

The American Revolution

by

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Characters:

George Washington
Benedict Arnold
John Adams
Peggy Arnold
Major John Andre
Alexander Hamilton
Marquis de Lafayette

The Rebel Mess:

Johnny Freeman
Colonel Gutbreath
Tom Dodge
Robert Shurtleff

American commanders, soldiers, and statesmen:

Jefferson, Franklin, Whipple, Morgan, Livingston, Rodney, Samuel Adams, Rush,
Hancock, Sherman, Mifflin, Gwinnett, Sullivan, Marshall, Gates, Lee,
Conway, Knox, Burr, Greene

British commanders, soldiers and statesmen:

King George III, Lord Dartmouth, Lord Burke, Lord North, Admiral Howe, General
Howe, General Cornwallis, Private Feltman, General Tarleton, Colonel
Davies, Lord Shelburne, Lord Fox, Ohara

Others:

Crispus Attucks; Sgt. at Arms; Martha Washington; Hessian, British, French, and
American soldiers; cook; boatmen; hangman; Jeeves; Nell; James;
abolitionist; citizens; woman w/baby; various aides-de-camp; Sticks.

Phase 1, Scene 1. Outside the royal residence of Lord Dartmouth on a street in Boston. A British soldier is on patrol. Enter Crispus Attucks.

Soldier- Off the footpath, Yankee!
 Attucks- Sorry?
 Soldier- You trespass upon the private property of the right royal residence of his majesty's right august agent, the right honorable Lord Dartmouth, so step off the footpath or face arrest!
 Attucks- Right.
 Soldier- Outta the street, Yankee!
 Attucks- But you just said...
 Soldier- By order of his majesty's right august agent, the right honorable Lord Dartmouth, no subject shall be permitted to walk in the street, so step outta the street or face arrest!
 Attucks- So where'm I s'post to walk?
 Soldier- Ain't my concern, powder burn.
 Attucks- It will be.
 Soldier- Come again?
 Attucks- Just talkin to myself. Is that allowed?
 Soldier- You gettin smart, Darky?
 Attucks- You gettin stupid, Limey?
 Soldier- In the name of his majesty, George III, I place you under arrest!

A crowd gathers and a bell tolls. Enter Lord Dartmouth.

Dart- What's the thumpy rumpus?
 Soldier- My lord, I am arresting this ruffian for walking on the footpath when he should be walking in the street and walking in the street when he should be walking on the footpath!
 Dart- Excellent work, soldier. People, go home!
 Citizen 1- Tyrant, go home!
 Dart- Your meaning, sir?
 Citizen 2- It's common sense, sir!
 Dart- On your loyalty to the crown...
 Citizen 3- I'm loyal to the tea in Boston Harbor.
 Dart- Treason!
 Citizen 4- I'm a son to the tree of liberty.
 Dart- Home or prison!
 Citizen 5- What's the difference?
 Dart- Soldiers!
 Attucks- Tar and feather!

They tar and feather Lord Dartmouth. Enter a mob, singing, destroy Dartmouth's house, pull down the statue of George III, and parade about with its head on a stick.

*You take our possessions
But give us no voice.
Your legal suppressions
Illegalize choice.
You force us with armies
To violent redress.
Liberty! Liberty!
Liberty or death!*

*You're cozy and healthy;
We're sick and in doubt.
You're secret and wealthy;
We're poor and shut out.
We get the labor,
And you keep the rest.
Liberty! Liberty!
Liberty or death!*

*We begged for your justice;
You spit in our face.
We showed you could trust us;
You scorned our embrace.
So corpses shall shriek
What died in our breath:
Liberty! Liberty!
Liberty or death!*

Citizen 6 - Here stands the man that no one could touch!
Citizen 7 - In feathers and tar he is stuck!
Citizen 8 - Here stands the man who spoke over us!
All - Now all he can say is cluck, cluck!

Enter British troops.

Captain- Freeze, or we fire!
Attucks- Revolution!

The troops fire. All exit.

Phase 1, Scene 2. House of Lords, England. Enter the King, Lords, Lord North, Sgt at Arms, Edmund Burke, Ladies, Benjamin Franklin, and attendants.

Sgt At Arms - Order! Order! We are now in order!

King- What bring you, Mr. Benjamin Franklin,
From our beloved, naughty colonies?

Franklin- Desires, my King, for all those native rights
The Magna Carta promises its people.

North- Your Majesty, may I?
King- Please do, Lord North,
For we are much befuddled.

North- Mr. Franklin,
By what absurd, audacious principle
Do you appear before this noble house
For rights your wrongs have forfeit utterly?
Desires? Your desires are oe'rclouded
By the colonial fires you have fanned
With insolent, nay, unlawful agitation,
So taste a tariff on your nifty pithies
And speak of our desires. Tell us lords
Why our sweet progeny - in whom we sowed
An envied pedigree, to whom we gave
Commerce, law, and culture, for whom we squelcht
The Gaul's grotesqueries – kindly tell us
Why our dear infants, amply opportuned
By origin in supreme order's egg,
Now rampant run, callously committing
All wicked forms of brute atrocity,
Thereby defying every proper precept
That we, their genatrix and guardian,
Instilled in them. Why this, Mr. Franklin?

Frank- Desires, Lord North.

North- Desires must be denied!

Burke- May I, your Majesty?

King- Lord Burke, you may.

Burke- Please, Mr. Franklin, item those desires
For all the Magna Carta states as yours.

Frank- We desire to have assured all liberties
Of speech, assembly, press, and petition.

North- They'll use these liberties to crack the crown.
Burke- Deny these liberties, you'll crack the crown.

Frank- We desire to possess all properties
Of persons, houses, papers, and effects.

North- All property is granted by the King.

Burke- All property is granted to the King.

Frank- We last desire to represent ourselves,
Which we, as English citizens, deserve.

King- This smacks of independence, Mr. Franklin.

Frank- A smack, my King, is kinder than a stab.

Sgt. At Arms- Order! Order! Order shall prevail!
 King- Have you trudded all the way across the sea
 Just to threaten me, you foxy Yankee,
 For if you have, I'll return you naked
 In the stocks of the HMS Take That.
 Frank- No, my King, I've come to give you a gift.
 North- Your Majesty...
 King- So give it, and then go.

Franklin gives Lord North a box. He opens it and holds it up. It is the "Don't Tread On Me" flag.

Sgt. At Arms- Order! Order! There shall here be order,
 Or by the powers invested in me
 By his beloved, royal majesty,
 This sitting shall be quit and all engaoid!
 King- Mr. Franklin, though your tale doth merit
 No moral, your hubris no honesty,
 And your gratitude no charity,
 I grant you this for your impudency:
 You sicken me. You are dirty, stupid,
 Silly, mendacious, uppity and vile.
 A confessional bore, a crooked leveler,
 An uncultured prosaic backward lout,
 You feign a caricature renaissance,
 In your suit of American manufacture
 And your bushy cap of fetid rodent flesh,
 Yet you are, as we say, a country clown.
 Burke - His inventions...
 North- A public library?
 Burk- Helping the people read...
 King- Is treachery!
 North- Bifocals?
 Burk- Helping the people see...
 King - Is mutiny!
 Burke- Electricity...
 North - In the lightning?

King- Lightning, Mr. Franklin, is the rod of God,
 And if you think, you petty philosophe,
 To catch it with your boy-toy kite and key,
 It shall strike you down, for the very term,
 Electricity, as in election,
 Doth in its plebish brazenry foment
 The incest of democracy and law
 And their enfant terrible, equality!
 You want equality? Then, here it is:
 You are equal, Mr. Franklin, to my bum!

North- Now what have you, wise man, to say to that?
 Frank- I'll make your King a little man for this.
 King- Let blows decide!
 Sgt at Arms - Order! Order! Order!

All exit.

Phase 1, Scene 3. In front of Independence Hall. Enter John Adams and Washington.

Adams- Colonel Washington, may we speak?
 Wash- All you will, Mr. Adams.
 Adams- As you know, Boston is besieged. The British block the harbor, suspend
 all local laws, and stunt our human crop with the poison of autocracy. A
 citizen's army, brave and capable, musters in defense of democracy, yet,
 lacking command, it festers that should fight. The time is now for action
 or extinction.

Wash- So it seems.
 Adams- And so it is that I desire, for the purpose of tapping this righteous fuel, to
 nominate in Congress our First General.

Wash- So you should.
 Adams- And I wish to nominate you.
 Wash- Mr. Adams, I support the cause as much as any man, but there are others
 far more qualified than I.

Adams- Name me one.
 Wash- Do you know what it takes to be a General?
 Adams- Perhaps.
 Wash- It takes experience.
 Adams- Experience is the crux of the chief, and, 'less I enlarge, you've great
 experience, for did you not, ten tunnel years, fight the feisty French, when
 like two strictors round one stag we claimed in mutual sack the bucking
 bount?

Wash- Mr. Adams, I lack the soldier's luck.

Adams- Did you not midst the ferns of Cumberland ride against the Choctaw
braves, whose muskets turned the air into a leaden sanguine stew, and, like
some all-repelling glaze enrappt your open stature, yank the musket from
their chief and seize the title “Destroyer of Villages”?

Wash- A General, Mr. Adams, must inspire.
Adams- You could inspire the sun to round the earth.
Wash- I hate war.
Adams- Spoken like a true American General.
Wash- Mr. Adams, you want not what you seek!
Adams- Colonel Washington, I want well what I seek, for I stage the American
Revolution, and if you take the lead, I believe we’ll have a hit.
Wash- I had hoped, Mr. Adams, once I’d served in this Congress, to return to my
wife, my house, my fields, my wine, my books, my slaves, my rest; I had
hoped, Mr. Adams, to go home.
Adams- Home? Behold this letter. It’s from my wife, Abigail, who strings the very
harpings of my heart. The British troops enter homes, hang the men, rape
the women, and they are southward bound. There is no home but freedom.

Hancock calls from within.

Hancock- Congress is in session!

They enter the hall.

Hancock- Mr. Button Gwinnett of Georgia.
Gwinnett- Boys, let’s weigh ourselves ‘afore we rassel! America fight Great Britain?
That’s scrawny squirrel meets Sassquehatch, human hope headbuttin
divine right! We suckas take a nasty lickin less we reconcile, so I say draft
another whatchahooz and tell that cranky queen how much we love him.

Hancock- Mr. John Adams of Massachusetts.
Adams- I say we fight to win it, not to Gwinnett!
Hancock- Mr. Thomas Jefferson of Virginia.
Jefferson- If we’re to win, we need a General.
Hancock- Mr. Phillip Livingston of New York.
Livingston- I nominate Horatio Gates, our senior soldier, and a citizen of the great
state of New York.* - make this different person than david watson, since
he’s also gwinnett

Adams- Ol Granny Gates? Seniority, go sleep! This is battle, not bingo.
Hancock- Mr. Benjamin Rush of Pennsylvania.
Rush- I nominate Charles Lee of Pennsylvania, whose experience in the wars of
Europe will assure our victory.

Adams- Crazy Charles Lee? He prefers his dogs to detail? He babbles like a snufft-
up Hector? He mad as hornets woke? General Medalized Immovable will
sooner have us larded in lingerie than lounging in liberty, and British born
is brain dead. O give me a homespun hero!

Hancock- Mr. Roger Sherman of Connecticut.

Sherman- I nominate Benedict Arnold of New Haven, our most winning soldier!
 Adams- A winning idea. Where is he?
 Sherman- Last we heard, he jumpt a horse, rode it dead, roused 300 roughs in North Vermont, trompt 900 miles cross the ice to Montreal, where he attackt a British fort in a plan to capture Canada!
 Adams- So Canada is ours?
 Sherman- No, we lost.
 Adams- O save us from such saviors! Be generalled by these glory gluttons, trompsing up and down the land, impressing desperate yahoos and barraging at the mist, then is democracy sackt, liberty lost, and I am moving to Canada! Look not so far, my friends, for freedom, as our savior sits among us. Do you know him, President Hancock?
 Hancock- I do, Mr. Adams, and am honored.
 Adams- That such a man's among us honors us. I nominate, of character individual and universal, war his work, not his wish, a realist in small, an idealist in large, from the founding state of Virginia, Colonel, and soon General, George Washington.

Washington exits.

Adams- Honest representatives, many whispers make one hiss.
 Gwinnett- He's left so we can openly chew the gristle of his boneless reputation.
 Hancock- Mr. William Whipple of New Hampshire.
 Whipple- A Southern general lead a Northern army?
 Adams- A Northern head guide a Southern body? Join or die!
 Hancock- Mr. Thomas Mifflin of Massachusetts.
 Mifflin- He's a slave-owner, John. Can private vice bring public virtue? Tyranny tame the tyrant? Wrong right wrong?* - bobby moreno is both mifflin and rodney
 Adams- If hypocrisy's a germ now infectious to this body, then let us all be purged and flung to hearth - back to our wives, denied a tallied voice; back to our homeless, denied a tiny dime; and back to our human chattel, denied humanity!
 Hancock- Mr. Caesar Rodney of Delaware.
 Rodney- The Colonel lost his wits every time the injuns whoopt!
 Adams- Where were you, Caesar Rodney, every time the injuns whoopt? Speculating land, surveying new towns, naming them Caesar and Rodney, thus profiting pristine frontiers that he kept free of slapping scalps?
 Hancock- Mr. Thomas Jefferson of Virginia.
 Jefferson- Your arguments are cogent, John, and call hypocrisy to check, but can such a royal replica truly be committed to the cause?

Enter Washington.

Wash- Opponents, allies, and compatriots,
 You may here question my abilities,
 And you may question too my character,
 But never, ever question my commitment,
 For were you now to charge me raise an army,
 Drag it up the coast, hurl it at Boston -
 Breathing civil strife's cremative smoke,
 Gorging on the bulkless bread of war,
 Employing my own ribs as casting tools
 To melt and then re-mold the golden crown
 Into a metal mass that blows the gates
 Of privilege from this planet evermore -
 I'd do it in a dark and drastic second,
 As if born to brawl. That is my commitment,
 More part of me than you are of yourself,
 So choose me now or no, but never question
 What I have proved by risking all my life.

He exits.

Jefferson- I call to vote.
 Hancock- We are condemned to plebiscite. All for? All against?
 Adams- Peace, and war.
 Hancock- Bring him in.

Enter Washington.

Hancock- General Washington, the first Continental Congress has elected you to
 father its nascent army. Do you accept?
 Wash- I do.
 Hancock- It is done. We assign you the task of finding our paltry, scattered force,
 forming said bumpkins into brigades, repelling the British invaders, and
 securing our liberty. As for Congress, it will convene tomorrow on the
 issue of reconciliation with Mother England, but for now, to Peggy's
 Tavern for steaks and suds!

Congressmen exit.

Adams- As drought thanks the thunder, sir, I thank you,
 And will your voice in Congress ever be
 To furnish you all possible provisions;
 Yet as our hope now nurses at your heart,
 I say this of the fury soon you'll face:
 Keep close the cause, General, keep close the cause.

Adams exits.

Wash-

Well, I have won. Now I am a General.
 The General. The General of what?
 A plan, never-tried; an army, never led;
 A Congress splintered thru; rankling officers;
 An earnest dream that mocks its very day;
 O I am too incapable of this!
 It's fifteen friendly years since I have fought,
 And when I did, I did not ever win!
 My constitution is not combat-crafted.
 I lack the nerves in bone-hard challenge weft
 That form a compact cosm of the mass,
 And thus, in choice and construct, pre-decide
 In every part what need the whole imparts,
 Compressing victory from united trust.
 I lack the voice to clear the haggard fray,
 Talk deaf resistance into open hearing,
 Single motive to common policy,
 And policy to actions of achievement;
 The sprightly battle brain, the sense to see
 A secret enemy, access unknown
 Predicaments impending, drenching up
 Wise tactics on a hunch, but even more,
 The spirit to denature doubt and fear
 Into trust and rage upon the promise
 Of plain contingency; all this I lack.
 Yet keep close the cause, as all in me,
 And I in all the general will now will,
 So keep close the cause. O how keep it close
 When I am now the cause, and from myself
 As far as Boston's war from Vernon's peace?
 How keep close me to me when I am that
 Not where it would, yet which, by longing thus
 Much farther strays from there, and which, by striving
 For what it longs is then as ever lost!
 Yet serve the all, the all will then serve you,
 And give you to yourself to lead thru lack.
 So must I lead. Lead where? Beyond the Brits.
 But how? By beating them. Ha! Beat the Brits?
 It can't be done, if I'm the one to do it.
 King killer, law breaker, rebel ruler, me?
 It is not death I fear. It is losing,
 For losers die a million lives at once.

Yet I conclude in mind a loss undone.
 I love this country far beyond myself,
 And any consternation of the cause
 Concerns my failings only. So, fear, be hush,
 As I must draft some confidence to Martha,
 Whose moods inscribe the narrative of mine,
 Imploring her to rouse her tired smile
 And promising the fall will find me home.
 I'll have her send my coat and comfy boots,
 The thick ones that are black and to the knee.
 They, at least, will make me look the part.

He exits.

Phase 1, Scene 4. Peggy Arnold in her residence. Enter Arnold.

Peg- Benedict, my silly soldier!
 Arn- Peggy, my love and hope. Look at you! Younger than ever.
 Peg- Look at you! Older than ever, and with a limp!
 Arn- A British slug, that like its source, overstays its welcome, but I shall rip it
 out, loop it on a chain, and you may wear it proudly round your neck, a
 noose of love.
 Peg- Disgusting!
 Arn- Delicious!
 Peg- So, Montreal was quite the mess.
 Arn- Peg, I have been brawling for a year, so please, no talk of battles,
 especially battles I have lost, but to the sheets.
 Peg- Yet it was a mess.
 Arn- Thanks to that spiffy woodchuck, Ethan Allen.
 Peg- O, was he the leader?
 Arn- He led his Green Mountain Boys in a separate assault, leaving after me but
 arriving simultaneous, due only to his northerly advantage, so after much
 awful yapping and whining on his part, we agreed to share the lead and
 debouch the fort side-by-side, as I would co-charge with you to the sheets.
 Peg- Two leaders, one loss.
 Arn- I shall not fret of status again, but labor selfless for the cause, so selfless,
 causeless, mindless, my love, follow me to the sheets.
 Peg- That's good, given the news.
 Arn- What news?
 Peg- Congress has just elected George Washington as your commander. Is it
 not unbearably embarrassing to be passed over by some stiff Virginian?
 This insult shows what one gets with a Congress that can vote on military
 matters.
 Arn- He is a decent man.
 Peg- Decency is weakness in a soldier.
 Arn- I fight for freedom, not for first.

Peg- Second has no freedom.
 Arn- Peg, let me be.
 Peg- You just got home.
 Arn- I will join you shortly.
 Peg- Shortly, yes. Maybe that's the problem. Your being shorter than he. They say that stature sires status...
 Arn- Peggy, please, and soon..
 Peg- Yes, do make it soon, for soon, I fear, with Washington in charge, the Brits will soon our sheets into your noose.

Peg exits.

Ben- So this is what America will mean:
 The smarm of imperfection's victory,
 Where process triumphs over prodigy,
 Fake quantity over fine quality,
 Ineptitude over ability,
 And master majority over me?
 Second. What is second? It is a loss!
 Second to span the globe? To tag a teen?
 To coin some gorgeous phrase? All, and so none.
 Second's next, forgotten, some other's other,
 Absent, after, lacking primal being
 Save in relation, free but in function,
 His hopes in higher heads, his body bound
 To awkward march, himself in selfless mere,
 Lacking status, place, or recognition.
 First gets, second gives; First leads, second limps;
 First ripens, second rots; first is free, second's not.
 On second thought - O nameless epitaph!
 He came in second - words of no succession!
 What's second-hand but tattered, used, and cheap?
 I will not be for one more second second!
 This wishy Washington, this highbrow southern,
 This democratic King will botch it all!
 O stillborn revolution!
 Your protocol's promoted worst to first
 And left your best to be a follow-suit,
 An adjunct, a shadow-man, a second.
 What now, Dark Eagle? Quit or carry on?
 Maybe you'll do both. Chief of your mind's tribe,
 By acting as you think you will become
 All that you conceive. Hide in what you hate,
 Be what you deny, excel obscurity,
 And fantasy shall ferment into fact!
 I'll be the greatest second ever known
 And fight so fierce and forward that the first

Shall be the only power worth my wrath.
 Second? Second? O second I shall be
 And thru this rank rise to rankless glory!

Arnold exits.

Phase 1, Scene 5. Concord, Massachusetts. Enter the Rebel Mess.

