

A Father In Time

written by

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OVER BLACK.

Pre-lap: HONK!

INT. STUDY, HAMILTON GRANGE NATIONAL MEMORIAL - EARLY MORNING

ALEXANDER HAMILTON (48), one of the founding fathers of the United States, wakes up at his desk in a start. Not as young as he used to be, he slowly stands to stretch with an audible groan. Almost pitch black, he squints at the clock - 4:00 am. He walks towards the door but it's blocked off by a stanchion. Alexander looks puzzlingly towards it.

ALEXANDER
What in the blazes?

Stepping over it, he walks into the open and sees a museum label as he does.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)
W-what is this?
(beat)
Elizabeth?!

Alexander sprints upstairs, knocking over more stanchions as he does. He reaches the room to see it perfectly made - the bed empty.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)
ELIZABETH?!

Panicked, he runs out to check the other family members' bedrooms, passing by other museum labels.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)
WILLIAM?! ELIZA?!
(beat)
PHILIP?

SECURITY GUARD #1 (O.S.)
I heard it up here!

SECURITY GUARD #2 (O.S.)
Go! Hurry!

Alexander looks over the railing to see two security guards rushing upstairs.

ALEXANDER
Intruders! Get out my house you
thieves!

The security guards blinds Alexander with their flashlights causing him to shield his eyes. He is promptly tackled to the ground - Alexander yells in pain!

SECURITY GUARD #1

Gotcha!

ALEXANDER

Unhand me you miscreants!

SECURITY GUARD #2

Shut up! You're going to jail pal!

The security guards bind Alexander's hands with a zip tie and force him down the stairs. As soon as they turn on the lights, Alexander is in utter shock at the state of his former home.

ALEXANDER

WHERE'S MY FAMILY!?

SECURITY GUARD #2

Shut the fuck up!

(to Security Guard #1)

Call the cops, now!

Security Guard #1 acknowledges and goes off.

ALEXANDER

What have you done with my family!

SECURITY GUARD #2

What in the hell are you talking about?

Alexander struggles but the Security Guard holds him effectively.

SECURITY GUARD #2 (CONT'D)

Hold still and shut up!

(beat)

Why are you dressed like that?

Shouldn't you be in all-black or something?

ALEXANDER

Why would I dress otherw-

(beat)

Why are YOU dressed like that?

SECURITY GUARD #2

For my job, idiot.

SECURITY GUARD #1
Cops are here.

SECURITY GUARD #2
Thank god, this guy's really
starting to piss me off.

ALEXANDER
(to himself)
God, I must be delusional.

The guards push Alexander to the front doors. The doors fling open, the full grandeur of a modern day New York City exposing itself.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)
T-this can't be! Where am I?

SECURITY GUARD #2
New York City, idiot!

ALEXANDER
No it's not! No, no, no I don't
believe it!
(muttering to himself)
Maybe I was abducted by one of my
political enemies? Inoculated by a
hallucinogen, yes that must be it!
I bet it was Jefferson!

Security Guard #1 opens the back door of the cop car, and Security Guard #2 attempts to shove Alexander in.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)
No! Do not put me in there!

SECURITY GUARD #2
It's just a car bro, fucking relax!

Security Guard #2 helps out.

SECURITY GUARD #1
Just... get in there!

They succeed and slam the door on him. Alexander BANGS on the windows.

ALEXANDER
(muffled, from inside the
car)
SOMEONE HELP! THEY ARE ATTEMPTING
TO POISON ME!

POLICEMAN

Stupid question. Just answer me.

ALEXANDER

What's the deal? Pal? How can I deliver an adequate response to your inquiry when you are speaking utter nonsense?!

POLICEMAN

So you're gonna be difficult, huh? Fine, you can speak to a detective.

ALEXANDER

Are you some sort of watchman? Constable?

POLICEMAN

The fu- I'm a COP!

ALEXANDER

A... cop?

POLICEMAN

Alright, I'm done with this.

(beat)

Oh yeah, you have the right the remain silent, Anything you say can and will be used against you... blah blah blah. Too tired for this shit.

The policeman starts the car. Alexander is scared.

ALEXANDER

Why is this... contraption quivering?

POLICEMAN

That's 292 horsepower roaring to life right there pal.

ALEXANDER

Horsepower? What in the b-

The policeman punches it. Alexander screams in terror!

POLICEMAN

Oh relax, we're only going 25 miles an hour.

ALEXANDER

25 MILES AN HOUR!?

Alexander closes his eyes, but pukes in the back seat.

POLICEMAN

Are you fucking kidding me?!

