
-Shoulder.
Hold on, boys.
That's a good shot.
I can't see for the smoke.
Quick, who's got more flint?
Pa.
Pa, it's him.
-Look down there at the post on the end.
-Kill those British bastards.
It's that English bastard.
-Oh, yeah.
-Hold steady, boys.
I see him, Ned.
I see him.
Hold steady, boys, steady.
What's he doing?
He's going to the beach.
He's coming for our spotter.
Advance range.
Make way.
Pull it.
Pull. Pull.
Third battery.
Keep your heads down.
Fire.
-Ned, Ned, are you all right?

-I'll be back soon.
Fire.
It's all clear, Pa.
They're all down.
Lie down in green pastures.
Don't leave me, son.
-He leadeth me beside the still waters...
-I'm dead.
...and restoreth my soul.
You're not, son. Don't leave me.
You've got drummers' luck.
Don't leave me.
Be brave, son. Be brave.
He leadeth me beside the still waters.
He restoreth my soul. He leads
me in the paths of righteousness.
For his namesake.
Yea, though I walk through the
valley of the shadow of death...
...I will fear no evil,
for thou art with me.
Thy rod and thy staff,
they comfort me.
I've got him dead, Pa.
You do, Ned.
Don't leave me, son.
Don't leave me.
No.
I ain't gonna do it.
It gave me great
comfort to know...
...that he could not kill an unarmed
and praying enemy face to face.
For going from boy to man
in this long ride of hate and killing...
...has made many a fighter
savage and unheeding of that.
We, the right or the wrong,
are all flesh and blood...
... with minds and souls...
...hopes and dreams.
We best go home.
Come on.
Come on.

Come on, lad.
Come along, son.
Come on.
Up, up, come on.
And two flags.
One of surrender,
the other of stripes and stars...
...claiming a fresh-born,
independent country.
It gives rise to my heart to see it.
What a struggle has ended.
The cruelty, sadness of it, finished.
And strange though to say...
...seems the grass underfoot
as I walk feels different.
I look to the sky...
...and see the smoke of war
drifting away on the wind.
And all who suffered stand now
on the beginning of a new horizon.
I with them.
Two for you.
Twenty dollars? That's it?
Right. Next.
Come on, come on.
Don't be all day, mister.
" Boats and providence, 1776."
Well, you've had this a long time,
haven't you?
All right, 10, 20, 30, 40.
That's it. Come on, next.
What do you mean?
Wait, wait, where's the rest?
-What rest, mister?
-Seventy dollars.
They've been devalued. That's all
them old continentals is worth now.
Will you take it or leave it?
Move, you're holding up the queue.
-Don't be pushing me.
-I'm not pushing. I'm very busy.
-What happened to the 150 acres?
-What you complaining about?
I'm not complaining.

I'm asking a question.

What happened to the 150 acres

I was promised?

You got two arms and two legs

and two eyes, haven't you?

Now, move on,

I'm very busy.

-Right.

-I told you to keep your hands off me.

-You're holding the line.

-I'm asking you.

-You're holding the line.

-I'm asking you.

What happened to the hundred
and fifty acres of land I was promised?

It was sold by Congress to speculators
to pay for the war debt, all right?

-Now, move it. Are you?

-I'm the bloody war debt.

This chit here, that's a bloody war debt.

We're all the bloody war debt.

-So why don't you go to Congress?

-Yeah.

Don't tell me.

You go to Congress and you tell them.

-I'll tell you, because you're standing here.

-Next.

I'm not interested in talking to you.

Next.

Where's this Congress
you're talking about?

-Congress is coming.

You go and tell them. -Where?

-Where are they coming?

-They're on their way.

-When?

-They're coming, damn you.

-I told you they're coming.

-Damn you.

Go on, get out.

All these men here,
we all fought for something, and we got it.

You think I didn't fight?

You take it from us,

we're gonna fight again.
I'm taking nothing from you.
You open your mouth to Congress.
-Did you get the money?
-Forty dollars, that's it.
-That's all?
-That's all they're worth.
-And the hundred and fifty acres?
-It's gone to the speculators.
All of it?
Where's that leave us?
You take the Hudson
to the Mohawk trail.
Then up as far as she goes.
Tonti says there's farmland
out west for the taking.
You go settle like your dream, son.
So, what, you ain't coming?
I can't, Ned.
I should stay here.
It's good for me here.
Things for me.
I can learn to read.
This is what I want, Ned.
It's what I want.
I'm gonna miss you, Pa.
I'm gonna miss you bad.
Here, take this.
-I don't need it all.
-Oh, you do.
Bella's gonna need
more than one skinny cow.
Take care.
God be with you.
-Don't forget no good tunes.
-I won't, Tom.
Goodbye, Tom.
Whoa.
You name your kids for your old friends,
Ned.
I'll make you proud, Pa.
-You tell them about me.
-I will.
How we fought.

I will, Pa.
Tell them how far we come.
My lost family comes back to
me in all these I see before me.
I feel Kaitlyn in the young ones on high
released from all they suffered here.
I see also in these shining faces...
...the bright-eyed, tender and
gentle face of Daisy McConnahay.
Many from different lands,
be they exiled or fled...
...from want of respect and free thought,
now share a home...
... where as one or all,
they will have a voice that can be heard.
No more to be divided
into the lowly and privileged.
But equal in chance and opportunity.
And all the children of all the children
to come will know of this word: revolution.
And what it meant...
...and never let down
their will to protect it.