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## The Revisionists

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The Revisionists

A Thesis

Masters of Fine Arts  
In  
Creative Writing  
Screenwriting

by

Tommy Turpish

A.A.S. Broadcasting & Production Technology, 2000  
B.F.A. Creative Writing, 2004

August, 2015

To my wife, Heather

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To my beautiful wife, Heather, I could not imagine a better person to be on life's journey with. Your love and support of this crazy venture have been incredible. Where will our next stop be? Who knows! And isn't that the beauty of it?

FADE IN:

INT. NARROW HALLWAY - NIGHT

Security LIGHTS flash. ALARMS sound. A door at the end of the hall has a sign that reads "Theoretical Physics Lab"

INT. LAB - NIGHT

A flashlight beam illuminates an opened SAFE. A hand reaches out and grabs a black, cell phone sized BOX.

INT. NARROW HALLWAY - NIGHT

Two GUARDS, guns drawn, skid to a stop at the closed door.

GUARD 1  
Give up, buddy. You're surrounded.

GUARD 2  
There's nowhere to run.

INT. LAB - NIGHT

The hand presses a button on the box. The display lights up.

BRITISH VOICE (O.S.)  
That's where you're wrong.

INT. NARROW HALLWAY - NIGHT

Guard 1 SHOOTS the door lock. Guard 2 KICKS it open. They rush into the room and are blinded by a BLUE FLASH OF LIGHT.

Their eyes readjust, they scan with their flashlights. Whoever it was... is gone.

EXT. DARPA - NIGHT

A black SUV stops in front of the seven story building.

SUPER - DARPA (Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency).  
Arlington, Virginia.

FBI AGENT CLARK, 40's, exits the SUV. He's no nonsense and pissed to be awake at this hour. Clark approaches DETECTIVE DUGAN, a stereotype in a trench coat who is carrying a stack of files.

CLARK  
What's the situation, Detective?

DUGAN  
Break in. Theoretical physics labs.

CLARK  
Security?

DUGAN  
Guards said the suspect barricaded himself inside. All they saw was a flash of blue light. Then nothing.

CLARK  
Blue light?  
(off Dugan's nod)  
Whose lab?

DUGAN  
Uh...  
(reading the file)  
Richard Evans.

CLARK  
Damn.

Clark snatches the file from Dugan and looks it over, clearly alarmed at the contents. He touches his earpiece.

CLARK (CONT'D)  
Get me the Secret Service.

DUGAN  
Secret Service? What's going on?

CLARK  
(walking towards SUV)  
This is above your pay grade,  
Columbo. Trust me.

DUGAN  
F'in feds.

Clark turns back, grabs Dugan's shirt with one hand.

CLARK  
Look, Pearl Harbor, JFK, 9/11, they  
changed our way of life. This...  
(shakes the folder)  
...threatens our very existence.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - NIGHT

Cars pass by the famous structure. Everything appears quiet.  
A phone RINGS.

AGENT 1 (O.S.)  
Right away.

INT. OVAL OFFICE - NIGHT

Soft light casts shadows over the American flag behind the President's desk. The dapper, silver haired, PRESIDENT WESTON enters.

AGENT 1  
Sorry to wake you, Mr. President.  
He said he'd only speak with you.

Weston sits, takes a deep breath, and answers the phone.

PRESIDENT  
Yes, Agent Clark.

CLARK (O.S.)  
Mr. President, Project "Big Hand"  
has been compromised.

Weston's expression turns grim. He contemplates the news.

PRESIDENT  
Then God help us all.

EXT. STREETS OF BOSTON - NIGHT

Winter air swirls flakes of snow about. LAMPLIGHTERS light torches on street poles.

SUPER - BOSTON, DECEMBER 16, 1773

Two men pass the Lamplighters and numerous closed shops as they CLOMP down the cobblestone streets. The first man is FRANCIS ROTCH, 40s, bundled in a jacket and scarf.

He is accompanied by NASH, 30s, a tall, bald man with a crooked nose. A sheathed dagger dangles from Nash's belt.

ROTCH  
Well, this evening has certainly  
not gone as intended.

NASH  
I still hold out hope.

Rotch shakes his head at Nash's optimism. He doesn't see Nash fingering the handle grip of his knife.

INT. OLD SOUTH MEETING HOUSE - NIGHT

Part courtroom, part church. A railing separates pews filled with ANGRY PATRIOTS from an area with tables and a raised pulpit. The pulpit is occupied by a stern looking MODERATOR.

SAMUEL ADAMS and JOHN HANCOCK sit at a table.

SAMUEL  
(whispering to Hancock)  
Remember, if these proceedings  
falter. I'll say, "Then this  
meeting--

HANCOCK  
I am aware of the signal, Samuel.

The crowd cheers rowdily as the moderator bangs his gavel.

MODERATOR  
Order! Order!  
(as crowd settles)  
Mr. Adams, Mr. Hancock, what do you  
really hope to accomplish here?

Adams and Hancock focus on the moderator.

SAMUEL  
We want merely to reclaim the  
rights granted to us as subjects of  
the British crown. These colonies  
have been repeatedly taxed without  
fair parliamentary representation.  
It must end. We hold out hope that  
Rotch can make Governor Hutchinson  
see reason.

The door THUDS open. Rotch and Nash enter and walk to the front. The patriots speculate loudly.

MODERATOR  
And here is Mr. Rotch now. What is  
the word from Governor Hutchinson?

Adams and Hancock turn and observe Rotch. Adams exchanges tense gazes with Nash as they reach Sam and John's table.

ROTCH  
(leans in to Samuel)  
I begged him, Samuel. Really I did.

Rotch takes a deep breath.

ROTCH (CONT'D)  
(to the Moderator)  
The tax is to be paid. The tea  
unloaded at once.

The crowd is outraged. Everyone is up-in-arms, except Nash, who stands quietly next to Samuel Adams. Sam stands to address the crowd.

SAMUEL  
Then this meeting...

Samuel clutches his chest, his eyes roll back and he falls to the ground. Nash immediately kneels down to check on him.

NASH  
Sam!  
(whispers in his ear)  
Enjoy hell, you traitor.

Nash shakes Samuel. Nothing.

NASH (CONT'D)  
(feigning shock)  
He's... dead.

Hancock eyes Nash. People murmur and gawk.

MODERATOR  
Have some decency. A man has just  
died. Disperse, the lot of you.

Hancock edges out Nash and kneels by Sam. He closes Sam's eyelids. A couple tears roll down his cheek.

HANCOCK  
God's peace be with you, ol'  
friend.

Hancock covers Adams with his coat. He looks at Nash suspiciously. Nash returns the stare; meanwhile, behind his back, he covertly tucks a plastic syringe up his sleeve.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Candlelight illuminates a map on a table around which sits JOSEPH WARREN and PAUL REVERE. On the map, two paths are drawn between Boston and Concord: one a land route, the other following the river.

SUPER - APRIL 18, 1775

WARREN

Land route is significantly longer.

REVERE

Militia would see them coming. It's going to be by sea. They weren't repairing their boats on a whim.

WARREN

We must be sure.

There's a KNOCK at the door. Revere opens it, revealing a young STABLE BOY struggling to catch his breath.

STABLE BOY

Mr... Revere... The redcoats are... loading supplies onto boats, sir.

Revere places his hand on the boy's shoulder.

REVERE

Your country and I thank you, young man. Go take shelter.

The boy smiles, leaves. Revere closes the door, turns to Warren.

REVERE (CONT'D)

Two lanterns then.

EXT. OLD NORTH CHURCH - NIGHT

Two lit lanterns are hung in the church steeple.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Revere rides urgently down a dirt path. He enters a small town. Burning lanterns light the doorways of several houses. He stops at the first - KNOCKS. A CITIZEN opens the door.

REVERE

The regulars are coming!

The Citizen retrieves a nearby gun, holds it at the ready.

Revere rides to house #2 - KNOCKS. This door opens.

REVERE (CONT'D)

The regulars are coming!

CITIZEN #2 grabs his gun.

EXT. FOREST - TREELINE - NIGHT

A pair of gray eyes, belonging to the badger-like BROCK, watch Revere. Brock strokes his goatee. STATIC HISSES. Brock is using a TWO WAY RADIO.

BROCK  
I have Revere.

Revere reenters the forest path, galloping away from the town.

NASH (O.S.)  
Do it.

A shadow in black tactical gear, Brock steps onto the path in front of Revere.

Revere yanks the reins. The horse shudders to a stop. Revere stares at the man.

REVERE  
Sir, you are impeding very  
important business. Please step  
aside.

Brock produces a silenced, semi-automatic weapon from behind his back.

A RED LASER DOT appears on Revere's shoulder, corrects onto his chest.

REVERE (CONT'D)  
Who are you?

A rapid burst of GUNSHOTS - Revere falls off his horse onto the road. Face up. Dead. His white shirt is stained with his patriot blood.

EXT. INDEPENDENCE HALL - DAY

The sun shines. Clusters of conversing DELEGATES enter the hall. Their stone-faced expressions betray nothing.

SUPER - JULY, 4th 1776

INT. INDEPENDENCE HALL - ASSEMBLY ROOM - DAY

Delegates from all 13 colonies sit around tables covered with green cloths. At the front of the room, THOMAS JEFFERSON finishes writing and rests his quill. He is flanked by John Hancock and BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

JEFFERSON

(reads to Franklin and  
Hancock)

The history of the present King of  
Great Britain is a history of  
repeated injuries and usurpations,  
all having in direct object the  
establishment of an absolute  
Tyranny over these States.

Hancock nods his approval as - GUNSHOTS ring out. The side  
windows shatter. The Delegates take cover.

Two MEN in tactical gear jump through the broken windows -  
MACHINE GUNS drawn. Two more MEN enter from the front and  
spread out. The four men surround the CONTINENTAL CONGRESS,  
who raise their hands in surrender.

EXT. INDEPENDENCE HALL - DAY

A legion of REDCOATS escort delegates towards a prison wagon.  
A crowd has gathered to watch and speculate.

Wind blows through the salt-and-pepper hair of DILLINGER  
CORNWALLIS, late 50s, a thick and smug coward of a man,  
wearing a military uniform he has no right wearing.

Dillinger stands next to a shackled GEORGE WASHINGTON.

DILLINGER

You dared to cross a Cornwallis.  
Go. Receive your traitor's due.

Dillinger shoves him into the arms of two Redcoats who frog-  
march him behind Jefferson, Hancock and Franklin.

DILLINGER (CONT'D)

History will forever curse your  
name, General Washington.

Dillinger approaches the four soldiers who stand shoulder-to-  
shoulder. Their helmets off.

The first two, Nash and Brock, are joined by RAMSEY who has a  
scar on his cheek. Last is the short but muscular AUGUST.

DILLINGER (CONT'D)

Nash, Brock, Ramsey, August, today  
you have made me proud. Made your  
country proud. Your accomplishments  
will not soon be forgotten.

Dillinger approaches LORD CHARLES CORNWALLIS who watches the delegates being loaded into wagons. Charles wears a powdered wig and has earned every piece of valor on his uniform.

A painter sits behind a canvas to the right of Dillinger.

DILLINGER (CONT'D)  
Lord Cornwallis. Pleased, I'm sure.

CHARLES  
How do you know your plan will  
work, Dillinger?

DILLINGER  
It already has. This puny rebellion  
proved the need to exert domestic  
authority. The king won't deny you.  
Not the man who foiled this  
treasonous plot.

CHARLES  
You have never mentioned any  
reward. How does any of this  
benefit you?

DILLINGER  
Just build it as I have instructed.

Dillinger leans over to the artist who furiously sketches  
outlines of what will be Washington, Jefferson and Franklin.

DILLINGER (CONT'D)  
I want you to immortalize this  
moment. Every last detail.

Above Independence Hall the American Flag is lowered.  
Dillinger smiles before rejoining his soldiers. They each  
hold a BOX, like the one stolen from DARPA. They all push a  
button and the box begins to hum. Then...

BLUE STRANDS OF ELECTRICITY shoot out of the box and wrap  
around each of them, uniting to form a pulsating ball which  
consumes the men. They disappear into thin air.

CHANGIN' TIMES - MONTAGE (INTERCUT between Past and Present)

A somber, instrumental "STAR-SPANGLED BANNER" plays.

### **PAST**

KING GEORGE III shakes hands with GENERAL CHARLES CORNWALLIS

INSERT NEWSPAPER HEADLINE: "KING GEORGE III appoints Charles  
Cornwallis Duke of New Britain."

Charles Cornwallis stands in front of a half-built White House.

FLASH CUTS through these headlines from various newspapers:

- "War Criminals shipped westward."
- "French refuse to sell Louisiana."
- "Government and Revolutionist Sympathizers clash."
- "Parliament bill outlaws talk of 'America' or 'rebellion.'"
- "Gabriel Cornwallis orders prisons converted to factories."

In the factories, PRISONERS are dragged from their sweltering cells to assembly lines, chained to conveyor belts, and forced to work. ARMED GUARDS stand in the luxurious cross breezes of fans, supervising their every move.

### **PRESENT**

A FEMALE STUDENT pays for coffee. Her outstretched dollar transforms into British pounds. The coffee switches to tea.

- Outside the Female Student listens to music. The "MADE IN CHINA" on her MP3 player changes to "MADE IN NEW BRITAIN."

WASHINGTON D.C. - AMERICAN MONUMENTS fade out, replaced by BRITISH TRIBUTES.

MOUNT RUSHMORE - The President's faces are wiped away, returning to rock.

NEW YORK CITY's architecture changes. It looks Londresque now. The STATUE OF LIBERTY disintegrates.

TV NEWS REPORT: Dillinger stands at a podium. A ticker reads "Gabriel Cornwallis dies, son, Dillinger, to assume Governorship of New Britain."

Dillinger sits at his desk, signing the "Technological Defense Investment Act."

FLASH CUTS through these headlines:

- "New Tax laws cause unemployment spike."
- "Loyalty card to replace British Pound."
- "Neo-Revolutionists protest Cornwallis."
- "Violent crimes on the rise."

In front of Parliament (Capitol Building), PROTESTORS hold signs: "The Colonists Were Right," "Defense Act only defends Government," and "Dillinger is a Tyrant." Amongst them is an AFRICAN-NEW BRITAIN MAN, an ASIAN MAN, and a female REDHEAD.

END MONTAGE.

INT. UNIVERSITY CLASSROOM - DAY

INSERT Projection screen: George Washington in his uniform.

SUPER - CORNWALLIS UNIVERSITY - 2020

DR. BILLINGS, 50s, bespectacled, argyle sweater, WHACKS the image of Washington with a metal pointer.

BILLINGS

George Washington, former major in the British Army during the French and Indian war. He was a turncoat with a far from illustrious record. Why then did the colonists pin their hopes on him?

A HAND shoots up. It belongs to a feisty redhead, LAINEY SWEENEY, late 20s. Billings ignores her.

NATE EVANS, late 20s, athletic, intelligent, and privileged, sits in the back of the room, oblivious, his head buried in his laptop.

BILLINGS (CONT'D)

Nathaniel?

An illuminated logo of an orange, with its peel coming loose, shimmers on the laptop's lid. Nate's screen displays Lainey's profile on social media site "MugJournal." He looks up.

NATE

They were desperate. Washington was the only one foolish enough to assume command of that "army."

Lainey's hand continues to twitch urgently.

BILLINGS

(exasperated sigh)

Yes, Ms. Sweeney, you have something useful to contribute?

LAINEY

Merely my own opinion, Professor Billings... as usual.

Billings motions her to continue. The rest of the class watches, wishing they had popcorn. She turns around.

LAINY (CONT'D)

Nate, you're always dismissing Washington, but I think he was a capable general. It's not foolhardy to believe passionately in a cause. Even you can agree with that.

NATE

Sorry, no. Believing doesn't win wars, and good leaders don't make camp out in the open, in the dead of winter, with hardly any provisions.

LAINY

Yes. They nearly froze to death at Valley Forge. But they didn't... and at Yorktown--

Another classmate, PATRICK, late 20s, interjects.

PATRICK

You sound like a complete Neo, Lainy.

LAINY

Excuse me. Was I talking to you, Patrick?

Patrick hushes, smirks at Nate. Nate closes his laptop.

NATE

What about Yorktown? Washington was killed there. And...

(holds up a history book)

...history will always remember him as the incompetent general who lost the New Britain War.

LAINY

You are so smug.

NATE

They're called facts.

The class giggles at Nate's retort. Billings checks his pocket watch, clears his throat.

BILLINGS

Sadly, we're out of time.

Students begin packing their bags.

BILLINGS (CONT'D)  
Remember, the Museum of Treason  
opens this weekend. The Governor's  
speech will be televised. Watch it.  
Be ready to discuss on Monday.

Students file out of the classroom.

NATE  
(to Patrick)  
Are we still a go for fencing?

PATRICK  
Absolutely.

BILLINGS  
Nathaniel, a word, please?

Patrick stops.

NATE  
(to Patrick)  
Go ahead. I'll catch up.

Patrick leaves. Lainey slings a satchel over her shoulder and  
scowls at Nate as she leaves. Nate shakes it off. "Women." He  
approaches Billings.

BILLINGS  
Nate, as you know, I am an old  
college pal of the Governor. Your  
paper on Neo-Revolutionism was so  
superb, I had to share it with him.

NATE  
Really? The Governor read my paper?

BILLINGS  
He loved it. Wanted to know more  
about you, in fact.

NATE  
What did you tell him?

BILLINGS  
That you are one of my best  
students. Highly intelligent, great  
passion for history and...

Billings pats a tattoo on Nate's right bicep - a broadsword  
with a Union Jack draped over the hand guard.

BILLINGS (CONT'D)  
Obviously patriotic.

Nate beams. Billings hands Nate something from his desk.

BILLINGS (CONT'D)  
He asked me to give you these.

INSERT: Two tickets to the Museum Of Treason Opening Gala.

NATE  
Wow. Thank you, Professor Billings.  
I can't wait to tell my father.

Nate heartily shakes Billings's hand.

EXT. CORNWALLIS UNIVERSITY - PATRICK FERGUSON BUILDING - DAY

The sun burns over the meticulously manicured lawns and plentiful statues of war heroes. Security cameras observe students walking to and from classes.