The police car speeds down the empty road.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM, 26 PRECINCT - EARLY MORNING

The policeman shoves Alexander into the room and shuts the door behind him. Now in handcuffs, Alexander scans the room. Suddenly, the PA system-

DETECTIVE CHAMBERS (O.S.)

Take a seat Washington.

Alexander jumps!

ALEXANDER

Who's there?! Show yourself spectre!

DETECTIVE CHAMBERS

It's just the PA system dumbass.
Sit down.

Out of fright, Alexander takes a seat in the steel chair. DETECTIVE CHAMBERS (42), a large scruffy man sporting a classic trench-coat, walks in the room. Given his tenure on the force, he's used to wackos like this. He sits opposite Hamilton and stays silent, eyeing him up and down.

ALEXANDER

That was your voice wasn't it?

DETECTIVE CHAMBERS

(beat)

It was.

ALEXANDER

How did you do that!? You were talking to me without being in the room-

DETECTIVE CHAMBERS

Are you thirsty?

ALEXANDER

I beg your pardon?

DETECTIVE CHAMBERS

Well I assume all of the running
and yelling I hear you've been
doing has left your mouth dry.

The detective pulls out a can of no-name soda from his large jacket pocket, places it on the table, and slides it to Alexander. Flummoxed, Alexander picks up the aluminum can and examines it thoroughly with his bound hands.

ALEXANDER

How do you propose I quench myself
with this?

DETECTIVE CHAMBERS

Hmmm... so what he says it true.
You are truly a man of the past.
Slide it here.

Alexander complies. The detective cracks open the can to the astonishment of Alexander. The can slides back across the table. Alexander picks it up and drinks from it - and promptly spits it out to the side.

ALEXANDER

What is this revolting concoction?!

The detective laughs.

DETECTIVE CHAMBERS

Yeah, I don't blame you. That
shit's nasty.
(beat, calling out)
Bring me a cup of water for...

ALEXANDER

Alexander Hamilton.

The detective laughs even harder!

DETECTIVE CHAMBERS

(calling out)
For the founding father here!

ALEXANDER

Something humorous?

DETECTIVE CHAMBERS

I just find it hard to believe that
a two hundred and fifty year-old
guy can still speak!

ALEXANDER
Two hundred and fifty?
(beat)
What year is this?

DETECTIVE CHAMBERS
2015.

Alexander laughs hysterically.

ALEXANDER
Good jest! Well, it was 1804
yesterday so please explain to me
how it's plausible that two hundred
and eleven years went by in a
manner of six hours.

DETECTIVE CHAMBERS
(calling out)
Where's that damn water?! And get
me the damn post too!
(beat, to Alexander)
Sorry about that. Look man, I don't
give a fuck if you're actually the
dude on the ten dollar bill or
you're some clown with a wig. Why
were you in the museum earlier this
morning?

Alexander looks dead in the detective's eyes.

ALEXANDER
A man has a right to be in his home
at all hours.

Alexander maintains his steady gaze.

DETECTIVE CHAMBERS
Wow, you're not lying.

ALEXANDER
Of course not.

DETECTIVE CHAMBERS
So you're either delusional or
you're having some sort of...
psychotic break.

The policeman comes in with a cup of water and a copy of the latest issue of the New York Post. He puts both in front of Alexander and leaves the room. Alexander immediately takes a drink of water and soon after looks at the heading of the front page.

ALEXANDER
2015?! This can't be!

DETECTIVE CHAMBERS
Look, the New York Post is terrible
but at least they get the date
right.

ALEXANDER
Watch your mouth, I founded this
paper.

DETECTIVE CHAMBERS
Did you now? Is that how you
remember it?

ALEXANDER
It certainly is more colorful.
(beat)
OK, so its 2015. Prove it. What
happens to me on July 12, 1804?

The detective sighs out of frustration, but plays along. He
whips out his phone.

DETECTIVE CHAMBERS
What date did you say?

ALEXANDER
July 12, 1804.

DETECTIVE CHAMBERS
Y'know, I'm pretty sure I already
know what happens but let me double
check.

ALEXANDER
What are you doing with th-

DETECTIVE CHAMBERS
Yep, you die.

Alexander is shocked.

ALEXANDER
H-how?

DETECTIVE CHAMBERS
Gunshot to the ribs, in your duel
with Aaron Burr.

ALEXANDER
Let me examine that.

The detective shows the Wikipedia page of the Burr-Hamilton due to Alexander. Alexander reaches for the phone but the detective pulls it away, forcing Alexander to just stare at it.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)
What publication is this?

DETECTIVE CHAMBERS
Wikipedia.

ALEXANDER
Is it legitimate?

