

THE INDIAN KING TAVERN

Screenplay by
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INT. THE INDIAN KING TAVERN--NIGHT

It's smoky. The fireplace is blazing and a few stragglers still inhabit the tavern's main level.

At a table near the door old Jofrey Tanner sits his head on his arms, which are spread-eagled across the table.

Marela smile at Old Jofrey, who snores away. A lazing fat ginger cat is sleeping near the fire and as Marela strolls past him, he looks up yawns and meows.

MARELA

Go back to sleep. Sir Henry. It's late and even the mice are sleeping.

Sir Henry, the cat, grooms a paw then curls tight for snoozing. Marela stops suddenly... as though she is suddenly self-conscious like she's being watched.

She turns. His eyes are locked on her.

He's sitting near the stairs so that he has a clear view of each of the room's strategic points: the stairs, the kitchen, back entry and the front door. He's got a tankard of Haddonfield beer in his hand and his hair, also slipping out of the leather thing he tied it back with earlier hangs across his forehead and check.

The rough scar on his chest looks vivid and raw in the firelight as his white linen shirt is open to his waist.

Marela unable to look away meets his gripping stare with one of her own, less compelling than his, softer and equally hypnotic. He, DANIEL OSBOURNE, breaks the ice with a small but sardonic smile and she strolls slowly drinks down the last of the ale and quietly takes two stairs at a time.

He slips into her room, where soft candlelight spills across the bed.

She stands near the fire.

He comes over and stakes the wood, tosses another log on. She slips into his open arms and then ravenously, they pull at each other's clothes as though there is no time left and they must love other at that other.

MARELA (CONT'D)

Oh Danny.

She is breathless.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARELA (CONT'D)

How long must we pretend to be
strangers. I can not bear it.

He kisses the nape of her neck, cups his hands over her
breasts.

DANIEL OSBOURNE

Until the war is over. We cannot
risk it. If the enemy know you are
my wife they would use you to get
to me, I will not risk you.

They fall to the bed, hungry for each other, bodies
entwined.

Suddenly she pulls away, looks back at him with a look as
filled with love as it is with lust.

MARELA

Well the war better end bloody
soon, Danny boy. Because in seven
months time they'll be another
Danny they can use against you.

Stunned he looks at her.

DANIEL OSBOURNE

You are with child?

Smiling she pulls him close and draws his lips to hers.

MARELA

Yes, Major darling. Our child.

He pushes her down to the bed and climbs on top of her,
locking himself into their mutual pleasure.

EXT. SAVANNAH BATTLEFIELD--DAWN

ADMIRAL D'ESTAING

So as a result of General Anthony
Wayne's great victory at Stony
Point, the British fled South to
Georgia.

PULASKI

He's a great friend, Anthony
Wayne.

ADMIRAL D'ESTAING

You were successful at Charleston?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PULASKI

Yes. But Colonel Kovats died, and John Zielinski was wounded for two months before he died.

ADMIRAL D'ESTAING

War is a horrible endurance. How was Minisink?

PULASKI

Nothing but bears to shoot.

ADMIRAL D'ESTAING

Let's hope you can shoot more than bears here today.

Pulaski, Admiral D'Estaing, Hurge and McIntosh sit their horses for a pre-battle meeting.

PULASKI

What happened to that uniform?

DANIEL OSBOURNE

I don't rightly remember. But I was with this woman and she starts ripping my clothes off.

LINCOLN

What do you think of the day's delay? Granted to the British.

Laurens shakes his head in disgust.

PULASKI

No doubt using the time to strengthen their position, strength their cannons.

DANIEL OSBOURNE

We should have gone straight in.

PULASKI

I pray this is not an errand for a fool.

LINCOLN

You will take the redoubts.

Pulaski, a soldier's soldier knows he will follow the orders, foolish or not. A chain of command is the backbone of an army.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PULASKI

A howitzer should attack the
redoubt, not a charge of cavalry.
I must protest.

LINCOLN

Protest heard. And ignored. We
must win this battle today.

The Generals are all agreed to that.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)

So Hurge you start off with enough
cannon fire to wake the bastards
up and get the attention on
yourselves, McIntosh you lead in
with your infantry, the real point
of the attack, then you D'Estaing,
and Pulaski you come in when you
can do the most damage.

CUT TO:

The Generals pull reins on their horses and return to
their columns, meeting over.

CUT TO:

And the infantry sets forth, General Pulaski readies for
a sudden rush.

Horsemen in blue uniform with yellow trim. Proud
feathers in their caps.

His horses remain undisturbed by British cannonfire
hitting the air, the noise like thunder all around them,
the eruption of a cloud of smoke from the flash, and the
recoil of the cannons as it bears the force left behind
as grapeshot and chains rip across the battlefield in
search of a target.

Hurge gives the command for cannonade.

CANNON CAPTAIN

Sponge.

