

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
Captain Gutbreath
Tom Dodge
Deborah Sampson (disguised as 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 Fox

Others:

Crispus Attucks; Sgt. at Arms; Hessian, British, French, and American soldiers; cook; boatmen; hangman; Jeeves; 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- Leave the sidewalk, 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 leave the sidewalk or face arrest!
Attucks- Right.
Soldier- Leave 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 leave the street or face arrest!
Attucks- So where'm I s'posta 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, King 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 sidewalk when he should be walking in the street and walking in the street when he should be walking on the sidewalk, sir!
Dart- Excellent work. People, go home!
Citizen 1- Tyrant, go home!
Dart- Your meaning?
Citizen 2- It's common sense!
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!

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!

King- Have you trudged all the way across the sea
In muted velvet just to threaten me,
You glib, begunking geezer?

Frank- No, I've come to give you this.

Franklin gives Lord North a box. He opens it and holds up its contents, a "Don't Tread On Me" flag.

Sgt. At Arms- Order! Order!

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 minging rodent flesh,
Yet you are, as we say, a country clown.

Burke - His inventions...

North- A public library?

Burke - Helping the people read...

King - Is treachery!

North - Bifocals?

Burke - 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, sir snake, to say to that?

Frank- I'll make your King a little man for this.

King- Let blows decide!

Sgt at Arms - 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 cold snap of autocracy. A citizen's army, brave and capable, musters in democracy's defense, 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- As 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- Not at all.
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- You make me what you wish me, Mr. Adams.
Adams- Colonel Washington, I make you what you are, for I intend to stage the American Revolution, and if you will take the lead, I hope to have a hit.
Wash- And once I complete my service here as a leader for Virginia, I intend to ride to Mount Vernon, where taking the lead of my structures, my vineyards, my books, my horses, my slaves, my wife, and her children, I hope to have a home.
Adams - See this letter? It's from my wife, Abigail, who strings the very harpings of my heart. The British have imposed the Intolerable Acts, assaulted the Massachusetts militia, and ordained a royal governor; in short, with

Vernon's Mount just downhill from falling Peacefield, what hope have you for yours save in saving ours?

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 before we rattle! America fight Great Britain? That's scrawny squirrel meets Sassquehatch, feisty mortals headbuttin divine right! We suckas take a nasty lickin less we reconcile, so I say draft another watchahoozit and tell that cranky queen how much we love him.

Hancock- Mr. John Adams of Massachusetts.
Adams- I say we war 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.

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. British born is brain dead. O give me a homespun hero!

Hancock- Mr. Roger Sherman of Connecticut.
Sherman- I nominate the Dark Eagle himself, 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 across 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, tromping 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! No, my imperiled peers! Look not so far for freedom, as our savior sits among us. Do you know him, President Hancock?

Hancock- I do, Mr. Adams, and am honored.
Adams- Indeed, that such a man's among us honors us. I nominate, of spirit individual and universal; war his work, not his wish; a realist in his tools

yet an idealist in his tasks; 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?
Adams-	If hypocrisy's a germ now malignant to this body, then let us all be sent home with a note from our apparents - home to our wives, denied a tallied voice; home to our homeless, denied a tiny dime; and home to our human chattel, denied humanity!
Hancock-	Mr. Caesar Rodney of Delaware.
Rodney-	The Colonel lost his wits every time the injuns whoopt!
Adams-	And where were you, Caesar Rodney, every time the injuns whoopt? Speculating land, surveying new towns, naming them Caesar and Rodney, 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 independence?

Enter Washington.

Wash-	Opponents, allies, and compatriots, To spike the odds of sacking all we seek In common for the nascence of our nation, I urge you throw down challenge to my fitness, Try my character, assault my principles, Rag my uniform, but never doubt my zeal For just one sip with Lady Liberty, For were you now to charge me raise an army, Drag it up the coast, hurl it at Boston, I'd do it in a dark and drastic second, As if born to brawl. Heart is no more drawn To hearth, stallion no more mare-incented, Victory to valor is no more key Than independence to my constitution. And tho I gasp the soot of civil strife, Or gorge alone the bygone bread of war, Or rip my last three ribs from out my chest To feed the fire that melts the golden crown
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Into a metal mass that breaks the gates
Of Top Down Truth from our earth evermore,
It shall not leave me sooner than my life.
That is my commitment to milady,
Who, I know, would beg we sling another,
So choose me now or no, but question not
How sourced my soul in freedom's aforethought.

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 Second Continental Congress has elected you to
father its nascent army. Do you accept?
Wash- I do.
Hancock- Then it is done. We assign you the task of locating our paltry, scattered
force, forming these disordered bumpkins into orderly brigades, repelling
the British invaders, and securing our liberty. As for Congress, we shall
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 throat in this body 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.
No, I am 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't.
King killer, law breaker, rebel ruler, me?
It is not death I fear; it is failure,
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, if hope have any hand,
The fall will find me home. I'll have her send
My blue wool tunic coat and paddock 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 her husband, Benedict 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 and loop it on a chain that you may wear it proudly round your neck, a noose of undying loyalty
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- Is talk of losing the new wooing? Then I'm an old world girl.
Arn- If we must talk tactics, it was the fault of that spiffy woodchuck, Ethan Allen, who 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, 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 Virginian stiff? This insult shows what one gets with a Congress that can vote.
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- But 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 leads to 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.

Arnold- So this is what America will mean:

The smarm of imperfection's victory,
 Where process triumphs over prodigy,
 Fake quantity over true 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, free but in some function,
 His hopes in higher heads, his body bound
 To awkward march, himself in selfless mere,
 Lacking status, place, or recognition.
 First takes, second cedes; First leads, second limps;
 First reaps, second rots; first is free, second's not.
 On second thought - O eulogy anon!
 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 we rock if we're 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,
Rebel Mess, rock on!
Gut- We are a troop of soldiers, not a group of musicians; this is a marching
army, not a marching band; and we are staging a full-on revolution, not
some half time show; so I'll hear no more outta u concernin such refusical
musicals!
Free- Yes, sir.
Gut- Name, state, and occupation, from the right!
Free/Tom- My name...
Gut- Soldier, you are on the left.
Free- Are you denying my rights, sir?
Gut- I am denying you are on the right.
Free- I see. Proceed.
Gut- Name, state, and occupation, from the right!
Free- Pardon, sir.
Gut- What is it, soldier?
Free- Shouldn't a leader in the war for independence address his troops from the
rear so as to train them to fight independently?
Gut- That's the first good idea you had all day.

He goes to the rear.

Gut- Name, state, and occupation, from the right!
Free- My name's Johnny Turkey Feathers Franklin Freeman the 6th, my state is
Maine, as in the event, my occupation's rockin out, and I hate the British
more than bar time, so gimme liberty or I'll take it.
Gut- You will lug my bedroll.

He hands Freeman his bedroll.

Gut - Next!
Tom- Tom Dodge, Maryland, unemployed.
Gut- Can't ya do nuthin?
Free - More impotently, can't ya play nuthin?
Tom- I can read the ancient languages, and I can sorta play the drums.
Gut- You will lug my rucksack.

Gutbreath gives Tom his rucksack.

Free- And you will smack the snare.

Freeman gives Tom a drum.

Gut- Next!

Rob- Robert Shurtleff, Virginia, handyman.

Gut - You look more sissyboy than handyman.

Rob - Feel around and find out.

Free - That pretty little mouth seems like it could pied a pipe til the rats leave
Bangor to the moonbats.

Rob - I've tooted a song stick or two.

Gut- You will lug my canteen.

Gutbreath gives her his canteen.

Free- And you will fluff the fife.

Freeman gives her a flute.

Gut- Now, here's the deal: The British are comin.