DETECTIVE CHAMBERS
The most legitimate in all the land.

Alexander sits back in the chair, just absorbing. After some thought he leans in again.

ALEXANDER
Listen, I need to get back to 1804.
How would I travel back to that period?

DETECTIVE CHAMBERS
I don't know, hot tub maybe?

ALEXANDER
Alright, lead me to this "hot tub".

DETECTIVE CHAMBERS
I was playin' with you. Listen, I'm tired and overcaffeinated which is not a very good combination.

(beat)

You technically didn't commit any crimes other than breaking and entering, which the evidence is still pending. So I'm gonna let you off with a warning, mostly because I can't "legally" keep you here. Don't know why you didn't have ID on you, but we have your prints so you can't hide.

(beat)

Is there anyone we can call to come get you?

ALEXANDER
Call? You mean send word to?

DETECTIVE CHAMBERS

Ummm, yeah.

ALEXANDER

(beat)

Is there a way to... contact any of my descendants?

DETECTIVE CHAMBERS

I can't do that, not if you don't know them directly.

Alexander sighs, confused. Seeing this, Detective Chambers pulls out one of his business cards and hands it over to Alexander.

DETECTIVE CHAMBERS (CONT'D)

My number's on there, call me if you need anything alright?

Alexander takes the card and looks at it.

ALEXANDER

What's this long number for?

DETECTIVE CHAMBERS

It's a phone number pa- Jesus what am I doing.

(beat, he points to a direction)

If you don't know where to go, Times Square is that way. Good morning, Mr. Hamilton.

The detective starts to walk away, but does a double take.

DETECTIVE CHAMBERS (CONT'D)

Philip.

ALEXANDER

What?

DETECTIVE CHAMBERS

The policeman who brought you in told me you yelled for Philip. Didn't he die?

ALEXANDER

M-my second son, also named Philip. How did you know that?

DETECTIVE CHAMBERS

I saw "Hamilton" a couple of months ago.

ALEXANDER

You saw me a couple of months ago?

DETECTIVE CHAMBERS

Sorta, it's a musical about Alexander Hami- your life.

ALEXANDER

Musical?

DETECTIVE CHAMBERS

Times Square is that way.

Detective Chambers walks off. Alexander looks to the card and walks out the glass front doors.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET, NEW YORK CITY - MORNING

Bystanders stare and take pictures as Alexander walks down the street towards the direction the detective pointed towards. Alexander is too fixated on his newfound surroundings to take notice that he's walked onto the road. Suddenly, an African-American bystander pulls him back just before a car collides into him!

ALEXANDER

Unhand me, vagrant!

CITIZEN #1

I just saved your life, asshole!

Alexander looks towards the cars passing by him.

ALEXANDER

I supposed you did, my apologies madam.

CITIZEN #1

It's fine. Why are you dressed like that?

ALEXANDER

My god, why must I be asked that again? It is era appropriate!

CITIZEN #1

Not this era honey.

ALEXANDER

Clearly. Look, could you point me to "Times Square"?

CITIZEN #1

Yeah, well you're going in the right direction - just a straight shot. But it's gonna take at least another hour to walk there, just call a cab or something.

ALEXANDER

It's quite alright, I enjoy long walks.

(beat)

I couldn't help but notice you are of African descent.

CITIZEN #1

Yeah. So?

ALEXANDER

And I notice you are walking... freely.

CITIZEN #1

(slightly annoyed)

What's your point?

ALEXANDER

Let's see, how do it put this. Does the term "slavery" mean anything to you?

CITIZEN #1

OH HELL NO!

The bystander walks off.

ALEXANDER

(calling to her)

Please take no offense madam! I'm simply curious if slavery has been abolished?

The citizen turns around.

CITIZEN #1

(furious)

YEAH! WHICH GIVES ME THE RIGHT TO SAY THIS! GO FUCK YOURSELF!

The citizen walks off.

ALEXANDER

(happily)

Hmmm... "fuck yourself". Wonder what that entails.

Alexander continues his journey.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET, NEW YORK CITY - MORNING

Now accustomed to the rules of the road, Alexander makes good headway. Marveling at the buildings around him, he makes his way to Central Park. The smell of a hot dog stand makes his tummy grumble. He walks up to the stand.

ALEXANDER

My good man! What delicacies do you serve here?

HOT DOG STAND GUY

Just hot dogs man.

ALEXANDER

You eat dogs in this time?

HOT DOG STAND GUY

Seriously? You must be from England or somethin'.

ALEXANDER

H-how dare you! Why would you believe as such?

HOT DOG STAND GUY

I dunno, you just sound like you're regal or something. It's just beef man.

