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Preserving American Jewish History

MS-603: Rabbi Marc H. Tanenbaum Collection, 1945-1992.

Series E: General Alphabetical Files. 1960-1992

Box 84, Folder 4, "Jew Broker of the American Revolution" script
[Haym Salomon], 1975.

THE AMERICAN JEWISH COMMITTEE

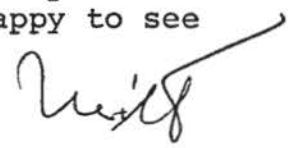
date June 23, 1975
 to Marc Tanenbaum
 from Milton Krents
 subject Andy Tannen's Script

I am sorry to be late in returning your nephew's script, "The Jew Broker of the American Revolution." Andy called me during our Annual Meeting time, so that I was unable to talk with him about the script then.

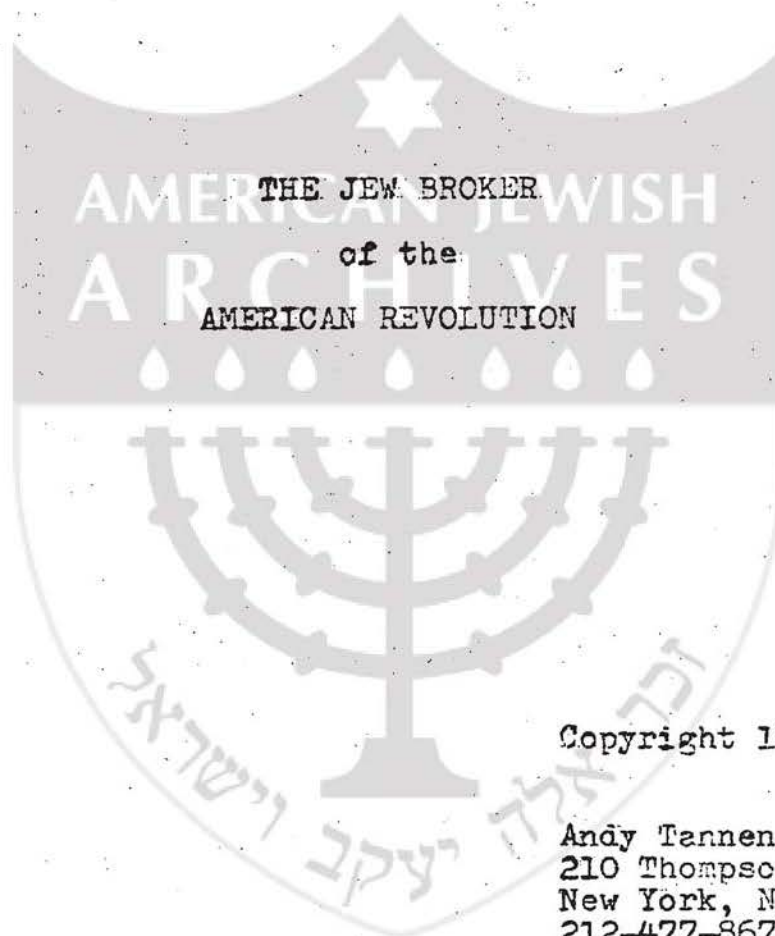
The script reflects an excellent job of research, but lacks a professional script-writing technique, and therefore is not suitable for television production as it stands. It might be a possibility for an "Eternal Light" radio show, except that we have already scheduled a script about Haym Salomon by the late Morton Wishengrad for the Bicentennial period.

If Andy seriously intends to pursue a script-writing career, I would suggest that he investigate the courses given at New York University and Columbia. Also, Erik Barnouw has written two excellent reference works on script writing, one for radio and one for television.

I am off on vacation for the month of July, but if Andy would like to talk to me later in the summer I would be happy to see him.



MEK/ws



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I.

EXTERIOR. Haym Salomon Jr., age 42, approaches the home of James Madison. The former President is a very old man, but greets Salomon, and leads him into his study, where they sit down.

VOICEOVER NARRATION:

One day in the year 1827, former President James Madison received a visitor at his home in Montpelier, Virginia. His name was Haym Salomon, and he was the surviving son of a Polish immigrant who had come to America in 1772. In fact, he had been given his father's name, and his father was the reason he had come to see the retired President. For Madison had known the elder Haym Salomon in Philadelphia during the years of the Revolution, some 42 years earlier.

Madison

You know, without your father's aid, I don't know how I could have survived those years in the Continental Congress.

Salomon

Mr. President, I would never attempt to recover the debts to my father unless I was in financial trouble. But that time has come, unfortunately, and so I ask your assistance.

Madison

You will receive it. As much as I can do. I will write to my friends in Washington immediately. But there is also something you can do for me Mr. Salomon. I knew your father quite well in Philadelphia, and yet I have always wondered about his earlier life, before America, and before Philadelphia. Perhaps you can stay a bit longer, and talk of your father.

Salomon is pensive for a few seconds. Then he speaks.

Salomon

Yes, I could do that. Few people really know what he went through. What he did. Well, we must go back to the town of Lissa, in Poland. That is where my father was born. He studied to be a merchant. And he traveled throughout Europe, always learning about the businesses in the countries he visited. Then Poland was invaded by foreigners and divided into foreign zones. My father hated those invaders.

DISSOLVE

2.

INTERIOR. A synagogue in Poland in the year 1772. A service is taking place. The Rabbi leads the congregation in prayer. Suddenly a door opens and an officer and 3 armed soldiers enter. The officer walks up to the front near the Rabbi. He brandishes a whip.

Officer

What is this meeting? (There is no answer. The Rabbi shakes in fear). I demand an answer!

A man near the front speaks slowly but firmly.

Man

We are praying to our God.

Officer

Keep quiet, Zhid. I asked him (pointing to the Rabbi who does not answer). What is your name?

Man

My name is Haym Salomon.

Officer

(He speaks to one of the armed soldiers). Remember that name. He does not know his place in the world. But he will learn.

Salomon

Good sir, you must understand, we here are not Russians. Here any of us can speak as members of the synagogue.

Officer

(He moves next to the Rabbi). What is your purpose old man?

Salomon

We are hear to pray. And to listen to our Rabbi.

Officer

(He walks up the alter and pulls the Rabbi's beard). Your Rabbi? You need only listen to the Czar now.

Another man in the congregation

Captain, you have no right...

Officer

Shut up, Zhid. (He goes over to the man and pulls him out of his seat. The Rabbi chants a prayer). Keep in your place, swine. (He raises his whip threatening to use it). But I'm not here to whip you. (The officer lets go of the man who goes back to his seat). The new inspector has declared that you must pay 8000 rubles to support the government. I raise that sum to 9000 rubles.

Salomon

You know we cannot afford that, Captain.

Officer

If I don't have that sum by 2 o'clock tomorrow, your beloved Rabbi will be taken to the square and whipped. Each day that you delay, another man from your church will be whipped. In public. Until we have the money. Now say a prayer for your new king, the Czar.

Salomon

But Captain, even 8000 rubles is greater than...

Officer

Quiet Zhid! (He holds up the whip). I'll see you in the square. (He storms out of the synagogue with the other soldiers).

Rabbi

What can we do Reb Haym?

Salomon

I will try to sell my timber to the new Russian merchant. Perhaps I can raise some of it. But I must begin immediately. Please excuse me. (He walks out of the room).

A young boy, perhaps 15 years old, follows him out.

Boy

Reb Haym, excuse me.

Salomon

Ah, the boy who is studying to be a Rabbi.

Boy

Yes, I....

Salomon

I wish to tell you this now. I am leaving you some money for your studies.

