

BETSY

Nabby was dragged for a few feet,
but she got her foot out of the
stirrup eventually.

ABIGAIL

Stop laughing! It hurt.

His eyes are on Abigail again.

MARY

You have a knack for getting
yourself in trouble.

Abigail catches John laughing, and gives him a snarky little
glance. He swallows hard.

REV. SMITH

Ah - almost forgot...

He raises his glass for a toast. The others join him.

REV. SMITH (CONT'D)

To the coronation of King George
III. Long may he reign.

JOHN

Long may he reign!

Scattered cheering.

RICHARD

Huzzah!!!!

They clink glasses.

MARY

For your sake.

Abigail blushes.

ABIGAIL

Well... he is handsome.

John leans back in his chair a bit and enjoys the show.
Abigail catches him; she blushes even more.

BETSY

She cut him out of the paper and
put it on her wall.

ABIGAIL

No! No, I didn't!

(CONTINUED)

18

CONTINUED:

18

REV. SMITH

I hope His Majesty doesn't come for
a visit or we might lose her.

Richard meet's John's eye. They share a silent conversation:

RICHARD: Dude, no.

JOHN: Dude, yes.

JOHN

Altho my allegiance has been
hitherto inviolate, I shall
endeavor, all in my power, to
foment rebellion.

Abigail chokes on her drink. The table is silent.

Everyone turns to John.

John runs away.

The family turns to Richard.

RICHARD

I'm so sorry; he doesn't always
think his jokes through.

ABIGAIL

Well, in that case, I don't want
him to beat himself up too hard;
Father, may I speak with him?

REV. SMITH

You're excused.

She goes into the hallway as fast as grace may allow.

19

INT. SMITH HOUSE - TOP OF STAIRS - MOMENTS LATER

19

JOHN

And after I kill him I'll take his
polar bear and--

Abigail reaches the top of the stairs. She puts a hand on his
shoulder.

ABIGAIL

Richard did damage control. They
don't know anything... I'm sorry.

JOHN

You're sorry? I'm the one who
embarrassed myself. I just couldn't
think straight...

(CONTINUED)

19

CONTINUED:
He realizes.

19

JOHN (CONT'D)
You little...!

He pushes her against the wall.

JOHN (CONT'D)
I hate you. You're so lucky I adore
you.

He kisses her ferociously. She responds in kind.

REV. SMITH (O.C.)
Mr. Adams, why is my daughter
between you and a wall?

He slowly pulls his lips away, but his body stays put.

JOHN
I plead the fifth...?

ABIGAIL
John, that hasn't been written yet.

John pulls away and turns around, furiously addressing the
wall formerly behind him.

JOHN
DAMMIT, MADISON! YOU HAD ONE JOB!

Rev. Smith stands at the bottom of the stairs. Next to him,
Mary stares at them in horror, still as a statue.

MARY
RICHARD I WIN!

Richard runs in and sees John and Abigail.

RICHARD
No! This is gonna top the baby!

REV. SMITH
Baby?

Now everyone is uncomfortable.

ACT THREE

22 EXT. SMITH HOUSE - FRONT YARD - DAY 22

23 INT. SMITH HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY 23

Abigail and John are in the midst of a makeout session... and a heated debate.

JOHN

Did you miss the part where Hamlet made Ophelia kill herself?

She rolls her eyes during a long kiss.

ABIGAIL

She didn't kill herself! She drowned.

His hand slithers from her waist towards her chest.

JOHN

Act Five, Scene One, Line 234:

Abigail playfully slaps his hand away from her breast.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Doctor says

He kisses her forehead,

JOHN (CONT'D)

"Her death

Now her nose,

JOHN (CONT'D)

was doubtful."

Now her lips. Then he moves to her neck.

ABIGAIL

That just means it was unlikely!
She went mad and made a mistake!

She buries her hands in his hair and nips at his ear.

JOHN

Yes, and Hamlet's emotional abuse did nothing to cause that.

Abigail pulls back to challenge him.

(CONTINUED)

ABIGAIL

Act Five, Scene One, Lines 285
through 287: Hamlet says

She pushes him over so now she's on top. He falls back with a grunt. He watches her as she finishes her thought, somehow making Shakespeare sexu-- wait.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

"I loved Ophelia. Forty thousand
brothers / Could not with all their
quantity of love / Make up my sum."

Her lips are barely above his. He pushes her all the way down for a passionate kiss.