All- Backward march!

Gut- Stop! They ain't here yet, but they're on their way, so we must prep to
meet em.

Free- I know. We'll have a battle of the bands! One, two, three...

He sings.

Gut- One more peep outta you, soldier, and you'll be court martialed.

Free- Me, sir, a marshall in the court? O, thank you, sir! This is my first
commotion!

Gut- Rebel Mess, forward, march!

Free- Question, sir. Might we backward march to practice our retreat?

Gut- Minutemen don't retreat; they regroup.

Free- Retreat only takes a minute, and it's really good for the group.

Gut- Then they plunge back into battle!

Free- But battles are dangerous, sir!

Gut- That's right! Rebel Mess, forward, march! Left!

Free- Left!

Gut- Left!

Free- Left!

Gut- Halt! Soldier, what are you doing?

Free- Pursuing my happiness, sir, cuz if battle's to the right, I am for the left.

Gut- That's it, soldier. Your rank?

Free- 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 blowtorch in your tonsils could singe the hairnet off a dukess!

Gut- What is your status in the echelon of service?

Free- I prefer lead singer, but I'll accept lead vocalist.

Gut- I am a cap'n, you are a...

Free- Uncap'n.

Gut - That ain't no army position.

Free - Sure nuf is! See, watch my arm take the position of uncap'n a cold one with the boys.

Gut- By whose commission are you an Uncap'n?

Free- By commission of my pooba in my mamoo.

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 council of war, were free to vote.

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 misrepresent 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 it. 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. Vote Johnny Freeman, and ask not what I can do for my country, but what your country can do for me.

The British appear on the side.

Gut- The British are comin!
Robert/Tom- Backward march!
Gut - Don't fire til you see the whites of their eyes!
Free - Yo, once I fire up my voice box, there won't be a white eye in the joint.

Robert and Tom exit.

Free- One, two, three, four...hello? Howbout the drummer gives me some? What good's a piccolo less it's audiblio? Yo, where you stage-frights off to? I said big break, not bathroom break. The Battle of the Bands has begun, so get out your axes and chop a cord! Fine! You go no show, I go solo. Let it be said that Johnny Freeman was such a rebel mess he left the group before there even was one!

The British fire on them. Gutbreath gets hit.

Free- Ouch! There's a rim shot heard round the world.
Gut- Soldier, I'm hit!
Free - That, a hit? I've heard better tunes at Deaf Mute Karaoke.
Gut - The bullet's in the bone.
Free - Bullet? Ok, that is cheating!
Gut - Go on without me.
Free- No way, sir. I'm in this together. Yo, you tinsel-ape! The only weapon allowed at a Battle of the Bands be the kickass.

The British fire.

Free - 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- What we lack in functioning 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 - Cheeky 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 the 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 my militia stage a sneak assault
At Red Hook on the quickly fraying 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!

They draw.

Wash- Generals, down! The first that looses lead
Inserts himself into my anarchy.
Lee- On me bloody honor...
Wash- Let honor bleed
And nutrify the soil it's depleted.
O what have we with honor, honor 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.

Lee- So, onward, with less honor, as we have
Worse enemies than ourselves. Now, General 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.
 As the structure's longer with its weapons,
 O 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, Bendy dick.

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 tramp 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- Dandy! How is your army?
Gen Howe- Dandy!
Adm Howe- Well, that's dandy!

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, ambition, tedium,
 I see so many things, and yet I see
 One thing alone - a bustly peck of things,
 All here quite like the all I've seen o'er there,
 Leading to the bromidic conclusion
 That this is not the new world, but the old,
 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.
 Gen Howe - Drub a drub drub
 With a big billy club!
 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 General Arnold.
 Adm Howe- Who?
 Andre- Benedict Arnold, or Dark Eagle,
 As the natives call him out of respect
 For his ruthless military genius.
 Corn- American genius? Next thing you know
 We'll be saying African Industry,
 Asian Innovation, and Arab Reason.
 Andre- Time shall tell.
 Corn- Not before I tell the time:
 O, it's "When a Savage Calls You Genius,
 You're Clearly a Fop" O'clock. Time to laugh!
 Adm Howe- And where is this Dark Eagle, Major Andre?
 Andre- He is we know not where.
 Adm Howe- Have we no chatty captives?
 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, he should say his prayers.
 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 prey 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 mean 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 man; 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 the nurses.
 Gen Howe- Well said, Major Cornwallis.
 Corn- Thank you, sir.
 Adm Howe- There would be significant promotion
 For the compromise of this Dark Eagle.
 Gen Howe- He has a young and pretty wife, I hear,
 Who grouses neath her elder husband's huff.
 Major Andre- Consider my department on it, sir.
 Adm Howe- Now, who is in command of these rebels?
 Corn- General George Washington, our greatest ally
 Et un aristocrate Vierginiene!
 Gen Howe- Major Cornwallis, you're very funny.
 Corn- Thank you, sir.
 Adm Howe- What 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 unmannered Yankee doodles,
 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 - I must subdue the masses here more often.
 General Howe, after you.
 Gen Howe- After you, Admiral Howe.
 Adm Howe- Perhaps this is the 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...etc etc...America has tried everything...etc etc..."
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 Arnold and Major John Andre in her home in Philadelphia. 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 from your husband, Peggy dear?
 Peg- None but this bombastic, boring screed
 That banters 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 dirty secret?
 Andre- My sweet, I am a British gentleman,
 And dirty secrets are our specialty.
 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 brave rebellion?
 Peg- It is what I so desire.
 Andre- As do I.
 Peg- Like, 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 shall be turned upside down. O look!

Style has been depraved and slack ascended,
 Kitsch has supplanted culture, etiquette
 And excellence have been commercialized
 To pigswill for the filthy, swinish throngs,
 All order, class, and fair elitist traits
 Have plunged into a democratic sludge,
 All due desserts have been denied, such that,
 Sophistication murdered by the mob,
 Perversity's outvoted decency
 And rubbish struts high-cackling thru the streets.
 Andre- This shall happen if they win, but they shan't.
 Peg- Shan't? See, John? 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.
 Trust me, John, I know his horrid wardrobe,
 And Benedict will never turn his coat.
 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 for you to come.
 Peg- O yes, John, yes.
 Andre- Yet not with me.
 Peg- With whom?
 Andre- Your husband.
 Peg- Why?
 Andre- That I may headhunt him.
 Peg- Kill him?
 Andre- Peggy, no.

I merely wish to chat with him a bit
About his country's undue negligence
Of his excellence and the benefits
Of being British.

Peg-
Andre-

It is futile, John!
Yet look here, Peg. There is in every man
A tiny safe wherein he locks away
His disappointments that he may prevent
The slip in status that releasing them
Always brings, for to admit is to submit,
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 close him on the spot to sell his soul
For dear relief, for my relief, for us.
But promise you'll convince your husband come,
I promise you the life he keeps you from.
General Arnold stoops to General Peggy.
Adieu.

Peg-
Andre-

He exits.

Peg-

I do, I do, O I so do,
I don't know do from done. Tied to a man
Too far, too old, too war-obsessed for love,
And I in love with he so close, so young,
So love-obsessed that I could lose it all
For but one look from him? My lover boy
Is on the winning side, yet my lame husband,
Limp and tiresome, is on the losing,
And while betray he might, that might's not much,
And he'd be still what I must be true to.
If only he'd betray me, I'd fair cause
To leave him, then to freely love my John,
For whom I would do stupid things, and will
In talking of betray to Benedict,
Who'd never cheat on me, for I'm the best
So bad a man can get. O what to do?
I will be lucky not to lose my life
Asking him to raise one with the British,
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- Damn, Gutstink. You got the curse a grease and goops.