Gut- Rebel Mess of Concord, Mass, attention.
 Free- But how can I move if I'm standing at attention?
 Gut- Shut yr mouth, soldier!
 Free- But how can I sing if I shut my mouth?
 Gut- Soldiers don't sing!
 Free- Soldiers?
 Gut- That's right! Soldiers in the war for American independence! So Rebel
 Mess of Concord, Mass, attention!

Freeman holds up a poster and reads from it.

Free- "All able-bodied men are called upon to join the brave *bands* now forming
 outside Lexington and Concord where they will be put into offensive
parties in the name of life, liberty, and the *pursuit of happiness*." So rock
 on!
 Gut- Are you aware of the critical circumstances facing our fine country?
 Free- Maybe.
 Gut- The Redcoats mean to take our freedoms!
 Free- Take our freedoms?
 Gut- That's rite!
 Free- Okay, boys. Who plays the freedom, cuz you are outta the group!
 Gut- Soldier, listen up, loud and clear. We are a troop of freedom fighters, not a
 gang of melodic musicians. So I'll hear no more outta u concernin such
 refusical musicals!
 Free- Yes, sir.
 Gut- Name, state, and occupation, from the rite!
 Free/Tom- My name...
 Gut- Soldier, you are on the left.
 Free- Do you deny my rights, sir?
 Gut- I deny you are on the rite.
 Free- I see. Proceed.
 Gut- Name, state, and occupation, from the rite!
 Free- Pardon, sir?
 Gut- What, soldier?
 Free- I was told once by Great Chief Crazy Cow of the Heapachuckayucky
 Tribe that a leader should always address his troops from the rear, as this
 prepares them for fighting with no visible leadership.
 Gut- That's the first good idea you had all day.

He goes to the rear.

Gut- Name, state, and occupation, from the rite!
 Free- My name's Johnny Turkey Feathers Franklin Freeman the 6th, my state is
 Maine, my occupation's stayin free and rockin out, and I hate the British
 more than church, so give me liberty or give you death!
 Gut- You will lug my bedroll.

He hands Freeman his bedroll.

Gut - Next!
 Tom- Tom Dodge, Maryland, unemployed.
 Gut- Can't ya do nuthin?
 Tom- I can read all the ancient languages.
 Gut- You will lug my mess kit.

Gutbreath gives Tom his mess kit.

Free- And you'll use all them dead tongues to bang the drums.

Freeman gives Tom a drum.

Gut- Next!
 Rob- Robert Shurtleff, Virginia, handyman.
 Gut- Robert Skirtless, virgin, half a man, you will lug my canteen.

Gutbreath gives her his canteen.

Free- And you'll use that pretty mouth to toot the fife.

Freeman gives her a flute.

Gut- Now, here's the deal: The British are comin.
 All- Retreat!
 Gut- Stop! They aren't here yet, but we must prepare to meet them.
 Free- I know. We'll have a battle of the bands! Hi' me now!
 Gut- One more peep outta u, soldier, and you're court martialed.
 Free- Me, sir, a marshall in the court? O, thank you, sir! This is my first
 commotion!
 Gut- Forward, march!
 Free- Question, sir. Might we backward march to practice our retreat?
 Gut- Minutemen don't retreat; they reposition.
 Free- Retreat only takes a minute.
 Gut- Then they plunge back into battle!
 Free- But battles are dangerous, sir!

Gut- That's rite! Rebel Mess, forward march! Left!
 Free- Left!
 Gut- Left!
 Free- Left!
 Gut- Halt! Soldier, what are you doing?
 Free- Pursuin my happiness, sir, cuz if battle's to the right, I am for the left.
 Gut- That's it, soldier. Your rank.
 Free- O, I know it, sir. My dreams excite me, my excitement conspires me, and my conspiracy makes me rank. But you, sir, ain't two to talk, cuz there's a firewater swamptorch in your exophagus singe the hair net off a dukess!

Gut- I mean, what's yr status in the echelon of service?
 Free- In the restaurant of service, I serve myself.
 Gut- I am a captain, you are a...
 Free- Capricorn.
 Gut- By whose commission are you a capricorn?
 Free- By commission of my paba in ma moomy.
 Gut- Well, my commission's from Congress.

Gutbreath shows his commission.

Free- I demand a vote!
 Gut- Armies don't vote!
 Tom- Actually, according to Herodotus, with Plutarch's concurrence, the Achaeans, or Greeks, under Themistocles, defeated Xerxes' Persian platoons at Marathon precisely because the Persians were slaves, and the Greeks, via Agamemnon's boule, or councils of war, were free to vote.

Gut- What?
 Free- I will translate from the Geek. In a democracy for dummies, you are the expectorants, we are the constipates, and the process ends when we, in order to buy your vote, present our party pitfalls, using lethally funded mudslinging champagnes, showing how we, once committed to an institution, will most thoroughly reprehent you.

Tom- Freeman...
 Gut- Rebel Mess, attention!
 Robert- Who's the winner?
 Free- That constipate what captures 5/3rd's of the minority in the shack of sophisticates.

Tom- Actually, Freeman...
 Gut- Rebel Mess, attention!
 Robert- What's the winner do?
 Free- He builds a cupboard and fills it with advertisers who then carry out his excessive orders, which can be conveniently subverted thru a system of checks and bonuses.

Tom- Freeman!
 Gut- Dammit, Rebel Mess, I said attention!
 Robert- So, who goes first?

Free- Well, America has an indirect democracy, meaning I, who am in, direct you. So, vote Johnny Freeman, and everyone will have a job, save those who hate working, for whom a non-job will be created to their liking. Yes, I will ask you to make some sacrifices, but I promise that none of you will actually have to make them. Lastly, we will always march away from battle, and, when we win, I will crown you each my supporter. Now, I refuse to criticize my proponent's character, because he has none. Vote Johnny Freeman, and ask not what I can do for your country, but what your country can do for me.

The British appear on the side.

Gut- The British are comin!
Robert/Tom- Retreat!

All begin to exit.

Free- Rebels, where you messin to? This is our big break!
Gut- Shoot when you see the whites of their eyes!
Free- Guess I gotta kick it on my lonesome.

Freeman sings.

*Rock on, you Rebel Mess,
All round this freedom land!
If ain't no one can do it,
You know American!*

The British fire on them. Gutbreath gets hit.

Free- Damn! That's a shot heard round my melon.
Gut- Soldier, I'm down! Go on without me!
Free- No way, sir. I'm in this together. Yo, you tinsel-ape, that bullet almost hit me! Backward march!

All exit.

Phase 1, Scene 6. In Washington's headquarters, Manhattan. Enter Generals Washington, Arnold, Gates, Greene, Knox, Sullivan, and Lieut. Hamilton.

Wash- My trusted Generals and worthy officers,
Attack is imminent upon New York.
If we lose New York, we lose the Hudson;
Lose the Hudson, we lose New England;
Lose New England, we lose the country;
Lose the country, we lose our freedom;

Lose our freedom, we lose our lives,
 Which, our freedom lost, are best abandoned.
 So, this Council of War is here assigned
 To craft a comprehensive strategy
 For the coming battle on Long Island,
 And then, should it be needed, on Manhattan.
 Lieutenant Hamilton, read the report.

Ham- From Nathan Hale, our spy on Staten Island: “Like a mighty forest surging from the sea, the offensive British warfare fleet of the great Sir Admiral Howe arrived in sublimest splendour this morning at Gravesend Bay, giving High Commander-in-Chief Sir General Howe 27 regiments of heavy infantry, four battalions of light infantry, four of grenadiers, two of elite guards, three brigadiers of artillery, one regiment of mounted light dragoons, and over 10,000 hideous Hessian mercenaries, for a total of 32,000 trained and equipped soldiers, 40 men-of-war, 300 transports and 500 supply vessels.” It is the largest amphibious assault force ever assembled.

Wash- General Greene, what have we to meet them?
 Greene- Some soldiers, sir, all ill-trained, unclothed, and poorly armed.
 Wash- General Knox?
 Knox- Five cannon, sir, all stolen from an abandoned French fort, all dysfunctional.

Wash- General Conway?
 Conway- No supplies, no transports, no men-of-war.
 Wash- Very well. What we lack in materiel
 We will countermand with motivation.
 Congress, the ruling body of our minds,
 Stipulates all plans must be decided
 Thru a council member majority.
 My wish, as the hopes and lives of millions
 Depend on us, is that a sense of order
 And equality pervade these meetings,
 For you are each my lesser in nothing,
 My parity in will, and my better
 In experience, skill, and bravery.
 Who among you cares to forward a plan?

Arnold- Have you no plan, sir?
 Wash- I do, General Arnold,
 But would hear others before firming mine,
 Wherefrom I will then choose as well the man
 To lead who has some action in his mind.
 Arnold- I'd choose the man who's action in his gun.

Enter Lee with dogs.

Lee- Cheezy ho, maties!

Ham- General Lee, you're late.
 Lee- So spank me, Tiny Hammy. I been goosin
 At all them British head-trips in the Harbor.
 They look balls-out ickid. What? You Yinkees
 Act like you ain't never gleekt a wiener.

Enter messenger and gives Hamilton a letter.

Ham- The British troops are forming battle lines
 And stand but one hour's march from Brooklyn Heights.
 Arnold- So let us meet them now! General Conway,
 Position high your troops at Cobble Hill
 And prep to pop the British from the bush.
 General Greene, line up along Gowanus,
 And if they land, you'll pike them on their rafts.
 General Knox, display our broken cannon
 At harbor's edge as a deterrent decoy,
 While me and my militia at Red Hook
 Stage a sneak assault upon the core.
 Our battle cry is Liberty or Death!
 Lee- What a wod a piggin pony-n-trap!
 To beat the British, we must be the British.
 Arnold- Says the British traitor.
 Lee- Skewzy, Bendydick?
 Arnold- O cut the cockney.
 Lee- Blimey, it's a duel!
 Arnold- Skip the duel and die!
 Wash- Generals, down! The first that looses lead
 Inserts himself into my anarchy
 And exits here upon a raft of gore.
 Lee- On me bloody honor...
 Wash- Let honor bleed
 And nutrifly the soil it's depleted.
 What have we with honor, honor with us?
 That antique closet holds its door too dear,
 With golden handles, decorative inlays,
 Lock tumblers set to any crooked key,
 Yet thru which hole, the stooping still can see
 The filthy, sham, and stolen goods inside,
 Kept hid for shame, yet kept at all for pride.
 Let the British squabble over honor;
 We seek a code more common, useful, fair.
 As cohorts will achieve as they conduct,
 This Council will confer in free conjecture.
 So, onward, with less honor, as we have
 Worse enemies than ourselves. General Lee.

Lee- As I was say'n, pri'r Lieutenant Lip
 Crinklin up his nappys in a fuffle,
 I may been brunt in Britain, damn me ma,
 And hate it like a case a chronic ronks
 With its piss-warm brews, its nippy rains,
 Its courtly classes and its bottom feeders
 Both snotty in their sycophantic shackles,
 But one thing's fixy as an Irish frown:
 You bitches will not ever beat the British
 Until you brawl them in the British way,
 Which I alone can ken, so crown me chief
 Or get ya bullocks cruncht. Now, exsqueezy:
 I must go relieve me bloated wieners.

Lee exits.

Greene- All England's sewers exit thru his mouth.
 Knox- I hear the Mohawks call him Boiling Water.
 Conway- He so adores his dogs, they share his bunk.
 Wash- His strategy is not bereft of sense.
 Arnold- His strategy's all swagger and no dagger.

Enter messenger and gives Hamilton a letter.

Ham- The British are forming battle lines.
 Wash- So then it seems that we should do the same.
 Arnold- With our equipment and experience
 Our battle lines will soon be broken mobs.
 Wash- We must meet formation with formation.
 Arnold- We must base strategy on situation,
 Situation on the opponent,
 The opponent on our objectives,
 And our objectives on our soldiers.
 We have not English, but New English, troops,
 So let our strategies be new as well.
 The British move in blocs, stupid save the head;
 Cut it off and th'entire corps's caput.
 But America's an army of heads,
 A millipod of power, a machine
 That thinks in every part, thus in every thought
 Lies the whole, and losing ten, wins with one.
 Therefore, as wolf packs feast on bison herds,
 At first with circling, dizzying the mass
 And packing them in spun delusive rut,
 Then picking off the laggard, aging edge,
 To last dessert on inner infant sweets,

We outflank and maraud the British bulk,
 Just like my rebels took Ticonderoga
 With a kill-ratio of two to one!
 Wash- This savagery depraves the law of war.
 Arnold- The law of war is lawless savagery,
 And only savagery reforms the law.
 Wash- By making indiscriminance our rule,
 The freaks of moment our eternal code,
 We aberrate convention, hacking thus
 The mutual confidencies of peace,
 As vicious trainers unleash viciousness.
 How is what in winning. We must defend
 And implement a proper formation.
 Arnold- That's lame propriety and mauling form!
 Must we like babies teething random sticks
 All suckle sere tradition, deadly sure
 There's nurture in truncated nature? No!
 Let us be free, and feed on our ideals!
 As you say, we will gain as we conduct,
 So, copy the British, be the British,
 Be the British, be not yourself, be not
 Yourself, be nothing - emulation's death.
 Wash- And yet your plan still geminates the braves
 That solo brawl from birth. We are not they.
 Our potency is numbers quilt in code,
 Without which all's a-scramble. Friendly fire,
 Lack of foresight, optional ignorance,
 This mash defrays an army of array.
 Our raw recruits need regularity.
 Arnold- Yet these and all recruits need victory!
 Too many revolutions start to stop
 When all mistake the enemy for the aim -
 Since the structure's longer with its weapons,
 Madly grab at new technologies!
 Such warfare has a winning history:
 Alexander, Hannibal, the Vandals,
 The Goths, the Saxons in their wode of blue,
 The Shawnee of the Tennessee depressions,
 The jungle cats of South and Eastern Asia,
 All in every man instilled an army,
 And so should we, who are as wild as they.
 Leave behind these ancient, stiff formations,
 And find new forms, proprieties, methods,
 For if there's logic to our revolution,
 It's change is but commitment to the self.

Enter Lee.

Lee- So, you backwood gumbys, what's it be?
Chief Charles Lee or Rebel Balls Kabob?
Ham- All for formation; all for freedom;
It's a tie.
Wash- What says Congress in such a case?
Ham- Congress has never considered such a case.

Enter Aide.

Aide- The British are advancing on the Heights.
Wash- I say that we shall fight in formation
And General Charles Lee shall lead the charge.
To our troops!
Lee- Kiss me wieners, Bendydick.

Lee exits.

Arnold- Sir, with all respect, Lee is far from ept,
Yet I've so seduced the Belle of the Brawl
Her nails have trampt for passion thru my flesh.
Is that not piercing proof that I can rumble?
Let me engage my ambush at the Brits,
Then, upon my life, we'll birth a nation
That ever fosters freedom in formation.
Wash- General Lee distinguished himself in France
And Prussia; we need his experience,
And are not ready for your scrapping style.
Support him in the battle for New York
And be at peace.
Arnold- I'd rather be at war.

All exit.

Phase 1, Scene 7. On the shores of Long Island. Enter General Howe, Major Andre, Major Cornwallis, Admiral Howe and attendants.

Gen Howe- Welcome, Admiral Howe!
Adm Howe- Thank you, General Howe!
Gen Howe- How was your journey?
Adm Howe- Fine! How is your army?
Gen Howe- Fine!
Adm Howe- Well, that's fine!
Gen Howe- Major Cornwallis.
Corn- Sir!

Gen Howe- And Major Andre.
 Andre- Welcome, Admiral Howe, to the new world.
 Adm Howe- What's so new about it, Major Andre?
 I see sky, sun, ocean, earth, ships, convoys,
 Supplies, humans, animals, plants, buildings,
 Labor, leisure, commotion, tedium,
 I see so many things, and yet I see
 One thing alone - a thingy peck of things,
 All here quite like the all I've seen elsewhere,
 Leading to the bromidic conclusion
 That this is not the new world, but the same,
 And, being such a world, this world is mine.
 Gen Howe- Well said, Admiral Howe.
 Adm Howe- Thank you, General Howe.
 Andre- I agree, sir, but the rebels differ.
 Corn- That's what rebels do, is it not?
 Adm Howe- Yes, it is.
 Corn- They differ to be different, and in that
 They're all the same, and so they all deserve
 The same solid drubbing.
 Adm Howe- Tell me, Major Cornwallis, where these rebels be.
 Corn- They be, Admiral Howe, where you see them forming,
 There posed in paltry lines, easy picking
 For my tight troops and your mighty cannon.
 Adm Howe- Are they all so vulnerable, Major Andre?
 Andre- All, Admiral Howe, save Benedict Arnold.
 Adm Howe- And where is he?
 Andre- He is we know not where.
 Adm Howe- Tusk tusk, General Howe.
 Gen Howe- Tisk tisk, Admiral Howe.
 Adm Howe- Have we no gabbing captives, Major Andre?
 Andre- We have detained a spy, Nathan Hale,
 But he is silent.
 Corn- We shall crack him soon.
 Andre- So we hope.
 Corn- And if we don't, he shall hang.
 Adm Howe- What say you, General Howe, of this Arnold?
 Gen Howe- I say, Admiral Howe, that he represents
 The power of the pest, not the predator.
 Adm Howe- His methods preyed on you at Bunker Hill,
 General Howe.
 Gen Howe- I was not, Admiral Howe,
 Preyed on at Bunker Hill by any method,
 But by a glaring lack of naval support.
 Adm Howe- I met the waves to my best, General Howe.
 Gen Howe- I met the rebels to my best, Admiral Howe.

Adm Howe- That's not how they speak of it in England,
General Howe, for they say you failed to face
What Arnold knows: to bog us is to beat us.

Gen Howe- To beat us?

Adm Howe- I meant to bother us
For longer than we care to be bothered.

Gen Howe- Are you bothered, Admiral Howe?

Adm Howe- Are you bothered, General Howe?

Gen Howe- Not at all!

Adm Howe- Nor am I!

Gen Howe- So to war!

Adm Howe- To war!

Corn- If I may, good General and fine Admiral,
Arnold is a punk* picaroon, we a superpower.

Andre- We and the French.

Adm Howe- The French a superpower?
The French are superpuftas, Major Andre.

Corn- To fight the French is a jolly pleasure,
Much like playing rugby with new recruits.

Adm Howe- Well said, Major Cornwallis.

Corn- Thank you, sir.

Adm Howe- Now, who is in command of these rebels?

Gen Howe- George Washington, our greatest ally.

Andre- He did good service 'gainst the Cherokee.

Corn- Il est un aristocrat Americaine!

Adm Howe- Major Cornwallis, you're very funny.

Corn- Thank you, sir.

Andre- And yet, we oughtn't laugh,
As it defames the crown to mock the weak.

Gen Howe- Well said, Major Andre.

Andre- Thank you, sir.

Adm Howe- Tell me, Major Cornwallis, of yon Manahatta,
Where I expect to sleep tomorrow night.

Corn- You will, sir, I'm afraid, get no sleep there,
For yon Manahatta is the noisiest,
Filthiest, sleaziest, sauciest mess
Of anti-civilized, counter-cultural,
Money-grubbing yahoos ever festered
Unflusht in the devil's high-class outhouse.
Madness and mayhem, sir, that is Manahatta.

Adm Howe- Yet tease me, Major Andre - are the ladies loyal?

Andre- I have found them, sir, exceedingly so.
Much as a diver gasps in ecstasy
When he above the pressive surface heaves,
Nothing stimulates American girls,
So fatigued by clunky Yankee manners,

Like the charms of an English officer.
 Gen Howe- Might you throw a party, Major Andre?
 Andre- Yes, sir, I shall throw a Meschianza,
 With floats, music, jousting, dance and bubbly,
 In celebration of the Admiral's landing.
 Adm Howe - O a Manahatta Meschianza!
 Gen Howe- Don't forget the American girls.
 Andre- Sir.
 Adm Howe - Well, I must crush the masses here more often.
 General Howe, after you.
 Gen Howe- After you, Admiral Howe.
 Adm Howe- Perhaps this is a new world after all.

All exit.

Phase 1, Scene 8. Washington and troops on Manhattan.

Wash- Lieutenant, how's the front?
 Ham- All is lost, sir. Prospect Hill, lost. Brooklyn Heights, lost. East River, lost.

Enter Lee.

Wash- General Lee, why are you running?
 Lee- Them wankers nearly killt me nut-brown wiener!

Lee exits. Enter messenger.

