

THE RIGHT TO PARTY

Written by

Lucas McCutchen

EXT. BOSTON TOWN SQUARE - DAWN

Sleepy merchants and townfolk slowly begin their morning routines. Stores display their pitiful wares. Flies buzz in circles above the fruit in their baskets. A prisoner locked in stocks stirs. Horse-pulled carts slush and bump across muddy cobblestone streets. Boston is being dragged awake.

Out of this haze of lethargy comes one quick and exact movement, in the town square, the British flag rings out as it smacks against the top of the flag pole. CAPTAIN ALBERT, 50s, stiff as the flag pole itself, gives a small smile as he finishes tying the pulley system. Taking a step back, he salutes the flag, and then his smile fades. His one joyous daily routine is over.

EXT. TOWN STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Dirty townfolk either shy away or stare with resentment as Captain Albert passes. He meets their gaze and returns the disgusted look x2.

A child accidentally drops her stuffed animal into a puddle on the street. Captain Albert steps on it without missing a beat.

INT. EDMUND'S HOUSE - MORNING

EDMUND, 17, as tall as his father but still drowning in his hand-me-downs, wears tiny colonial spectacles, and is covered in flour. His attempts to clean the kitchen are hindered by a poorly wrapped bandage around his right hand. Captain Albert enters and methodically wipes the grime off his boots.

CAPTAIN ALBERT

Report?

EDMUND

Your second uniform has been pressed. Had a little of trouble with the iron...

Edmund gestures with his bandaged hand to a second Redcoat uniform hanging from a peg in stellar condition. Captain Albert crosses the room in two step and inspects the uniform closely.

EDMUND (CONT'D)

Good or?

CAPTAIN ALBERT

Fine.

Captain Albert crosses to the table and picks up a gleaming pistol. He meticulously goes over every component. Edmund brings a plate over to his father.

EDMUND

Oiled it just like you taught me.

Albert says nothing.

EDMUND (CONT'D)

Also... beans and toast... made the bread myself... 'lil taste of home.

Edmund gingerly slides the plate on to the table. Captain Albert's eyes slowly fall to the plate. He picks it up and sets it on the window sill nearby. Edmund cocks his head. Without warning Captain Albert aims and fires the pistol at the breakfast. The plate is unharmed but the bullet breaks the window and kills a woman passing by. Other townsfolk look around in fear. Edmund is in shock as Albert returns and sets the gun in front of him.

CAPTAIN ALBERT

You misaligned the sights. You'll have to do better when you clean the rest.

Edmund eyes the crate of service weapons stashed away in the corner. We get the feeling that this would take hours to complete. Suddenly HENRY, 17, not quite ugly, definitely too loud, barges through the door without knocking.

HENRY

Edmund! Some lady's head just exploded out of nowhere!

Edmund quickly grabs his school bag and tries to push Henry out the door.

CAPTAIN ALBERT

Henry.

Henry offers a slightly sarcastic salute to the Captain.

HENRY

Keeping the peace sir?

EDMUND

Let's go, Henry.

CAPTAIN ALBERT

Edmund... Remember your duty.

EDMUND

Yes sir.

The door closes behind the boys. Captain Albert turns and lights a candle next to a framed drawing in the likeness of Edmund's late mother.

EXT. TOWN STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Edmund and Henry walk away from the house. We see a small crowd around the dead woman. A man sobs as he holds her body.

HENRY

Jeez... a bit dramatic. I bet you 2 shillings that Quakie would say "God's will". Your hand alright?

EDMUND

Doesn't hurt just don't want to get it infected.

HENRY

Rip me off a piece of the bandage.

EDMUND

Why?

HENRY

If Daphne thinks I'm hurt then she'll have to ask if I'm hurt. Then I can steer the conversation anywhere I want after that.

EDMUND

She'll catch you lying. You're a bad liar.

HENRY

I won't be lying.

Henry punches the back of a passing cart. The impact is solid. The CART DRIVER, 60s, sporting the oiliest shoulder length white hair, whips his head around at the noise.

CART DRIVER

Don't hit my fucking cart!

EDMUND

Sorry! Have a nice day!

Henry holds his knuckles. That was a bit harder than he was expecting. He swallows the pain and replaces it with pride.