Alexander's stomach grumbles again.

ALEXANDER

Fine, I will purchase one "hot dog".

HOT DOG STAND GUY

Five bucks.

ALEXANDER

What is a bu-

HOT DOG STAND GUY

Dollars, man! Fuck!

Alexander shuffles in his pockets, and pulls out a gold coin. He offers it to the guy.

ALEXANDER
Here you are.

HOT DOG STAND GUY
No way!

He pulls back the hot dog.

ALEXANDER
Why not? It's gold for God's sake!

HOT DOG STAND GUY
You don't have, y'know, paper
money?

ALEXANDER
Pape- THIS IS GOLD.

HOT DOG STAND GUY
Alright fine, just give me the damn
thing! You're holding up the line.

They exchange consideration. Alexander moves away and takes a
bite of the hot dog, falling in love.

ALEXANDER
Oh, delightful! I must ask for the
recipe.

He turns back to the stand, but suddenly a couple of young
women run up to Alexander.

CITIZEN #2
Hamilton! Can I get a picture?

ALEXANDER
Picture?

CITIZEN #2
Yeah! I'm a huge fan!

The girl hands her phone to her friend and stands beside
Alexander. She puts her arm around him.

ALEXANDER
I'm afraid I'm betrothed, Miss.

CITIZEN #2
It's just a picture silly!

CITIZEN #3
Alright, say cheese!

CHEESE! CITIZEN #1 CHEESE? ALEXANDER

CITIZEN #3
Got it!

She hands the phone back to her friend.

CITIZEN #2
Love it!
(to Alexander)
Take a look!

The girl shows the phone to an astonished Alexander.

ALEXANDER
Amazing! An instant, most detailed
illustration!
(beat)
What are the mechanics of such a
device?

CITIZEN #2
How should I know?

ALEXANDER
You're inferring you don't know how
it works but you're using it
regardless?

CITIZEN #2
Ummm... I guess.

ALEXANDER
That's a most peculiar outlook.
Where could I acquire one of those?

CITIZEN #3
(jokingly)
Stop playing around.

ALEXANDER
(getting a little
frustrated)
I'm not "playing" around with
anything.

Alexander shows the girls his empty hands. The girls look at each other.

CITIZEN #2
Well... ummm... I picked this up at
a Target for like \$400.

ALEXANDER
Four hundred U.S. dollars!?

CITIZEN #2
Yeah.

Alexander looks away, deep in thought.

ALEXANDER
(to himself)
Inflation has gotten out of
control! Unless-

Alexander looks around to see numerous different ethnicities
walking the streets.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)
(to himself)
Of course! Diversified currencies
from a truly international United
States have increased the supply!
Ladies, would you happen to know
the value of a dollar ver-

Alexander sees the girls scurry away to their yoga class.
Alexander stares as the students simultaneously perform a
downward dog pose. He bends over to get a better angle. He
stands back up-

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)
(to himself)
Hmmm.

Alexander stands back upright and continues his journey.

CUT TO:

EXT. TIMES SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY - AFTERNOON

After inquiring with stranger, Alexander looks on with
certainty that he's made it. Alexander observes the digital
billboards and the natural chaos - sensory overload! At the
corner of his eye, Alexander sees a group of similar-to-him
looking gentlemen waiting outside a large building. Excited,
Alexander walks over.

ALEXANDER
My friends! Finally some familiar
acquaintances!

HAMILTON IMPOSTER #1
Wow, you a method actor or
something?

ALEXANDER
An actor? Nonsense.

HAMILTON IMPOSTER #2
Damn dude, that's a nice costume
bro!

ALEXANDER
A costume? Please this is my daily
garb!
(beat)
Wait, this isn't your usual attire?

HAMILTON IMPOSTER #2
Hell nah, this is fuckin'
uncomfortable.

HAMILTON IMPOSTER #1
It's just for the radio contest
man. Only way you can get
"Hamilton" tickets these days.
Isn't that why you're here?

ALEXANDER
Hamilton tickets you say? Is that
the... musical?

HAMILTON IMPOSTER #2
Yeah dude, you've been living under
a rock or something?

ALEXANDER
If I understand your connotation
than perhaps I have.

A producer walks out to greet the Hamiltons.

PRODUCER
Alright everyone, it's time.

The Hamiltons walk inside. Alexander decides to follow.

CUT TO:

INT. SOUND STAGE, STUDIO - MOMENTS LATER

The producer leads the men to the stage where a live show is
going on close by.

PRODUCER
All right guys, Roy is going to
call you on stage when it's time
for the segment.