Enter Robert Shurtleff and Tom Dodge.

Rob - What's the hold up, Freeman?

Free - The hold up's me tryna hold up Corporal Punishment-on-the-Spinal
Canal!

Tom - Captain's hit!

Rob - We'll have to amputate.

Free - Yo, I was bout to amputate and win the Battle of the Bands, but my
rhythm section lost heart and my woodwind player blew away and then
our opponent, The Chinless Wonders, decided to settle rather than stick to
the score, so here we are, turnin the bluegrass red.

Gut- Gimme some booze and hack.

Tom gives him liquor and Robert pulls out a saw.

Free - What are you doing?

Rob - Cutting off his arm.

Free - But then he won't have an arm.

Tom - Sepsis can spread quickly, Freeman.

Free - Yeah, so can hard butter, but you need one hand to sling the knife and one
to steady the sausage.

Rob - Hold him down.

Free- As the debtor said to the doorbell, 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- Ya know, maybe them Brits ain't so bad after all. Sure, they're total snobs,
but...

Gut- We hell da line a longa s'we cd.

Free- And sure, they've stolen our freedoms, but...

Gut- Den a tooken to da paw!

Free- And sure, they shot our color guard, but...

Rob- Got it!

Gut- O bootius babble!

Free - Whew, saved by the belch. I could no more finish those butts than a one-armed man can fix his buttons.

Tom- I think he's in a state of catatonia.

Free- Exactly! I'll be the Duke of Catatonia! A drowzy dainty dingle in the lowlands of the midlands, where all we do is guzzle warm Backwash Beer, eat marmite on stinky cheese, and slap a nappy on the nanny for a round of kinky cricket! Burgermask!

Rob- Freeman, stop!

Free- Is Chief No-Rolling-Pin ok'd or ko'd?

Rob- He survived the saw, but not the sauce.

Tom- I'm goin home.

Free- Wait, Tommy, look! He's just acting! My name's Grand Marshal Fishwhiff Schlobberknock. 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! Whatever! Rebel Mess, less its sucky drummer, gather round and slumpf in silence, for our great cap'n, making me our cap'n, 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 cap'n, makin me our cap'n, 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 blisters, free of the chaffing, free of the bulk that walked 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 extremity of equality! O sure! Them Brits may have their stamp act, but we Yankees got our stump act! But please, stop laughing, for our great cap'n, makin me our cap'n, is dead.

Gutbreath rises.

Gut- Da bibish a' crummin!

All- Backward march!

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 rhythms to't.

Rob- Great idea, less the words.

Free- Problem is, we got no drummer.

Gut- I can beep a keat.

Free - O yeah, great. We'll change our name to the Paraplegic Paradiddles.

Rob- At least give him a chance, Freeman.

Free - I'll give him four chances: One, two, three, four.

They play.

Soon's he sees a casualty

*Off he runs in mutiny,
Betrays the rebel army!
Tommy was a traitor!*

Free - Gutstink, where's the keat?

*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 - How'm I sposta stay in step when the beep keeps movin'?

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

Free - I'd say break it down but it's already broke.

All exit, save Tom. Enter Freeman.

Free- Tommy, can you hear me?

Tom- What?

Free- We need ya, man. Pukyteeth couldn't beat a rug into a carpet.

Tom- I said 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 America invented rock-n-roll, and this British invasion means to take it away, and if we don't stop em, generation after generation will be forced to listen to redcoats actin like they got the blues, and that's a hill I will die on unless I can find a way down.

Tom- You swear I won't die?

Free- On my word as a rebel, I swear.

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 stale 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 distrust this maxim, trust the people, for 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 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 multieity 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 that mutilates the cause!

He reads.

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 sauteed, 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, just now. 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
Behold the wonder of your revolution.
Yes, I see disorder, disaffection,
And lack of regiment. But, in Europe,
Too much regime, order, affectation
Have ruined us, and all our power's past.
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 breeded 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 boondoggle 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 babies woot!
 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's be 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 bagdad 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:

Burr- We smother here the words we urge to breath.
 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 across the river.
Laf- Excellent, for we must travel light!
Ham- Our plan calls for cannon!
Laf- Let Europe run to plan. En Amerique, we improvise!

Enter General Greene.

Greene- Bad news, sir.
Wash- So I've heard.
Greene- Our boats cannot break the river ice.
Laf- Set the cannon on the banks and crack the ice with their balls!
Ham- O, perfect. 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,
temps 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, gusting 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, it will die here, im America.

Enter Arnold and his troops.

Arnold- Sleeping? Very well. 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 your 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- Lee, Conway, Gates?
Arnold- Repellent judasites,
Who, at your 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.
Your 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 your favor.

Enter Lafayette and others.

Lafayette- The battle is yours, my lofty General!
Wash- Well fought, soldiers, and well won! Now away,
To raise our tents and rouse our fires and toast
This doubtful day 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 your 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 this 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 freedom only fruits where merit blooms,
In absence which a sloth corruption breeds
Righteous, bigoted redistributions
That exponentiate each generation
Far past all faith in honest revenue.
Sow thick the freedom seed 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 - Backward march!
Gut- Twirlin Tuscaloosha Tomahonks! I'z a Bibish fart! 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- Backward march!

Freeman gets up and is shot at.

Gut- Dammit, men, as your cap'n...
Free- Yo, no cap, but the only thing your bein cap'n's got us is gettin cappt at,
 so, Rebel Mess, status update, I am now your cap'n, and my order's
 backward march!
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 backward march?
Free- And who among us yells "backward march!" so advancingly?
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'll change our name to The Hopeless Loser Band.

*You might think we ain't in it
Cuz we're the Hopeless Loser Band,
But if anyone can win it,
You know American.*

Gut - I am your cap'n, we are the Rubble Muffs, and I ordure you t'attack!
Tom- Hey, I know: why don't we hold a boule?
Free - Well, mine are too big and his are too smasht, so Robert, got any bools we could hold?
Tom - A boule is a council of war.
Free- Ah, like the Iraqi Indians! Sit your asses on the grasses and passsem peacem pipem.
Gut- My plan's as plain as grandma's panties. Attack!
Rob- Can you elaborate, sir?
Gut- Attack now!
Free - Wait! I'm receiving a message from the Great Stony Express in the Sky.
Rob - What is it, Freeman?
Free - Ugg manesh nunkel hippy snack.
Tom - What?
Free - "He with most arms must lead army."
Gut- My one bad arm a wollop any army you kick up.
Rob- We'll never win the war if we keep beating ourselves!
Free- Fine, but if I die, you're on your own.
Gut- Remember New York!
Free- No, I know, let's say, "Never Forget New York!"
Gut- Never forget New York!
Free- And yet, being about New York, it could have more fly-ass tude, like "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 remumble that!
Free- So, I rhythms n I 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!*

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 denounce my declamation of indepetulance. "When by force of human nonsense, it becomes convenient for me to break up the band that has connected me to the ungifted 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 canoodlin with the groupies, so to secure my publicity against integrity, I institute the government of me, whereby I'm free to do as I wish, be it walking this way, singing like so, or talking when I'm eating, the end, willy nilly."

Gut- Soldier, iz like this: We're attacking with us or without us, so stay here or don't come, but neither way, we're doin it and we're not.
Free- I'll attack a hothead's pimples 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 Fog Horns killed your mom n pop.
Tom- And my sister.
Free- Quit killin my mood, boy!
Tom- Sorry.
Free- We got a deal?
Tom- I guess.
Free/Tom- Attack!