Boy

You are leaving?

Salomon

(He smiles). I am going to America.

Boy

America? But Reb Haym, are there Jews in America?

Salomon

I think so. But if not, God is there. It is a new world, where the people defy their king. And soon there will surely be Jews there. I don't think that this (he points back to the synagogue) could happen in America.

Boy

(He smiles). God is even in America...

Salomon

I will leave the money with the Rabbi. I am hurried now. Good-by.

Boy

Good-by Reb Haym. (Salomon leaves).

DISSOLVE BACK TO HIS SON AND MADISON IN MONTPELIER 1827

Son (Salomon Jr.)

There were Jews in America in 1772. And this Haym Salomon was welcomed into their small community in New York City. Having had a background in finance, he soon established a small brokerage firm. And he married a woman named Rachel Franks. My father's business acquaintances were always warning him to avoid a certain group of so-called irresponsibles, or street rabble. These were men who urged that the colonies break with the King--they were called the Sons of Liberty. Their leader was a man described by respectable New Yorkers as a lunatic, an agitator, a scoundrel, and a rogue for his anti-British activities. His name was Alexander Macdougall.

DISSOLVE TO

3.
INT. Salomon's office in New York. He sits with Alexander MacDougall.

MacDougall

Mr. Salomon, my organization is the kindling which will surely start the fire. The people in this city are still asleep. Even after the Zenger case, the Stamp Act, and the forcing of foreign troops upon us, our people still see themselves as part of Great Britain. (He grows angry, very animated). The Sons of Liberty will continue to explode, using any means necessary to wake our people up to the idea of independence. Whether we post notices, hold meetings, construct liberty poles, or burn British effigies, we will constantly remind our people that our freedom requires nothing less than complete independence from the King.

Salomon

I have great admiration for the Sons of Liberty, Mr. MacDougall. It seems my colleagues in financial circles believe that your actions can only lead to disaster. As for me, they forget that I left my home country only after it was invaded by foreigners. In Poland, we lost our freedom. We cannot allow that to happen in America. I am prepared to make donations to support the work of your organization.

MacDougal gets up and shakes his hand.

MacDougal

Thank you Mr. Salomon. You won't regret this....

DISSOLVE TO

SALOMON JR. AND MADISON

Salomon Jr.

With British troops moving into New York, my father was often seen with MacDougal. In fact, against the warnings of his associates, he joined the Sons of Liberty. British intelligence soon discovered that my father was sending reports of British troop placements to the Continental Army, which was camped outside of the city under General Washington. In September of 1776, a fire broke out and destroyed more than 400 buildings in the city. The British arrested a Mr. Haym Salomon as a suspect, and he was thrown into the feared Provost prison.

DISSOLVE TO

4.

Interior. Provost Prison. Shot of a hallway. Salomon is led in by a guard.

Guard

In there, damned rebel. (The door slams. In the dim light, many prisoners can be seen, sitting against walls or lying sprawled on the floor. Salomon steps over bodies and moves to a small space against a wall. He squeezes himself down. A sickening moan is heard from the far corner of the cell. A man, or what is left of one, sitting next to Salomon speaks to him.

Man

Welcome to Provost, my friend. Here everyone is equal. We all get a chance to sample the King's hospitality. Equally.

(The moan is heard again).

Salomon

That man needs medical treatment badly. Are there others who are that sick in here?

Man

(He laughs).. Everyone in here is sick. Within a week, you too will have the fever.. (The moan is heard again).. Our friend over there will be dead within a few hours--You can bet on that....and win.

Salomon

What did you get put in here for, my friend?

Man

I got caught stealing the horse of a Hessian officer, that German..... (The dying man in the corner screams and then falters).

Another Prisoner

He's dead, call the guard.

A Third Prisoner (near the door of the cell)

Another body for the King to bury. Guard, rejoice, we've got a dead rebel for you.

(Salomon cringes in horror as the body is lifted and passed from raised hand to raised hand to the jail door, whereupon a guard opens the door and takes the corpse out.)

An Old Sick Prisoner

Bless you Thomas. I shall be joining you in a few days. (He coughs violently).

DISSOLVE: The prisoners are sleeping on the floor. They are all on their sides. There is loud snoring. Salomon is awake, against a wall. He tries to turn

over, forcing everyone to move somewhat.

A Prisoner

Pick one side to sleep on, then fall asleep. Because if you move, everybody moves, and we don't like to be awoken.

Another Prisoner

He's new her. Give him time to get used to the King's sleeping quarters.

DISSOLVE: ~~DISAPPEAR~~ Some days later. Salomon sits in a corner. He looks weak, and coughs violently. He puts his hand to his forehead.

Another Prisoner

The fever?

Salomon

(He coughs). I think so.

Same Prisoner

You are the Jew Haym Salomon, aren't you?

Salomon

Yes, but....

Same Prisoner

I worked for MacDougal. I saw you in his home several times. I asked him who you were.

Salomon

Are there others from the Sons in here? ?

Prisoner

Many. The British would have us all hanged if it could be done in secret. Tell me sir. I've seen you Jews in the army, in our hospitals, in the commissaries. Never with the British. Why do you fight for us?

Salomon

Jews cannot live in Europe. America offers us hope for us, for others as well. We believe America is our future, so we fight for her. (The sound of the jail door opening is heard.)

Guard

Does anyone in here speak foreign languages?

Salomon

I speak (he coughs and gets up with difficulty and walks to the guard). I speak German, French, Italian, Spanish, (he coughs), Russian, and Polish.

Guard

What? (He is astonished to say the least). You must come with me immediately. (Salomon coughs and is led out).

They enter a room where a Hessian officer sits.

Officer

You speak German? We seek an interpreter.

Salomon (in perfect German)

I speak German. But unless I see a doctor and get some decent food, I won't live long enough to help you.

Officer (to the guard)

Yes, this man will do. Take him to the hospital. See that he gets comfortable quarters and good meals.

DISSOLVE TO Salomon Jr. and Madison

Salomon Jr.

The British needed translators for the Hessians so badly that they offered Salomon almost complete freedom in exchange for his work. Well, my father exploited that freedom as much as was possible to benefit the Continental Army. He was allowed to re-open his brokerage firm on Broad St. and it flourished. A large source of income was from selling food to outgoing British ships. And he used his German for more than just translating for the Hessians. He would often invite Hessians to his office, there convincing them that in an independent America, there would be great opportunities for foreigners to work and own land. Often he succeeded in getting them to desert the British for the rebel cause. And he made use of his freedom to enter the prisons and talk with the jailed rebels.

DISSOLVE TO

5.
INTERIOR. Salomon's Office.

Man

I can make it to General Washington with no problem. The British sentries at the river crossing know me well. I often sell them food from my farm.

Salomon

I am going to trust you with this note for the General. But be ever careful. There is a sum of money with it for him. If he asks, simply tell him it is from an unknown patriot... for the most distinguished patriot...for our cause. This is for you (Salomon gives him some money).

Man

Thank you sir. I'll get this to him. I will. (He walks out).

DISSOLVE TO

6. A hallway leading to a jail cell. Salomon walks by several guards who salute him. Obviously, he is here frequently. He approaches the last guard.

Guard

Evening, Mr. Salomon.

Salomon

Good evening, sir.

Guard

You have the sum which we agreed upon? (Salomon nods, pulls out an envelope, looks down the hallway to see if anyone is there, then hands the envelope to the guard.).

