

Scene 5

The CHAMBER, as before.

AT RISE:

Congress is now in session, though in an exceedingly loose manner. While Secretary THOMSON delivers a droning report, it is clear that NO ONE is listening. HANCOCK sits at the President's table, but HE is occupied reading the Philadelphia Gazette, his feet up on the desk; one group of Congressmen -- MORRIS, READ, WILSON and DICKINSON -- sit with their heads together, talking; another group -- HOPKINS, BARTLETT and SHERMAN -- stands in the rear, also conversing; RUTLEDGE and HEWES pace back and forth across the length of the Chamber as THEY talk; McKEAN stands by the window cleaning a long rifle; CHASE, a large napkin tied around his neck, sits eating a complete meal; WITHERSPOON is asleep at his desk, his head thrown back, his mouth open and SNORING; and McNAIR is kept hopping from one group to another on this errand and that -- after HE first goes to the wall calendar and tears off another page; it now reads: "JUNE 22".

THOMSON

-- and what follows is a complete and up-to-date list of the committees of this Congress now sitting, about to sit, or just having sat: A committee formed to investigate a complaint made against the quality of yeast manufactured at Mr. Henry Pendleton's mill, designated as the Yeast Committee; a committee formed to consider the most effective method of dealing with spies, designated as the Spies Committee; a committee formed to think, perhaps to do, but in any case to regather, to meet, to confer, to talk and perhaps even to resolve that each rifle regiment be allowed at least one drum and one fife attached to each company, designated as the Drum and Fife Committee; a committee formed to --

(FRANKLIN and DR. HALL have entered and now stand surveying the room)

FRANKLIN

Look at it, doctor -- democracy! What Plato called a "charming form of government, full of variety and disorder." I never knew Plato had been to Philadelphia.

HANCOCK

(As HE reads the newspaper)

McNair! Open that damn window!

HOPKINS

(Joining FRANKLIN and HALL, a mug
of rum in his hand)

Ben -- I want y'to see some cards I've gone 'n had printed
up that ought t' save everybody here a whole lot of time'n
effort considering the epidemic of bad disposition that's
been going around lately.

(HE reads)

"Dear sir: You are without any doubt a rogue, a rascal, a
villain, a thief, a scoundrel, and a mean, dirty, stinking,
sniveling, sneaking, pimping, pocket-picking, thrice double-
damned, no good son-of-a-bitch," and y' sign y'r name.
What do y'think?

FRANKLIN

(Delighted)

Stephen, I'll take a dozen right now!

THOMSON

-- a committee formed to answer all Congressional
correspondence designated as the Congressional
Correspondence Committee --

(JOHN strides in and joins FRANKLIN)

JOHN

All right, Franklin -- enough socializing -- there's work
to be done!

FRANKLIN

(Pointedly)

Good morning, John!

JOHN

What? Oh.

(Waving it aside)

Good morning, good morning. Now, then, let's get to it.

FRANKLIN

Let's get to what?

JOHN

(Indicating the tally board)

Unanimity, of course. Look at that board -- six Nays to
win over in little more than a week!

THOMSON

-- a committee formed to consider the problem of counterfeit
money, designated as the Counterfeit Money Committee --

FRANKLIN

All right, John -- where do we start?

JOHN

How about Delaware? It's a sad thing to find her on the wrong side after all this time -- is there any news of Rodney?

FRANKLIN

(Pointing)

McKean's back.

JOHN

Thomas -- !

(THEY go to him)

THOMSON

-- a committee formed to study the causes of our military defeat in Canada, designated as the Military Defeat Committee --

JOHN

How did you leave Caesar? Is he still alive?

McKEAN

Aye, but the journey to Dover was fearful hard on him. He never complained but I could see the poor man was sufferin'.

FRANKLIN

But you got him safely home.

McKEAN

I did, but I doubt he'll ever set foot out of it again.

JOHN

That leaves you and Read split down the middle. Will he come over?

