

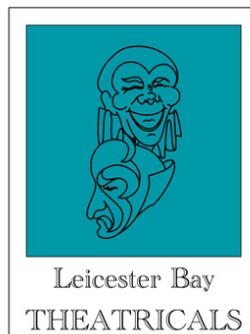
# PERUSAL SCRIPT

# T r e a s u r e



by  
Tim Slover

You wanted to organize the country  
so that we should all stick together  
and make a little money.  
- *Paterson, William Carlos Williams*



Salt Lake City

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## Characters (4M 2F)

**ALEXANDER HAMILTON**, *Secretary of the Treasury, handsome almost to the point of being pretty: elegantly thin, reddish hair tied loosely, a complexion of high color, all making him look younger than his 37 years*

**BETSY HAMILTON**, *His wife, the sort of woman a man may come to love very much pregnant at the beginning of the play -- 35*

- Actor also plays **RACHEL HAMILTON**, 39, *ALEXANDER's mother*

**FREDERICK MUHLENBERG**, *Speaker of the House, a placid, precise, bewigged Pennsylvania gentleman of 42*

- Actor also plays **CRUGER**, 40s, and a **MOURNER**

**JAMES REYNOLDS**, *Businessman, uncouth, brutal, and careless in dress -- 32*

- Actor also plays **BEEKMAN**, 40s, and a **MOURNER**

**MARIA REYNOLDS**, *His wife, exudes a troubling sexuality -- 24*

- Actor also plays a **MOURNER**

**JAMES MONROE**, *Senator, a blunt, fiery man of action -- 34*

- Actor also plays a **PRIEST**

**Act One** -- 1792

**Act Two** -- 1797

The action occurs in various places in Pennsylvania, New York, and Virginia.

### A Note on Staging

The play takes place in many locations. The script signals changes of locale in the dialogue, and action is meant to move swiftly and continuously from scene to scene with no breaks. Blackouts occur only at the end of Act 1 and the end of the play. None of the locations should be realized realistically; nor should any be confined to one specific part of the stage. As soon as a scene begins, it may expand to use as much of the stage as needed. Furniture may be shared across scenes and locations, so that, for example, Hamilton's desk may double as a tavern table. Occasionally in the stage directions words appear in quotation marks (eg. "door"). This is meant to suggest that the physical object is not actually on the stage, but may be mimed.

"**Treasure**" premiered April 29, 2004 at the Fulton Opera House Theatre, Lancaster PA, under the direction of

Artistic Director Michael Mitchell, with the following cast:

**ALEXANDER HAMILTON** -- Daniel Magill

**BETSY: HAMILTON** -- Sarah Dandridge\*

**FREDERICK MUHLENBERG** -- Jim Van Valen\*

**JAMES REYNOLDS** -- Matt Hoverman\*

**MARIA REYNOLDS** -- Dana Acheson\*

**JAMES MONROE** -- Craig Bridger\*

\*Actors Equity

**Winner: 2006 Christopher Brian Wolk Award -- Abingdon Theatre, New York City**

**TREASURE** a play by Tim Slover 4M 2F About 120 mins. Ambition. Greed. Lust. Recklessness. Righteousness. Honor. Betrayal. Potential. All make for a chilling political drama. In this glimpse into the life of founding father, Alexander Hamilton, we delve a little bit deeper into early American history. Fifth grade social studies class taught many that Hamilton was a Revolutionary War veteran and a close friend of General and later President Washington's, who appointed him as Secretary of the Treasury in his new government, but one might wonder what else there is to know about Hamilton. The play examines Hamilton's conflicts between fidelity, desire, aspiration and honor. Hamilton's personal indiscretions resulted in blackmail and corruption, as the husband of the woman he was dallying with tried to make a buck off the new Secretary of the Treasury. Speculation, stealing from soldiers, cheating... How can you salvage a marriage or a political future when you're involved in something so sordid? Hmmm. Sounds familiar? Not much has changed. **Order #3118**

**Tim Slover**, Assistant Professor, directs the playwriting and London Study Abroad programs for the University of Utah Department of Theatre, where he also teaches dramatic literature and script analysis. His plays have been produced off-Broadway and in professional regional and university theatres all over the US and in Canada. Tim's writing awards include the Grand Prize in the 65th Annual Writers Digest Writers Awards; the Christopher Brian Wolk Award for Playwriting Excellence (Abingdon Theatre); a Cine Golden Eagle; a Freedoms Foundation George Washington Honor Medal; a Hopwood Award for Best Play; an American Screenwriters Association Award, two Association for Mormon Letters playwriting awards, and he was also a finalist for a Television Arts and Sciences Community Service Emmy. His plays are published by the Samuel French Co., Encore Performance Publishing, Leicester Bay Theatricals and Zion Theatricals. Other of his writing has appeared in the National Biography of American Theatre, Sunstone Magazine, and been published by Signature Books (Proving Contraries) and Silverleaf Press. Tim earned his BA in English at BYU and his MA and PhD in English Language and Literature at the University of Michigan.

The Fulton Theatre in Lancaster, PA, commissioned and premiered two of Tim's plays, **TREASURE** (2004) and **LIGHTNING ROD** (2006). In 2006 he was appointed writer-in-residence at nearby Franklin & Marshall College. In the fall of 2008 his play, **JOYFUL NOISE**, received a staged reading at the Hampstead Theatre's Michael Frayn Space in London. **DESPISED**, his screenplay of **JOYFUL NOISE**, is optioned by Slickrock Films. His new eight-part radio drama, **THE CHRISTMAS CHRONICLES**, aired December 2009 on KBYU FM.

His newest play, **VIRTUE** was written in association with the Penn State University School of Theatre, and further developed in the New Plays Workshop of the University of Utah's Department of Theatre and writers groups in Salt Lake City and Provo. (Thank you, everyone!) **VIRTUE** was also given a staged reading in London, June 2008 as part of the Arch 468 Projects Series.

## ACT 1 -- 1792

*Scene 1 -- May 31 -- Hamiltons' house, Philadelphia / St. Croix, West Indies / Floor of the House of Representatives / Hamiltons' house / Reynolds' lodging, Philadelphia -- Lights up to reveal, ALEXANDER HAMILTON, seated at a small desk with drawers, in shirtsleeves, absorbed in writing on a loose sheet of paper. He is handsome almost to the point of being pretty: elegantly thin, reddish hair tied loosely, a complexion of high color, all making him look younger than his 37 years. His energy and high intellect give him the sort of focus on whatever he does that, alas, also makes him miss what may be on either side of it. Such is his self-confidence. Hamilton writes with a quill pen, and even when he isn't writing, he often keeps one with him, an indication that it is the pen by which he lives, and with which he works and fights his battles. At the moment he is focused on writing a speech persuading Congress to pass his latest Report, which also sits on the desk, into law. Restless, he rises, still holding his paper and pen and paces. He studies his paper, then puts it behind his back and speaks extempore.*

**HAMILTON:** Money. Who has it. Who lacks it. That has always been the question. For nations as for individuals. For money frees. Money protects. And with it we may undertake enterprises of great moment and adventure.

*(His speech triggers memory, and he becomes absorbed in it.)*

To have money, therefore, is an unquestioned good. To lack it, a calamity.

*(Sounds of the West Indies: surf, wind, the call of birds. The light grows tropical, the breeze stronger, until it ruffles Hamilton's hair and papers. The strength of this memory. A swathed woman, whose face we can't see, comes on. She moves like a wraith, dance-like, behind and around him, crossing from one side of the stage to the other. Played by the actor we will later meet as Betsy, she is RACHEL, 39, Hamilton's mother. She breathes his name.)*

**RACHEL:** Alexander. Little Alexander.

**HAMILTON:** Mama.

*(He is again a boy of 13.)*

**RACHEL:** Be a good boy when I'm gone.

**HAMILTON:** You mustn't die, Mama. I'll get you more valerian--somehow. I'll fetch Doctor Heering.

**RACHEL:** We haven't the means to pay Doctor Heering.

**HAMILTON:** Then what shall I do?

*(She has drifted almost to the other side.)*

**RACHEL:** Alexander. Little Alexander.

*(She is gone. He is bereft.)*

**HAMILTON:** Mama!

*(The waves crash on the beach. Immediately we hear the ambient noise of a crowd of men talking, laughing, etc. It is the House of Representatives. FREDERICK MUHLENBERG comes forward, stands, center, in the well of the House of Representatives. He carries a copy of the same manuscript which is on HAMILTON'S desk, as well as a single sheet of paper, which we will learn is a resolution. MUHLENBERG is a placid, precise, bewigged Pennsylvania gentleman of 42. HAMILTON withdraws to his desk to continue working on his speech.)*

**MUHLENBERG:** Order! The House will kindly come to order. Gentlemen, please

*(sounds diminish to silence)*

... thank you. Now then, its business being concluded—more or less—the Second Congress of the United States stands ready to adjourn sine die—finally.

*(cheers)*

Yes, it's been a long session. We will all be happy to go home. I know I will. For though I will miss Philadelphia's celebrated cordiality, I will not miss its equally famous summer heat and fever

*(waves a fly away from his face)*

—and flies. But before we adjourn, there are two final items of business to conduct, both concerning our Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Alexander Hamilton. Item one—

*(MARIA REYNOLDS, 24, appears. She is at her lodging, seated in front of a mirror, applying makeup in a satisfied, languid manner. She wears only her shift and stays. MARIA exudes a troubling sexuality, but her essential quality, as we'll discover, is an astonishing mutability. Her husband, JAMES REYNOLDS, 32, uncouth, brutal, and careless in dress, comes on and stands back from her for a moment, admiring her. Absorbed in herself, she doesn't notice him. When he comes forward and puts a hand on her from behind, it startles her. He carries an opened letter and a riding crop.)*

**REYNOLDS:** Maria.

**MARIA:** Oh Lord, you startled me!

**REYNOLDS:** *(strokes her)* Did I?

**MARIA:** What you got there?

**REYNOLDS:** Letter from him.

*(She snatches at it—)*

**MARIA:** Give it me!

*(—but he keeps it from her.)*

**REYNOLDS:** He says he don't want to see you no more. But he's got to see me. Now you'll do what I say, won't you?

*(Maria whimpers softly.)*

You'll be a good wife, won't you, and mind?