The producer leaves. Alexander turns to the imposter beside him.

ALEXANDER

My good man, what is about to transpire?

HAMILTON IMPOSTER #3

I dunno.

ROY (O.S.)

Alright it's time to play...
HAMILTEN! Hamiltons, come on out!

The Hamiltons go onstage, Alexander follows sheepishly. Blinded by the lights, he covers his eyes.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Alllllllright we have ten Alexander Hamiltons coming on stage right now for a chance to win two tickets to Hamilton! Who will win, you'll decide!

(beat)

Back to Roy!

ROY

So here we have it ladies and gentlemen! Ten Hamiltons!

(beat, sarcastic)

Wait, eleven Hamiltons?! Well I guess someone's getting fired!

The audience laughs in unison. The producer curses under her breath.

ROY (CONT'D)

Let's meet the contestants! What's your name buddy?

HAMILTON IMPOSTER #1

Ted Grand.

ROY

Mr. Grand, why are you competing today?

HAMILTON IMPOSTER #1

Finally wanna take my daughter to see Hamilton.

ROY

(jokingly)

How terribly cliché!

HAMILTON IMPOSTER #1
Take her before my ex-wife does.

ROY
There it is! Good man!

The audience laughs.

CUT TO:

INT. SOUND STAGE, STUDIO - AFTERNOON

ROY
(to the tenth Hamilton)
A twenty dollar costume from
Target, eh? Well good luck to you!
(beat)
Now, let's meet our... eleventh
Hamilton! What's your name?

ALEXANDER
Alexander Hamilton.

OOOHHHs come from the crowd.

ROY
Really? Well you've aged
wonderfully!
(beat)
Jeez, you look exactly like him
though! Can we get the picture of
Alexander Hamilton on the screen
here?

ALEXANDER
Of course, I am h-

ROY
Holy moly!

A side-by-side of a portrait of Alexander and Alexander show
on screen. The crowd applauds!

ALEXANDER
Ah, yes! Myself in 1792. How did
you get my portrait?

ROY
Google my man! So why do you want
these tickets?

ALEXANDER

Well if a work of art encapsulating your life and achievements was every published, wouldn't you want to witness it?

ROY

Good answer! I can't wait for "Roy: An American Comedy!"

The audience laughs.

CUT TO:

INT. SOUND STAGE, STUDIO - AFTERNOON

The Hamiltons wait in anticipation.

ROY

So we've tallied up the audience votes and the winner is... Ted Grand!

(beat)

Here are your two tickets Ted, congratulations!

HAMILTON IMPOSTER #1

(unenthusiastically)

Thanks.

Roy relents two physical tickets. The audience CLAPS and CHEERS.

ALEXANDER

Preposterous! I'm AM Alexander Hamil-!

ROY

And we'll be right back!

The audience claps.

PRODUCER (O.S.)

And we're out!

(beat, to Hamiltons)

Alright, time to go guys. Thank you.

The Hamiltons comply, except Alexander who goes up to Roy.

ALEXANDER

Leaving the result to an uninformed jury is unacceptable! What were the criteria for this farce?

ROY

Look man, it's the story that sells baby! Doesn't matter what you look like. Now piss off.

Roy is ushered away by one of his producers. Frustrated, Alexander walks towards the exit but spots Ted near the exit.

HAMILTON IMPOSTER #1

Honey, come on! I got us tickets to "Hamilton"!

(beat)

Your boyfriend already took you? Well don't you want to spend time with your dad? Alright fine, just let me know honey.

Ted hangs up. Alexander stares at the phone in fascination - **how is he talking to someone through that thing?**

HAMILTON IMPOSTER #1 (CONT'D)

Fuck!

Ted walks towards Alexander, making him nervous. He slams one of the tickets into Alexander's chest and walks away.

ALEXANDER

You're donating this to me?

HAMILTON IMPOSTER #1

Yeah. Seems like I can't go anymore. I'll scalp the other one.

Ted walks out the building, Alexander follows.

CUT TO:

EXT. TIMES SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY - MOMENTS LATER

ALEXANDER

How can I repay you good sir?

Ted turns around.

HAMILTON IMPOSTER #1

Umm... you got ten bucks for a burger?

ALEXANDER
What's a burger?

HAMILTON IMPOSTER #1
A patty in between two bread buns,
how do you not know that?

ALEXANDER
Hmmm... like a hot dog?

HAMILTON IMPOSTER #1
Sorta.

Alexander shuffles in his pocket and flicks over a silver coin. Ted catches it and looks at it.

HAMILTON IMPOSTER #1 (CONT'D)
Good enough. Guess I'll pawn it.