McKEAN

I don't know -- he's a stubborn little snot!

JOHN

Then work on him -- keep at him 'til you wear him down!

McKEAN

Och, John -- face facts, will y'? If it were just Read standin' in our way it wouldn't be so bad. But look for yourself, man --

(Indicating the tally board)

-- Mary-land, Pennsylvania, the entire South -- it's impossible!

JOHN

It's impossible if we all stand around complaining about it. To work, McKean -- one foot in front of the other.

FRANKLIN

I believe I put it a better way -- "Never leave off till to-morrow that which you can do -- ?

JOHN

Oh, shut up, Franklin!

McKEAN

But what good will it do? Y' know Dickinson -- he'll never give in! And y' haven't heard the last of Rutledge yet, either.

JOHN

Never mind about them -- your job is George Read. Talk him deaf if you have to but bring us back Delaware!

McKEAN

There's a simplet way --
(Holds up his rifle)
-- this'll break the tie!
(HE goes U.C. to READ)

FRANKLIN

All right, John -- who's next?

(Again, THEY turn to study the board)

THOMSON

-- a committee formed to keep secrets, designated as the Secrets Committee --

JOHN

Pennsylvania and Mary-land. I suggest you try to put your own house in order while I take a crack at Old Bacon Face -- (look at him stuff himself!) -- Ah, Mr. Chase!

(HE goes to him)

How about it, Chase? When are you coming to your senses?

CHASE

(Sourly)

Please, Mr. Adams -- not while I'm eating!

FRANKLIN

Mr. Wilson, it's time to assert yourself. When you were a judge, how in hell did you ever make a decision?

WILSON

The decisions I made were all based on legality and precedence. But there is no legality here -- and certainly no precedent.

FRANKLIN

Because it's a new idea, you clot! We'll be setting our
own precedent!

READ

(Together with MCKEAN)

No, Mr. McKean -- no, no, no!

MCKEAN

Damn y'r eyes, Read -- y' came into this world screamin'
"no" and y're determined to leave it the same way!

JOHN

(With CHASE)

The Congress is waiting on you, Chase -- America's waiting
-- the whole world is waiting! What's that -- kidney?

(HE takes a morsel of food from
CHASE's plate with his fingers
but CHASE slaps his hand and HE
drops it)

CHASE

Leave me alone, Mr. Adams -- you're wasting your time. If
I thought we could win this war I'd be at the front of your
ranks. But you must know it's impossible! You've heard
General Washington's dispatches -- his army has fallen
apart.

JOHN

Washington's exaggerating the situation in order to arouse
this torpid Congress into action. Why, as Chairman of the
War Committee I can tell you for a fact that the army has
never been in better shape! Never have troops been so
cheerful! Never have soldiers been more resolute! Never
have discipline and training been more spirited! Never ...

(The COURIER enters, dusty as ever.

JOHN winces)

Good God!

(The COURIER deposits his dispatch
on THOMSON's desk and goes. HANCOCK
puts down his paper and GAVELS)

HANCOCK

May we have your ears, gentlemen -- ? Mr. Thomson has a
dispatch.

(EVERYONE turns to listen.
WITHERSPOON is nudged awake)

THOMSON

(Ringing his BELL)

From the Commander, Army of the United Colonies, in New York,
dispatch number one thousand one hundred and fifty-seven.

THOMSON (Continued)

"To the honorable Congress, John Hancock, President. Dear Sir: It is with the utmost despair that I must report to you the confusion and disorder that reign in every department. The Continental soldier is as nothing ever seen in this, or any other, century; he is a misfit, ignorant of hygiene, destructive, disorderly and totally disrespectful of rank. Only this last is understandable as there is an incredible reek of stupidity amongst the officers. The situation is most desperate at the New Jersey Training Ground in New Brunswick where every able-bodied whore -- whore in the Colonies has assembled. There are constant reports of drunkenness, desertion, foul language, naked bathing in the Raritan River, and an epidemic of the French disease. I have declared the town 'off-limits' to all military personnel -- with the exception of officers. I beseech the Congress to dispatch the War Committee to this place in the hope of restoring some of the order and discipline we need to survive. Y'r ob'd't --

(DRUM ROLL)

-- G. Washington."