When they part, Abigail's putty in his hands. He shimmyes out from under her and spins her back around, so he's on top. She just lies their, clutching him.

JOHN

The next line: King Claudius says
"O, he is mad Laertes!"

He brings his lips back to her neck. She grabs his hand and pulls it to her breast. He gratefully latches on.

ABIGAIL

Yes... trust the man who killed his
brother to...

She grabs him by the hair and violently pushes his lips to meet hers. When they part, John needs a second.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

sleep with his

John's panting gets worse.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

sister-in-law. He has no... no
agenda against his... nephew, the--
the rightful king...

John and Abigail pause, breathing heavily. John rests his head on the pillow just above her shoulder. Abigail's eyes are shut.

He murmurs in her ear:

JOHN

Marry me. Please...

23

CONTINUED:

23

ABIGAIL

Shouldn't I be pressuring you into marriage?

John recovers enough to roll next to Abigail. She shimmies, so her head lies on his chest. He wraps her arms around her waist (one arm) and shoulder (the other) and pulls her closer.

JOHN

Sorry. I shouldn't've...

ABIGAIL

No, no, I know you'd stop if I minded. ... But, what's the rush? You gonna leave me?

JOHN

Never.

John strokes her cheek.

ABIGAIL

I love you.

JOHN

I love you, too.

Abigail runs her hands along his chest.

ABIGAIL

Ask me again.

John presses his forehead against hers.

JOHN

Will you marry me?

ABIGAIL

Yes, at some undetermined point in the future.

24

EXT. CRANCH COTTAGE - FRONT YARD - SUNSET

24

26

INT. CRANCH COTTAGE - MAIN AREA - SUNSET

26

Richard walks out from the office to see Mary asleep on the couch. One hand hangs over the edge, right above a fallen broom.

Richard lifts her up, propping her head on his shoulder, and carries her into the bedroom.

27 INT. CRANCH COTTAGE - BEDROOM - DAY

27

Richard lays her on the bed. He runs to the other side and peels back the covers. Then, he returns to Mary's side and tries to roll her to where the covers are pulled back. Her baby bump stops this from happening.

MARY
(waking)
Ow... Richard...

She pulls herself back up. Ironically, when she fixes herself, she's on the side with the covers drawn. She leans back. Her eyes remain closed.

MARY (CONT'D)
Help me up. I have work to do.

Richard sits at the foot of the bed beside her.

RICHARD
I can take care of it.

MARY
No, no...

RICHARD
Polly, I moved to British America
on my own. I know how to use a
broom and stew potatoes.

Mary pulls the covers over her body.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
Get some rest.

He leaves as her breathing deepens.

28 INT. CRANCH COTTAGE - MAIN AREA - CONTINUOUS

28

Richard's barely left the bedroom when John slams the door shut.

JOHN
I just had premarital with a
reverend's daughter in his own bed!

RICHARD
Dude, you are the worst Puritan
ever.

John throws Richard the broom, then plops on the couch.

(CONTINUED)

28

CONTINUED:

28

Richard walks to the corner by his office door with the broom in hand.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Look, I'm happy for you man, but that's my sister you're talking about.

JOHN

So?

Richard leans the broom against the wall, next to the other assorted cleaning items.

RICHARD

I'd rather not know the gory details.

John sits up, baffled.

JOHN

What details?

Richard turns to him.

RICHARD

When you have sex with her.

JOHN

Who?

RICHARD

Abigail.

John stands, furious.

JOHN

I didn't have sex with Abigail!

RICHARD

You just said you had sex with Abigail!

John chuckles to himself, calmed.

JOHN

Ohhhh, you're misinterpreting my words.

RICHARD

There is no way to misinterpret that.

(CONTINUED)

John goes lawyer-mode; he stalks Richard like a predator with a laser gaze and firmly pointed finger.

JOHN

Hey! Are you a Victorian historian with an agenda to make me look good?

RICHARD

...no...

JOHN

Then you don't get to have an opinion.

MARY (O.C.)

(through tears)

Richard!

They freeze. One beat, two beats...

Mary appears at the door, frazzled, but all right.

MARY (CONT'D)

Contractions are awful... Mr. Adams?

JOHN

Hi.

MARY

Don't mind me. Do either of you know where my mother and Abigail are?

JOHN

Yeah... I'll... go get them.

RICHARD

I'm going to take a walk.

MARY

I'll be in the bedroom.

They depart.