*(He traces her cheek with the riding crop. This frightens her.)*

**MARIA:** Yes.

**REYNOLDS:** That answer came slow, Maria.

**MARIA:** Sorry.

*(REYNOLDS makes to hit her. MARIA closes her eyes, grits her teeth. Will he strike her? No, he swings the crop close, then brings it down on the chair, dispatching a fly. He picks it up—)*

**REYNOLDS:** Gotcha, you little bugger.

*(—and flicks it away. She sobs in relief. He laughs. Our attention returns to MUHLENBERG.)*

**MUHLENBERG:** I trust you have all procured from the printer Mr. Hamilton's new Report to Congress on Manufactures. I urge you to read it before the next Congress convenes.

*(MUHLENBERG thumbs through it. More or less to himself:)*

Good heavens, it's interminable. All we asked for was a few pages on resupplying the army. This is a book.

*(addressing the House again)*

Well, I'm sure we all will profit by reading it and look forward to debating its merits in the next session. And finally, this Congress's very last resolution:

*(He clears his throat, reads from a paper.)*

"A Finding of the Committee of the House Investigating a Charge of Financial Corruption against Alexander Hamilton, Secretary of the Treasury."

*(groans from the House)*

Yes, I know. This makes, what?, the fifth time this session. Tedious, gentlemen, very tedious. Nevertheless:

*(scanning the paper)*

"Whereas... Whereas... In the matter of... Whereas..."

*(finds the part at the end)*

Ah. Here we are. "Resolved: That the reasons given by Secretary Hamilton for recent Treasury expenditures are sufficient; and that from the charge of financial corruption he is fully exonerated."

*(He looks up from the his paper and out at the House.)*

Again. As usual. As always.

*(under his breath)*

Waste of time, surely, investigating Mr. Alexander Hamilton.

*(MUHLENBERG exits and our focus shifts back to HAMILTON, who has again left his desk to try out his speech.)*

**HAMILTON:** America's debts are now resolved, its credit sound, thanks to me—no, I won't say that.

*(He scratches that part out of the manuscript. He brushes away a fly from his face, watches it land, slaps at it with his manuscript and misses it.)*

We have a bank and a mint, also thanks to me, I won't say that either. But still most Americans do not share in the nation's burgeoning wealth.

*(slaps at the fly again, misses)*

Damn. Why? Because America's wealth is tied up in its land—most of it large plantations in Virginia and the Carolinas, of course I won't say that.

*(Unbeknownst to Hamilton, his wife, BETSY, has come on upstage of him. She is 35, the sort of woman a man may come to love very much, but not, perhaps, instantly desire. She has a formidable intellect. She has given birth to four of Hamilton's children and is currently six months pregnant with their fifth. She carries a small piece of luggage for a trip.)*

And so the question is—

*(HAMILTON climbs on top of the table, in pursuit of the fly.)*

—how do we get the nation's wealth into the hands of its people? And the answer, gentlemen, is—

*(seeing BETSY)*

Betsy! Why are you carrying your own luggage?

**BETSY:** Alex? What are you doing?

*(He jumps down with athletic grace.)*

**HAMILTON:** Addressing Congress. Put that down! Think of your condition.

**BETSY:** It's only a little bag.

**HAMILTON:** Why are you carrying things? We have servants.

**BETSY:** Well, actually, we don't, I'm afraid. Mr. Harrison has found an appointment more to his liking.

**HAMILTON:** When?

**BETSY:** This morning.

**HAMILTON:** More to his liking?

**BETSY:** His financial liking.

**HAMILTON:** Ah. Well, then, Lizzie—

**BETSY:**—left last week.

**HAMILTON:** Right. Yes. I'm the Secretary of the Treasury, and I don't have money enough to keep servants.

**BETSY:** Only at the ends of months. And we hire very successfully at the beginnings.

*(HAMILTON resumes his seat behind the desk and starts working again.)*

**HAMILTON:** I'll see Washington about this. Philadelphia's expensive.

**BETSY:** You know my father would be more than happy—

**HAMILTON:** —to buy us a bushel of servants. Yes, the General is very generous. We're not a charity case, yet.

**BETSY:** Alex, why are you rehearsing your arguments now?

*(HAMILTON answers automatically, absorbed in his work.)*

**HAMILTON:** Congress must approve this report.

**BETSY:** It will. It always does. But it doesn't reconvene for six months.

**HAMILTON:** Which gives me just enough time to write all the usual letters, the speeches, the anonymous newspaper articles. Convince the usual blockheads.

**BETSY:** Alex, I've come in—I hope I'm not disturbing.

**HAMILTON:** No, no.

**BETSY:** I've come to ask you a favor.

**HAMILTON:** *(looking up with a smile)* Ask anything and I will grant it, even to the half of my excise taxes.

**BETSY:** Reconsider.

**HAMILTON:** Except that.

*(HAMILTON resumes his work.)*

**BETSY:** Come with the family to Father's estate. Don't stay here. Philadelphia's unhealthy in the summer.

**HAMILTON:** Which is why you must go, of course. For the healthy air of Saratoga.

**BETSY:** But I need you with me. For the baby.

*(HAMILTON is immediately worried and solicitous. He leaves his desk to come to her.)*

**HAMILTON:** Why? What's wrong? Is something amiss?

**BETSY:** I just don't want to birth another with you so far away.

**HAMILTON:** Nor do I want you to. If there were any way...

**BETSY:** Of course there's a way. Your work is paramount, I know that. But can you not leave it just for the summer? Everyone else does. The whole government is shutting down.

**HAMILTON:** Not the Treasury. The Treasury doesn't shut down.

**BETSY:** Why?

**HAMILTON:** *(amused)* Everyone seems to think it's some sort of game, governing. Congressmen leave in the middle of sessions. John Adams believes he can be Vice President from his farm in Braintree.

**BETSY:** Government was never meant to be a full-time job.

**HAMILTON:** *(resuming his work)* Yes, well, it's turning out to be.

**BETSY:** Alex, please.

**HAMILTON:** No. I'm sorry.

**BETSY:** Please.

**HAMILTON:** Betsy!

**BETSY:** (*picking up the report from his desk*) I've read this, you know. Your Report on Manufactures. I had to buy my copy from the printer.

**HAMILTON:** You did?

**BETSY:** Yes.

**HAMILTON:** Oh. Well, I simply thought...

**BETSY:** That I would not wish to read it? You want to turn us all into Alexander Hamiltons, don't you? Work, work, work, just like you.

**HAMILTON:** Is there something wrong with that?

**BETSY:** Yes! When you should be with your family.

*(turning a page or two)*

Did you really write this?: "Women are rendered more useful by manufacturing establishments than they would otherwise be."

**HAMILTON:** It's good, isn't it?

**BETSY:** You perceive no difficulty in that statement?

**HAMILTON:** Is there a spelling error?

**BETSY:** People are not commodities.

**HAMILTON:** I haven't said they are.

**BETSY:** And as for women working, you don't even wish me to carry my own luggage.

**HAMILTON:** (*doesn't see a problem*) I don't envision women in your condition working.

**BETSY:** And you mention children. What, making nails and tanning hides?

**HAMILTON:** Yes, if they wish.

**BETSY:** Children.

**HAMILTON:** (*matter of fact*) Why not? I did.

**BETSY:** Oh, Alex!

**HAMILTON:** From the time I was thirteen. Practically from the day Mother died.

**BETSY:** But not everyone wishes to be the Prodigy of the West Indies!

**HAMILTON:** I'm not asking them to be. But we are an indolent people. We must rouse ourselves. Else how will we achieve greatness?

**BETSY:** Which is really why you won't come with me. You wish to remain here, achieving greatness.

**HAMILTON:** The nation's greatness.

**BETSY:** Yes. I thought we were talking about the same thing.

**HAMILTON:** Betsy, listen. When I first arrived in this country, when I got off the ship from St. Croix—I remember this as clearly as if I were still seventeen...

**BETSY:** Go on.

**HAMILTON:** I thought—you'll think me absurd, but—I was afraid there might be some sort of wall.

**BETSY:** A wall?

**HAMILTON:** As I'd heard there was around European cities. To repel foreigners.

**BETSY:** That is absurd.

**HAMILTON:** Yes. Of course there wasn't. I stepped right out onto the Long Wharf in Boston and became an American. That's the genius of this nation.

**BETSY:** Yes, it is.

**HAMILTON:** But, Betsy, there is a wall. Ordinary Americans stand on one side of it. On the other side is something they want, something they deserve. But they can't get at it.

**BETSY:** And what's that?

**HAMILTON:** Call it wealth. Oh, I don't mean great riches. Just the opportunity to see their labor rewarded, to have a stake in the life of the country.

**BETSY:** Why can't they get at it?

**HAMILTON:** Because they don't own land. I've spent the last three years building a gate in that wall. I have converted wealth into a form anyone may earn.

**BETSY:** Money from your mint.

**HAMILTON:** Yes. And a bank to back it. Now it's time to open the gate. Manufactures, Betsy. That's what will allow ordinary Americans to pass through and seize their opportunity—if they're willing to work.

*(holds up the report)*

And if I can persuade Congress to turn this into law. That's why I have to stay. Do you see?

**BETSY:** I do believe you'll be a rather good President.

**HAMILTON:** *(smiles)* So do I.

**BETSY:** Come with me. Write your anonymous articles at Father's.

**HAMILTON:** Betsy!

*(taking her hands)*

Don't you think if I could, I would pack my bags this instant and pace every mile to Saratoga by your side?

**BETSY:** Would you?

**HAMILTON:** It's what I'm longing to do. To be with you for the birth of our next son.

**BETSY:** Our next daughter.

**HAMILTON:** We'll see. I hate being from you. Do you doubt that?

**BETSY:** No. If you tell me not to.

**HAMILTON:** Never doubt it. Promise me.

**BETSY:** Yes, all right, Alex, you've won. As usual. But just occasionally, I wish we would at least take a carriage ride together. Into the country. As we used to do. As we did when we were courting.

**HAMILTON:** Well, then, we shall.

**BETSY:** Promise me.

**HAMILTON:** I give you my solemn pledge that we will ride in a carriage.

**BETSY:** *(smiling)* Thank you. I shall endeavor to be interesting company.

*(HAMILTON takes out some papers and gives them to BETSY.)*

**HAMILTON:** Now, this is for Philip. His list of Latin verbs.

**BETSY:** And what, pray, do you mean for him to do with these?

**HAMILTON:** Conjugate them.

**BETSY:** He's ten. It's the holidays.

**HAMILTON:** He's almost ten and a half, and St. George's is a difficult school.

**BETSY:** The other students will not be working during the summer.

**HAMILTON:** So much the advantage for Philip. I shall be very proud of him if he learns them all.

**BETSY:** And I shall be proud of him if he finds a bird's nest in the woods and swims in Father's pond and laughs the days through.