Nate exits. He sees a MAINTENANCE WORKER scrubbing the graffiti message "FREEDOM IS A RIGHT" from the side of the next building over. He shakes his head in disgust and keeps scanning through the sea of students.

Amongst them, Lainey walks purposefully. She passes a bronze statue of Benedict Arnold and looks at a plaque at the base. The plaque reads: "Benedict Arnold: Britain's First Spy."

EXT. STREET - DAY

An irritated Lainey stomps down the street. Nate exits campus and brushes past several pedestrians, trying to reach Lainey. HORNS blare, traffic is snarled.

NATE  
Lainey, wait up.

She huffs but slows down. Nate catches up.

NATE (CONT'D)  
Professor Billings gave my paper to Governor Cornwallis. He loved it.  
Look.

Nate holds up the tickets.

NATE (CONT'D)  
You wanna be my plus one?

LAINY

I'll pass. I'm not exactly the governor's biggest fan.

Nate's enthusiasm is dampened.

NATE

Would you do it for me, then? Going stag would be a little awkward.

LAINY

I'm not your biggest fan at the moment either...

(off his confused look)

You know what's awkward? Having someone you thought was your friend embarrass you in front of the entire class. You were even more you than usual today.

NATE

What's that supposed to mean?

LAINY

I thought there was more to you. Something real under this arrogant, know-it-all persona you saddle yourself with. Now, I'm not so sure.

Nate is silent. Lainy starts walking off. He follows.

LAINY (CONT'D)

Your father is a scientist. Did none of that scientific curiosity rub off on you? Do you only believe what you read, or worse yet, what you're told?

NATE

Scientists deal in the possible, Lainy. We're historians. We deal with what was.

LAINY

And how do we truly know what was?

NATE

History books?

LAINY

Written by the victors.

Nate is frustrated by her stubbornness.

NATE

If you don't believe what's written, why are you a history student?!

LAINY

I had no choice. I wanted to study music, but the parliament exam labeled me "best suited for history." It was either study that or not go to college. And I wouldn't fancy being destitute the rest of my life.

They stop by a wrought iron fence.

NATE

Look, I'm sorry for embarrassing you. Really.

Lainey is silent. She knows that was difficult for him. Nate looks at something in the distance, admiring it.

NATE (CONT'D)

Governor's mansion looks grand in this light.

Her resolve melts slightly. She looks at him.

LAINY

All right, I'll go. Not for you, though. I really do want to see the museum.

Nate smiles, confidence restored.

NATE

Fair enough.

Nate checks his phone, a text from Patrick: "Where are you?"

NATE (CONT'D)

I've gotta go. Pick you up tomorrow? Around six?

LAINY

Deal.

A double decker bus comes to a stop. Lainey boards it. Nate watches her leave. As he starts walking away...

PULL BACK TO REVEAL - the Governor's mansion is actually the WHITE HOUSE, and the Union Jack flies proudly over it.

INT. GYMNASIUM - DAY

The CLANG of SWORDS echoes off stark white walls. Fluorescent lights reflect off hardwood floors. Nate and Patrick, in full regalia, fight swiftly, elegantly.

PATRICK

I know you enjoy that sassy banter  
you and Lainey have, but you are  
different sides of the same  
stubborn coin. It'll never work.

Patrick scores a point on Nate's chest.

Blades CLASH again, rapidly.

NATE

Then why did she say yes?

Nate scores a point on Patrick's abdomen.

PATRICK

Either she fancies you, or, and  
this is much more likely, she  
really is a Neo and wants an  
opportunity to case the museum.  
Maybe interrogate the governor.

NATE

She's not a Neo.

PATRICK

Better hope not. I doubt she could  
whore her way out of a treason  
charge. Law works a lot differently  
than the classroom.

NATE

That's over the line, mate.

Nate is miffed. He means business. He lunges, disarms Patrick and forces him to the ground. He presses his sword against Patrick's throat. Patrick removes his mask.

PATRICK

Go ahead, ya bastard.

Nate holds the sword at his throat.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Well, either put me out of my  
misery, or help me up.

Nate doffs his mask and helps Patrick up.

NATE

You are such a wanker.

Patrick laughs off Nate's comment.

EXT. CAFE - DAY

Chrome tables and chairs, dark gray umbrellas. Nate sits alone, sipping a glass of water. A nearby WAITRESS attends to other customers.

Nate checks the time on his phone, then dials. RING. RING. RING. RING.

RICHARD (V.O.)

You've reached Richard Evans,  
Please leave a message.

BEEP.

NATE

Pop, it's Nate. I was hoping to  
tell you about this date I have  
tonight. Where are you? You never  
miss Friday lunch. Call me back.

INT. NATE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Nate stands at a mirror, tying his tie. The room resembles a mini museum: framed newspaper headlines, old tin signs. A large Union Jack covers the entire wall behind the couch.

A TV news report fills the background.

REPORTER (O.S.)(ON TV)

A manhunt is under way tonight for  
a missing government scientist.

Nate's ears perk up at the word "scientist." He rushes to the TV. Clearly concerned.

INSERT TV: An ID badge picture of a well-groomed Hispanic male, 40s, wearing a lab coat.

REPORTER (ON TV) (CONT'D)

Officials are currently seeking  
Tony Martez. He is suspected of  
selling government equipment and  
secrets to Neo-Revolutionaries. He  
is considered armed and dangerous.  
If you spot him call the police at  
once.

Nate breathes a sigh of relief. He looks at a framed picture on an end table of him and Richard. They're wearing "Explorer Scout" uniforms.

NATE

Least you're staying outta trouble.

REPORTER (ON TV)

In news from the motherland, the King has deployed more forces to the English channel as tensions with the French continue to rise.

Nate turns off the TV and puts on his suit coat.

EXT. LAINEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Nate approaches the door. He hears MUSIC. He peers through a gap in the drapes. Lainey, dressed in a beautiful blue dress, is playing a violin.

Nate watches a beat - KNOCKS. She keeps playing. He KNOCKS harder. She continues. Nate KNOCKS even harder. Lainey stops.

INT. LAINEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Vibrant colors and decor. A definite bohemian vibe. Lainey rests the violin on her sofa, opens the door, revealing Nate.

LAINEY

You don't have to tear down my door, you know?

NATE

I wouldn't have thought so.

Lainey looks to her violin and realizes...

LAINEY

Sorry. When I play, I tend to drift off in my own little world.

NATE

It sounded like a beautiful world.

LAINEY

(smiling)  
Thank you.

Lainey leans in towards Nate. He tenses up. She's going to kiss him! She leans closer...

...reaches past him and grabs her coat.

LAINY (CONT'D)

Ready?

Nate tries to hide his disappointment. He smiles and nods.

EXT. MUSEUM OF TREASON - NIGHT

The museum is ominous. Eastern State Penitentiary meets the Parthenon. The large crowd is met by HEAVY SECURITY.

Spotlights illuminate huge banners hung between columns, which feature sinister depictions of Washington and other key revolutionaries.

Nate and Lainey travel the long walkway. In the center is a statue of General Charles Cornwallis. Nate is preoccupied.

LAINY

Are you okay?

NATE

Just a little concerned about my father. We were supposed to have lunch today, but he didn't show.

They reach the entrance. Security guards scan guest fingerprints. The scanner displays their ID picture and bios. Dillinger's henchman, August, motions them towards him.

AUGUST

Next.

Lainey reluctantly complies. Nate readily scans his print. After they enter, August touches his ear piece.

AUGUST (CONT'D)

Sir, he's here.

INT. MUSEUM OF TREASON - BALLROOM - NIGHT

Lavishly decorated, a non-buoyant Titanic. Guests finish their dinners. Conversations fill the air.

At the front of the room is a stage with a podium. The Lord Lieutenant flag serves as a backdrop. Stage left, a red ribbon blocks the exhibit hall entrance.

QUINLAN SMYTH, 40s, short, balding, glasses, approaches the podium. He adjusts the microphone.

QUINLAN

Ladies and Gentlemen, may I have your attention please.

(as the crowd quiets)

I'm Quinlan Smyth, Curator of The Museum of Treason, and I have the distinct honor of introducing a man who is very passionate about our history.

The anticipation grows.

QUINLAN (CONT'D)

He is also the driving force behind this museum. Ladies and Gentlemen, Governor Dillinger Cornwallis.

The crowd stands and CHEERS. Lainey stands, doesn't applaud.

Brock and Ramsey, dressed in red blazers, survey from the wings as Dillinger steps on stage. Quinlan shakes Dillinger's hand, relinquishes the podium.

Dillinger uses one hand to pompously settle the crowd.

DILLINGER

Thank you. I'm... very humbled.

Nate and Lainey listen with varying degrees of interest.

DILLINGER (CONT'D)

This museum allows us a unique look back on our nation's origins. It also recalls past problems that, regrettably, are present once more.

Dillinger takes a sip of water.

DILLINGER (CONT'D)

Two hundred thirty-nine years ago my ancestor Charles Cornwallis, with the help of his fellow countrymen, triumphed over a group of terrorists masquerading as patriots. And now, with your help, history will repeat itself.

More applause. Dillinger nods at their approval.

DILLINGER (CONT'D)

These Neo-Revolutionists, like the colonists they emulate, refuse to accept their roles in society.

(MORE)

DILLINGER (CONT'D)

They talk of freedom, yet they  
terrorize with violence and fear  
mongering. This cannot and will not  
stand.

Applause. Nate likes what he hears. Lainey is in disbelief.

DILLINGER (CONT'D)

This museum will educate current  
and future generations about the  
true nature of the American  
revolutionists. It will ensure that  
no child ever aspires to take up  
the mantle of treason again.

Dillinger takes the podium microphone, walks to the red tape.  
Quinlan hands him an oversized pair of scissors.

DILLINGER (CONT'D)

Ladies and Gentlemen, I present to  
you... the Museum of Treason.

SNIP. The ribbon falls. Applause. Camera flashes.

INT. MUSEUM OF TREASON - EXHIBIT HALL - NIGHT

SERIES OF SHOTS: Nate and Lainey observing exhibits.

A) A mannequin dressed as a CONTINENTAL SOLDIER loses a fight  
to a REDCOAT mannequin.

B) Center of the room, roped off, is the LIBERTY BELL. Nate  
walks around it. He is in awe.

C) Display labeled "Amati violin: belonged to unknown  
soldier." A "W.S." is burned into the top, between the  
fingerboard and the bridge. Lainey wipes away tears.

D) A "Join or Die" flag featuring Ben Franklin's segmented  
snake drawing hangs on a wall.

E) An American Flag inside a case is labeled "American Flag:  
The Symbol of Betrayal."

F) Thick glass case housing a piece of parchment. They  
approach it and see: "When in the course of human events..."

INSERT DISPLAY CARD: "The Declaration of Independence: A  
slandorous self-incrimination of colonial treason."

END SERIES OF SHOTS.

Above the "Declaration" is the painting of Washington, Franklin, and Jefferson in shackles. Nate barely glances at it when Nash, also in a red blazer, approaches him.

NASH

Nathaniel Evans? The governor would like to see you.

Nate is shocked, excited. He and Lainey follow Nash.

A group of people walks past them. A SKINNY WOMAN drunkenly stumbles into Nate. He shrugs it off and keeps walking.

Dillinger, his back towards Nate and Lainey, talks to Quinlan. Nash whispers to Dillinger. The governor turns around.

DILLINGER

Nathaniel Evans, "Delusions of Grandeur in the Neo-Revolutionist Movement," terrific read.

They shake hands.

NATE

Thank you, sir.

DILLINGER

It's inspiring to know I have some young blood with me in this cause.

NATE

You have a whole empire with you, sir.

Lainey rolls her eyes.

DILLINGER

Evans, I could use a man like you. Keep up the good work and a cabinet position may just be in order.

NATE

Really? Oh, that would be a dream come true, sir.

DILLINGER

Don't seem so surprised. Brilliance does run in the Evans family.

(to Quinlan)

His father, Richard, is one of my brightest theoretical physicists.

QUINLAN  
Is that right?

DILLINGER  
Indeed. He's a... highly sought  
after man.

Dillinger eyes an oblivious Nate, hoping for a reaction. Nate is too busy being star struck.

NATE  
I'll be sure to tell him of your  
kind words.

Lainey watches the exchange. Something feels off to her. She huffs and crosses her arms.

DILLINGER  
Nathaniel, I've not had the  
pleasure. Who is this lovely lady?

NATE  
Where are my manners? This is my  
friend--

LAINY  
Lainey. Sweeney.

Lainey extends her hand to shake. Dillinger kisses it instead.

DILLINGER  
Miss Sweeney, a pleasure.

Nash approaches Dillinger. Leans in to his ear again.

NASH  
(whispering)  
Sir, we picked up a heat signature  
leaving the museum, but nothing  
visually.

DILLINGER  
(to Nate and Lainey)  
Excuse me, duty calls.

Dillinger, Nash, Ramsey and Brock huddle in the corner. Dillinger watches Nate and Lainey walking towards the exit.

DILLINGER (CONT'D)  
He obviously doesn't know yet.  
(to Nash and Ramsey)  
You two, follow Nathaniel.  
(MORE)

DILLINGER (CONT'D)

If Martez was here, it was to see him. Go.

The men leave.

EXT. MUSEUM OF TREASON - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Nate and Lainey reach the car. Lainey applies hand sanitizer. Nate opens the back door, hangs his suit coat on a hanger. He notices an envelope addressed to "NATE" sticking out of the pocket. He opens it and reads.

LAINHEY

(off Nate's look)

Everything okay?

INSERT BOTTOM OF LETTER: "It is a matter of the utmost importance. Love, Dad."

NATE

It says it's from my father...  
asking me to come to his house at  
once.

LAINHEY

How'd it get in your coat?

NATE

I have no idea.

LAINHEY

Wait. What do you mean it *says* it's  
from your father?

NATE

(holding up the letter)

This isn't his writing.

EXT. RICHARD'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Newspapers litter the stoop. Nate and Lainey near the door.

NATE

Thanks for coming with me.

LAINHEY

You seem really worried. I couldn't  
just leave you like that.

Nate KNOCKS. No answer. He tries the window. It's locked,  
curtains drawn. He tries the door... It's unlocked.

INT. RICHARD'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Darkness. Nate flips a light switch. Nothing. He turns on his phone's flashlight. The room is dusty and cluttered. The hardwood floors creak with every step.

NATE

Hello? Pop?

Nate leaves to search the house. Lainey uses her phone's flashlight to locate and light a few candles. She smiles as she checks out pictures on Richard's bookshelf.

INSERT PICTURES: Nate and Richard fishing. Nate fencing. Young Nate on Richard's lap reading Sherlock Holmes.

Nate emerges from another room and shrugs.

LAINY

Now what?

There's a CREAK in the corner. Nate and Lainey swivel around.

MYSTERY VOICE (O.S.)

I apologize for my deception.

The CREAKING gets closer. Nate and Lainey back away slowly. Nate retrieves a cricket bat from against the wall.

NATE

Who are you? Show yourself.

LAINY

Nate... what's going on?

NATE

I don't know.

Nate brandishes the bat.

RED SPARKS accompany an ELECTRONIC GROAN - as a translucent silhouette solidifies into TONY MARTEZ. He's wearing an electronic suit of some sort.

NATE (CONT'D)

Martez?

LAINY

Who is this guy?

NATE

He's a traitor and a fugitive. Call the police.

Lainey pulls out her phone. Tony LUNGES for it. Nate swings, but misses. Tony holds his hands up.

TONY

No. Please. I have information about your father.

NATE

What do you know about my father?

TONY

I work with him. Listen, I'm not going to hurt you, okay? Hear me out. Your dad? He's in trouble.

Nate lowers the bat, waves Lainey off. She pockets her phone.

NATE

What kind of trouble?

TONY

Richard went missing three days ago. Nobody had heard a word from him. Then, tonight, at the museum, I saw this...

Tony hands Nate his phone.

INSERT PHONE SCREEN: The painting of the Founding Fathers in shackles.

NATE

So? Everybody's seen this painting. It's probably the most renowned in all New Britain.

TONY

Exactly. But when's the last time you really looked at it?

NATE

I saw it tonight. You know what I didn't see? You.

Nate pushes the phone back to Tony.

TONY

Damn right, because I wear the suit. Yesterday they dragged me from my lab, interrogated me about your father. His inventions. His whereabouts. I told them I know nothing and they threatened me with life in the factories.

LAINY

They like to do that.  
(off Nate's glare)  
Well, they do.

TONY

I put the note in your pocket.  
You're the only one who can solve  
this riddle. Look on the back left  
side.

Tony extends the phone. Nate reluctantly takes it.

TONY (CONT'D)

It's been in front of us this  
entire.

INSERT ZOOMED PICTURE OF PAINTING: Nate's gaze shifts past  
prison wagons, "Founding Fathers," and a smirking Charles  
Cornwallis, and settles on Richard! He's holding a piece of  
cloth that reads "Nate tobacco 22 lb."

NATE

Are you suggesting that's my  
father... with George Washington?

Lainey snatches the phone from Nate. Her eyes grow wide.

TONY

I'm not suggesting. That's Richard.

NATE

That's not possible.

TONY

Two minutes ago you would have said  
the same about an invisible man.  
He's holding a sign that says  
"Nate." How do you explain that?

Nate looks exasperated. He doesn't have an answer...

NATE

I can't. How would you explain him  
winding up in a two hundred year  
old painting?

TONY

I have no answer. What does he mean  
by twenty-two pounds of tobacco?  
(chuckles)  
That would be a huge cigar.

Lainey squints at the picture.

LAINY

I don't think it's twenty-two pounds. I think it says 2-2-1-B.

NATE

2-2-1-B? Where have I heard that before?

Nate paces back and forth, pondering.

TONY

(beat)  
Sounds like someone's flat number.

A light bulb goes off in Nate's head.

NATE

That's it!

Nate searches the bookcases, pulls a book off, flips through it until he finds the right page.

NATE (CONT'D)

It's not just anyone's flat. That's Sherlock Holmes's address. I knew I'd heard that number before. Tobacco? Hmm...

Nate thinks a beat, zeroes in on a corner desk, crawls underneath and emerges with a pair of gray Persian slippers.

TONY

Slippers?

NATE

(with a hand in a slipper)  
Sherlock Holmes always kept his tobacco in the toe of his slippers.

Nate searches the left slipper. Nothing. He grabs the right one. His hand finally reemerges holding a USB DRIVE.