ALEXANDER
What does that mean?

HAMILTON IMPOSTER #1
Jesus, man! Pawn means exchanging
this for actual dollars!

ALEXANDER
Really? Where can I do that?

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET, NEW YORK CITY - AFTERNOON

Alexander walks out of a pawn shop with \$350 in hand. Counting his money, he spots a \$10 bill. He looks to it and smiles. In his peripherals, he spots a man exiting a burger joint with a large burger ham-fisted in his mouth.

CUT TO:

INT. BURGER JOINT, NEW YORK CITY - AFTERNOON

Alexander is up at the cashier.

CASHIER
What would you like sir?

ALEXANDER
I will purchase your finest
"burger" please.

CASHIER
Ummm... a double cheeseburger?

ALEXANDER
That sounds lovely.

CASHIER
You wanna make that a meal?

ALEXANDER
The burger itself isn't a meal?!

CUT TO:

INT. BURGER JOINT, NEW YORK CITY - MOMENTS LATER

Alexander sits at a table, his meal in front of him. He grabs the humungous burger and takes a bite. He sets the burger down and closes his eyes as he chews. He sinks in his chair in awe.

ALEXANDER
(to himself)
Utterly fantastic!

He wolfs down more of the burger, then some fries, and finishes off with a large gulp of iced tea.

CUT TO:

INT. BURGER JOINT, NEW YORK CITY - AFTERNOON

Now finished his meal, Alexander holds his tummy and he leaves.

ALEXANDER
(calling out to the
cashier)
My compliments to the chef!

The cashier looks back awkwardly as Alexander leaves in satisfaction.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET, NEW YORK CITY - AFTERNOON

Alexander looks to his surroundings once again. He passes by a clothing store and his eyes gravitate to the mannequins sporting different styles. Alexander looks down at his own attire, then walks in the store.

CUT TO:

INT. RICHARD RODGERS THEATRE, BROADWAY

Alexander walks into the theatre, now sporting a New York Knicks snapback, a stylish bomber jacket and some Nike sneakers. He walks up to an usher.

ALEXANDER

Good man. Please escort me to my seat.

USHER

You need help finding your seat, sir?

ALEXANDER

Well, not necessarily. Isn't it your duty to guide the spectators to their seats?

USHER

Usually I do for the disabled but uh... yeah sure. Your ticket?

Alexander hands it over.

USHER (CONT'D)

Good seat, this way.

The usher leads Alexander. Along the way-

ALEXANDER

So what is the nature of this "musical"? Classical? Operatic?

USHER

Hip hop actually.

ALEXANDER

Hip... hop?

USHER

Yeah. Like rap. Rhyming words together.

(MORE)

USHER (CONT'D)

(beat)

Your seat sir.

ALEXANDER

Thank you kindly.

Alexander sits down at his seat in the front row, noticing the programme. He takes it and scans the pages, noticing who is playing him.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

(to himself)

Miranda? A most peculiar surname.

Alexander looks to the other cast members, noticing his compatriots back in his time are portrayed by minorities. Alexander chuckles.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

(to himself)

Oh! If only they could see this!

The light dims. Alexander braces himself. "AARON BURR" walks on stage.

AARON

*How does a bastard, orphan, son of
a whore and a Scotsman, dropped in
the middle of forgotten spot in the
Caribbean by providence
impoverished in squalor, grow up to
be a hero and a scholar?*

Enter "JOHN LAURENS/PHILIP HAMILTON".

JOHN/PHILIP

*The ten-dollar founding father
without a father got a lot farther
by working a lot harder by being a
lot smarter By being a lot smarter
By being a self-starter By
fourteen, they placed him in charge
of a trading charter.*

Enter "MARQUIS DE LAFAYETTE/THOMAS JEFFERSON".

MARQUIS/THOMAS

*And every day while slaves were
being slaughtered and carted away
across the waves, he struggled and
kept his guard up. Inside, he was
longing for something to be a part
of The brother was ready to bet,
steal, borrow, or barter.*

Enter "HERCULES MULLIGAN/JAMES MADISON". Alexander obviously starts nodding his head subtly to the cadence.

HERCULES/JAMES

*Then a hurricane came, and
devastation reigned Our man saw his
future drip, dripping down the
drain. Put a pencil to his temple,
connected it to his brain And he
wrote his first refrain, a
testament to his pain.*

AARON

*Well, the word got around, they
said, this kid is insane, man Took
up a collection just to send him to
the mainland. Get your education,
don't forget from whence you came
And the world is gonna know your
name. What's your name, man?*

Enter "ALEXANDER HAMILTON".