McKEAN

Och! The man would depress a hyena!

HANCOCK

Well, Mr. Adams -- you're Chairman of the War Committee -- do y' feel up to whoring, drinking, deserting and New Brunswick?

WITHERSPOON

There must be some mistake -- I have an aunt who lives in New Brunswick!

(LAUGHTER)

DICKINSON

You must tell her to keep up the good work!

(LAUGHTER)

Come, come, Mr. Adams -- you must see that it's hopeless. Let us recall General Washington and disband the Continental Army before we are overwhelmed.

JOHN

Oh, yes -- the English would like that, wouldn't they?

DICKINSON

Why not ask them yourself? They ought to be here any minute.

(LAUGHTER)

RUTLEDGE

And when they hang you, Mr. Adams, I hope you will put in a good word for the rest of us.

(A distressed silence)

CHASE

Face facts, Mr. Adams -- a handful of drunk and disorderly recruits against the entire British Army, the finest musketmen on earth -- how can we win -- how can we even hope to survive?!

JOHN

Answer me straight, Chase -- if you thought we could beat the redcoats -- would Mary-land say "yea" to Independence?

CHASE

Well -- I suppose --

JOHN

No supposing, Chase -- would you or wouldn't you?

CHASE

Very well, Mr. Adams -- yes, we would.

JOHN

Then come with me to New Brunswick and see for yourself!

MCKEAN

John! Are y' mad?!

BARTLETT

y' heard what Washington said -- it's a shambles up there.

HOPKINS

They're pushin' y' into it, Johnny --

JOHN

What do y' say, Chase?

MORRIS

Go ahead, Sam -- it sounds lively as hell up there.

CHASE

All right -- why not? And maybe it'll be John Adams who comes to his senses.

JOHN

Mr. President -- the War Committee will heed General Washington's request! A party consisting of Mr. Chase, Dr. Franklin and myself will leave immediately.

HANCOCK

Is that satisfactory with you, Dr. Franklin?

(ALL eyes turn to FRANKLIN who is asleep again.)

JOHN

Wake up, Franklin -- you're going to New Brunswick!

FRANKLIN

Like hell I am. What for?

HOPKINS

The whoring and the drinking.

(A pause. FRANKLIN rises energetically. ADAMS turns and prods CHASE out the S.R. doors. FRANKLIN follows)

JOHN

Come on, Chase -- move all that lard! We've no time to lose! Left-right, left-right, left-right --

(And THEY are gone.

The other LIBERALS then go, leaving only the CONSERVATIVES. DICKINSON looks around, then rises and crosses D.L.)

DICKINSON

Mr. McNair -- all this talk of Independence has left a certain foulness in the air --

(LAUGHTER from the CONSERVATIVES)

-- My friends and I would appreciate it if you could open some windows.

McNAIR

What about the flies?

DICKINSON

(Smiling)

The windows, Mr. McNair.

McNAIR

(Shrugging and crossing R. to the windows)

Open the windows! Close the windows! Sweet Jesus!

(As HE opens the window four bells are heard to chime. HE crosses up to his chair. HANCOCK and THOMSON read at their desks. DICKINSON crosses R. to the open window and sings:)

DICKINSON (Continued)

OH SAY DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE?
CONGRESS SITTING HERE IN SWEET SERENITY
I COULD CHEER,
THE REASON'S CLEAR
FOR THE FIRST TIME IN A YEAR
ADAMS ISN'T HERE ... !
AND, LOOK!
THE SUN IS IN THE SKY
THE BREEZE IS BLOWING BY
AND THERE'S NOT A SINGLE FLY!