Mess- A message, sir, from Congressman Adams!
 Wash- Read it.
 Mess- Yes, sir. "I am pleased to inform you, General, that independence is
 declared."
 Knox- Incoming!
 Wash- Go on, soldier.
 Mess- There is some text, sir.
 Wash- So read it!
 Mess- Yes, sir. "When in the course of human events..."
 Knox- Incoming!
 Wash- Read on, soldier!
 Mess- "It becomes necessary for one people to dissolve..."
 Knox- Incoming!
 Wash- Read!
 Mess- I'll be independent with the declaration. "The King has done great
 evil...blah blah blah...America has tried everything...blah blah blah..."
 Knox- Incoming!
 Mess- "And for the support of this declaration, we mutually pledge our lives, our
 fortunes, and our honor."

Knox- Incoming!
 Mess- "Keep close the cause, General."

The messenger exits.

Wash- We are free, Lieutenant.
 Knox- Incoming!
 Ham- So let us save ourselves.
 Wash- Save yourself! I mean to save Manhattan!

Enter woman with a baby.

Woman- Manhattan is lost! Manhattan is lost!

Exit woman.

Ham- Sir, if we stay, we will die!
 Wash- O what brave fellows I must this day lose.

All exit.

Phase 2, Scene 1. Enter Peggy Shippen and Major John Andre in her home in Philadelphia. She is singing. He is painting her.

Peggy- *We mustn't wait longer, love,
 To bobble over the sea,
 For if we wait longer, love,
 The breeze will blow to lee.*

*To lee, to lay, to lo,
 The breeze will westward blow,
 Then we to Britain ne'r will go,
 To lee, to lay, to lo.*

Andre- Any word yet from your husband, Peggy dear?
 Peg- None but this bombastic, boring letter
 That banter on of war and lechery.
 Andre- Might I peruse the letter of the letch?
 Peg- Was it to peruse this letch's letter
 That you asked to paint his passion's whetter?
 Andre- Dear Peg, you are quite witty for a Yank.
 Peg- My body's Yankee, but my wits are Brit.
 Andre- I would it were the other way around
 For then there'd be no treason touching you.
 Peg- You're here to stroke the canvas with your brush,
 Rendering improvement to my image,

Not to canvas my body for your strokes,
 Smearing my pure reputation, so paint.
 Andre- Bestill your vacillations, and I shall.
 Peg- I'm only trying to find my better side.
 Andre- You have no better side, for all the earth
 Is nature's practice draft, that crafting you
 It may its every tint and talent use,
 From shabby scratch achieving truest art
 In Peggy doll, every angle awesome.
 Peg- O, John, why can't Americans speak like you?
 Andre- Cuzn they's Amer'cuns, I figger.
 Peg- Major Andre?
 Andre- Private Peggy?
 Peg- Might I trust you with a perilous secret?
 Andre- As surely as the Brits shall win the war.
 Peg- I am loyal.
 Andre- Loyal to your husband?
 Peg- No, to my country.
 Andre- Ah, yes. Do please tell me of your country.
 Peg- Dear, smart, handsome, cock-sure England.
 Andre- And her pretty, rich, virgin colonies.
 Peg- But, being loyal, I am unloyal
 For rebelling from my rebel husband.
 Andre- Yet, if he's a rebel, aren't you loyal
 In your so unloyal great rebellion?
 Peg- It is what I desire.
 Andre- As do I.
 Peg- What's the revolution gotten me?
 My husband's penniless and unpromoted,
 I lack the opulence that I deserve,
 And how's my future? Should the rebels win,
 Which obviously drubs the probable,
 The world will be turned all upside down,
 Style will be depraved and slack ascended,
 Kitsch will replace culture, etiquette
 And excellence will be commercialized
 To cheap fodder for the common fallowed commons,
 All order, class, and fair elitist traits
 Will plunge into a democratic sludge,
 All due desserts denied, til then, at last,
 Sophistication murdered by the mob,
 Stupidity will outvote decency,
 And trash will strut high-cackling thru the streets.
 Andre- This shall happen if they win, but they shan't.
 Peg- Shan't? You see? Americans don't say shan't.
 O shan't me again.

Andre- They shan't.
 Peg- O, shan't they?
 Andre- Why wed a rebel if you hate the cause?
 Peg- Benedict swore to me he'd win the war
 And be like King America or something.
 Andre- He could be if he joined the winning side.
 Peg- Benedict Arnold betray his country?
 This is a man for whom democracy
 Is our only avenue to justice,
 For whom equality alone pretends
 To reconcile humankind with nature,
 And who above all else holds liberty
 As that defining, necessary state
 In which the spirit thrives, and lacking this
 Merits not its own abject existence.
 Believe me, John, I know all the reasons,
 But Benedict will never cede the cause.
 Andre- Yet what if his country betrayed him first?
 Peg- His country has betrayed him openly
 By urging him to fight for no reward.
 Andre- Soon, dear Peg, I am to host a party,
 A Meschianza, full of floats and music,
 Jousting, dancing, poetry and bubbly,
 A fete to pleasure Britain's highest ranks,
 And I'd love you to come.
 Peg- O, Johnny, yes.
 Andre- Yet not with me.
 Peg- With whom?
 Andre- With your husband.
 Peg- But why?
 Andre- That I may chat him up a bit
 About his country's undue negligence
 Of his excellence, and the benefits
 Of going British.
 Peg- He will not betray!
 Andre- There is in every man a tiny safe
 Wherein he locks away his disappointments
 That he may prevent a slip in status,
 Yet in this isolation there's inflation,
 For on the interest others pay to them,
 Not circulating to depreciation,
 And manufacturing their scarcity,
 The value of these disappointments grows,
 And richness, then, is rarity revealed.
 At the proper time, I'll pry him open,
 To there discover such a boon of pain,

I'll seek him on the spot to sell his soul
 For dear relief, for my relief, for us.
 But promise me your husband will be there,
 I'll promise you the life that you so crave.
 Peg- General Arnold stoops to General Peggy.
 Andre- Adieu.

He exits.

Peg- I do, I do, I do, I do,
 I don't know do from done. Tied to a man
 Too far, too old, too war-obsesst for love,
 And I in love with he so close, so young,
 So love-obsesst that I could lose it all
 For but one look from him? My dear lover
 Is on the winning side, yet my lame husband
 On the losing, and while betray he may,
 He's still my husband! Would he betray me,
 Then I'd good reason to betray him back,
 And freely I could love my darling Johnny,
 For whom I would do anything, and will
 In talking of betray to Benedict,
 As I'll be lucky not to lose my life,
 Yet what is life if I should lose my love?
 I know this: I am a woman at war.
 My cause? Survival. My strategy? Deceit.
 My arms? My arms. To win, all I must do
 Is wed a Brit, be a Brit, birth a Brit.
 I am a woman at war, and lose I shan't.

She exits.

Phase 2, Scene 2. Enter Freeman, carrying Gutbreath, in the woods round Concord.

Free- Rebel Mess, wait up! Sir, you got the curse a grease and goops.

Enter Robert Shirtleff and Tom Dodge.

Tom- What's the hold up, Freeman?
 Free- The hold up's me holdin up general hefty hams!
 Rob- Captain's hit! We'll have to amputate.
 Gut- Gimme some booze and hack.

They give him booze.

Rob- Hold him down!

Free- At times like these it's best to avoid times like these.
 Rob- Forgive me, sir.
 Gut- No problem, soldier. Nature graced me with a spare.
 Free- Know what? Maybe them Brits ain't so bad. Sure, they act superior and all, but someone thinkin he's better'n me sure proves I'm better'n him.
 Gut- We el da line a longa s'we cd.
 Free- And, sure, they have completely feckt our freedom, but what's freedom ever got us save for prisons?
 Gut- Den a tooken to da paw!
 Free- And, okay, they hate our band, but my art is in defiance of the masses, so the fewer people like it, the better I'm doin.
 Rob- Got it!
 Gut- O bootius babble!
 Tom- I think he's in a state of catatonia.
 Free- That's it! I'll be the Duke of Catatonia! A drowzy dainty dingle in the lowlands of the midlands, where all we do is guzzle Backwash Beer, eat marmite on stinky cheese, and slap a nappy on the nanny for a round a kinky cricket! Burgomask!
 Rob- Freeman, stop!
 Free- Is Funkygums ok'd or ko'd?
 Rob- He survived the surgery, but not the whiskey.
 Tom- I'm goin home!
 Free- Wait, Tommy, look! He's just acting! My name's General Loudthroat Gutstink. Forward, fall!
 Tom- I don't wanna die, Freeman!
 Free- Aw, Tommy don't wanna die! Real men fear huggin their pa, sayin they're sorry, or skinny-dippin on a chilly day, but no, Tommy fears death! Fine! Rebel Mess, less its sucky drummer, gather round and slumpf in silence, for our great captain, making me our captain, is dead. Let us not speak of his challenging oral steams, his forged note from Congress, or his thing for marching forward into battle, no, please, let us be silent, for our great captain, makin me our captain, is dead. We shall always remember him thru what he left us, this limb, this bloody limb, yet be not sad or queazy, for this great limb is free - free of the bunions, free of the chaffing, free of the bulk that walkt upon it...
 Rob- It's an arm, Freeman.
 Free- Free of being called a lowly leg! Yay, it is the limb of liberty, the chop of union, the cut of equality! O sure! Them Brits may have their stamp act, but we Yankees got our stump act! But please, stop talking, for our great captain, makin me our captain, is dead.

Gutbreath rises.

Gut- Da bibish a cumin!
 All- Retreat!

Gut- Waste a mamet! You mayta trunk ma hack off, and I mayta head ma drunk
off, but if we're gonna remigent, let's put some rhymyth to't.
Rob- Great idea, less the words.
Free- We need a drummer.
Gut- I can beep a keat.
Free- Rock!

They play.

*Soon's he sees a casualty
Off he runs in mutiny,
Betrays the rebel army!
Tommy was a traitor!*

Rob- Stop! Gutbreath, where's the keat?
Free- Hit it!

*Hide all day and cry all night,
Soft as kittys, he won't fight,
Too damn scared to do what's right!
Tommy was a traitor!*

Free- Stop! Gutbreath, you're splashin me with that beep.
Rob- Hit it!

*Got no job, got no home,
Got no testytosterone.
Guess we'll win this war alone!
Tommy was a traitor.*

They exit. Enter Freeman.

Free- Tommy, can you hear me?
Tom- What?
Free- We need ya, man. Pukyteeth couldn't beat a dead dog with an old cat to
save a curious horse.
Tom- I don't wanna die, Freeman.
Free- Drummers don't die. They just shift tempo.
Tom- Stop it, Freeman!
Free- Hey, what would the geeks do?
Tom- You mean the Greeks?
Free- Yeah, them too!
Tom- They were warriors; I'm a worryer.
Free- Look, Tommy, I'm scared too, but I reckon we got two options:

To form a band to beat the Brits,

*Or listen to the Brits all day?
The more I listen to the Brits,
The less I know what I can say.
So I'll form a band to beat the Brits,
And throw them British hits away,
Cuz the less I listen to the Brits
The more I know what I can play.*

Not bad, but it could use a beat, so waddaya say, Tommy Two Sticks?

Tom- You swear I won't die?
Free- On my word as a rebel, I swear.
Tom- Rat-a-tat-tat.
Free- Slap it just like that!

They exit. Phase 2, Scene 3. Washington's Headquarters in Pennsylvania. Enter Washington and Hamilton.

Wash- May I confide in you, Lieutenant Hamilton?
Ham- Sir, of course.
Wash- New York has nearly ruined me. In choosing Lee's arcane formation over Arnold's vicious freedom, a case wherein the fetid vestige of my military training blockt my fresher instincts, I nearly lost the ship. So I have deposed unto myself to lay aside all timid theory, follow Arnold's advice and trust the people, for only in the people is there victory. Your thoughts?
Ham- My thoughts are worry.
Wash- Worry is the heart of war.
Ham- I mean about this maxim, trust the people. What if the people can't be trusted?
Wash- Then we fight for nothing, as we fight for them.
Ham- We fight for freedom.
Wash- For the people.
Ham- From the people.
Wash- Your point, Lieutenant?
Ham- Government must function, even at the expense of the governed.
Wash- Government is the expense of the governed, so does a government that wastes this expense waste itself, and so engender its replacement, a task at which we labor now, more pressing than these abstract federalist quibblings.
Ham- Then take our present dilemma.
Wash- Which one?
Ham- The army has no muskets.
Wash- The shipment from Roanoke works?
Ham- It has arrived, yet the muskets lack triggers.
Wash- So return them.
Ham- After our loss at New York, the manufacturer has gone Tory.

Wash- Then what do you suggest?
 Ham- Attack the works and take their stock.
 Wash- Attack Americans?
 Ham- They are loyal, we are rebel.
 Wash- We fight for their right to do as they choose, so we defeat our goal
 defeating them.
 Ham- Dissension during war is sedition.
 Wash- Democracy is not gained by its negation.
 Ham- Democracy is a clumsy strange fiasco. Case in point: it seems your notion
 of combining diverse regiments is unpopular, as, just this morning, the
 uniquely clothed Maryland and Carolina divisions, whose multiteity in
 dress has led to death by friendly fire, rejected their uniforms, claiming
 they engendered uniformity.
 Wash- What was done?
 Ham- Lieutenant Burr, a man whose arrogance I abhor yet whose actions I
 applaud, forced adherence to orders by hacking off the agitator's arm.
 Wash- My soldiers must be inspired, not butchered!
 Ham- Butchery most inspires soldiers.
 Wash- Congress will not sanction mutilation.
 Ham- It is Congress mutilates the cause!

*He reads. * - not read in recording*

Ham- "Dear General, I am sorry to say that due to our failure to collect revenue,
 Congress is bankrupt. Thus, at the New Year, all enlistments are up and
 the soldiers receive no pay. I deeply regret this inconvenience and trust
 that you will hoop the men together with their hopes. Keep close the
 cause, John Adams."
 Wash- My army will dissolve without dollars.
 Ham- Trust the people, sir.
 Wash- Where is the enemy, Lieutenant?
 Ham- We do not know.
 Wash- What do the locals say?
 Ham- The locals are all Quakers and object to predilection.
 Wash- The natives?
 Ham- Support the British, who give them liquor and guns.
 Wash- Our spy, Nathan Hale?
 Ham- Hanged, yesterday. Reportedly he sang to the un-supporting air, "I regret I
 have but one life to give for my country."
 Wash- Braver he in death than all in life combined.
 Ham- Justice is his grave.
 Wash- Leave me, Lieutenant.
 Ham- Yes, sir.

Hamilton exits.

Wash-

O hang them all! Had I a storm of Hales
And not this mass of mush! Great Benedict:
“Empower every soldier in himself!”
Yet there must be a steadfast storage cell
Of sensible responsibility
That long preserves the charge beyond the charging,
And they are hollow! Opportunists all,
Incapable of doing what is right,
Yet obsesst with demanding it of me.
The people are the people’s enemy!
Invidious of prosperity today
They but insure tomorrow’s poverty
By trading at a loss thought for tantrums,
Longevity for thrills, security
Incorruptible for rashest judgment.
And freedom? Mere to them a stock in option:

When times are good, they're glad to watch it grow;
 When times go bad, they're quick to sell it low.
 Democracy's dependent on the people,
 Yet can the people be depended on
 When hunches such a habit of deceit
 Within their notions, they are not themselves
 But in avoiding what they ought to be?
 Can a nation of rebels ever last?
 Had I a curse for my worst enemy
 It would be to be me. I simply know
 Not what to do, nor sense what source to search.

Enter Hamilton.

Ham- Sir, there is a man, or boy, outside, demands to see you.
 Wash- Demands?
 Ham- His name is Marie Joseph Paul Yves Roch Gilbert Motier, yet he goes by Lafayette. He is French.
 Wash- Send him away. I am done with these profiteering European savants come to educate us rustics in the proper forms of war - those very forms that lost our greatest city.
 Ham- I told him as much.
 Wash- And he said?
 Ham- "Benjamin Franklin sends me."
 Wash- Franklin? So let him in. He's either a joke or a genius.
 Ham- Yes, sir.

Enter Lafayette.

Ham - Le chat entre par la porte du chien.
 Laf- All to me was pretense and corruption
 Til now I see the truth in his domain.
 Wash- Well, monsieur Lafayette, what is it you want? A regiment, a lieutenancy, a tent? They are yours, and if your tete is not sauted, you will return to France, lure femmes and fame with battle yarns impressionnant, and then retire to your estate, a hero in contempt of his own cause.
 Laf- I want not that.
 Ham- His family, sir, is one of Europe's richest.
 Wash- Very well, rich monsieur Lafayette, you will have a batallion, a major's rank, and a house. Comment c'est?
 Laf- I want not that.
 Ham- The Monsieur is a Marquis.
 Wash- O, he wants top billing. Bien. Great Marquis Lafayette, I hereby give you my army, name you Commander-in-Chief, the continent will be yours to till and tax, and all colonial girls will gambol ripe at your disposal.
 Laf- I want not that.

Wash- Who wants not that?
 Ham- Even I want that.
 Wash- Then what do you want, Marquis?
 Laf- A musket, your lowest rank, and the humble chance to bravely serve the
 greatest leader of the greatest cause in the greatest country ever!
 Wash- We have no muskets, all our ranks are low, and for greatness, I suggest
 Great Britain. Now, please, I have a war to lose.
 Laf- To lose? O my dear General, you are he
 Who cannot lose, for in your death you live
 In those who place fresh flowers on your grave,
 Who ever are, for time is freedom's fort:
 Besiege her, and she opens wide her doors!
 Destroy her, and she rises from the rubble!
 Invade her, and you gain her treasure, you,
 For freedom, though defeated, thus defeats,
 As he who conquers freedom soon converts
 Unto freedom, captured by his capture.
 So you, defending freedom, need not fear:
 You can never lose, as you merely fight
 For what your enemy in time becomes.
 Wash- What do you want?
 Laf- A musket, your lowest rank, and the humble chance to bravely serve...
 Wash- Young monsieur, look at my army.
 Laf- I proudly do, dear General.
 Wash- Look at their haggard rags.
 Laf- I see raiments of righteous revolution!
 Wash- Look at their broken weapons.
 Laf- I see tools of truest liberty!
 Wash- Then look at the soldiers themselves. Drilling, working, fighting?
 Ham - Drinking, wrestling, loitering.
 Laf- I met these soldiers, my dear General. They are rehearsing a play entitled
 "The Victory of Washington" and plan to show it you after supper.
 Wash- If you are here to mock me, good monsieur, I suggest you stop, for my
 anger is deeper, my patience shorter, and my reach much longer than
 yours.
 Laf- To mock you, my dear General? No, to make you see
 The value of your wond'rous revolution.
 Yes, I see disorder, disaffection,
 And lack of regiment. But, in Europe,
 Too much regime, order, affectation
 Have ruined us, and hope is all our health.

But this, my dear General, this is America,
 A land of opportunity and freedom,
 Where nothing is too crazy to be tried,
 No passion so perverse it must be doused,
 O here is where I am but what I do
 And what I do is all that I desire.
 That is what I love about this country,
 And that is what I come to help you see.
 Wash- You want to help me? Find the enemy.
 Laf- They are at Trenton.
 Ham- Trenton? Impossible!
 Wash - How do you know?
 Laf- The French know where the British are even before the British.
 Wash- How old are you, Lafayette?
 Laf- As old as dreams of flight.
 Wash- What is your age?
 Laf- Mine is the age of freedom!
 Ham - Sir...
 Wash- Come, young Lafayette. Let's walk awhile
 And talk some more of your America.

All exit.

Phase 2, Scene 4. Enter Generals Arnold, Lee, Gates, Conway, Lieutenant Burr, at their camp.

Lee- Why's I ever join you skanky Yankers?
 Can't brawl, can't brew, can't yap, can't dress, can't cook,
 Ya damn well fails to rears ya bozitch right,
 But tip to top ya can't appreciate
 The breded exclusivity of grandeur
 Exhibited by so-such and me wieners,
 Whose pedigree, demeanor, pluck and bravery
 Puts this whole cracker continent to shunk!
 After that boondaggle on Wrong Island,
 When me bloomin command got undercut
 By ya slaggy listed rebel pansy punks,
 Forcin me, genst me genius, to surrender
 To my former nation's finest hellions,
 So savorin for cozy captivity
 A better year than ten I'll ever slop
 In the clutches of this pig-butt army,
 I seen the doodoos nones a you can scoop:
 The Bitchish simply got you bumpkins woopt!
 What you don't gets is...
 Arnold- General Lee, shut up.

