WE THE PPL

Screenplay by

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Based on real events

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INT. CHASE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY (DREAM SEQUENCE)

We're looking at the outside of an elevator. It dings and the doors open. Chase has his head down, scrolling through his phone, humming a song. Chase is a rugged 28 year old man. Attractive, but has a bad-boy vibe. He arrives at his apartment door and unlocks it with his keys.

INT. CHASE'S APARTMENT - DAY (DREAM SEQUENCE)

Chase walks in the apartment and immediately stops humming. We're still watching him from the front, so we don't see what he is seeing.

CHASE
What the FUCK?!

CUT TO:

Tiffany, Chase's girlfriend, is getting railed from behind by an alien. Your typical, green, big-headed black eyed alien. They freeze in their spot upon hearing Chase's reaction.

TIFFANY
Chase! I thought you were going to your moms!

Tiffany grabs her shirt and covers her chest with it, in a state of panic. We can see the alien sitting behind her, unphased and chilling, lighting a joint.

CHASE
OH YEAH! MY BAD! I didn't realize my girlfriend fucks an..

Chase looks at the alien in disgust and shock

CHASE
A fucking ALIEN every time I visit my mom!

The alien pokes his head out to look at Chase.

DAN THE ALIEN:
Woah buddy - *alien*? The proper terminology is Multidimensional Traveler.

Dan the alien takes a small hit from the joint and talks as he's holding the smoke in.

DAN THE ALIEN:
But you can just call me Dan.

He blows out the smoke. There's an awkward silence while Chase and Tiffany stare at each other, unsure of what to do or say from here. Chase's mouth is now open in disbelief.

TIFFANY
I am so SO sorry, Chase. You weren't supposed to find out this way.

CHASE
Oh? What way was I supposed to find out? Was ET gonna probe me in the middle of the night?

Dan chokes on his hit and laughs.

DAN THE ALIEN:
That's a good one bro!

Dan lifts up his finger and it is glowing.

DAN THE ALIEN:
But I'm actually just probing your girl.

Chase goes to tackle him, but as he lands on the couch, Dan the alien disappears. He reappears on the outside patio as a spaceship hovers down to the patio and opens its door.

DAN THE ALIEN:
You coming babe?

Tiffany gets off the couch and continues to put her clothes back on. She walks out to the patio where the spaceship is waiting.

TIFFANY
I have to go.

Tiffany and Dan board the spaceship, the door closes and the engine starts roaring, getting ready for take off. Chase is on the patio, on his knees begging for Tiffany to come back. The wind from the spaceship is so strong, blowing his hair back, and his cheeks are getting blown as well. He starts to quickly melt. The spaceship zooms off. At this point all that is left of Chase is his torso and head, the rest is melted. He is screaming.

CHASE
TIFFANY!!!!!

CUT TO

INT. CHASE'S APARTMENT - SUNSET

Chase bolts up from his sleep. It was just a dream. Chase's roommate Bill has just walked in the door, dressed in business attire.

BILL
Jesus dude, are you just getting up? It's 5 o'clock.

We see the whole picture of Chase now. He is sprawled out on the couch in his boxers and socks, video game controller on his chest, and his laptop on sitting on his waist. There is an open bag of cheese curls next to him and some have spilled on his chest. Chase tries to clean it up quickly while playing cool.

CHASE
Nah, I was just applying for jobs and dosed off.

Bill looks over at the TV screen and sees a Call of Duty home screen stuck on loop. He raises his eyebrows at Chase.

BILL
Looks like it.

You can clearly tell Bill is ticked off. He is sorting through the bills on the kitchen counter while Chase gets his life together on the couch.

BILL
Listen, you have lived here rent free for three months. You haven't contributed to anything. I told you last month I couldn't -

CHASE
Bill you know things have been hard on me. I lost my job, Tiff left me, my fantasy team fumble-

BILL
Chase, enough! Just... no. I'm sorry, but my sympathy for you..it's running dry. It's been months, I can't keep you afloat anymore. I think I've been a damn good friend for helping you this long. You should just go back to your moms. You'll have all the time to get yourself back on your feet there without pressure.

CHASE
Are you kicking me out?

BILL
I didn't want it to come to this, but I seriously have no choice. I need a roommate who pays.

Chase grabs his coat and keys, getting ready to leave in a tense moment.

CHASE
You do have a choice actually. But say less, I get it. I'll be out by Sunday.

Chase walks out the door and slams it shut. We hear Bill call his name from the other side of the door as Chase walks down the hallway.

CUT TO

EXT. OLD CITY, PHILADELPHIA - SUNSET

Chase walks out of his apartment building and just stares straight ahead, questioning existence. It's quiet with some city sounds of people chatting, sirens. He shuffles through his pant pockets and finds his vape. He takes a nice long hit and blows out a cloud of smoke. The song 'Semi Charmed Life' by Third Eye Blind starts to play. Chase starts walking towards the hustle and bustle of the city in an upbeat kind of way. The opening credits play through as we watch him walk through crowds of different kinds of people. Kids tossing a football, Chase catches it and throws it back to them. Walks by a nun, does the praying hands and nods his head. Walks by a pizza place and the cook waves hello to him. Walks by a group of girls taking a selfie and photobombs them, pissing them off. Walks by a man posing as a statue and copies his exact movement for a few seconds until the performer breaks

character and flips off Chase, telling him to get lost. These interactions go on for a minute or so in a good-vibe energy kind of way. His journey stops outside of a bar, and he walks in. Music stops.

INT. BAR - SUNSET

Chase grabs a stool at the bar.

BARTENDER
Hey! What are we having?

Two pretty girls sit on the open stools next to Chase.

CHASE
I'll take a bud and 3 shots of Fireball

BARTENDER
Who's tab?

The bartender is looking back and forth between the girls and Chase. Chase is initially confused, but catches on.

CHASE
Oh, I'm not with them.

BARTENDER
But you still want 3 shots?

CHASE
Yes.

The bartender squints their eyes at Chase, perplexed, then walks away to get the drinks.

GIRL #1
Sooo.. who hurt you?

Chase turns to look at the two girls next to him, they are laughing. He locks eyes with girl #1 and you can tell he's instantly interested and attracted to her. He laughs with them.

CHASE
Just having a day.

GIRL #2
Getting shitfaced to cope is always a good idea.

The bartender is back with the shots

CHASE
It sure is.

He looks at girl #1 again and they are pretty much just flirting through their eyes. He slides over the other two shots.

CHASE
Care to join in the fun?

GIRL #1 AND GIRL #2
Sure!

All 3 of them put their shots together.

GIRL #2
What are we cheering to?

CHASE
Here's to swimming with bowlegged women.

Chase raises his shot and the girls look at each other awkward and confused, unsure of why he would say that or why they would cheer to it. But, they all continue on and take the shot. For the next minute it becomes a quick sequence of scenes of the three of them getting drunk at the bar: karaoke, shots, dancing, shots, laughing and smoking outside the bar, shots, Chase and Girl #1 making out, shots. The sequence ends at Chase and Girl #1 drunkenly singing 'I Got You Babe' together on stage. Chase turns to face her.

CHASE
I got you baaa-

He projectile vomits all over Girl #1. She screams, covered in vomit.

CUT TO:

EXT. BAR, OLD CITY PHILADELPHIA - NIGHT

Our view is the front door of the bar, when Chase gets ejected out the front door by security. He lands on his face, and is slow to get up. He starts drunkenly walking down the street, we watch as he gets further away with the street lights outlining his silhouette.

CUT TO

EXT. BEN FRANKLINS GRAVE, PHILADELPHIA - NIGHT

Chase stops out front of a wrought iron gate and leans against it, putting his face through the bars. He sees a bunch of shiny coins and dollars laying on the cement grave. He climbs over the fence, in a very drunken and sloppy manner, landing on his face, again. He stumbles to where the coins are and kneels beside them. He reads the writing on the stone. "*The body of B. Franklin, printer, like the cover of an old book, its contents torn out, and stripped of its lettering and gilding, lies here, food for worms.*"

He realizes he is standing on Ben Franklin's grave. He begins drunkenly talking to himself with an occasional slur.

CHASE

Oh shit. The man...the myth...the guy who invented...lightbulbs? Or was it...the kite thing? Wait—no, that was Edi..son. Or Tes...la? Whatever. You did something big, though, right? Real big. Cause they don't put.. cages on graves for just *anybody.* So good job, Ben. Good job.. buddy. Keep up the good work.

Chase pats the grave and lays beside it with his hands on his chest. Our view is now Chase's perspective, looking up at night sky, stars as bright as ever.

CHASE
I'm tired...I'd rather be where you are.. Benny.

The wind suddenly picks up, we see a blinding bright lightening strike in the sky. Chases eyes begin to close - darkness.

CUT TO:

INT. BEN FRANKLIN'S HOUSE, MORNING, 1787

We are still in Chase's point of view. As he opens his eyes, the screen changes from black to the view of an uneven aged, plastered ceiling with rustic and worn wooden beams. We turn our head to face an old, warped glass window with morning light filtering through, revealing a distorted view of a cobblestone street outside. We faintly hear distant horse hooves echoing. We're back to third person point of view, and we see Chase sitting up in bed, wearing a standard 1700s white night gown. He is covered in sweat and rubbing his head, he looks like shit.

CHASE
What the fuck happened last night?

Chase stands up and notices his outfit. He begins patting himself down in confusion.

CHASE
What the fuck am I wearing?

The horse hooves are getting louder as they get closer to the house. The sound intrigues him and he runs over towards the window to peer outside. He sees a distorted view of horses and buggies, and some townsfolk. He slowly backs away from the window.

CHASE
What the fuck?

A loud knock at the door startles him. He makes his way down the stairs, slowly to the door - hesitant to answer. The knocking gets louder, we can hear Chase's heartbeat increasing. When Chase swings open the front door, there are two men laughing and joking with each other - James Madison and Alexander Hamilton. They turn to face Chase when the door opens. There is an awkward silence and confusion between both parties.

JAMES MADISON
Why? ... Is Dr. Franklin home?

Chase looks around, confused. Takes a second to respond.

CHASE
Who?