NATE (CONT'D)

By George, I think we've found it.

Lainey looks at Tony hesitantly. What's he gotten them into?

INT. RICHARD'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Nate opens a laptop on the desk, plugs in the USB drive and clicks on the first of two files. A video plays:

INT. RICHARD'S LAB - NIGHT

The camera turns on. The viewfinder shows no person, only a bevy of in-progress inventions in the background.

RED SPARKS accompany an ELECTRONIC GROAN. RICHARD EVANS, 50s, shaggy gray hair, appears wearing the suit. He exudes an eccentric energy.

He grabs a chair and sits in front of the camera.

RICHARD (ON VIDEO)  
Nathaniel, I don't have much time.  
If you're watching this I am in  
deep trouble. The governor is after  
me. If he isn't after you already,  
he will be soon. And it all started  
because of this.

Richard tugs at the suit.

RICHARD (ON VIDEO) (CONT'D)  
My newest invention. It contorts  
light rays to make the wearer  
appear invisible to the naked eye.  
Truly a soldier's best friend. But  
it needed a real test before I  
could present it to the governor.

RICHARD'S STORY - WE SEE IT AS HE TELLS IT.

INT. GOVERNOR'S MANSION - DAY

Richard, wearing the suit, approaches the "Oval Office," a camera mounted to the suit captures the action.

RICHARD (V.O.)  
If I could successfully sneak into  
his office, I knew he'd be pleased  
with the suit. But I could never  
have expected what came next...

The office door is cracked a smidge.

VOICE (O.S.)  
The world you have built here is  
incredible.

DILLINGER (O.S.)  
Thank you, Charles.

Richard's head inches through the door. His eyes grow wide.

DILLINGER (CONT'D)  
 I have taken every precaution to  
 preserve it. The loyalty cards will  
 be active within the month. And  
 I've enlisted a hundred thousand  
 more military.

INT. GOVERNOR'S MANSION - OFFICE - DAY

Richard fully enters the room.

RICHARD'S POV: Dillinger stands by the window talking to  
 Charles Cornwallis.

RICHARD (V.O.)  
 The *Charles* he was speaking to was  
 General Charles Cornwallis!  
 Resplendent in his uniform. Looking  
 straight from the New Britain war.

CHARLES  
 What was it like?

DILLINGER  
 America? It was full of entitled,  
 easily offended whiners, who lacked  
 even a trifling amount of the moxie  
 their ancestors had.

CHARLES  
 My, aren't we nostalgic. Nothing  
 you'll miss?

DILLINGER  
 (scoffs)  
 Nothing anyone will miss.

Dillinger grabs a book off his ornately carved wooden desk.

DILLINGER (CONT'D)  
 I did save a little souvenir,  
 though, in the event I were ever  
 stricken with such a terrible  
 affliction.

He hands Charles the book. Richard inches closer to the desk.

CHARLES  
 "The *Complete History of the United  
 States of America.*" Proper trophy,  
 I'd say.

Dillinger smirks. Charles sets the book back on the desk.

Richard looks at the book, astonished by its very existence.

DILLINGER

All this would have been impossible  
without you, grandfather. You  
believed in me. Now our family has  
the legacy we always deserved.

A sense of satisfaction washes over Charles.

CHARLES

Speaking of, I must be returning to  
my part of this legacy.

Next to the book are two TIME TRAVEL BOXES. Dillinger picks  
one box up, programs it, hands it to Charles. They embrace  
briefly before Charles disappears in a BLUE FLASH OF LIGHT.

Dillinger, hands behind his back, turns and gazes through the  
window at the falling leaves outside.

Richard grabs the remaining device and the book from the desk  
and slips them inside his suit. As he tip-toes towards the  
exit he bumps the door which CREAKS slightly.

Dillinger hears the noise. He turns and notices the missing  
items. He fumes with anger, eyeing the room suspiciously.

DILLINGER

Guards!

END OF RICHARD'S STORY.

INT. RICHARD'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Nate and Lainey watch the video.

RICHARD (ON VIDEO)

I couldn't believe it. The son-of-a-  
bitch invented time travel.

NATE

Time travel?!

LAINNEY

Time travel?!

Tony is more intrigued than shocked.

RICHARD (ON VIDEO)

I studied the box and found it  
unnervingly easy to duplicate.  
Given the right amount of Thorium,  
that is. What exactly was he up to,  
though? I had to know...

LAINY

That. Why didn't that rub off on you?

Nate shoots her a look of "Really?"

RICHARD (ON VIDEO)

He'd highlighted three major events in the book. All of them crucial to New Britain's founding. First is the Boston Tea Party. That's where I will start looking for answers, and it'll likely be your best chance at finding me.

NATE

(pointing at the screen)  
Time travel? He's lost it.  
Absolutely gone mad.

RICHARD (ON VIDEO)

I'll bet you think I've gone absolutely mad.

Nathaniel is surprised. It's like Richard heard him.

RICHARD (ON VIDEO) (CONT'D)

You always were a doubting Thomas. If ever there's a time for you to believe, it's now. I've placed everything you might require to rescue me in Staffordshire Caverns, near Titania's veil. Go and see for yourself... If you need help, contact my lab associate, Tony Martez. He has always been a kind and loyal friend. I feel certain he will be willing to assist you.

Richard leans forward, turns the camera off.

NATE

Impossible. This is impossible.

TONY

I've worked many years with your father. The impossible does not stop Richard Evans. The real question is, how can you doubt him so easily?

NATE

Oh, c'mon... Time travel?

TONY  
(motioning to his suit)  
Invisible man?

NATE  
Yes, well, seeing is believing, I  
suppose.

LAINY  
Then why not go to the caverns and  
see?

Tony smiles. Nate fidgets with the computer.

NATE  
Sure. Why not? Wild goose chase  
sounds like a smashing way to spend  
an evening.  
(to Lainey)  
We'll drop you off on the way.

LAINY  
Hogwash, I'm going with you.

Nate clicks the second file on the USB drive.

NATE  
No, you're not. In the event my  
father hasn't lost his marbles...  
this could be really dangerous.

The video player loads back up.

RICHARD (ON VIDEO)  
Almost forgot. I included an extra  
device, bring Lainey with you.

Lainey smiles defiantly. Her smile fades abruptly.

LAINY  
Wait. How does your father know  
about me?

EXT. RICHARD'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A GRAY SUV is parked down the street.

INT. GRAY SUV - NIGHT

Nash and Ramsey watch Tony, Nate and Lainey exit the house,  
get in Nate's car and drive off. Nash touches his ear piece.

NASH  
They're with Martez, sir.

DILLINGER (O.S.)  
Follow them. Do not make contact  
without my consent.

INT. NATE'S CAR - NIGHT

Lainey rests her head on Nate's shoulder. Nate is clearly nervous. Lainey takes his hand in hers.

Tony checks the rearview, sees the gray SUV following at a distance. He switches lanes, and the SUV switches, too. Tony's eyes shift nervously between the road and the mirror.

EXT. STAFFORDSHIRE CAVERNS - NIGHT

A modest tourist attraction. The outfitters and restaurants are closed. Nate retrieves a flashlight from his trunk.

EXT. STAFFORDSHIRE CAVERNS ENTRANCE - NIGHT

A sign reads: "Hang Stalactite at Staffordshire Caverns."

Nate carries a satchel with him. He's changed clothes and now wears khakis and a "Beatles" T-shirt. The "Beatles" are actually the Rolling Stones with mop-top hair cuts.

Lainey looks forlornly at her dress.

LAINHEY  
It's too bad your dad didn't have  
anything in my size.

NATE  
(laughing)  
I'm rather happy about that,  
actually.

LAINHEY  
Who are the Beatles anyhow?

NATE  
Some club band my dad is always  
talking about. Swears they were  
fantastic.

## INT. STAFFORDSHIRE CAVERNS - NIGHT

Flashlight beams cut through the darkness. Water DRIPS from above, puddling on the ground. Nate leads Lainey and Tony as they descend further into the dank cavern.

LAINey

What is Titania's Veil?

NATE

Pure calcite. Named after Titania from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

(off Lainey's look)

Dad and I went spelunking here once when I was in the scouts.

Nate's flashlight shines on the murky brown and rust red stalactites and stalagmites before glimpsing a white surface.

NATE (CONT'D)

There it is.

They start toward the veil.

## INT. STAFFORDSHIRE CAVERNS - TITANIA'S VEIL - NIGHT

The veil is a gorgeous pearl white. Lainey lights the lantern. Nate and Tony search around the stalagmites.

LAINey

Any luck?

NATE

No. Nothing.

TONY

Over here.

Tony pulls a large duffel bag from behind a stalagmite. He dumps it out: PERIOD CLOTHING, FISHING LINE, ROPE, LANTERN, TIME TRAVEL DEVICES and an ALUMINUM BOX.

Nate opens the box and pulls out a linen wrapped object. He unwraps it, revealing the history book. He flips through it.

TONY (CONT'D)

What does it say?

NATE

Says America was founded in 1776... says they defeated the British in the... revolutionary war. Never heard it called that before.

Lainey takes the book from him, flips through pages.

Tony turns on the time travel devices.

TONY'S POV: Device screen "Destination December 8, 1773."

TONY

Richard's already programmed the devices.

Tony hands Nate and Lainey their devices.

NATE

You're not suggesting we actually use these things, are you?

TONY

Yes. And we should hurry.

NATE

Why? Because of this...  
(holds up the book)  
...work of fiction? Shouldn't we discuss this first?

TONY

There's no time.

NATE

That's ironic, isn't it.

TONY

If we can find Richard's message the Governor can, too.

Lainey tosses Nate and Tony some clothes.

LAINHEY

We better look the part, boys.

MOMENTS LATER.

Lainey is in a modest dress. Tony wears a powdered wig and an oversized waistcoat. Nate is in a bright blue Spanish tailcoat and matching pants which are two sizes too tight.

TONY

We may have gotten these mixed up.

NATE

(looking at his clothes)  
God, I hope so.

MOMENTS LATER.

Now properly dressed.

NATE  
I'm still unclear what exactly our  
plan is here?

BANG. GUNSHOTS ricochet through the cave. Nate, Lainey, and Tony duck, search with their lights... it's Nash and Ramsey.

Nate and Lainey take cover behind a stalagmite. Tony ducks behind a different one. BANG. More shots whiz by, chipping off pieces of rock.

NASH  
Why don't you plan on dying?

Nash goes right, directs Ramsey to go left.

Tony motions to his time device. They press their buttons just as Nash steps around a stalagmite and sees Tony.

NASH (CONT'D)  
Where do you think you're going,  
Martez?

Nash lines Tony up in his sights and pulls the trigger. BANG!

	NATE	LAINY
Tony!		Tony!

A BLUE FLASH OF LIGHT consumes Nate and Lainey.

Nash and Ramsey are surprised by the blue light.

INT. STAFFORDSHIRE CAVERNS - TITANIA'S VEIL - PAST - NIGHT

Pitch black. Then blue pulsating light. Nate and Lainey phase into appearance.

	NATE	LAINY
Tony!		Tony!

They search with their flashlights. No Nash, Ramsey, or Tony.

LAINY (CONT'D)  
Did it work? Where's Tony?

NATE  
Tony!

INT. STAFFORDSHIRE CAVERNS - TITANIA'S VEIL - PRESENT - NIGHT

Nash and Ramsey close in on Tony. The bullet shattered his device. He is bleeding profusely. Ramsey trains his gun on him. Nash touches his earpiece.

NASH

Sir, we captured Martez, but Nate  
and the girl escaped. They have  
time devices, sir.

INT. GOVERNOR'S MANSION - OFFICE - NIGHT

Dillinger slams his phone down. He's so mad he doesn't know what to do...

DILLINGER

Goddamn it! You will pay for this,  
Richard.

EXT. STAFFORDSHIRE CAVERNS - PAST - NIGHT

Nate and Lainey emerge from the cave and gasp in amazement. Nate slowly scans the surroundings.

NATE

Holy smokes...

The gift/outfitters shop and restaurants are gone. No power lines. No paved roads. Only a snow covered forest. Snow falls from the gunmetal gray sky. Their breath rolls out in clouds.

NATE (CONT'D)

(in awe)  
I'd say it worked.

LAINY

Nate, we have to go back for him.

A distant mountain lion ROARS, startles them. Nate refocuses.

NATE

Go back? To the cave? With the gun  
wielding thugs? That's not gonna  
help anybody. We've got to find my  
father.

LAINY

How are we going to get from  
Virginia to Boston?

Nate sees smoke rising from a distant FARMHOUSE chimney.

NATE

I've got a notion. C'mon.

Snow crunches beneath their feet as they trek toward the farmhouse.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

Darkness engulfs the rustic house. Nate and Lainey crouch at the treeline. Two horses in nearby stalls begin neighing.

LAINERY

We're not stealing horses.

NATE

Not stealing. Borrowing.  
You ever ridden?

LAINERY

No. You?

NATE

Not since I was an Explorer Scout.  
Got a merit badge in it, though.

She rolls her eyes at him.

EXT. FARM - STABLES - NIGHT

Nate exits a stall riding one of the horses. Lainey struggles to maintain her balance on the other one.

NATE

(to Lainey)  
It's okay. Just take it easy.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

The FARMER opens his door, startled to see Nate and Lainey.

FARMER

Not again! You stop right there.

He reaches for his musket, begins loading it.

NATE

Oh, bloody hell.

LAINERY

So much for taking it easy.

Nate clutches the reins, kicks the horse. The horse NEIGHS loudly and bolts off. Nate slips sideways in his saddle. He finally manages to right himself. He looks back at Lainey.

NATE

What are you waiting for?

Lainey kicks the horse and grabs a hold of her its neck as the steed strides swiftly away.

The farmer, finished loading, aims his musket and SHOOTs, but misses, hitting nothing but pine bark.

FARMER

Come back with my horses. Damn it!

EXT. TRAIL - NIGHT

Nate and Lainey ride swiftly down the trail.

EXT. TRAIL - NIGHT - LATER

Their pace has slowed significantly. They look exhausted.

NATE

I am famished.

LAINey

I'm so hungry I could eat a horse.

Lainey's horse WHINNIES. She pats it gently, grabs a carrot from the saddlebag and feeds it to the horse.

LAINey (CONT'D)

Don't worry. Not you.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Lainey carries a lit lantern. Nate follows. Lainey notices fresh tracks leading to a narrow trail and signals him to stop. She breaks off a small branch from a tree.

LAINey

You still have that rope and fishing line?

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT - LATER

Lainey has created a snare. She breaks a carrot in half and places one half on either side of the hoop.

LAINY  
Now we wait.

EXT. CAMPFIRE - NIGHT

The horses are tied to nearby trees. A rabbit roasts on a spit over a fire. Nate and Lainey warm their hands.

NATE  
Where'd you learn to catch a rabbit?

LAINY  
I have a merit badge in it.

NATE  
Hardy har har. Seriously.

LAINY  
Camping. Family went every summer. Was the only holiday we could afford. Did your father never teach you anything of the sort?

NATE  
We camped a great deal when I was little. Mother loved it. But after she died my father refused to go anymore. Hurt too much, I guess.

LAINY  
I'm sorry.

NATE  
It's okay. He's not the kill-your-own-food type anyhow. His idea of roughing it is chipped beef on a biscuit.

LAINY  
That sounds awful.

Lainey rotates the spit.

NATE  
Tastes like plonk to me, but he loves it.  
(beat)  
So... this has got to be the longest first date ever, huh?

LAINY  
 (chortles)  
 This isn't a date.

NATE  
 Oh, no? Then what is it?

LAINY  
 (smiling)  
 It's you in 1773... not having to  
 go stag.

NATE  
 (laughing)  
 Fair enough.

The fire CRACKLES and POPS.

MONTAGE - Nate and Lainey Travel

- Smoke rises from the smoldering fire as they saddle up their horses.
- The sun glistens off snow covered pines. Nate and Lainey ride down a trail as fast as their horses will carry them.
- Lainey splashes water from a creek on her face. Nate sits to the side reading the American history book.
- Nate and Lainey warm themselves, while another rabbit roasts on a spit. We don't hear their conversation, but they laugh. Nate puts his arm around Lainey. She lets him.
- They continue their ride.
- Around another campfire, Nate reads the history book and steals glances at a sleeping Lainey.

END MONTAGE.

EXT. BOSTON HARBOR - DAY

Three boats are docked: the Dartmouth, Beaver, and Eleanor. Their sails are down, their decks littered with crates.

SUPER - BOSTON, DECEMBER 15, 1773

A crowd of citizens argue with Redcoats.

EXT. BOSTON - STREETS - DAY

Nate and Lainey alight and tie their horses to a hitching rail outside a shop. They hear YELLING and cautiously follow the shouts of discontent to the harbor.

EXT. BOSTON HARBOR - DAY

Lainey and Nate navigate the harbor. VENDORS sell fresh fish, fruits and vegetables. The CROWDS protests get more intense.

PROTESTER 1

Take it back.

PROTESTER 2

We don't want his majesty's tea.

PROTESTER 3

No taxation without representation!

The rest of the crowd starts chanting: "NO TAXATION WITHOUT REPRESENTATION."

REDCOATS with bayonet-equipped muskets watch the citizens. Nate stops in his tracks at the sight.

NATE

Holy mother of god!

LAINY

This is surreal.

NATE

It's like watching our textbooks come to life.

LAINY

Worst thing you can get from a textbook is a paper cut.

Nate looks at the Dartmouth. Starts walking towards it.

LAINY (CONT'D)

Where are you going?

NATE

(over his shoulder)  
It's the Dartmouth. I've got to.

Lainey follows him through the crowd toward the ship.

EXT. DOCKS - DARTMOUTH - DAY

Nate looks up at the Dartmouth in awe. He runs his hand along the ship's side, feeling the grain in the wood. He touches the stacked crates like they are mirages.

NATE  
Can you believe it? The Dartmouth?  
The Dartmouth! It's beautiful.

LAINY  
I'd hardly call it beautiful.

REDCOAT #1 walks down the Dartmouth's plank and spots Nate.

REDCOAT #1  
Hey! You there. What do you think  
you're doing?

NATE  
Me? I wasn't doing anything.