*(HAMILTON holds out the paper for her to take. A moment's rebellion, and she takes it.)*

He may find time to do both.

**HAMILTON:** Now take every precaution. Don't move a muscle once you're at your father's.

**BETSY:** I won't then.

**HAMILTON:** Save all your strength. And write to me.

**BETSY:** I will.

**HAMILTON:** Often. And come straight back the moment the weather is cooler.

**BETSY:** *(She has a sudden thought.)* Alex, will you tell Congress just how wide your Report opens the gate?

**HAMILTON:** Of course.

**BETSY:** No. I mean really how wide. It's written between every line.

**HAMILTON:** I have not allowed myself to dwell on that. And we must hope Congress is not so perceptive as Elizabeth Schuyler Hamilton.

*Scene 2 -- June 1 -- Coach station, Philadelphia -- As they leave, MUHLENBERG is discovered, sitting on his traveling trunk, waiting for the coach. He passes the time in reading a small book. Up strides JAMES MONROE, 34, a blunt, fiery man of action from Virginia, who comes bounding from across stage with a copy of Hamilton's report. MONROE speaks with a slight, pleasing Southern accent.*

**MONROE:** Muhlenberg! There you are.

**MUHLENBERG:** Senator Monroe. Good day. To what do I owe—

**MONROE:** What the hell are you doing?

**MUHLENBERG:** Well, I am sitting upon my traveling trunk, a newly purchased book of essays by Montaigne in my hand, a smile upon my face. All evidence suggests I am waiting for the coach to take me away from Philadelphia.

**MONROE:** You're going home? Now?

**MUHLENBERG:** Home to New Hanover. Where I shall first greet my good wife and dutiful children, and then spend the next six months not thinking about Congress.

**MONROE:** You can't go home.

**MUHLENBERG:** That, I believe, will depend upon the roads.

**MONROE:** You have to come to Virginia with me.

**MUHLENBERG:** Good heavens! Why?

**MONROE:** You're needed.

**MUHLENBERG:** Now? Surely not. By whom?

**MONROE:** Your country. At least, the decent people who oppose Hamilton and all his goddamned Federalism.

**MUHLENBERG:** Do you know, Senator, every time your faction charges Mr. Hamilton with a financial indiscretion, he emerges cleaner than a babe newly come from the font.

**MONROE:** I know. He's too damn clever to be dishonest. That's why we need a new plan to stop him. I want you to come to my estate at Albemarle.

**MUHLENBERG:** Do you have a plan, Senator?

**MONROE:** Not yet. That's the point. Come help us think of one.

**MUHLENBERG:** Us?

**MONROE:** Thomas Jefferson. Madison. The leading men of liberty.

**MUHLENBERG:** (*impressed*) Thomas Jefferson. Really? Still, I am Speaker of the House.

**MONROE:** That's why we need you. You have influence.

**MUHLENBERG:** No, I really must remain impartial. But do please give my warmest regards to Mr. Jefferson.

**MONROE:** (*taking out the report*) Muhlenberg, we have to defeat this.

**MUHLENBERG:** Ah, The Report on Manufactures.

**MONROE:** Hamilton's worst yet.

**MUHLENBERG:** Certainly his longest. And that's saying something. You've already read it?

**MONROE:** Naturally.

**MUHLENBERG:** When? We only received it last evening.

**MONROE:** I read it last night.

**MUHLENBERG:** Astonishing. Well, nevertheless, it's just a report.

**MONROE:** Hamilton's reports have a peculiar way of turning into laws. He writes "just" a Report on Public Credit. Bang, Congress adopts his funding system. He writes "just" a Report on a National Bank, (*snaps his fingers*)

Congress gives him a bank. We can't let it happen this time.

**MUHLENBERG:** But surely this one is harmless. It's just about making nails and glass, and so forth, isn't it? Encouraging manufactures.

**MONROE:** What manufactures? This country doesn't have any to speak of.

**MUHLENBERG:** That's probably Mr. Hamilton's point.

**MONROE:** It's against farming. And plantations.

**MUHLENBERG:** Surely not.

**MONROE:** Read the report.

(*holds it out for MUHLENBERG to take*)

It's all part of his scheme. Meddling in the business of land owners. Robbing us of our liberties. Massing power in the federal government. Turning George Washington into the king of America and himself into his goddamned heir to the throne. Where are we living, Muhlenberg? England? We just got shut of them, remember, goddamnit!

**MUHLENBERG:** Senator Monroe, you are aware that I am an ordained minister?

**MONROE:** So?

**MUHLENBERG:** You are breaking the third commandment.

**MONROE:** Which one is that?

**MUHLENBERG:** "The Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain."

**MONROE:** Oh, good God.

**MUHLENBERG:** And I cannot conceive why you feel such urgency. Congress has just adjourned. We all need a holiday.

**MONROE:** Hamilton doesn't indulge in holidays.

**MUHLENBERG:** Well, I do. Mine began this afternoon.

**MONROE:** There's something else in there. Hamilton is up to something, I can feel it. You don't know him like I do, I fought in the War with him. The West Indian bastard didn't have a proper upbringing.

**MUHLENBERG:** Senator Monroe!

**MONROE:** What commandment am I breaking now?

**MUHLENBERG:** Decorum.

**MONROE:** I'm just telling you God's truth. His mama never married his daddy. Didn't you know that?

**MUHLENBERG:** Oh. Oh, dear.

**MONROE:** He came to this country without a goddamned penny. He's a dangerous man, and we have got to stop him. Now you will relish our hospitality at Albemarle.

**MUHLENBERG:** Senator, I'm told Virginia summers are exceedingly warm. Warmer even than Philadelphia.

**MONROE:** I would call our weather clement.

**MUHLENBERG:** And what does that mean, exactly?

**MONROE:** We experience breezes.

**MUHLENBERG:** Breezes.

*(giving him back the report)*

Upon reflection, I think it best we deal with Mr. Hamilton's report in the next session.

**MONROE:** By the time Congress convenes again, he'll have already won, as usual. He's working right now, while you're here sitting on your fat-luggage.

**MUHLENBERG:** *(standing)* Ah, here's my coach coming.

**MONROE:** I will see to it that servants fan you day and night and bring you cooling drinks.

**MUHLENBERG:** I wish you a pleasant summer, Senator.

**MONROE:** *(thrusts the report at Muhlenberg)* At least, take this with you.

**MUHLENBERG:** What makes you think I haven't brought my copy?

*(MONROE continues to hold it out.)*

Oh, very well.

*(takes the manuscript)*

Now be a good fellow, and tell the porter to see to my fat luggage. I'm getting a bottle for the road.

*(MUHLENBERG leaves quickly, surprising MONROE.)*

**MONROE:** Muhlenberg! You shall hear from me by letter. Muhlen—

*(But since MUHLENBERG is gone, MONROE stalks off angrily in the other direction.)*

*Scene 3 -- July 4 -- Schuyler estate, Saratoga, New York / Hamiltons' house, Philadelphia -- BETSY enters as MONROE leaves. She is at the Schuyler estate in Saratoga, New York. Establishing the convention, BETSY "reads" her letter, though none is present, by speaking its contents aloud.*

**BETSY:** Saratoga, July Fourth. My dearest Alex.

*(HAMILTON hurries on with Betsy's letter, also books and papers. He is at home in Philadelphia. He dumps the books and papers on his desk and continues reading the letter. We hear the sound of happy, shrieking children and firecrackers.)*

We have had a glorious Independence Day here at Father's. Much food and frolicking. Father's regiment came and played instruments, and tonight there was a bonfire and beautiful illuminations by the pond.

*(Sound of cannon fire in the distance)*

The men fired thirteen cannon in honor of each of the United States—which, I'm afraid, frightened little James rather badly.

**HAMILTON:** Oh, dear.

*(HAMILTON finds a sheet of Latin, a leaf, and a drawing in the envelope. He takes them out and gazes at them fondly.)*

**BETSY:** Enclosed is Philip's Latin—

*(We hear a voice-over of a young boy's voice:)*

**PHILIP'S VOICE:** *(OFF)* Amo, amas, amat, amamus, amatus, amant.

**BETSY:** —also a leaf from a tree he climbed and wanted to show you, also a drawing of Angelica's which she particularly wished you to judge.

*(BETSY moves over to HAMILTON, touches his face, as she delivers her last lines.)*

I long to be with you to share our traditional Independence Day toast. I remain your adoring wife, Elizabeth Schuyler Hamilton.

*(BETSY exits, leaving HAMILTON smiling over the letter and its contents.)*

*Scene 4 -- July 4 -- Albemarle Estate, Virginia / Muhlenberg's house in New Hanover, Pennsylvania -- As HAMILTON exits, MONROE comes on with a letter.*

**MONROE:** Albemarle estate, Virginia, July 4.

*(leaves desk to come out front and read letter out)*

Muhlenberg. It's been a month now. Have you read the report?

*(MUHLENBERG comes on stage, holding Monroe's letter, which he is reading. He is also holding his book of essays and some sort of cooling drink, an emblem of his leisure. He is at his home in New Hanover, Pennsylvania.)*

I have just completed a third reading. Good God, man, it's worse than I thought! Now, what you need to do—

*(MONROE is cut off in full flow, by MUHLENBERG turning the page of the letter.)*

**MUHLENBERG:** And so on.

*(turns another page)*

**MONROE:** —monstrous federal influence!

**MUHLENBERG:** And so on.

*(turns another page)*

**MONROE:** —As for Hamilton's new tariffs—

**MUHLENBERG:** And so forth.

*(turns several pages)*

Good heavens, this goes on and on. He's as bad as Hamilton.

*(turns to the last page, where something catches his interest)*

Ah.

**MONROE:** I have met with Mr. Jefferson and been in correspondence with Madison. We are in agreement. To defeat this report, we must do whatever is necessary.