Salomon

Now I must speak with the prisoner. (The guard nods and opens the cell door. There are only a handful of men in this cell. Salomon kneels down near one of them). An hour after the last guard walks by. (The prisoner nods, Salomon leaves the cell with the guard). He will begin to cry as if he were sick. Carry him past the first guard, who should be asleep. Lead him to our window. Once he is gone, tell the Colonel that he overpowered you and that the other guards were asleep.

Guard

He will escape as planned.

Salomon

The rest of your payment at that time.

DISSOLVE TO

Salomon Jr. and Madison

Madison

And then came that summer, 1778 I believe. The British were quite worried about Washington's intentions on New York.

Salomon

That is correct. Washington contacted my father and other Sons

with a plan to set fire to the British ships in New York harbor. But a message to my father was intercepted...

Madison

And he was again arrested.

DISSOLVE TO

7. Interior. A military court. Salomon is brought in before four generals who sit at a table. A court bailiff rises.

Bailiff

The prisoner, a Mr. Haym Salomon, is to be tried before this court. He is charged with treasonous acts against His Majesty, King George the Third.

A General

Read the charges against the defendant.

Bailiff

First, he is charged with having been a spy for General George Washington. Second, he is charged with helping prisoners to escape while himself having access to the Provost prison as an interpreter in the employ of the British army. Thirdly, he is charged with having given shelter in his home to those escaped prisoners.

Another General

It is the verdict of this tribunal that the defendant is guilty on all counts and thus, he justly receives the sentence of death. (Salomon is led out of the court room down a hallway. His son speaks over this scene).

Salomon Jr.

He was then immediately taken before Sir Henry Clinton, the British commander. (Salomon stands before Clinton with his guards).

(From this point on in the script, Salomon should be affected with a cough in almost every scene. For he was in reality so affected, upon his release from Provost prison, with this cough for the rest of his life).

Clinton

Mr. Salomon, we have here a very interesting letter you wrote. To General Washington. (He raises his voice in anger). Mr. Salomon, I am going to see it that you are hanged tomorrow morning unless I get what I want. (Salomon shows no emotion). You will tell me every thing you know about Washington's plans. (Salomon is silent). Mr. Salomon, you have committed treason against the British Army and have been sentenced to death. But I will set you free tomorrow--if I can have what you know of his future plans.

Salomon

I have no information.

Clinton

Salomon, what are you saying? I know you have a wife and child. You run a profitable business. If you force me to hang you, we will by law have to seize your business. Your wife and child will starve sir.

Salomon

I have friends, sir, who will....

Clinton

(Enraged). To hell with your friends. What is your decision?

Salomon

Sir, wouldn't you choose to die before hurting your country?

Clinton

What country do you speak of? You are a Jew from Poland.

And we don't accept the so-called Declaration of Independence of these colonies. There is no country here but England. Well?

(Salomon is silent). Then you will hang in the morning, Jew. (To the guard). Place him in his cell. (One guard leads Salomon out, as Clinton gestures to the other guard to stay). Have him beaten until he is ready to talk.

Guard

Yes sir.

DISSOLVE TO

8. Interior. A cell. Salomon sits against a wall. His face is beaten and bloody. A rat scurries by. Footsteps are heard. A man comes up to the bars.

Man

Mr. Salomon, can you hear me? (Salomon slowly moves to the door). I bring news from Alexander MacDougal. I have also seen your wife. She gave me a sum of money which the guard here will accept. In a few minutes I will leave. You must call the guard and he will let you out. This paper will tell you how to reach MacDougal. But you must leave New York immediately.

Salomon

But my wife...

Man

She wants you to live. We will care for her. Now good luck. (He leaves).

DISSOLVE TO Salomon Jr. and Madison

Salomon Jr.

My father made it out of New York that night. But what he saw in MacDougals camp was a poorly clothed, poorly fed, and poorly equipped army. He never forgot this picture, and became determined to use all of his energy into improving the lot of these men who were fighting to make this country free. Well, somehow my father made his way on foot to Philadelphia.

Madison

Whereupon he offered his services to the Continental Congress. But we did not take up his offer.

Salomon Jr.

Correct. However, Philadelphia was perfect for my father's talent as a broker. For unlike New York, it was an open port, with much trade. At first, he could not afford an office of his own, so he ran notices in the papers saying he could be found in the Coffeehouse between the hours of 12 and 2.

Madison

Yes, the economic climate must have been perfect for him. That was when the flood of French and Dutch currency began to arrive, and most brokers didn't know whether to change it into Pennsylvania State currency, old Colonial dollars, English pounds, Dutch thalers, Spanish notes, or specie. So your father, with his knowledge of international rates of exchange and foreign languages quickly became a key man in Philadelphia financial circles.

Salomon Jr.

But while others dealt in that market to become rich, my father was determined to use his skills to keep the Continental Army alive, which meant getting a constant stream of money to it. But as the war progressed, the economy disintegrated, and there was great danger that the troops would simply pack up and go home.

Madison

I believe the year 1781 opened with Congress having a deficit of \$1,600,000. And that was the year we finally appointed Mr. Robert Morris as Superintendent of Finance, one of our better decisions, I might add.

DISSOLVE TO

9. Int. The office of Robert Morris. A Congressman is led in

Congressman

Mr. Morris, a letter from General Washington was read before the Congress today.

Morris

Oh? And what was the letter concerned with, as if I didn't know?

Congressman

The General says his men are starving. He says that they spend most of their time hunting for animals to kill for food, and that his men are on the verge of mutiny. (He pauses). He says that if his men do not receive some payment soon, well, there may not be a Continental Army much longer.

Morris

And what did our beloved Congress do upon hearing this letter?

Congressman

It was only decided that you be told of the General's message. Now the Congress will wait for your recommendation.

Morris

(Bows his head in frustration). My God! How can I obtain money to keep an army supplied when Congress won't do the one necessary thing to raise a large enough sum?
needed

Congressman

And that is?

Morris

And that is the levying of taxes. The British army is fed and supplied from the money raised by Parliament. But this congressional body is so afraid to call on each of the states to pay for a war to make them free. All this so-called Congress does is borrow more and more money from abroad. They have no understanding of the meaning of the word credit. Even if we manage to force the English from our territory, we are going to be indentured to France and Holland. We will still be colonies, but with new masters.

Congressman

I have heard your arguments Mr. Morris, but what do you propose?

Morris

(Angrily). I propose that you so-called legislators legislate. Do something instead of argue.

Congressman

Now Mr. Morris...

Morris

For the time being, you can tell them that I will send 2000 barrels of flour to General Washington, which I will pay for myself. That is all I can promise you at this time. But I will report to Congress as soon as I decide on future action. Now please, I have much work to do. If you could send in my assistant on my way out, you would be of great service to your country.

Congressman

(Sarcastically). With pleasure, Mr. Morris. (Morris pulls out a check book and writes the payment for the flour for the Continental Army).

Assistant

Sir?

Morris

Do you know the broker for most of the privateers in Philadelphia?

Assistant

You mean the Jew broker sir? Mr. Haym Salomon.

Morris

Yes. The Jew broker. I want you to go see him. Tell him to come to my office this afternoon, if possible. Tell him it's urgent, that I need his advice.

Assistant

Yes sir.

DISSOLVE TO Salomon Jr. and Madison

Salomon Jr.

Well, as you know, the Jew Broker soon became Morris' most trusted advisor. For Morris was right--a Congress that could not tax its constituents meant an empty treasury. Thus, almost all of the money needed to continue the war came from foreign loans. Morris needed brokers to cash the foreign bills of exchange...

Madison

...and, as he told me, he found your father to be the most reliable, the most honest, and the most ingenious of those he employed. But the thing that shocked Morris most of all was that the "Jew Broker" only charged at the most, $\frac{1}{2}$ of 1% interest on his bills, while most Philadelphia brokers charged anywhere from 3 to 5% interest.