OH SING "HOSANNA," "HOSANNA"

CONSERVATIVES

"HOSANNA," "HOSANNA"

DICKINSON

... AND IT'S COOL!

OH YE COOL COOL CONSERVATIVE MEN
OUR LIKE MAY NEVER EVER BE ... SEEN AGAIN
WE HAVE LAND
CASH IN HAND
SELF-COMMAND
FUTURE PLANNED ...
FORTUNE THRIVES
SOCIETY SURVIVES
IN NEATLY ORDER'D LIVES
WITH WELL-ENDOWER'D WIVES ...

CONSERVATIVES

COME SING "HOSANNA," "HOSANNA"

DICKINSON

IN OUR BREEDING AND OUR MANNER

CONSERVATIVES

... WE ARE COOL!

(The COOL, COOL CONSERVATIVE MEN --
RUTLEDGE, WILSON, READ, MORRIS, HALL,
LIVINGSTON and HEWES among them --
elegantly prepare to dance)

DICKINSON

COME YE COOL COOL CONSIDERATE SET
WE'LL DANCE TOGETHER TO THE SAME MINUET
TO THE RIGHT
EVER TO THE RIGHT
NEVER TO THE LEFT
FOREVER TO THE RIGHT

DICKINSON (Continued)

LET OUR CREED
BE NEVER TO EXCEED
REGULATED SPEED
NO MATTER WHAT THE NEED!

CONSERVATIVES
COME SING "HOSANNA" ... "HOSANNA"

DICKINSON
EMBLAZONED ON OUR BANNER
IS "KEEP COOL!"

CONSERVATIVES
(THE MINUET is led by DICKINSON and RUTLEDGE, as the CONSERVATIVES dance. During this the COURIER re-enters and deposits his dispatch as usual, on THOMSON's desk. MCNAIR goes to him and offers him a rum)

TO THE RIGHT
EVER TO THE RIGHT
NEVER TO THE LEFT
FOREVER TO THE RIGHT

DICKINSON
HANDS ATTACH
TIGHTLY LATCH
EVERYBODY MATCH ...

THOMSON
I HAVE A NEW DISPATCH ...

(The MUSIC stops but the MINUET continues silently)

From the Commander, Army of the United Colonies; in New York, dispatch number one thousand one hundred and fifty-eight.
"To the honorable Congress, John Hancock, President. Dear Sir: I awoke this morning to find that Gen. Howe has landed twenty-five thousand British regulars and Hessian mercenaries on Staten Island and that the fleet, under the command of his brother, Admiral Lord Howe, controls not only the Hudson and East Rivers, but New York Harbour, which now looks like all of London afloat. I can no longer, in good conscience, withhold from the Congress my certainty that the British military object at this time is Philadelphia. Happy should I be if I could see the means of preventing them, but at present I confess I do not. Oh, how I wish I had never seen the Continental Army. I would have done better to retire to the back country and live in a wigwam. Y'r ob'd't --

(DRUM ROLL)

-- G. Washington."

(A short PAUSE, then MUSIC BEGINS again and the SONG continues as if nothing had happened)

CONSERVATIVES

(Singing)

WHAT WE DO WE DO ... RATIONALLY

DICKINSON

WE NEVER EVER GO OFF HALF-COCKED, NOT WE

CONSERVATIVES

WHY BEGIN?

'TIL WE KNOW THAT WE CAN WIN

AND IF WE CANNOT WIN

WHY BOTHER TO BEGIN ... ?

RUTLEDGE

WE SAY THIS GAME'S NOT OF OUR CHOOSING

WHY SHOULD WE RISK LOSING ... ?

CONSERVATIVES

WE COOL ... COOL ... MEN.

DICKINSON

(Spoken; still dancing)

Mr. Hancock -- you're a man of property -- one of us. Why don't you join us in our minuet? Why do you persist in dancing with John Adams? Good Lord, sir, you don't even like him!

