

Washington's expression seems to turn from confusion to anger as he stares at the empty road between the wagons. He marches toward the driver of the first wagon, an African- American slave by the name of SAMUEL JENKINS.

WASHINGTON

I asked for seventy-four wagons at Winchester. Why have ye arrived with only two?

JENKINS

I beg your pardon, sir. Indeed, we be sent from Winchester. I don't know about the seventy-four wagons.

VAN BRAAM

What are you doing driving military supplies? Who sent you?

JENKINS

Captain Broadwater sent us, sir. Always wanted a chance to be in the army. At least drivin' a wagon, I can do my part-- (to Washington) Sorry, sir. I'm just doing as I'm told. Ye have these two wagons, compliments of Captain Broadwater.

WASHINGTON

I suppose we'll have to make do then. What is your name, driver?

JENKINS

Samuel Jenkins, sir.

There's a KNOCK AT THE DOOR. Gist opens it - it's Samuel Jenkins, with the bundle of clothing.

WASHINGTON

Is that my laundered uniform, Mr. Jenkins?

JENKINS

Aye, sir. It is.

WASHINGTON

On the table, if ye would, sir. Should Dr. Craik permit, I would very much like to speak to the men on the morrow, in full dress.

Jenkins separates the clothing on the table, saving Washington's riding coat for last.

WASHINGTON (CONT'D)

Something troubles you, Mr. Gist?
What other report have you?

GIST

The British officers, Colonel.

WASHINGTON

What of them?

GIST

Of all officers commanding on horseback, ye were the only one not killed or wounded.

WASHINGTON

Not for their lack of trying. Indeed, I had two valiant horses shot out from under me. I am grateful to God that I was spared.

JENKINS

Colonel, if I may interject, it seems you were not spared.

WASHINGTON

Pardon?

JENKINS

I mean, ye were--

CRAIK

Having examined the Colonel on several occasions, Mr. Jenkins, I can assure ye that he is fatigued from the day, and from

his illness, but otherwise, most curiously, he has, indeed, been spared from even the slightest blemish of battle.

JENKINS

The washerwoman who laundered the Colonel's uniform begs to differ.

CRAIK

The washerwoman?

JENKINS

As do I.

CRAIK

What say you then, Mr. Jenkins?

Jenkins holds Washington's coat to the window. The coat unfurls, revealing four rays of dusty sunlight streaming through four distinct bullet holes in the middle of the coat - the chest and abdomen. Jenkins is flanked by both Craik and Gist, who examine it, perplexed. Washington sits up in the bed, amazed, and checking over his body himself, feeling for wounds. He finds none.

JENKINS

Shot through four times, as is plain to see.

CRAIK

A shot through the heart, and ye survived, Colonel? Impressive.

GIST

Mr. Jenkins, are ye sure that this be the Colonel's coat?

JENKINS

'Tis the Colonel's coat, alright. See with your own eyes.

On the collar, the embroidered initials: "G.W."

JENKINS (CONT'D)

'Tis a miracle if I ever saw one.

Gist and Craik consider Jenkins' words as they look at the proof in front of them.