





Virginia. 1753.

I'LL ASK YOU ONE MORE TIME, GEORGE, AND I WANT THE TRUTH.



I TOLD YOU, FATHER. I WAS IN TOWN BORROWING A BOOK FROM A FRIEND.

THEN WHY DID THE VICAR SEE YOU AT BLACK'S TAVERN WITH ELSIE WILLOCKS?



OH. SAW THAT, DID HE?

YEAH, THAT'S... THAT'S NOT GOOD.



NOT GOOD? LYING DOES NOT BECOME YOU, GEORGE. YOU'RE A WASHINGTON.

AND NOW... TO BE SEEN CAVORTING WITH SOME MILK MAID.



ELSIE IS A PERFECTLY LOVELY GIRL, AND THERE'S NO REASON—

YOU'RE TWENTY-ONE, GEORGE. MEN YOUR AGE ARE ALREADY MAKING GOOD MATCHES WITH PROMINENT FAMILIES.

YOU NEED TO GROW UP AND STOP BEING SO... DISAPPOINTING.





I PLANTED THAT CHERRY TREE WHEN WE FIRST MOVED HERE.

ROOTS, GEORGE. FAMILY. THESE ARE THE LASTING THINGS. OUR DESCENDANTS WILL BE ABLE TO LOOK UPON THAT TREE WITH PRIDE LONG AFTER WE'RE GONE.



HONESTY AND INTEGRITY ARE THE CORNERSTONES OF...

GEORGE?



IF I HAVE TO HEAR ABOUT THAT CHERRY TREE ONE MORE TIME, I'LL--

