**MUHLENBERG** *(looks up)* What does that mean?

**MONROE:** Your servant, Colonel James Monroe.

**MUHLENBERG:** *(reads)* "Post script."

**MONROE:** Stop reading Montaigne. Start reading Hamilton.

*(MONROE stalks off. MUHLENBERG sighs, looks at his copy of Montaigne, looks back at the letter, casually stuffs the letter into a pocket, resumes reading his book as he saunters off.)*

*Scene 5 -- July 5 -- Reynolds' lodging, Philadelphia -- As MUHLENBERG exits in the other direction, REYNOLDS comes on, sits, drinks gin from a flask. HAMILTON enters separately, comes to a stop, apparently outside Reynolds's "door."*

**HAMILTON:** Reynolds!

*(REYNOLDS doesn't stir. He smiles, takes another drink.)*

Reynolds, are you there?

**REYNOLDS:** In here.

*(HAMILTON "enters" Reynolds's room. REYNOLDS is affable.)*

You're right on time.

**HAMILTON:** When have I not been punctual?

**REYNOLDS:** Oh, you been real punctual every time.

*(producing the flask of gin)*

You like a pull? Or I got a glass somewhere.

**HAMILTON:** No. I'll only detain you a moment. I'm sure you have other affairs to attend to.

**REYNOLDS:** Affairs? No, not me. I leave them affairs to great men like you.

*(He laughs.)*

**HAMILTON:** You received my last letter.

**REYNOLDS:** I did. And you must've got mine. We're regular pen-pals, ain't we?

**HAMILTON:** If all this is your idea of wit, please mark me down as not a subscriber.

*(HAMILTON takes out a Treasury note, holds it out for REYNOLDS.)*

I've brought the remainder of your consideration.

**REYNOLDS:** *(taking it)* It's another note.

**HAMILTON:** From the Bank of the United States. The same as before.

**REYNOLDS:** I don't like these. They look too much like them worthless Continentals. I like coin.

**HAMILTON:** You've had no trouble with the notes.

**REYNOLDS:** In town, no. But I'm going into the back country. On business. I got an enterprise of great moment.

**HAMILTON:** With that note, you can obtain specie from the bank.

**REYNOLDS:** You sure of that?

**HAMILTON:** Well, I would be, wouldn't I?

**REYNOLDS:** *(laughs)* Hark who's being witty now.

**HAMILTON:** This is the end. I won't be coming here again.

**REYNOLDS:** *(immediately worried)* Now, don't say that.

*(HAMILTON hesitates for a moment, struck by a new thought.)*

**HAMILTON:** Unless. Reynolds, would you be interested in engaging in manufactures?

**REYNOLDS:** What's that?

**HAMILTON:** Well, iron works. Or shipbuilding. Making hats.

**REYNOLDS:** Hats.

**HAMILTON:** Whatever is needed by the nation. You needn't know how. You could be trained.

**REYNOLDS:** *(laughs)* That's you being witty again, ain't it?

**HAMILTON:** Goodbye, Reynolds.

*(HAMILTON starts to leave.)*

**REYNOLDS:** Wait. I ain't interested in hats. But what about the other?

**HAMILTON:** What other?

**REYNOLDS:** We talked about it.

**HAMILTON:** I cannot obtain a post for you at the Treasury.

**REYNOLDS:** *(beginning to be angry)* How can that be, considering my qualifications?

**HAMILTON:** What qualifications?

**REYNOLDS:** Being the husband of your drab.

**HAMILTON:** You would be wiser not to threaten me. We have both treated Mrs. Reynolds shamefully. I regret my part in it exceedingly. But now, as my letter to her stated, that also is at an end.

**REYNOLDS:** Where does that leave me?

**HAMILTON:** It leaves you one thousand two hundred and fifty dollars richer.

*(HAMILTON turns to leave. REYNOLDS' temper suddenly flares, though he doesn't dare touch Hamilton.)*

**REYNOLDS:** Don't you walk out on me! There's people I can tell about what you done! Now I'm going away on my business enterprise. And when I get back, I want to hear I got a nice, fat job at your Treasury! And if I need another loan, then by God, you got to give it me!

*(shouts)*

Maria!

*(She appears, looking frightened. He grabs MARIA by the hand, pulling her towards Hamilton.)*

Here's your lover come to see you!

*(REYNOLDS kisses MARIA brutally and stalks off before HAMILTON can reply. MARIA dissolves into tears and rushes to HAMILTON, caressing him. Her passion is such that she doesn't, at first, notice his impassivity.)*

**MARIA:** Alex, thank God you're here! He's been horrid to me. Horrid. You don't know.

**HAMILTON:** Oh, Maria.

**MARIA:** But I don't want to talk about it, now you're here. Now I finally got you again, my dearest, sweetest Alex, the smartest, handsomest man in the world. I haven't slept, I haven't ate, I been pining so. I been on the point of doing the most horrid things to myself.

**HAMILTON:** You mustn't talk that way.

**MARIA:** But it's all fine now you come to me.

*(MARIA kisses HAMILTON, finally notices that he isn't responding.)*

**HAMILTON:** Maria, did you not get my letter?

**MARIA:** He wouldn't let me read it. But he told me, he said...I didn't believe him.

*(The truth dawns on her.)*

You didn't come to see me?

**HAMILTON:** Listen to me, please. I've been very much at fault. I should never have allowed this to happen.

**MARIA:** Where is she?

**HAMILTON:** Mrs. Hamilton is at her father's estate.

*(MARIA smiles, as if she finally understands. She puts her arms around Hamilton's neck.)*

**MARIA:** But you're here with me.

*(HAMILTON tries gently to remove her arms.)*

**HAMILTON:** You're not listening.

**MARIA:** She's a thousand miles away and you come to me. That tells you something, don't it?

**HAMILTON:** Maria.

**MARIA:** Kiss me.

*(HAMILTON takes her arms from around his neck.)*

**HAMILTON:** You must listen! This has all been a mistake.

**MARIA:** Our whole last year was a mistake?

**HAMILTON:** At least we can be grateful I didn't get you with child.

*(MARIA wreaths her arms around him again.)*

**MARIA:** I can take care of that. You don't never have to worry about that.

**HAMILTON:** *(extricating himself once again)* I'm...very sorry.

*(HAMILTON leaves as quickly as he can. Meanwhile:)*

**MARIA:** Don't go! Alex, you can't be so cruel! PLEASE! DON'T GO!

*(He is gone. MARIA sniffs, tries to control her emotions. REYNOLDS appears. Maria notices him.)*

**MARIA:** What am I going to do now, Mister?

**Scene 6 -- August 15 -- Muhlenberg's house in New Hanover, Pennsylvania / Albemarle, Virginia --**

*MUHLENBERG comes on to "read" his letter as MARIA disappears. He has a napkin tucked into his shirt and has paused in eating a turkey leg.*

**MUHLENBERG:** The Honorable Senator James Monroe, Albemarle Estate.

*(MONROE comes hastily on with his copy of Muhlenberg's letter, eagerly unseals it.)*

County of Albemarle, Commonwealth of Virginia. August the 15th instant. A lovely Sabbath morning. Dear Senator Monroe. Hoping you are well, and that Mrs. Monroe is also enjoying good health.

**MONROE:** *(impatiently)* Yes, yes.

**MUHLENBERG:** And, of course, the children. In the matter of Mr. Hamilton's lengthy report, which I have now read—

**MONROE:** Ah, here we are.

**MUHLENBERG:** —I propose we discuss it upon our return to Philadelphia in December.

*(He gets a little grease on his sleeve and hands, wipes them on his bib. Some gets on the letter. About that:)*

Oh, dear. Yours very sincerely, Frederick Augustus Conrad Muhlenberg, Doctor of Divinity.

*(MONROE scans the letter for more, turns it over.)*

**MONROE:** That's it?

*(He finds a post-script.)*

**MUHLENBERG:** Post Script. I am of the opinion that, as a writer, Mr. Hamilton is not the equal of Montaigne.

*(MONROE perceives the turkey grease on the letter; sniffs it, then balls up the letter; throws it away, and stalks off stage.)*

**Scene 7 -- September 1 & 25, also flashback to a year earlier -- Schuyler Estate at Saratoga, New York / Hamiltons' house, Philadelphia / St. Croix, West Indies -- As MUHLENBERG disappears, BETSY comes on, holding a swaddled baby, radiant and happy.**

**BETSY:** September 1st. My dear Alex.

*(HAMILTON comes on, continues reading the letter.)*

I am forced to report that you were right. My felicitations. You now have—

**HAMILTON:** *(very pleased)* A new son.

**BETSY:** My confinement and delivery were mercifully short. The summer heat has broken somewhat, and so I purpose to come home as soon as I may to present him to you—

**HAMILTON:** That's wonderful!

*(continues reading)*

**BETSY:** —since I know you will wish to commence his Latin studies immediately. Indeed, if the post is delayed, I may arrive before this letter. All the children are well, and—

*(A knock is heard, though no one is seen. HAMILTON breaks off reading the letter.)*

**HAMILTON:** Betsy!

*(But it is MARIA, not Betsy. HAMILTON stares at her; he had hoped never to see her again.)*

**MARIA:** No. It's me. Can I come in?

**HAMILTON:** You shouldn't be here.

**MARIA:** She's gone. They're all gone, ain't they? I never got to say a proper goodbye. Will you let me in?

*(For a moment, HAMILTON hesitates. MARIA stands in the "door way;" BETSY, still present, gazes fondly at him. Then he gives in.)*

**HAMILTON:** For a moment.

*(HAMILTON folds up Betsy's letter and makes way for Maria to come in. BETSY drifts off stage, cooing to the baby, as HAMILTON puts the letter in his pocket. Meanwhile, MARIA looks around happily.)*

**MARIA:** It's all the same. Them damask curtains. You got lovely curtains. I always liked them. Everything looks just like it did on our very first day. The first time I come here last summer.

**HAMILTON:** Maria.

**MARIA:** You invited me to sit down right here on this chair. Remember?

*(MARIA stands behind it, strokes it fondly. HAMILTON wants nothing to do with this reminiscence.)*

**HAMILTON:** You've come to say goodbye.

**MARIA:** Your wife was gone then, too, with the sprats, wasn't she?

*(HAMILTON turns his back on her.)*

Up at her daddy's estate.

*(MARIA seems desperate to hold on to the memory. She stands.)*

You remember, don't you? You got to remember.