ALEXANDER HAMILTON
Benjamin Franklin. Benny. Old Ben.

More silence. James Madison takes a step closer to Chase.

JAMES MADISON
Surely, if you are within his household, you must be well acquainted with him... if this is not the case, it raises a concern for authorities.

CHASE
I - well - uh...

JAMES MADISON
Do we need to alert them? Where is Dr. Franklin?

CHASE
No, no..no need for the cops..I'm family. I'm his.. nephew.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON
Oh!? Don't tell me..Joseph?! Is that you!?

CHASE
Yup, yeah.. that's me.

The tension immediately lightens up as Alexander & James throw their hands up to greet Joe.

JAMES MADISON
Oh my! I can't believe it's you!

ALEXANDER HAMILTON
Heavens!

JAMES MADISON
We haven't seen you since you were..

James and Alexander move their hands up and down to depict an accurate measurement of when they last saw Joe.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON
This big!

CHASE
Ha!... Yeah! Been a while!

Chase does a hard swallow. James and Alex bring it in for big a group hug, in which Alexander & James sort of push through the front door in excitement. They're now standing in the living room. James closes the front door. The conversation takes a serious tone.

JAMES MADISON
Our matter is pressing, and time is not on our side. We need the presence of Ben.. when is his return expected? We cannot delay the convention any longer.

CHASE
Uhhh.. him and my dad are out taking care of things. Family things.

James and Alexander look at each other, taken back in a worried state and say the same thing at the same time.

JAMES & ALEXANDER
MASSACHUSETTS!?

This startles Chase and he jumps back, like he answered the question wrong.

JAMES MADISON
Massachusetts! Dr. Franklin has run off to *Massachusetts*?! Without so much as a word of warning!

ALEXANDER HAMILTON
How unlike him! To act in such a reckless manner at a time like this!

Alexander's stomach rumbles very loudly, and he grimaces and grabs it.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON
Pardon me, gentlemen. I shall step aside for just a moment.

Alexander walks off, out of our view. It is now just Chase and James speaking.

CHASE
It's okay! He should be back soon! He um, he left overnight.

JAMES MADISON
I presume you are here to represent him at the convention, taking notes in his stead until his return?

CHASE
Yes, I can do th-

Chase is cut off by the sound of a very loud, rumbly, nasty fart that is echoed off the sound of a tin bucket. He spins around to face where the noise is coming from. He sees Alexander in the corner of the room, sitting on a chamber pot. Alexander's ass then explodes, and he sighs in relief.

CHASE
OH MY GOD! WHAT ARE YOU DOING!!

Alexander clutches a rag in his hand, in shock he is being scolded for relieving himself.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON
Good heavens! What are you going on about!?

CHASE
Why are you shitting in a bucket!

ALEXANDER HAMILTON
Shitting!? Why! I've excused myself to the chamber pot like a proper gentleman! The outhouse has been backed up for weeks!

CHASE
So you guys just shit in a bucket instead?

ALEXANDER HAMILTON
What would you suppose we do?

The camera focuses back on James and Chase.

JAMES MADISON
Joseph, you must have led quite a sheltered life, if seeing a man take care of his business is such an affront to your sensibilities.

CHASE
Where I come from, privacy is thing..

Chase shoots his eyes back in Jame's direction and scoffs.

CHASE
AND WE FLUSH IT DOWN THE TOLIET.

JAMES MADISON
Hm..I'm not sure what you're getting at.

Chase rubs his hands on his face, confused and frustrated.

Alexander is done doing the business and walks by Chase, putting his hand on his shoulder, like 'loosen up'. Chase makes a grossed out face because he obviously didn't wash his

hands, and moves back to remove Alexander's hand. Alexander holds his hands up like he's innocent, goes to stand next to James, and nudges him playfully.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON
The youth these days.

All three of them are now facing each other again. Alex sizes up Joseph in a belittling way and shows him off like an example.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON
Mr. Madison, hard to believe *this* is our nation's future.

Chase gives Alexander a dirty look.

JAMES MADISON
Do get yourself properly dressed. We must be on our way. We'll wait in the carriage.

James and Alexander head towards the front door while James mumbles to Alexander.

JAMES MADISON
Mr. Hamilton, you didn't get into those blackberries in Bartram's Garden again, did you?

ALEXANDER HAMILTON
Yes, James, I'm afraid I did. Hard to stay away from them.

JAMES MADISON
A skull as thick as an old oak timber!

Chase watches them as they leave and blankly stares in confusion as the front door closes. Chase runs up the stairs and sees a wooden dresser with a few drawers. He looks at a newspaper on top that reads 'The Pennsylvania Packet' with a headline in large, bolded letters ***'Constitutional Convention in Philadelphia'*** with a sub headline reading '***Delegates Gather in Philadelphia to Draft New Constitution.***' Chase's attention goes to the date that reads '**September *15th, 1787.***' Chase looks up from the paper with complete shock and screams NO over and over and over. His 'NO' gets louder each time. Our view switches to the outside the house and we see birds fly from the trees, disrupted. Now we're inside the carriage with James and Alexander, where we hear Chase's scream faintly.

JAMES MADISON
Shsh, wait, Alexander do you hear that?

They stop talking and we can hear Chase having a mental breakdown from inside the house. They look at each other with concern. We can no longer hear Chase's break down.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON
Should we go check on him?

Abruptly, Chase swings open the door to the carriage, startling Alex & James. He looks like a clown. He is wearing an extremely oversized tailcoat, with a frilly cravat that swallows his entire neck. His breeches look like a parachute and are falling down, he is holding up them with his hands. He's in a manic state of shock.

JAMES MADISON
BY GOD!

ALEXANDER HAMILTON
Are those Dr. Franklin's clothes? You have come to Philadelphia with nothing of your own?

CHASE
Gee Alex, does it look like I came prepared? This trip is a surprise to me too bud!

Alexander is quiet and while his eyes are pinned on Chase, following his movement. Chase hops in the carriage. He looks out the window as they start moving. He's taking it all in: Quakers in plain attire, gentlemen in powdered wigs and waistcoats, servants rushing with errands. A newspaper stand with a sign that says '1 Pence'. The horses and buggies kicking up dirt off the cobblestone, the brick built townhomes, Blacksmiths hammering metal.

CHASE
Philadelphia....1787..

ALEXANDER HAMILTON
Are you lost?

CHASE
I thought I was tripping out in Lancaster honestly. I woke up like..woah! What the fuck happened!?

We cut to see Alex & James reaction - their eyes are widened. Chase's voice is cracking as his nervous break down is continuing. Their eyes grow wider with each sentence.

CHASE (OFF SCREEN)
Like who did I go home with last night! HA!

Our view is general - seeing everyone in the carriage. There's a silence as Alex & James don't even know how to respond to Chase's modern, vulgar language.

CHASE
I don't know boys, I think some freaky Friday shit is going down.

James clears his throat.

JAMES MADISON
Well..respectfully, Joseph.. your appearance is..subpar to say the least. Though, we have no time to spare for new garments. The delegates will be growing restless. We may see to your needs with one of Dr. Franklin's seamstresses for a proper outfit after the conference, which should suffice until his return.

Chase mocks James' accent and repeats the last part of his sentence, cracking himself up. James & Alexander are simply beside themselves.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON
Joseph, are you well?

Chase snaps back

CHASE
Yea Alex! I'm fine! God.

Another awkward silence. James and Alexander are whispering to each other about how strange Chase is. We can only see them, as Chase is on the other side of the carriage out of our view.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON
I think we need to discuss his behavior with Benjamin.

JAMES MADISON
Yes, indeed, he is unhinged, Mr. Hamilton.

We hear a faint slapping sound as James and Alexander whisper to each other. Their attention shifts to Chase and our view switches to him as well. Chase is slapping himself in the face, alternating cheeks, as if he is trying to wake himself up from this crazy dream. Our view is all of them, again. Alexander and James look each other and let out a worried sigh.

CUT TO

EXT. PHILADELPHIA, DAYTIME IN 1787

The carriage pulls up outside of Independence Hall. It's a lower shot where we see just the lower portion of their pants and shoes hop out of the carriage. We see Alexander and James hop out in proper fitting pants and nice polished shoes. Then we see Chase's legs hop out, in what looks like clown shoes, and then his pants fall down to his ankles. Our view is full body again. He isn't wearing undergarments. Alexander and James turn around and only see Chase's pale butt cheeks, he is turned facing away from them covering up, trying to get his pants back up. Alexander and James start hysterically laughing.

JAMES MADISON
I suppose that’s one way to make an entrance!

James nudges Alexander and they laugh some more before turning around and heading into the building. Alexander yells back at Chase.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON
Pull yourself together Joseph! You are representing a very important delegate today.

CUT TO

INT. INDEPENDENCE HALL

Our view is from inside the conference, looking at the entrance. James and Alexander swing open the doors, both still laughing from what they just witnessed. The doors close. We hear them apologizing faintly for the delay, off screen. The doors then swing open again, revealing a very disheveled Chase, holding his pants up for dear life.

Our view switches to the entire conference, filled with important delegates, impatiently waiting to start this important meeting. They stare blankly at Chase, unsure of what to make of the clown before them. Our view jumps back to Chase standing in front of the doors. Chase has a slight smirk on his face.

CHASE
What's up?

CUT TO

EXT. OLD CITY, PHILADELPHIA, AFTERNOON - CURRENT DAY

We see Ben Franklin in a dingy alleyway, slumped against a brick wall. He is wearing his classic 1787 attire. His head is hanging down, he's in a deep sleep. We hear the faint sound of the city - car horns, people mumbling, cell phone notifications, high heels, sirens. A restaurant worker comes outside through one of the doors in the ally and throws a trash bag in a dumpster, creating a loud bang that startles Ben awake. He shoots up.

BEN FRANKLIN
THE COWS KNOW TOO MUCH!

The restaurant worker looks at Ben, shakes his head while laughing and walks back into the building. Ben is now awake and looking around confused. The sounds of the city are slightly louder. Ben pats himself down.

BEN FRANKLIN
Heavens.. have I passed?