Lee- No, Bendydick, you shut up.
 Arnold- Excuse me?
 Lee- General Womangton choises moy uber toi,
 So I'll say who is what in this sad song,
 And buck yr cheeky uppy one more fug,
 I'll snarf me royal stymy in effect
 And pork your fluffy marrow to me pups.
 Arnold- Dear patience, I must end our hasty union.
 Lee- Come on, Bendydick! Try and snag me arse!
 You can't snag me arse cuz me arse is too slick!
 I gots an intercontinental arse!
 Quicker than a cheetah, hotter than a heata,
 Wacker dan da boogaloo bagvad gita,
 Me slippy arse...

Arnold grabs a wiener.

Lee- Gimme back me wiener!
 Arnold- Lieutenant, stuff this mongrel down a cannon, and when I give the signal,
 spark the fuse. You, sit down and shut up, or it's hot dog for dinner.

Lieutenant Burr exits with the wiener.

Gates- Checkers anyone?
 Conway- No more games, dammit!
 Look at us! Our nation's finest generals
 Rotting in useless idle, filling our days
 With braggart duels and juvenile diversions
 While Washington aborts the revolution!
 Arnold- Congress chose him.
 Conway- And what if Congress chose
 To surrender?
 Arnold- I would war on Congress.
 Conway- Yet have they not in essence chosen that
 By choosing Washington as our General?
 Gates- What can we do?
 Conway- We can war on Congress.
 Gates- What?
 Conway- I am speaking cryptically.
 Arnold- Speak freely. We are compatriots.
 Lee- I ain't no...
 Arnold- Lieutenant!
 Lee- We are compatriots.

Conway- I propose we draw up a petition
 Declaring our mutual resistance
 To Washington's command.

Gates- It's mutiny!

Enter Lieutenant Burr.

Burr- Yes, sir?

Arnold- Tell us, Lieutenant Burr, your opinion
 Of our commander?

Burr- My honest opinion?

Arnold- Your deepest feelings, and have no concern:
 We smother here the words we urge to breath.

Burr- My opinion is saddle to the press.
 Washington ruins the revolution.
 He lost New York, he fails in discipline,
 He's pappy on the Tories, he intends
 To seek the neutrality of the natives
 Who could, if sufficiently deceived
 And threatened, be conclusive on our side,
 And now there's rumor he's to march on Trenton
 On Christmas night, in the snow, to attack
 A huge brigade of Hessian mercenaries,
 A ludicrous mistake, which, I've no doubt,
 Was urged by Alexander Hamilton,
 His fop lieutenant and a sickly limb
 I hope to lop from off our freedom tree,
 As he is but the mimic of his chief:
 American as un-American.

Arnold- Dictate a letter from General Conway.
 Conway- "Dear right honorable members of Congress.
 We, the true generals of this greatest cause,
 By pressure of our conscience, here present
 Solid evidence that General Washington,
 By his willful errors, defeats our dreams
 In realization: item, he has failed
 Numerous times to name a battle plan
 Assuring victory; item, he has failed
 In addressing the current dangers
 Presented by the natives and the Tories;
 And foremost item, this, our highest man,
 Now conspires with the enemy..."

Gates- George Washington conspire with the enemy?
I've known that man near over thirty years
And he would sooner haul himself to hell
Than turn to treason.

Conway- Is not losing battles
Conspiring with the enemy, General Gates?

Arnold- Let us sign the letter.

Lee- Chew me smoothie.

Arnold- Lieutenant Burr, light the fuse.

Lee- I will sign.

Conway- I will sign.

Arnold- As will I.

Gates- It's mutiny!

Arnold- General Gates, if you think it mutiny
To voice your opinion on improvements
In the system wherein all conceive their hopes,
Or mutiny to use those very forms
Of government which we the people craft
For furthering our goals, or mutiny
To save your country by the natural act
Of purging sickness and promoting health,
Then, mutiny, I say, be your duty.

They sign.

Arnold- So incensed this brave sedition leaves me,
I shall myself conduct its cry to Congress.

Conway- We will trust you.

Lee- May've I me wiener back?

Arnold- Lieutenant Burr, return the General's wiener.

All exit, save Arnold.

Arnold- Trust me? Ha! Trust me but to trash your trust.
Three blind mice, O and here the carver's knife.
One swift wack, my ascendance is assured.
These bleeders, til now my competition,
Will die by their own scratches; Washington,
His own worst enemy, is soon to fail,
As snow-shoeing weary into Trenton
He'll fall right thru the icy Delaware
And the Hessians will sniper him from shore!
Then I, arriving there at last alone,
Will be crowned, by soldiers, people, and press
Of all America the rightful chief.
So now to Congress crying mutiny,

Then to the field for my victory,
And last for celebration to my Peggy!

He exits.

Phase 2, Scene 5. Washington, Lafayette, and Hamilton at the edge of the Delaware.

Laf- O, my dear General, what a beautiful night for a battle!
Ham- To get to Trenton, we must cross the river!

Enter General Knox.

Knox- Bad news, sir.
Wash- What? No option for the good?
Knox- No, sir.
Wash- Proceed.
Knox- We cannot get the cannon cross the river.
Laf- Excellent, for we must travel light!
Ham- Our plans call for cannon!
Laf- Let Europe run to plan. En Amerique, we improvise!

Enter General Greene.

Greene- Bad news, sir.
Wash- So I've heard, but I expect no good from war.
Greene- Our boats cannot break the river ice.
Laf- Set the cannon on the banks and crack the ice with their balls!
Ham- O, that's perfect French. Crack the ice with their balls!
Wash- Do it, General Greene.
Greene- Yes, sir.
Ham- We must retreat.
Laf- We must advance.
Ham- This blizzard is our burial.
Laf- This blizzard is our blessing.
Ham- It's clear we cannot cross!
Laf- Once we cross, all will be clear!

Enter Captain.

Captain- Who's in command here?
Wash- We're trying to decide.
Cap- Bad news, sir.
Wash- So write my epitaph and I'll edit while I can.
Cap- No feeling thing has felt less feeling weather. Drifts as high as steeples,
tempts to freeze a flame, and blusters that could shave a mountain man.
The army's totally stuck. Some run, claiming life in chains superior to

death by frost; others in a fluster waddle dazed as poisoned ducks, while many sit and cry their eyelids shut. This powder, sir, fills the keg of space and looks to blow.

Wash- What can I do? My army will not move.
Laf- They do not move because you do not move them! Give them the cause, my dear General, then like snow-leopards will they skit, ordered by selfish impetus, glowing eyes for torches, warmed by their fears, onward all advancing to their target, easy Trenton, where Hessian devils drill for death in lazy, pickled sleep. Give them the cause and they will give you all.

Enter soldiers advancing.

Soldiers- Arnold for America!
Wash- Soldiers, why are you advancing?
Soldier- Arnold, sir, is marching on Trenton!
Wash- Captain, how's the water?
Captain- Bloated 'bove the banks, pockt with crashing slabs, rapid and enshrouded in a ghastly, gusty gloom.
Wash- Good! There is advantage in this havoc.
Captain- Advantage, sir?
Wash- Deep water bears a heavy craft, crashing mutes the vessel's heft, rapids surge us onward, and the darkness hides our way.
Laf- All aboard!
Wash- You too, soldier.
Soldier- But, sir, I can't swim.
Wash- Then hold on tight to me. So full my heart with airy hope, I'm sure to float across!
Captain- Free the shore!
Wash- To Trenton!

All exit.

Phase 2, Scene 6. Hessian troops at Trenton.

2- It's Christmas time for General Vushington!
1- Come, mein teensy General, und sit on Santa's lap.
2- Javoll, Santa!
1- Have you been a gut little soldier zis year?
2- Javoll, Santa!
1- Und vy is zat?
2- Becuz, I have killd no one!
1- Sehr gut, mein weensy General. Vut ist you vunt for Christmas?
2- Liberty!
1- But how can Santa give you liberty?
2- He give me shoes so I can run away!

- 1- Sehr gut, mein schmeensy General! Vus ist else you vont?
 2- Justice!
 1- But how can Santa give you justice?
 2- He give me rope zat I can hang myself.
 1- Sehr gut, my zeensy General. Vut ist else you vunt?
 2- I vunt democracy, Santa!
 1- Democrazy? Vut is zis?
 2- Ein government in which Ich hab ein voice!
 1- But how can Santa give you ein voice?
 2- He give me beer, und zen I sing!
 1- Sehr gut! Pour zie General ein beer, und he vill sing!

He sings.

*I am General Vushington,
 Fighting vis my king!
 But all I do is run, run, run,
 Like ein ding-a-ling!*

*I am General Vushington,
 Fighting vis my troops!
 Mein strategy ist dumb, dumb, dumb,
 Mein battle cry ist oops!*

*I am General Vushington,
 Fighting vis myselfen!
 On my head I thump, thump, thump,
 O bitte someone helfen!*

Enter British Colonel and flogs them.

Colonel- Silence, yetz ode imma! Stupid germies.

Exit British Colonel.

- 1- Dummkopf.
 2- Helmut?
 1- Ja?
 2- Vill freedom ever come to Europa?
 1- Nein, es wird hier sterben, im America.

Enter Arnold and his troops.

Arnold- Sleeping? Well, then dream you do not die!

They stab the sleeping soldiers. Enter Washington.

Wash- General Arnold, your tactics have taken Trenton!
 Arnold- My tactics have taken more than that, sir.
 Here is a letter, which thru machinations
 Dangerous and complex I have acquired,
 And therein you will read of the betrayal
 Of all yr closest generals, save myself,
 Who near observed their wretched treachery
 And swore to serve in this Conway Cabal
 By relaying their concerns to Congress,
 But instead divert them here, for you and country.

Wash- Conway, Gates, Lee?* Lee, Conway, Gates?
 Arnold- Repellent judasites,
 Who, at yr word, I'll hang from my own neck.

Wash- Thank you, Benedict, but I must think.
 Arnold- Think what? How to kill them? May I suggest...
 Wash- I must think, just that for now, but thank you.
 Yr trepid loyalty shall find reward.

Arnold- Of what?
 Wash- Of all I can.
 Arnold- Can you not all?
 Wash- Congress is in charge of dispensations,
 But I will canvas hard in yr favor.

Enter Lafayette and others.

Lafayette- The battle is yours, my lofty General!
 Wash- Well fought, soldiers, and well won! Now away,
 And we will raise our tents and rouse our fires
 And toast ourselves with hoots of victory!
 Thank you, Benedict.

Soldiers- Washington for America!

All exit, except Arnold.

Arnold- The battle is yours? The battle is mine!
 And this letter risked for what? A thank you?
 You dropped yr kerchief. Thank you. Nice jacket.
 Thank you. No, I'll get the check. Why, thank you!

But tackle treason, sidestep retribution,
 And shield his back from his closest generals?
 Deserters, conspirators, traducers
 Burnt from their huts of internecine fraud
 By my intelligence and fortitude,
 So thank you? I'll need more than niceties
 To dress the wound his dishonor does me
 By piling stones upon my surging claim.
 Thank you. O no, thank you for showing thanks
 Is just another cut off in the queue
 That now I see leads to pricey nothing.
 America, my love, give me but this:
 Keep to merit! Never forsake merit,
 For there's yr death, as sloth corruption breeds
 Righteous, bigoted redistributions
 That exponentiate each generation
 Far past all faith in honest revenue.
 Let freedom thrive, sow thick where labor lands,
 And for the rest, thank you, thank you, thank you.

He exits.

Phase 3, Scene 1. Enter Rebel Mess, singing.

*Hear that cry of liberty
 Grab his gun and off he be
 Join the rebel army
 Tommy was a trooper*

*March all day and guzz all night
 Harsh as red-eye when he fight
 Doin wrong to get what's right
 Tommy was a trooper*

*Got some honey back at home
 Drippin from a honeycomb
 But this grizzly's got to roam
 Tommy is a trooper*

A shot rings out.

Free- Home time!
 Gut- Twirlin Tuscaloosa Tomahawks! I'z a Bibish fort! Rebel Mess, attack!
 Free- Rebel Mess, a-stop! Quote me if I'm wrong, Tom Dodge, but doesn't
 Homey, the Asian Geek Thermometer, say that one ought only attack a
 fallen fort?

Tom- This is, indeed, the lesson of Troy.
Free- Home time!

Freeman gets up and is shot at.

Gut- Dammit, men, as your cap'n...
Free- Yo, I'm your cap'n.
Rob- Til we hold a proper election, Gutbreath is our captain.
Free- O you unloyal rebels! After all I've done for you?
Gut- Wuts you dun cept yells home time!
Free- And who among us yells "home time!" so winningly?
Rob- Freeman, you're a chicken.

Shots fire.

Free- Duck!
Gut- Chickem!
Tom- Duck!
Rob- We can't keep on like this! Two captains plus two years equals four hopeless losers.
Free- That's it! We're the Hopeless Loser Band!
Tom- Why don't we hold a boule? A council of war?
Free- Cool, a boule! Like the Iraqi Indians! Passem peacem pipem.
Gut- My plan's as plain as gramma's pantys. Attack.
Rob- Can you elaborate, sir?
Gut- Attack now.
Tom- Well, my name is Tom Dodge, and I'm a peace-oholic, and I just feel like attacking is very aggressive, and it makes me feel uncomfortable.
Rob- Thank you, Tom, for sharing.
Free- Ugg manesh nunkel hippy snack.
Rob- What?
Free- He with most arms must lead army.
Gut- My one bad arm a wollop any army you'd kick up.
Rob- We'll never beat the Brits if we keep beating ourselves!
Tom- To quote Themistocles...
Free- Fine, I concede. Attack.
Gut- Remember New York!
Free- Wait. Let's say "Never Forget New York!"
Gut- Never forget New York!
Free- And yet, being about New York, it could use more fly-ass tude. "Mess with my borough, gee, I's gon' put yo daddy's foot in yo mama's mouth, and's fo' yo sista, snub, I show her my revolution! Pizasszcht!"
Gut- I can't remembre that!
Free- So, I rims n rhymes it.

Yo, ya crumpet-suckin sascenach feb jikky,

*Like ya snarky subjugation's got me tickt as rikki-tikki,
So befo' ya thinks ya spook me here's a wacko wank ya wicky
Who be chargin on a represent for New Yakk Sikky!*

Boyz, kick da beat up!
 Gut- Stop! Iz a thule of rum in this man's army to say attack when you attack!
 Rob- I'm with you, sir.
 Free- I am not with you, sir, so do I hereby pronounce my decadation of
 impudendence. Would you show some respect and sit your asses on the
 grasses? Tommy, compress my thoughts on the matter. "When by force of
 human nonsense, it becomes convenient for me to break up the band that
 has connected me to losers, and to consume more than my share upon this
 earth, a healthy disrespect for other so-called peoples' opinions demands
 that I decline the reasons by which I am totally justified to compel this
 destruction. I hold these truths to be expedient, that no man is my equal,
 that I am as endowed as my creator for irrepressible delights, and that
 among these are life, liberty, and lotsa home time, so to secure my
 extremities against society, I institute the government of me. So am I free
 to do as I wish, should it be walking this way, singing like so, or talking
 when I'm eating, the end, willy nilly."
 Gut- Soldier, iz like this. We's the Rebel Mess. Thaz a British fort. And the
 story sez attack. So wuts it be?
 Free- I will attack, sir, if you will brush your teeth!
 Gut- Attack!

Robert and Gutbreath go forward, and Gutbreath is hit.

Rob- Help! Gutbreath's hit!
 Free- Gee, I wonder why?
 Tom- Aren't you sick of being a coward, Freeman?
 Free- Coward's just a slur we braves must face.
 Tom- I want my mom.
 Free- So go home to her, ya coward.
 Tom- I can't. The British killed my family.
 Free- Geez, Tommy, I was in a pretty good mood.
 Tom- Sorry.
 Free- I'll forgive ya if you'll run out there with me, drag Stinky Tongue to
 safety, and then hunt them redcoats killd your mom n pop.
 Tom- And my sister.
 Free- Quit killin my mood, boy!
 Tom- Sorry.
 Free- We got a deal?
 Tom- Sure, Freeman.
 All- Attack!

They grab Gutbreath and run. All exit.

Phase 3, Scene 2. General Washington's tent. Enter Gates, Conway, Arnold.

Gates- We never should have sent that note to Congress!
 Now, after Trenton, Washington's a hero,
 And who dare criticize him gets the hatchet.

Conway- What think you, Benedict? How did Congress
 Take our letter? Is this special meeting
 To discharge him or to discredit us?

Arnold- By my hand, Congress took our letter well,
 Assuring me the General's race is run
 And soon a new lead horse shall pace the team.
 Where is the confidence you hurled forth
 When we to risky mutiny advanced?
 Why do you meet new fortunes with old frowns?
 True, Washington may have won at Trenton,
 Or so the rags report my victory,
 Gaining common respect, the crown of clowns,
 But Congress smells the cork in this syrah.
 The French, newly confident in our cause,
 Have joined the match. But since when are the French
 Anything but action's impediment?
 And, yes, with Trenton's taking, those crumbling logs
 Within our rotting nation's swampy bog
 Rolled toward the sun a bit, but clouds amass
 To fill the smut above their moldy heads:
 Defeat, like a hurricane, surrounds us,
 And all seek, yet none see, the calming eye!
 Our toddling liberty, too proud to crawl,
 Has foundered after but two baby steps,
 And whoops of winning wince to croups of pain
 Shrill gurgling out a soft and bludgeoned skull:
 Germantown, Brandywine, Cooch's Bridge, lost,
 And Philadelphia, our capital, lost,
 All lost, save Saratoga, which I won
 By trouncing deft Burgoyne among the bush,
 A feat of horrid grace, yet look at me!
 Or rather, look at us! Am I dispatcht
 To that great aggression I so merit?

No, here I sit, here we sit, for we are one,
 While my brutal-charging fierce militia
 But wanders beat and broken bout the mell!
 O my revolution! O our revolution!
 I swear that Washington shall be replaced
 By you or you or even General Lee!
 (And saying so I'm off by but one letter,
 As all will be replaced by General Me!)

Enter Generals Greene, Morgan, Knox, and Lieutenant Hamilton.

Ham- This Council of War is now in session.
 Morgan- Where is General Lee?
 Conway- Walking his wieners.
 Greene- Here he comes.
 Knox- Like some refuse floated up
 From decadent England's bloated gutters.

Enter Lee.

Lee- Horny ho, you cheeky wankeroos!
 What's wrong? Lose again? Well, that's cuz ya suck!
 If you'd a heeded Chucky from the git,
 Ya mayta snaggd a gusher, but O no!
 Ya'z just a pack a stupid Americans!
 Yap, yap, yap, I's a stupid American!
 Hey, let's fight the superpower! What we need?
 Strong cannon! Well, I gots a log cabin.
 Good soldiers! Here's a bunch a free loaders!
 A battle plan! Howbouts a spittle can?
 Stupid Americans, all red, black, and blue.
 Course, it's all nuts to General Womangton.
 If weren't for you...where is he? Did he quit?
 I friggin hope so, cuz he really sucks!
 Now, what's the biz? And make it quicky squick.
 Bendydick puts a spooky in me wieners.
 Ham- From Congressman John Adams of Massachusetts:

“By order of the Continental Congress,
 General Washington, who is now at large,
 Is wanted for conspiring with the enemy,
 So this body names as his replacement
 One whose abilities and character
 Are widely seen as those democracy
 Requires to elicit unity,
 The only means whereby a people suade
 The fickle winds of summer liberty
 To blow awhile upon their winter state,
 Our long struggle’s newest hope, Charles Lee.”
 All salute the new Commander-in-Chief.

Lee- You buggers be shookin me.
 Ham- Shookin, sir?
 Lee- Gimme that bloody letter.

Lee takes the letter.

Lee- Me bushy merkin, signed by Mr. Adams.
 Ham- Shall I frame it, sir, and have it hung?
 Lee- Right.
 Ham- General Morgan.

He hands the letter to General Morgan.

Lee- I sure could use a toddy.
 Ham- General Greene, mix a toddy for the chief.
 Lee- Me wieners needs a brushin.
 Ham- General Knox, brush the General’s wieners.
 Lee- And I’ve an awful kinky in me neck.
 Ham- Lafayette, massage the General.
 Lee- It’s pickin up round here, eh, Bendydick?
 Ham- There is business, sir.
 Lee- I’m too busy for business.
 Ham- A soldier insists on seeing you.
 Lee- A soldier insists on seeing me?
 Laf- Your predecessor made himself accessible to all.
 Lee- My predecessor was a donkey’s nurgle.
 Arnold- Let him in, sir.
 Lee- Let ‘im in, and I’ll show you Yankers how to treat inferiors.
 Ham- Yes, sir.
 Lee- Now, me first order’s to march on Congress and press those crusties as me
 cooks n cleaners.