HAMILTON

*Alexander Hamilton. My name is
Alexander Hamilton. And there's a
million things I haven't done.*

Alexander and "Alexander" meet eyes, nearly causing "Alexander" to miss his next line.

HAMILTON (CONT'D)

But just you wait, just you wait.

CUT TO:

INT. RICHARD RODGERS THEATRE, BROADWAY - EVENING

AARON

*Look him in the eye, aim no higher
Summon all the courage you require,
then count!*

CHORUS

*One-two-three-four-five-six-seven-
eight-nine, number-ten paces, fire!*

Alexander is on the edge of his seat, gripping his heart.

HAMILTON

*I imagine death so much it feels
more like a memory Is this where it
gets me, on my feet, sev'ral feet
ahead of me? I see it coming, do I
run or fire my gun or let it be?
There is no beat, no melody. Burr,
my first friend, my enemy. Maybe
the last face I ever see. If I
throw away my shot, is this how
you'll remember me? What if this
bullet is my legacy?*

Alexander sinks in his chair, his mind running a mile a minute reflecting on this newfound hindsight.

CUT TO:

INT. RICHARD RODGERS THEATRE, BROADWAY - EVENING

Enter "ELIZA".

ELIZA

*I put myself back in the narrative.
I stop wasting time on tears I live
another 50 years It's not enough.
(beat)*

*I interview every soldier who
fought by your side. I try to make
sense of your thousands of pages of
writings You really do write like
you're running out of time.*

Alexander SOBS. Hard.

ELIZA (CONT'D)

*I rely on Angelica While she's
alive, we tell your story. She is
buried in Trinity Church near you
When I needed her most, she was
right on time.*

CUT TO:

INT. RICHARD RODGERS THEATRE, BROADWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The entire cast is on stage in mid-bow. The audience responds with a standing ovation. Alexander is paralyzed, unable to get out of his seat even as people start to leave. An usher approaches.

USHER

Sir, you must lea-

LIN-MANUEL (O.S.)

Wait, it's OK! He's my guest!

LIN-MANUEL MIRANDA (35), frantically approaches.

LIN-MANUEL (CONT'D)

It's okay, thanks.

The usher nods and walks off.

ALEXANDER

Mr. Miranda, I presume.

LIN-MANUEL

Mr. Hamilton, I presume.

ALEXANDER

H-how did y-

LIN-MANUEL

Let's talk backstage shall we?

Lin-Manuel leads Alexander to his dressing room.

CUT TO:

INT. LIN-MANUEL'S DRESSING ROOM, BACKSTAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Lin-Manuel shuts the door behind them.

ALEXANDER

I must say, what a sublime work of art you've created. Based on my life no less!

LIN-MANUEL

That means the world, coming from you.

ALEXANDER

Not entirely accurate, I may add. Martha Washington naming her tomcat after me? Untrue!

LIN-MANUEL

Yeah, I know. Some creative liberties were taken for, you could say, dramatic effect.

ALEXANDER

(beat)

Did Elizabeth really accomplish all that after my death?

LIN-MANUEL

She did.

Alexander drops to the couch.

ALEXANDER

(angry)

Curse this hubris! I could have done so much differently!

LIN-MANUEL

Hindsight really is a bitch ain't it?

Alexander chuckles.

ALEXANDER

It truly is an illustrious bitch.

(beat)

You're the first person I've met who actually believes I am who I am. Why?

LIN-MANUEL

I've been expecting you.

ALEXANDER

(alarmed)

Please divulge!

LIN-MANUEL

You're not the first Alexander Hamilton that I've met, believe it or not. It was a much older version of you who gave me the inspiration for the musical.

ALEXANDER

Impossible! I'm supposed to die today!

LIN-MANUEL

I dunno man. But he told me you would be coming to the show and to give you a message when you did.

ALEXANDER

And what would that message be exactly?

Lin-Manuel opens a drawer and pulls out an antique envelope, delicately handing it to Alexander. Alexander promptly opens it, and lets out a slight chuckle while Lin-Manuel looks on puzzlingly. Alexander stands.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

If I ever cross paths with a
Miranda, I'll be sure to inform
them about your genius.

(beat, jokingly)

As well as your neglect for facts.

LIN-MANUEL

Thank you Alexander. For everything
past, now, and in the future.

Alexander nods and turns to leave, but does a double take.

ALEXANDER

I need one last favor.

LIN-MANUEL

Anything.

ALEXANDER

Could you get me a "cab"?

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET, NEW YORK CITY - MOMENTS LATER

Lin-Manuel successfully hails a cab for Alexander. Alexander opens the back seat door.