Ben slowly rises to his feet, holding his head, trying to grasp what just happened. He stumbles to the end of the alleyway, with sounds of the city growing louder. He enters onto the sidewalk, right in the hustle and bustle of it all. The camera pans out to a bird-eye view to reiterate how large and bustling the city is. The camera swings back down and we're following a young woman in a pencil skirt and high heels, our view from behind. She strolls past Ben and the camera is back to normal perspective. Ben screams after her.

BEN FRANKLIN
PARDON ME! LOVELY LADY!

She turns around.

BEN FRANKLIN
Your ankles are showing! A display for all to see!

At this point everyone surrounding the two of them has stopped and listened to the interaction, laughing. The girl looks around at everyone else starring at her, then looks back at Ben with attitude. She mumbles something about him being a creep and continues on, as does everyone else, leaving Ben alone again. He walks toward the street and stops to take in this new world with Septa buses, traffic lights, taxis, cell phones, motorcycles, etc. His eyes follow the tall buildings in bewilderment.

BEN FRANKLIN
This is no place I've ever known.

Ben starts taking steps back while keeping an eye on the tall building. He bumps into a man wearing an Eagles jersey, who quickly scolds Ben and carries on his way.

MAN
Watch where you're walking dude!

BEN FRANKLIN
Apologies!

The guy yells from a distance.

MAN
GO BIRDS!

Ben is confused by that. Flustered, he straightens himself up, and continues walking while talking to himself.

BEN FRANKLIN
I seem to have really lost my way.

He walks past a group of teen girls doing a TIKTOK dance. He stands in front of the camera on the tripod and questions the teens.

BEN FRANKLIN
What is it that you’re summoning through this portal?

The girls yell at him telling him to leave them alone, calling him an old creep, etc. They push him away, and Ben continues down the sidewalk. After a bit of seeing the window

advertisements and business signs with language he is unfamiliar with, he sees a quaint, wooden store front with the name 'The Tea House‘ across the street. His face lights up with a familiar smile and he blindly walks into the street. After his first two steps, a Septa bus whizzes by laying on the horn barely missing running him over. Ben jumps back startled. Looks both ways than bolts it full speed across the street. He arrives in front of the cafe, dusts his shirt off and w inside. He sees people on laptops and cell phones, gaining curiosity again. He gets in line behind one woman. The barista hands the woman her drink. Our view then switches to just the barista and the customer.

BARISTA
One venti iced matcha latte with oat milk and 2 pumps of sugar free vanilla with extra caramel cold foam.

We see Ben's perplexed face pop out from behind the customers shoulders, and stare at her beverage as she walks away.

BARISTA
Hi sir! What can I get for you today?

BEN FRANKLIN
I was hoping you could provide me with some wisdom..or a brew, at the least

BARISTA
Do you have questions about the menu?

BEN FRANKLIN
No..well, yes.. but..could you tell me where I am?

The barista is slightly confused.

BARISTA
You're at the Tea House in Philadelphia, sir.

BEN FRANKLIN
I can only presume, in a Philadelphia which is no longer 1787.

The barista laughs.

BARISTA
Oh I get it! You’re impersonating Ben Franklin! Ha! That's funny!

BEN FRANKLIN
I am Ben Fra-

BARISTA
So what can I get for you?

BEN FRANKLIN
Just a tea, please.

BARISTA
Sure thing! What kind?

BEN FRANKLIN
Just a tea.

BARISTA
A small black tea, okay?

Ben nods. She taps some buttons on the register.

BARISTA
That will be $3.80.

Ben pats himself down.

BEN FRANKLIN
I seem to have come without shilling.
My dearest apologies.

BARISTA
You can pay with your digital wallet,
just tap the screen with your phone.

BEN FRANKLIN
Do what, on the what? With what?

At this point, another worker has come to the register with the cup of tea and puts it on the counter near Ben.

BARISTA #2
Everything okay?

BEN FRANKLIN
I forgot my shillings.

BARISTA #2
You're what?

BARISTA
He can't pay.

BEN FRANKLIN
Ladies! Shall we barter? I can write a very lovely letter of recommendation for your establishment! Surely, that will be of great worth—my name carries much weight to many different communities.

The baristas exchange glances, trying to keep it together as Ben stands proudly, holding his tea. They begin to explain to him that in order to have the tea he has to pay for it with money, when a man from behind waiting in line reaches out and taps his card on the screen. All 3 look at the man, and a receipt prints out. The man gently pushes in front of Ben and begins ordering for himself. Ben walks away slowly towards the front door, our view is in front of him and he shows a form of shame and confusion on his face. The baristas and customers are blurred behind him. He exits the cafe and is back in the hustle and bustle of Old City, Philadelphia. He's looking around at everything again, taking it all in. As he is looking up he sees a sign that says 'Ben Franklin's House' with an arrow pointing forward. Ben looks excited and carries onward with the arrows. We watch him fade into the crowd of modern day dressed people.

CUT TO

EXT. BEN FRANKLIN'S HOUSE, PHILADELPHIA, DAY

Ben turns a corner and is now standing where his house used to be. His happiness fades to confusion, quickly.

BEN FRANKLIN
Where is my home!?

Ben is frantically looking around the area to find any evidence of the structure that used to be his. As he is searching, he finds himself facing head on with another man, dressed as Ben Franklin, approaching him. He is leading a tour and begins describing Ben's life.

TOUR GUIDE
Benjamin Franklin’s home once stood right here, in the heart of Philadelphia! Though the original structure is long gone, its legacy remains. Dr. Franklin lived here during his final years, contributing to the founding of our great nation—

Ben's eyes widen in anger. Ben confronts the tour guide and

grabs his shirt.

BEN FRANKLIN
Where is my home!?

The tour guide is at first taken back, confused, but then a little entertained. He takes Ben's hand off his shirt.

TOUR GUIDE
Ah ladies and gentlemen, we seem to have gained another Ben on this tour!

The tour begins to clap.

BEN FRANKLIN
Blasphemy! My home—my sanctuary—vanished like some cruel jest?! Have you all gone mad, or have I?!

The tour is now laughing, and watching Ben have a meltdown. He spins around and points at the ground.

BEN FRANKLIN
Or—(gasping, dramatic)—have I been cursed by some wretched wizard?!

The tour guide is laughing and clapping

TOUR GUIDE
Alright buddy! You're really committing! Love the energy!

The tour guide steps closer to him and hands him a guide book. He turns his mic off and speaks to Ben on a lower level.

TOUR GUIDE
Your impersonation is uncanny. We would love to have you on board. Give us a call.

Ben looks down at the book and reads 'Grim Philly Tours Map Guide - 2025.' His eyes widen again. His focus narrows in and he quietly reads 'two thousand twenty five.' He instantly throws the book in the air, shrieks, and gets down on his knees, clutching at his chest.

BEN FRANKLIN
I have indeed perished! This is the afterlife!

Someone from the tour chirps.

TOURIST
No, this is Philly.

Everyone laughs. Ben scrunches his face.

BEN FRANKLIN
What has become of my beloved Philadelphia? My home!

TOURIST #2
Uhhh..urban development?

Ben let's out a loud cry. The crowd laughs more.

TOUR GUIDE
Alright buddy.

He walks over to Ben and helps him stand back up.

TOUR GUIDE
Thank you for...whatever that was..but I have to keep the tour going.

The tour guide places Ben on a bench next to where his home used to be.

TOUR GUIDE
Everyone say goodbye to Ben #2!

TOURISTS
Bye Ben #2!

They walk out of frame, and all we see is a defeated, depressed Ben on the bench, never once picking his head back up as we zoom out of the scene.

CUT TO

INT. INDEPENDENCE HALL - AFTERNOON

Chase is sitting at the conference table, looking at the founding fathers in front of him like he is in some kind of interrogation, most of them with raised eyebrows. Chase is fumbling around with the quill and accidentally spills the ink over.

CHASE
Oh fuck! My bad.

Chase quickly picks the ink jar back up and Gouverneur Morris hands him a rag.

GOUVERNEUR MORRIS
So... this is doctor Franklin's …nephew..from Massachusetts?

ALEXANDER HAMILTON
Correct, gouverneur.

GEORGE WASHINGTON
When is Ben expected to return? He is a vital member of this committee. We simply cannot continue without him.

Chase is now drawing on paper with the quill. He doesn't look up.

CHASE
He will be back tomorrow or the following day. My dad needed help with something...yea..hey, are you George Washington?

GEORGE WASHINGTON
Yes? I don’t think we’ve met.

CHASE
No way! Ha this is awesome. You don't have wooden teeth!

GEORGE WASHINGTON
Who said my teeth were made of wood?

Chase makes nonchalant face and shrugs.

CHASE
Nobody.

Chase goes back to the notepad, where we now see him drawing a dick using the quill. George is slightly offended and whispers to a father next to him.

GEORGE WASHINGTON
Are people talking about me?

FOUNDING FATHER
No, Mr. Washington. I have never hear-

Alexander interrupts.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON
We are confident Joseph can take diligent notes for Benjamin in his absence.

Chase pokes his head up to correct Alexander.

CHASE
Oh yeah about that! Can you guys just call me Chase?

The fathers look at each other, confused.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON & GOUVERNEUR MORRIS
Chase?

CHASE
Yup. Chase.

GEORGE WASHINGTON:
That's an interesting alias. Names, after all, should denote lineage or virtue. And yet yours denotes... pursuit?

Chase lets out a sight chuckle.

CHASE
Yeah I guess.

GOUVERNEUR MORRIS
Any blood of Dr. Franklin is surely capable. We are confident you can wield a quill half as well as your uncle. I'll allow this until his return.

CHASE
Bet.

Chase finishes drawing a vein on the dick. There is a brief silence.

GOUVERNEUR MORRIS (OFF CAMERA)
Very well. Let’s continue.

Gouverneur Morris turns to look at the fathers.

GEORGE WASHINGTON
We may debate until the walls crumble down around us, but the people will

not wait. A government must be built. The states cannot remain divided. We must forge a system strong enough to unite us.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON
One with balance, that is. Or we will repeat the mistakes of the past.

JAMES MADISON
How do we ensure that America remains free, and the government does not overstep its bounds?