DISSOLVE TO

10. Morris' Office. His assistant enters.

Assistant

Mr. Salomon is here sir.

Morris

Send him in immediately. (Salomon enters and sits, Morris is looking at some figures in a ledger book.) Mr. Salomon, my office has some shocking new figures on military salaries. The Continental Army, that is.

Salomon

What salaries? Did you say the Continental Army sir?

Morris

(Morris gives a slow, angry look, then looks back at the ledger). It seems that 6 years ago, at the beginning of this God-forsaken war, a Colonel in our army was making a sum valued at \$90 per month. Today, this same colonel is making \$3 per month.

Salomon

If he gets paid at all.

Morris

(He smiles a little bit).. So you are familiar with the problem?

Salomon

I have officers from our army coming into my office almost daily seeking loans.

Morris

And these loans, they are given?

Salomon

Surely.

Morris

On what guarantee?

Salomon

On the guarantee of their word.. (Morris cringes in disbelief at such unprofessional conduct).. Mr. Morris, if we cannot trust the promises of our own officers, then how can we put our faith in the future of our country?

Morris

Yes, but...

Salomon

At this time, I have money. These officers are necessary to continue our struggle. They will pay me back when our government gets out of debt and pays them for their services. In a sense, I am placing my faith in you, for it is your job to get our government out of debt.

Morris

Salomon, you are a Jew. A Jew who is insane. But I know your reputation. And above all, you are one of only 2 or 3 others, besides myself, in this city of rogues who realizes the greatest

threat to this nation's independence is bankruptcy. I respect you for that. (Salomon smiles slightly). And now, we must discuss other ways of raising money. *(go to 20-A)

DISSOLVE TO Madison and Salomon Jr.

Madison

Of course, your father became known for his work with the privateers, the blockade runners.

Salomon Jr.

At first, he would often simply gamble by buying shares in certain ships whose captains promised to bring back goods by out-navigating or out-battling the British Navy.

DISSOLVE TO

II. Exterior. The Philadelphia Docks. Salomon sees a man unloading many sacks of something.

Salomon

What do you have there?

Man

'Tis none of your business.

Salomon

You're mistaken sir. It's all of my business. I buy and sell goods.

Man

Flour.

Salomon

And you are employed by whom? (The man points to another man, who sits among the sacks, smoking a pipe, and who writes in a notebook. Salomon approaches him.

DISSOLVE TO:

INTERIOR. The Coffeehouse. Salomon sits with his assistant, McRae.

Voice-Over of Salomon Jr.: My father was becoming driven by the idea that somehow, one man might affect the course of the war, to bring victory to the Continental Army. Of course, he believed that perhaps this man was himself. And then one day, while sitting at the Coffeehouse with his bookkeeper McRae, a meeting occurred which was to give him the responsibility and influence necessary to make him that man, the man who could affect the war.

McRae

That man at the bar. That's Luzerne. Funny, the idea of the French Consulate General coming into our disgusting little cellar.

Salomon

Yes, it is a bit odd for a man of his standing.

French Consulate (In close-up)

Is there a mister Haym Salomon here?

Bar Tender

(Points to him). That man over there.

(He comes over to Salomon's table, Salomon and McRae look surprised).

French Consulate

Pardon me, sir. You are Mr. Salomon?

Salomon

(He stands up). Yes, I am. And you are Monsieur Chalomer de la Luzerne. It is my pleasure.

Luzerne

But how do you know me, sir?

Salomon

I have seen you in the office of Mr. Morris. Et si vous voulez, je parle français Monsieur.

Luzerne

C'est bien, Monsieur, mais maintenant, I must learn to speak the American tongue with more skill...

Salomon

As you wish Monsieur. This is my assistant, Mr. McRae.
(They shake hands).

Luzerne

Now Mr. Salomon, let's get to the point of the matter. It is my understanding that you have been buying our French bills and re-selling them at face value, backed with your personal guarantee. It seems very dangerous for you. Why?

Salomon

It is actually very simple. Amazingly simple. Monsieur, America is fighting a war of independence. More accurately, a war of survival. The French bills are a most important part of our economy. But the market is insane. Everyone here is trying to make a fortune speculating on the war. Our government is weak, mostly from lack of experience. I am only doing all that I can do to guarantee that we do survive.

Luzerne

But you are a Jew. And yet you take little or no profit.

Salomon

I am a Jew. M. de la Luzerne, you know how Jews are treated in Europe. It will be different here, I really believe that. America will be open to Jews, and to any other religious group. There will be no persecution because of faith, I feel that is the future of America. But we must win our freedom. That is why I do what I do.

Luzerne

It is still difficult to understand. But I accept your position. Mr. Salomon, I came here to ask you to become the broker for the financial affairs of the French Government in America.

McRae

You won't regret that decision, sir.

Salomon

I accept with great honor Monsieur. *(back to page 20).

Salomon

Good day, sir. (The man doesn't answer). I would like to buy some flour.

Man

Five dollars. Apiece.

Salomon

I'll take them all at four apiece.

Man

(He looks at Salomon in shock, then he stutters a bit). Four-fifty.

Salomon

Four twenty.

Man

Four twenty-five.

Salomon

(Smiles jubilantly). A deal. You will bring them to my warehouse. I'll pay you then.

Man

Cash now. I have never seen you. Don't even know your name.

Salomon

My name is Haym Salomon. Remember it. You will see me here again, if you again get by the British navy. (Salomon hands him a piece of paper). You know this man. (The agent nods). This is his note. He will vouch for me.

Man

I'll get them to you today. (They shake hands).

DISSOLVE TO Salomon Jr. and Madison

Salomon Jr.

My father made a fine profit on that deal. Having paid four-
twenty-five for those bags, he then sold them at five.

Madison

I imagine General Washington would have been pleased.

Salomon Jr.

Indeed he would have. The money went to feed his army. Well,
my father soon had his own office. On Front St. And one day,
something which had been troubling him greatly was finally
resolved.

DISSOLVE TO

12. Salomon sitting in his office. A knock is heard.

Salomon

Yes? Come in. (A tall, bearded man in black enters. Salomon
stares at him for a few seconds. Then he recognizes him).
Peter? Peter BenEzra?

BenEzra

It's been a long time, Reb Salomon. But it's is good to see
that you are alive, and that you prosper.

(Salomon goes up to him and warmly and tightly shakes his hand).

Salomon

It is good to see you also Peter. But how are things in New
York, I...I mean....

BenEzra

You mean how is Rachel and your child? Perhaps someone who
came with me to Philadelphia could answer that better than me.
(He turns and steps out the door. His wife enters, holding their
child. She is crying.)

Salomon

Rachel... (He is too shocked to cry, in fact it is a few seconds
before he hugs her).

Rachel

That night... I thought it was over....

Salomon

Rachel, we shall never again be apart...no...it's too good to be true...

DISSOLVE TO Salomon Jr. and Madison

Salomon Jr.

My father continued to earn good sums of money from his business, and to give it away as fast.

Madison

I remember one Christmass in Philadelphia, I think it was '81 or perhaps a year later, a very harsh winter, and many of the poorer residents were almost going hungry. I was told that one day, your father received a \$2000 payment on a deal which he promptly cashed, and then he gave it all away to the poor. Of course, many Congressmen were almost forced to leave Philadelphia and return to their states, except for the financial help they received from your father. He received worthless promissory notes from important men, Edmond Randolph for one. Also James Wilson and James Monroe. And myself.

Salomon Jr.