REDCOAT #1  
Likely story.  
(to Redcoat #2)  
Over here. Got two ne'er-do-wells

EXT. BOSTON HARBOR - DAY

A person's shadow covers a crate full of apples.

VOICE (O.S.)  
Four please.

A hand forks over payment and begins grabbing apples.

EXT. DOCKS - DARTMOUTH - DAY

Redcoat #1 and REDCOAT #2 have blocked Nate and Lainey's exit from the dock.

REDCOAT #2  
Are those your crates?

NATE  
No.

REDCOAT #1  
Is this your ship?

NATE  
I wish.

REDCOAT #2  
Then you've no business skulking  
'round here.

The Redcoats each produce a pair of shackles.

REDCOAT #1  
Put your hands behind your back.

BAM! An apple collides with the back of Redcoat #1's head.

REDCOAT #1 (CONT'D)  
Ow. Bloody hell.

BAM! A second apple hits Redcoat #2, who glares at the crowd.

REDCOAT #2  
All right, who threw the apples?

A hand playfully tosses an apple up in the air.

VOICE (O.S.)  
Is there a problem, gents?

We see the back of the person's head. Shaggy silver hair is topped with a tricorn hat.

Nate's eyes go wide.

NATE  
Dad? What in the name of the queen  
are you doing here?

RICHARD  
Hello, son. Lainey.

LAINY  
(smiling)  
Nice to meet you, Mr. Evans.

REDCOAT #1  
Sir, did you throw these apples?

RICHARD  
Indeed.

REDCOAT #1  
(to Redcoat #2)  
Arrest him!

Redcoat #2 reaches for Richard. Richard shoves him away.

RICHARD  
 You're going to have to catch me  
 first... Lobsterback!

Richard heaves the last two apples at them, takes off.  
 Redcoat #1 and Redcoat #2 look at each other.

REDCOAT #1  
 I've got these two. Go.

Redcoat #2 takes off after Richard.

SERIES OF SHOTS

- Richard running through a crowd.
- Redcoat #2 follows.
- Richard knocks over fruit stands into Redcoat #2's path.
- Redcoat #2 dodges the fruit.
- Richard cuts down an alleyway. Redcoat #2 sees him and takes an alternate alley
- Richard ducks under sheets hanging on clotheslines.
- Richard runs down another alley and skids to a stop when Redcoat #2 pops out in front of him, musket raised.

INT. JAIL - DAY

The two Redcoats shove Nate, Lainey and Richard into a barren, dirt floor jail cell. Outside the cell is a table and chair.

Redcoat #1 closes the cell door.

LAINY  
 Aren't we the best rescuers ever?

NATE  
 (to Redcoat #1)  
 Excuse me. I know he's in here for  
 tossing his apples, but what crime  
 did we commit?

REDCOAT #2  
 Treason.

NATE  
 Treason?! I'd never--

REDCOAT #1  
Don't act ignorant. We're quite  
familiar with you and your cause.  
(to Redcoat #2)  
Watch them.

Redcoat #1 leaves. Redcoat #2 sits in the rickety chair.

Richard pulls Nate and Lainey into the far corner.

RICHARD  
(whispering)  
So, how did it happen?  
(off Nate's confused look)  
If I had succeeded you'd never have  
known I was gone.

LAINY  
You showed up in a painting at the  
Museum of Treason.

NATE  
You got arrested with George  
Washington, and you were holding a  
cloth sign that said "Nate, Tobacco  
221-B"

RICHARD  
Sherlock Holmes' address. That's  
fantastic.

NATE  
We wouldn't have known about the  
painting if it weren't for Tony  
Martez.

RICHARD  
Where is Tony? Did he not come with  
you?

LAINY  
Two of the governor's men showed up  
at the cave. They shot him...

Richard paces about the cell, pensive.

NATE  
Dad, can't we use our time travel  
devices to get out of here, to go  
home?

RICHARD

Of course... If you know what is standing here in exactly two hundred and forty-seven years.

NATE

What?

RICHARD

You don't want to reappear with your head fused into a brick wall, or with your leg melted into an automobile bumper. That's why I sent you to Staffordshire. The caves have always been and will always be caves.

NATE

Speaking of motives. Why are you here, Dad?

RICHARD

Did you not pay attention to my video?

NATE

Obviously I did.

RICHARD

Obviously you didn't... But I'm sure you've been reading that book. The Governor has robbed these people of their true destiny. I can't in good conscience let that go. They need our help.

NATE

Our help? No. We only came for you.

RICHARD

But, Nathaniel--

NATE

Three people cannot change a revolution, Dad. Even if I were inclined to help, knowing my luck I'd kill an ancestor and really screw us over.

RICHARD

Remember when you were little, how you liked to skip stones in the lake?

NATE

Yeah?

RICHARD

Time travel is a lot like that.

Richard places a nearby rock in the center of the dirt floor and traces circles with his finger.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

We are the stone. Any changes we make ripple out through time. You see what I mean?

Nate doesn't quite understand.

LAINY

(to Richard)

You're saying we're protected from the changes, because we're the ones making the splashes?

RICHARD

Precisely.

NATE

But nobody else is?

RICHARD

The world will transform around them. We'll be the only ones the wiser.

NATE

I'm not risking my life to save a bunch of traitors.

RICHARD

They're not traitors, son.

Redcoat #2 looks up at them, taps his musket on the ground.

REDCOAT #2

Pipe down in there.

Redcoat #2's head dips back down.

RICHARD

I can't make you understand while we're stuck in this dirt motel.

NATE

And how do you suggest we get out?

LAINY  
Leave that to me.

Lainey stands, dusts herself off and walks to the cell bars.  
She unties a little of her dress to accentuate her cleavage.

LAINY (CONT'D)  
Excuse me, soldier.

Redcoat #2 sleepily twitches to consciousness.

REDCOAT #2  
What do you...  
(glancing at her breasts)  
Can I help you, ma'am?

She seductively motions him to approach the cell. He does.

LAINY  
Sir, could you please let me out?

REDCOAT #2  
Absolutely not.

LAINY  
I am too delicate to be in such a  
filthy place. I'm a fragile woman.  
One who's loyal to his majesty...

She presses herself against the cell. Redcoat #2 could touch  
her breasts and the beads of sweat that trickle down them.

LAINY (CONT'D)  
...and all of his men.

Redcoat #2 steps to the bars.

Lainey strokes the back of his head. He groans, lost in  
pleasure. Lainey grabs his hair and SLAMS his SKULL into the  
bars. Redcoat #2 falls to the ground, unconscious. A ring of  
KEYS are clipped to his hip.

LAINY (CONT'D)  
And you're a moron who could use a  
good shag.

Nate and Richard spring to their feet.

NATE  
How did he not see that coming?

LAINY  
I'm guessing they don't watch a lot  
of movies here.

Lainey reaches for the keys.

RICHARD  
(to Nate)  
I like her.

INT. GREEN DRAGON TAVERN - NIGHT

Crowded room. Smoke hangs in the air. Men are bellied up to the bar. Others sit around tables playing nine men's morris or telling tall tales to their barmates.

Tucked away at a corner table, Nate, Lainey and Richard are enjoying pints of beer.

RICHARD  
Thank you for the pint, Lainey.

LAINY  
(rattles a bag of coins)  
Thank that jail house charmer.

Samuel Adams enters. He receives a warm reception and steps to the bar where he is handed a beer. He toasts those around him. A few men begin singing the "To Anacreon In Heaven."

Lainey smiles as she listens to the song. Richard opens the book. Three dates are written on the inside.

INSERT BOOK PAGE: 12/16/1773, 4/18/1775, 7/4/1776

RICHARD  
Dillinger has written three dates here. The first is tomorrow. Twelve sixteen. That's the Boston Tea Party--

NATE  
You keep saying party. You mean the tea protest?

RICHARD  
Semantics. It says here, that man...  
(points to Adams)  
...Samuel Adams, was the organizer behind the whole thing.

NATE  
Samuel Adams died of a heart attack the night before the protest.

RICHARD  
Are you sure?

NATE  
Who do you think you're talking to,  
Dad? I know my history.

RICHARD  
You know what you've been told.

Richard locates a page.

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
Says here, after receiving a coded  
signal from Samuel Adams, many  
citizens disguised themselves as  
Indians and dumped all the tea from  
the ships into the harbor.

NATE  
(looking at book page)  
You're saying Samuel Adams didn't  
actually die of a heart attack?

RICHARD  
Only one way to know for certain.

Richard grins at Nate, takes a sip of beer.

EXT. OLD SOUTH MEETING HOUSE - NIGHT

Nate, Richard, and Lainey sit five rows from the front,  
amongst the angry patriots we saw earlier. They watch Samuel  
Adams whisper to John Hancock.

MODERATOR  
Order! Order!  
(as crowd settles)  
Mr. Adams, Mr. Hancock, what do you  
really hope to accomplish here?

SAMUEL  
We want merely to reclaim the  
rights granted to us as subjects of  
the British crown...

Nate skeptically listens to Samuel speak.

NATE  
All this hoopla over some taxes.

SAMUEL

We hold out hope that Rotch can  
make Governor Hutchinson see  
reason.

The door THUDS open. Nate turns to see Rotch and Nash enter.  
He is speechless at the sight of Nash.

LAINY

Nate, isn't that--

NATE

...Yeah.

(tugging Richard's sleeve)  
That's the guy who shot Tony.  
What are we going to do?

RICHARD

Stay put. I'll handle this.  
(standing)  
Excuse me, my fellow Brits!

The crowd continues loudly speculating. No one hears him.  
Richard pushes his way up to the front just as Rotch and Nash  
reach Sam and John's table.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Mr. Adams. Mr. Adams.

SAMUEL

(to Richard)  
Sir, please take your seat.

Nash smirks at Richard. Nate notices Nash produce a syringe  
and conceal it behind his back.

ROTCH

(to the moderator)  
The tax is to be paid. The tea  
unloaded at once.

The crowd is outraged. Nash taps the syringe as Adams stands  
to address the crowd.

SAMUEL

Then this meeting--

RICHARD

Excuse me, Mr. Adams.

Richard rushes past Samuel and John Hancock. He grabs Nash's  
arm, tries to wrest it away from Adams. They tussle.

Nash slams Richard against the railing. The syringe hovers over his chest.

NATE  
Hang on, Dad!

Nate jumps up, leaping from pew to pew as Nash pushes the syringe closer to Richard.

Nate dives from the last pew and tackles Nash. The syringe skids across the floor.

PATRIOT 1  
What's going on here?

NATE  
This man was trying to kill Samuel  
Adams.

Nash's face flashes with anger, he takes off running.

PATRIOT 2  
After him!

A couple patriots give chase. Nash exits several steps ahead of them. BLUE FLASH OF LIGHT. Nash is gone.

EXT. OLD SOUTH MEETING HOUSE - NIGHT

The pursuers reach the doorway in time to see the flash.

PATRIOT 1  
Where in heaven's name did he go?

INT. OLD SOUTH MEETING HOUSE - NIGHT

Samuel Adams dusts himself off. He's no worse for the wear. He picks up the syringe and holds it up in observation.

SAMUEL  
What is this?

NATE  
A syringe, sir. That man was going  
to use it to kill you.

HANCOCK  
That doesn't look like any syringe  
I've ever seen.

Samuel looks to Hancock.

SAMUEL

Assassins.

(grinning)

We must be doing something right.

(to the crowd)

Given these developments. It is my opinion that this meeting can do nothing more to save the country.

Shouts arise as the crowd hurries out: "Hurrah for Griffin's Wharf," "Boston Harbor a Teapot Tonight."

INT. GOVERNOR'S MANSION - OVAL OFFICE - PRESENT - NIGHT

Dillinger sits, looking out the window. His back is to us. A door on the left side of the room flings open.

DILLINGER

(without turning around)

Please, come in.

NASH

Sorry for the interruption, Governor.

DILLINGER

What is it?

NASH

Sir, Samuel Adams is still alive.

Dillinger reaches behind him and retrieves a glass of liquor from his desk. He sips it.

DILLINGER

Details?

NASH

Nathaniel and Richard Evans showed up.

Dillinger swivels to face Nash. He slams his glass down.

DILLINGER

I gave you a god-like power and yet you still manage to fail.

NASH

I can go back. I'll try again. As many times as needed.

DILLINGER

You can't just go around punching holes in the timeline as you please. It's not Swiss cheese. I chose these moments very carefully. Each of them represents a critical juncture in the formation of the Continental Army.

NASH

You're worried about that bunch of trash.

DILLINGER

(sips his liquor)  
That bunch of trash defeated the Cornwallis family once before. It will not happen again.

INT. GREEN DRAGON TAVERN - PAST - NIGHT

Samuel, Nate, Lainey and Richard sit around a table.

SAMUEL

The truth is, all might be free if they valued freedom, and defended it as they ought... Nathaniel, I owe you and your father a debt of gratitude for your heroics tonight. How might I make us even?

NATE

(looks to Richard first)  
Can you tell us where to find George Washington?

SAMUEL

I believe he's at the statehouse in Pennsylvania. If you can wait until the morning I will escort you there myself.

They hear commotion outside.

EXT. GREEN DRAGON TAVERN - NIGHT

Nate rushes outside. He stops in his tracks. Groups of "Indians" march towards the harbor. Nate knows their intentions. He rushes out amongst them.

NATE  
 (to Indian 1)  
 No. You must stop.  
 (to Indian 2)  
 This is not the way.

Indian 2 shoves him aside.

INDIAN 2  
 This is the only way.

EXT. BOSTON HARBOR - NIGHT

Moonlight bounces off the water. A few Redcoats attempt to restrain the "Indians," but they push past them and board the ships. Nate rushes up the ramp after them. He tries to wrest a crate from an "Indian's" hands.

NATE  
 This only proves your disloyalty.

The "Indian" knocks him to the ground and tosses the crate into the dark water. Nate gets up. He looks over to the shore and sees Richard and Lainey standing there.

NATE (CONT'D)  
 Aren't you going to help?

They don't move. His pride hurt, Nate can only watch as the colonists make their voices heard one SPLASH at a time.

EXT. INDEPENDENCE HALL - DAY

Rain drizzles from a gray sky. A horse and buggy stop in front.

INT. INDEPENDENCE HALL - ASSEMBLY ROOM - DAY

Samuel Adams enters, followed by Nate, Lainey and Richard. Two men talk near the head of the room. Adams points to one.

SAMUEL  
 That's my cousin, John--

NATE  
 And?

Samuel Adam's finger moves to the other man.

SAMUEL  
 He's talking to George Washington.

NATE

Oh.

Richard shakes his head, embarrassed.

NATE (CONT'D)

What? He looks taller in person.

Sam leads them through the wooden railing toward the men.

SAMUEL

John, may I have a moment alone  
with Mr. Washington?

JOHN ADAMS

Of course.

John sits at a nearby table and starts writing notes.

SAMUEL

George, I'd like you to meet Lainey  
Sweeney and Richard and Nathaniel  
Evans. They saved my life in  
Boston. All they asked for in  
return was to meet you.

RICHARD

(extending his hand)  
General Washington, pleasure to  
meet you.

One-by-one Washington shakes their hands. Nate is last. He  
looks upon Washington with contempt.

NATE

General.

Washington eyes Nate, reluctantly shakes his hand. John Adams  
hears the salutation of "General."

JOHN ADAMS

Sam, could I see you for a moment?

SAMUEL

Excuse me.

Sam Adams leaves.

WASHINGTON

General? Why do you address me as  
such?

LAINY

That's your title.

NATE

Wait... No. It's not. Not for over a year.

Washington looks at Nate, perplexed.

RICHARD

Sir, if I may. We have intercepted word of a conspiracy. We fear your life is in danger.

WASHINGTON

And how did you ascertain this knowledge? Did you capture a dispatch?

RICHARD

Not exactly. We, uh, overheard some men speaking about it.

WASHINGTON

You did? Where?

RICHARD

Yes, sir. At the Green Dragon Tavern.

WASHINGTON

Oh, at a tavern. We all know what an unimpeachable source of knowledge they are.

LAINY

Sir, please listen to us.

WASHINGTON

You have no evidence. No proof of your claims whatsoever. Why should I listen to you?

Nate can't help himself.

NATE

Because we're from the future.

Richard and Lainey can't believe he blurted that out... but they can't take it back now.

WASHINGTON

The future?

RICHARD

Two thousand and twenty to be exact. We travelled back to warn you.

Washington guffaws. Sam and John glance up at him.

WASHINGTON

Thank you. I needed that.

NATE

Why are you laughing?

Washington's laughter subsides. He evaluates them.

WASHINGTON

You're serious?

(off their nods)

Then I'm afraid I'm going to have to ask you to leave.

NATE

Wait. We can prove it. Dad, show him the book.

Richard reaches inside his satchel.

LAINY

Oh yeah, the book. General Washington please look--

WASHINGTON

I am not a general. And I am no longer amused.

He starts to walk away from them. Stops and turns back.

WASHINGTON (CONT'D)

I would not recommend returning here either. Doing so would not be... *salutary* to any of you.

Sam Adams stands up, starts to approach the group. Richard and Lainey are frustrated. Nate is angry.

NATE

You're making a mistake... George.

LAINY

Nate, calm down.

SAMUEL

What is all this commotion?

RICHARD  
(to Samuel)  
Only a slight misunderstanding.

NATE  
The hell with Washington. He  
doesn't give a damn. Why should we?

RICHARD  
Excuse us.

Richard grabs Nate's sleeve and tugs him towards the exit.

NATE  
It's no wonder you lost the war!  
Lainey follows, amused by Richard's "reprimand" of Nate.

EXT. INDEPENDENCE HALL - DAY

The sky is still overcast, but the rain has subsided.

RICHARD  
Have you gone mad, son?

NATE  
He obviously doesn't care.

RICHARD  
Because he didn't believe we're  
from the future? Can you blame him?

NATE  
He's going to be their leader.  
There was no better person for us  
to warn. We warned him. Can we  
please just go home?

Richard walks about 30 yards away from the building, turns,  
looks at the majestic brick work. The "Liberty Bell" CLANGS  
loudly, echoing across the landscape.

RICHARD  
You want to go home?  
(off Nate's look)  
Fine. Give me your devices, I need  
to calibrate them for the return.

Nate readily hands his device over. Lainey reluctantly  
complies. Richard makes some adjustments, hands them back.

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
On my mark... One. Two. Three.