GOUVERNEUR MORRIS
Freedom is a loaded word, Mr. Madison! Freedom without order is chaos. A country without authority becomes a land of lawlessness. Is there even a way to appoint a leader without creating a king?

This statement creates an unorganized debate between the founding fathers. They are going back and forth, while we slowly zoom in on Chase still scribbling on the notepad. We hear random words throughout the debate like "checks and balances" and "the people", etc. Chase pops his head up and slams his notepad down.

CHASE
YO! Chill!

The fathers stop debating and turn to look at Chase. The delegate sitting next to him peeks over at his notes and sees the monstrous dick he drew. His eyes grow big.

CHASE
You give a dude a term, like a 4 year term to represent our entire country as one. If he sucks, we vote him out and get someone new. That way you don’t create a king.

There's silence as we observe the fathers, impressed with this statement and letting it settle.

GOUVERNEUR MORRIS
And how do you suppose we elect this "dude"?

There's a slight chuckle between the fathers.

CHASE
The people do.

CUT TO

EXT. INDENDENCE HALL - SUNSET

The meeting is over, the founding fathers and Chase are walking out to the street.

JAMES MADISON
You left us something to consider, Chase. Join us at the tavern! We still have much to discuss.

Chase is holding his pants up, when he sees a tailor sign next to the tavern they are walking towards.

CHASE
Yeah sure, let me see if I can get clothes that actually fit. I'll be right there.

James nods and continues walking forward as Chase cuts off and walks into the tailor shop.

CUT TO

INT. TAVERN - NIGHT

The founding fathers are sitting at a wooden table with tin tankards full of ale and smoking their pipes. Their spirits are more relaxed and they are ready to enjoy themselves. The tavern is typical for their time, creaky wooden structures dimly lit by candle light.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON
Chase is quite peculiar, wouldn't you say?

JAMES MADISON
His manner of speech is...unusual. Perhaps offensive.

GEORGE WASHINGTON
Strange, yes. But his idea..a leader chosen for a set term..carries great wisdom.

He takes a big hit of his pipe and blows smoke out.

GOUVERNEUR MORRIS
But trusting the people entirely? That is a gamble I am not sure this young nation can afford.

GEORGE WASHINGTON
Let us set aside today's resolutions for Dr. Franklin's review upon his return. His judgment will serve us well.

Their conversation is interrupted as someone swings open the front door to the tavern. All the fathers turn to look. George Washington stops drinking his ale mid-sip. It's one of those slow motion, grand entries. The camera shifts from the founding fathers reactions back to the front door where Chase just made his grand entrance. "Bulls on Parade" by Rage Against the Machine starts playing. We watch him slowly walk toward where the fathers are sitting. Waving gun fingers at patrons, winking at ladies. He is wearing a shocking rendition of a traditional colonial outfit. A white dress shirt with cuffed sleeves, his chest slightly showing. Skinny styled pants cut just above the ankle with some kind of modern looking sneaker made from leather material. He makes it to the table, and we're back to real time, real speed.

GOUVERNEUR MORRIS
What on earth are you wearing!

JAMES MADISON
What goes *on* in Massachusetts?!

CHASE
You guys have a whack ass wardrobe. Had to style it up!

The fathers shake their heads, mumble something about Chase as he takes a seat at the table. James slides a tin mug over to him.

JAMES MADISON
Porter on me. Let us celebrate Chase!

The fathers clink their mugs together, cheers to Chase. Chase takes a sip of his porter and immediately chokes on it, spitting some out. He's coughing violently and does a weird half burp half gag thing. The fathers are laughing their asses off watching him.

ALEXANDAR HAMILTON
I remember my first beer!

They laugh even harder.

CHASE
That tastes like absolute dog shit. I'm getting something else.

Chase leaves the table and heads to the bar.

GEORGE WASHINGTON
Did he just say dog shit?

Chases grabs a stool next to a farmer.

TAVERN KEEPER
What can I get for ya?

CHASE
You guys invent Fireball yet?

TAVERN KEEPER
What?

Chase exhales deeply and sinks his head.

CHASE
Whiskey?

TAVERN KEEPER
Sure.

The tavern keeper pours Chase a whiskey. He takes a sip and is satisfied. The farmer has been watching him this whole time.

FARMER
You talk funny. You from round here?

CHASE
Massachusetts, apparently.

FARMER
Makes sense.

Chase gives him a slight dirty look and continues sipping his whiskey.

FARMER
What you doing over there with the elites?

CHASE
Sitting in the conference for my uncle until he comes back.

FARMER
Who's your uncle?

CHASE
Ben Franklin.

FARMER
Well I'll be! I'm having a drink with Ben Franklin's nephew huh!

The farmer does a heavy smoker kind of laugh and takes a hit from his pipe. Chase squints his eyes at him, unsure of what to make out of him.

FARMER
I reckon you experienced Shay's Rebellion over in Massachusetts.

CHASE
Uhhh..

FARMER
I will tell you whut. We've about had enough of the waitin. They're taxin' us to the bone, and them men

He aggressively points to the fathers behind him.

FARMER
They're takin' their sweet time gettin' us farmers the rights we damn well deserve. They don't give a rats ass about our struggles.

CHASE
Yea man, I hear ya.

FARMER
I don't think you do boy. I think you're just like them greedy men. We need someone that hears us, a government that works for everyone.

The front door to the tavern swings open again. Chase turns away from the farmer going on his rant and looks over. He sees Abigal (Nabby) Adams, daughter of John Adams, walk into the tavern. She has beautiful auburn hair wrapped up in a bun

tied with a ribbon, a classic bodice with a full skirt dress and a lace collar. He is completely mesmerized by her beauty. They lock eyes as she walks in, she gives him a a flirty smile and walks toward the table where the fathers are sitting. Chase's eyes don't leave her once as she takes a chair at the table. The farmer beside him is growing more aggressive and getting louder in the background.

FARMER
They've got their papers and their fancy speeches, but they ain't living our lives. THEY NEED TO STOP SITTIN' ON THEIR HANDS AND GIVE US SOMETHIN' THAT HELPS THE LIKES OF ME.

Chase turns back to the farmer, snapping out of his daze, annoyed that he his eye-fuck session with Nabby was interrupted.

CHASE
Fucking relax, Joe. Is that your name? Farmer fucking Joe?

The farmer snarls.

FARMER
Well actua-

CHASE
We're going to make things better. I promise I will be your voice in this conference. I am one with you.

FARMER
Yeah, I'm sure. I'll believe it when I see it pretty boy.

Chase gets up and walks back to the table with the fathers and Nabby. The farmer yells back at Chase.

FARMER
Better be quick with it. Or we'll take matters in our own hands.

Chase looks back at the farmer, then turns forward again with his head slightly hung in concern this time. He gets back to the table.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON
Chase, we want to introduce you to Nabby. She is the daughter of John

Adams.

Chase and Nabby lock eyes again, she smiles and they exchange hellos. The chemistry is very apparent, everyone at the table can see it. It’s a love at first sight kind of thing.

GOUVERNEUR MORRIS
Well, we should get going. Harvest day begins in the morning and we best be ready for tomorrow’s session. I have a feeling the farmers in town will not leave without a solution. Even though, we need a few more days to really set the new government in stone.

The fathers start to rise and gather themselves from the table.

CHASE
A few days?

Chase looks over at the bar. The farmer is finishing up a drink and slams it down on the bar. He looks over at Chase and walks out of the tavern.

GEORGE WASHINGTON
Worst case, yes. The sooner Benjamin returns the sooner we can get things finalized.

Everyone makes their way out of the Tavern. James Madison is the last to get up. He grabs Chases shoulder before he leaves and whispers to him.

JAMES MADISON
John Adams is serving as our minister in Great Britain right now. He won't be back for quite some time. Do what you will with that information.

He winks and walks out. It is now just Chase and Nabby at the table. There’s a silence as they stare at each other.

CHASE
So..uh..do you want a shot?

Nabby smiles in excitement.

NABBY
Do I ever!

Chase is taken back by her words, she seems to be more rowdy than he was expecting.

CUT TO

INT. BAR - PHILADELPHIA, PRESENT DAY, SUNSET

Shot glasses slam down on a bar table, all we see is drinks splatter and hands. Our view widens and we see a group of men out celebrating a bachelor party. They are rowdy, loud, high-fiving. They are dressed as the founding fathers, a themed bachelor party. There are four of them: Kyle, Sean, Zach & Paul. Kyle is a smart, sort-of nerdy, upstanding man, think soon to be lawyer type. Paul is dark skinned, athletic build, super outgoing. Sean is the life of the party, wild boy that everyone loves. Zach is the bachelor, a pretty boy, chiseled chin, dirty blonde hair heart-throb kind of guy. Just your typical millennial group of frat-like boys in their late 20s. Ben Franklin is standing outside the bar window, creepily starring at them. One of the boys spot him.

SEAN
YOOO LOOK! IT'S BEN FRANKLIN!

Everyone looks over to the window and makes a scene. Ben hears them call him out and gets startled, like he's been actually discovered. He starts to walk away. Sean & Paul run out to him.

SEAN
Don't leave! Our boy Zach is getting married. Come party with us! You're one of us!

Ben looks at them, confused and doesn't say anything.

PAUL
Dude you look legit. Like you legitimately look like Ben fuckin Franklin.

BEN FRANKLIN
That is because I am Ben...fuckin .. Franklin. Who are you?

PAUL
I'm Paul and this is Sean.

BEN FRANKLIN
I've never heard of such names. Why do so many dress like me and my brothers,

in modern day?

Now Paul & Sean look confused. It takes them a second, then it clicks with Sean.

SEAN
Oh right! This.

He shows off his outfit. Clearly drunk, whipping his beer around.

SEAN
Our buddy Zach is celebrating his bachelor party, he's a history teacher, huge nerd too.

PAUL
Plus the founding fathers knew how party.

BEN FRANKLIN
Founding fathers?

PAUL
Yeah..the dude you're dressed as. You're in Philly for fucks sake! Act like it.

Paul and Sean grab Ben and walk him inside the bar.

SEAN
Let's have some fun Benny boy.

They go to the table with the rest of the boys.

SEAN
Guys! This is thee Ben Franklin, and he's joining us tonight. Ben this is Kyle, and this is Zach, the bachelor.