HANCOCK

(Singing)

THAT IS TRUE

HE ANNOYS ME QUITE A LOT

BUT STILL I'D RATHER TROT

TO MR. ADAMS' NEW GAVOTTE ...

DICKINSON

(Spoken; HE continues dancing)

But why -- for personal glory? For a place in history? Be careful, sir -- history will brand him and his followers as traitors!

HANCOCK

Traitors to what, Mr. Dickinson -- the British Crown? Or the British half-crown? Fortunately, there are not enough men of property in America to dictate policy.

DICKINSON

Perhaps not -- but don't forget that most men with nothing would rather protect the possibility of becoming rich than face the reality of being poor. And that is why they will follow us --

CONSERVATIVES

-- TO THE RIGHT
 EVER TO THE RIGHT
 NEVER TO THE LEFT
 FOREVER TO THE RIGHT
 WHERE THERE'S GOLD
 A MARKET THAT WILL HOLD
 TRADITION THAT IS OLD
 A RELUCTANCE TO BE BOLD

DICKINSON

I SING "HOSANNA" ... "HOSANNA"
 IN A SANE AND LUCID MANNER ... !

CONSERVATIVES

WE ARE COOL!
 WE'RE THE COOL COOL CONSERVATIVE MEN!
 WHOSE LIKE MAY NEVER EVER BE SEEN AGAIN!
 WITH OUR LAND ...
 CASH IN HAND ...
 SELF-COMMAND ...
 FUTURE PLANNED ...

AND WE'LL HOLD ...
 TO OUR GOLD ...
 TRADITION THAT IS OLD ...
 RELUCTANT TO BE BOLD!

WE SAY THIS GAME'S NOT OF OUR CHOOSING
 WHY SHOULD WE RISK LOSING ...

WE ... COOL, COOL, COOL, COOL, COOL,
 COOL, COOL, COOL, COOL, COOL,
 COOL ...
 COOL ...
 MEN ... !!

(THEY turn and go, leaving only McNAIR,
 the LEATHER APRON and the COURIER in
 the Chamber. THEY are silent for a
 moment)

McNAIR

Sweet Jesus, how'd you like to try 'n borrow a dollar from
 one o' them?

(To the COURIER)
 Want another rum, Gen'rul?

COURIER

Gen'rul?!

(Grins)
 Lord, I ain't even a corp'l.

MCNAIR

Yeah, well, what's the army know?

(HE pours the COURIER another drink,
pours himself and the LEATHER APRON
a pair, selects one of HANCOCK's good
clay pipes, lights it, then bangs
with the GAVEL)

Sit down, gentlemen -- the Chair rules it's too damn hot to
work!

(HE occupies one chair, the COURIER
another, and the LEATHER APRON still
a third)

What's it like out there, Gen'rul?

COURIER

You prob'ly know more'n me --

MCNAIR

Sittin' in here? Sweet Jesus! This is the last place to
find out what's goin' on!

LEATHER APRON

(To the COURIER)
I'm aimin' t' join up!

MCNAIR

What're you talkin' about? You don't have to join up --
you're in the Congress!

LEATHER APRON

What's that got t' do with it?

MCNAIR

y' don't see them rushin' off t' get killed, do you? But
they sure are great ones f'r sendin' others, I'll tell you
that.

COURIER

(Indicating his chair)

Who sets here?

MCNAIR

Caesar Rodney of Delaware. Where you from, Gen'rul?

COURIER

Watertown.

MCNAIR

Where's that?

COURIER

Massachusset.

MCNAIR

Well, then -- you belong down there. But be careful -- there's somethin' about that chair that makes a man awful noisy.

(The COURIER goes to JOHN's chair and touches it reverently before HE sits)

LEATHER APRON

You see'd any fightin'?

COURIER

(Proudly)

Sure did -- I see'd my two best friends git shot dead on the very same day! Right on the village green it was, too!