*(HAMILTON turns back to her and it is one year ago, the day he and Maria first met. He is all affability and charm. MARIA is distressed.)*

**HAMILTON:** Please, sit, madam. Tell me your name.

*(MARIA sits, presents him with a card of introduction.)*

**MARIA:** It's Mrs. Reynolds. Me and my mister, we live close by, in lodgings over on Fourth Street. But my people is New Yorkers, same as you. I'm sister-in-law to his honor, Gilbert Livingston.

**HAMILTON:** Are you?

**MARIA:** You know him!

**HAMILTON:** Everyone knows the Livingstons.

**MARIA:** They say you got a reputation for being benevolent because you was an orphan.

**HAMILTON:** It's true, I was an orphan.

**MARIA:** And you helped Mrs. Benedict Arnold when she was in terrible trouble. And everyone knows you're the most brilliant man in Philadelphia, and can solve every problem and...oh, Mr. Hamilton.

*(MARIA bursts into tears. HAMILTON is immediately at her side.)*

**HAMILTON:** Dear Mrs. Reynolds, please don't cry.

**MARIA:** I'm so ashamed.

**HAMILTON:** You mustn't be. Are you in trouble? That's no shame. We all need help from time to time.

**MARIA:** Even you?

**HAMILTON:** Oh yes. If it weren't for kind benefactors after my mother died, I would still be counting barrels of molasses at Beekman and Cruger's, I expect.

**MARIA:** Beekman and...

**HAMILTON:** The exporting company where I worked as a boy.

**MARIA:** In them West Indies?

**HAMILTON:** Yes, in St. Croix.

**MARIA:** How old was you when your mama died, Mr. Hamilton, if I ain't being too bold?

**HAMILTON:** *(matter-of-factly)* Thirteen. She died of the fever. We both contracted it. I would have done anything to save her, of course, but we were without resources. She died, I lived.

**MARIA:** What a horrid tragedy for you.

**HAMILTON:** You're very sympathetic, Mrs. Reynolds. That's a quality I admire.

**MARIA:** I'd be honored if you'd call me by my Christian name. It's Maria.

**HAMILTON:** Maria. I shall certainly endeavor to help. What do you need?

**MARIA:** Some money, I'm afraid.

**HAMILTON:** You're in luck. By an extraordinary coincidence, I'm the Secretary of the Treasury.

**MARIA:** *(not getting the joke)* You'd give me government money?

**HAMILTON:** No. It was a facetious remark, forgive me.

**MARIA:** *(laughs)* You're a bit of a wag, ain't you? That's a quality I admire.

**HAMILTON:** If I can help you, I will.

**MARIA:** You're going to save me.

**HAMILTON:** I'm going to assist you, if you'll permit me.

**MARIA:** Don't you want to know what it's for?

**HAMILTON:** A good cause, I'm sure.

**MARIA:** My husband's left me. And my child.

**HAMILTON:** You scarcely seem old enough to have a child.

**MARIA:** Little Mercy. She's five. I need to get us both home to New York. To my people.

**HAMILTON:** Of course.

**MARIA:** It's thirty dollars I need.

**HAMILTON:** Well, I believe the Hamilton household can sustain that financial blow.

*(MARIA puts her hand on Hamilton's face.)*

**MARIA:** They said you was kind. And handsome.

*(MARIA leaves it there. The electricity between them is evident.)*

**HAMILTON:** I'll procure a bank note for you, then.

**MARIA:** You could bring it to my lodgings. This evening.

**HAMILTON:** Yes, I could, I suppose. Yes. All right, I shall. I could bring the note round...about dusk, if that would be satisfactory.

**MARIA:** Quite satisfactory.

*(HAMILTON is himself in the present. He breaks away from Maria.)*

**HAMILTON:** There's always a point, a moment, when you're still free. When you can make a right decision or a wrong one.

*(MARIA follows him, puts her arms around him from behind.)*

It's true for nations. It's true for people. Why do we make the wrong choice?

*(MARIA kisses HAMILTON passionately.)*

Yes. Of course.

**MARIA:** And you, writing them letters to your wife all through the summer, telling her not to come home.

**HAMILTON:** Yes, well, this summer, she is coming home.

**MARIA:** *(kissing him again)* But not last summer. Last summer was ours.

**HAMILTON:** *(sighs)* It was not difficult urging her to delay leaving a place she loves to return to a place she hates.

**MARIA:** You was only thinking of her health.

*(She giggles.)*

**HAMILTON:** *(again extricating himself and moving away from Maria)* Mrs. Hamilton did not deserve any of this.

**MARIA:** I'm prettier than her. You told me. And I know I love you more. She's got no blood in her, I know she ain't, or else you'd've never come to me. Why don't you leave her? I could be mother to your children.

*(HAMILTON doesn't respond. MARIA changes tactics.)*

I done something horrid. Look.

*(MARIA pulls up her sleeves to show bloodied bandages on her wrists.)*

**HAMILTON:** Oh, Maria.

*(In sympathy, HAMILTON pulls her to him.)*

**MARIA:** This is all I want. Being in your arms. Tell me you'll never leave me alone. Tell me, Alex.

**HAMILTON:** Let's say goodbye now, Maria. That's why you came.

**MARIA:** *(quickly)* Mister needs more money.

**HAMILTON:** What?

**MARIA:** He says there's other places he could get it, but would you be so kind.

**HAMILTON:** How much?

**MARIA:** And he wants it in coin, if it's convenient. He likes coin.

**HAMILTON:** How much this time?

**MARIA:** Fifty dollars. Or a hundred would be better, he said.

*(HAMILTON walks over to his desk, opens a drawer.)*

**HAMILTON:** Your husband is remarkably inexact when it comes to my money. Do you know, Maria: he's got from me ten times what a skilled craftsman makes in a year.

*(HAMILTON takes out a note.)*

This is fifty dollars. The last I'm giving to him.

*(HAMILTON gives Maria the money, then holds out one more note.)*

And I'd like you to take this for your daughter.

**MARIA:** *(momentarily confused)* What?

**HAMILTON:** For little Mercy. Will you see that she gets it in New York?

**MARIA:** *(taking the note)* Oh. Yes.

**HAMILTON:** And if you ever need my help, Maria, or my protection, from your husband, or from anyone—

**MARIA:** *(suddenly angry)* I don't want your filthy help! You think you can just go along, living your pretty life. But what if I come calling one day and tell your precious Betsy what it felt like to have the weight of her husband on me?

**HAMILTON:** Well, Maria, I must beg you not to.

**MARIA:** That's right. Beg!

**HAMILTON:** Because, of course, she won't believe you if I tell her it's a lie. No one will. You've no reputation, not even, I'm afraid, with the Livingstons.

**MARIA:** You're wrong! I can stay with them whenever I like!

**HAMILTON:** They may lodge you; they will not credit you. If you attempt to stain my reputation you will only do greater damage to your own.

**MARIA:** My husband—

**HAMILTON:** —is in far greater danger. Extorting money is against the law. And I have all his correspondence proving it. Now, I wish you well, Maria, but I will not have Betsy's heart broken.

*(Stunned and defeated, MARIA starts for the door; then turns back.)*

**MARIA:** What did you ever see in me?

*(HAMILTON does not respond.)*

I want to know. I'm coarse. I don't speak right. What did you see in me?

**HAMILTON:** I suppose, what every man sees.

**MARIA:** *(She smiles, runs her hands over her body seductively.)* Yes.

*(forlornly)*

But that wears off, don't it?

*(MARIA leaves. HAMILTON stands, deep in thought. Outside the "house," REYNOLDS comes on to meet Maria. Dressed for travel, he has been waiting for her. MARIA slips the bandages off*

*her wrists [which are, of course, uncut], gives them to her husband. REYNOLDS throws them away, kisses her wrists.)*

**REYNOLDS:** You're healed! It's a miracle!  
*(He laughs.)*

**MARIA:** Here.  
*(MARIA pulls out the fifty-dollar note, gives it to REYNOLDS.)*

**REYNOLDS:** What else? Come on.  
*(MARIA reluctantly pulls out the other two notes.)*

**MARIA:** This is for Mercy.

**REYNOLDS:** *(amused)* Right.  
*(REYNOLDS takes them, pockets them with the other note.)*

**MARIA:** Don't tell anyone, he says. He means it. He's got your letters.

**REYNOLDS:** And I got his.  
*(Back "inside", HAMILTON is still musing.)*

**HAMILTON:** *(to himself)* And, of course, what I saw in you, Maria, was someone I could save.  
*(Shrouded, two men [the actors playing MONROE and MUHLENBERG] come on, carrying a shrouded woman's body on a bier. We hear the sound of West Indian breezes, waves, and sea birds. MARIA and REYNOLDS find shrouds to obscure their identities and become mourners at the funeral.)*

**HAMILTON:** Mama.  
*(The two men put down the bier and stand respectfully. The actor playing MONROE now intones a brief eulogy in the cultured tones of an Episcopalian divine.)*

**PRIEST:** *(played by MONROE)* Man that is born of woman has a short time to live and is full of misery. We commit to this ground, Rachel Fawcett Levine, who married one man and lived sinfully with another. May God, in his infinite mercy, forgive her.  
*(MONROE, REYNOLDS, and MARIA exit in three separate directions. MUHLENBERG, losing the shroud, sits unobtrusively at a table. He is at City Tavern, Philadelphia. HAMILTON is shaken by his memory. The woman takes off her shroud and turns it into a month-old baby. She is BETSY.)*

**HAMILTON:** Betsy!  
*(HAMILTON runs to embrace her.)*

**BETSY:** Careful. You don't want to crush number five.  
*(HAMILTON takes the baby from her, cradles it. MUHLENBERG comes quietly on, sits at a table, reads a letter.)*

**HAMILTON:** No, no, of course not.

**BETSY:** Is the name all right? John Church?

**HAMILTON:** It's perfect. He's perfect. Oh, Betsy, dear, dear Betsy. Thank God you're home.

**Scene 8 -- December 3 -- City Tavern, Philadelphia --** *They disappear as MUHLENBERG takes out a letter from a valise and begins reading it. MONROE rushes on, impatient and urgent as usual.*

**MONROE:** Muhlenberg! Thank God you're here! I've been looking all over town.

*(MUHLENBERG looks up from his reading.)*

**MUHLENBERG:** On the day before Congress resumes, where should I be but City Tavern? Sit down, Senator. I've ordered a roast.

**MONROE:** Well, Hamilton's wasting no time.

**MUHLENBERG:** Indeed, it was the contemplation of the Tavern's succulent roasts that made my return to Philadelphia bearable.