Ben nods his head and takes a seat at the table. A very pretty, African American waitress comes over to get them another round of drinks. She's wearing a very revealing top, showing her cleavage off - a lot of it.

WAITRESS
You boys want another round?

Ben turns his head to the waitress. His eyes get huge, very obviously starring at her boobs.

ZACH
Yeah actually we'll take another round of shots and whatever our friend Ben wants, on us.

They look at Ben, expecting him to order something, but is full on hypnotized by the waitresses boobs and not paying attention.

WAITRESS
Sir?

Still starring.

ALL THE BOYS
BEN!

He snaps out of it and finally makes eye contact with the waitress but is still speechless. The waitress is giving him the dirtiest looks, of all looks.

ZACH
Just bring him a bud, I am so sorry.

She scuffs and walks away.

ZACH
Dude, what the hell!

KYLE
Not cool, you made her uncomfortable.

BEN FRANKLIN
This is all a shocking change. When did the tide turn in favor of their freedom?

The guys all look at each other.

KYLE
Who are you talking about?

BEN FRANKLIN
Women and the slaves.

Zach buries his head in his hands.

PAUL
Ben, are you a fucking racist?

BEN FRANKLIN
Do you ask whether I judge men by the color of their skin? I fought for the freedoms of all men, of all color and women too, but never saw the outcome.

He pauses in silence.

BEN FRANKLIN
Gentlemen, I mean no offense. Please understand—I come from a time vastly different from yours. This is all new to me, and truly astonishing. But I am overjoyed to see that the evils of men have been cast into the past. These sights before me—they are magnificent. The people are free and the woman are powerful!

SEAN
Man, this guy doesn't break character for shit.

The waitress returns with the drinks. Sean starts handing them out to everyone.

PAUL
Well! Let's continue this final night of freedom for Zach! Cheers to Zach, and our new weird..old..friend! You ready to rage, Ben!?

ZACH
Let's party like it's 1787!

Our view is looking down at the men. They clink their glasses together and take their shot. "Intergalactic" by The Beastie Boys begins to play.

CUT TO

OLD CITY, PHILADELPHIA - NIGHT

We break out into a wild party sequence. Shots. Lot's of dancing. Ben dancing funny, they teach him modern dance moves like the dougie. Paul shows Ben ‘the worm’ and Ben holds his hand up like ’watch this’ except Ben‘s worm is very literal with his head inching on the floor first, then his lower half. Karaoke, he's amazed by the microphone, sings Star Spangled Banner. They're at Barcade and Ben is focused on the mechanics of a pinball machine. They're riding electric

scooters through the city, Ben is wearing a snapback that says 'JAWN'. He ends up whiskey throttling into a brick wall and passes out. The boys slap his face, pick him up. He sparks back to life, they all cheer. More shots. They hold a $100 bill up to Ben's face, Ben is thrilled his face is on a bill. They let Ben hit their vape, he coughs. Back to the scooters, Ben got the hang of it and is having the time of his life. Pretty much use these next few minutes to showcase Ben being introduced to modern day partying. They get visibly drunker as the sequence plays out. The last scene is them walking up the side walk, laughing and falling over on each other. The music stops, they're now standing outside of a strip club, looking at it like some kind of monument.

KYLE
Now the real fun begins.

Cue another dramatic slow-mo entrance. 'American Woman' by Lenny Kravtiz plays. Our view is from inside the club, looking at the front doors. Kyle walks in first, and the other 3 men line up side by side like some kind of superheros, then walk off screen. Then Ben walks in. His eyes and face are in complete awe. We see the neon lights flashing on his face and in his eyes. He starts walking forward and we see face tilt up more the closer he gets to the stage. The view switches to his point of view, and we're looking at a girl dance on stage topless, like some kind of angel to Ben. He sees people crumbling up bills and throwing them on stage. He scrambles in his pockets and finds that $100 bill from the montage, rolls it into a ball and throws it at the dancer.

SEAN
BEN!

We snap out of the moment. The music fades to a lower volume and were back to full speed. Ben looks over to the guys. They're sitting in an elevated VIP booth, bottle service and all. They are waving him over, and Ben makes his way. He takes a seat with the boys.

ZACH
Please don't do any weird shit here man. You seem to really lose your shit around women.

Ben shakes his head, like, no of course not.

BEN FRANKLIN
Believe it or not, I am quite familiar with such establishments. Though far more revealing than in my time, it

fascinates me that men still pursue these pleasures while women continue to hold such power.

SEAN
Well yeah dude, pussy is power.

ZACH
Sure is.

PAUL
Our little Zachy is giving up all his rights to one women.

BEN FRANKLIN
Ah, don't let the illusions of this all fool you. I have learned the hard way. Beauty can fool you. After all, all women look the same in the dark - finding one your soul connects with will never fade.

ZACH
Thank you!

SEAN
That' some deep shit.

PAUL
Alright, enough with the philosophical shit. Cheers to *monogamy*.

They clink their glasses together and down another shot. Paul whips out a 8-ball of cocaine and starts breaking it down into lines for each guy.

BEN FRANKLIN
What is this?

PAUL
It's called a good time.

ZACH
You lived through the 70s, don't play coy Benny boy.

Ben puts his finger up to correct Zach.

BEN FRANKLIN
1700s.

SEAN
I can't believe this dude still isn't breaking character.

KYLE
Ben, this right here is quality grade A cocaine.

BEN FRANKLIN
What do you do with it?

Paul snorts a line and passes it down the line.

PAUL
That. WOO!

BEN FRANKLIN
So it's like snuff?

ZACH
No one knows what that is.

KYLE
Snuff was the shit they used to snort in the 18th century.

BEN FRANKLIN
Tobacco.

Zach snorts a line and passes it to Ben.

ZACH
You're up.

Ben looks at the line like a scientist. Dips his finger in it and tastes it. Then snorts it. Immediately after he snorts it, we enter a trippy-like effect zooming into Ben's pupils and they are completely pinned. He shoots up from his seat and is manic.

BEN FRANKLIN
LIGHTENING IN MY NOSTRILS!

He jumps over the railing to the VIP booth.

BEN FRANKLIN
FRANKLIN, OUT!

Ben storms off like a crazy hobbit to the main floor and runs up on the stage. We cut back to the bachelor party and they are watching in absolute shock, mouths dropped. We cut back

to Ben on stage - he gets behind a dancer and acts like he's giving it to her doggy style with a couple aggressive humps. We cut back to the bachelor party.

ZACH
Holy. Shit.

PAUL
This dude is a legend.

We cut back to Ben. He slaps the dancers ass, she breaks free from his grasp, turns around and slaps him in the face. Ben is then immediately tackled by security. They have his face smooshed into the stage, our view is leveled with it. Ben is laughing with a bloody nose. They man handle Ben and throw him on his ass out front of the club. We cut to a far shot as the bouncers shut the door to the club and we see Ben laying on the sidewalk. The rest of the boys bust out the club door and him back up. Back to regular view.

ZACH
I don't know where the fuck you came from, and I don't know if you're my hero or a total piece of shit. But someone's gotta take your ass home.

BEN FRANKLIN
My home is gone, nothing but a plaque to honor me.

SEAN
Jesus Christ!

KYLE
I'll take him back to my place. I'm beat anyway.

They all say their goodbyes, we watch Kyle & Ben from behind as they walk off into the night, arms behind each others backs.

KYLE
But seriously, where did you come from?

They turn the corner, and are out of our view.

CUT TO

EXT. PHILADELPHIA, 1787, NIGHT

We smoothly transition back to 1787, noticing the modern buildings turn back to the past. We see Chase and Nabby walking down the cobblestone street from behind. They are clearly intoxicated, giggling, falling into each other, intertwined.

CHASE
I like you, Nabby.

Nabby looks up at him with wide eyes and smiles.

NABBY
I like you too.

They lean in, Chase places his hand under her chin and they share their first kiss in a passionate moment, then continue walking.

NABBY
I'm right up here.

CHASE
When will I see you again?

NABBY
Well, considering tomorrow is Harvest Day, it sounds like the perfect time for a date!

CHASE
Harvest Day? Like Thanksgiving? Isn't it September?

NABBY
I don't know what Thanksgiving is. Harvest Day is when farmers from all different states come together to sell their crops.

CHASE
Oh like a farmers market!

Nabby laughs

NABBY
That's a great name for it actually.

They're now outside her front door.

NABBY
Tomorrow should be interesting. It’s been a rough year for the farmers..well.. everyone, actually.

CHASE
I see that.. met an interesting guy tonight at the tavern who filled me in.

NABBY
Oh I'm sure. Guess we'll see how it goes.

Nabby opens her door, backing up into her home.

NABBY
It was lovely meeting you, Chase.

Chase takes a step closer to her.

CHASE
Meet me at the hall tomorrow.

NABBY
It's a date.

She smiles and closes the door. Our view pans out to Chase's side profile from a distance. He backs up from the door and heads down the road back home with nothing but the moonlight illuminating him.

CUT TO

INT. BEN FRANKLIN'S HOUSE, MORNING, 1787

Chase wakes up and hears crowds outside. He peers out the smudgy window and sees a bunch of carts and vendors set up.

CUT TO

EXT. PHILADELPHIA, DAYTIME IN 1787

Chase exits the home and enters the street, wearing the same clothes he wore yesterday. He starts walking toward Independence Hall, taking it all in. The lifestyle is really setting in with him - seeing the dynamics of people's interactions, the farmers stands, how they purchase crops and barter, etc. A random pig wandering the street. A butcher hanging fresh meat. The people are friendly, not distracted by technology. It's a moment he feels grateful to have

experienced.

CUT TO

EXT. INDENDENCE HALL - DAYTIME

Chase arrives in front of Independence Hall. He's looking around when Nabby comes up from behind him, covering his eyes, playfully. He spins around.

CHASE
Hey beautiful!

NABBY
Good morning!

CHASE
I just have to sit in here for a bit - meet me here when the conference let’s out and we'll have our date?

NABBY
Sure! I'll be here with a basket of goods from the harvest. We'll take a carriage ride out of the city.

CHASE
That sounds great.