They push their buttons. BLUE FLASH. Gone.

EXT. INDEPENDENCE HALL - NIGHT

BLUE FLASH OF LIGHT. Rubble everywhere! Nate, Lainey and Richard appear. SCREAMS are heard in the distance.

RICHARD

This way.

SUPER - 2023

They stumble towards a burned and graffiti-ridden Independence Hall. They freeze when a TANK barrels round the corner and advances swiftly, blocking their path. The turret turns, barrel points at them.

The lid opens with a CLANG. ELDRICK ROBINSON, 30s, African-New Britain, pops his head out. One of his bright blue eyes stares through an assault rifle scope. A tribal necklace hangs from his neck.

He keeps the gun trained on them while climbing down the tank. Richard steps in front of Nate and Lainey.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Eldrick. It's Richard, don't shoot.

ELDRICK

Who? Why are you dressed like that?  
Who are you hiding?

Richard steps aside, revealing Nate and Lainey.

RICHARD

This is my son, Nathaniel. And I  
believe you know this young lady.

ELDRICK

Lainey?

LAINY

Eldrick?

A shocked Nate looks to Richard for an explanation.

More GUNSHOTS echo. In the b.g. a handful of RIOTERS run toward them, trying to evade the pursuing police.

ELDRICK

(motioning with his gun)  
Let's sort this out inside.

The group doesn't move.

ELDRICK (CONT'D)  
Hurry up! Being outside is  
hazardous for your limbs.

INT. INDEPENDENCE HALL - NIGHT

Candles provide the only light. The three enter, followed by Eldrick, who slides a heavy armoire against the door.

ELDRICK  
Ryota! We've got company.

NATE  
Lainey, how do you know this guy?

LAINERY  
Remember in class, when Patrick  
accused me of being a Neo?  
(off Nate's look)  
Well... he wasn't entirely wrong.

It's an awkward truth for her to share and for Nate to hear. Nate distances himself from the group, mulling this info while observing the bullet-riddled walls.

NATE'S POV: The "Assembly room" railing is splintered. The gate hangs on one hinge. Tables broken. A tattered "Betsy Ross" style American Flag hangs at the head of the room.

Nate catches up with the group, but ignores Lainey.

NATE  
What happened here? Everything was  
fine when I left.

RICHARD  
This isn't our present, Nate. This  
is the future.

NATE  
Like what twenty, thirty years?

RICHARD  
Three.

They reach the stairs to the second floor. Eldrick stops.

ELDRICK  
(to Richard)  
Did you say this is the future?

Richard raises his hands in the air, turns towards Eldrick.

RICHARD

Yes. My dear boy, I am a time traveler.

(indicates Nate & Lainey)

Actually, we are time-travellers.

Eldrick raises his gun.

LAINY

Eldrick, let him explain. Please.

ELDRICK

Ryota! Where you at, brother?

You're gonna want to hear this.

A WHIRRING sound fills the room. RYOTA SHEN, 30s, Asian, descends from above on an electronic cable.

RYOTA'S POV: His look pans from Nate, to Lainey, to Richard, then jerks to a stop and goes back to Lainey.

RYOTA

Lainey?

INT. INDEPENDENCE HALL - LONG GALLERY (2ND FLOOR) - NIGHT

Hardwood floors, many windows, and paintings of prominent British figures. The group sit around a table. Nate sits across from Lainey.

NATE

Okay, Dad. Once more, in English.

RICHARD

Before I went to the past. Before I left you any clues. I came to the future. If Dillinger goes unchecked, this is the result. An all-out war between the government and the people. Amongst the chaos, I met Eldrick, Ryota... and Lainey.

Lainey hangs on his every word.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

She'd been a Neo-Revolutionist for four years.

NATE

(to Lainey)

Four years?

ELDRICK  
 (tapping a patch on his  
 jacket)  
 Squad '76. Live free or die.

Lainey smiles at Eldrick.

RICHARD  
 Her job was to--

LAINNEY  
 (to Nate)  
 Retrieve intelligence on the  
 governor's defense plans.

RICHARD  
 Correct. And when it became too  
 dangerous in Foddington, the three  
 of you fled to Philadelphia.

NATE  
 (to Richard)  
 Defense? That's your job?  
 (to Lainey)  
 Is that why you went to the museum?  
 To get close to me? To find my dad?

Lainey doesn't answer either way.

RICHARD  
 Nathaniel, focus. While I was here,  
 a skirmish broke out and Lainey was  
 killed. I promised the boys I would  
 bring her back, in exchange for  
 their help. Pretty sure they  
 thought I was insane.

ELDRICK  
 You are insane, old man. Lainey  
 disappeared three years ago. Her  
 last communication was about  
 attending the museum opening.

RYOTA  
 Why don't we remember this? Or you?

RICHARD  
 You need proof?  
 (to Eldrick)  
 That necklace. You were twelve.  
 Your dad gave it to you the night  
 before he deployed to France.  
 Promised it would keep you safe.

Eldrick rubs the necklace. He's convinced.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

(to Ryota)

You were eight and loved horses.  
You wanted to take riding lessons,  
but your mother insisted that you  
embrace your culture and study  
martial arts. You felt it  
stereotyped you. Like all good  
mothers she compromised with you.  
And so you learned both.

RYOTA

She was right. I miss her wisdom.

Ryota looks at Eldrick. Also convinced.

RICHARD

(to Nate)

By having you bring Lainey to the  
past, she never stayed in this  
timeline and was never killed.

The big picture is coming slightly into focus for Nate.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

(to Eldrick and Ryota)

Boys, wanna fill them in on the  
last three years?

ELDRICK

When Dillinger came to power he  
changed everything. Didn't consult  
parliament or the people. Just  
dictated. The Neos started as a  
peaceful resistance. We just wanted  
a voice. A say in the laws we all  
have to abide by. But some people  
don't speak the language of peace.  
So, we had to find other ways to  
communicate.

RYOTA

He used the Defense Act's national  
security provision to strip our  
freedoms one-by one. Monitored our  
phone calls. Imposed curfews.

Eldrick motions to a TV and MINIDISC player plugged into a  
generator. He turns them on, puts a MINIDISC in the player.

ELDRICK

Paranoia set it. People became suspicious of each other. Everybody became a "loyalist" or a "Neo."

RYOTA

To "ensure safety" the government took over everything. Businesses, schools, even churches.

INSERT TV: A compilation of footage shows Dillinger giving speeches, people rioting, military standing watch at church services, soldiers yanking citizens from their homes.

ELDRICK

Now, you want to feed your family and not be homeless, you have to work for the government. All employees are implanted with a loyalty chip that records your every word and movement.

LAINY

What happened to Loyalty Cards?

ELDRICK

Implants proved *harder* to lose.

Eldrick grimaces.

INSERT TV: Hundreds of people in single-file lines are being ushered aboard busses at gunpoint.

Ryota pauses the video.

RYOTA

Anybody deemed "disloyal" is charged with treason and shipped to the prison factories.

Lainey gives Nate an "I-told-you-so" look. But her smile fades upon seeing his disillusionment.

ELDRICK

Some people escaped to New Orleans.

RYOTA

Oh yeah. Leaving the country is illegal, too, now.

ELDRICK

But if you get there, the French will protect you. God, they hate the English.

RICHARD  
 Son, are you okay?  
 (to Eldrick and Ryota)  
 Give us a minute, will you?

Eldrick nods. He, Ryota and Lainey leave the table. Nate's face is red, he's mentally exhausted. He looks at Richard.

NATE  
 I can't believe you knew about all this. Lainey's death, the fact that she's a Neo.

RICHARD  
 Being a Neo is not bad... Look, bringing you here was a last resort. I was trying to spare you--

NATE  
 What happens to me? Am I dead, too?

RICHARD  
 No.  
 (beat)  
 In Dillinger's world you're a "criminal." He had you arrested and shipped to the factories.

NATE  
 For what reason?

Richard puts his arm around Nate.

RICHARD  
 (beat)  
 For being my son.

NATE  
 Why is he doing all this?

RICHARD  
 History is full of lunatics that tried to bend the world to their whim. Why do any of them do it?

Nate chokes back emotion.

NATE  
 I want things back how they were, dad. I want my life back.

RICHARD

That'll never happen. Dillinger,  
he's woven himself into the fabric  
of this nation. We have to cut him  
out, son. The only way to undo what  
he's done, to stop *this* future from  
becoming our reality, is to save  
the colonists.

(beat)

Understand?

Nate nods as he wipes his eyes and nose with his sleeve.  
Richard stands, pats him on the shoulder.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Good. Pull yourself together. We're  
leaving in five minutes.

INT. DIMLY LIT ROOM - NIGHT

A Rolex watch fills the screen.

DILLINGER (O.S.)

Time's up.

A hand strikes the face of a beaten and bloody Tony Martez.  
He is tied to a chair. The blow knocks him to the ground.

Nash sets Martez upright again.

DILLINGER (CONT'D)

Answer me. What do they know?

TONY

(breathing heavy)

They know... you're... a lunatic.

DILLINGER

On the contrary, I am a very  
logical man, Mr. Martez. I've been  
more than gracious to you.

(getting in Martez's face)

But my patience wears thin.

Martez bites Dillinger's nose and draws blood.

DILLINGER (CONT'D)

Owww...

Dillinger steps quickly away. He retrieves a white  
handkerchief from his coat pocket, dabs one end at his nose,  
then inspects the amount of blood on it.

DILLINGER (CONT'D)

You animal. I give you the chance  
to act like a gentleman, the chance  
to spare your own filthy skin...  
and you bite me? Logic dictates I  
find a new way to persuade you.

Dillinger nods and Nash cuts Martez's forearm with a dagger.  
Martez writhes in pain, gnashes his teeth, but does not cry  
out. He suppresses the pain. His eyes burn through Dillinger.

DILLINGER (CONT'D)

Go on. Speak.

TONY

Ironically your logic has not told  
you... to go to hell. I would  
rather die than betray the cause of  
freedom.

DILLINGER

As a gentleman and a man of honor,  
I will grant that request.

Dillinger motions to Nash. Nash picks up a sword and stabs  
Martez in the chest with it. He struggles briefly before  
collapsing.

Dillinger uses the clean end of his handkerchief to wipe a  
blood spatter from his face.

NASH

They could be anywhere, sir. How do  
we find them now?

DILLINGER

I have built in several contingency  
plans. We won't have to find them.

INT. INDEPENDENCE HALL - LONG GALLERY (2ND FLOOR) - NIGHT

Nate, Richard, Lainey, Ryota and Eldrick stand in a circle.  
Richard has the American History book open.

RICHARD

The second event Dillinger marked  
is Revere's Midnight Ride. It says  
Paul Revere and William Dawes were  
dispatched to warn John Hancock and  
Samuel Adams that the redcoats were  
coming.

NATE

Samuel? No, it was his cousin,  
John. John Hancock and John Adams.

RICHARD

This account begs to differ, son.  
What does Dillinger's history say  
about Paul Revere?

NATE

He was arrested just outside  
Boston. Dawes isn't spoken about.

RICHARD

Guilt by omission.

Richard removes two more devices from his bag, programs them  
and hands Ryota and Eldrick one each.

Outside the sounds of SCREAMING and GUNSHOTS grow louder.

EXT. INDEPENDENCE HALL - NIGHT

NEW BRITAIN TROOPS gun down a handful of rebels. They throw  
their lifeless bodies aside and ram down the door.

INT. INDEPENDENCE HALL (1ST FLOOR) - NIGHT

The armoire teeters back-and-forth before tipping over.  
Troops enter, guns drawn.

INT. INDEPENDENCE HALL - LONG GALLERY (2ND FLOOR) - NIGHT

INTERCUT with 1st floor.

RICHARD

We've got to go now.

ELDRICK

What about weapons?

RICHARD

There's no time.  
(holding up his device)  
On three.

Everyone nods.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

One.

New British troops reach the staircase.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Two.

The troops start up the stairs.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Three.

Everybody pushes their buttons...

The troops storm into the room just in time to see the group disappears in a BLUE FLASH. The COMMANDER pulls off his mask.

COMMANDER

Damn it!

INT. INDEPENDENCE HALL - LONG GALLERY (PAST) - NIGHT

BLUE FLASHES. The group appears in the empty room. Eldrick and Ryota gaze at the beautiful condition of the hall. They smile, as if to say, "Yes, this is going to work."

EXT. TRAIL - NIGHT

The gang, on horseback, rides urgently towards Boston.

EXT. CAMPFIRE - NIGHT

A star-filled sky receives plumes of smoke from a roaring campfire. Richard, Eldrick and Ryota are already asleep.

Nate and Lainey sit around the fire in awkward silence. Nate hungrily reads the American History book. Lainey starts to speak, but pauses to carefully select her words.

LAINERY

I'm still the same person, you know?

NATE

(without looking up)  
Not to me.

LAINERY

What have I done to hurt you?

NATE

(setting the book down)  
You lied about why you went to the museum.

LAINY

You presume to know all of my intentions, do you? I'm a woman, Nate. I could have ten different reasons for doing something, or more, if I please. I don't have to tell you everything.

NATE

Do any of your reasons concern me?

LAINY

Men. You're an infuriating lot. We're in the midst of a revolution. The future of our country is at stake and still there's only one thing on your mind.

NATE

You presume to know all that's on my mind, do you? I'm a man, Ms. Sweeney. I could have ten different topics rattling around up here...  
(tapping his head)  
...or more if I please.

LAINY

(scoffs)  
Yes, but which do you place the highest importance on?

Nate ponders. He looks at the fire, Lainey, his sleeping compatriots... and finally to the star filled sky. It's a good question.

EXT. BOSTON - DAY

The stars fade to a bright blue sky. The gang rides into the city. Eldrick and Ryota are now dressed in period clothes.

RYOTA

How are we going to find Revere?

RICHARD

Nate, you said he was arrested just outside of Boston, right?

NATE

That's what we were taught.

RICHARD

Arrested probably means killed. I say we start there, but first things first... We need to find guns.

Redcoats harass citizens in the streets. Richard and Nate eye them carefully.

NATE

Wait.

Nate signals for them to halt. He nods in the direction of a blacksmith's shop.

NATE (CONT'D)

There. We can get guns there. I read about that shop, last night in the book. The shopkeeper is on Samuel Adam's payroll.

Richard starts to ride towards the shop.

RICHARD

Let your old man handle this.  
(over his shoulder)  
I have a flair for diplomacy.

NATE

Oh, clearly.

Nate and the others ride after him.

INT. BLACKSMITH'S SHOP - DAY

A burly BLACKSMITH hammers on a bayonet. There's a KNOCK at the door.

BLACKSMITH

Hold for a moment.

The Blacksmith drops the bayonet in water, waves away the steam cloud. There's a second KNOCK.

BLACKSMITH (CONT'D)

For God's sake. What'd I say?

He moves to the shop's rear where there is a makeshift bedroom, complete with cot, rug, lantern and night table.

A pair of eyes watches through a high window as the Blacksmith tosses back the rug and slips his hand through a small hole in the floor.

EXT. BLACKSMITH'S SHOP - DAY

Nate stands on a wobbly stack of crates peering through the crack.

INT. BLACKSMITH'S SHOP - DAY

The Blacksmith pulls open a door in the floor, revealing a hidden area with MUSKETS and a basket of BAYONETS. He drops the new bayonet in, closes the door, and replaces the rug. There's a third KNOCK.

BLACKSMITH  
I've met infants with more  
patience.

He stomps over and throws open the door, revealing Richard.

BLACKSMITH (CONT'D)  
What do you want?

Richard pushes past him into the shop, turns to face him.

RICHARD  
I am in need of weapons. Guns,  
specifically.

BLACKSMITH  
Guns?

The blacksmith scoffs.

BLACKSMITH (CONT'D)  
Sir, I don't make guns. I am a  
peaceable, family man.

His tongs enter his blazing forge and retrieve a horseshoe.

BLACKSMITH (CONT'D)  
Now, if you have a horse that needs  
shoeing, that I can do.

He hammers on the shoe while Richard looks around the shop.

RICHARD  
Do you not think guns can be used  
to secure peace?

BLACKSMITH  
Piss off. I wasn't born yesterday.

RICHARD  
It's not a trick question.

BLACKSMITH  
I trust in King George to secure  
the peace.

Richard notices a "Join or Die" flier on a table.

RICHARD  
It seems someone who's loyal to  
King George would have tossed such  
propaganda in his forge, post-  
haste.

The Blacksmith sees Richard holding the flier. He turns back  
to his work.

BLACKSMITH  
(unflappable)  
Ever heard of know thy enemy?

Another strike on the horseshoe.

Richard, uncertain what to say, spots Nate through the open  
window. Nate points to the rug. Richard acknowledges him.

RICHARD  
(to the Blacksmith)  
Oh, I know a lot about *your* enemy.

The Blacksmith drops the horseshoe in the water and retrieves  
another from the forge. He strikes the horseshoe.

BLACKSMITH  
Yeah, like what?

RICHARD  
That he is in fact the same man you  
claim loyalty to. Chubby fellow?  
Wears a crown?

The Blacksmith turns, sees Richard tossing up the rug. He  
starts towards him, grabbing a sword on his way.

BLACKSMITH  
Stop right there.

Richard lifts the hidden door just as the Blacksmith reaches  
him and puts the sword point into Richard's neck.

BLACKSMITH (CONT'D)  
You can't just come into a man's  
home and toss up his rug.

RICHARD  
Not even to help the militia?

He presses the sword tip deeper into Richard's neck.

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
We are on the same side,  
Blacksmith.

The Blacksmith believes him and release the sword.

Richard grabs muskets and bayonets to outfit his crew. He searches the edges of the compartment and pulls out a SWORD already sheathed and on a belt.

BLACKSMITH  
I may support the militia, but  
foremost I'm a businessman. How do  
you plan on paying for all that?

RICHARD  
Put it on Samuel Adams's tab.

EXT. BLACKSMITH'S SHOP - DAY

Richard exits, a full burlap sack slung over his shoulder.

RICHARD  
Eldrick, you and Ryota will follow  
William Dawes. Lainey, Nathaniel  
and I will prevent Paul Revere's  
arrest.

RYOTA  
Sounds backwards.

ELDRICK  
Yeah. With Revere there's  
guaranteed conflict. Don't deny me  
the opportunity to crack some  
redcoat skull.