**MONROE:** He begins defending his report tomorrow. The Senate will join the House. In your chamber.

**MUHLENBERG:** *(returning to letter)* Exactly so.

**MONROE:** Which means you'll be presiding, Mr. Speaker.

**MUHLENBERG:** Oh, dear.

**MONROE:** What?

**MUHLENBERG:** It seems an acquaintance of a former employee of mine has landed himself in jail.

**MONROE:** You can't catch up on your correspondence now.

**MUHLENBERG:** He's asking for my help. I suppose I shall have to go. It's expected of clergy.

**MONROE:** *(He puts his hand down on the letter Muhlenberg is reading, pinning it to the table.)* Muhlenberg, listen. Hamilton's had months to prepare. He'll convince every Congressman in the chamber to vote for his goddamned Report.

**MUHLENBERG:** Senator!

**MONROE:** And now we know how disastrous that would be.

**MUHLENBERG:** Do we?

**MONROE:** You know what we've uncovered.

*(But MUHLENBERG hasn't been reading Monroe's correspondence.)*

**MUHLENBERG:** Ah.

**MONROE:** You have been reading my letters, haven't you?

**MUHLENBERG:** Do you doubt it?

**MONROE:** Then you know what you have to do in there tomorrow.

**MUHLENBERG:** *(retrieving the letter)* Preside over a joint session of Congress. Impartially.

**MONROE:** No! Well, yes, of course, up to a point. But when that point comes, you must allow me some latitude. You understand that?

**MUHLENBERG:** Ah, here's our roast coming.

**MONROE:** You do understand? I'll need some latitude. Will I get it?

*Scene 9 -- December 3 -- Jail cell, Philadelphia -- MUHLENBERG turns and is in a Philadelphia jail cell, with REYNOLDS, who comes on in hand and leg irons. MONROE disappears. MUHLENBERG takes an official paper from his valise, consults it.*

**MUHLENBERG:** Your name is Reynolds, I see.

**REYNOLDS:** Thank you for coming, sir, in my hour of need.

**MUHLENBERG:** Not at all. It's my Christian duty to aid a sufferer, if I can.

**REYNOLDS:** Good. You got to get me out of here, sir.

**MUHLENBERG:** Just remind me of our connection?

**REYNOLDS:** Our connection is, I got something to show you. I think you'll be real interested.

**MUHLENBERG:** I'm usually not. Now, you've been incarcerated here for—

**REYNOLDS:** A fortnight. A rough one. They make me wear these irons whenever I see anyone.

**MUHLENBERG:** Do they?

**REYNOLDS:** They even clap 'em on me when my wife comes to visit. Makes it hard.

**MUHLENBERG:** Makes what hard?

*(The light dawns.)*

Oh.

**REYNOLDS:** *(grinning)* Still. We manage.

**MUHLENBERG:** *(moving quickly along, consulting his papers)* Shall we return to why you're here? You seem to have had rather an active autumn, tramping around the backwoods of Virginia.

**REYNOLDS:** I been busy, yes. On my enterprise.

**MUHLENBERG:** Which was buying up war veterans' back-pay certificates.

**REYNOLDS:** Nothing illegal about that.

**MUHLENBERG:** No, but apparently you only paid these veterans twenty cents on the dollar.

**REYNOLDS:** But I gave 'em coin. Good, hard currency.

**MUHLENBERG:** The government has a bank now. Anyone holding back-pay certificates can redeem them at full value.

**REYNOLDS:** But the veterans, they don't know that.

**MUHLENBERG:** And you didn't tell them.

**REYNOLDS:** I'm a business man. Now about what I got to show you—

**MUHLENBERG:** I see you claim to be the heir of one of these veterans.

**REYNOLDS:** God rest his brave soul.

**MUHLENBERG:** And it says here he deeded over to you all his possessions before he died.

**REYNOLDS:** He was that grateful to me.

**MUHLENBERG:** Why?

**REYNOLDS:** Well, it's hard to say with these veterans. But I have his testament and his death certificate.

**MUHLENBERG:** Yes.

*(continuing to read)*

Except, my goodness!, he's turned up alive.

**REYNOLDS:** That's the rub.

**MUHLENBERG:** *(preparing to leave)* I don't really see how I can help you, Mr. Reynolds.

**REYNOLDS:** 'Course you can. You're a powerful man.

**MUHLENBERG:** I mean, I don't believe my conscience will allow it. Good day to you.

**REYNOLDS:** 'Course I should be working at the Treasury. But Mr. Hamilton, he don't like me.

**MUHLENBERG:** Why is that?

**REYNOLDS:** He knows I know.

**MUHLENBERG:** Know what? What are you talking about?

**REYNOLDS:** I been trying to tell you. I got some letters. From the Secretary of the Treasury.

*Scene 10 -- December 4 -- Floor of the House of Representatives, Philadelphia -- REYNOLDS disappears. MUHLENBERG continues to sit at the table, now his presiding desk in the House chamber. MONROE comes on, takes a chair and sits downstage, facing the well, listening to Hamilton, who has entered, conclude his lengthy statement.*

**HAMILTON:** And in conclusion, members of Congress, President Washington thanks you for putting America on a sound financial footing. Now this one task remains. Pass this Report on Manufactures into law. Give all Americans the means to prosper through the institutions you've created.

**MONROE:** *(not quite to himself)* The institutions he's created.

**HAMILTON:** I ask you to turn the key, gentlemen. Open the gate to opportunity. You will strengthen the nation in the bargain.

**MONROE:** *(standing)* Mr. Speaker.

**MUHLENBERG:** The Chair recognizes Senator Monroe of Virginia.

**MONROE:** Will the Secretary now—finally—yield to questions?

**HAMILTON:** Certainly.

**MONROE:** Well, that was quite a speech.

*(holds up Report)*

And this is quite a report. You don't get paid by the word, do you?

*(A ripple of appreciative laughter from the chamber.)*

**HAMILTON:** No, just by the idea, Senator.

*(A larger ripple of appreciative laughter.)*

**MONROE:** Colonel. I would appreciate it if you would accord me the respect of my military rank, which I earned in the war.

*(More approval from the chamber.)*

**HAMILTON:** Surely, Colonel.

**MONROE:** Thank you. Now, Mr. Hamilton—

**HAMILTON:** Colonel. I would appreciate it if you would accord me the respect of my military rank, which I also earned in the war.

*(A larger eruption of approval. HAMILTON smiles and bows.)*

**MONROE:** *(turns to the chamber)* Gentlemen, most of you haven't even bothered to read this report, have you?

*(holds up report)*

You support it because the Secretary here tells you to, and President Washington is favorable. Well, before you rush to vote for it, let me tell you what's in it.

**HAMILTON:** Point of order, Mr. Speaker.

**MUHLENBERG:** Yes, Mr.—Colonel—Hamilton.

**HAMILTON:** Colonel Monroe may not address the chamber at this time—

**MONROE:** Why not? You've been haranguing us for an hour!

**HAMILTON:** I have yielded the floor for questions only.

**MONROE:** Well, now. Do you fear what I may say to this body?

**HAMILTON:** Mr. Speaker?

**MUHLENBERG:** Given the critical importance of these issues, I am inclined to allow some...latitude in procedure.

**HAMILTON:** I see.

**MONROE:** I thank you, Mr. Speaker. Now Colonel Hamilton, I do have a question for you. Have you ever gone out on a May morning, and plunged your hands into the sweet loam of this country? You ought to do that some time. Because when you hold that fertile soil in your hands, you feel the living gift God gave to this people. Oh, it grows cotton, all right, and wheat, and tobacco. But American soil grows something even better: liberty. A nation of independent farms and plantations is the freest on earth. That's what Mr. Jefferson said.

**HAMILTON:** I have great respect for the farmers of this country.

**MONROE:** Do you? Then why do you put our farms and freedoms at risk?

**HAMILTON:** I do no such thing.

**MONROE:** Your report presumes to take the wealth of the land and piss it away on a concatenation of cabinetmakers and rope twisters and, God help us, ladies' sewing circles!

*(turning pages of the report)*

You propose tariffs--taxes--regulations. That is tyranny, sir.

**HAMILTON:** It isn't tyranny for a government to do good. And to do good, it must be given the power to act. Would you have it accomplish nothing?

**MONROE:** I believe that's what we'd prefer, yes. Leave us alone. You don't understand this country.

*(to the chamber)*

Well, it's only natural, gentlemen. He is a foreigner.

**HAMILTON:** And I say, gentlemen, Colonel Monroe is more a foreigner than I am.

**MONROE:** I was born in this country!

**HAMILTON:** Yes. Born to wealth. Born to privilege. That makes you a stranger to most Americans.

**MONROE:** You are stealing wealth from landowners!

**HAMILTON:** Mr. Speaker, I believe you have tested the limits of parliamentary latitude.

**MONROE:** How wide do you intend to open this gate of yours, Colonel? Who do you intend to let through?

**HAMILTON:** Mr. Speaker--

**MONROE:** Tell me, how do you feel about the Colored?

**MUHLENBERG:** Colonel Monroe.

**HAMILTON:** That has no relevance to this report.

**MUHLENBERG:** Nor is it a proper question. I must caution you, Colonel.

*(MONROE takes from a valise a sheaf of papers. They are his findings about Hamilton.)*

**MONROE:** Gentlemen, we have looked into the background of the Secretary. It is not a pleasing sight.

*(referring to the papers)*

You grew up with the Colored, did you not? You worked shoulder to shoulder with them when you were a boy.

**MUHLENBERG:** Colonel Monroe!

**HAMILTON:** Mr. Speaker, this goes beyond the limits of propriety.

**MUHLENBERG:** It goes beyond the limits of the law.

**MONROE:** I am merely attempting to discover to this chamber—

**MUHLENBERG:** No. You must speak no further on this subject. The Recorder will strike from the record statements referring to Negroes.

**HAMILTON:** I shall return to this chamber when Congress is disposed to discuss my report. Mr. Speaker. Gentlemen.

*(HAMILTON exits.)*

**MONROE:** There he goes, the high and mighty Secretary of the Treasury.

*(referring to his papers)*

But, gentlemen, listen to what he wrote!