Nabby kisses his cheek and runs off. Chase smiles and walks into the conference.

GEORGE WASHINGTON
Ah, there he is!

ALEXANDAR HAMILTON
Long night with Nabby eh?

Alexander nudges Chase smiling, but Chase doesn't play along.

CHASE
No.

Alexander gives him a look like he's offended. They all take their seats.

GOUVERNEUR MORRIS
Well, gentlemen. Thanks to Chase, we made some progress yesterday in creating a centralized government.

The camera focuses straight on Chase, and zooms in slowly as the conversation becomes more mumbled out.

GOUVERNEUR MORRIS (OFF CAMERA)
As we celebrate the harvest, we may see some social unrest today, so soon after Shay's Rebellion.

Chase is looking down at the table, kind of spaced out, taking in the conversations.

GOUVERNEUR MORRIS (OFF CAMERA)
We hope they can give us grace in these final moments of creating the future of this country.

Chase picks up the quill and ink and begins scribbling. We can only assume he is drawing more dicks. The founding fathers are debating back and forth, but their words are dulled out. We eventually look over Chase's shoulder and peer at his notes - to our surprise, they are actually notes. We see words like "Checks & Balances" and "Electoral College".

CUT TO

EXT. INDENDENCE HALL - AFTERNOON, 1787

The men exit the building. Chase sees Nabby waiting with a picnic basket next to a horse carriage. He smiles and greets her with a bear hug, picking her up off the ground.

NABBY
I asked my families driver to take us into the country for our date.

CHASE
Do you mind if I drive? I've always been curious about these things.

NABBY
Hm..sure, I guess that is okay.

Nabby excuses the driver and hops in the passenger seat as Chase takes over. You can see he is unsure of how to operate a horse-drawn carriage, but he takes the reins and begins to get the carriage moving. We watch it ride out of frame.

CHASE (OFF SCREEN)
So how do you steer these things?

NABBY (OFF SCREEN)
What?

CUT TO

EXT. RURAL PENNSYLVANIA, 1787 - LATE AFTERNOON

Some time has passed as the sky is has now turned orange and preparing for sunset. Our view is in the front of the carriage, watching the horse walk for few seconds, then goes to Nabby & Chase sitting side by side.

CHASE
So what are your th-

Chase gets cut off as the horse does a crazy loud fart. It's so long and the sound of it matches the horses gallop. Chase and Nabby erupt in laughter.

NABBY
Sorry - Nelson gets bad gas. What were you going to ask me?

CHASE
I wanted to see what your thoughts were about this conference.

NABBY
Oh..well..um.. war is expensive.

Nabby does a nervous laugh.

NABBY
We've had a hard time bouncing back from it with all the debt. They're killing us with taxes, specifically the farmers.

CHASE
Yeah they seem really fed up.

NABBY
They are. The states are so divided, there's no rules for anyone, really. It's a mad house.

They ride by a farmer standing on the side of the road with his cow. Chase gives the farmer a friendly nod and wave, and the farmer waves back. Chase looks at the cow and notices that the cow is giving him a really dirty, squinty eyed face. Chase makes a face to himself like what the fuck?

NABBY (OFF SCREEN)
I was in Virginia last week, and I tried to buy a loaf of bread.

They have passed the farmer and cow, Chase looks back at the cow after his weird interaction. The cow is looking back, still starring at Chase. Chase turns back around and stares off in the distance, unsure of how to feel, feeling threatened by a random cow.

NABBY
A farmer got so pissed off when I tried giving him $1 for a loaf of bread. Said that was worth the dirt off his shoe and told me to get lost.

CHASE
Why was he so rude?

NABBY
A dollar here means nothing over there. And it's even more different for the next state over. That's why they are in an uproar, because it has taken this long to come up with a solution.

CHASE
And that solution is being one main government to unify the country, instead of keeping the states separated?

NABBY
Yes, exactly. And general protection for the regular, hard working people..not just the elite.

CHASE
The people want to be heard too. I understand.

Nabby smiles and leans over to kiss Chase.

NABBY
I'm really glad you've stepped in for your uncle. I think this conference needed you.

CHASE
Eh.. I just..know how important this

is..you know..from personal
experience.

The conversation becomes quiet. We are looking at them head on as they continue their ride. Nabby lifts her leg subtly, and let's out a toot of her own.

NABBY
Good heavens, Nelson!

CHASE
I saw you lift your leg, Nabby.

Her mouth drops and she playfully shoves Chase. They laugh. Chase starts whipping the horses faster.

CHASE
Let's see how much horsepower this
baby gets.

We watch them take off laughing, leaving us lost in dust cloud from behind.

CUT TO

INT. KYLE'S APARTMENT, PRESENT DAY, NOON

Ben and Kyle are both snoring on the couch, they have slept well into the afternoon. They're laying opposite directions, with their heads backed up into each other. Ben flings his arm back in his state of sleep and it slaps Kyle in the face. Kyle flinches awake.

KYLE
Dude!

Ben stops snoring, and is now awake with Kyle. They take a moment to get themselves together.

KYLE
How are you feeling?

BEN FRANKLIN
I've felt better.

Kyle hands Ben a pill.

KYLE
Take this. It will make you feel
better. It's like a pill for
hangovers.

BEN FRANKLIN
I love the future.

Ben smiles and takes the pill.

KYLE
Are you ever going to stop pretending that you're actually Ben Franklin?

BEN FRANKLIN
I’m no imposter! There's no pretending! I repeat myself constantly with no regard to the truth. How I ended up here, well… that’s a mystery even to me.

Ben walks over to the window and looks up at the sky in a dramatic moment.

BEN FRANKLIN
Perhaps, in all my tinkering, I’ve stumbled upon something remarkable after all... time travel!

Our focus goes behind Ben, to Kyle, who has his head in his hands, rubbing his face in frustration. He lets out a sigh.

KYLE
Alright well listen, there's a huge rally at Independence Hall today. I think you should come with me, the louder the better.

The camera focuses back on Ben, who is still starring up at the sky. His one eyebrow bends upwards, intrigued

BEN FRANKLIN
Rally?

CUT TO

EXT. PHILADELPHIA, PRESENT DAY, AFTERNOON

Ben and Kyle are walking down the sidewalk, Kyle is putting on a jacket and walking very quickly with purpose as Ben tries to keep up.

BEN FRANKLIN
What is this urgency for?

KYLE
The union. The people. We’re drowning, Ben. Our wages stay the same, but everything else keeps climbing.

BEN FRANKLIN
A union?

KYLE
Teachers, nurses, electricians, carpenters .. you know..

Kyle throws his hands up, showing off the city.

KYLE
The backbone of America. They're supposed to have our backs, but lose sight of that sometimes.

BEN FRANKLIN
Who? Who stands against you?

Kyle scoffs and half laughs.

KYLE
The government — how don't you know this?

Ben stops walking. He looks down in concentration.

BEN FRANKLIN
All states under one government? If this government strays too far away… who pulls them back?

Kyle turns to face Ben as he continues to walk backwards.

KYLE
Us! The people! We're protected by the constitution and they seem to forget that WE have the rights.

Kyle is on the corner of the block now and lifts his arm up to point towards the crowd.

KYLE
And sometimes we have to remind them.

Ben catches up and looks over. There is a massive crowd, completely filling the street in a peaceful but powerful protest. The energy is palpable. Part of the crowd is

chanting 'OUR RIGHTS' while the other half chants back 'OUR FIGHT'. Ben is following Kyle through the sea of protestors, absorbing it all. He sees different genders, different races, different religions, different ages, same sex couples, etc. - a melting pot of people joined together. He reads signs that say things like 'We The People', 'Union Strong', 'United We Stand', etc. Ben is in awe of the progression since his time, and cracks a grin to himself. Kyle and Ben are now up and center in the crowd. There's a bunch of policemen lined up separating the crowd from a little platform.

BEN FRANKLIN
A militia?

Kyle laughs.

KYLE
Police officers.

BEN FRANKLIN
We used to have no right to speak up like this. The crown would have silenced us—sometimes with a whip, other times with chains. We tried building a new governm-

Kyle points to the side of the building.

KYLE
Go read that plaque, I don't have time for a history class right now.

Kyle turns around and continues his protest. Ben looks over and sees a bronze plaque on the side of the building. As he begins to make his way over, a women with a megaphone steps on the platform and begins leading the rally. Ben pauses his journey for a brief second to listen.

PROTESTER
WE STAND HERE TODAY AS A UNION - REPRESENTING THE FOUNDATION OUR FOUNDING FATHERS BUILT.

Our view goes back to Ben, continuing to make his way out of the crowd.

PROTESTER (OFF SCREEN)
WE STAND HERE TODAY TO REMIND THOSE WHO LEAD US OF OUR PROTECTED RIGHTS.

Ben walks up to two plaques. One that is the Constitution and

one that is the Bill of Rights. His eyes grab the most important elements like "We The People" "First Amendment" "Freedom of Speech" "1787" and the signatures of the fathers.

PROTESTER (OFF SCREEN)
WE ARE NOT ASKING FOR FAVORS; WE ARE CLAIMING WHAT IS ALREADY OURS. WE DEMAND OUR RIGHTS! WE DEMAND FAIR WAGE!

As Ben is analyzing the plaques, he notices his signature. It looks like it's starting to slowly fade off the plaque. He leans in and looks closer. The protestor has the crowd chanting 'WE THE PEOPLE'. As he's looking closer, he sees those exact words begin to fade. This is a tense moment between the crowd chanting and the urgency of his realization. He takes a step back with worry in his eyes. He first whispers to himself..

BEN FRANKLIN
By...god..

He is now in full panic mode and screams..

BEN FRANKLIN
I HAVE TO GET BACK!

"Paradise City" by Guns N Roses begins playing.. Ben screams PARDON! as he shoves through the crowd next to him. We break out into a 2 minute sequence of Ben dramatically running through the crowd and the city in slow motion dressed in his colonial attire.

CUT/FADE TO:

EXT. RURAL PA, 1787, SUNSET

Cut to Chase and Nabby's date: they are frolicking through the fields, she jumps on his back, they're playful, etc. They are also moving in slow motion.