The Sponger grabs the sponger pole and dips it quick into
the water and brings it up quick down the length of the
barrel, pressing it hard against the bottom and twists it
three times left then right.

He inserts the cartridge and the solid shot in after it.

(CONTINUED)

JAMES

Ram.

The loader pulls out the rammer from the barrel and shoves it right back in hard packing in tight the cartridge and solid shot. The gunner secures the lanyard on the priming hammer while the loader holds the lanyard steady.

GUNNER

Fire.

The loader removes the lanyard. The spark drops down the vent hole and hits black powder.

Boom. The cannon kicks back hard.

EXT. SAVANNAH, REDOUBT #13--DAWN

Inside the British defences, men are manning the redoubts and the outer works. Concerned citizens look from upstairs bedroom windows to see first hand the commotion hitting Savannah town and fort.

EXT. SAVANNAH, REDOUBT #14--DAWN

One of Hurge's cannon blows away the side of Redoubt #14, the cannonball tearing up the enclosed position and slamming into the earth behind, spinning it like a twisted corkscrew with power and speed behind it.

Two redcoats run for their lives, but get ordered to return to the redoubt.

EXT. SAVANNAH, REDOUBT #9--DAY

A frenzy of redcoats muster into sudden activity. Muskets pulled from a six rack of muskets, all leaning against one another. Cartridge holders slung over their shoulders.

Cannon men grabbing ramrods.

EXT. D'ESTAING'S POSITION--DAY

Admiral D'Estaing is hit by a musketball and falls from his saddle.

The men continue as Laurens takes charge.

EXT. SAVANNAH, PULASKI'S CHARGE--DAY

Pulaski seizes the moment and leads the charge.

(CONTINUED)

They move together as one unit, one fighting force, all that training in Baltimore put to the test. Colonel Kovats and dozens of lancers out there in front with more than a hundred infantrymen.

Dozens to a hundred men on horseback. Leaning forward in the saddle, swords and muskets, Captain Bentalon, Lt. Zielinski.

Horses and horsemen reining them across the ditch of the river feeding the Savannah river, across uncertain soil under hoof, up the river embankment to the river bluff on which Savannah now stands under siege.

Savannah guarded by a river on one side and fourteen redoubts around the other three sides. So up the river embankment head Pulaski's horsemen, up towards the cannons of the British protecting the redoubts.

ETHAN

Ram.

The loader pulls the rammer out of the barrel at arm's length and shoves it right back in one easy move, packing both cartridge and shot back against the bottom of the barrel.

CUT TO:

GUNNER

Fire.

The loader removes the lanyard. The spark drops down the vent hole and hits the black powder.

Boom. The cannon kicks from the punch of the explosion.

Pulaski suddenly grows cold losing his way, as though he's swinging around wildly as through blind-folded.

Hurges and Laurens flank each side.

While his men struggle through the pandemonium, brimefire and smoke up towards the redoubts, Pulaski still at the lead, but his mind distant as if he knows his last breath is a shadow waiting at the top for him.

And the thundering horses and screaming soldiers charge the redoubts, grapeshot and chains slam Pulaski from his mount.

INT. BRITISH, REDOUBT #13--DAY

(CONTINUED)

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CONTINUED: (5)

BRITISH SERGEANT
Cease-fire. Cease-fire. Rebel
officer General is down. Count
Pulaski.

British cannons ready to fire go unlit as hushed rumors
make the rounds of both the British and the Colonials.

Soldier goes to light the cannon's fuse.

BRITISH SERGEANT (CONT'D)
Cease-fire. Cease-fire.

He stops.

EXT. BATTLEFIELD--DAY

As soldiers on both sides hold battle. As a mark of
respect.

Pulaski's dragoons rally around him.

They get him back onto his horse.

A grunt. A foreign swear word. A sign of frustration
followed by a painful groan.

But a sure sign Pulaski still lives.

He utters a jumble of words in Polish and Russian, none
too coherently.

EXT. SURGEON'S TENT--DAY

Under the canvas the Surgeon asks to clear the way; he
has work to do.

Daniel Osbourne pulls up Pulaski slung across his horse
towards the tent.

The look on the surgeon's face isn't promising.

DANIEL OSBOURNE
What are his chances?

SURGEON
Get word to Lincoln. Take Pulaski
back to Charleston before he dies.

Pulaski's horse trots up as if to take him.

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN, THE WASP--DAY

SAILOR
How far to Charleston?

CUT TO:

A respectful burial service at sea.

DANIEL OSBOURNE
Today we honor the Count Pulaski.
In this time of deep sadness for
us all, we offer his mortal coil
to the great deliverer who
commands this Earth's oceans.

Daniel Osbourne takes a hair off his face.

DANIEL OSBOURNE (CONT'D)
Count Pulaski, the Continental
Army of these United Thirteen
States honor you in death this
October day and owe you a great
debt. We must teach our children
and they must teach theirs about
this man and his great deeds so he
will not be forgotten. Amen.