My father often told me about the day when Baron von Steuben came into his office.

DISSOLVE TO

13. Interior. Salomon's office. Salomon's assistant, McRae, enters.

McRae

The Baron's here sir, and he don't look too happy for it.

Salomon

I'll see him immediately.

Von Steuben enters. He seems nervous and uncomfortable.

Salomon

Won't you have a seat, Baron?

Von Steuben

I will stand sir. Now, it bothers me greatly to have to come to you about such a matter.

Salomon

What amount are you seeking, Baron?

Von Steuben

(Awkward and embarrassed by such a direct question). It is explained here, sir. (He hands Salomon a paper. Salomon opens a drawer and counts out the cash and hands it to the Baron, who is shocked greatly by the speed and directness of the proceeding). On what terms?

Salomon

No terms Baron. When Congress pays you, then you can re-pay me.

Von Steuben

What interest? (He still doesn't believe it).

Salomon

No interest. The rates are too high. I could not ask them from one who is as important to his country as you are.

Von Steuben

(He is in a state of shock. He thanks Salomon in German, wishes him a good day, bows and departs).

DISSOLVE TO Madison and Salomon Jr.

Madison

Wasn't there a day when.....I think it was the Jewish Holy Day...

Salomon... Jr.

Yom Kippur, Mr. Madison, Yom Kippur. Yes, my father was in the synagogue. He told me that what he did that day always left him uneasy, and yet, he felt his decision was the correct one...

DISSOLVE TO

14. Interior. Yom Kippur Service at Philadelphia's only synagogue. Cut to a small room outside the main chamber (which itself is small). Here an old bearded man stands with a prayer book. A man enters from outside, a messenger. (The old man is shocked to see this man).

Old Man

Do you wish to join our service?

Messenger

No sir. But I must see Haym Salomon immediately.

Messenger

Old Man

But he is in prayer.

Messenger

I am sorry but I have orders from the Superintendent of Finance, Mr. Robert Morris to get this letter to Mr. Salomon immediately. It's from General Washington.

Old Man

From General Washington? In that case...Well, you must wait here. I will try to get Mr. Salomon... (The messenger opens the door and peeks in at the service. Salomon comes out with the Old Man. Salomon looks disturbed at being forced out of the service.)

Salomon

What do you want sir?

Messenger

I am sorry to disturb you Mr. Salomon. (Hands him the note). It's from Mr. Morris. (Salomon reads it and looks depressed, then somewhat determined).

Salomon

I'll do what I can. Tell Mr. Morris that I will call on him this evening. (Salomon then goes in and speaks with the Rabbi who allows him to speak to a rather shocked congregation.) Please, I beg that you forgive me for bringing up this matter on such a day. But I must read you this letter. "My men grow more discontent each day. They have not received pay in almost five months. There is little food, most of it obtained by hunting. Last Friday, two regiments began a mutiny and prepared to leave camp in search of food and shelter. Somehow, I persuaded them to return to their quarters. Without money, I will not be able to control them much longer. I know that the discontent has spread to my entire army. It is now a matter of the very survival of the Continental Army." (Salomon looks up). It's from General Washington.

An Old Man

Reb Haym, you dare to offend God by speaking of money on the holiest of all days?

Salomon

Let us dare to remember our past. These men are fighting now so that we may pray in the future, without restriction, and in peace.

Another Man

God will not forgive you for this sin, Reb Haym. And he will not forgive us if we listen to you.

Salomon

God will not forgive those who are selfish while men are starving.

Salomon (cont'd)

Especially when these men are fighting for such a cause. If we help the Continental Army now, we have a chance to establish a refuge for Jews and all those who seek religious freedom. (Salomon looks at the Rabbi).

Rabbi

I believe....I believe God would want us to help these men. Let us give generously.

DISSOLVE TO

15. Interior. Salomon and Morris in Morris' office.

Salomon Jr. (voice-over)

By this time, my father was visiting and advising Morris almost every day. As the demands grew on Morris, he came to depend on my father more and more.

Morris

Well, another urgent letter from the General. They seem to always be urgent. But this one seems to be extremely important. General Washington believes that if he can have \$20,000 in specie for his troops, he can move them south and join forces with General Greene...

Salomon

....and attack Cornwallis?

Morris

Apparently that is his goal. If he gets help from the French navy.

Salomon

If he could defeat Cornwallis...

Morris

...it would of course improve the market for the sale of our bills....

Salomon

...in addition to being an important victory in itself, maybe the most important victory in the war.

Morris

Six years of this war. It's about time for an important victory. Well, that's thinking ahead too far. I think I know where I can obtain the sum he requests in specie, but only if it can be paid back immediately in currency.

Salomon

You know that sales are very slow now...

Morris

(Angrily). It's those damn brokers who undercut the governments price on the bills. If I could only hang those men who would make a profit at the loss of their own government, a government at war, fighting for those damn....

Salomon

You know that the situation is not that simple ...

Morris

Not that simple? Dammit Salomon, it's simpler. It's a question of patriotism. Why, those men...well, let's take you for example. Now you charge no interest at all. I think you are insane for that. I'm not asking them to go that far...

Salomon

I understand your position, Mr. Morris. I support it as well, otherwise I wouldn't be working for you. Let me speak to them. Perhaps I can convince them to stick to the prices we set.

Morris

Perhaps you can work miracles...

DISSOLVE TO

16. Interior. The Coffee House. Salomon stands before eight other brokers who are seated.

Salomon

Gentlemen, there you have the arguments of the Superintendent of finance for holding the price on the French bills of sale.

First Broker

Mr. Salomon, does Morris think we're crazy? Nobody believes we're going to win this war and send the British home. And with the situation this economy is in, Morris' price is sheer folly.

Second Broker

We can't make a profit at those prices, so how can Morris...

Salomon

Gentlemen, perhaps you could give up your profits for a short time as a sacrifice to your country, only for a short time...

Third Broker

Nonesense!

Salomon

(He sighs deeply). Mr. Thompson, you stated that no one believes we are going to win this war....

Mr. Thompson

Six years, Salomon! It's been six long years, and still there is no end in sight. Well, let me retract. There is an end in sight but it's not the one we believed in six years ago. (Others laugh). Salomon, ask the people who buy and sell bills if they

think we're going to win.

Salomon

Mr. Thompson, I firmly and honestly believe we are going to defeat the British.

Mr. Thompson

Of course. You work for Morris. (There is great laughter).

Salomon

(Sighs deeply again, then looks very determined). All right, gentlemen. This information is not to leave this meeting. (The brokers look at each other curiously). General Washington has requested a sum of money to transport his troops to the South. If we raise the money, there is at least a fairly good chance that he will engage and defeat Cornwallis.

Another Broker

I wouldn't invest ten Continental Dollars in this scheme. (The others again laugh).

Salomon

If he succeeds, there is no question that the market will improve for your business. (There is silence; this remark has hit home with at least a few of them). But we need you, for the time being only, to stop undercutting the government's rates. Gentlemen, I appeal to your common sense....and, to your patriotism.

(One of the brokers, Mr. Richardson, gets up and moves toward the door).

Mr. Richardson

Tell Mr. Morris he should bribe Washington to resign. (He begins to open the door).

Salomon

Mr. Richardson, have you not heard that the General has, in the

course of this war, given his entire savings, a considerable amount, to support the Continental Army? He himself has nothing left but his property at Mt. Vernon.

(Richardson slowly turns back until he is again facing Salomon).

Mr. Richardson

Upon hearing such a sad tale of the General's troubles, I find my heart bleeding moldy Continental dollars. (Others laugh). Gentlemen, this is not a laughing matter. General Washington is incompetent and should have been replaced years ago.