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 obstacles to action?
And, yes, with Trenton took, 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- A-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 Muricans.
 Yap, yap, yap, I's a stupid Murican.
 Hey, let's fight the superpower! What we need?
 A strong fort? Well, I gots a log cabin.
 Fearsome soldiers? Here's a bunch a free loaders!
 A battle plan? Howbouts a spittle can?
 Stupid Muricans, all stubborn, no steadfast.
 Course, it's nuts to you, General Womangton.
 If tweren'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's 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 highest 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- Unfortunately, sir, there is business.
 Lee- Sorry, 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 that 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
 Stunk you out. Where would we be had Arnold

Not put patria above promotion
 And conveyed to me this scabrous letter?
 He integrates 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 each 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 at
 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. 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 want, 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 higher rank than need.

Washington exits.

Arnold- America needs me as it wants me,
Yet I've needs it won't want. O 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. Enter British officers and ladies.

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, and Major Cornwallis.

Gen Howe- Major Andre, what a marvelous 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- Good work, Major Andre.

Andre- Work is pleasure

When the job is serving such a lady.

Adm Howe - How much are you paying for her favors?

Andre- The meager sum of my affections, sir.

Corn- Is Arnold ours?

Andre- My work is not yet done,

But you will know when it is time to laugh.

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 eighteen 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 like 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 lit to see the stars.
Peggy- That's why we have the British. They are 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 but mouth the defamation they've decocted thru your veins, so twist me how you wish; it's you who have no head.
Arnold- The allied armies of the world are nothing to my wife.
Peggy- You smell the sense in my slander, and it neuters you with fear.
Arnold- I fear nothing.
Peggy- I fear what 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 whispers: 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, yet the press hands them to him. 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 moment, 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 marksmen scope the scene, none dares go out to aid them. So there they languish in canker, all the endless 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.

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 be civil.
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 and those maps, and by my widowhood my living love.
Andre- Kill him? I'd prefer he fight for England
And kill Americans.
Peg- And I prefer
You murder him that you might marry me.
Andre- Be my wife that you be not my enemy.

They exit.

Phase 3, Scene 5. Valley Forge. 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 Vernon 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,
 Sewage-stufft, the wide and pure 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 gone. 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 Washington, followed by a 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. His negroes will do better by Old England than Old
Dominion. 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 freeze your ass off or dung in the tent, but O the
stench, 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 expend 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.
Never mind your staying in resistance
Amidst such horrid and inhuman hardships
Affrights your foe nearly to surrender.
Never mind 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 never mind 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 away these truths. They matter not.
What matters is you. You are your best judge.
So go. Acquit yourselves. 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 will 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 wherein 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 off a man to on 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!
I began this romance for promotion,
Now look how it demotes me. And for what?
For what? Ha! For pluperfect Pegeen,
The most enchanting and alluring tease
Of romantic promotions yet to come
As ever sent a simp to secret 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
Whilst elevating us to sacrifice
So sweet, so sick, so beautiful, so base.
I am the victim of my Peggy's charms,
Betraying decency for decadence,
My advancement for her sweet advances,
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-	It is worth the wait, for you're the very man I'm here 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 distress at lack of promotion,
 And I've come to help.
 Arn- My wife said that to you?
 And- To ease your grief, and hers.
 Arn- To ease our grief?
 And- England will give you the power you deserve
 If you give her the 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 discontent,
 I do not know.
 Arn- I've too much discontent
 To hope for a cure; let it be my death.
 And- Why then do you listen to my offer
 If the general fracture tween what you have
 And what you would is also not the space
 Whence oozes out a livid, living hope
 For a more equitable curation
 Of your creative and destructive powers?
 Arn- Speak not to me of what I have or not;
 It is always deception.
 And- Very well,

But know this: you may always speak to me
 Of what you would, for that alone's our truth.
 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 hates me, so I love her.
 And- So am I come to offer you new love,
 A love that never hates, nor fears 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,
 Come fight for Mother England!
 Arn- Killing Yanks
 I would not do for any purse or peach.
 And- What great man would not end a friend or two
 To spur his private paramours with power?
 Arn- What power can I hope for from your mother?
 And- Whatever might exceed your ambitions.
 Arn- I so already overly exceed
 My ambitions, I've no ambitions left,
 Especially for that priggish doxy, power.
 And- Come now! 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 she 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.
 Arn- 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 that 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're most American when most yourself,

And you're most yourself when you get the most.
England, offering you the most, offers you
Yourself, which helps America the most,
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. Keep calm and carry on, John Anderson.

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- I've fallen and I can't get drunk.
Rob- All we've done is run away.
Tom- And fight ourselves.
Free- And hack this hippo's flipper off.

Gut- Rabble Mash, attrition!
 Free- So we're rebels at heart, soldiers in thought, but really we're just noodlers with no gig.
 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 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 vegetals. We shall interagonate this hinterlooper.

The boatmen hide. Enter Andre.

Andre- Howdy, partna.
 Free- Howdy, partna. What's your handle?
 Andre- Sorry?
 Free- Your patromimic, your proper verb, your name.
 Andre- John Anderson.
 Free- Sounds foreign. Where ya from?
 Andre- Worcester, Massachusetts.
 Free- Wooster, Machatusetts? Never heard of it!
 Tom- It's spelled Worcester, Freeman, but it's pronounced Wooster.
 Free- By the English maybe, but an American says Warkester, and to say Wooster is unAmerican!
 Andre- Ours is a res publica of multifarious patois, partna.
 Free- Is that an insult, or am I just stupid?
 Tom- Res publica is Latin for commonwealth, multifarious means diverse, and a patois is an idiom or dialect.
 Free- And usin such big words is unAmerican!
 Andre- Some Americans are quite educated, partna.
 Free- O, and is you?
 Andre- I am.
 Free- And where's you educated at?
 Andre- Princeton.
 Free- O, Princeton, eh? Princeton as in prince, as in the daughter of a King, as in the President of England?
 Andre- No, Princeton as in the college in New Jersey, partna.
 Free- Ha! Got you there! New Jersey is the capital of New York, and as any New Yorker can tell you, no one in New Jersey has gone to college.
 Andre- Yes, well, if you'll excuse me...
 Free- Stop! Excuse me? What kinda English is "excuse me"?
 Andre- American English.
 Free- Excuse me? Tom Dodge, as the official Rebel Mess lingamist, can you verify "excuse me" as American vermicular?
 Tom - It is, I believe, a standard phrase of polite society.
 Free- Excuse me? There is no polite society in America, so "excuse me" is unAmerican.

Andre- You're right, partna. I must have picked it up from some British twit. But shucks, I best get moseyin off.
 Free- Stop! Moseyin off?
 Andre- That's right. Moseyin off.
 Free- Distillery Specialist Gutbreath, ain't you from Matachusetts?
 Gut- Concord, born n bled.
 Free- Well, that's in Delaware, which is adjutant to Masatushits, so tell me this: do they say "moseyin off" thereabouts?
 Gut- Only when they're moseyin off!
 Tom- Freeman, I think he's American.
 Andre- Cheers, mate.
 Free- First Ossifer of Spontaneous Imitations, Robert "Power Probe" Skirtless, strip search his fanny pack.
 Andre- My what?

Robert opens his fanny pack.

Rob- A Royal Armouries Horse Pistol!
 Andre- Stolen from a dead British soldier, partna.
 Rob- Twenty Pound sterling!
 Andre- Likewise, partna.
 Rob- A stiff upper lip!
 Andre- Now look here, partna. No principle is dearer to our great nation than "innocent til proven guilty," so as you have failed to prove I am a criminal, I will prove I am an American by walking on down the road.
 Free- Well said, partna. "Innocent and proven guilty" is the wishbone in our nation's birthday cake. Walk on down the road.

Andre goes to exit.

Free- Stop! You always take the left side, partna?
 Gut - Unsamur'can!
 Free- You may proceed if you name this.