RICHARD  
The greater danger lies in the  
unknown. That's where you will be  
most helpful, gentlemen.

Eldrick surveys Ryota for a reaction. Doubt creeps in.

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
Trust me, you will have an  
opportunity to "crack some skulls."

Richard reaches into the burlap sack and produces the sword.

NATE  
A sword? You don't fence?

RICHARD  
I know.  
(tosses Nate the sword)  
Merry Christmas.

Nate catches the sword and smiles like it is Christmas.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Revere rides urgently down a dirt path. He enters a small town. Burning lanterns light the doorways of several houses. He stops at the first - KNOCKS. A CITIZEN opens the door.

REVERE  
The regulars are coming!

The Citizen retrieves a gun next to the door, holds it up.

Revere rides to house #2 - KNOCKS. This door opens.

REVERE (CONT'D)  
The regulars are coming!

CITIZEN #2 grabs his gun.

EXT. HOUSE - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Lainey lies on the roof of the house closest to the woods. She aims a musket at the trail.

EXT. FOREST FURTHER DOWN THE TRAIL - NIGHT

INTERCUT with rooftop.

Richard and Nate crouch behind some roadside brush. They watch Revere knocking on houses.

MOMENTS LATER

Revere reenters the forest heading away from the town.

Lainey spots Brock in the brush. He's down farther and on the opposite side of the trail from Nate and Richard.

She lines up her shot as Brock steps onto the path in front of Revere. He holds his gun behind his back.

Revere yanks the reins. The horse shudders to a stop.

REVERE

Sir, you are impeding very  
important business. Please step  
aside.

Brock produces the silenced, semi-automatic weapon. A RED LASER DOT appears on Revere's shoulder, corrects onto his chest.

REVERE (CONT'D)

Who are you?

Brock's finger tenses on the trigger. He's about to fire when the CLANGING of hand bells RINGS out across the trail.

In the brush - Nate and Richard ring the bells. This is Lainey's signal. She FIRES her musket.

The shot grazes Brock's shoulder. He screams in pain, firing several errant shots. He drops the gun, hits the ground clutching his shoulder.

Revere is stunned by the power of the weapon.

RICHARD

Now, son!

Nate explodes from the roadside. He tackles Brock, knocks Brock's mask off. Brock and Nate trade several punches.

A baffled Paul Revere rides back toward the houses.

Richard rushes up and knocks the gun away. Then he tries to pull Brock off Nate, but Brock elbows Richard in the mouth. The blow sends Richard backwards and he smacks his head on the road. Out cold.

Richard has distracted Brock just long enough and Nate lands a solid right hook to Brock's chin, splitting his lower lip.

With Brock knocked down, and spitting blood, Nate moves towards an unresponsive Richard.

NATE

Dad!

He shakes Richard, who begins to stir.

Meanwhile Brock has put his mask back on and frantically searches the bushes for the displaced assault weapon.

BANG! A shot whizzes past Brock, missing him by inches.

REVERE (O.S.)  
Careful. We need him alive.

Brock turns to see Paul Revere, flanked by several MINUTEMEN walking towards him, muskets in hand.

REVERE (CONT'D)  
Surrender and we will spare your  
life. Resist and you will die here  
and now.

Brock begins to sprint down the trail. Nate has Richard sitting up now.

REVERE (CONT'D)  
Gentlemen.

The minutemen raise their muskets. Brock fumbles for his time travel device.

The minutemen fire at Brock, but they are a split second too late. A BLUE FLASH consumes him. Brock is gone.

Revere and the minutemen are aghast at the situation.

Lainey rushes up and crouches by Nate and Richard.

LAINHEY  
Are you two all right?

Richard groans.

LAINHEY (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry, Richard. Muskets are a  
lot harder to aim than I thought.

RICHARD  
You did exceptional, Lainey.  
Without you, Mr. Revere would be  
dead... again.

Revere hears the words and looks at Richard and Nate inquisitively.

NATE  
We'll explain everything on the way  
to Lexington.

REVERE

How did you know I'm going to  
Lexington?

NATE

We know a lot of things, Mr.  
Revere.

LAINY

I hope Eldrick and Ryota are having  
a better time of things than us.

EXT. DAWES' TRAIL TO LEXINGTON - NIGHT

Eldrick and Ryota covertly follow WILLIAM DAWES. They watch  
him warn CITIZENS. No redcoats or danger in sight.

RYOTA

What do you think it's going to be  
like if we succeed? America, I  
mean?

ELDRICK

Not if, when. I hope it's  
everything the colonists intend it  
to be. Life, Liberty. The pursuit  
of Happiness. Hell, the pursuit is  
all anyone can really ask for.

EXT. LEXINGTON - NIGHT

Revere, Nate, Richard and Lainey near the house at the same  
time as Eldrick, Ryota and Dawes.

RYOTA

You guys just getting here? I  
thought we had the longer route.

Nate's face is dirty and scratched up. He looks at Ryota.

NATE

We got a little sidetracked.

EXT. REVEREND CLARK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Nate dismounts from his horse and marches to the door ahead  
of the rest. He KNOCKS.

INT. REVEREND CLARK'S HOUSE - DAY

Sam Adams opens the door to find Nate standing between Revere and Dawes. In the b.g., Hancock is seen sitting at a table.

SAMUEL  
Nathaniel?!

NATE  
(surprised it's not John  
Adams)  
Samuel?

SAMUEL  
Never thought I'd lay eyes on you  
again.

Samuel's gaze shifts between Nate, Revere and Dawes.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)  
Why are you here?

NATE  
Mr. Adams, the Redcoats are coming.

SAMUEL  
Then we should further discuss our  
next move.

Samuel steps aside to admit them. Revere and Dawes enter.  
Nate does not.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)  
Are you not going to join us?

NATE  
I can't. That's not how it  
happened.

Nate turns to rejoin his group. Samuel slowly closes the door. He walks towards the table that Hancock is seated at as a BLUE FLASH fills the window.

EXT. INDEPENDENCE HALL - DAY

The sun shines. Clusters of DELEGATES converse

SUPER - JULY, 4th 1776

Lainey emerges from amongst a crowd of onlookers. She walks across the street and joins Nate and Richard.

Nate browses through the American History book, while Richard writes something on Nate's back with a piece of charcoal.

RICHARD  
(to Lainey)  
Are Eldrick and Ryota in position?

LAINY'S POV: Eldrick and Ryota are in the bell tower.

LAINY  
They're ready.

RICHARD  
Good.

NATE  
Dad, please, don't do this. We'll figure out another way.

Richard stops writing, drops the piece of charcoal and pulls a piece of cloth off Nate's back. He looks at it hesitantly.

RICHARD  
There is no other option here, Nathaniel. The only way out is through.

Richard holds up the cloth. It's the "Nate tobacco 22 lb" sign from the museum painting.

NATE  
I'm going with you.

RICHARD  
No. You need to stay here, with Lainey. Dillinger must think he's succeeded in stopping the Continental Congress. They must arrest me. Otherwise, I won't show up in the painting and we'll have a major paradox on our hands.

Across the street the delegates file into the hall.

Richard folds up the sign and puts it in his pocket.

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
Show time.

Richard walks towards the hall. A square, "sign sized" section is missing from the bottom of his coat.

## INT. INDEPENDENCE HALL - DAY

The delegates enter the Assembly Room. At the tail end are John Adams along with Benjamin Franklin.

JOHN ADAMS

Dr. Franklin, are you certain there is no room for compromise?

(beat)

We are about to declare all men equal while many still toil in chains. Do you not see the injustice in that?

FRANKLIN

The injustice is obvious, but the battle over slavery is one best fought at a later date. If you push this issue now, we may lose the support of the South. Without them there are no United States. Which means no help from France, and without help from France... the war is lost already.

Franklin nudges John Adams into the assembly room.

## EXT. INDEPENDENCE HALL - BELL TOWER - DAY

Eldrick and Ryota are waiting when there's a noise at the ladder. They grab their muskets, crouch down, and aim them at the ladder. A pair of hands grasps the top rung. Their fingers tense on the triggers.

One arm and then another reach into the bell tower, followed by a head... It's Richard!

RICHARD

Sorry to alarm you. I had one further request.

## INT. INDEPENDENCE HALL - ASSEMBLY ROOM - DAY

Delegates from all 13 colonies sit around tables covered with green tablecloths. At the front of the room, Jefferson finishes writing, rests his quill. He is flanked by John Hancock and Franklin. The delegates quiet.

Richard is standing by the back railing, watching intently. Nate walks up, stands next to him. Richard eyes him sternly.

RICHARD

I thought I told you to stay  
outside.

NATE

(grins)  
You did.

Nate seems enamoured with the whole proceeding. Richard sees Nate's intense fascination and his stern expression softens. He pats Nate on the back. Father and son watch together.

JEFFERSON

(reading)  
We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness. That to secure these rights, Governments are instituted among Men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed.

Nate listens intently to Jefferson's words.

JEFFERSON (CONT'D)

--That whenever any Form of Government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the Right of the People to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new Government--

The expressions of the delegates run the gamut of human emotion. Are they making the right choice?

Nate's expression shows his changing resolve. He gets it now. These people are not the enemy.

JEFFERSON (CONT'D)

(reading)  
The history of the present King of Great Britain is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations, all having in direct object the establishment of an absolute Tyranny over these States.

Hancock nods in approval as - GUNSHOTS ring out. The side windows shatter. The delegates take cover.

Two MEN in full tactical gear jump through the windows - with MACHINE GUNS drawn.

Two more MEN enter from the front. Richard rushes at them.

RICHARD

Run, son!

Nate is able to slip past the men and out the door.

INT. INDEPENDENCE HALL - ASSEMBLY ROOM - DAY

The men throw Richard over the railing. He lands on one of the tables and breaks it.

The four men surround the CONTINENTAL CONGRESS, who raise their hands in surrender.

EXT. INDEPENDENCE HALL - DAY

Nate exits from the rear of the building, his heart beating a mile a minute. Lainey is there.

LAINY

Are you okay?

NATE

Yeah, c'mon.

Nate leads her away from the hall.

Around the front of the hall, REDCOATS begin escorting Congress away while a crowd watches on.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

- A) On the roof Eldrick and Ryota watch.
- B) Dillinger shoves George Washington over to the Redcoats.
- C) Dillinger speaks to the four tactical gear soldiers.
- D) Nate and Lainey observe from the corner of an adjacent building.
- E) Dillinger speaks with Lord Charles Cornwallis as they watch the delegates march towards the covered prison wagon.
- F) Richard sees the painter and holds up his sign.
- G) The painter sees the sign, sketches it into the painting.

H) The American Flag is lowered.

I) Dillinger smiles sinisterly as he and his soldiers disappear - consumed by a BLUE FLASH OF LIGHT.

END SERIES OF SHOTS.

Lord Charles Cornwallis watches proudly as Jefferson is marched into the prison wagon. Then Hancock. Then Franklin. Washington lowers his head, preparing to step into the wagon--

BLUE FLASH OF LIGHT.

DILLINGER (O.S.)

Wait!

Washington halts. Charles Cornwallis turns around.

CHARLES

Back so soon?

IN THE BELL TOWER:

RYOTA

What the hell?

Ryota reaches for his musket. Eldrick's hand stops him.

ELDRICK

Richard said save Washington...

RYOTA

(uneasy)

No matter what. I know.

ELDRICK

Attacking now would be suicide.

Ryota lowers the musket.

BACK ON THE GROUND:

Nash, Brock, Ramsey and August stand behind an agitated Dillinger who stares at Charles.

DILLINGER

We have a problem.

CHARLES

What is that?

Dillinger rubs the cut on his nose where Tony bit him.

DILLINGER  
(pointing to Richard)  
Him.

Washington and Richard still stand outside the wagon.  
Dillinger yanks Richard by the shirt collar, drags him back  
near Charles Cornwallis.

DILLINGER (CONT'D)  
This is our problem. Men.

Nash, Brock, Ramsey and August form a square around Dillinger  
and Richard.

Dillinger kicks Richard's knee. Richard yells out in pain.  
Dillinger walks behind him, stops at his other knee.

DILLINGER (CONT'D)  
He's neither delegate, nor soldier.

Dillinger kicks Richard's second knee, causing him to drop to  
the ground. Richard writhes in pain.

CHARLES  
What do you think you're doing,  
Dillinger?

Dillinger ignores Charles. He reaches inside Richard's coat  
and pulls out his time travel device.

DILLINGER  
He's a thief... And he's not alone.  
Where are you, Nathaniel?

Dillinger scans the crowd.

DILLINGER (CONT'D)  
My, how your allegiance sways. I  
suppose I can mark you off my list  
for a cabinet spot.

Nathaniel and Lainey hide in a huddled group of spectators.

DILLINGER (CONT'D)  
Just as well, I got what I was  
after anyhow.

Dillinger points a semi-auto handgun at Richard. Nate's fury  
grows, he starts to move forward, but Lainey pulls him back.

LAINY  
It's a trick, Nate.

Dillinger still has the gun pointed at Richard.

DILLINGER

No? Really? What a pair you seem to have grown. Let's see if your new found conviction can survive without daddy-dearest holding your hand.

Dillinger cocks the gun. Nate remains hidden.

DILLINGER (CONT'D)

Are you really prepared to side with these sanctimonious miscreants? To lose your father over them and their illusions of freedom? I've only taken the steps I have because of people like them. Like your precious Lainey. Show yourself and I will be merciful. It's my promise as a man of honor.

Nate looks at Lainey. He's clearly torn.

NATE

I have to go. I can't just let him kill my dad.

Nate starts to walk forward but freezes when he hears--

RICHARD

Nate, don't. If you come out here he'll just kill us both. Don't let him win, son.

DILLINGER

He can't stop me, Richard. No one can.

Dillinger pistol-whips Richard to the ground. Richard struggles but gets up. Dillinger aims the gun at him again.

RICHARD

Kill me, you coward. Hell, I don't know why you haven't done it sooner? You have a time machine, you knew this would happen. Without me there would be no Nate.

Dillinger retracts the gun.

DILLINGER

And without you there would have been no time travel. You didn't know that, but in America you invented this little gadget.

Dillinger brandishes the time travel device.

Nate and Lainey are shocked by the revelation.

DILLINGER (CONT'D)

Wasn't sure what would happen if I killed you before the exact moment you invented it. So, I protected you. Gave you a job. Even indulged the career whims of your snivelling offspring.

Dillinger points the gun at Richard again.

DILLINGER (CONT'D)

Luckily, I'm no longer burdened by any of those obligations.

BANG! Dillinger shoots Richard in the stomach.

Lainey's hand clamps over Nate's mouth, muffling his cries. He watches in horror as Richard clutches his stomach, blood gushes over his hands. He falls to his side.

Dillinger looks one last time for Nate. He pins Richard's shoulder down with his boot.

DILLINGER (CONT'D)

Have it your way, Nathaniel. But if you interfere with my plans again, you'll join your father... as nothing more than fertilizer.

Dillinger shoots Richard in the chest to finish him off. He walks back towards Charles Cornwallis.

Lainey stops an angry/tearful Nate from lunging into view.

CHARLES

That was unnecessary.

DILLINGER

Are the prison camps ready?

CHARLES

Yes, but that's not the law of this land. Trials come first.

DILLINGER

A mere formality. My men will personally escort the wagon to the court house. Have a judge meet them there.

(MORE)

DILLINGER (CONT'D)

(to Nash)  
Kill anyone who gets in your way.

NASH  
Where are you going, sir?

DILLINGER  
To activate my contingency plan.

The crowd gasps as Dillinger disappears in a BLUE FLASH.

NASH  
(to Brock, Ramsey and  
August)  
You heard him.

Ramsey and August position themselves on small pedestals mounted to the back corners of the wagon. Brock climbs inside to guard the "Founders." Meanwhile, Nash takes the driver's seat and whips the two horses, which begin to trot away.

Lainey turns Nate away from the wagon. Dillinger's cronies glance once more at the stunned crowd.

EXT. INDEPENDENCE HALL - BELL TOWER - DAY

Ryota is shocked. Eldrick, ever a soldier, suppresses his emotions.

RYOTA  
Eldrick, we just let him get  
killed.

ELDRICK  
Save Washington. No matter what. He  
gave us our orders. We follow 'em.  
Let's go.

Eldrick and Ryota climb out of the bell tower.

EXT. INDEPENDENCE HALL - DAY

The wagon grows smaller.

Charles Cornwallis marches the remaining Redcoats away.

Nate breaks Lainey's grip, forces his way through the crowd. He reaches Richard's body, falls to his knees and hugs him. Tears stream down his face.

Lainey comes up and wraps her arms around Nate.

EXT. REAR OF INDEPENDENCE HALL - DAY

Eldrick and Ryota reach the ground. Muskets slung around their backs. They quickly mount two waiting horses.

EXT. WAGON - DAY

The wagon rolls down Market St. The cronies stand guard.

INT. WAGON - DAY

Brock, gun in hand, guards the "Founders." Washington looks at Franklin, Jefferson, and Hancock.

WASHINGTON

Please accept my apologies,  
brothers. The burden of this error  
rests with me.

FRANKLIN

How so, General Washington?

WASHINGTON

I was warned of this possibility,  
but I failed to listen. The  
informant's story seemed too  
fantastic to have any seed of truth  
in it. And now... I may have cost  
us everything.

Their countenances display hopelessness.

EXT. MARKET ST. - DAY

Eldrick and Ryota rapidly gain on the wagon.

EXT. WAGON - DAY

Ramsey scratches his scar, his faces contorts. Displeased.

RAMSEY

(yelling)  
Lads, looks like we've got company.

Nash whips the horses to go faster.

AUGUST

It's a Negro and a Chinaman.

RAMSEY

And they're not walking into a bar.

The two cronies chuckle, then draw their guns.

EXT. MARKET ST. - DAY

Ryota sees August's gun pointed at him.

RYOTA

(to Eldrick)

We need to jump.

Eldrick looks ahead, sees a dip in the road.

ELDRICK

Wait, three seconds.

EXT. WAGON - DAY

August's aims carefully. His finger nudges the trigger just as the wagon wheel hits the dip in the street.

Ramsey and August slip from their platforms. They grab hold on to the side of the wagon. A accidental spray of bullets shoots forth from August's gun and towards...