(The recollection takes hold)

An' when they didn't come home f'r supper -- their mommas went down the hill lookin' for 'em. Miz Lowell -- she foun' Tim'thy right off -- but Miz Pickett -- she looked near half the night f'r Will'm 'cuz he'd gone 'n crawl'd off the green 'fore he died --

(HE is silent for a moment -- then

HE sings:)

MOMMA, HEY MOMMA
COME LOOKIN' FOR ME.
I'M HERE IN THE MEADO'
BY TH' RED MAPLE TREE.
MOMMA, HEY MOMMA,
LOOK SHARP -- HERE I BE ...
HEY, HEY,
MOMMA, LOOK SHARP!

THEM SO'JURS, THEY FIRED
OH, MA, AND WE RUN
BUT THEN WE TURN'D 'ROUND
AN' TH' BATTLE BEGUN
THEN I WENT UNDER,
OH, MA, AM I DONE ... ?
HEY, HEY,
MOMMA, LOOK SHARP!

MY EYES ARE WIDE OPEN
MY FACE TO TH' SKY
IS THAT YOU I'M HEARIN'
IN TH' TALL GRASS NEARBY?
MOMMA, COME FIND ME
BEFORE I DO DIE ...
HEY, HEY,
MOMMA, LOOK SHARP!

I'LL CLOSE Y'R EYES, MY BILLY
THEM EYES THAT CANNOT SEE

COURIER (Continued)

AN' I'LL BURY YA, MY BILLY
BENEATH TH' MAPLE TREE
AN' -- NEVER AG'IN
WILL Y' WHISPER T' ME ...
"HEY, HEY" --
OH MOMMA -- LOOK SHARP ... !

(The LIGHTS fade)

(END OF ACT ONE if to be
performed in TWO ACTS.)

(At the end of the intermission both the stage and houselights go out while the entracte is heard. The travelers close in. At the conclusion of the music we hear THOMSON's bell, then:)

HANCOCK'S VOICE

The secretary will now read the report of the Declaration Committee. Mr. Thomson --

THOMSON'S VOICE

"A Declaration by the Representatives of the United States of America in General Congress assembled -- "

(Lights come up and we are in:)

Scene 6

An anteroom, off the main Congress. JEFFERSON stands S.L. by a door in the traveler, which he holds open. Through this door we hear:

THOMSON'S VOICE

" -- When in the Course of Human Events, it becomes necessary for one People to dissolve the Political Bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the Powers of the Earth, the separate and equal Station to which the Laws of Nature and of Nature's God entitle them, a decent Respect to the Opinions of Mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the Separation. We hold these Truths to be self evident, that all Men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable Rights -- "

(JEFFERSON, having heard a SOUND, off, closes the door, silencing THOMSON'S VOICE -- and JOHN and FRANKLIN enter from S.R.)

JOHN

Jefferson -- we're back and we've got Mary-land -- that is, we will, soon as Chase gets through telling the Mary-land Assembly what we saw in New Brunswick!

FRANKLIN

He's in Annapolis right now describing a ragtag collection of provincial militiamen who couldn't train together, drill together or march together -- but when a flock of ducks flew by and they saw their first dinner in three full days, sweet Jesus! Could they shoot together! It was a slaughter!

JEFFERSON

(Not listening)
They're reading the Declaration.

JOHN

What? How far have they got?

JEFFERSON

" -- to render the Military independent of and superior to
the Civil Power."

(JOHN opens door to Chamber)

THOMSON'S VOICE

" -- independent of and superior to -- "

(JOHN closes the door. The THREE MEN
pace for a moment)

JOHN

Well, there's nothing to fear -- it's a masterpiece! I'm
to be congratulated.

FRANKLIN

You?

JOHN

For making him write it.

FRANKLIN

Ah, yes -- of course.

(THEY are silent for a moment; then ...)

JOHN

(Singing)

IT'S A MASTERPIECE, I SAY ...
THEY WILL CHEER EV'RY WORD,
EV'RY LETTER ... !