Salomon

(Boiling with anger). Mr. Richardson, your knowledge of military science isn't worth a damn moldy cent. You are ignorant in this field. Everyone knows that in order to win battles, you must first have an army that is clothed and fed. Everyone knows that. Everyone but you.

(Richardson glares at Salomon for a few long seconds, then he leaves, slamming the door.)

Salomon

Well, gentleman? (They all get up slowly and leave. Salomon stands there, looking very depressed).

DISSOLVE TO

17. Interior. Morris' Office. Morris and Salomon.

Morris

(Shouting). They're traitorous thieves!

Salomon

They're hard-pressed for money and worried about the future for their businesses.

Morris

I'll undersell them. You can tell the French Consulate. Tell him we will sell his bills. All of them. I'm going to cut the throats of the leaders of our financial community. They think they're hard-pressed now?

Salomon

It's no good...

Morris

Mr. Salomon, I'll tell you what's no good. This nation is on the brink...

Salomon

...of economic disaster...

Morris

My God! And what about inflation? One currency becomes worthless after the next! These men call themselves financiers, yet they spend recklessly, always raising their profit margins. Mr. Salomon, I'm going to undersell them...

Salomon

It won't work. We must go to selling on long-term credit. You must see that...

Morris

Dammit Salomon, I am the Superintendent of Finance, not you. We do what I say, and I say we are going to beat them at their own game. That is my final decision.

Salomon

(Salomon is silent for several seconds. He is saddened by Morris' anger and his decision.) I'll do what I can Mr. Superintendent.

DISSOLVE TO

18. Interior. Salomon is in bed, looking quite ill. Over this shot we hear his son narrate:

Salomon Jr.

Of course, my father managed to raise the sum, mostly by backing all of his transactions with his personal guarantee. General

Washington got his money, all right. Then one day while my father lay ill in bed, his bookkeeper McRae, gave him the news.

(There is a slight knock at the door. Bells can be heard ringing in the background).

McRae

Mr. Salomon, sorry to bother you like this, but your wife said you hadn't heard the news.

Salomon

What news, McRae? (McRae now has a wide smile).

McRae

What news? Mr. Salomon, do you hear them bells? (Salomon looks to the window. Then he stares at McRae in shock). Cornwallis surrendered his entire army to Gen. Washington at Yorktown.

Salomon

(In dazed happiness). But...is it true?

McRae

Is it true? You're the man responsible for him gettin our army there and you ask is it true? You did it.

(Salomon gets out of bed)

Salomon

To the Coffeehouse McRae! We must celebrate...

McRae

Oh no. You're too ill for all that carousin.

Salomon

Not when there's news like this. I want to feel the victory.

(McRae looks as though he shouldn't let him go, but he is too happy to resist. Salomon's wife enters.)

Salomon

Rachel, my God! Cornwallis surrendered to Washington at Yorktown!

Rachel

I know and its wonderful Haym. Now perhaps we can take that vacation you've talked of for so long. (Salomon is getting dressed). Haym, you're far too ill to leave the house.

Salomon

Rachel, with this news, my illness will certainly go away. I can feel it inside. I haven't felt this strong in weeks.

Rachel

But Dr. McEwan told you not to leave until....

(He kisses her).

Salomon

Dr. McEwan is a good doctor, but he didn't know that the cure for my illness would be Cornwallis surrendering to the Continental Army. Rachel, I won't be too long. I promise. Come on McRae. (She shakes her head in frustration, then smiles slightly).

DISSOLVE TO

19. INTERIOR. The Coffeehouse. There is gleeful madness inside.

Men are up dancing, drinking tankards of rum.

Bar Tender

Rum is free gentlemen! Paid for by Lord Cornwallis himself. (There is a loud cheer at this announcement).

Salomon and McRae now walk in.

One Drunk Patriot

A toast to General Washington! (Everyone cheers and toasts).

Salomon and McRae sit down at their table. Men begin drifting over and shaking their hands.

Man

I've got to hand it to you Haym. You said all along that Washington was a sly old fox. I didn't believe you. None of us did. Tonight, we celebrate your victory. And this victory, well, it gives us a future to believe in.

Salomon

We've had a future all along, Issac, we've had it all along.

(A bar man brings over two tankards of rum. McRae and Salomon toast the victory).

DISSOLVE TO

Madison and Salomon Jr.

Madison

Unfortunately, the victory at Yorktown did not mean the end of the war. Not hardly. Nor did it signal any improvement in the economic situation. Now Mr. Morris had the additional headache of caring for thousands of newly captured British troops, and that meant even more money had to be found. Which meant even more reliance on your father's abilities.

Salomon Jr.

I remember my father telling us of his thoughts after Yorktown. He was extremely confident of victory. He felt that if only the Continental Army could somehow be supplied, and supplied with better uniforms, food, and ammunition, well, victory was inevitable. He also believed that the economy would improve, especially after the blockade was removed entirely.

Madison

So he just went back to doing the same things to somehow find those huge sums.

DISSOLVE TO

20. The Docks of Philadelphia. Salomon and McRae walk among the cargo being unloaded. Salomon motions him to stop, for they are within hearing a conversation taking place on the other side of some crates.

First Man

We're takin the Chesapeake Cyclone in two days. She's as swift and sound a ship as ever did float.

Second Man

And we're headed for the Indies. Spices. British spices. And rum.

First Man

Who knows what we may find? But we'll have no trouble makin the

blockade. If we run into the King's Navy, well, she's fitted out with six cannon, and we'll blow them back to the Channel where they belong.

Second Man

We can out maneuver them easily. She's swift as lightning. You can be sure of that.

Third Man

All right. I'll buy two shares in her chances. After all, spices are going to become even more expensive. I should know, I run the largest spice warehouse in the state. Here's for my shares. The best of luck to you. And to the Cyclone.

(The first man counts the money, the second writes down his name in the ledger book. Salomon and McRae now approach).

Salomon

Excuse me gentlemen. Are you privateers?

First Man

Aye sir. There's none better.

Second Man

Aye. We're runnin the Chesapeake Cyclone.

Salomon

The Cyclone? I think I've heard something of her. Is she strong?

Second Man

The strongest, sir.

Salomon

Swift?

First Man

Like the wind.

Salomon

Return date?

First Man

By spring.

Second Man

Earlier, if all goes well.

Salomon

You've run the blockade before?

First Man

Have we run the blockade? (The 2 privateers laugh). I should say so. I was the second on the Connecticut.

Salomon

I thought I had seen you before.

First Man

Seen me? You're the man who bought our entire flour catch last Christmas. And a good catch it was. Now I remember. You're the Jew. (Salomon hesitates at this for a slight second).

Salomon

It was good flour. A good deal. How many shares are left on the Cyclone?

First Man

Six, Mr. Salomon. At 150.

Salomon

I'll take them all at 140 gentlemen.

(The 2 privateers look at each other. Then they shake their heads).

Mr. McRae, do you think these good men would accept 145?

McRae

Aye. It's a good compromise for my part.

First Man

You're never satisfied Mr. Salomon. But we may need you in the future. It's a deal. (They mark him in the ledger).

DISSOLVE TO:

21. Salomon's office. He is preparing to leave.

McRae.

There's a Frenchman to see you sir.

Salomon

He's come after hours. It must be important. Send him in, and I'll see you tomorrow Mr. McRae. (McRae leaves and the Frenchman enters). Oh, it's you, M. Jaeckin. You know it's past business hours

M. Jaeckin

I am sorry, M. Salomon. This will not take long. But my partner acquired some shirts, a great many, they are perfect for the army. And I know we can sell them quickly, so I came to see if you would want them first, since you have influence with M. Morris. We will sell them at a good price, you can be sure.