EXT. MARKET ST. - DAY

Ryota, who yanks the reins, swerving his horse back and forth as the stream of bullets pepper the brickwork of nearby buildings and divot the street.

People emerge from the buildings to check out the commotion.

Ryota has regained pace with Eldrick.

RYOTA

Let me show you how it's done.

EXT. WAGON - DAY

Ramsey and August have pulled themselves back up onto their platforms. They look towards the street and see Ryota standing on the horse. Ramsey draws his gun.

Ryota jumps from the horse onto the wagon, tackling August.

Meanwhile Ramsey aims his weapon at a standing Eldrick. The red dot appears on his chest.

ELDRICK

I don't think so, goldilocks.

Eldrick leaps from his horse, fist drawn back. He lands on the wagon, and also lands a huge right to Ramsey's jaw. Meanwhile Ryota tries to reach Nash by walking across the metal ribs that form the wagon's roof.

INT. WAGON - DAY

Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, and Hancock react to the ruckus outside, wondering who exactly has come to their aid. Brock tries to look out the windows to see what's going on.

EXT. WAGON - DAY

Nash drives the horses forward. The court house looms large.

Ramsey dukes it out with Eldrick.

August intercepts Ryota. It's Brawler vs. Martial Artist. August throws haymakers, trying to bludgeon Ryota. Ryota uses his agility to duck several shots. Then he does a roundhouse kick and knocks August down.

August, while down, seizes the opportunity for a cheap shot. He punches Ryota in the groin. Ryota folds in pain. August gets to his feet and wraps his hands around Ryota's neck. Ryota chokes, squirms, but can't get free.

Ryota's plight distracts Eldrick. Ramsey sucker-punches Eldrick, then holds his head near the wobbly wagon wheel.

Eldrick notices the wheel, powers out and reverses positions with Ramsey. He struggles, but finally throws Ramsey off the wagon, against the wheel, which breaks off.

Ramsey clings to the edge of the unbalanced wagon. Eldrick jumps off and lands with a roll. He runs back down Market St.

Ramsey loses his grip as the wobbly wagon finally topples over and skids, spilling people onto the street. Horses WHINNY in pain. Ryota is tossed a few yards away from the wagon.

EXT. MARKET ST. - DAY

Ryota is motionless. Spectators begins to gather.

Brock crawls out the side of the wagon. Nash composes himself.

NASH  
 (points to Ryota)  
 August, retrieve him. Brock, you  
 and Ramsey help me with this wagon.

Brock is by the broken wheel. His lip curls in disgust.

BROCK  
 Ramsey ain't helping with anything.

NASH  
 What are you talking about?

Nash walks over, sees Ramsey dead. Impaled by the wagon axle.

August methodically approaches Ryota, nudges him. Nothing. He rolls Ryota over.

Nash and Brock drag the disheveled "Founders" from the wagon.

NASH (CONT'D)  
 Out. C'mon. Out.

August prods Ryota again with his foot.

AUGUST  
 He's dead, Nash.

Nash draws his gun, drags Washington by his shackles. Brock similarly escorts the other "Founders" towards the court house.

NASH  
 Then leave him.

AUGUST  
 (spits on Ryota)  
 Vultures love Chinese food.

He walks away with an arrogant swagger just as Ryota's bright eyes POP OPEN. He SPRINGS to his feet, Bruce Lee style, wiping away the spit with one hand.

RYOTA  
 Where you going?

August stops in his tracks.

RYOTA (CONT'D)  
 No one spits on Ryota Shen.  
 Especially not some ignorant,  
 cockney midget.

August fumes, turns around to fight. He charges Ryota, who dodges and counter-attacks with a flurry of martial-arts moves. August finally blocks an attack and is able to get Ryota in another chokehold.

AUGUST

This time I'll make sure you're  
dead.

August tightens his grip. Ryota gasps, his eyes are going to pop out of his head. He only has seconds left when there's a loud burst of gun shots.

Nash stops his procession of prisoners. He turns to see...

A bullet shattering August's skull. Blood pours out as August drops to the ground. Dead. Ryota falls to his knees, coughs.

With Nash and Brock distracted by August's death, Washington huddles the other "Founders" for a moment.

Ryota regains his breath, looks to the crowd and sees Eldrick holding up August's dropped gun.

RYOTA

Took you long enough.

ELDRICK

I didn't want to interfere. You  
were finally picking on someone  
your own size.

Ryota smiles through the pain.

Nash's expression grows dark.

NASH

Slight delay in plans, boys.

Eldrick helps Ryota up... but they freeze as a red laser sight appears on each of their chests.

Nash has his gun aimed at Ryota. Brock targets Eldrick.

WASHINGTON

Mr. Franklin.

Ben Franklin whacks Nash in the knee with his cane. Nash drops his gun, clutches at the knee.

WASHINGTON (CONT'D)

Now, lads!

On his word Hancock and Jefferson sling the chains of their shackles around the necks of Nash and Brock.

WASHINGTON (CONT'D)

Don't let up.

The cronies gurgle, fall to their knees.

EXT. MARKET ST. - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

Eldrick, gun in one hand, removes a skeleton key from Nash's coat and tosses it to Ryota, who removes the shackles from the founders and clamps them on Brock and Nash.

Eldrick removes Nash and Brock's time devices. He tosses them in the streets and blows them to smithereens. Then he fires the gun until it clicks. Empty. He drops it in the street.

ELDRICK

Now there will be no more surprises.

BROCK

You think you've won?

NASH

Dillinger will come back for us.

ELDRICK

Right... because he cares so much for his friends.

EXT. INDEPENDENCE HALL - DAY

Nate and Lainey stand by a cart. Richard's body rests on it, now covered by a white sheet. Nate focuses on the body.

NATE

Why'd you stop me? I should have done something.

LAINHEY (O.S.)

If you had, you'd be dead now, too.

NATE

Maybe I should be...

LAINHEY

Well, maybe I couldn't bear the thought of that.

Nate looks to Lainey, but sees Eldrick, Ryota and the "Founders" standing there. Nate is angry. Confused. He wipes away a tear.

NATE

I don't even know where to bury him.

FRANKLIN

I know of a place, Mr. Evans.

EXT. CEMETARY WALL - DAY

A brick wall surrounds the tombs. A sign on the wall reads "Christ Church Burial Ground."

INT. CHRIST CHURCH BURIAL GROUND - DAY

Washington and the other "Founders" are gathered with Nate and his group around Richard's grave.

The group offers condolences before leaving one at a time. The last three are Nate, Lainey and Washington. Washington wants to speak, but resists. Instead, he pats Nate's shoulder and leaves him alone with Lainey, who hugs him.

Nate stares at the tombstone. It says "RICHARD EVANS." There is no birthdate, only a date of death carved in it.

INT. GOVERNOR'S MANSION - OFFICE - PRESENT - NIGHT

The lights are dim. A man sits at Dillinger's desk, in his very chair. The man is looking out the window.

The door opens. Dillinger enters. The chair turns around.

UNKNOWN POV: Dillinger stands there, contempt on his face.

DILLINGER

That's not your chair.

UNKNOWN (O.S.)

Not yet.

DILLINGER

Get up.

UNKNOWN (O.S.)

Come to throw me to the wolves like you did them?

A hand tosses photos of Nash and the cronies onto the desk.

UNKNOWN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Ramsey and August were killed in a  
wagon attack. Nash and Brock were  
hung in the town square.

DILLINGER  
Then we must act quickly before New  
Britain disappears from around us.

UNKNOWN (O.S.)  
What do you suggest?

DILLINGER  
This started with family, and by  
god it will end with family.

INT. PHILADELPHIA TAVERN - PAST - NIGHT

Smoke fills the air. Nate, Lainey, Eldrick and Ryota sit  
around a table with beers. Everybody drinks theirs, except  
Nate. One elbow on the table, head in hand, he stares into  
the bottom of his glass.

RYOTA  
I'm sorry, Nate.

ELDRICK  
We were just doing what he asked.

LAINY  
Nate, don't blame Eldrick and  
Ryota. You heard Richard talk about  
the paradox with the painting. He  
was a grown man and he made a  
choice.

WASHINGTON (O.S.)  
Pardon the interruption.

Nathaniel looks up to sees Washington across from him.

WASHINGTON (CONT'D)  
I'd like to have a word with  
Nathaniel, please.

Lainey, Eldrick and Ryota all leave the table.

WASHINGTON (CONT'D)  
(pointing to the chair)  
May I?

Nathaniel gulps some beer, motions Washington to sit.

WASHINGTON (CONT'D)

Nathaniel, I'm returning to New York and I could use your help. I need to know what you know.

NATE

In need of a good laugh... General?

WASHINGTON

I am deeply sorry I did not heed your previous warning.

Nate takes another large swig.

NATE

Eh, who can blame you? We must have sounded out of our minds.

WASHINGTON

Indeed. Although I suppose it's no more crazy than a group of ragtag soldiers attempting to thwart the British Crown. Had I listened, your father might still be alive.

NATE

Might?! There's no might. He would be. And we would be headed back...

Nate slams his mug down on the table and exhales heavily.

WASHINGTON

Back?

NATE

Home. I was going to say home.

WASHINGTON

Why don't you and your compatriots return home? You have sacrificed enough.

NATE

We don't have a home to return to.

Nate sips from his beer again. Washington looks at him sympathetically.

NATE (CONT'D)

My father died defending an America he never even knew.

(MORE)

NATE (CONT'D)

He had this incredibly deep faith  
that things always turn out for the  
best.

Nate hangs his head.

NATE (CONT'D)

Me? I was content to take the easy  
way. Believe what I was told. Smile  
and perpetuate the lie.

WASHINGTON

But that's not what you ultimately  
chose. If a man were judged by his  
fears, or the times in which he  
almost gave up, we'd all be branded  
cowards. Thankfully, history judges  
us by our actions, by the things  
that we choose to do. America's  
heart still beats. The possibility  
of a free country, one by the  
people, for the people, still  
exists... because of you. Because  
of your choices.

Nate looks at Washington with admiration. He sees why  
soldiers would follow him into the hells of war.

WASHINGTON (CONT'D)

Now you have one more choice to  
make. Tell me what you know about  
the future.

Nathaniel looks at Washington. Evaluates him. How does he  
know Washington won't become another Dillinger? The silence  
seems to last forever.

NATE

It won't help. He has a time  
machine. He'll just travel into the  
future, see what move you made, and  
counter it. He's always going to be  
one step ahead of you.

Washington's expression is one of trepidation and fear... but  
he will not succumb to it. He summons his determination and  
looks at Nate with a sense of resignation.

WASHINGTON

Then we will just have to fight  
twice as hard.

Washington clutches his hat, puts it on as he stands up.

WASHINGTON (CONT'D)

I truly am sorry for your loss, Mr.  
Evans.

Washington leaves. Lainey, Eldrick and Ryota rush over to the table.

LAINY

What happened? What did he say?

NATE

He wanted me to tell him about the future.

ELDRICK

And?

NATE

And I told him I couldn't.

RYOTA

That's why we're here, right?

NATE

We were here to rescue Sam Adams and Paul Revere, and to warn Washington about Dillinger. But I see now that it won't make a difference.

The group looks at him, bemused.

NATE (CONT'D)

Dillinger will come back again and again until he gets what he wants.

LAINY

How do we stop him?

NATE

We'll have to kill him... but to do that we have to know for certain when and where he will be.

RYOTA

Is there something in the book?

ELDRICK

Maybe Dillinger shows up there, like your dad did in the painting.

NATE

I've looked in the book.

ELDRICK

Does it not tell you anything?

Nate throws open the book and angrily flips through pages. We see illustrations of the events he mentions.

NATE

Bloody hell! It's an American history book, okay. Yes, it tells a lot. It tells about Washington crossing the icy Delaware River on Christmas night to surprise the Hessian soldiers.

Eldrick reacts to that.

NATE (CONT'D)

It talks about the brutal winter spent at Valley Forge and how the training they received from Baron von Steuben transformed them into an army capable of capturing the British at the Battle of Saratoga.

Lainey smiles upon hearing that.

NATE (CONT'D)

It highlights how that battle convinced the French to help America.

Ryota listens, enthralled.

NATE (CONT'D)

And the sugar in the tea, it tells how the French ships blocked Charles Cornwallis' escape at the Battle of Yorktown, resulting in his surrender to General Washington. But during none of that does it give one bloody clue as to Dillinger's whereabouts!

Nate slams the book shut.

NATE (CONT'D)

As much as it frustrates me to say...

(pushes the book away)  
...the answer is not in here.

They all look lost. Eldrick and Ryota sip from their beers. Nate slumps back in his chair defeated.

LAINY

Maybe the answer *is* there.

Nate looks at her, slightly annoyed.

LAINY (CONT'D)

Go back to that part about  
Yorktown.

Nate reaches for the book and opens it.

NATE

It says 'Charles Cornwallis sent  
his second in command, O'Hara, to  
surrender his sword to General  
Washington.

Lainey flashes a mischievous smile.

LAINY

Has Nathaniel Evans forgotten his  
New British history?

NATE

Not entirely. Try as I might.

LAINY

Do you remember sitting in class  
and telling me, "What about  
Yorktown? Washington was killed at  
Yorktown..."?

The wheels begin to turn in Nate's head.

LAINY (CONT'D)

How could Charles Cornwallis  
surrender his sword to a dead man?

Nate smiles widely.

NATE

He can't.

EXT. FORT - DAY

The sun is setting. British troops stand guard.

SUPER - Yorktown, Virginia. October, 1781.

INT. FORT - NIGHT

Charles Cornwallis's eyes stare intently, he exhales sharply into a clenched fist.

CHARLES

You are certain Washington is on his way here.

Two ADVISORS flank Charles, one of them is O'HARA.

ADVISOR 1

Yes, general.

CHARLES

How many in his company?

ADVISOR 1

Many more men than we've here, sir.

O'HARA

Our options are threefold, general. We could retreat to New York.

CHARLES

And risk running into the French? Out of the question.

O'HARA

We could move southward into North Carolina?

CHARLES

After the fate Major Ferguson suffered at King's Mountain? The south is no more safe than the north. No, we will stay here, stand our ground, and, Lord willing, be victorious. Prepare the troops.

The advisors leave. Charles is alone. He paces slowly when behind him there is a BLUE FLASH.

DILLINGER (O.S.)

Charles.

Charles stops, his back still to Dillinger.

CHARLES

My prodigal grandson.

(turns around)

I thought you were hiding in your precious mansion... governor.

DILLINGER

You seem to forget that if you don't defeat Washington, we lose all of that.

CHARLES

You mean you lose it. My troops and I have been fighting battle after battle for years. Where have you been? What have you been doing to swing the pendulum back in our favor?

DILLINGER

Everything! I've done everything! Lied, betrayed, stolen, killed. All for my country. All to restore YOUR name and our family's legacy.

CHARLES

Spare me the martyr speech. You wanted the power, and you were all too happy to use me to get it.

DILLINGER

I tried to act honorably, to make you proud. But if you won't listen to reason, then I'll have to do things my own way.

Dillinger pulls out a two-way radio and pushes the button. STATIC hisses.

DILLINGER (CONT'D)

(into the radio)  
Do it.

CHARLES

Who were you speaking to?

DILLINGER

My lumberjack.

CHARLES

Why on earth do you need a lumberjack?

DILLINGER

I have a cherry tree I need chopped down.

Dillinger's expression is pure evil.

EXT. YORKTOWN, VIRGINIA - DAY

Washington and over 20,000 Continental and French Troops march. They are tired and dirty. Some wear blue soldiers uniforms, while many wear nothing more than tattered rags.

Their expressions are varied. They are gritty and determined, yet they bear the unspeakable horror of war, of events which cannot be unseen.

The regiment's band plays patriotic music, attempting to bolster their spirits.

WASHINGTON

Halt!

Washington pulls out his spyglass.

WASHINGTON'S POV: A Redcoat lookout spots Washington and the troops. He begins frantically notifying the other Redcoats.

WASHINGTON (CONT'D)

They know we're here. Prepare for combat.

Some troops ready the gunpowder and musket balls, some position cannons, while others erect tents for base camp.

EXT. WASHINGTON'S CAMP - DAY

Washington stands near a tent. He is inspecting his sword when a BLUE FLASH comes out of nowhere.

NATE (O.S.)

General Washington?

Washington sheathes his sword, looks over and sees Nate, Lainey, Eldrick and Ryota.

WASHINGTON

Nathaniel? I wish I could say it was pleasant to see you.

NATE

I understand your feelings, general.

WASHINGTON

Need I even ask why you are here?

NATE

In our world, general, we were taught that you died here, during the Battle of Yorktown.

WASHINGTON

That's still a distinct possibility, now isn't it?

NATE

This history book says you win and that General Cornwallis surrenders his sword to you.

WASHINGTON

How I wish that to be the outcome.

Nate smiles.

NATE

We're all here to make sure it happens.

Washington looks at Lainey.

WASHINGTON

All of you?

LAINY

What?

WASHINGTON

I am sorry Ms. Sweeney, while I appreciate your patriotism, I can in no way condone sending a woman into combat.

LAINY

So that's it? There's nothing I can do to help?

In the b.g. the band changes songs. Washington takes notice.

WASHINGTON

Are you musical?

EXT. WASHINGTON'S CAMP - BAND AREA - DAY

The BAND LEADER looks at Lainey.

BAND LEADER

Sorry, miss. We don't carry spare instruments.

Lainey spots a wooden case in a trunk behind him.

LAINNEY

What's that?

She walks around him, reaches in and grabs the case.

BAND LEADER

That belonged to William Stroh, he died at the Battle of Trenton. Doesn't really fit with a marching band. Not sure why I keep lugging it around. Guess it just don't seem right to throw it away.

She unfastens the latches.

BAND LEADER (CONT'D)

If you can play it, it's yours.

She opens the case and stares in disbelief... inside is an Amati Violin! She looks closer and sees something. She wells up a little. The burned in "W.S." stares back at her. Lainey removes the violin and bow from the case.

LAINNEY

You're not an unknown soldier anymore, Mr. Stroh.

She plays a beautiful and impressive melody.

BAND LEADER

Looks like you have yourself a violin, Ms. Sweeney.

EXT. YORKTOWN - BATTLEFIELD - DAY

The troops are in formation. Washington stands at the command. Nate, Ryota and Eldrick are circled around him.