Freeman pulls an eggplant from his knapsack.

Andre- That is an aubergine.
 Free- A what?
 Andre - An aubergine.
 Free- Now, audience, I ask you - is this an overgene or a giant purple you know what?
 Rob- It's an eggplant, Freeman.
 Free- Drop his pants.
 Andre- O you filthy buggers!
 Free- Excuse me?
 Andre- O you freaky buckos?

Tom- I believe that goes against the *jus in bello*, or laws of war.
Gut- Defineth not the wahs of lore!
Free- Yet as it sayeth in Duderiticus, “you shall know him by the fruits of his loom.”

Robert drops Andre’s pants to reveal his Union Jack boxers.

Gut- Unsamur’can!
Free- Accusurpers, decamp from your secretions!

Enter boatmen.

Boat 1- That’s him!
Boat 2- John Anderson, my ascot!
Free- Apologize to this gentleman.
Boat 1- What fer?
Free- You said he was British, when, as my rigorous intuition has shown, 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 “Culinary Catheter” Franklin, he is free to go.
Andre- Merci, mon bon ami!
Free- Bone enemy to you, good mad mizell. 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, I say we escort him to General Washington.
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- Unsamur’can!
Tom- Hey, Freeman. Maybe General Washington will let us perform at the victory party for escorting the Frenchman to safety!
Free- Ferno noshe, Tommy! Me and Wishywash go way back, and I tell ya what: G 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 deaded 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- Because I'm retreating from you!
Arn- There will be no more retreating for the Arnolds, as I've gifted Fort West Point to the foe, who's now the friend, so cheers!
Peg- You gave him the plans and then murdered him? Get away from me!
Arn- O I've got a way for you – back across the pond for a life on the London stage, where you'll play Peg the Tale on the Yankee.
Peg- 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 his part in your part, 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. Well done, mate!

Enter Lieutenant Burr.

Burr- General Arnold, one Major John Andre, a British officer, has been intercepted by American troops carrying the maps 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 make a plan 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- So, Dark Eagle, your ruse inflects to roost,
And you must fly, for now it rules the realm
And will, 'less you lift off, peck you to pellets.
You who never cowered at the bombard
Must slip the squad, tarred feathers in your face,
Led only by the fear that's now your thrust.
You who cried, "liberty!" now lamely lope
Away in perfidy and shrieking shame.
You who won every match has lost your soul,
Nay, sold it to a pretty little robin
Whose blasted snaring – damn dreams, you eat our eyes! -

Has clippt your mighty foils. So fly? How fly?
Your winner's wings, which should be ribbon-tippt,
Are lying, severed, at your crippled claws.
Now look at you! A fattened, floppy roaster
Wobbling round the run, humping at a hatchet,
Screeching "where's my feed?" Yet, I must limp on.
I must think of Peg. Ha! Think what of Peg?
That she to that fay redbreast offered seed,
And my son's – O just cluck it, cuckold – his?
O what's it matter? Who am I to claim
Possession, power, procreation, life?
What's gone from me forever's all I own.
So fly? No squirm and grub into the gloom
Where all the medals you deserve now hang
That you might hang yourself receiving them:
The Hurl'd Muck for Valiant Self-Destruction;
The Common Curse for Tireless Betrayal;
The Gloping Scowl for Gallant Avarice;
The Sected Tongue for Victory Over Duty.
And when they fete you, O the fetid feast,
What will adorn the table save your spoil?
Spit for wine, shit for steak, the cake you cut
Your own corroded heart, and aftertaste?
Your rotten will, unknown but in the hate
Your sight incites. O there is no lonesome
Like the liar, no foreseeable torment
Like a treason, for soothing of himself,
He girts and justifies his detention,
As in that cell of self he surrendered
To his enemies, he is condemned to live,
Like warcraft in a word, for every time
A bridesmaid finds her groom in the cathouse,
A confidante slips about a secret,
Every time a friend is fleeced by the same,
A worm shares his droppings with the robin,
Every time the vital bonds of treasured trust
Are shattered by some pseud, one heinous name
Will capture and release the boiling spite:
Benedict Arnold. Benedict Arnold.
Nothing lower, nothing more detested,
Nothing so bane as Benedict Arnold.
So, Dark Eagle, in place of flying, flee;
Flee like the pestilence by any means
Your auto-amputation still allows;
Flee aimless, nestless, free alone to fail;
Forever flee, on fleet and futile feet,

Into the cringing crypt of your deceit.

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 fail 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, reserve your observations.
You oggle at my finest General's wife.

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

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

Ham- The ladies find my calves quite exquisite,
So I consent to flaunt their stately bulge
For no tawdry gain, but to assure them
That we who keep their side are not outsized.

Greene - Your calves can't hide their horns, so I cry bull.

Morgan - He saves them from gore so he can gore them.

Ham- I am a gentleman.

Knox- Lose the gentle,
And be a man.

Ham- When Peggy's lively eye
Falls in surprisal on my lower leg,
I'll measure more than man.

Morgan- Let's hope she looks
No higher than your calves for proof of that.

Wash - Stallions, down. Although, my quaint lieutenant,
Your gastrocnemii are well-reviewed,

They shrivel neath my “well-developed thighs,”
Which allow me “to grip a horse’s flanks
Tightly and hold my seat in the saddle
With uncommon ease,” and so, should the wife
Of our fraternal fight-mate surrender,
It would be, as ever, to the larger man.
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
tireless 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 The Rebel Mess, two boatmen, John Andre, and Aaron Burr to the side.

Burr - I will take it from here.
Free - Yo, we riskt our bunion soup gettin this *froshmau* thru enemy turfitory, so
we wanna present him to Emperor Washington and collect our stars for
borderline winsanity.
Burr - As your superior officer, I order you to give him to me and depart.
Free - Superior officer? This the American army, son. We as equal as two
spitballs to the mullet.

Burr pulls his pistol.

Burr - How equal are we if shooting you for insubordination gets me a medal of
honor and you an emblem of belief?
Rob - Follow his orders, Freeman.
Tom - To quote Publius Flavius Vegetius Renatus, “Rome subdued the world
with discipline.”
Gut - To Flavorish Pluvial Vaginious Ramadas!
Free - Out of respect for the Roman disciples, I’ll obey your command, but the
only order I follow is the set list. Hit it!

They sing and exit.

Ham - The soldiers are singing your praises, General Arnold.

Burr steps in with John Andre.

Burr - Those soldiers, if you can call them that, captured this spy, and this package was found in his belt.

Wash- Benedict, whereto?

Arnold exits.

Ham- The plans to Fort West Point.

Laf- But only General Arnold has those plans.

Wash- Call him back.

Hamilton exits.

Wash- Name, rank, and mission.

Andre- My name is John Andre, I am a Major in his Royal Majesty's service, and I will confess my mission only in the presence of Mr. Washington.

Laf- You mean 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 has boarded the Vulture.

Laf- The Vulture is a British sloop.

Wash- Chase it down.

Hamilton exits.

Wash- Come, Lafayette, we shall speak with 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 sit for me some time, as I'd capture you finer than your bush-and-river scrumblers.

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 reward him for his map? Have you come so close to me to get so 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 they, 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 the words for my sentence 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 received a British spy;
Their Benedict divulged 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 enough when I am done,
For should my hands once reach his fusting 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 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 cried out:
"The best of life's to 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, droppt draining to his knees,
 His blood engorging down his shaking front
 To join the soil like some cold 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
 mephitic 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 grooves 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. Enter Peggy, with a scarf over her face, and the Hangman.