Enter Washington, hooded.

Lee- Where's the saggy private that doth get his hard on me?
 Wash- Here I am.
 Lee- Why's ya dial hid?
 Wash- I come, sir, to report conspiracy,
 And wish to protect my identity.
 Lee- O, so you's a rat! A pikey little rat!
 Know what I does with such the likes a you?
 I sick me wieners on em!
 Wash- Sir, your power!
 Lee- What about me power?
 Wash- It is threatened.
 Lee- Dost thou threaten me,
 Thou metal-stopper, thou trench-stuffer,
 Thou scrambling target, thou...
 Arnold- Just hear him, sir.
 Lee- I will hear you.
 Wash- Washington conspires with the enemy.
 Lee- Every nit knows that.
 Conway- Lee, this is our luck.
 With proof, we are set free of slander's charge.
 Pursue it, sir.
 Lee- What proof have you of this?
 Wash- He meets with the enemy as we speak.
 Lee- Alone?
 Wash- He is joined by other Generals.
 Lee- What other Generals?
 Wash- All other Generals.
 Lee- All?
 Wash- All.
 Lee- Ha! I gots ya fudgy as a widget!
 How can all the American Generals
 Be meeting with the enemy if all
 The American Generals are right here?
 I got im, Bendydick! Ain't I got im?
 Wash- The enemy is here.
 Conway- This is gibberish.
 Wash- Even you, sir, conspire with the enemy.
 Conway- Remove him, Lieutenant!
 Lee- Lieutenant, wait.

Soldier, you be scowlin down me barrel
 By your own dastardly impustulations,
 So proves it now that me and all my Generals,
 Including our ex-chiefy Womangton,
 Meets with the enemy, and if ya can't,
 I'll spray your shallow scalp across the roof,
 And this tent will serve its double indubity
 As the Tomb of the Friggin Untrue Soldier
 Who, lyin, called ol' Chucky Lee a traitor.
 Wash- As I know from experience, you have
 A shoddy aim, I'll simplify your task
 And well expose the face you would deface.
 Take your best shot, sir, but never say I lie.

Washington reveals himself.

Lee- Arrest this man!
 Ham- For what?
 Lee- He is wanted
 For vile acts of treason by our Congress!
 Wash- Our Congress? Dare you say our Congress?
 You, General Lee, and you, General Conway,
 And even you, General Gates, are the treason.
 O how this cabal shows corruption's core!
 Its ethic is coercion fed by greed;
 All's stolen, so is nothing owned-up to;
 Its shunting mind derails the rule of law,
 That gave it mind and place, to rape all rule!
 O honest hypocrites, for by deceit
 You claim I conspire with the enemy,
 A lie too true, as I conspire with you,
 So instantly you turn to your assassin,
 Dying at the moment of your hatching.
 Soldiers are falling nameless in decay,
 Yet you seek rank? Your own rank ambitions
 Stink you out. Where would we be had Arnold
 Not put patria above promotion
 And conveyed to me this scabrous letter.
 He contains his actions to the cause
 Yet you derail the cause by your actions.
 I see now the greatest risk to freedom
 For all's excessive freedom for the few,
 And hold myself perhaps contemptible
 For fostering such freedom in this army,
 That seeking usurpation of command
 You would the peoples' choice deny and breach.

So, beggar the people, deny justice;
 Deny justice, beggar prosecution.
 Conway- So sentence us, and give the sermon rest.
 Wash- I sentence you all to sentence yourself,
 Which is the worst conviction I conceive,
 As his conscience slowly kills the coward
 Despite what leniency he thieves from truth.
 Gates- I'm sorry, George.
 Wash- Horatio, it's true.
 Lee- America, I ain't never known a land
 So ignorant and arrogant at once,
 Which will be, bread me ticklers, your destruction.
 So, as there's always other spats where't I
 Can jug me jolz, I scat, wieners and all!

Conway, Gates, Lee exit.

Greene- Ha, I feel fresh as if a poison had been purged!
 Wash- Soldiers, come. The winter's near, and Valley Forge needs cabins.
 Arnold- You are too lenient, sir.
 Wash- Perhaps, but I am generous at heart.
 Arnold- Generous with traitors?
 Wash- Yet more generous with the true. Benedict, for exposing this cabal, I've
 secured you command of Fort West Point.
 Arnold- I want to fight, not to fort.
 Wash- But your leg is hurt.
 Arnold- You call me lame?
 Wash- I call you injured proudly in the service of your country.
 Arnold- You cage me out of fear.
 Wash- What fear from you?
 Arnold- I am too free to fit into your bureaucratic deadlock.
 Wash- You are, Benedict, my most vital general, my fiercest, my bravest, my
 truest, whose love of freedom outdoes even mine. And could I give you
 what you will, I would. But I defer to Congress, and Congress prefers
 West Point. So, for now, there's much to do, and doing it must be its own
 reward. Later, we will see. In this grim world, now heaping with remains,
 be glad that you remain at all. Come.
 Arnold- I go alone.
 Wash- America needs you, Benedict, and there's no greater badge than need.

Washington exits.

Arnold- America needs me as it wants me,
 Yet I have needs it will not want. America!
 If I'd as many stars as I deserve,
 I'd play the universe, yet you persist

At hiding me inside your sightless envy.
 Why, America, do you fear my power?
 You foster in my soul this freedom love,
 Yet all I feel from you is freedom fear.
 How long can my desires be denied
 Before I war with you, America?

Enter Lieutenant Burr.

Burr- Sir?
 Arnold- Are you spying on me, Lieutenant?
 Burr- Me, sir?
 Arnold- What is it?
 Burr- Our shill in Philly claims your wife attends a British party.
 Arnold- My wife? Is he certain?
 Burr- There's no mistaking Peggy.
 Arnold- Get me a pass into the city.

They exit.

*Phase 3, Scene 3. The Meschianza in Philadelphia. All the British officers and women.
 Singing.*

All- *More sherry! More diamonds! More dainties! More joy!
 Britain, be young, and the world's thy toy!
 More dainties! More diamonds! More sherry! More fun!
 Britain, be strong, and the world is won!*

Enter John Andre, Peggy, General Howe, Admiral Howe.

Gen Howe- Major Andre, what a marvellous Meschianza!
 Andre- Thank you, General Howe!
 Adm Howe- Is this the famous wife of the proud, ferocious Arnold?
 Andre- Indeed, Admiral Howe!
 Peggy- Not so ferocious as to pluck me from my country.
 Adm Howe- Well, now I've met the prize, I shall fight harder.
 Peggy- The prize is yours, you simply must retake her.

Enter Jeeves.

Andre- Yes, Jeeves?
 Jeeves- Mrs. Arnold's husband, Mr. Arnold, is outside.
 Peggy- Gentlemen, excuse me. As a woman, I covet winners. As a wife, I comfort losers.

She exits.

Gen Howe- How much are you paying for her, Major?
 Andre- The meager sum of my affections, sir.

They exit.

Phase 3, Scene 4. Enter Peggy in the foyer before a mirror.

Peggy- Now must I face my husband, tho my mind's
 Upon my love. Thus in this about-face
 Must I reface myself in a face off
 With my own face, so off with my face
 And on with me, who is but faced by face,
 For face it, it's all on the face of it
 Yet anything with a face is nothing.
 Face? There you are, I am. Now, master face,
 We must work as one and not. You shall be
 Other than I am, tho still my true face,
 So pretty, so deadly, so dreamy carat.
 On my sadness, a smile; of my anger,
 Agreement; and paint my frigid blasé
 With a lusty splend'rous sheen, for we must
 Win him, face, and harmony wins the man,
 So I need you to defray your deception
 And make of me the facist I must be
 To most candidly accoutre my façade.
 Indeed, you are my weapon and my wound.
 My weapon as I wield you, yet my wound
 As I mend you, and who wants her weapon
 Dull, her wound unkisst? You are a good face
 For being so bad. But here comes boring.
 I will face and deface him as myself.

Exit Peggy onto the street. Enter Arnold.

Arnold- Hello, Peg.
 Peggy - Benedict, my dearest!
 Arnold - First a question, then a kiss.
 Peggy - A lady does not kiss who questions her.
 Arnold - A soldier kills who will not answer him.
 Peggy - So feel me out, General Insensitive.
 Arnold - Why are you at a British party?
 Peggy- There are no American parties.
 Arnold- Woman, gaze on me! Three years now I am banging at the Empire, yet in
 battle's cyclotron, time alone grows strong with time, as one fell day
 facing finis be many lazy lives in leisure. On the Richelieu, my hands

went char and stub with blasting groat. In Quebec, my hair for camouflage selected sleet. Then, at Bemis Heights, spraying slugs stole half my thigh, that now I hobble wobbled as a horse with broken hocks. But fire does deepest damage in the attic. I have with fighting for our freedom from these bilking redcoat cocks so smoked my brain I see no sense but selling it for jerky. Yet you, for whom I brunt this violence, coze with my corrupter? It is than loyal less.

Peggy- Poor Benedict, you have not been promoted.
 Arnold- O what must I do?
 Peggy- Associate with those who appreciate you.
 Arnold- Americans are too dim to see the stars.
 Peggy- That's why we have the British. They are too transcendent astronomers.
 Arnold- Have you been drinking?
 Peggy- Yes. I had a glass of revelation. The United States, Benedict, will never beat the United Kingdom, so come inside and have a glass yourself.
 Arnold- Were you not my wife, and young, and drunk, I would sever your skull and spine like a cherry from its stem for the utterance of such a defamation.
 Peggy- I'm sorry, darling. Please, you're right. America will triumph, and you shall be exalted.
 Arnold- The allied armies of the world are nothing to my wife.
 Peggy- You fear the sense in my slander.
 Arnold- I fear nothing.
 Peggy- I fear the things I hear.
 Arnold- What do you hear?
 Peggy- The war is going horribly.
 Arnold- For us.
 Peggy- Washington is incompetent.
 Arnold- He holds his musket backwards.
 Peggy- The criers call him hero.
 Arnold- For bashing a bunch of beer-addled Germans, which I, not he, achieved.
 Peggy- From laughing stock to living god, and nothing left for little old you.
 Arnold- Silence!
 Peggy- Fine, yet silence whisps: why are you denied your due?

Arnold- My due? What is my due? My due is dry. Before each battle, my plan is scorned; after, it is praised. Our most astounding victories are mine. When Washington speaks, the soldiers sleep. When I, they bolt thru fire. Yet what is my rarity's reward? The plans to Fort West Point where I must now report in charge, to waste my days away in idle rot. What then is my due but to die?

Peggy- Who is King America? Who is King America?

Arnold- I should be.

Peggy- You could be.

Arnold- No! I cannot wish it! The mangle of disappointment nearly sics me on myself.

Peggy- Wish it wild, my dear, for so they toasted you in there.

Arnold- They toasted me?

Peggy- They appreciate you.

Arnold- This topic is over. Come home.

Peggy- What home?

Arnold- Our home.

Peggy- Our home is now a British infirmary.

Arnold- You let them do that?

Peggy- Let them? Let them, Benedict? O let me sob my story now, you limp little man. Just this year, wherein I saw you often as Fool's Day, I have lived in eight different shacks, each one quickly torched by looting Yankee hoodlums. Last week, hid in horror, I watched as they ran my cousin stitchless up a pole, then dropped him down and sheered him of his scalp. Your brain is jerky? His is goulash splattered in the grass. The number of times I've 'scaped from ravish almost makes me wish it just to bear the evil child and then scarf it in revenge. So gaze on me and see a battered woman. Battered by poverty, by war, by vicious men, and yes, even battered by her husband, who - grey, poor, and crippled - ever ruins the circus of her youth with performing of his stupid skit, "Benedict, the Unpromoted Clown."

Arnold- O endless isolation.

Peggy- Now, come inside.

Arnold- I cannot go in there!

Peggy- Why not?

Arnold- It is treason.

Peggy- It's treason for you not to go in there, as they see it.

Arnold- And how do you see it?

Peggy- I see it as it is – get what you deserve or get what you deserve.

Arnold- Peggy, please. I believe in freedom!

Peggy- So declares the shackled slave! My sulking warrior, what is it you wish? Opportunity, justice, equality? So opportunity goes to others, justice holds you down, and equality? I do not wish to breed with a lesser man's equal. Now, come inside.

Arnold- Peg!

Peggy- The London Broil is exquisite.

Arnold- I do not trust the meat of tyrants.
Peggy- Their meat is ours, only better cookt.
Arnold- Peggy, please. I'll kill the Brits in their beds and retake our home.
Peggy- You and whose army?
Arnold- Are you suggesting I turn coats?
Peggy- We are English. I'm suggesting you be yourself.
Arnold- But how shake the hand I've severed, embrace the race that sought my head, how trust in what I long have held as evil absolute?
Peg- Take, if you can, woman as your guide. She is not so fixed in her allegiance, as, captured and recaptured throughout time, she's learned to adapt her affections and survive by letting peace, not pride, be the signal to her choice.
Arnold- Your trope is apt - it would be womanly. No more of this.
Peg- Fine. No more of us.
Arnold- Peggy!
Peg- Do you love me, Benedict?
Arnold- Among the soul-devouring grind of war, there is one which every soldier admits the worst - it comes when the battle is thru, night settles on, and the unmaimed hunch behind their respective battered works. The silence, for the shock it gives to the gruesome day's din, is unbelievably beautiful, like being deaf for a fleeting junket, yet that is all it lasts, for immediate in the lull there emerges what they call "the chorus of grief." All the soldiers that lie undead and paralyzed in the field begin to cry, and moan, and scream, but as the snipers scope the scene, none dares go out to aid them. So there they languish in canker, all the everlasting night long, as the swine eat them, as the frost eats them, as the sepsis eats them, howling out for help against the bony fingers of death. Some cry for mama, some for medic, some for God, and some inscrutable things. And as I have lain in my tent, unable to sleep for the spike in my heart, I've often thought, were I there, I would cry for Peggy.
Peg- O Benedict, forgive me, hold me.
Arnold- Losing you, I could not live.
Peg- Nor could I, my sweet. Your lying wounded, crying Peggy, this is what I'm striving to prevent.
Arnold- But not by treason, Peg.
Peg- No, of course not, love. All that talk of being British, it was my brandy tongue. Just come inside, chat with General Howe, and glean some information that will help you claim your crown.
Arnold- General Howe?
Peg- And General Clinton, and General Cornwallis, and an awful hoard of handsome Majors, whom you would put to shame.
Arnold- O Peggy.
Peg- Jeeves, announce us, please.
Arnold- I love you, Peg, but I love my country more.

Arnold exits. Enter Andre.

Andre- Now that is a true man.
 Peg- Dear John, he is your enemy!
 Andre- Having enemies is inefficient; I prefer, my Peg, having partners in strife.
 Peg- Do you have partners in love?
 Andre- Only one.
 Peg- Your partners are opposed, so you must choose.
 Andre- What's your gist, my sweet?
 Peg- I want to be your wife.
 Andre- But, Peg, to be my wife, you must be free.
 Peg- So I'll wage a private revolution, declare my independence, and destroy who takes my freedom: Benedict Arnold.
 Andre- Good chuck, you're drunk or daffy.
 Peg- I'm in love, with you, dear John, my Royal Knight of Shan't.
 Andre- But what about your husband?
 Peg- Soldiers do their duty in their death.
 Andre- Preferably in another's death.
 Peg- Then his death's your triple duty - to my love, to your life, and to his honor.
 Andre- Peg, that's bloody ludicrous! Your husband may be a falling star in the sack, but in the field he is Ursus Major. Besides, one doesn't simply execute a General, for war, though vicious, must not be uncivil.
 Peg- Your love is cruel to be so indecent as to avoid the act that makes it real.
 Andre- Peggy, I've no access to your husband!
 Peg- Johnny, I have access to my husband! He now conducts himself to Fort West Point, and, as its new commander, holds the plans, so you will go, ambush him on the way, and by his death gain General by those plans, and by my widowhood my living love.
 Andre- Murder?
 Peg- Enjoy the loss of him, or suffer the loss of me.
 Andre- You shall be my wife that you be not my enemy.

They exit.

*Phase 3, Scene 5. * decide on phases and scenes (is this phase 3, scene 5?) Valley Forge. Soldiers are camping about. Enter Washington.*

Wash- How deeply sleeps the snow about the pines,
 And how I too so deeply pine to sleep
 In sulk among its icy drifts serene,
 To sleep, of all harsh condition senseless,
 In snow, in silence, dreaming midst the pines.

Could I not then forget? Cut loose the clutch
 Of daily strangling role, for once be rid
 Responsibility and last forego
 The cause, the cause that kills without a cause,
 And dream this freezing gloom to gushing spring,
 This algid valley forge to vernal green?
 The snow would be a sweet Virginia rye
 Upon the pleasure grounds; those ragged huts
 Hot snug dependencies; our knackered nags
 Fresh and bustling livestock; near fetid creek,
 Fouled with useless use, the wide Potomac;
 These bloody tracks new clover clasping May,
 As all the horrid grief turns happy havoc
 Til soldier bones are cobble in the path
 Right to Mansion Circle. Yet where is that?
 Ah, there she be, the sky, each star a dip
 Dear Martha's lit in love. O I am home!
 Stoke the fire, draw near to me, let us rest,
 And now the war is over, start the stories,
 How frostbite and starvation took the troops
 Up Shelter Kill, and how the victors found
 My body there, in rigid ecstasy,
 So cold and wan, its cause yet warm and won,
 Among the snowy pines in dreaming sleep.

- Soldier 1- Hey, cook. Howbout spoilin us tonight and sneakin some food into supper?
- Cook- Food? Ha! You'll sooner get milk from a snake, ham from a daisy, or sorbet from a geyser than you'll get food from the stores of Valley Forge.
- Soldier 2- So, what's for eatin'?
- Cook- Well, for the first course, which, of course, is the only course, we got filet of sole, tenderized with stomping and marinated in natural jus au foot. Our beverage is a tart, tangy brew, come fresh to us from the pure urethran springs of you awful pissers. It's the water and a whole lot less. Finally, for dessert, we got sweet nuthin, which is everybody's favorite, cuz nuthin's never done for. Non appetit.
- Soldier 3- *He wanders the wild, free and alone,
 Oaks his companions, rivers his home,
 He eats what he finds, he finds what is there,
 His thoughts are as hawks that make hills of the air,
 And right after waking, he openly asks,
 Why love if it never will last?*
- She wanders the city, lonely and tame,
 Work her expression, a number her name,*

*She does what she can, she can what she would,
Her heart's as a clearing where forests once stood,
And right before sleeping, she silently asks,
Why love if it never will last?*

*And now, you may ask, when will they meet,
And feel the wonder that comes of defeat?
My answer is never, except when they ask,
Why love if it never will last?*

Soldier 1 – The only thing worse than this is the thought of this again.
Soldier 2 - There's a twinge of perpetuity in drinkin what you leak.
Soldier 3 - To the revolution!
Wash- And I kill the cause? I hoard the horror?
If lives the cause in one, it lives in all.

Enter group of disgruntled soldiers.

Group- No meat! No meat!
Stuff our face or face defeat!
Wash- Soldiers, what is this?
Soldier 1- This, sir, is us bein sick of getting lied to.
Soldier 2 - Grab the glory?
Soldier 1 - We got gout.
Soldier 3 - Ten bills a month?
Soldier 1 - We paid in pain.
Soldier 4 - See the world?
Soldier 1 - All I see's my grave.

Enter group of disgruntled officers.

Officer 1- Sir, we are retiring our commission.
Officer 2 - The soldiers suffer in themselves, but we officers, who've no money to
send home, must abide the letters of our loved ones, reciting how our
families starve and submit to brutal plunder.
Officer 3 - It is far too much for advancement to endure.

Enter Abolitionist.

Abolitionist- What truth do you stake on this hypocrite? He says we fight for liberty, but it is slavery. What's freedom to them High Mount Vernon negroes? A revolution of democracy? More like a preservation of property. This revolution will be seen as the greatest double-deal since Jehovah killed his love to save the world, and the freedom blade that fells King George shall fall on Massa George.

Enter soldiers mad with stench.

Soldier 1 - O the stench! The stench! The ground's too hard to bury the dead, so they bubble up with stench! Doc burns sulfur to fight the typhus, and the air fills up with stench! It's too cold to go outside, so the men cack in their tents. The stench! O the stench!

Soldier 2 - War on Washington!

All - War on Washington!