WASHINGTON

This is the moment we have been waiting for, men. Now is the time for us to end this war. Now is when we win our freedom!

The troops cheer! Washington draws his sword and points it towards the fort.

WASHINGTON (CONT'D)

Forward, march.

As the troops begin to march forward, Washington starts becoming TRANSPARENT. Ryota notices this first.

RYOTA  
Eldrick. Nate!

They turn, see Washington fading away. Nate lunges for him.

NATE  
General Washington!

He grasps NOTHING, though... and falls onto the muddy ground. Washington is GONE! Nate starts to lose it.

NATE (CONT'D)  
No. No. No! Damn it.

Musket fire erupts around them. Smoke hangs heavy in the air.

ELDRICK  
Nate, pull yourself together.  
(to Ryota)  
Grab his other arm.

They each grab an arm and drag Nate back towards base camp.

Lainey sees them and runs over to their tent.

LAINHEY  
Nate, are you okay?

The group huddles around Nate.

NATE  
He's won. Dillinger has won.

LAINHEY  
What do you mean he's won?

NATE  
Washington gave the order to march  
and then just vanished...

ELDRICK  
Even worse, nobody seems to notice.

NATE  
Why would they? Dillinger has  
erased him from existence. Without  
George Washington there is no  
America.

UNKNOWN (O.S.)  
George Washington? I haven't heard  
that name in ages.

The group parts, Nate looks up at SERGEANT JOHN ELSWICK, 36.

ELSWICK  
Sorry, didn't mean to eavesdrop,  
Mr...

NATE  
Evans. Nate Evans.

ELSWICK  
(extending his hand)  
John Elswick the third.

They shake hands.

NATE  
Did you say you've heard the name  
George Washington before?

ELSWICK  
I was just a boy. We had land being  
surveyed in Lost River. Daddy took  
me out with him.  
(nostalgic)  
Said I needed to learn every inch,  
cause one day it'd all be mine.  
(refocusing)  
We were heading back when a shot  
come out of nowhere, killed the  
surveyor's apprentice. Shook my  
daddy awful bad. He talked for  
years about 'that poor Washington  
boy getting killed by that hunter.'

NATE  
That was no hunter... Do you  
remember when that was? Month? Day?  
Year?

John is confused as to the relevancy of this information.

ELSWICK  
Yeah. Survey's on the deed daddy  
left me. That'd be 5th of November,  
seventeen and forty-nine.

Nate pulls out his time travel device.

LAINY  
Nate, what are you doing?

NATE  
Going to stop him.

ELDRICK  
We're going with you.

RYOTA  
Eldrick's right. You shouldn't do  
this alone, Nate.

NATE  
No. You need to stay here in case  
Dillinger comes back.

Nate punches in November 5th, 1749 on the keypad. John  
Elswick looks at the LED display and flashing lights in awe.

ELSWICK  
What on God's green earth is that?

Nate looks at him.

NATE  
(grins)  
It's what my daddy left me.

Nate stands, turns away from them. Lainey pulls him aside.

LAINY  
Are you sure this is a good idea?  
What if it's a trap?  
(glances over at Elswick)  
For all we know, Dillinger placed  
him here.

NATE  
And for all we know, he didn't.

Nate puts his hands on Lainey's shoulders. His expression  
emotes a sense of purpose.

NATE (CONT'D)  
Do you remember what Samuel Adams  
said the night of the Boston Tea  
Party? "The truth is, all might be  
free if they valued freedom, and  
defended it as they ought."

Lainey is fearful, worried. She doesn't want him to go.

LAINY  
They are defending it!  
(MORE)

LAINY (CONT'D)

The colonists made it this far  
without Washington, right? Maybe  
they can still win.

NATE

Lainey, you helped me to read  
between the lines, to see the  
truth. If they could win without  
Washington, Dillinger wouldn't have  
gone through the trouble to kill  
him.

Lainey begins to tear up.

LAINY

Stubborn as always.

NATE

(smiles)  
Look who's talking.

Lainey hugs him, buries her head in his chest... She lifts  
her head and looks at him.

LAINY

If you're going to remain obstinate  
about this, I insist on going.

NATE

No. Nobody's going with me. I have  
to do this alone.

LAINY

Don't treat me like a China doll. I  
am a perfectly capable marksman.

NATE

I know that.

LAINY

Then why can't I go?

NATE

You know why.

Nate leans in and kisses her deeply... Then he steps back,  
pushes the button. BLUE FLASH. Nate is gone.

EXT. TRACT OF LAND - DAY

The sun shines brightly. John Elswick II, 21, walks with  
YOUNG JOHN ELSWICK III, 4, and a group of SURVEYORS. Among  
them is a YOUNG GEORGE WASHINGTON, 17.

The HEAD SURVEYOR, 40s, points to a spot in the ground.

HEAD SURVEYOR

George, how about you drive the  
corner pin in right there?

Washington hammers the iron pin, ties a red ribbon around it.

Nate, crouches at the treeline, watching him. Nate's eyes  
dart from Washington to the woods and back.

NATE

(under his breath)  
Where are you, you bastard?

The surveyor makes some notations on a map.

HEAD SURVEYOR

John, I think that's everything.  
All the property lines have been  
determined. Shall we head back?

The group nears the middle of the clearing. Nate sweats  
bullets, looks frantically, finally spots Dillinger. He's the  
opposite side of the clearing. He's wearing black tactical  
gear and is loading his assault rifle.

Nate looks back to the group. There's no cover. He looks back  
to Dillinger who's placing the gun on a tripod.

NATE

I'll never get there in time.

There's only one thing he can do. Nate bolts out of the woods  
towards the group.

Dillinger aims his gun.

DILLINGER'S POV: The crosshairs settle on Young Washington.

NATE (CONT'D)

Mr. Washington! George, get down.

BAM! A single shot is fired. Time slows down.

Nate reaches Washington and tackles him. Instead of the  
bullet entering his skull, it pierces the corner of his  
tricorn hat, knocking it to the ground.

NATE (CONT'D)

Are you okay, general?

WASHINGTON

That hunter nearly shot me.

Dillinger sees he missed and runs off. Nate gets up and pursues him. Washington watches Nate sprint away.

WASHINGTON (CONT'D)

General?

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Nate rushes after Dillinger, slowly closing the gap.

EXT. CLIFF - DAY

Dillinger emerges from the woods. A sword hangs from his belt. He walks to the edge and looks down the sharp drop off.

Nate exits the woods and sees that he has him cornered.

NATE

You're pretty spry for an old man.

DILLINGER

Thanks, ol' pal.

Nate is caught off guard by the voice.

Dillinger removes his helmet and turns around.

It's **NOT** Dillinger!

Nate stares in disbelief.

NATE

Patrick?!

PATRICK

Nathaniel? Feels like I haven't seen you in centuries.

NATE

You're working for Dillinger?

PATRICK

Not for him. With him.

NATE

The man is pure evil.

PATRICK

The man is my father!

Nate is flabbergasted.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
And when he dies I will carry on  
the Cornwallis legacy.

Patrick pulls out his gun.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
I tried to be your friend. I warned  
you to stay away from Lainey.

NATE  
You were never my friend. You're  
just like him. You only care about  
what you want.

Patrick aims his gun at Nate. His finger on the trigger.

NATE (CONT'D)  
You're not going to shoot me.

PATRICK  
Oh, yeah? Why wouldn't I?

NATE  
Because there's no honor in that.

Nate gives the slightest of smirks.

Patrick's trigger finger quivers. He wrestles with the  
decision before tossing his gun down and drawing his sword.  
Nate draws his sword. They strafe each other.

PATRICK  
Should have let me shoot you. This  
is going to hurt so much worse.

Patrick lunges at him. Nate blocks and pushes him away. Their  
blades collide rapidly. Swing after swing, thrust after  
thrust, they block each other's attack.

Nate slowly forces Patrick closer to the edge of the cliff.  
Patrick looks over at the drop off, then back to Nate.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
Nice try.

Patrick ducks, slices Nate's thigh. Nate grimaces. Patrick  
slices Nate's sword hand, forcing Nate to drop his sword.

Patrick kicks the sword away, and backhands Nate, knocking  
him to the ground. Nate lies there, wipes blood from his  
mouth. Patrick stands over him, sword raised.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
Say hello to your father for me.

Patrick thrusts his sword towards Nate's chest. Nate reaches in his satchel, grabs the history book and blocks the attack.

The sword becomes lodged in the book.

Nate twists the book, yanking Patrick's sword out of his hand. He kicks Patrick in the crotch, scrambles to his feet.

He pulls Patrick's sword out of the book. He approaches Patrick and lays him out with one punch. Patrick lands near the cliff... near his gun.

NATE  
I can't let you live, Patrick. I  
won't spend the rest of my life  
looking over my shoulder.

Nate raises his sword.

PATRICK  
Go ahead, put me out of my misery.

As Nate thrusts the sword... Patrick grabs for his gun. He tries to aim it at Nate but... Nate changes trajectories on his swing. With one swipe he cuts off Patrick's hand, then flips his grip and stabs the sword deep into Patrick's chest.

Patrick gurgles and struggles briefly before dying. Nate leaves Patrick's sword buried in his chest.

Nate picks up and sheathes his own sword. He walks over to the book, picks it up and examines the hole briefly before tossing it in his satchel.

EXT. YORKTOWN - BATTLEFIELD - DAY

Musket fire is exchanged. Between Continental Soldiers and Redcoats. Clouds of smoke pepper the field.

EXT. WASHINGTON'S CAMP - BAND AREA - DAY

Lainey stands with the rest of the band, violin on her shoulder. She gazes onto the battlefield where she sees...

EXT. YORKTOWN - BATTLEFIELD - DAY

...General Washington FADE BACK into existence... His sword still aimed at the fort.

WASHINGTON  
Forward, march!

A FLAG BEARER waves a large American Flag as Washington valiantly advances troops, including Eldrick and Ryota, toward the fort.

EXT. WASHINGTON'S CAMP - BAND AREA - DAY

Lainey smiles, begins playing a slow version of: "To Anacreon In Heaven," (the song she heard sung earlier in the bar). The tune is recognizable as "The Star-Spangled Banner."

EXT. RIVER - DAY

French ships block the water exit away from the fort.

INT. FORT - DAY

Advisors pace back and forth.

O'HARA  
General, we are surrounded. The French have blocked the sea and Washington's troops breathe down our neck.

CHARLES  
Thank you for stating what I am painfully aware of. We have but one option left. Surrender.

DILLINGER  
Washington's troops? How is that even possible?

BLUE FLASH!

NATE (O.S.)  
Because, like you, your son failed.

Dillinger turns around to see Nate.

DILLINGER  
Where's Patrick? What did you do?!

NATE  
I made us even.

Dillinger gnashes his teeth, fuming with anger. He charges Nate, tackles him. Dillinger pins Nate and hits him with a barrage of punches.

Nate manages to free an arm and elbows Dillinger. He reaches in Dillinger's coat, snags his time travel device, and throws it against the wall where it shatters into several pieces.

NATE (CONT'D)

You're not running away this time.

Dillinger draws a semi-auto handgun and points it at Nate.

DILLINGER

You're right. I won't. I'm going to kill you. And then I'll take your device and I'll kill everyone you have ever loved.

(evil laugh)

History is written by the victors,  
Mr. Evans.

NATE'S POV: Dillinger is about to fire when he's STABBED from behind with a sword... right through the heart.

The sword withdraws from his chest. Dillinger drops to his knees, revealing Charles Cornwallis holding a blood covered sword. He tries to catch his breath.

EXT. FORT - DAY

Eldrick and Ryota flank Washington. Their eyes stay glued to the fort, waiting. Washington is stoic. A line of soldiers stand behind them, ready for anything.

INT. FORT - DAY

Charles Cornwallis wipes blood from his sword.

CHARLES

General Washington will be  
expecting this.

He looks at Dillinger's body and takes a deep breath. This is a very tragic moment for him.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Will you surrender it for me?

He extends the sword towards Nate, who looks at it in amazement.

EXT. FORT - DAY

Lainey rushes up to Eldrick and Ryota, who still flank General Washington.

LAINERY  
Where's Nate?

RYOTA  
I haven't seen him.

LAINERY  
He's not out here with you?

ELDRICK  
Did he make it back?

LAINERY  
(motioning to Washington)  
I thought everything went okay.  
What if it didn't, Eldrick? What if something happened?

Tears flood down Lainey's face. Eldrick tries to comfort her with a hug. He pats her back.

RYOTA  
There!

Lainey pulls back from Eldrick, takes a few cautious steps and stares towards the fort.

She wipes tears away, and a smile breaks through... It IS Nate! And he's carrying Charles Cornwallis' sword. Lainey rushes out to him and they embrace.

Eldrick and Ryota are not far behind. They hug Nate, too.

EXT. FORT - MOMENTS LATER

Nate extends the sword to General Washington who accepts it. He turns, looks at his soldiers on the battlefield. He holds the sword high in the air - much to the cheers of his men!

RESTORATION OF AMERICA - MONTAGE

- Washington D.C. - the monuments all return.
- Mount Rushmore is restored.
- The "Hollywood" sign returns.

- We see quick glimpses of American history. The moon landing, JFK, Martin Luther King Jr., Johnny Carson on the Tonight Show, 9/11

- New York is back! The Statue of Liberty stands proud!

END MONTAGE.

INT. CAVERNS - TITANIA'S VEIL - PAST - DAY

The group program their time travel devices.

LAINY

Wow, so Patrick was Dillinger's son... I did not see that coming.

ELDRICK

I'm foggy on how you knew Dillinger was still in the fort.

RYOTA

And how you got in undetected.

NATE

Simple. I knew he would make every attempt to prevent Charles from surrendering. So, I traveled to the fort a week before Cornwallis got there, walked inside it, then traveled forward to the day of the surrender.

ELDRICK

Very slick.

Nate holds up his device, starts to push his button. He stops and looks at the group.

LAINY

Everything okay, Nate?

NATE

Everyone sure about this? We're going back to an entirely different world.

ELDRICK

That was the point.

Nate smiles and nods. Can't argue with that.

NATE

Indeed.

Ryota holds up his device.

RYOTA  
Still, I don't think I'll get rid  
of this baby anytime soon.

Ryota kisses the time travel device. Everybody laughs. They all press their buttons. BLUE FLASH! Gone.

INT. CAVERNS - TITANIA'S VEIL - PRESENT - DAY

TOURISTS peruse the caverns. Parents read marker plaques to the children.

A BLUE FLASH blinds them. The tourists all stare in disbelief as Nate, Lainey, Eldrick, and Ryota appear. They are dirty, exhausted and still dressed in 18th century clothes.

The tourist's eyes grow wide. Parents shuffle their kids towards the exit. The room clears in a hurry.

EXT. CAVERNS - DAY

The group emerge from the cave to more gawking and staring. Nate has his arm around Lainey.

NATE'S POV: A sign reads "Luray Caverns."

NATE  
Well... Now what?

A large black SUV pulls up and skids to a stop on the gravel. Nate and Lainey cringe. Two FBI AGENTS in black suits and aviators step out. One is Agent Clark. They observe our disheveled heroes. Agent Clark touches his earpiece.

CLARK  
The Revisionists are here, sir.

The group remain on guard as they look at the agent.

CLARK (CONT'D)  
Yes, sir.  
(touches his earpiece)  
The president would like to see  
you.

INT. SUV - DAY

The car travels down the highway. Nate sees signs detailing the miles to "Washington D.C., the "Washington Monument," etc.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - DAY

A beautiful day. The STARS and STRIPES fly proudly over the White House. The SUV pulls up to a back entrance.

INT. OVAL OFFICE - DAY

It's the traditional office we have come to know. Sunlight streams in behind the dapper, silver haired, PRESIDENT WESTON while he sits behind his desk. His chin rests between his index fingers as he contemplates.

The intercom on his desk BUZZES.

AGENT (O.S.)  
Mr. President, they're here.

President Weston pushes the button.

PRESIDENT  
Send them in.

He stands, walks to the front of the desk.

TWO AGENTS open the doors. The President leans against his desk. One-by-one the group files in. The agents close the door.

Nate's darting eyes take in every last detail of the room. The group stops before the President. They stand shoulder-to-shoulder, silent, unsure what to say.

PRESIDENT (CONT'D)  
America owes you an unpayable debt  
of gratitude for all you've done.  
(clears his throat)  
I have one question I must ask.  
(long beat)  
What is time travel like?

The group look confused.

NATE  
Sir, how did you... ?

PRESIDENT

I was given a little heads up...

President Weston smiles. His long fingers reach into his suit coat and pull out a folded LETTER on parchment paper. He opens the letter.

PRESIDENT (CONT'D)

(reading)

Dear President, in the year 2020, on the day designated herein, please follow my enclosed map to the marked caverns in Virginia. There you will encounter something most extraordinary. A group of time travellers. I am quite aware of the impossible nature of my remarks. Then again, America was born from defeating the impossible. History will not reflect their contributions, but let no mistake be made, America would not exist without their valor.

The group listens intently to the words.

PRESIDENT (CONT'D)

Greater patriots I have never known. Please look after them and help them get acclimated to life in modern America. Nathaniel, Lainey, Eldrick and Ryota, now the future is truly yours. Live free... President, George Washington.

The group all smile.

NATE

Did you never doubt the legitimacy of the letter?

PRESIDENT

I may have had it carbon dated a time or two.

The president chuckles.

PRESIDENT (CONT'D)

But here you are. You can't argue with facts.

NATE

Yes. Here we are, strangers in this world.

LAINY  
Homeless.

ELDRICK  
Unemployed.

RYOTA  
Our families God knows where.

PRESIDENT  
Actually, God isn't the only one  
who knows that.

The President hands each of them their files. They flip  
through, page by page, engrossed by the details.

PRESIDENT (CONT'D)  
Now, about that employment issue.

The four of them look up at him from their files.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END.

## VITA

The author was born in Grosse Pointe, Michigan. He obtained an Associate degree in broadcasting from Cleveland Community College in 2000, and a Bachelor's degree in Creative Writing from the University of North Carolina Wilmington in 2004. In 2013, he joined the University of New Orleans graduate writing program to pursue an MFA in screenwriting. While enrolled, he was a staff reader for *Bayou Magazine*, and joined the Omicron Delta Kappa and Sigma Tau Delta honor societies.