**MUHLENBERG:** This session is at an end.

*(MUHLENBERG strikes his table with a gavel. MONROE immediately turns on Muhlenberg. It is a few moments later and the two are now alone in an anteroom off the House chamber.)*

**MONROE:** You said you would give me latitude in there!

**MUHLENBERG:** I gave you latitude.

**MONROE:** You muzzled me!

**MUHLENBERG:** I was doing all in my power to keep you from a charge of contempt.

**MONROE:** Contempt?

**MUHLENBERG:** The law expressly forbids bringing to the floor any discussion of the Negro question. You know that.

**MONROE:** But that's the cloak behind which the West Indian bastard hides.

**MUHLENBERG:** Nevertheless.

**MONROE:** Listen! Since you obviously didn't read my letters! During the War Hamilton tried to raise a regiment of blacks to fight the British—and then reward them with their freedom.

**MUHLENBERG:** *(not following Monroe's train of thought)* Yes?

**MONROE:** The man's an abolitionist! He's a charter member of the New York Society for Promoting the Liberation of Slaves!

**MUHLENBERG:** What has that to do with his Report on Manufactures?

**MONROE:** Hamilton knows. If Congress adopts his report, it's the end of our cherished way of life.

**MUHLENBERG:** You mean slavery.

**MONROE:** Our profits shrink, our expenses rise. Investment turns elsewhere. How long before we can't afford to run a decent plantation? And just waiting for our "liberated" Colored are all Hamilton's shiny, new manufacturing jobs.

**MUHLENBERG:** Well, I'm not altogether sure that would be a bad thing.

**MONROE:** I didn't expect to hear that from clergy. You have read Exodus 21?

**MUHLENBERG:** Yes, I have.

**MONROE:** And didn't St. Paul say servants should obey their masters as they would Our Lord?

**MUHLENBERG:** Apparently.

**MONROE:** Well, then, Reverend?

**MUHLENBERG:** I am unsure as to the interpretation of those scriptures.

**MONROE:** And I always thought your were devout,

*(very deliberately)*

goddamnit. Well, if you don't care about the Bible, how about the Union? Are you still a patriot, Mr.

Speaker?

**MUHLENBERG:** Else I would not spend half my year in Philadelphia.

**MONROE:** Then ask yourself this: What was the price for getting Southern signatures on the Constitution?

What keeps Virginia and Georgia and the Carolinas from walking out of Congress tomorrow? It is this and only this: leaving our cherished way of life alone. That is the price of Union.

**MUHLENBERG:** I do know that. We all know it. And we continue to pay your price.

**MONROE:** Then I repeat. Do you care about keeping these United States all stitched together?

*(MUHLENBERG weighs the matter for a moment.)*

**MUHLENBERG:** Colonel Monroe, I believe there is someone you need to meet.

**MONROE:** Who is he? Is he in the House or the Senate?

**MUHLENBERG:** He is in jail. His name is James Reynolds.

*Scene 11 -- December 15 -- Hamiltons' house, Philadelphia / Reynolds' lodging, Philadelphia / Outside Hamiltons' house -- MONROE and MUHLENBERG disappear. HAMILTON is again in shirtsleeves, working at his desk. After a moment. BETSY enters, tired but content.*

**BETSY:** John Church is asleep, finally.

*(HAMILTON immediately puts his pen down and goes to her.)*

**HAMILTON:** Betsy!

**BETSY:** Philip and Angelica are reading.

**HAMILTON:** You're doing too much. It's only been a few weeks.

**BETSY:** A few weeks?

**HAMILTON:** Since John Church was born.

**BETSY:** *(smiles)* Alex, it's been three months.

**HAMILTON:** Has it? Sit down

*(helps her to chair with books on it)*

Somewhere. Here.

*(takes books off chair)*

Now. Why can't Louisa put the children to bed?

*(BETSY laughs at her husband's obliviousness of domestic affairs.)*

Don't tell me. Louisa quit.

**BETSY:** A week ago. But don't worry, I think I've found a new girl who likes helping with five children. For not too much money.

*(stifling a yawn)*

At least John Church is sleeping through the night now.

**HAMILTON:** It's his greatest virtue.

**BETSY:** Which he must have inherited from us Schuylers. Alex, don't you ever come to bed anymore? You're at the Treasury all day. Then you come home and work half the night.

**HAMILTON:** It's Monroe. He discovered in the report what you saw.

**BETSY:** The danger to slavery.

**HAMILTON:** *(nods)* He's a far-seeing man. But, fortunately, the Speaker cut him off. And I can answer all his other arguments.

**BETSY:** You're going back to Congress?

**HAMILTON:** Tomorrow. We'll win, I know it. Think of it, Betsy. The last stone in place.

*(She walks over to him, touches him.)*

**BETSY:** Actually I was thinking of something else.

**HAMILTON:** Oh?

**BETSY:** Something entirely else.

**HAMILTON:** Were you?

**BETSY:** I repeat. Don't you ever come to bed, Mr. Secretary?

**HAMILTON:** Hmm. Would there be profit in that, Mrs. Secretary?

**BETSY:** Oh, I think so.

**HAMILTON:** Then I shall feel duty-bound to come.

**BETSY:** Good.

**HAMILTON:** In one hour.

**BETSY:** Alex!

**HAMILTON:** Less. Then I'll be able to bring the full weight and attention of the Treasury to your fascinating proposal.

**BETSY:** Well, don't leave it too long.

*(yawns)*

The proposal's getting rather sleepy.

**HAMILTON:** I'll be up soon.

*(She leaves. HAMILTON gazes after her. What is he thinking? Then he abruptly returns to rehearsing a speech to Congress.)*

**HAMILTON:** Consider, members of Congress: As things stand now, our Southern brethren sell cotton and indigo across the sea to Europe.

*(HAMILTON hears a knock. He ignores it.)*

Then we buy it all back as finished goods at treble the price.

*(more knocking)*

Will someone see to the door? But if we manufacture more of our own frock coats—

*(more knocking)*

Will someone please—

*(He remembers his shortage of servants.)*

That's right, there isn't a someone. A moment!

*(goes to answer the door, talking all the while)*

—and shifts and petticoats, then, gentlemen, the money saved—

*(HAMILTON opens the door. Though he may see both men, at first we only see MUHLENBERG.)*

**MUHLENBERG:** Good evening, Colonel Hamilton.

**HAMILTON:** Good evening.

**MUHLENBERG:** I apologize for troubling you at home.

**HAMILTON:** It's very late.

**MUHLENBERG:** Yes. I felt we had to call on you.

**HAMILTON:** Wouldn't tomorrow serve, at the Treasury? No, tomorrow I return to Congress—  
(Suddenly **MONROE** appears in the doorway.)

**MONROE:** We know.

**HAMILTON:** Well, then, the next day. I'm sorry, I'm halfway to bed. Good night, gentlemen.  
(**MONROE** thrusts a letter into **Hamilton's** hands.)

**MONROE:** Be sure to sleep with this under your pillow.  
(**HAMILTON** opens it, instantly recognizes it as one he wrote to Reynolds.)

**MUHLENBERG:** May we come in?  
(Wordlessly, **HAMILTON** allows them in.)

**MONROE:** (holds his hand out for the letter) If I may.  
(**HAMILTON** hesitates.)

**MUHLENBERG:** Come, Mr. Secretary, we have all your other letters.  
(**HAMILTON** surrenders the letter to **Monroe**.)

**MONROE:** It's very absorbing reading.

**HAMILTON:** Where did you get those?

**MUHLENBERG:** From your correspondent. Mr. James Reynolds.

**HAMILTON:** (to himself) Of course.

**MONROE:** You should be grateful to Reverend Muhlenberg. I wanted to take them straight to the President.

**HAMILTON:** What do you suppose to be the subject of this correspondence?

**MONROE:** (sniffs the air) Smell that? That's the stink of your financial corruption finally coming out into the open. I knew it. I always knew it.

**MUHLENBERG:** (to **Monroe**) Please. We agreed to maintain decorum.

**HAMILTON:** I repeat: What do you believe is the subject of these letters?

**MONROE:** All right, **Hamilton**. Have it your way.  
(**MONROE** grabs the letters from **Muhlenberg**, opens the top one, reads.)

“December 22, 1791. Mr. Reynolds. In re the thousand dollars you require, it will be necessary to make two payments of 500 dollars each.” You did write that?

**HAMILTON:** Yes.

**MONROE:** (opens another) How about this? “Jan. 21, '92. Mr. Reynolds. I shall meet you at your lodgings for transfer of funds.”

**MUHLENBERG:** It does appear, Colonel, that you stole from the Treasury for the purpose of speculation.

**MONROE:** And Reynolds was your partner!  
(And now **HAMILTON** realizes that Reynolds has trapped him by deceiving **Monroe** and **Muhlenberg**. With each new piece of information he sees more clearly how all the pieces fit together.)

**HAMILTON:** Does he support your conclusion?

**MONROE:** Haven't you been listening? Reynolds gave us your letters.

**HAMILTON:** Why would he give you evidence of his own crime?

**MUHLENBERG:** Ah. Well, as it happens, we were able to do him a service.

**HAMILTON:** I see.

**MONROE:** He was in jail. Now he's out. He's a small fish. You're a big one.

**HAMILTON:** And his wife?

**MUHLENBERG:** We did not question her.

**MONROE:** Poor woman. She was weeping her eyes out.

**HAMILTON:** I see.

**MUHLENBERG:** I know this must be quite distressing for you.

*(This galvanizes HAMILTON into action. He now knows what to do and becomes brisk and businesslike. He goes to his desk, opens a drawer and removes a locked box. Meanwhile:)*

**HAMILTON:** Gentlemen, the correspondence does not signify what you suppose.

*(HAMILTON unlocks the box with a key, pausing before opening the lid and revealing the contents.)*

What I am about to discover to you I meant never to reveal. As it refers to a private matter, I charge you both on your honor as gentlemen to keep it so. This is from Reynolds's wife.

*(Reads)*

“Dear, dear Mr. H. How I long for your company. Especially that part of it which gives me greatest pleasure. Come see me tonight, as Mister is out of the way.”

**MUHLENBERG:** Oh dear.

**HAMILTON:** *(opens another)* Here's another. “Don't think me unmaidenly, but I burn so for you that—“

**MUHLENBERG:** Colonel Hamilton—

**HAMILTON:** *(opens another)* And another. “Oh God, Alex if I don't feel the weight of you soon—“

**MUHLENBERG:** Please, Colonel Hamilton, read no more.

**HAMILTON:** But there is more. Considerably more. I will be grateful if you will allow me to acquaint you with all the correspondence—

**MUHLENBERG:** I'm sure that won't be necessary.

**HAMILTON:** —so that I may demonstrate beyond any shadow of doubt that I am innocent of your charge. I am a criminal. But my crime is not against the nation. It is against my wife.