Salomon

I have no doubt the army could use them. The problem of course is specie. But if you are willing to accept Treasury notes, I will speak to Mr. Morris about your offer. After I see the shirts.

M. Jaeckin

Splendid. You can contact me through M. Debray at the Coffehouse.

DISSOLVE TO:

Madison and Salomon Jr.

Salomon Jr.

It is important, I think, Mr. Madison, to remember that the relationship my father had with Mr. Morris was based on desperation as much as admiration. There were stormy times between them, and this was one of them. So, my father made the proposal to Mr. Morris, who realized that the army needed those shirts badly. He approved the deal at the price my father had been given. Then, two days later, a friend of this M. Jaeckin came into Morris' office and tried to sell him the same shirts at a much higher price.

Madison

You mean Jaeckin sold the shirts to this man after having agreed to selling them to the government?

Salomon Jr.

Precisely. He told his friend that the government was in desperate need of the shirts. So the friend bought them all and attempted to sell them at a much higher price.

Madison

Did Mr. Morris find out?

Salomon Jr.

He...found out, yes, and was not too happy about it.

DISSOLVE TO:

21. Morris' Office.

Morris

No! Never! There is no way I will deal with dishonest men. Jaekin is a criminal, a liar. He gives us one price, then sells them to a friend of his who almost doubles the price? Don't tell me he's not taking a per centage from the deal. Well the deal's cancelled. Maybe he can dye them red and sell them to the British at an even bigger profit. Salomon, you've been taken.

Salomon

Mr. Morris, the army needs those shirts, and needs them badly. You know that. I am willing to buy those shirts myself and sell them to the army at the original price.

Morris

My decision is final. I will not deal with criminals. They are extortionists.

Salomon

But what of my offer?

Morris

Mr. Salomon, perhaps you are used to dealing with that kind of...

Salomon

Mr. Morris, what are you insinuating?

Morris

I am insinuating nothing, Mr. Salomon. But I have made my decision.

Salomon

Perhaps you will reconsider. Good day, Mr. Morris. (He leaves).

DISSOLVE TO:

22. EXTERIOR. The Docks. Salomon walking with McRae.

Voice Over Narration of Salomon Jr: Their dispute was only temporary. Morris knew that my father was too important to lose over such a petty issue. And so my father kept on working for him.

Salomon

Mr. McRae, I'm glad things are finally back to normal with our Superintendent of Finance, if there is such a thing as normal with him.

McRae

I can't believe he actually apologized to you.

Salomon

Mr. Morris is an odd man at times. Several brokers have told me that he approached them about replacing me at the Office of Finance. But it seems he could not get any of them to give up their own profits to work for the government. It's funny. Morris says I'm insane, and Rachel says I'm insane, and both say it's because I spend all of my time trying to raise money for our government, which doesn't seem to be getting any stronger. Perhaps they are both right...

McRae

Now, Mr. Salomon, when the war's finally won, this government is going to reward you, I'm sure of that...

Salomon

I don't think I'm going to want any reward Mr. McRae. I think that seeing America as a free country, and, well, spending more time with my family... yes, that will definitely be the only reward I will accept.

McRae

But they're sure to ask you to work in some branch...
re

Salomon

No... Rachel wouldn't stand for it. And I don't think I would either.

(A young man runs by them and stumbles, crashing into some crates. They help him up).

McRae

Are you all right, lad?

The Man

Yes, yes, but I've got to get to Pier 3 immediately...

Salomon

And what is taking place at Pier 3 that could be so important that you almost kill yourself getting there?

The Man

I was just hired yesterday to unload the ships. One came in just this morning. Now I've got to be runnin'. (He takes off).

McRae

Do ye know the name of the ship, lad?

The Man (running).

Chesapeake Cyclone.

Salomon

Good Lord, she's early.

McRae

Yer either very rich, or...

Salomon

McRae, remember we don't talk about it in advance. Let's go..

DISSOLVE TO

The Ship. Men are busy unloading it. The two men whom Salomon talked to before the ship left are standing around supervising, talking to some of the other investors who are standing around watching in delighted amazement. (Salomon and McRae walk in to the scene).

Salomon

Mr. Randolph. (Randolph turns, then he recognizes Salomon.

Mr. Randolph

Aye, (turning to the other man with whom they had met before), it's Mr. Salomon, the Jew. (To Salomon). You're a fine businessman for dealing with us Mr. Salomon. We're loaded from the bottom to the very deck with English booty.

(Salomon and McRae shake hands).

Salomon

Wonderful, wonderful. How was the voyage?

The Second Man

We ran the blockade with no problem, like we said. We then made it to the Indies, to Barbados, and there we captured a British rum runner.

Mr. Randolph

We've got enough bloody jugs of rum on the bottom of the ship to give a good drunk to the entire Congress.

The Second Man

And they could use a good drunk! (They all laugh).

Salomon

Spices? Flour?

Mr. Randolph

Aye, cloves. And a lot of sugar cane Mr. Salomon.

McRae

Sugar cane? If we could get some of that to General Washington...

Salomon

No, I think the price of sugar is going to go up to such a level, we'd be better off selling our share, and with the profits, buying food and ammunition. That's what the General needs most now. But we'll have to watch the prices.

Randolph comes over again.

Randolph

Mr. Salomon, let's step over here for a second. Somethin' I should speak to you about that happened. Yah (pointing to McRae), he can hear this.

Randolph (cont'd)

We had some unusual luck, gentlemen. ~~When~~ When we began our approach to the coast some two nights ago, we came upon some small boats. Marylanders they were, and gun-runners at that, just off of a raidin' of a British supply ship. Well, they approached us, and when we told them we were aheaded for Philadelphia, they gave us the job of takin' in what they had seized.

McRae

Guns?

Randolph

Rifles. Maybe the best I've seen in seven years.

Salomon

How many?

Randolph

An awful good amount sir.

Salomon

And you intend to sell them at what price?

Randolph

Mr. Salomon, I could sell them to Higgins, the broker, and do myself quite nice a bargain. He might sell them to the French, or to one of our divisions, or to you.

Salomon

Mr. Randolph, what is your price going to be?

Randolph

Well, sir, I made an agreement with those Maryland boys. They gave me those guns without chargin' even a half-pence, on the condition that I get them to the Continental Army. If others hear that I have these guns, they'll go straight to my company. And Mr. Sutherland, whom you may not know, well, he will sell them at the best price he can get. So if you gentlemen can have them picked up here tonight, they're yours.

Salomon

They're General Washington's, Mr. Randolph. And I promise you, he will hear of your service. Thank you sir, thank you.

DISSOLVE TO:

23.

INT. Scenes of the Coffeehouse. Voice-over narration.

Salomon Jr.

The Chesapeake Cyclone was a most successful gamble. Filled to the brim with rum, spices, and other goods, my father made \$11,000 from his shares, ten of which he immediately signed over to Morris. He was now spending most of his time in the Coffeehouse, listening to possible deals which might bring in the needed money to keep the army going. Sometimes, he had other visitors as well.

(Salomon and McRae sit at their table, going over some figures in their ledger book. A rather young looking boy, perhaps 17, missing one arm, walks up to their table and speaks in a thick Irish accent:

Boy

Which of you two is Haym Salomon?

Salomon

I am. How do you know of me?

Boy

(Very proudly). I marched with General Washington from New York all the way to Yorktown. We were driving them back, them British, when I got hit. A cannonball, it took off most of my arm. The doctor took off the rest. He said I wouldn't live unless the rest of it came off. So I let him.