Peg- Hangman! Hangman! Can't you hear me calling?
Hang- I hears ya; just ain't useta 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- Have you no 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?
Peg- But couldn't it be that General Washington wants to frighten Major Andre, and once he's up you'll let him down?
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 huffs and hoots. One woman even took to shmearin me. "How could you!" she screeched, and I, "with a rope." One man I know sells carp parts down the pier, he scream at me, "Get a real job, ya 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 they sunshine hours tryna 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.

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 deathless gentleman on 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 of 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

Laf- Destroy ourselves desiring. Place the noose!
 Hangman, have you no 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 shall it be, I'm sure, somewhere, sometime,
 By someone.
 Peggy - I am Major Andre's sister.
 May I speak with him in private?
 Wash- Why don't you show your face?
 Peg- O let me be!
 The brother I adore is soon to die!
 Wash- Let her alone 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-	Raise your sword, General, and I will drop him.
Peg-	Too vicious is your justice! What new good
	Brings this routine of death? What true freedom
	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 so 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 our fatherland's nativity!

Washington raises his sword and Andre hangs.

Wash-	By order of the Commander-in-Chief,
	This corpse shall sway within its airy grave
	Until cessation of hostilities
	Determines 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- Here hangs a man as decent, brave, and true
As any in this world, old or new.
Laf- Embracing death, as if they'd met before,
He found his equal there at heaven's door.

All exit.

Phase 4, Scene 8. 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- Yet 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 graciously greet 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 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 were 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! 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?
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.

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- Howbout we do neither, and we rock?
Tom- This is not the time, Freeman.
Brit- Hands in the air, you bloody rebs!
Free- But they're makin requests!
Brit- This is your last chance!
Free- Yo, we know it. Ready, Tommy? One, two, left shoe...

*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 Robert, who shoot the soldiers.

Free - Dammit, Funkstank, you shot our audience!
Gut - They's abouts to blast ya!
Free - Yeah, we was havin a blast together.
Rob - Freeman, this is a battlefield, not a benefit concert, so drop the rockstar
and pick up your rifle, or somebody's gonna die, all right?
Tom - Yo, rebels is all wrong!
Gut - 'Ez alive!
Rob - Load your muskets!
Free - It's a battlefield, baby!
Tom - That's what I said!
Tom/Free - So hands in the air, you bloody rebs!

A Brit rises and shoots Tom. Robert shoots the Brit.

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

Tom Dodge dies.

Free - Tommy?
Rob- He's dead, Freeman.
Free- Bullpucky. He's just fakin it so he can rise and slay that killer tom tom
solo. One, two, you know...Tommy? I sure could use some boom boom
for my twang twang. Here's your sticks, now start a fire. Come on, man,
without ya we got no pulse.
Rob - He's dodged his last.
Gut - Hats off, Ripple Miffs.
Free - To Helsby with that! I quit!
Rob - You quit? So you get Tommy killed playin hick hop, and then you quit?
What kinda man are you, Freeman?
Free - A bad one.
Rob - Look, it's true, you've made some sketch decisions, but the task to which
we've so devoted and demoted ourselves is to build a country where your
mistakes don't govern your prospects, where hard work pays off even
when it operates at a loss, and where you're nothing more than the risk
you've yet to take, so bye-bye bad, get goin and get good. Remember, this
is the land of happy endings, not cuz we're in the grip of the grape, but cuz
we get goin and get good, and even if things don't turn out, we got goin

and got good, so god bless. But roll the real and you'll see that Tommy's outta here cuz you refused to admit where and who you are, so stop hittin yourself with a crying pan, stop prancing onto stage in the stadium of your denial, stop clucking over the pecking order when all the grubs are gone, and get goin and get good, cuz if Yorktown falls, we're home free, and then it's all the rockstar you can eat.

Gut -

Dat's da murican rebelution!

Free -

I, Johnny Buffalo Horns Second Chansley Freeman the Sixth, do solemnly swear hereforeto not to take the nose on my face for the apple of my eye.

Enter Washington.

Wash -

Troops, why do you wait? Yorktown is almost ours!

Free -

Duh, ya putz! Our friend just died, and we're weighin our respects.

Rob-

Freeman, that's General Washington.

Free-

That ain't no General Washington. This wiggy visage would devalue a dollar bill. His words are the only wood in his mouth. He's more a nepo baby than the father of his country. Plus, he's way too tall for Independence Hall. No, Robert, as anyone with half my brain can see, this man is an actor, if that, for it is occasionally done that they will send convicts, transients, thespians and 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 -

You cornswogglin shamwow shaman, dat's Junral Shoshishon, or I'm a casket o' swish n flips.

Wash -

No, he's right. I'm just an actor in this play for freedom, so who's ready to tread the boards with me?

Free -

We do have a recent vagrancy, but if you wanna bang with the Mess, it's straight up entry level.

Wash -

I'd be honored.

Free -

So, Private Intern Second Class, what's your name?

Wash -

Freeman.

Free -

Mine too! We could be kin, was I not over you.

Wash -

We're all kin to the cause.

Free -

Poetry alert! Now, put down the Wheatley and hold my gear while I say a few partying words.

Washington takes Freeman's gear.

Free -

Dear Earth, you're about to eat our little brother in arms, Tom Dodge. He was a brave soldier, less his cowardice. He knew some asian languages, which is like wo. And he was a fairly dependable drummer, largely thanks to my keepin on top of him. But be that as it may, drumroll, please. Never mind, brother one arm. Be that as it may, I loved my buddy like nobody's ever loved nobody, so as you bite into the cheeseburger of his remains, dip

his soul food fries into the ketchup of eternity, and wash him down the after-throat with a nice cold pop, kindly remember, as you clear your own table, what he was to us: our timid trooper, our quirky scholar, our rhythm section. In the absence of his backbeat, we shall be ever out of step.

Rob - For Tommy!
Wash - For Tommy!
All - For Tommy!

All exit.

Phase 4, Scene 11. The surrender ceremony outside the fort at Yorktown. The British play World Turned Upside Down.

*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.*

Cornwallis- We will surrender only to the French.
Wash- Your will is nothing now, for we 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!
Burke - Your majesty...
King- Who are you?
Burke - Lord Burke.
King - Show me.
Burke - Show you what, Sire?

The King burps.

King - Ha! I showed him! Who are you?

Fox - Lord Fox, my King.
 King - Fox? Blow the hounds, slip the steeds, and help me mount my horn! A-humping we will go, a-humping we will go...
 Fox - Your Grace, I am not an actual fox.
 King - Then tell me, Lord Not An Actual Fox, who is that man with the mongoose in his crow's nest?
 Fox - Benjamin Franklin of America.
 King - The chap with the sparkly kite? I want a sparkly kite. Did he bring me a sparkly kite?
 Fox - Did you bring our King a sparkly kite, Mr. Franklin?
 Frank - A man who wishes to keep his friends should leave his lightning rod at home.
 King - What did he say?
 Fox - No, my King.
 King - Then feed him to my demons.
 Burke - Your Majesty, he has brought a treaty.
 King - Oo, I love treaties! What kind of treaty is it?
 Burke - A peace treaty.
 King - A piece of treat? Why only a piece? Why not the entire treat?
 Burke - Your Majesty, this is a treaty for peace, a document that will end our war with the colonies.
 Sgt - Order! Order!
 King - Well, Allegedly Loud Burp, I'm glad of that, as I was at war with my colonies last night, and tho it enabled my crushing you in our battle of the belch, it was a royal flush in a game of craps.
 Fox - Our empire will be flushed if you sign that treaty, my King.
 Sgt - Order! Order!
 Burke - We have lost over 20,000 fine young men enforcing a political suppression antithetic to our democratic principles, proving once again that hypocrisy demyelinate morale.
 Fox - Yet we have neutralized twice as many insurgents seeking to illegally seize territory and resources that rightly belong to the crown, and clemency is a causeway for collapse.
 Burke - After the fall of Yorktown, our only operational mobility in the region is on the surgeon's table.
 Fox - Quebec, New York, and Florida still contain extensive capabilities and we can reclaim dominion if we smithy the mettle to free our arms from the slippers of insularity.
 Burke - And how shall we style that skinning, for with endless French reinforcements, the exchequer will be drained long before we secure the continent.
 Fox - We will forfeit the empire if we yield to this revolt, as one ceded crumb swarms the cake.
 Sgt - Order! Order!
 King - Tell me this whilst I feign to listen: if I sign, what do I sign?
 Burke - The paper, your Majesty.