Wash- What? Had enough of the revolution?
 So go ahead and leave! I beg you! Go!
 Go back to your protectorates, where you'll find
 Your twice-avowed assassin smiles and squats
 'Hind every structure, inside every choice,
 Eager to erase you for his profit.
 Go back to your street, your yard, your haven,
 And relish but a second in the cozy,
 Til, sure as spoilage, huge malicious mobs
 Of your oppressor's minions burn all down
 And flap you from your own flaming rafters,
 Mere potluck for an enemy's thick throat.
 Go! Leave the revolution! Go back home,
 For everything is better there than here.
 Nevermind your staying in resistance
 Amidst such horrid and inhuman hardships
 Affrights your foe nearly to surrender.
 Nevermind you'll ever be remembered
 As one who serves the coward in his cups,
 And though he could, chose not to stand against
 Injustice, in fact is its accomplice!
 And nevermind that dying for what's right
 Is endless satisfaction to the soul
 Next living with the wrong, for we are built
 Astride our own ideals, and when they're weak
 Our every effort crashes at conception.
 But wink off these truths. They matter not. Yay,
 What matters is you. You are your best judge.

So go. Seek your ease. As for me, don't ask,
 For what am I? Some sad and crazy ghost
 Still loves the revolution, still believes
 In America, still doubts he'll ever meet
 A pain can make him flee from liberty.
 I am that kind that still keeps close the cause,
 And shall stay here, so listen not for me,
 Nor fret the cause, as it is surely true,
 If lives the cause in one, it lives in all.
 But go, and as you watch your world die,
 Be happy that at least you saved yourself,
 For that is most important - you alone.
 Go! What holds you in this hell? Go! Go! Go!
 All- War and Washington! War and Washington!

All exit. Phase 4, Scene 1. Enter Andre and 2 boatmen beside a river.

Andre- Wait in the boat til I return.
 Boat 1- What boat?
 Andre- The boat in which we just arrived.
 Boat 2- O that boat!
 Boat 1- That boat sunk.
 Andre- But we just moored.
 Boat 2- Boats sink real darn fast round here.
 Boat 1- Or ain't you from round here, Mr. John Anderson?
 Andre- I am, and I must make it home tonight.
 Boat 2- O, we got a new boat.
 Andre- So wait in it til I return.
 Boat 1- That'll cost ya.
 Andre- Pardon me?
 Boat 2- You bought a boat, that boat sunk, so if you want a new boat, you gotta pay, cuz that's the American way.
 Boat 1- Or ain't you down with the American way, Mr. John Anderson?
 Andre- Fine. Here's your money. Wait in the boat.
 Boat 2- What boat?

Andre pulls his gun.

Andre- Wait in the boat, you bloody daffers, or it's tata time.
 Boat 1- Bloody?
 Boat 2- Daffer?
 Boat 1- Tata?
 Andre- Just do it!
 Boat 2- Yes, sir, Mr. John Anderson.

The boatmen exit.

Andre- So here I wait in ambush for my victim.
 Yet why the wait? Am I not my victim?
 Does not the weasel shimmy thru my soul?
 O, it is revolting, this deception
 That would toss a man to hold a woman.
 Of course, I am not lacking precedent,
 So am I but a puppet to the past,
 Unfolding from a bad original,
 Bearing nothing new into the world?
 What game disgraces love will drag you to!
 Yet think on this - it's not just any woman,
 But perfect Pegeen, as precious a prize
 As ever sent caitiff to secretly shoot
 A man, nay, a husband, nay, a hero
 Far greater, and much fiercer, than himself.
 It is the special character of love
 To simultaneously sink and raise,
 To plunge us into gross depravity
 While elevating us to sacrifice
 So sweet, so sick, so beautiful, so base.
 I am the victim of my Peggy's charms,
 Betraying decency for my delights,
 So, to my break, and silence, save for cocking.

Arnold comes up behind.

Arn- Fair midnight, sir. Why are you in that bush?
 And- Who would know?
 Arn- General Benedict Arnold, for what it's worth.
 And- Ah! The very man I'm waiting to meet!
 Arn- Name, rank, and loyalty.
 And- Major John Andre,
 British Third Division, but what a thrill
 To stand before the greatest Yankee General,
 Nay, the greatest general in all the world!
 May I with such a violent man now shake
 A friendly hand?
 Arn- You may not.
 And- Of course,
 We are at war and must detest each other.
 Proper, very proper, but dear General,
 I've come to make you an offer.

Arn- You lie,
 And so shall die the death you meant for me.
 And- Good General, no!
 Arn- Shut up and pray.
 And- To you
 As to my God! O great American,
 I could not kill the thing I worship past
 All worships past; fresh archetype of hope,
 I'd doom the species snuffing you; new man,
 New breed, it's you shall soon revitalize
 This weary world. No praise is flattery,
 No hatred just, as freedom's flesh alone
 You bravely bear thru gauntlets envy draws
 From spiteful, lesser heads, yet envy's e'r
 A bludgeon beats the bearer. Kill my god?
 I'd sooner kill myself, so, envy, die.
 I love, myself be damned, what love deserves.
 Arn- Weird words from a royal British soldier.
 And- I am the royal weird, a prototype
 Of English Yankee-love in Yankee-hate
 Enriddled, as I can surmise the day
 When this vast continent our tiny isle
 Shall dwarf, or save, or, re-appropriate,
 So, as a father forced to watch his son
 Grow powerful beyond his origins,
 I abhor and adore America.
 Arn- You speak my mind.
 And- And that of your wife.
 Arn- What of my wife?
 And- Your wife, who loves you dearly, spoke to me
 Of your financial and emotional
 Distress due to lacking in promotion,
 And I wish to be of some assistance.
 Arn- My wife said that to you?
 And- To ease your grief, and hers, I now am come
 To grant the pay and power you deserve
 By trading pounds for plans to Fort West Point,
 Which your wife said you hold.
 Arn- My wife? O Peg! Traitor, die.
 And- So kill me,
 But how you thereby cure your own despair
 I do not know.
 Arn- I feel no despair!

And- Why then do you listen to my offer
 If the general fracture tween what you have
 And what you want dispatches no despair?
 Arn- Of what I have and want you may not speak.
 And- Well, then, but you may always speak to me.
 Arn- This other you describe, it is myself.
 I live in that infection you but catch
 And cure. What you revere imprisons me.
 I am American, so do I love
 And hate myself, as freedom's charges must,
 Exuding out my pores what you see far
 And safe, an inner-storm so fierce I find
 No shelter save my thin and crumbling self,
 Which is the storm that I seek shelter from.
 America fears me, so I love her.
 And- Your lover feels your love, and fears you so,
 For love is more deadly than indifference,
 But I am come to offer you new love,
 A love you'll never fear, nor hate to hear.
 Arn- You meant to murder me!
 And- Great General, no!
 Arn- You did, and I respect it. Run away.
 And- Respect it? Why?
 Arn- Because I've wisht for you.
 And- I've wisht for you as well! O General Arnold,
 Fight for England!
 Arn- Selling maps for money
 Is despicable, but killing Yankees
 I would not do for any purse or peach.
 And- What great man would not kill his friends for power?
 Arn- What power can I hope for in your system?
 And- Whatever might exceed your great ambitions.
 Arn- I so already overly exceed
 My great ambitions, I've no ambitions left.
 And- What? You seek not power? Who seeks not power?
 Dear General, let's at least be honest sneaks.
 If this is true, what, may I ask, are you?
 Consciousness itself is but a struggle
 For position, as when that struggle's left
 What's there but bondage, impotence, decay,
 Whereby you wander aimless as a speck,
 Innocuous, the thing in anything?
 Make history, or history will make you.
 Arn- I will make history, as an American.

And- America will not remember you
 Tomorrow if today it sees you not.

Arn- I am loyal.

And- Loyal to a loser?

Arn- I love my country.

And- But does she love you?

Arn- Yes, but not as much as she might.

And- Dear General,
 I am available to your frustrations.
 Yet turn a traitor? Hatred's closest kin?
 Proud of his slouch, honest to artifice,
 Selling trust for trinkets, all despise him
 As bodiment of disembodied doom,
 The poison nature ever tries to puke
 In reverse of birth, fearful of its own.
 Such treason incapacitates our thoughts,
 So saturated are we by deceit,
 We cannot trust the self we show ourselves.

Andre- Treason, General? No, for we but betray
 Who's loyal to us, so you make yourself
 Loyal to the cause of self-loyalty,
 And there may trust your traitor thoughts again,
 For that is the cause of every human.

Arnold- Yet betray my beloved land for status?
 What then will I be? This new pernicious cause
 Will ever ratchet its effects to me,
 So will my individual be done,
 And at my side will ride this traitor self.
 Where am I, I will ask, and it replies,
 Here I am, so I look, but there I find
 Mere shadow, emptiness, others' echo,
 A mind in motion to defy its map.
 So, grasping at what is in what is not,
 I touch the traitor where there once was truth,
 And it is I, or I beyond my eyes,
 Behind my eyes, or with another's eyes,
 Or with no I but all what I am not.

Andre- Sir, you have a wife. She requires care.
 Your wife, sir, has a child, your child, and it
 Requires care. And you, sir, have a heart,
 And it requires care in careless dose,
 So, on their behalf, I say "seek power,"
 Which is the manufacturer of care.
 Where there is no power, there is no care,
 And where there is no care, there is nothing.

Arnold- I care for America.

Andre- As you should,
 So should you betray her to her better,
 That she might better be. What is the cause
 Compels this rebellion? It is greed.
 Want it, take it. That is America.
 So, you are most American when you
 Are most yourself, and you are most yourself
 When you attain the most. We offer you
 The most, so do we offer you yourself,
 And herein most you help America,
 For is she not a traitor to herself
 To have as her cause her own destruction?
 Be true to America: betray her.

Arnold gives him the plans.

Arnold- God save the King.

Arnold exits.

Andre- God save the traitor. Boatmen! Boatmen! Bloody hell. Alone, on foot, in
 the rebel realm.

Andre exits.

Phase 4, Scene 2. Enter Rebel Mess, singing.

*O been gone so long!
 Got no food to fuel my feet,
 Got no hood to hold my heat,
 Got no sweet to spoon me sweets,
 O been gone so long!*

*My life ain't but a battle
 Tween tedium and terror,
 And all I do's skedaddle
 Tween defeat and error.*

*O been gone too long!
 Can't remember my own name,
 Can't remember pride or shame,
 Can't remember who's to blame,
 O been gone too long!*

Enter 2 boatmen.

Boat 1- Great courageous protectors of liberty!
 Free- Where?
 Boat 2- Ain't you rebel soldiers?
 Gut- Elp me, boyz! I downed me bottle!
 Rob- All we've done is run away.
 Tom- And fight ourselves.
 Free- And hack our skipper's flippers.
 Gut- Rabble Mass, assistance!
 Rob- So we're rebel at heart, soldiers in thought, but really we're just the
 Hopeless Loser Band.
 Free- Guess how long it's been since I showered.
 Tom- Often, midst such trying times, the Greeks would kill themselves.
 Boat 1- Why kill yourselves if you can prove yourselves?
 Boat 2- A man's a-comin up the road, says his name's John Anderson.
 Boat 1- But we got a hunch he's a British officer!
 Free- Wo! Secrete yourselves in the vegetables. We shall interagonate this
 hinterlooper.

The boatmen hide. Enter Andre.

Andre- Howdy, partna.
 Free- Howdy, partna.
 Andre- Well, if you'll excuse me...
 Free- Say, partna, where's ya hub?
 Andre- Sorry?
 Free- Your point of departure.
 Andre- I's comin down from Haverstraw.
 Free- Haverstraw's up, partna.
 Andre- Right.
 Free- And where's ya hitch?
 Andre- My what?
 Free- Your place of destination.
 Andre- Tarrytown, oe'r yonder, partna.
 Free- Tarrytown's oe'r yander, partna.
 Andre- Yes, but shucks, I best get mosyin off.
 Free- Stop! Mosyin off?
 Andre- Mosyin off.
 Free- Say, partna, where's your crib?
 Andre- My crib?
 Free- Your spot of habitation.
 Andre- I hails from Amagansett, partna.
 Free- Amagansett? Well, I been to Nagamansett, and they don't say mosyin off.
 Andre- That'd be new style slang.
 Free- O, would it be now, partna? Tom Dodge, as the official Rebel Mess
 lingamist, can you verify "mosyin off" as new style Nagamansett slang?

Tom- I can confirm utteral incidences of pushing thru, heading out, or even, once or twice, from a tourist, mosyin on, but I have no documentation of mosyin off.

Andre- Now, look here, partna.

Free- Look where, partna?

Andre- I really must be going.

Free- Yo! We are the border patrol in these regions and you will go when we have patrolled the various regions of your borders, dig?

Andre- Dig what?

Free- My meaning? My drift? Understand?

Andre- Dig, partna.

Free- Now, First Ossifer of Spontaneous Imitations, Robert "Power Probe" Skirtless, pat down the prisoner to assess his status as a visitor slash native for the protocol of his passports and so forth.

Rob- A British pistol!

Andre- Stolen from a dead soldier, partna.

Free- Tommy, pour the man some coffee.

Andre- I take tea, partna.

Gut- UnsAmerican!

Free- Answer three questions, and you may pass. What's the capital of Europe?

Andre- Europe's not a country.

Gut- Cut the quibblin!

Andre- The capital of Europe is London.

Free- How many grams in a minigram?

Andre- There are one thousand milligrams in a gram.

Free- Judges?

Tom- We accept the answer.

Free- Final question. Shake Yomama, after attacking America, dies and goes to heaven. Upon his arrival, Patrick Henry walks up and tackles him. Then George Washington goes and throttles him. Then Thomas Jefferson comes and pummels him - Finally, after more such abuse, Sheik Yomama reaches up to the sky and cries "I thought that this was heaven!" So an angel looks down and says: "What do you expect? We promised you 76 Virginians."

Andre- Is that a question, partna?

Free- Ya got me there. Off ya go.

Andre- Well, thankee, partna.

Free- Stop! You always take the left side, partna?

Gut - Unsamerican!

Free- Robert, drop his pants.

Andre- O you filthy buggers!

Free- What?

Andre- O you freaky buckos.

Robert pulls down Andre's pants and reveals his Union Jack boxers.

Gut- UnsAmerican!
 Andre- I demand you let me pass.
 Free- So I shall, if you name this.

Freeman pulls out an eggplant.

Andre- That is an aubergine.
 Free- A what?
 Andre- An aubergine.
 Free- Now, dear audience, I ask you - is this an overgene or an eggplant?
 All- Eggplant!
 Free- Emerge from the ruffage!

Enter boatmen.

Boat 1- That's him!
 Boat 2- John Anderson, my ascot!
 Free- Apologize to this gentleman.
 Boat 1- What fer?
 Free- You accused him of being British, when, as any boob can see, he is French.
 Andre- Oui, monsieur! O wise American!
 Free- And as we are an appliance to the French, thanks to the brilliant deploracy of my namesake, Benjamin Franklin, I send him forward.
 Andre- Merci, mon bon ami!
 Free- Bone enemy to you, good madmizell. Soon, we shall poopoo the Brits together, but til then, adoo, bonjumbo, and coochy avec moo tralala.
 Rob- Stop! Lest the Brits molest our fine French friend, why don't we escort him to General Washington's camp.
 Andre- Je proteste...
 Rob- March, or I'll make you spell theater!

Robert leads Andre off.

Free- Robert, please, be friendly to the French!
 Gut- UnsAmerican!
 Tom- Hey, Freeman. Maybe General Washington will let us perform at the victory party for 'scortin the Frenchman to safety!
 Free- Well, me and Wishywash go way on back, and one thing's clear as clay – Dubya luvs ta partay!

All exit. Phase 4, Scene 3. Arnold's home. Enter Peggy, with her child, packing, singing.

Peg- *Baby's got a brand new daddy,
 Baby's got a brand new daddy,
 Marmalade and silk pajamas,*

*Picture books and O bahamas,
So long drab and dull and shabby,
Baby's got a brand new daddy.*

Enter Arnold.

Arn- Why are you packing?
 Peg- Benedict! You startled me.
 Arn- Why are you packing?
 Peg- Why are you here?
 Arn- This is my home, my wife, my child, is it not?
 Peg- Of course. How was your night?
 Arn- I met your lady friend, Major John Andre, in a bush.
 Peg- In a bush?
 Arn- Or is it ambush?
 Peg- And how is he?
 Arn- Dead.
 Peg- What?
 Arn- I killed him.
 Peg- O John!
 Arn- Does that upset you?
 Peg- Does it upset me to be married to a murderer?
 Arn- He said you'd spoken with him of my financial and emotional difficulties.
 Peg- You horrid evil man!
 Arn- Why are you packing?
 Peg- I'm packing for my retreat from you!
 Arn- There will be no more retreating for the Arnolds, as I've sold the plans to West Point to the foe, who's now the friend, so cheers!
 Peg- You sold him the plans and then you killed him? Get away from me!
 Arn- Treason and treachery, love and lies.
 Peg- Trust me, you disgusting butcher, I will play my part in your death!
 Arn- Yes, woman, sidle close and let us speak of parts. I have betrayed my country. Why? To better my part in this bloody play. You begged me to this betrayal. Why? To part from the poverty which so offends your parts. And the Major has paid me for my treason. Why? To take part in the benefits therefrom. But the part I don't get is why when I arrived at this meeting you encouraged, the man I was to meet, a man whose meeting you impelled, had taken on the part of my assassin, unless there's yet a part I haven't seen, like your part round his part, or his part in your part, or whatever parts such parties may compart, and if that's so, then I part with this child, for he is no part of me, now, Miss British Party, am I part mad or what?
 Peg- You are all mad and I no more your wife!
 Arn- So, betrayal breeds betrayal. Cheers!

Enter Lieutenant Burr.

Burr- General Arnold, one Major John Andre, a British officer, has been intercepted by American troops carrying the plans to West Point, and he is being relayed here that you might present him to General Washington at your breakfast as a spy.

Arn- Get out!

Burr- Yes, sir.

Burr exits.

Peg- He is alive!

Arn- And I am dead.

Peg- What will they do to him?

Arn- To him? To me!

Peg- To you? To us!

Arn- Lie, and you will live, perhaps. Goodbye.

Arnold goes to exit.

Peg- Don't leave me, Benedict!

Arn- You left me!

Peg- I'm sorry. Please, take me with you.

Arn- Traitor! Filthy traitor!

Peg- Trust me, Benedict!

Arn- Trust a traitor? Ha, like guilty child!

Peg- Benedict, he is your image.

Arn- How many lives he then shall have, for I am now the image of all deceptions.

Peg- I only wanted the best for us. Despise my desire, but don't let me die.

Arn- Finish packing and wait in your room. I must get a boat for our escape.

Peg- Thank you, my love.

Arn- Not my love. I'll save you, but not love you, for I betray what I love, so let me hate you, that I not betray you. Hurry, Peg!

Peggy exits with child.

Arn- And so, Dark Eagle, now you are the sky's, *truth has come to roost,
And you must fly; who never ran away
From death, now for his life must ever flee;

Who cried liberty beseeches secrecy.
 You must fly, but thru mud and gloom and curse,
 Self-invisible. Yet, not even this
 Brutal mercy may erase your treason:
 For in yourself you are condemned to live,
 The aftertaste of your own rotten will,
 No fame but in the spite your name ignites.
 So fly, Dark Eagle, nestless, wingless, aimless,
 Fly free about the cage of your deceptions.

He exits.

Phase 4, Scene 4. Enter Washington, Lafayette, Hamilton, and other officers on the field.

Ham- Now seem the winter's drear and bundant dreads
 But dormant bulbs of gnarled, potent wish
 That bloom with spring a hope-not-to-be-hewn,
 For our recruits are up, supplies are in,
 The French are on...

Laf- Vive le France!
 Greene- And best of all,
 That loony Lee has taken his own life
 As if to prove the end of being British.

Morg- All expectation finally stands at ease.
 Laf- In France, we name the spring Folie de Terre,
 Or madness of the earth, for then all sense
 Is sotted as the soil, quick to climb
 As crash, and each in each its freedom craves,
 For love, or treason to all reason, rules.

Knox- We shall see local evidence of that
 Upon approach of pretty Peggy Arnold.

Wash- General Knox, observe your observations.
 You oggle at my finest General's wife.

Greene- Surrender, sir. You cannot win that war.
 For every man within your eager army
 Falls pay dirt in defeat to cutlass Peg.

Morg- What other reason could there ever be
 For Lieutenant Hamilton's new stockings?

Ham- Excuse me, but I happen to possess,
 In most ladies' eyes, quite exquisite calves,
 So I consent to feature their arete
 Less for my pride than for their benefit.

Knox- When Peggy sees them, I reckon she'll faint.
 Greene- Then will the lieutenant seek promotion.

Ham- I am a gentleman.