JEFFERSON

I WISH I FELT THAT WAY ...

FRANKLIN

I BELIEVE I CAN PUT IT BETTER!

NOW THEN, ATTEND
AS FRIEND TO FRIEND
OUR DECLARATION COMMITTEE ...
FOR US I SEE
IMMORTALITY ...

ALL

IN PHILADELPHIA CITY ...

FRANKLIN

A FARMER ...
A LAWYER ...
AND A SAGE!
A BIT GOUTY IN THE LEG ...
YOU KNOW IT'S QUITE BIZARRE
TO THINK THAT HERE WE ARE ...
PLAYING MIDWIVES TO ...
AN EGG.

JOHN

Egg? What egg?

FRANKLIN

America -- the birth of a new nation!

JEFFERSON

If only we could be sure of what kind of a bird it's going to be.

FRANKLIN

Tom's got a point -- what sort of a bird should we choose as the symbol of our new America?

JOHN

The eagle.

JEFFERSON

The dove.

FRANKLIN

The turkey.

(JOHN and JEFFERSON look at FRANKLIN in surprise, then at each other)

JOHN

The eagle.

JEFFERSON

The dove.

JOHN

The eagle!

JEFFERSON

(Shrugging)

The eagle.

FRANKLIN

(A pause)

The turkey.

JOHN

The eagle is a majestic bird.

FRANKLIN

The eagle is a scavenger, a thief, a coward and the symbol of more than ten centuries of European mischief.

JOHN

And the turkey -- ?

FRANKLIN

A truly noble bird, a native of America, a source of sustenance to our settlers and an incredibly brave fellow who would not flinch from attacking an entire regiment of Englishmen single-handedly! Therefore the national bird of America is going to be --

JOHN

The eagle.

FRANKLIN & JEFFERSON

(Shrugging)

The eagle.

(A pause. Then:)

JOHN

(Singing)

WE'RE WAITING FOR THE ...

ALL

CHIRP! CHIRP! CHIRP!
OF AN EAGLET BEING BORN
WAITING FOR THE
CHIRP! CHIRP! CHIRP!ON THIS HUMID MONDAY MORNING
IN THIS -- CONGRESSIONAL INCUBATOR!

FRANKLIN

GOD KNOWS, THE TEMP'RATURE'S HOT ENOUGH
TO HATCH A STONE ...
LET ALONE ...
AN EGG!

JOHN

WE'RE WAITING FOR THE ...

ALL

SCRATCH! SCRATCH! SCRATCH!
OF THAT TINY LITTLE FELLOW
WAITING FOR THE EGG TO HATCHON THIS HUMID MONDAY MORNING
IN THIS -- CONGRESSIONAL INCUBATOR!

JOHN

GOD KNOWS THE TEMP'RATURE'S HOT ENOUGH
TO HATCH A STONE!

JEFFERSON

BUT WILL IT HATCH
AN EGG?

JOHN

(Spoken)

THE Declaration will be a triumph, I tell you -- a triumph!
If I was ever sure of anything I'm sure of that -- a triumph!

(A pause)

And if it isn't, we've still got four days left to think of
something else.

(Singing)

THE EAGLE'S GOING TO
CRACK THE SHELL
OF THE EGG THAT ENGLAND LAID!

ALL

YESSIR! WE CAN
TELL! TELL! TELL!
ON THIS HUMID MONDAY MORNING
IN THIS -- CONGRESSIONAL INCUBATOR!

FRANKLIN

AND JUST AS TOM, HERE, HAS WRITTEN ...
THO' THE SHELL MAY BELONG TO GREAT BRITAIN ...
THE EAGLE INSIDE ...
BELONGS TO US!

ALL

AND JUST AS TOM, HERE, HAS WRITTEN!
WE SAY "TO HELL" WITH GREAT BRITAIN!
THE EAGLE INSIDE ...
BELONGS TO US!!!

(THEY turn and go confidently into
the Chamber)