CUT/FADE TO:

EXT. PHILADELPHIA, PRESENT DAY, AFTERNOON

Cut back to Ben still running through Philadelphia like a mad man in slow motion, as he's running we see people turn their heads to do a double take of him. He jumps over a huge great dane. We zoom in on a little kid who's mouth is dropped in excitement.

CUT/FADE TO:

EXT. RURAL PA, 1787, SUNSET

Cut back to Chase & Nabby are laying under a tree. He is feeding her grapes when she suddenly gets on top of him and straddles him. He takes her hair out of the ribbon and lets her natural aburn waves fall down. They begin passionately making out, and we do some close ups of their make-out sesh, really feeling the love between them.

CUT/FADE TO:

Cut back to Ben running. He runs by a woman in a short skirt and turns his head to check her out. He violently collides with a street sign. The slow motion stops, and so does the music, as Ben flies a few feet from the impact, his arms flailing wildly before he lands flat on his back with a loud thud. A few passerbyers rush over to help him up, looking concerned. He accepts their hands but brushes himself off quickly, trying to maintain his dignity.

BEN FRANKLIN
Quite the tumble. I assure you, I am unscathed.

He straightens himself up, dusting off his clothes as if nothing happened, then flashes a humble grin and nods in thanks to the bystanders, clearly embarrassed but trying to keep his composure. As he is brushing himself off he looks up at the store he fell in front of, which is a small book store.

CUT TO

INT. PHILADELPHIA LIBRARY, PRESENT DAY

We're looking at the cashier watch the tiktok that Ben crashed yesterday when Ben walks into the story. The caption says "IS THIS REAL BEN FRANKLIN??" Ben swings the door open to the store. He is sweaty, out of breath, dirty and looks in distress. The cashier rewinds the video to prove to himself this is the same person in the video.

BEN FRANKLIN
Do you have access to my notes?

CLERK
Wh-..What?

The clerk is in shock. He is an older, nerdy looking man. We

get the vibe he knows that this is actually Benjamin Franklin.

BEN FRANKLIN
Surely the must be stored somewhere!

The clerk is speechless. He points down a specific book isle.

CLERK
It's ov..it should be down that isle.

BEN FRANKLIN
Take me to them, immediately! Please!

The clerk hops out from behind the counter and swiftly leads them down the isle. He scans a shelf for 10 seconds and pulls out a few hard-cover books.

CLERK
This one is his autobiography, this one has some of his correspondence, this one is actually written by him.

The clerk places a book called "*Experiments and Observations on Electricity*" in Ben's hands. Ben's voice cracks as he cheers.

BEN FRANKLIN
THIS IS IT! THIS IS THE ONE! THANK YOU SIR!

Ben grabs the clerks face and kisses his cheek. He takes the book and runs out of frame, out of the store as we hear the door chime. The clerk is again, in a state of shock, holding his cheek.

CLERK
You..you're welcome.

STORE MANAGER
Did he pay for that?

CUT TO

EXT. PHILADELPHIA, 1787, NIGHT

Chase and Nabby are back in the city, the sounds of the cobblestone road clacking under the wheels of their carriage. Nabby, peacefully asleep, rests her head on Chase's shoulder. The quiet is interrupted when they pass a farmer who is shackled on a podium, screaming in front of a crowd watching

his public punishment.

FARMER
CURSE YOU ALL! PAY ME WHAT I AM OWED!

Chase comes down with concern and whispers to himself.

CHASE
Holy shit...

Chase pulls up to Ben's home and ties the horses up on the post out front. He looks down at Nabby and brushes her hair out of her face, grabbing her chin and gently lifting it to wake her up. She opens her eyes and she stares up at Chase totally infatuated.

CHASE
Could you stay the night with me?

NABBY
I'd love to..but.. if my father finds out.. why.. it would ruin our family name. I'd be the town whore.

They hear a loud bang and turn their attention to a far distance from the carriage. They see a milita member who had fired his gun in the air, standing in front of a few farmers with torches, a good distance away. They hear faint yelling.

NABBY
Oh! Did he just fire his rifle?

Chase gets out of the carriage and helps Nabby down.

CHASE
Yes and I just saw another shackled to a stake. I don't want you to be alone tonight..it's not safe. I think a rebellion is happening.

NABBY
Okay, I will stay with you.

CHASE
Let's go.

They enter Ben's home.

CHASE
Make yourself at home - um - is there anything I can get you?

Nabby sits on the couch.

NABBY
I'd love a glass of water, please. I am awfully parched from our trip. I had a lovely time.

CHASE
Me too. I'll go uh..fetch some water.

Chase walks back to the kitchen and talks to himself.

CHASE
I hope.

He turns back to Nabby.

NABBY
Thank you.

Chase does a quick scan around the kitchen. He sees uneven wooden shelves with some pottery and pewter mugs. He sees a couple jars of pickled vegetables. He sees a wooden bowl with two rotten bananas. A couple copper kettles hanging off hooks. Herbs hanging from the ceiling. We cut back to Nabby, and are put in her point of view, where she is looking at Chase from behind just watching him stare motionless at the wall in the kitchen.

NABBY
Everything okay?

We cut back to Chase.

CHASE
Yeah we're cool.

Chase makes a move towards a pitcher that caught his attention. He peaks inside of it and sees cloudy water. He grabs a glass cup from the shelf and pours the water from the pitcher in it. The water looks sick, gray, toxic. He talks to himself.

CHASE
I can't believe they drank this shit.

He starts walking back to Nabby and sits beside her on the couch, hands her the glass.

CHASE
Some nice..fresh.. water..

She thanks him, goes to take a sip, but stops before it reaches her mouth. She holds the glass up to her eyes to analyze it, and we see it closer too. It's still dark and cloudy, but we see some particles floating around.

NABBY
Did you boil this?

Chase just stares at her blankly. She sniffs it and makes a grossed out face.

NABBY
Eugh! No thank you. I'm not in the mood for dysentery today.

She puts the glass down on the table in front of them.

CHASE
I'm sorry - I'm just using my uncle's stuff.

NABBY
It's okay! Let's go to bed, I am so tired. I just need to use the outhouse first.

CHASE
Sure yeah, that sounds good but um..the outhouse is backed up..we've been using the chamber pot.

Chase points over to the pot in the corner of the house. Nabby looks at the pot, shakes her head and does a half smirk of defeat. She gets up and walks over to the bucket.

NABBY
You know, I expected greater from Dr. Franklin.

CHASE
Same. I.. I don't even know what the fuck is happening, to be honest.

They both laugh.

NABBY
Could you help me get out of this corset?

Chase walks over and begins untying the laces to her bodice. We watch him start the process then our point of view

switches over to Nabby's face. We can see her getting tugged and pulled, uncomfortably.

NABBY
First time?

CHASE
Uhhh yeah actually..thank god we phased these things out.

NABBY
What?

She turns around and pulls down the sleeves to her dress, taking it down to waist level, revealing just her corset which shapes her body in a very flattering way, with the dim candle light highlighting her curves perfectly. This is the most undressed he has seen her, he is infatuated with her beauty. He is starring in awe.

NABBY
Can you untie the corset?

Still starring.

NABBY
Chase?

CHASE
Yeah! Yes. Sorry. You are very beautiful, Nabby.

Nabby flashes him a smile and turns around. He gets the corset off much quicker. She pulls all the clothing off and is facing him completely naked. She puts his hands on her breasts.

NABBY
Could I borrow a night gown?

CHASE
Of course, I'll meet you upstairs.

He leans down and kisses her, then walks off toward the steps. We follow him from the front, and we see a blurred, out of focus Nabby squat on the bucket behind him. Her pee comes out sounding like a fire house. We see Chase's eyes widen and he heads upstairs.

INT. BEN FRANKLIN'S BEDROOM, 1787, NIGHT

Chase walks into Ben's bedroom. He heads over to the desk and pulls out a drawer of Ben's night gowns, grabs one for Nabby. He sees a letter tucked down in the drawer. It's a handwritten note from Ben.

BEN FRANKLIN (V.O)
"If you are reading this, it means I have passed from this world. I have lived a long and, I hope, meaningful life. One spent in pursuit of knowledge, truth, and the betterment of our people. I have fought for freedoms of our men and women against the favor, I have seen great achievements during my time, but also seen the evil greed of men that threatens to undo all we have worked for. Power and wealth have a way of corrupting even the noblest of intentions. I have witnessed the birth of a nation, and I trust that the future is in the hands of people wiser than I. If there is one thing I would ask of you, it is this: remember that freedom and liberty are fragile things. They must be nurtured by each generation, or they shall wither and die. And if you are from a time beyond my own, know that the path we walked—while imperfect—was the best we could manage with hopes for a better tomorrow. May you do better than I.

NABBY
Hey you.

Nabby walks in the room, startling Chase, he turns to look at her, she is still super naked.

NABBY
What's that?

She walks over to him. He shuffles with the letter putting it back in the drawer.

CHASE
Just a note from my uncle. Here's a gown for you.

NABBY
I'll dress into that a little later.

Nabby lays on the bed, patting Chase to come. She tries making it a sexy moment but the bed is super stiff, and makes an extreme creaking sounds, showing how uncomfortable it is.

NABBY
Get the light and come here.

Chase looks around for a light switch, out of habit. Nabby laughs.

NABBY
It's behind you.

CHASE
OH!

Chase turns around to the desk. Our point of view is level with the candle, and we see Chase bend down and blow out the flame. Darkness.

CUT TO

EXT. PHILADELPHIA, PRESENT DAY, EVENING

The sun is just about to set into the night. Ben is slowly walking down the side walk, skimming his book. He still looks a total mess, in the same colonial clothes he woke up in the day before. He's currently looking at a sketch of the Franklin stove, surrounded by numbers/formulas. He flips the page and sees the sketch of a lightening rod and a kite. The words "electricity is a force, invisible but powerful" are largely written. Below that are steps on his kite and lightening rod experiment. We see him analyzing those pages, then looking around his environment with curiosity on what he could do. He's across the street from a park and sees a child flying a kite. He holds the book up to do a double take. It’s a perfect match.