McRae

But lad, how do ye know of Mr. Salomon.

Boy

I'm gettin there mister. When I was recoverin' in the hospital they had, I met a German soldier who had been fightin with us, his name was Johan. He told me he came over from his country to fight with the British against us. He had been stationed in New York with his regiment. But while he was a guard at a

Boy (cont'd)

at a prison there, he met Haym Salomon. He said you convinced him that the British were the real enemy. He said you had escaped from prison, and that soon after, he deserted his regiment and went to offer his services to a Mr. Alexander MacDougall, a commander of a division of the Continental Army. This German, well sir, he said that if I could find you, well, maybe you would help me get some kind of work. (He gestures about his arm).

(Salomon is quite moved).

Salomon

I see. What is your name son?

Boy

Thomas O'Casey, sir. Born in Cork, Ireland. And proud to have served with General Washington sir.

Salomon

Do you have a place to stay at in Philadelphia?

Boy

No sir. Just arrived this afternoon.

Salomon

You can stay at my home until we find you a permanent place and a job, Thomas.

Boy

You mean it sir?

McRae

Of course he means it, lad. You're talking to Haym Salomon. His word is what made him in this town.

(Salomon hands him some money)

Salomon

Here. Buy yourself a good meal. Meet me back here in two hours, and we'll go to my home. My wife Rachel is the best cook in all of Philadelphia. We'll have a special meal for you tonight, Thomas.

Boy

I don't know what to say sir. How can I thank you?

McRae

Thank him? Thomas, you served with the General, that's yer thanks lad, you've already thanked him.

Salomon

He's right, Thomas. I'll see you here in two hours.

Boy

I won't be late sir. I promise.

DISSOLVE TO:

24.

INT. Morris' office. Salomon enters.

Salomon

Mr. Superintendent, I have the money to purchase the needed ammunition. (He takes a seat).

Morris

Which deal came through?

Salomon

The Chesapeake Cyclone. Our share is \$10,000.

Morris

A good speculation, Salomon. I don't know how you continue to succeed sir. But you always do...

Salomon

Preparation and research. And an awful lot of luck. The Chesapeake brought us a bonus sir. Thirty crates of the finest British rifles. Seized by gun-runners off the coast of Maryland.

Morris

Excellent. What are they charging?

Salomon

Mr. Superintendent, where's your faith in your fellow man? The Marylanders requested that the rifles be given to the army. No charge. And Mr. Randolph, the captain of the cyclone, has agreed.

Morris

Divine intervention. That's what it must be. I wish to meet this man Randolph and thank him. Perhaps he can be of some help in the future.

Salomon

Good. I will have McRae set up a meeting. Any news on the bills of exchange?

Morris

Oh yes. Our good friend Mr. Chaloner who was underselling us, you remember him, the man who was out to ruin me from the start, well, he has agreed to stop competing with our bills.

Salomon

What made him change his mind?

Morris

I paid him \$20,000 out of my account.

Salomon

But Mr. Superintendent, did I once hear you say that you were somewhat violently opposed to bribes?

Morris

(He smiles). Bribe? I don't call this a bribe. Only a necessary and practical step to give this country's economy a chance to survive.

Salomon (smiling)

Oh. I understand the difference sir. Any new prospects?

Morris

Connecticut has sent us more linen than we can possibly use. Can you sell it?

Salomon

It shouldn't be difficult.

Morris

Good. And the tobacco?

Salomon

I already have a buyer..

Morris

Seven years ago, I would have said that it would be impossible to finance our so-called army this long...

Salomon

And now, it's seven years later.... (There is a few seconds of silence as they just look at each other, contemplating what they have done together).

Long DISSOLVE TO:

25. INT. Salomon's office. Salomon stands at the window of his office. He is pale and begins to cough violently. He presses his hand against his chest, trying to hold off a severe pain. McRae enters and rushes over to him.

McRae

Mr. Salomon, let me help you. (He helps him to a chair). I'm going for Doctor Boll.

Salomon

No need to McRae. I'm alright. I just have to weather these occasional pains. I don't think it's too serious. (He coughs).

McRae

Perhaps you should go home. We're almost caught up here, and I can do....(Suddenly the door opens and Rachel comes running into the office).

Rachel

Haym! Haym! It's over! (She is now hugging him. He forces himself up while still hugging her)

Salomon

What? What, Rachel?

Rachel

A ship arrived from Paris today. They've signed a treaty. The war is over.

Salomon

My God! We're a free nation...

McRae just stares in disbelief.

Rachel

You must rest now Haym. Your job is over.

Salomon

It's incredible.....at last....

DISSOLVE TO:

26. INT. Salomon in bed. Rachel enters the room

Rachel

Haym, Mr. Morris is here. (Morris enters. He has a serious look of concern on his face).

Morris

I heard you had taken ill again.

Salomon

My body is ill, Mr. Superintendent. But inside, my soul is celebrating our victory, I assure you.

Morris

Salomon, you had more faith than any of us

Salomon

I had to, sir. In my home country, I saw what happens when one country rules another. I could not sit back and watch that happen here. I had to do what I could.

Morris

And you did...

Salomon

Let us not forget that I am a Jew, sir. This is a victory for all people. That includes Jews.

Morris

I don't deny it Salomon. I only wish to say...well...without your help, I don't think we could have done it.

Salomon

But you are the Secretary of Finance, Mr. Morris. The Congress appointed you to finance the war. And you have financed a great victory.

Morris

Perhaps it is better to say that we have financed a great victory.

Salomon

The point is....we have won, we are a free nation. That is the point sir. We shall give hope to the entire world, I am certain. (He slumps back, coughing).

There are a few seconds of silence.

Morris

Do...do you have plans?

Salomon

Rachel wishes to move back to New York to be with her family. As soon as I recover, I shall make a trip there to see about opening a brokerage firm on Wall St., and buying a house. Why do you ask?

Morris

You will possibly be offered a government position....in finance.

Salomon

We are a free nation sir. I have seen accomplished what I set out to do. Now I wish to please my family. I have done what I could.

Morris nods, somewhat ^ereluctantly.

DISSOLVE TO : Madison and Salomon Jr.

Salomon Jr.

My father never made it back to New York. The weakness which he aquired from his stay in the Provost, it overtook him, finally. Well, Mr. President. I have taken enough of your time. (They get up).

Madison

I have learned a great deal about the man who assured that I had something to eat during those days in Philadelphia. I can only promise you that I will write my friends in Washington.

Madison (cont'd)

Your father lent a great sum of money to our government for which he was never re-paid. I think Congress will pay you at least some of it.

Salomon Jr.

I wouldn't have ever asked for it if my business hadn't failed, sir.

Madison

There is nothing wrong with asking for money when times are bad. During the Revolution, I borrowed from your father. He lent thousands of dollars to the government, which might not have survived without those loans. And yet, somehow, I think your father gave something much larger, much greater than those sums of money. He believed so badly that we could be free if we struggled with everything we could possibly offer. And he offered his life. (Pause). Well, I will do what I can to help you, Mr. Salomon.

Salomon Jr.

Thank you Mr. President. And good day, sir.

DISSOLVE TO: a picture of Haym Salomon. The following voice-over narration is heard:

Congress never awarded any of the money that Haym Salomon had lent the government during the Revolution. His son died penniless. The records of the amount that Salomon lent the government were burned when the British invaded Washington D.C. during the War of 1812. It is believed that Salomon lent the government between one and six hundred thousand dollars, during the years of the American Revolution.

END