ALEXANDER

There's one crucial fact you
omitted you know?

LIN-MANUEL

That Angelica wasn't really into
you?

ALEXANDER

Sadly, no.

Alexander gets in the cab and looks one last time to Lin-Manuel.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

Aaron Burr is a great shot.

Alexander shuts the door as Lin-Manuel walks back into the theatre.

DRIVER (O.S.)
Where to, boss?

ALEXANDER
Trinity Church.

The cab speeds away.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRINITY CHURCH, NEW YORK - EVENING

The cab arrives just in front of the church

DRIVER
Sixty bucks. Cash or credit?

Alexander hands over his remaining \$100.

DRIVER (CONT'D)
Wow, you sure?

ALEXANDER
Absolutely my man. Don't believe
I'll be needed it any longer.

Alexander walks out of the cab. The driver smiles as he shuffles through the bills. As he comes across a \$10 bill, he recognizes the face. The driver looks back out to try and catch a glimpse of the now gone Hamilton.

CUT TO:

EXT. CEMETERY, TRINITY CHURCH - MOMENTS LATER

Alexander wanders through the empty cemetery, and eventually finds his way to his own large headstone - pristine and surrounded by vivid flowers. Unexpectedly, he sees Eliza's resting place right beside his. Alexander goes up to the headstone, takes off his cap and falls to his knees. Tears well in his eyes.

ALEXANDER
(to Eliza)
I'm so grateful you took your time.

ELDERLY ALEXANDER (O.S.)
I have no end-

In full comprehension, Alexander slowly rises to his feet.

ALEXANDER

And am the ending of all the
begins.

Alexander turns to witness his older self slowly approaching
him - an ELDERLY ALEXANDER HAMILTON. A familiar face to
Alexander - clean-shaven, wrinkly, with pure white hair.

ELDERLY ALEXANDER

Apologies for the obliqueness, I
did not desire for our mutual
friend to accompany you.

ALEXANDER

How are you alive? How can we co-
exist?

ELDERLY ALEXANDER

That, Alexander, is entirely up to
you.

The older Hamilton looks on to to their grave.

ELDERLY ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

It depends if you want more time.
It depends on what you want our
legacy to be.

ALEXANDER

If I live today, I will grow old?
Become you?

ELDERLY ALEXANDER

Yes, perhaps more.

ALEXANDER

And if I throw away my shot?

ELDERLY ALEXANDER

Then you solidify the present. The
adoration, the praise, the disdain.
All of it.

ALEXANDER

Hence the musical.

ELDERLY ALEXANDER

A succinct way to celebrate our
historic impact, don't you think?

ALEXANDER

You still didn't satisfy my
inquiry.

ELDERLY ALEXANDER

Let's just say leaping through time
is a capability possible to a
select few in my native New York.

ALEXANDER

So how did I get here then?

ELDERLY ALEXANDER

Who says you are? Maybe this is a..
delusion?

ALEXANDER

(frustrated)

Enough playing.

ELDERLY ALEXANDER

I've told you enough. It's up to
you now.

ALEXANDER

Wait!

The older Hamilton snaps his fingers.

CUT TO:

INT. CAB, NEW YORK CITY - AFTERNOON

Lin-Manuel rides in a cab within heavy traffic, writing
fervently in a notepad.

RADIO (O.S.)

It is lovely day today in this
slice of The United States of North
America!

INT. STUDY, HAMILTON RESIDENCE - EARLY MORNING

Alexander wakes up at his desk in a start. He looks around
for any museum stanchions and museum labels.

INTERCUT 1804/2015

RADIO (O.S.)

You should expect great
temperatures in New York City
today-

LIN-MANUEL

Hey man, we're pretty close. I'll
just get out here.

The driver passes back the credit card machine to Lin-Manuel.
Lin-Manuel pays and gets out.

Alexander sprints upstairs and is relieved when he sees his
wife Elizabeth fast asleep in their bed.

DRIVER

The Lord bless you.

LIN-MANUEL

And you.

Lin-Manuel closes the door and walks down the street.

Alexander checks his coat pocket, pulling out Detective
Chambers' business card. He smiles and looks off in
contemplation.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE PUBLIC THEATRE, NEW YORK CITY - AFTERNOON

Lin-Manuel approaches and enters the Theatre, an American
flag sporting 65 stars resting above the doors.

CUT TO:

INT. THE PUBLIC THEATRE, NEW YORK CITY - MOMENTS LATER

Lin-Manuel walks past the box office and towards the stage
section. Before he enters, he stares at the poster of his new
musical, "**Burr**". He smiles, satisfied, and walks to the
stage.

THE END.