Knox- Lose the gentle

And be a man.
 Ham- When Peggy's lively eye
 Falls eagerly onto my lower leg,
 We'll see how much a man I am to her.
 Morg- Let's hope she looks no higher than your thigh
 For proof that you're a man of grand arete.
 Wash- Soldiers, please. When pugnacious Peg surrenders,
 As Congress states, it shall be to the Chief.
 Laf- Here comes the husband of our fantasy.

Enter Arnold.

Wash- Benedict, present. I've news from Congress.

Hamilton reads.

Ham- "Dear General Washington, kindly pass along to General Arnold that I
 have secured him a promotion, a raise, and this star of honor for his deadly
 devotion to our country. Keep close the cause, John Adams."
 Wash- Company, attention, for the placing of the star.

For your sagacity in strategy,
 For your bravery in adversity,
 And for your loyalty to liberty,
 This star of honor I present to thee.

All salute General Benedict Arnold!

Enter Captain.

Capt- Generals!
 Wash- Yes, Captain?
 Capt- Some soldiers, if you can call them that, just brung a British spy, and this
 package was absconded from his person.
 Ham- I'll take that.
 Wash- Benedict, where are you going?

Arnold exits.

Laf- He is moved, I think, by these stirring honors.
 Wash- Captain, bring me the spy.
 Capt- Yes, sir.

Captain exits.

Ham- This package contains General Arnold's plans to Fort West Point.

Laf- Impossible!
Wash- Get me Benedict.

Hamilton exits. Enter soldier with Andre.

Soldier- Here's the tricky mother. Shall I shoot him?
Wash- What is your name?
Andre- My name is John Andre, I am a Major in his Royal Majesty's service, and I will confess myself an agent of espionage only in the presence of Mr. Washington.
Laf- General Washington?
Andre- As an Englishman forbid to recognize the legitimacy of this rebellion or the martial ranks it feigns to concur, I mean Mr. Washington.
Laf- Where did you obtain this package?
And- From its owner.

Enter Hamilton.

Ham- Arnold sails north on the Vulture.
Laf- The Vulture is a British sloop.
Wash- Send a chaser.

Hamilton exits.

Wash- Come, Lafayette, we shall speak with loyal Peggy.
Laf- I am confident, dear General, she's a decent explanation.
Andre- Lafayette? Dear General? So, you are he! I saw your portrait once in a pub in Baltimore, but either the painter'd been long in the suds, or you are short of yourself. Truly, sir, you ought to let me capture you some time, for I would fake you finer than your bush-and-river scumblers.
Wash- Are you thru, Major Andre, scoping me your subject?
Andre- I am thru.
Wash- Lock him up, but do not harm him.
Andre- When may I expect to be exchanged for my equal?
Wash- O, you have an equal?
Andre- It is the etiquette of war.
Wash- I am at war with etiquette.
Andre- Sir, my chains?
Wash- No, sir. My chains.

All exit. Phase 4, Scene 5. Enter Peggy, in the baby's room.

Peg- O John, they have fouled you with their filthy backhoe hands. And you deserve it! Gone to kill him for my love, you pay him for his map? Have you come so close to me to get but close to him? I can't believe it, yet I do. O do I? The traitor you let live has betrayed you to your death. Shall I

then let you die for betraying me? No, for I am not as them, and will think you innocent til proven...proven what? O you are my most innocent love! Yet what if? If is all my knowing. So, shall I die for the lover betrayed me, or live with the hateful I betrayed? O I am stuck tween bad and bad.

Washington and Lafayette enter.

Wash- Mrs. Arnold, it is urgent we confer.
 Peg- Call me Peggy. Beggy Peggy. Leggy Peggy.
 Laf- Has your husband ever mentioned a Major Andre?
 Peg- No. How is he?
 Laf- Your husband or the major?
 Peg- My husband, the major.
 Wash- Your husband is a General.
 Peg- Then speaking generally, like the major were my husband, how is he?
 Laf- Both are under suspicion of espionage.
 Peg- And such suspicion carries what sentence?
 Wash- Death.
 Peg- Then I will choose my words most carefully - Major Andre has never mentioned my husband. Did I get that right?
 Laf- Can you think of any reason why your husband may have boarded a British ship?
 Peg- My husband has boarded a British ship? Well, let me see. Say my child is my husband and my breast is a British ship. He boards, and we get sucking. And sucking is nursing, and nursing is kissing, and bibles are diapers, and I'm not going anywhere, am I?

Enter Hamilton.

Ham- He has escaped.
 Wash- Capture Arnold or Andre hangs.
 Peg- *Suck, you baby, suck,
 The milk of innocence,
 To drive away your cruelty,
 To help you to maturity,
 Suck, you soldiers, suck,
 The sludge of innocence,
 To drive away your hate,
 O it's never too late
 To suck, O world, to suck
 The tit of innocence!*

Hamilton and soldiers exit with Peggy.

Wash- Benedict Arnold is a traitor.
 Laf- There may be some good end to these bad means,

From mock betrayal some more honest triumph,
 Of which he fears to speak for threatening all.
 Such bravado would become our Benedict.
 Wash- Our Benedict? You mean their Benedict!
 Their Benedict has met a British spy;
 Their Benedict has sold the West Point plans;
 Their Benedict escapes upon their ship!
 So let them have him! I've no Benedict!
 Laf- My mind, fair liar, fighting for its life,
 Conceals the truth, for, seeing, I should die.
 Wash- There will be death enuf when I am done,
 For should my hands once reach his fatted flesh,
 There shall surge such a festival of gore
 The sloppage will the rivers rubefy
 In celebration of my venging lust!
 Laf- Be prudent, my dear General.
 Wash- Betray me?
 Betray his soldiers? Ah! Betray the cause?
 I praised him, coddled him, sought his advance,
 Yet he with that same sharp and smiling blade
 Of confidence I lent him to protect
 His rebel urge, slits my gullible* baited gullet?
 Laf- Take heart in that so few have used it so.
 Wash- You speak the terror I most now embrace.
 If he, the crest of true and brave and fine
 Would seal his shame, what will the lesser do?
 If he who when he walkt among the camps
 The soldiers shot the clouds to clear the sky
 That all the stars might see their brighter sun,
 What will the lesser do? When General Arnold
 Roused the charge, even cowards would cry:
 "I will not live til I die for Benedict!"
 His zeal enthralled, his commitment inspired,
 His passion rusht thru every Yankee's veins,
 Yet now he has betrayed his true believers,
 And if he may, what will the lesser do?

My giant hope now seems a soldier boy,
 Shot in the heart, descended to his knees,
 His blood engorging down his shaking front
 To join the soil like some snake its hole,
 Numb, mumbling, straining at his memories,
 But conscious of the nothingness to come.

Laf- You, my dear General, must his medic be!
 So we have lost one fighter? Others shall
 Replace him, and by stepping up, improve.
 Such filtering is needed, that we know
 Who can, and who cannot, support the times
 When choice is free and freer choices lure
 To greater treasons, yet which freedom is
 More fragile, as all take it as their right.
 This betrayal is our new beginning.
 Be strengthened by this shock. Let your resolve,
 Losing support, grow mighty of itself.
 The army is not Arnold, Arnold not
 The army, but all's one and one is all,
 And we can fight because we want to win,
 And we can win because we fight for you.

Wash- Do not betray me ever, Lafayette,
 For there would come the shock I'd not survive.

All exit.

Phase 4, Scene 6. Somewhere in the hills of western Virginia. Enter General Nathaniel Greene and General Banister Tarleton.

Tarl- Tell me, General Greene. How is it I, Banister Tarleton, the dreaded
 British dragoon, with my excellent boots, my splendid jacket, and my
 pointy metal hat, have dogged you now near sixty days thru these hot and
 fetid swamps, yet have not come one jot of poking you?

Greene- The blame, General Tarleton, is in your splendid boots, your excellent
 jacket, and your shiny metal hat; instead, you should be wearing my
 apparel, as my moccasins run for me, my duds keep me cool and light, and
 my bare head communicates with my environs. To whoop us, sir, you
 must adopt our fashion.

Tarl- I would not, sir, be caught dead in your fashion.

Greene- Then you will, sir, be caught dead in yours.

He kills him.

Greene- To Yorktown!

*All exit. Phase 4, Scene 7. A gallows at the end of Old World Lane in Tappan, New York.
The Hangman is working. Enter Peggy, disguised.*

Peg- Hangman! Hangman! Can't you hear me calling?
 Hang- I hears ya, just ain't used to bein called.
 Peg- What's this you're making?
 Hang- A set for a performance.
 Peg- Is someone doing a play?
 Hang- A hangin, which is like a play, cept people pay attention.
 Peg- Who's to die?
 Hang- All's to die.
 Peg- I mean in this performance.
 Hang- He maybe got a name, but I just call him "next."
 Peg- But there must be some mistake.
 Hang- Sure is, and its name's bein born.
 Peg- The sign says Major John Andre.
 Hang- Next!
 Peg- Where is your sympathy?
 Hang- Hey, I got three sympathies - truss, tension, and torque. Truss is the hunker of the structure - will she stand? Tension is the rigor of the rope - will she stick? And torque is the power of the pull - will she snap? Pow! Death is immortality.
 Peg- But couldn't it be that General Washington wants to frighten Major Andre, and once he's up, he'll let him down, satiated on mere mental demise?
 Hang- Look here, girl. Tho it ain't my polity to get strung up in the spectaculars of a hangin, since the day I take my work home is the day I don't get home, I can tell you are an inserted party, so I'll borrow you my official snag. While I's craftin this nape-cracker, General Washington rode by, and, yes, it's bout true, in his face did flare the rose of vengeance. I also seen that Andre fella, with his perfumed pigtail, his fancy scarf, and his ability, I hear, for makin culture, which, is sumthin ain't no 'murican can do. O, yeah, he's a man. Lastly, all mornin long, packs a people been scufflin by, ablabbin wet as April blust, how such a gentleman be on and on, how the laws of war, how decency, and all such other whocare huffs and hoots. One woman even took to shmearin me. "How could you!" she screeched, and I say, damn politely, "with a rope." One man I know sells carp parts down the pier, he scream at me, "Get a real job, ya damn murderess!" So I says, "come up here and I'll show you a real job, you limp-neck stink-ass fish-stick." For what, I ask you, be more real than hangin? Not much, and if you doubt it, you should try it. Yet, with all this as I seen it from my perch up here in hell, my assortment of this hangin ain't none different than the rest - you never so certain to live as when you been condemned to die, and you never so certain to die as when you been condemned to live. Why folks spend all their sunshine hours tryin to see thru fogs in fumes in funks, I'll never suss. Will Andre hang? Maybe, maybe not. Where's I fall on that one? I don't fall. I'm the hangman.

He goes back to work on the gallows. Enter Washington, Hamilton, Knox, Lafayette, Marshall, and other officers.

Wash- Bring in the prisoner.

Enter Andre, under guard.

Knox- It's Arnold, sir, not Andre that should hang,
As Arnold broke his country's vital trust,
While Andre honored his, just as we do.
His act served duty, Arnold's but himself,
Each different as affection from abuse,
For as revolting's treason in a friend,
So's loyalty respectful in a foe.

Wash- There are times, General Knox, when deterrence
Erases difference and urges action.

Andre- Good day, officers. By this heavy rope
Shall I infer my last and fair request
To be shot, and not hanged, has been denied?

Wash- Why worry over how we welcome death
When he cares not, but eats us ripe or rot?

Andre- Gentlemen, sir, do not die on gallows.

Wash- Have gentlemen, sir, unbreakable necks?

Andre- It is thought dishonorable in England,
Though honor holds no respect of borders.

Wash- I've noticed, as it's honor that invades us.
Place the gentleman upon the gallows.

Marshall- I beg you, sir. Review this case, for once
A precedent is set, generations
Will string along in slick obedience,
Transferring their general anxiety
Into a fear to overturn injustice,
Then punishment, disproportionate to guilt,
Is greater guilt, being unfit and cruel.

Wash- How do you see the case, Lieutenant Marshall?

Marshall- In but this: Andre bought and Arnold sold,
And supply is the conscience on demand,
As demand, being greedy, is itself,
So supply alone keeps accounts with guilt.

Wash- A grim account of humanity's hope
 To call demand eternal innocence,
 For then consumption has no check, and we
 Destroy ourselves desiring. Place the noose!

Laf- Hangman, have you a cover for his face?
 Hang- No, sir. Folks these days find it awful fun
 To see em gape and grimace.

Laf- Hide his face.
 Hang- Fine, I'll use my snot-rag.
 Andre- Please, use my scarf.

The Hangman covers Andre's face with his scarf.

Ham- This is extremist, sir, and so delays
 Solution final by solution fast,
 One victory making many enemies,
 Enforcing guilt and submerging mercy,
 Which is the reflex of all tyranny.
 The beauty of this brave young officer,
 So accomplished, so sophisticated,
 Must loose the iron grip of clenching hate -
 Which is frustration's instrument, attempting
 To stamp out injustice with injustice,
 As lacking what it wants, it wants it all -
 To bring an open palm of admiration
 For Andre, who is we but other born.

Citizen- Hang the hoity toity arsocrat!
 Ham- Silence, or it's you shall hang!
 Wash- Silence the people and you lose my ear.
 Andre- Please, Alexander, do not fret for me.
 It shall be but a momentary pang.

Hang- Actually, sir, I seen it last for hours,
 With groans and gurgles and twitches and kicks...

Wash- Have you any last words, Major Andre?
 Andre- Let it be said I bravely met my death.
 Wash- So it shall, somewhere, sometime, by someone.
 Hang- May I have your forgiveness, sir?
 Andre- Of course.
 Hang- And your boots?
 Andre- All I wear.
 Hang- Well, thank you, sir,
 But I'd be hanged for dressin like you do.

Peg- Hangman, I am Major Andre's sister.
 May I speak in private with him?

Hang- General?
 Wash- Why don't you show your face?

Peg- O let me be!
 The brother I adore is soon to die!

Wash- You may confer with him, but make it quick.

Peg- O dear John, do you see my face?

Andre- I do.

Peg- Why did you not kill him, as we planned?

Andre- I tried, but was trickt.

Peg- It shows how much I love you
 That I can say it's more than I hate him.

Andre- Give him your pity, Peg, and live in love.

Peg- Look at your son!

Andre- He shines upon my doom.

Peg- It is with him that I shall live in love.

Andre- O my sweetest Peggy.

Wash- Take her away!
 When justice pauses, viciousness regroup.

Hang- I await, General, your indication.

Peg- Too vicious is your justice! What new good
 Brings this routine of death? Fresh freedoms which
 Will we enjoy by this sadist reflex?
 As much as you intend it to deter,
 It will incite, for he is innocent,
 And they who love him shall abide this act
 Less than a father would seek leniency
 Against the maniac whose slaughter-spree
 Took all his babes. O ruthless disconnect!
 This victim dirtied not the crime he cleans,
 So shall the filth of it leech into you
 And foul you gainst all general acceptance.
 He is innocent, innocent as you,
 And in that comp equality exists,
 This world's strongest argument for mercy,
 And reason for the war you live to win;
 Destroying him, you thus destroy yourself,
 Playing such a prop to your opponent.
 You will not do it. No, you are too kind,
 Too wise and fair to force this cruelty
 Upon the childhood of America!

Andre hangs.

Wash- By order of the Commander-in-Chief,
 This corpse shall sway within its airy grave
 Until cessation of hostilities
 Determine who shall govern in this land,
 And let this be a warning to the world:
 America, which values freedom most,
 Takes dedication to its principles
 As both an obligation and allowance.
 Its obligation to forever seek
 How freedom best may serve humanity,
 Yet its allowance thus to swiftly serve
 Annihilation to its enemies,
 And make itself the fast ally of those
 Who share in this inalienable cause,
 For who would foster freedom against freedom,
 Inserting malice into innocence,
 By this hypocrisy spots us the right
 To freely kill and kill and kill and kill.
 Soldiers, come. We must prepare for Yorktown.
 Remove his sister, lest she pluck him down.

Ham- There hangs a man as beautiful and good
 As ever I could wish my only child.

Laf- Embracing death, as if they'd met before,
 He found his equal in the absolute.

All exit.

Phase 4, Scene 8. Enter the Rebel Mess.

*Who da band? We da band!
 What we do? Jam 'n clash!
 Where we been? All around!
 Will we win? Bet yo...*

Gut- Ah! Me sauce is shot!
 Free- Rebel Mess, at ease. As your captain...
 Gut- I'z ya cap'n, daggit.
 Rob- Ah, put a lid on it, ya booze bag!
 Free- Yo, don't insult my left-hand man!
 Gut- Mo' like ya back-hand man!

They fight.

Tom- Trusty rebels, peaceful soldiers, uncivil citizens!
 Rob - Hey, you bunch a brambling Benedict Arnolds!
 Gut- I'll say you didn't pretend that.

Rob- The British are amassed at Yorktown, Washington's called all troops to
the field, and even the French are going to fight.
Tom - Yet here we sit arguing over power?
Gut- Remember the cause.
Free- Never forget the cause.
Gut- Boy, you'z a sorry waste a stupid.
Tom- As great Achilles raged for Hector...
Free- Fine! If the great Hillbilly can hang with actors, I'll tolerate you doofs.
Gut- To Porktown!
Rob- First, the Rebel Cheer!

*Rebel Mess, Rebel Mess,
Bringin on the full court press,
Singin songs, gettin free,
Bein all that we can be!*

All exit. Phase 4, Scene 9. Outside Yorktown. Enter Washington and troops.

Wash- You brave, honest pioneers to freedom,
You soldiers for the democratic cause,
You founders of a new and wild nation,
We must now forward to the final front!
Tween here and there, I will not lie, we may
Find horror, pain and death, the tracks of war,
Yet by those tracks we reach the missing peace.
Than those who forward, fewer may return,
And many throughout howling history
Have stretched at getting even with such odds:
They've promist how unheeded holidays
Would bring fresh tears to bloom our chalky bones;
Of how the dirty gauze of gaudy glory
Can bandage whole again the shredded son;
Of how some jealous, omnipotent jaw
Will smile on slaves that die to weave the whip
That lashes them - but these are not your reasons.
As each of you alone is more than all,
To give your all is choice for you alone;
To burn your bodies on the raging grill
Of fiery night receives no other salve
But that in doing so you freely live;

Yet if your courage needs compelling, think
 On those you fight! Conscripted and constrained,
 Run like mewing stock against the hacking,
 Deranged by crippling bondage, they the victims
 That in your pity kindly you dissolve
 To liberate their hopeful progeny.
 For what's a man if he be not like you,
 Marching forward, kings of your desires?
 O he is but a stick for others' strength,
 An emptiness, despondency, a shame,
 Remembered as not worth remembering,
 But you, my soldiers, each of you is more,
 As every glut of blood you here may spill
 Increases you for draining at your heed
 And pools about you freedom's true reflection.
 The final front awaits us. Let us now
 Engage the risky distance, ever brave
 By keeping close the cause. Keep close the cause,
 For such expands our limits to our ends,
 Makes fear our impetus, raw hope our guide,
 And hurls us happy at the final front,
 For family, for country, for the world!

All exit.

Phase 4, Scene 10. The Battlefield at Yorktown. Enter Tom and Freeman.

Tom- Freeman, we lost the mess.

Enter British soldiers.

Brit- Surrender or we shoot!
 Free- Yo, we got an audience!
 Brit- Hands in the air, you bloody rebs!
 Free- And they're makin requests!
 Brit- This is your last chance!
 Free- Yo, dude, we know it. Ready, Two Sticks? One, two, rebel, who...

*Seven long years
 Been bustin heads
 Livin so hard
 We nearly dead.*

*It's a battlefield, baby.
 That's what I said.
 So hands in the air,*

You bloody rebs!

*Feet in the sky,
Head in the clouds,
Hands in the air,
You bloody rebs!*

Enter Gutbreath and shoots the soldiers.

Free- Dammit, Funkstank, you shot our audience!
Rob- Everyone all right?
Tom- Yo, rebels is all wrong!
Gut- Ezalive!
Tom- It's a battlefield, baby!
Free- We had em hoppin!
Gut- Moad ya luskets!
Tom- That's what I said!
Free- There goes our last chance!
Gut- Zaaaaaaag!!!
Tom- So hands in the air, you bloody rebs!

The Brit shoots Tom, Robert shoots the Brit.

Tom- See ya, Freeman. I'm due at dis. Go Rebels!

Tom Dodge dies.