King - Queen Chocolate of Monkeyturd-Stockpots may have whackt me to an unpeened pup, but I know to go on the paper. My question is, when the three penny upright finally sits down, whose particulars are leaked?

Burke - You sign your name, Sire.

King - Yes, and what is my name?

Burke - King George the Third of England.

King - Ah, but if I am a third of England, who is the other half?

Fox - My King, you are the whole of England.

King - Then call forth his Highness, Haughty Nappy Hedgehog Head the Floofth of Phantasmagonia.

Burke - Mr. Franklin, you may approach the throne.

King - Benjy, is that you?

Franklin - I will be whoever you wish me, as long as you wish me free.

King - Your disguise bespeaks some conspiracy against our person; please, I beg you, let me lube my illusions with your heckler's grease, as I'd rather be fashioning scissors out of bananas than enacting this exquisite extinction.

Franklin - The only conspiracy I countenance is my own certitude.

King - And that's why I did you a solid, snowmelt. See, I've just been informed that I am the Hole of England, and seeing all these public serpents hereabouts, I thought I should offer you the chance to burrow into me to avoid being, you know, shredded to rips.

Franklin - If you take me up on this, I will put you down for that.

King - What, have you invented something cheeky again, you chuggy bum?

Franklin - Indeed, I have built a fantasy land where tribe has no traction, birth no handicap, and grievance no easement thru volition.

King - It sounds better than Snotmouth-on-Drizzleham. But tell me – can it shush the hush in the streets of my sheets?

Franklin - She does for you as you do for her.

King - Oo, what can I do for her?

Franklin - You can grant her independence.

King - Hmm, my wife is independent, and all she does is make crib midgets, which, as you may have read in the annals of humanure, are only good for bad ethnic comedy.

Franklin - As her tutor I can assure you, America is your brightest child, and if she will remember my admonitions on hard-work over hand-outs and choice over conformity when lesser and lazier systems seduce her thru the eternal trickeries of scapegoating guilt and enlightened discontent that pretend at critical improvement yet portend costly repairs, she will forego bad ethnic comedy and provide you with the generous love, undying inspiration, and profitable exchange of a close yet uncloying favorite for as long as you may glimpse each other's lamps across the lake.

King - Come, my quill!

He is given his quill.

King - I hereby give London to the Zulu!

He signs.

Sgt - Order! Order!
King - O, look at the sunset!
Burke- 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?
Fox- He who picks a loser, madam, loses.

All exit.

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

Rob - Well, fellas, now the War for Independence is won, there's something I
gotta tell you.
Free - What, you're a woman?
Gut - Yeah, and I'm a stumpy shell-shockt wino boot-stuffer.
Rob - Yep, I'm a woman.
Free- Now, Robert, you might not be the beefiest bone in the bowl, but you fight
like a bull on must.
Rob- My name's not Robert, it's Deborah.
Free- Yo, just cuz change is in the air don't mean you gotta get all new
underwear.
Rob- I'm female, Freeman.
Free - Prove it.

She takes off her hat.

Rob- Robert Shurtleff is my dead brother's name.
Free- Prove it some more.

She takes off her coat.

Rob- My real name's Deborah Sampson.
Free- Prove it til ya lose it.
Rob- Freeman, stop!
Free- Why did I not know this?
Rob- I thought you guys wouldn't let me fight with you.
Free- We wouldn't have, but we coulda found something for you to do.
Rob- Freeman!
Free- Look, I know there's been a revolution and all, but maybe to ease things in
you should go by Deborah Shirtless.

Rob- Freeman, be a gentleman!
Free- Gentleman? Save that for the gentle men made me fight eight years
without a woman!
Rob- You have one now.
Free- The skittish are comin!

They kiss.

Gut- Sorry to inerrupt, but I got sumthin to tells ya too.
Free- If you're a woman, I'm taken.
Gut- I'n't no woman, but I ain't no cap'n neither.
Free- What about your "commission from congress"?
Gut- Like you said, it's a fudgery.
Free- Well, steal my spare and call me a jackass!
Gut- I thought ya'lls wou'n'ta follered me forward into babble.

Enter Sticks.

Sticks - Aren't you The Rebel Mess?
Free - Yeah, but we broke up, cuz some of us wouldn't know honest if it lied to
their face.
Sticks - I heard it was cuz your drummer died.
Free - He didn't die! He's just in a better band.
Sticks - Well, I've been following you all thru the war, and I know all your songs,
so I thought maybe I could audition.
Rob - Tap a lick.

Sticks plays.

Rob- Damn, you got some sticks!
Sticks- That's what they call me.
Gut- The Rattle Max is back!
Free- Back my crack! As the Artist Forcibly Known As The Only True Artist in
this one-man mishap, I reject reunion.
Rob- Aw, come on, Freeman!
Gut - Rebels don't reateat; they regoop!
Rob- Our newborn nation needs some nursery rhymes!
Gut- You can be the cap'n.
Free- Fine, but on one sedition.
Rob- Name it.
Free- So, I been chattin with this foundering father, Samuel Adams, and he's
been makin this psychedelic beverage called beer – it's like skunky
expired cider that makes ya think you can nude model while bow-hunting
- and he's lookin for someone of my stasis with the sottish set to do some
influencer brand mocketing type snafu, and I's thinkin ya'll could work
for me by day and back me up by night.

Sticks- Work for you?
 Free- Yeah, but in a cool way, like as my servant, but in a cool way, like as my
 handmaid, but in a cool way, like as my slave...
 Rob- We're free, Freeman.
 Free- Hold my Samuel Adams! Freedom ain't free, man.
 Gut- So wuz it cost?
 Free- Well, ya gotta own some stolen land, and all you got, Buttcheeks, is the
 ground ya fell on. And ya gotta be of the male discrimination, which you,
 Deborah, are apparently above. And, I hate to put a monkey on your
 backbeat, Sticks, but ya gotta have my pigmentation.
 All- Revolution!

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

Wash- Mon cher jeune 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- Je te remercie pour le tien.
 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, sir, but for our welfare,
 We've come to propose we march 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

Greene- To sniff at bombs to save their cushy flesh.
Morgan- So union quickly cracks to more and less.
Knox- We want the power for which we waged this war.
And who denies it us while keeping it
For himself, and I quote, spots us the right
To freely kill...
All- And kill and kill and kill...
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 fix a self upon his selfishness,
For so revolting is that principle
Even those who own it will not claim it.
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.
Or, if you want peace, follow your commander
Into Independence Hall and hear him read
His resignation and your victory speech,
For which, if you'll excuse me, I require
My bifocals, courtesy Mr. Franklin,
As I've grown old and blind in the service
Of my beloved 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- You've been with me all along, Mr. Adams, for keeping close the cause, I
kept close to you.
Adams- Might we speak in private?
Wash- All you will.
Adams- As you know, Congress has been debating the Articles of Confederation,
which will, I hope, blossom 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...

Enter Rebel Mess dragging Freeman, who has been tarred and feathered.

*Here stands the man who's all that she wrote!
In feathers and tar he is stuck!
Here stands the man who said we can't vote!
Now all he can say is cluck cluck!*

Congress and its security forces enter from inside Independence Hall.