*(His energy now spent, HAMILTON drops into the chair behind his desk. MONROE grabs the Maria correspondence from Hamilton and feverishly starts opening and reading letters.)*

**MUHLENBERG:** *(clears his throat, deeply uncomfortable)* Yes, that now appears evident.

**MONROE:** How do we know these letters are genuine?

**HAMILTON:** Examine the handwriting. And the grammar.

**MUHLENBERG:** Colonel Hamilton, our apologies. We were led to the wrong conclusion. Colonel Monroe?

**MONROE:** *(deeply disappointed, he throws Maria's letters to the floor)* Damn it! Goddamnit! All right. I suppose the bastard's done nothing criminal. He's just a randy son of a bitch who can't keep his breeches up.

*(turns to Hamilton)*

Like mama, like son, eh?

**MUHLENBERG:** Gentlemen!

*(This propels HAMILTON out of his chair, but the desk remains between him and Monroe.)*

**MONROE:** You haven't told Mrs. Hamilton about this.

*(HAMILTON makes no reply.)*

That's interesting.

**HAMILTON:** She is the one innocent party in this whole affair.

**MONROE:** Oh, to be sure.

**MUHLENBERG:** You have my word. This private matter will remain private.

**HAMILTON:** Thank you. Colonel?

**MONROE:** Hmm. Perhaps in the spirit of this evening's candor, you ought to tell Mrs. Hamilton. Make a clean breast of it.

**MUHLENBERG:** That, surely, is between the Secretary and his wife.

**MONROE:** It'll sound better coming from him than from someone else.

**HAMILTON:** And who would that be?

**MONROE:** Oh, I'm willing to keep your revolting affair quiet.

**HAMILTON:** *(icy)* Thank you.

**MONROE:** Providing. You've served your country admirably, Colonel. Why, if it weren't for you, landowners might be left in peace.

**MUHLENBERG:** This is hardly the time—

**MONROE:** Americans might still enjoy their freedom.

**HAMILTON:** You mean your freedom. To keep a stranglehold on your wealth.

**MONROE:** How dare you!

**HAMILTON:** How much freedom do your slaves enjoy?

**MONROE:** So you admit it. Your Report on Manufactures is nothing but a cover for your goddamned abolitionism!

**HAMILTON:** I admit no such thing. Everything I've done has been the people's business. But in a truly great nation, brother does not enslave brother.

**MONROE:** Well, it looks like you have to choose between your brothers and your wife.

*(HAMILTON is checkmated. He sits, stunned.)*

Don't come to Congress tomorrow, Colonel. We'll be taking a vote on your report, and I believe we can get it defeated if you're not there to pester us. That's the price of my silence.

**MUHLENBERG:** Indeed, that might be best. Think of the Union.

**MONROE:** And I believe we'll hang on to these letters. For safe keeping.

*(HAMILTON doesn't make a move. MUHLENBERG gathers Maria's letter from the floor where Monroe threw them down. He returns them to Hamilton's desk.)*

**MUHLENBERG:** We'll say good night then, Colonel Hamilton. I'm deeply sorry to have caused you this pain.

**HAMILTON:** You did not cause it, Mr. Muhlenberg.

*(They turn to go, get almost out the door, when MONROE turns back.)*

**MONROE:** Oh, Colonel Hamilton. I was just wondering. How long do you intend to remain Secretary of the Treasury?

*(They are gone for the moment. HAMILTON remains seated, deep in thought, center stage. MARIA comes on, stage left. She is in her house. REYNOLDS comes up behind her, puts his hands over her eyes.)*

**REYNOLDS:** Guess who?

*(MARIA puts her hands on his, lowers them, turns around for a loving embrace.)*

**MARIA:** There you are. I been worried about you.

*(MARIA kisses him ardently.)*

**REYNOLDS:** No need to worry about me, love. I got a way of landing on my feet. Now—

*(takes out his riding crop)*

–did you miss me?

*(At first MARIA acts as though she were afraid, as she seemed to be when we first met her. Then she gives a small scream and laughs delightedly.)*

**MARIA:** ‘Course I did, Mister. What am I supposed to do when you’re away, tie myself to the bed?

*(MARIA leads him off by the crop. MUHLENBERG and MONROE appear. They are outside Hamilton’s house. MONROE looks with satisfaction at the letters. MUHLENBERG is already beginning to regret the whole thing.)*

**MUHLENBERG:** It is ungentlemanly to keep Colonel Hamilton’s letters.

**MONROE:** I may have plans for them. But don’t worry. I’m not keeping them. I’m sending them to Monticello.

**MUHLENBERG:** To Mr. Jefferson.

**MONROE:** Liberty’s greatest friend.

**MUHLENBERG:** But not Colonel Hamilton’s.

**MONROE:** *(echoing one of Muhlenberg’s favorite phrases)* Exactly so.

*(MONROE & MUHLENBERG disappear.)*

**BETSY:** *(off)* Alex?

*(HAMILTON quickly hides the letters in his desk. BETSY comes on.)*

Alex? Did I hear voices?

**HAMILTON:** I was rehearsing my arguments.

**BETSY:** You’ve come to the end of your hour.

*(HAMILTON is deeply shaken and angry, but he tries to hide it. He reaches out to Betsy, and BETSY comes to him.)*

**HAMILTON:** Betsy. Do you know what I would like?

**BETSY:** *(playfully)* Usually. That’s why I came back down to fetch you.

**HAMILTON:** I would like to go on a carriage ride.

**BETSY:** *(surprised by the subject shift)* Really?

**HAMILTON:** We’ve been talking about it. We could ride clear out of town, into the country.

**BETSY:** senses something wrong.

**BETSY:** That was in the summer. It’s December. The roads are ice.

**HAMILTON:** Then we’ll hire a sleigh. Let’s go tomorrow. Bundle up the children. We’ll all go. Would you like that?

**BETSY:** Hiring a sleigh is expensive.

*(HAMILTON suddenly explodes in anger.)*

**HAMILTON:** I’m sick to my back teeth of worrying about money! If I want to hire a sleigh, I’ll hire a sleigh!

My question to you was, would you like that!?

**BETSY:** *(taken aback)* Yes, of course.

**HAMILTON:** Good!

*(Hamilton’s vehemence confuses and even frightens BETSY a little. Nevertheless:)*

**BETSY:** Alex. Aren’t you supposed to address Congress tomorrow?

**HAMILTON:** Let it wait! Let them all wait.

**Blackout.**

(31 MORE PAGES MAKE UP ACT TWO)

REVIEW: (Illinois Wesleyan University production)

## IWU Theatre Finds *Treasure* in Classic Political Scandal

Oct. 23, 2013

BLOOMINGTON, Ill.—Ambition. Greed. Lust. Recklessness. Righteousness. Honor. Betrayal. Potential. These are the words that Illinois Wesleyan’s School of Theatre Arts’ (SotA) guest director, Michael Cotey has chosen to describe the themes of Tim Slover’s play, *Treasure*. The chilling political drama, which opens at the E. Melba Johnson Kirkpatrick Laboratory Theatre (304 E. Graham St., Bloomington; Ames Plaza, west side of Presser Hall) on October 31, will run through November 2 with performances each evening at 8 p.m.

Tickets for *Treasure* are available for purchase at the McPherson Theatre Box Office. General admission and senior ticket prices are \$3. Student tickets are \$2 with a valid school ID. The McPherson Theatre Box Office is open Monday-Friday from 12:30-5:00 p.m. To reserve tickets, contact the box office.

In this glimpse Slover provides into the life of founding father, Alexander Hamilton, he delves a little bit deeper into early American history. Fifth grade social studies class taught many that Hamilton was a Revolutionary War veteran and a close friend of General and later President Washington’s, who appointed him as Secretary of the Treasury in his new government, but one might wonder what else there is to know about Hamilton. Why would Slover write a play about such a lesser-known patriot?

Cotey notes that in his close study of *Treasure*, he found it fascinating that in politics, not much has really changed in the past 200 years of American government. For centuries, politicians have been reamed by the press for their private wrongs in an effort to discredit their public policies. Most recently, Anthony Wiener was in the spotlight, and before that it was John Edwards. Of course, there’s the unforgettable White House scandal of former President Bill Clinton, whose story Cotey says is probably most analogous to the events of this play.

“*Treasure* dramatizes the United States’ first political sex scandal,” said Cotey. “Our history is full of ambitious politicians who have tested the fates with their own indiscretions.”

The director describes the play as much more than a stereotypical historical piece, calling it a hidden gem of theater. Slover’s play has only been produced twice so far, giving IWU the opportunity to dive into an almost completely fresh script. Cotey said, “[This opportunity] provides a great challenge to the students involved, which is exactly what you want while you are developing your craft.”

A Milwaukee-based director and actor, Cotey has been called one of the city’s most “exciting and wildly inventive directors” by the *Milwaukee Journal Sentinel*, receiving offers to direct various productions across the Midwest.

Cotey said that he’s been blown away by the busy schedules of Wesleyan students. “What is truly encouraging,” he said, “is the amount they help out in every aspect of the department. It’s clear that the phrase, ‘that’s not my job’ is not part of the vernacular in the theatre department, and that is inspiring to see. Working with my design team has been a fulfilling and enlightening experience.”

As Cotey and his students reach the home stretch of rehearsals for *Treasure*, the director says he will push for even greater specificity and depth. He notes, “It will be exciting to see where these awesome young actors take this play, and how the work of the young designers will elevate the show in our final rehearsals.”

**Cast Members:** Zach Wagner (Alexander Hamilton), Elizabeth Albers (Betsy Hamilton), Steven Czajkowski (James Monroe), Anna Sciacotta (Maria Reynolds), Nick Giambone (Reynolds), Elliott Plowman (Reverend Muhlenberg)

**Production Team:** Michael Cotey (Director), Hannah Dhue (Assistant Director), Audra Kuchling (Stage Manager), Kimberly Florian (Assistant Stage Manager), Sydney Achler (Scene Designer), Kelsey VonderHaar (Costume Designer), Laura Gisondi (Lighting Designer)