Free- Tommy?
Rob- Freeman, he's dead.
Free- Dead? He can't be dead, cuz then he'd be like dead. Tommy? Here's your sticks. Now gimme the beat, boy!
Rob- His soul is free.
Free- Tommy's dead? I quit.
Rob- But, Freeman, we've all worked too hard, for seven years, and now we're here, the final front!
Gut- 'Sides, you's our cap'n.
Free- I'm your what?
Gut- For your brazery in bottle, your degradation to the cause, and cuz I'm too gunk to driv an order, I whyfor name you cap'n.
Free- Thank you, sir. I'll do my best to stand up to your steady protege.
Rob- Let's go!
Gut- Cap'n, please, your bendeliction.
Free- Dear Earth, you're about to eat our good ol' friend, Tom Dodge. He was a brave soldier, less his cowardice. He knew some asian languages, which is like wo. And he was a totally awesome drummer. Drumroll, please. Nevermind. So, as you bite into the Big Mac of his body, dip his soul food

fries into the ketchup of eternity, and wash him down the ever-throat with a nice cold pop, do remember, as you clear your own table, what he was to us: our timid buddy, our little scholar, our rhythm section. Without him, we shall be ever out of step.

Enter Washington and troops.

Wash- Troops, why do you pause?
 Free- Duh, ya putz! Our friend just died. Show some respect!
 Rob- Freeman, that's General Washington.
 Free- That ain't no General Washington. This face would deface a dollar bill. His words are the only wood in his mouth. He's more a loser uncle than a founding father. No, Robert, this man is an actor, if that, for you see, it is occasionally done that they will send convicts, transients, thespians or other lowlifes out into the field dresst like the General, that they might distract the enemy from the actual man, so, in short, this man is a dummy, who can not only tell a lie, but is a lie himself.
 Gut- Freeman, dat's Junral Shoshishon, as sures as I can snoot.
 Wash- No, the soldier's right. I am just an actor, playing hard for freedom, so will you fight with me?
 Free- We do have a recent vagrancy, but if you wanna bang with the Mess, you'll have to start at the bottom.
 Wash- I'd be honored.
 Free- Then you're in the group!
 Gut- We's cumin to bomb da bibish!
 Rob- For Tommy!
 Free- Uh, boy. My gear.

Washington grabs Freeman's gear.

Free- I think you'll work out fine.
 Wash- Thank you, sir.
 Free- What's your name, boy?
 Wash- Freeman.
 Free- Freeman. Sounds familiar. Ain't we done time together up in Dummer?
 Wash- Sure nuf.
 Free- At least we know our battle cry: illegal consumption!

They exit.

Phase 4, Scene 11. Yorktown. Enter Commander Cornwallis and Private Feltman.

Corn- Describe again, Private Feltman, the security of Yorktown.
 Felt- General Cornwallis, I shall. The walls of Yorktown are as thick as a hundred Yankee wits.
 Corn- Ah, security.

Felt- The towers of Yorktown are as high as a thousand French hairdos.
 Corn- Again, security.
 Felt- And the moats of Yorktown are as deep as a million British pints.
 Corn- Thrice, security!
 Felt- Security.

Enter Major Davies.

Davies- Commander Cornwallis, we must speak.
 Corn- Speak of security, Major Davies. We like the topic.
 Davies- My speech concerns security, though its gist is insecurity.
 Corn- We welcome your gist, for being in Yorktown, we are in security.
 Davies- The fleets of Graves and Hood have been defeated by Degrasse.
 Corn- Those fleets were key to my security! Private Feltman!
 Felt- I'm certain, sir, they had a winning reason for defeat.
 Corn- Security.
 Davies- Our bulwarks are broken, sir.
 Corn- Those bulwarks bulwarked my security! Private Feltman!
 Felt- Bulwarks is so strange to say, I think it's best they're broken.
 Corn- Security.
 Davies- The Americans are advancing, General!
 Corn- The Americans are the enemy! Private Feltman!
 Felt- Sir, Americans advancing is a patent oxymoron.
 Davies- You, Private Feltman, are the moron!
 Corn- Major Davies, really! War does not warrant incivility. This gist you bear is
 terribly silly, for the rebel troops are nowhere to be seen.
 Davies- Try to see, sir, and you will see.

Cornwallis looks thru Davies' scope.

Corn- What are all those little people, wriggling round their works, just like
 escargot vivant in a pesto vermicelli?
 Davies- Those, sir, are rebel troops.
 Corn- What are they doing exactly?
 Davies- Attacking us.
 Corn- Won't this attack compromise our security?
 Davies- We have no security, sir!
 Felt- Major Davies, enough! I shan't allow you to lash your tongue at England's
 finest fort! Sooner would a man go a-prancing on the moon than American
 balls hit Yorktown's walls and threaten our security!

A cannonball hits the fort.

Corn- What was that?
 Davies- American balls.

Enter the Rebel Mess and attacks.

Free- The Eagle has landed!

All exit.

Phase 4, Scene 12. The surrender ceremony outside the fort at Yorktown. The French troops are playing their song and the British are playing theirs.

The French:

*Une bouteille, une boutade,
Adieu a la fusillade!
Un michet, une mignard,
Au revoir a la froussard!*

*Bon jour! Bon jour!
Bon jour a l'amour!*

The British:

*If buttercups buzzed
After the bee,
If boats were on land,
Churches on sea,
If ponies rode men
And grass ate the cows,
And cats should be chased
To holes by the mouse,
If mamas sold babies
To the gypsies for pounds;
Summer were spring
And t'other way round,
Then all the world
Would be upside down.*

Laf- You, there, soldier. Can your crew play Yankee Doodle?
Free- Play it, sir? We lived it!
Laf- Then relive it, and drown this dirge.
Free- Troops, a tune for Tommy.

The Rebel Mess plays Yankee Doodle.

*Yankee Doodle met his Mess
At Lexington and Concord,
Saw the redcoats comin on*

And stompt em like a floorboard.

*Yankee Doodle seen a dandy
Actin like a local,
Figured out his tricky game,
And took him to the General.*

*Yankee Doodle lost a man,
His names 're Dodge and Tommy,
But that ain't cause for weepin, cuz
He died to save his country.*

*Yankee Doodle keep it up,
Yankee Doodle dandy,
Mind the music and the step
And with the girls be handy.*

Ohara- We will surrender only to the French.
Wash- Your will is nothing now, for I have won.

The British throw down their guns. All exit. Phase 5, Scene 1. Parliament, England. Enter the King, Lords, Ladies, Benjamin Franklin, and attendants.

Sgt At Arms - Order! Order! We are now in order!

King- Who are you?

Fox- Lord Fox, my King.

King- Fox? Where? Horses, hounds, and horns!
A-hunting we will go, a-hunting we will go...

Fox- My King, I am not an actual fox.

King- Then tell me, Lord Not An Actual Fox,
Who is that funny man staring at me?

Fox- Benjamin Franklin of America.

King- The chap with the bushy cap and sparkly kite?

Fox- The same.

King- Has he brought me a present?

Fox- Mr. Franklin, have you brought our King a present?

Frank- I have, Lord Fox. A treaty of peace.

Sgt. at Arms- Order! Order!

Fox- He brings a treaty for peace.

King- A piece of treat? Only a piece? Why not the whole treat? I want the whole treat!

Fox- My King, this is a treaty, a document, for peace, an end to war.

Sgt. at Arms- Order! Order!

Fox- Will you sign?

King- Sign what?

Fox- Your name.

King- What is my name?
 Fox- King George III of England.
 King- What is a third? O, O! Is it a cross between a bird and a thnag?
 Fox- What is a thnag?
 King- A cross between a zlag and a thnooz.
 Fox- Mr. Franklin, bring the treaty forward.
 King- Benjy, is that you?
 Frank- Yes, it is.
 King- Have you heard the one that no one's ever heard?
 Frank- No, I haven't.
 King- Neither have I.
 Fox- My King, by this treaty, you give America its freedom.
 Sgt. at Arms- Order! Order! Order shall prevail!
 King- For my Benjy, I'd give London to the Zulu!

He signs.

King- O, look at the sunset!
 Fox- I am your friend, America.
 Frank- And, England, I am yours.

Enter Peggy to the side.

Peg- My Lord, what of General Arnold's pension?
 Burke- He who picks a loser, madam, loses.

All exit.

Phase 5, Scene 2. On a street in Philadelphia. Enter Rebel Mess.

Rob- Fellas, now the war is won, there's something I gotta tell ya.
 Free- What, you're a woman?
 Gut- Yeah, and I'm a shell-shockt homeless paraplegic wino vet!
 Rob- It's true. I'm a woman.
 Free- Prove it.

She removes her hat.

Free- Prove it some more.

She removes her coat.

Free- Prove it til ya lose it!
 Rob- Freeman!
 Free- Why did I not know this?

Rob- I thought you guys wouldn't let me fight, but now the revolution says I'm free!

Gut- Jabbidy and lustus for all!

Free- Rebel Mess, attention!

Rob- The war's over, Freeman.

Free- You are not discharged.

Gut- We are free.

Free- You are not free!

Rob- Pardon me?

Free- See, I had this power lunch with a reprehensative of Congress, Samuel Adams, and he's brewin this beer, Samuel Adams, and I was thinkin we'd head out West, and start a business, Freeman Incarcerated, and we'd sell alcohol, tobacco, and firearms, and you'd all work for me.

Gut- Work fer you?

Free- In a good way, like as my assistant, but in a good way, like as my wife, but in a good way, like as my slaves...

Rob/Gut- Tar and feather!

Phase 5, Scene 3. In front of Independence Hall. Enter Washington and Lafayette.

Wash- Well, my young monsieur, here is where we part.

Laf- Yes, my dear General, I must return to France, For we shall have a revolution too!

Wash- I thank you for your service.

Laf- I thank you for yours.

Wash- Without you, I...

Laf- Without me, my dear General, You would have won, as you fought for freedom.

Enter Hamilton and Generals.

Wash- Lieutenant Hamilton, and my Generals, Have I represst a meeting? Were we not To say goodbyes tonight at Fraunces Tavern After I resign my charge to Congress?

Ham- Not for farewells, but for our welfare we Are here, to propose we charge on Congress.

Wash- You mean march by Congress? Tomorrow, yes, At the victory parade in your honor.

Greene- We mean march on Congress, in angry arms, To take the pay and power we have earned With our broke and bleeding brains and bodies.

Wash- Is not freedom ample pay and power?

Knox- Our freedom's lost if it lies in Congress.

Wash- What lies in Congress is as you elect.

Morgan- We and the people, who are more than we.

Wash- There is no more or less in our union.
 Ham- We were one with you, we trusting toiled
 Beneath your word, we kept close to your cause,
 Yet now you would betray us to a body
 That never for our bodies showed concern
 But used us as officials use their dogs
 To sniff at bombs to save their cushy flesh.
 Greene- So union quickly cracks to more and less.
 Morgan- We want the power whence we waged this war.
 Knox- And who denies it, we may freely kill.
 All- And kill and kill and kill and...
 Wash- You waged this war for peace, not for power,
 And who confuses them condemns us all.
 O how unlike that patient perseverance
 And faith-in-law you showed in harder times
 Appears this desperate, faith-in-fear assault!
 What man among you recommended this,
 Let him come forward. No. He is afraid
 To tag* fix a self upon his selfishness,
 For so revolting is that principle
 Even those who own it will not claim it.
 Corruption will not face itself, for there
 It is defaced, yet I shall now face up
 To those ideals expresst in my surrender
 To Congress here at Independence Hall.
 Ham- Defending democracy from itself
 Requires an exclusive federal force.
 Wash- Would you have war entrenched in all you do?
 Would you have Arnolds acting for your state?
 Would you become the death you have defied?
 Then I submit, your justice is abuse.
 Abandon Congress, abandon the cause.

But if it's war you want, it's war you'll get,
 And I will be the first to strike that blow,
 For which, if you'll excuse me, I require
 My glasses, as I have grown old and blind
 In service of my country. Come on, then,
 March on Congress and meet its first defender,
 Or, if you long for peace, then one by one
 Let us embrace in love but one last time.

They come forward and embrace him.

Adams- General Washington, how long it's been!
 Wash- Mr. Adams, you've been with me all along* all the while, for keeping
 close the cause, I kept to you.
 Adams- Might we speak in private?
 Wash- All you will.
 Adams- Now, General Washington, as you know, Congress has been debating the
 Articles of Confederation, which will, I hope, cocoon to Constitution. Not
 yet drafted, however, are the particulars of the presidential electoral
 process, so, in my mildly informed opinion, to solidify and hasten the
 national agenda at this critical crossroads, we must bypass this popular
 quagmire and nominate a president directly, and I wish to nominate...
 Hancock- General George Washington!

Adams and Washington enter the Hall.

Wash- Distinguished members of this first Congress,
 I come to you today not in ambition
 Political, but as a humble soldier
 Bearing news from the field - we are free.

Enter Rebel Mess.

Rob/Gut- Kill the King! Kill the King!
 Wash- Soldiers, attention!
 Rob/Gut- Yes, sir!
 Free- Save me, Freeman, from this all-mighty mob!
 Wash- Why do you abuse this man?
 Rob- He said we are not free.
 Wash- Did you say that, soldier?
 Free- I cannot tell a lie. No.
 Gut- Diz too!
 Free- Diz not!
 Wash- Soldiers, attention!
 Rob/Gut- Yes, sir.

Enter Hancock, statesmen, and soldiers.

Hancock- Arrest these men for disturbing the peace!
 Free- O, not again! - * cut
 Rob- Disturbing the peace?
 Gut- We created the peace!
 All- Revolution!
 Wash- I think it's best I handle this one, Freeman.
 Free- So represent, and make all free men proud.
 Wash- I see you two have yet to meet each other:
 Congress, the people. People, the Congress.
 You the mother and you the father are
 That shall determine our new nation's life.
 Will its seed be flawed by past mutations
 Or coded for progressive replication?
 Will it develop in a womb well-fed
 Or warp inside a nurturing disaster?
 Will its birth be breach or still or fatal,
 Or will it enter active, healthy, ripe?
 Its crucial years formational, will they
 Be cruel and blunted by a cage of hate
 Or kind and vibrant in a home of care?
 Will it as a student be instructed
 In machination or imagination?
 Will it in adolescence then revolt
 Against its constitution, choosing thus
 Its path to prison, loit'ring in the valleys
 Of dull indifference, or will it mature
 Into working, wedding, wise adulthood,
 Climbing to the peak of its profession?
 And then, will it retreat to bitterness,
 Expending its resources all on death,
 Disadvantaging future generations,
 Or in respectful, earned retirement
 Will it proudly pass, as all sentience must,
 To that rich instance of remembrance,
 Not as a hovel of injustice, but
 A laboratory of democracy
 Where government made peace with its people,
 An archetype whose influence never ends
 In its exportation of true freedom.
 If you desire the best I have described,
 Then stay the safer, saner, scenic route
 Across this wilderness of liberty:
 Harbor no hostility or suspicion,
 Limit not the other's innocent needs,

Take no steep shortcuts, make no quick fixes,
 Cut no shady deals, but keep it open
 And honest tween yourselves, then will you find
 A country vast and beautiful, that shall
 Its pleasures in humanity express
 Around the planet, and beyond, forever
 A refuge, a protector, an ideal.
 For my part, I can but these options give,
 And urge you to behave as may assure
 The best of them, as I my best have done,
 Yet now it's best for all that I retire
 That what will be for all by all is willed.
 And so, this theater of operations,
 I leave, in trust and gratitude, to you.

All exit, save the Rebel Mess.

Free- That Freeman sure can speak.
 Rob- Like a President almost.
 Gut- Aw, shiz! I'm outta pooty!
 Rob- Well, time to head on home.

Enter Sticks.

Sticks- Ain't you like the Hopeless Loser Band?
 Free- Maybe.
 Rob- But we broke up cuz our drummer died.
 Sticks- That's why I'm here. I followed you all thru the war, so I know all your
 songs, and I bang the skins.
 Gut- Lap a tick.

He plays.

Free- Man, you got some sticks.
 Sticks- That's what they call me.
 Rob- We can't break up the band now we got the beat.
 Free- Sticks, you're in the group.
 Gut- The Homeless Boozer Band is back on tour!
 Free- Yo, we gotta lose that name.
 Rob- We're not hopeless losers anymore.
 Free- I got it! The Johnny Freeman Band.
 Gut- Not.
 Free- The Johnny Freeman Experience.
 Rob- No.
 Free- Johnny Freeman and the Trophy Wives.
 Gut- Why's it alwez gotsta be bout you?

Free- Cuz I'm the one that this is all about!
 Sticks- Hey, dudes, chill. I got a groovy name. The Rebel Mesh.
 Free- Hit it!

They play.

Free- I'm the American Chicken...
 Rob- Stop!
 Gut- Chickens are chickens, Freeman.
 Free- I'm the American Turkey...
 Gut- Stop!
 Rob- Turkeys are stupid, Freeman.
 Free- I got it!

*I'm th'American Eagle,
 Come fly with me,
 I'm the symbol of my people,
 Wild, brave and free.
 I'm the revolution rebel,
 Life and liberty,
 I'm th'American Eagle,
 Come fly with me!*

They exit.

Phase 5, Scene 4. Mount Vernon. Enter Martha and James, a slave.

Martha- The master bedroom's made up nice?
 James- Yes, mam.

Enter Nell.

Nell- The General's comin up the cobblestones!
 Martha- Send everyone to the house of families.

Nell exits.

Martha- A man can change in seven years.
 James- Or not.

Enter Washington.

Wash- My dearest friend.
 Martha- Welcome home, my love.
 Wash- The grounds look excellent.
 Martha- O how we've tried!

Wash- Good to see you, James.
 James- Good to see you, sir.
 Wash- How was it being the man of the house?
 James- Like being the man of the house.
 Wash- Fetch me some water, would you?
 James- Yes, master.

James exits.

Wash- Let me look at you.
 Martha- Let me look at you.
 Wash- Were anyone to tell me now that we
 Possess no power over our pursuits,
 I could not hear it, as in my away
 From this my closest pleasure, vision set
 It all before me as it truly is,
 Its beauty hovering across the horror,
 Its trust across the treason, its sweet sense
 Dissembling all the senselessness of war,
 And pushed me forth, as in some true delusion
 Of loyalty and love, that now I know
 What force exists in innocent belief,
 And freely apprehend: here is the cause,
 For I am home.
 Martha- And all is as we wish.

All exit.

THE END

First produced in 1999 at the Cornelia Connelly Theater in NYC.

Director ~ Emma Griffin
 Producer/Literary Consultant ~ Chad Gracia
 Sets ~ Louisa Thompson
 Costumes ~ Alexander Dodge
 Lights ~ Mark Barton
 Composer ~ Robert Lopez
 Sound and Graphic Design ~ Noah Scalin
 Choreography ~ Phipy Kay
 Props ~ Karen Flood
 Dramaturg ~ Floraine Kay
 Production Manager ~ Whitney Pastorek
 Stage Manager ~ Janine Vanderhoff
 Asst. Stage Manager ~ Bernadette Brownell
 Technical Director ~ Tom Pasquarella

Sound Board Operator ~ Raimy Rosenduft
 Asst. Producer ~ Alexis Wichowski
 Publicity ~ Brett Singer Associates
 Public Relations ~ Jeni Henaghan
 Jessica Angelson ~ Intern

THE CAST

Judie Annozine – Peggy Arnold, Nell
 Eleni Beja – Tom Dodge, Whipple, Martha
 Al Benditt – John Adams, Hessian, Boatman, Hangman, Jeeves
 Soraya Broukhim – General Sullivan, Marshall, Morgan, Livingston, Soldier, Citizen 1,
 Davies
 Aundre Chin – General Greene, British Attendant, Soldier, British Colonel, James,
 Jimmy, Rodney
 Kenny Diaz – Lafayette
 Sheri Graubert – George Washington
 Dan Illian – Benedict Arnold
 Lily Koster – Ben Franklin, Hessian, Boatman, Local, Woman w/baby, Bessie
 Bob Laine – General Gates, Lord North, Attucks, Sam Adams, Captain, Cornwallis,
 Shelburne
 Jason Little – General Lee, Lord Burke, Olsen, Rush, Soldier, Feltman, Fox
 Sam Massem – Molly Pitcher, Hancock
 Sheila Mitchell – General Conway, King George, Sarge, Gwinnett, Soldier, Knox
 Matt Peterson – Hamilton
 Richard Scudney- Aide-de-Camp, Tarleton, Burr, Soldier, Sargeant, Dartmouth, Rodney,
 Knox, Howe
 Dave Shalansky – Gutbreath, Sherman
 Ryan Shogren – John Andre
 Tara Taylor – Salem Poor, Citizen 2, Jefferson
 Hank Wagner – Freeman, Mifflin