

# ADAMS , JEFFERSON , FRANKLIN

JOHN: Jefferson, are y'finished? (*There is no answer*) You've had a whole week, man. Is it done? Can I see it? (JEFFERSON *points to all the crumpled paper on the floor. JOHN picks one at random and, flattening it out, reads it*)

JOHN: "There comes a time in the lives of men when it becomes necessary to advance from that subordination in which they have hitherto remained—" this is terrible. (*Looking up*) Where's the rest of it? (*Again JEFFERSON points to the floor*) Do you mean to say it's not finished?

JEFFERSON: No, sir—I mean to say it's not begun.

JOHN: Good God! A whole week! The entire earth was created in a week!

JEFFERSON: (*Fed up, turning to JOHN*) Some day you must tell me how you did it.

JOHN: Disgusting! Look at him, Franklin—Virginia's most famous lover—

JEFFERSON: Virginia abstains.

JOHN: Cheer up, Jefferson, get out of the dumps. It'll come out right, I promise you. Now get back to work. Franklin, tell him to get to work.

JEFFERSON: He's asleep.

(*Outside, a cloaked woman appears. She stops, looks around, then sees the door and enters. It is MARTHA, JEFFERSON'S wife, a lovely girl of twenty-seven*)

FRANKLIN: (*Sitting bolt upright on the couch*) View-hal-loo, and whose-little-girl are you?

(*But JEFFERSON and MARTHA are suddenly oblivious to everything but each other as they meet and embrace. They kiss, and kiss, and will continue kissing throughout the remainder of the scene*)

FRANKLIN: John, who is she?

JOHN: His wife—(*He studies them*)—I hope.