Muskets bark in his honor, and his body is launched into
the ocean.

Daniel Osbourne takes a knife and cuts that long hair
from off his face and throws that in the ocean, too.

EXT. GILBERT TOWN--DAY

SHELBY
This is from Major Ferguson?
Ferguson is the big mouth who
thinks I'm the leader of the
"backwater men."

RAFFERTY
The backwater men? He's no
ambassador of good will. What's it
say?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHELBY

The message says if my men and I do not stop their opposition to the British, Ferguson will march his army over the mountains, hang their leaders and lay the country waste with fire and sword.

RAFFERTY

Fire and sword. Indeed.

SHELBY

Who's this Ferguson when he's at home?

EXT. COWPENS, SOUTH CAROLINA--DAY

SUBTITLE: "October 6th, 1780."

Colonel JAMES WILLIAMS and his four hundred South Carolinians join up with the over mountain men.

SHEPHARD

Ferguson's up at King's Mountain.

SHELBY

How far over is that?

EXT. NIGHT

A thunderstorm. Hard, cold rain. No let up in sight. As the men march through it to King's Mountain.

EXT. KING'S MOUNTAIN--DAY

SUBTITLE: "KING'S MOUNTAIN, October 7th, 3 p.m.."

SHELBY

Ferguson's got a great vantage point. But he's stuck himself on a mountain top. I'd guess some five to six hundred yards by what one hundred feet across.

The patriots dismount, form a horseshoe facing the mountain.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHELBY (CONT'D)

We'll use the forests as cover.
Get some of our sharpshooters
right up. Where's Colonel
Campbell?

EXT. TREES

Continental sharpshooters hurry into position.

Shelby leads a march towards Ferguson. Ferguson's men
respond with a heavy display of artillery fire, forcing
Shelby to withdraw.

SHELBY

That's Major Ferguson in the
checkerboard hunting shirt.

Shelby signals the sharpshooters to pick off some of
Ferguson's men.

The sharpshooters hit their targets. Redcoats fall to
ground. Ferguson is angered by the affront.

Shelby then orders Campbell and his own men to march.

Ferguson is inundated by Continental artillery firepower,
and sharpshooters picking off his cannon rammers.

Ferguson leads his men down the side of the mountain.

A sharpshooter shots him, Ferguson collapses but his foot
is caught in the stirrups and as the horse flees down the
mountain and runs for it, he only drops Ferguson off
after Ferguson's body hits a tree.

The Patriots take turn to piss on his body. That's how
much they hate the sonofabitch.

RAFFERTY

That's for killing Pulaski's top
men, you prick. That's for killing
two hundred of us today.

EXT. RHODE ISLAND, WASHINGTON'S TENT--DAY

Rafferty rides in with a dispatch.

WASHINGTON

What news from the Marquis de
Lafayette?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RAFFERTY

He's heard Cornwallis is sending a
warship down to Yorktown.

WASHINGTON

We will not be the sport of their
intrigue.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW YORK CITY--DAY

Washington and ROCHAMBEAU march from Rhode Island. Pass
a sign for 'NEW YORK CITY.'

EXT. STONY POINT, KINGS FERRY--DAY

Washington and ROCHAMBEAU marching men arrive at the
ferry across the Hudson River.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY--DAY

Washington and ROCHAMBEAU march. Some ten thousand
Patriots are assembled. Over two thousand of them prepare
to attack New York City, but behind them, unseen to the
British, the other eight thousand Patriots start to march
away, without fanfare or fife, down South.

EXT. WEST INDIES--DAY

Admiral DE GRASSE sets sail.

EXT. RAPIDAN RIVER--DAY

SUBTITLE: "RAPIDAN RIVER, June 9th, 1781."

Wayne and close to eight hundred Continentals join
Lafayette. Their shoes are adequate, just, and their
uniforms lacking.

LAFAYETTE

The British bloodybacks have many
more men at their leisure. And
they have a strong cavalry.
Tarelton and Simcoe have rallied
us.

WAYNE

You engaged them?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAFAYETTE

I must tell you I spied on them,
and kept safe distance as you
taught me. Out of their reach as
they say in the boxing.

WAYNE

Boxing, horse racing and
billiards. How more civilized can
we become?

LAFAYETTE

Your eight hundred men, my
excellent friend, gives us more to
help.

EXT. CHESTERFIELD COUNTY, VIRGINIA--NIGHT

Wayne's Lieutenants are poised outside the building.
They're looking for open windows, open doors.

One Lieutenant prizes open the door.

Carefully they step inside.

One man locate boxes and crates of supplies.

They open them.

LIEUTENANT #1

Should we be doing this?

They hold up boots.

WAYNE

These boots and Osnaburg cloth
belong to Virginia. But the
Pennsylvania Line needs them
urgently.

One lieutenant holds up some coarse Osnaburg cloth linen.