Hancock-	Arrest this mob for disturbing the peace!
Rob-	Disturbing the peace?
Gut-	We cremated the peace!
All-	Revolution!
Wash-	People! Congress! As your acting General, For clearly simmer still hostilities, I implore you to part and let me speak.
Hancock-	We'll brief abide your efforts to suppress This abhorrent populist insurrection.
Wash-	My brothers, I'm delighted you survived The hazardous advance I spurred you to, But as the newest member of the Mess, Dearer than my every star, I despair To see you so abusing one of ours.
Rob-	He said we are not free.
Wash-	Did you, Freeman?
Free-	I cannot tell a lie. No.
Gut-	Diz too!
Free-	Diz not!
Wash-	Then why have they done this to you?
Free-	Prolly cuz They're jealous I'm free and they ain't. See, there, I said it.
Sticks -	And who here ain't said it too?
Wash-	You bring the storm I'll sail away upon. My fellow Americans, too long ago We made the most dangerous decision A people can face, for any human toll Is far too much absent strict assessing The road will take you where you wish to go, For otherwise you are but terror's tool, As well as where you'd go is right to be,

For getting even's wrong without the odds,
And so we did, and chose, at risk of all,
An all it was not all of ours to risk,
To take up arms and fight for our freedom.
We chose blood, yet blood was chosen for us
By those who disallowed our peaceful selves.
We chose war, yet war was there already
Effunding off the tyrant's bankrolled blade.
We chose hell, only as it had our home,
A sweet deserved yet bitterly denied,
So up we rose to serve them their selection.
Now, our labor, losses, and projections
Vindicated, here we are: free at last.
Yet if we thought our labors might end here,
Our projections were off, our losses our shame,
And we not worthy of the prize we took.
No, my fellow Americans, think not
Victory gained victory realized.
The struggle we just won has just begun.
Our mission now is not to overthrow
A foreign power, but to understand
And writ the rights of local inclination;
Not to expel a deaf, oppressive despot,
But to excogitate every native voice.
The army we have roused must now be raised
From wild river to standing reservoir
That's fed, vetted, inspired, trained, perfected
For urgent internal conservation,
Not for contenting those who urge us quit,
Thru sly and specious theory, our commitment,
As natural as nurture, to nation first.
Yes, the arms that got us here will keep us,
But only if we wean and renovate,
Frugally and wisely, by appending
Intelligence, enhancements, and safeguards
To our pipeline of defensive products,
That we may prove not merely overwhelming
In fire, but in its prudent application.
And to this end, we must have new recruits
Who for their homeland gladly fight and die
Because they know she fights and dies for them,
Yet such a faithful corps will evade us
Less that land provide freedom's home to all,
Which it will if by America we feel
The impulsive, careful elaboration
Of liberty's potential for inclusion.

O let us, my fellow Americans,
Trade in the old world with its dementias
And infections from enshrined, elite allotments,
For a youthful, healthy, daring dispensation.
For false, peddled fears embold'ning censors
To euthanize free speech, we must assure
Freedom of expression, not exception
Snowballing downward slippery after slope.
For state-enforced belief and convocation
In deity, desire, or discretion,
We must practice what we would have others preach
And worship at the altar of acceptance.
For information steered by law or loot,
We must institute the commotion of choice
That each be free to formulate their dosage
Of delusion, for knowing's ever fruitless
When it regulates the joys of picking.
For a government too deep or too rough
To permit a fair grievance popping up
And receiving safe harbor, we must assure
With reason those who pay in may pay out.
And as for surrendering these shooters,
I ask you this: to what else did the despot
Surrender? And to what else can we turn
On his return, from within or without?
Let them not, despite the risks, be encased
In iron molds that cast the cut of keys
By strongmen who enfeeble all resolve
And common vigor; rather every man
Entrust with the kit of sacred refuge.
But most of all, levitate this bedrock:
Determine no one via something else,
Bequesting each the agency of truth,
The right to mean and manifest outside
All opportune, biased assignations.
In short, we must trade planned economies,
Staid restrictions on participation,
The crooked axis of norm and extreme,
Growls of due drowning out grunts of duty,
For an unflinching aim at fresher ways
To flourish freedom into every slant
Of our nation's soul, for it is freedom
That signals our ascent, that enlivens
And explains our enduring excellence.
My fellow Americans, if you crave
The life I have described, the path is clear:

You, the Congress, and you, the Citizens,
Must convene and draft a constitution
Fit for preservation and amendment
That guarantees future generations
No smug, divided, monocratic hovel,
But an adventure thru democracy
Where government made peace with and for,
Not against or in place of, its people.
And while I'd love to stay and lend a hand
In the consequential manufacture
Of this lofty model, I've come to sense
It's best that I retire, that what will be
For all be freely, fairly willed by all,
So from, my fellows, all American,
At least in that civility to come,
This theater of war I homeward hie
To wife and husbandry, too overdue,
That our next unclosing hit might credit you.

All exit, save the Rebel Mess.

Free- Dollar Bill laid it down!
Rob- Like a President.
Sticks- Almost.
Gut- To the Demoblican Pooty!
Free- Look, I'm sorry I mentioned the obvious fact you ain't free, ok? And
while I hope it's defactated soon, another fact is we're the Rebel Mess,
and our chow's too fresh to chuck, so whaddaya say?
Gut- I say drunkard, march!
Rob- I say "fife in the fast lane!"
Sticks- I say rat-a-tat-tat on the yes to that.
Rob- So what's our breakthru single gonna be?
Free- Ooo, I know! Every country needs a national bird, cuz like duh, so
howabout...

I'm the American turkey!

Gut- But turkey's so drunk they drown the rain and stupid.
Free- Ok, howabout...

I'm the American chicken!

Rob- But chicken says to our nation's youth, "be afraid to be yourself."
Free- Ah, I know...

I'm the American woodpecker!

Sticks- But all woodpeckers do is bang bang bang bang...
Free- Yo, I got it!

I'm the American eagle!

Enter Benjamin Franklin.

Franklin - The bald eagle is a bird of bad moral character that does not get his living honestly. Too lazy to fish for himself, he watches the labor of the hawk and, when that diligent bird has taken a fish and is bearing it to his nest for his young ones, the bald eagle pursues him and steals it away. He is moreover a rank coward: The little king bird not bigger than a sparrow attacks him boldly and drives him out of the district. The turkey is in comparison a much more respectable bird, and withal a true original native of America. He is also a bird of courage, and would not hesitate to attack a grenadier of the British Guards who should presume to invade his farm yard with a red coat on. *Ergo sit turkey.*

Franklin exits.

Free - Is that who I think it ain't?
Gut - Jeffilton Madingston!
Rob - Whoever he is, he's clearly a higher up.
Free- An orbitraitor of truth with a decree in the literal arts.
Gut- An expectable member of the instablishment.
Rob- Ergo, by fiat, and abracazab, it's clear as cranberry sauce.
Free- His word is the bird.
Gut- Stick it, Kicks!
Sticks - One, two, Rebel Who?

They sing.

*I'm the American Eagle
Wild brave and free
Great symbol of my people
From sea to shining sea*

*I'm the American Eagle
And I ain't so bald as bold
Cuz these white feathers are the easel
Whereon my hard-got gains are told*

*I might not be the largest raptor
And sure I've stole a fish or two
But you want me or a bearded vulture
On that old red white and blue?*

*I'm the American Eagle
High chief of peaks and plains
Like I'm basically a seagull
With a lot more brawn and brains*

*I'm the American Eagle
And I almost lost the war
But my country took the birdcall
Cuz to see me is to soar!*

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 ~ Phippy 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