CUT TO

EXT. PHILADELPHIA PARK, PRESENT DAY, EVENING

We see the kid flying his kite, reeling it back in, innocent and smiling. Ben come sprinting up behind him and snatches the kite from the kid, and runs off screen.

KID
DAD! MY KITE!

His dads attempts to run after Ben.

KIDS DAD
HEY!

Our point of view is the kid and his father, we hear Ben scream as he runs away.

BEN FRANKLIN (OFF SCREEN)
I DID IT FOR AMERCIA!!!

CUT TO

EXT. PHILADELPHIA, PRESENT DAY, EVENING

Ben turns a corner, stops running and puts his hands on his knees trying to catch his breath. The sky is suddenly and violently filled with dark storm clouds and loud thunder. Ben looks up to the sky, half defeated. It starts pouring rain and he sees a big bolt of lightening strike a rod on top of the largest building in Philadelphia, the Comcast Center. He takes off running towards the building.

CUT TO

INT. BEN FRANKLIN'S HOUSE, NIGHT, 1787

We cut back to the inside of Ben's living room, dimly lit by candle light. There is sudden, loud, banging on front the door. We hear Chase get out of bed, run into a few objects from it being pitch black, and run down the stairs. He opens the front door.

ALEXANDAR HAMILTON
WE'VE RUN OUT OF TIME CHASE!

Alexander Hamilton is at the front door, panicked, holding a lantern and rambling.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON
THE FARMERS! THEY'VE GONE MAD! SHAY'S REBELLION HAS HIT PHILADELPHIA!

CHASE
Alex, CHILL OUT. I just woke up dude.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON
We cannot wait for Dr. Franklin to decide the future of America any longer. Come with me at once.

CHASE
Can I get dressed?

ALEXANDER HAMILTON
No.

Chase snuffs and walks out the front door. He is one of Ben's night gowns and barefoot. Alexander hops on the bench of the carriage.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON
Get on! Let's go!

Chase joins Alexander on the carriage.

ALEXANDAR HAMILTON
Is this Nabby's horse and carriage?

CHASE
Sure is.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON
You dirty dog!

They peel off in the carriage.

CUT TO

INT. PHILADELPHIA, COMCAST CENTER, PRESENT DAY, NIGHT

Ben is starring at the revolving door extremely confused. He tries 3 separate times to enter it. On his last attempt, he gets wedged and the door starts short circuiting. Ben starts freaking out.

BEN FRANKLIN
GOOD GRIEF! WHAT IS THIS! SOMEBODY HELP ME!

Our view cuts to people in the lobby of the Comcast Center, stopping what they are doing to look at Ben Franklin having a mental breakdown stuck in a revolving door, holding a kite. Quite the scene. One of the workers walks up and presses the button to get the door moving again, and Ben gets inside the building. He shakes hands with the worker.

BEN FRANKLIN
Good sir, you have saved my life! Thank you!

The worker is confused, hesitantly shaking Ben's hand.

WORKER
No problem..?

BEN FRANKLIN
I am trying to get to the very top of this building. Can you help me?

WORKER
Like, to the 60th floor?

BEN FRANKLIN
To the lightening rod on top of the building.

WORKER
That's authorized access first of all, second of all, you will die up there in this storm.

Ben gets silent, realizing he has said too much. He jokingly nudges the worker.

BEN FRANKLIN
I am fibbing with you! Look at me!

Ben holds his kite up and reveals himself like 'tada'! The worker shakes his head and walks away mumbling to himself.

WORKER
I do not get paid enough for this shit.

Ben looks around, planning his next move. He sees people entering an elevator and runs to join them. He examines the buttons on the elevator like some kind of scientific discovery, and presses the '60' button.

CUT TO

EXT. PHILADELPHIA, CITY HALL, 1787, NIGHT

Chase and Alexander roll up to Independence Hall to a mob of angry farmers with torches and pitch forks, threatening the group of founding fathers standing in front of the building.

FARMER #1
WE DEMAND PROTECTION

FARMER #2
WE DEMAND OUR MONEY

FARMER #3
TAXATION WITHOUT REPRESENTATION IS THEFT!

Chase and Alexander get out of the carriage and join the other fathers in front of the mob. Chase is taking it all in, starting to shit a brick that he has possibly single handily ruined the future of America by replacing Ben Franklin in history. George Washington grabs Chase's arm and speaks softly to him.

GEORGE WASHINGTON
We need you to represent Dr. Franklin. Please do your all to appease these men. We do not have the answers.

CHASE
You think I do?

Someone slams Alexander Hamilton in the head with a tomato and it splatters everywhere. Chase turns front and center to face the mob.

CHASE
HEY! EVERYONE CALM THE FUCK DOWN!

Everyone settles down, unsure of Chase's vocabulary and intention.

CHASE
I get it, I really do. You work your finger to the bone. You work 20 hours a day, and it doesn't ever pay off.

FARMERS
YEAH!

FARMER #1
YOU GOT THAT RIGHT!

CHASE
We have a plan, okay? We have a plan to benefit you, and every other person in America.

FARMER #2
WELL? WHAT IS IT?

Chase does a hard swallow. Unsure of how to answer.

CHASE
We're going to create a government where all states are equal.

FARMER #2
WE'RE GETTING A KING?

CHASE
No - there will be no king. No one is going to have that much power in America, ever. We will never grow as a country if only one like-minded person dictates the future of it.

FARMERS
YEAH!

CHASE
AMERICA WILL BE FOR THE PEOPLE!

FARMERS
YEAH!

CHASE
WE WILL ALL BE FREE!

FARMERS
YEAH!

CHASE
You guys gotta..YOU GOTTA FIGHT! ... FOR YOUR RIGHT!

FARMERS
YEAH!

Silence. You can tell Chase is biting his lip, with all his power to hold back his next statement, which he makes very hesitantly.

CHASE
To party.

FARMERS
YE-Wha?

The fathers and farmers all turn to each other, confused by Chase's last statement. The farmers are mumbling to each other, and their mumbles become angry and mob like again. Someone throws another tomato at Chase but he dips, it misses him, and hits Alexander again.

CHASE
HA!

Chase laughs in a cocky way, but then gets hit in the face with a tomato himself. George steps in front of Chase.

GEORGE WASHINGTON
Please! We will meet this one last time. Give us a few more moments of grace. When we exit these doors again, we will have a new government.

The fathers start making their way into Independence Hall.

GEORGE WASHINGTON
Chase, let's go.

The door closes behind him. We see Chase still facing the crowd, not following behind George right away.

CUT TO

EXT. COMCAST CENTER ROOF TOP, PRESENT DAY, NIGHT

We're on top of the roof, looking at the door where you get access. We hear two loud bangs and on the third one, Ben spills out onto the roof. It's raining very hard, he looks up at the lightening rod, which is huge, over 1,000 feet tall. We see Ben starring up at it, mouth slightly open, completely in awe of his creation.

BEN FRANKLIN
Amazing! My work has come to life! This rod reaches the heavens!

A loud thunder rumbles through. Ben is talking to himself as he begins to climb the rod. There's ridges and pegs sticking off the rod that help him climb. He is wrapping the string from the kite around each peg as he goes. It's raining so hard it's blinding for him. A very loud thunder rumbles off, followed by a quick bolt of lightning that strikes a few inches away from Ben. This startles him and he loses his footing on the rod, slipping off of it. He is now hanging off the rod, dangling in the air, in danger of falling off the building. This is a very tense, stressful moment, as he tries to reach for the rod. The string from the kite is the only reason he is still attached to the rod. Another rumble of thunder goes off. We see Ben get his hand wrapped around the rod again. We instantly hear an electric ZAP and we are blinded as the screen turns into a bright white light.

CUT TO

INT. INDENDENCE HALL - NIGHT, 1787

The founding fathers are chatting inside the hall amongst themselves.

GOUVERNEUR MORRIS
Wasn't he right behind you, George?

GEORGE WASHINGTON
Yes, he was coming right in.

Through the cracks of the doorway/windows we see that same huge white blinding light and the building shakes, a terrifying 10 seconds for the fathers as they grip onto furniture.

JAMES MADISON
What in the heavens was that?

Silence.

Seconds later Benjamin Franklin burst through the double doors. He looks absolutely haggard - dirty, ripped clothes, sweaty, tired, etc. The fathers' eyes widen in shock. Ben is running down the hallway towards them screaming.

BEN FRANKLIN
WE

He's having trouble speaking as he runs, let alone being shocked into time travel.

BEN FRANKLIN
WE TH

Alexander turns to the fathers.

ALEXANDAR HAMILTON
What is he saying?

They all shrug. The scene turns into slow motion as Ben approaches the fathers. He falls to his knees in a dramatic moment, struggling really hard to breathe, speak, stay awake. His head is down and he is trying to catch his breath. He slowly picks his head up. Slow motion ends.

BEN FRANKLIN
We the people.

The scene zooms out slowly as we now have a birdeye view of the room. The fathers looking at each other, at Ben, Ben on his knees. We slide over to the outside of the building where the farmers still have their torches lit. Large pan of Philadelphia as we zoom out.

FADE TO

INT. PHILADELPHIA, COLLEGE CLASSROOM, PRESENT DAY

3 MONTHS LATER

The scene fades to white as we fast forward 3 months into the future. When we fade back in, we are in a college classroom. Chase is getting his notebook and pencils out, preparing for class. We see the professor and 'American History' on the white board behind her.

PROFESSOR
Class! Welcome to American History!

We focus back on Chase except our view is now on the back of his head. We hear the professor mumbled out as she continues to introduce the course.

PROFESSOR (OFF SCREEN)
I'm excited to get to know you all throughout the semester.

We see a woman's hand tap on Chases shoulder and ask for a pen.

CHASE
Yeah sure.

Chase spins around with a pen and his eyes widen. Our view changes to see the full picture. Nabby flashes him her famous smile.

THE END

CUT TO CREDITS

PLAIN WHITE BACKGROUND

'Fight for Your Right' by the Beastie Boys is playing, credits are rolling. The entire cast from the beginning to end takes turns dancing - even Dan the Alien! Plus some extras, showing the funny cultural differences between those from 1787 to 2025. Ben even gets his time to shine with the girl from the club again.

Haley Biggins