

FIGHTING ON TILL SOMETHING FIN' LLY TAKES-
WHAT A LOVELY MOVIE IT ALL MAKES!

WELL, BUSINESS IS BOOMING
I' M HAPPY TO SAY.
I JUST MADE A CONTRACT
TO FILM FOR PATHE
A SERIES OF CHAPTERS
THAT END IN SUSPENSE
EACH WEEK, SEE WHAT' S NEXT
FOR ANOTHER FIVE CENTS!

AND I AM
WAKING EVERY MORNING
FILLED WITH SUCH ANTICIPATION!
I FRAME THE SEA,
I FRAME THE SKY,
AND THIS IS MY VACATION!
I SHAKE YOUR HAND,
I KISS YOU HAND,
I BUY YOU ALL A DRINK!
AND MAYBE IF YOU CHANCE TO SEE
A MOVIE THAT WAS MADE BY ME
REMEMBER WHEN MY NAME GOES BY
(THAT' S ASH-K-E-N-A-Z-Y)
THE BARON, NOW AMERICAN,
WHO HAPPENED ONCE TO THINK
OF SILHOUETTE
AND FLICKER BOOK
AND MOVIES AS THEY' RE
MEANT TO LOOK
AND BUFFALO NICKEL, BUFFALO NICKEL,
PHOTOPLAY, INC.!
Action!

Houdini
START

(The BARON and THE LITTLE GIRL roll
offstage on the dolly, continuing to
film the movie. EVELYN and HOUDINI
continue filming their number as the
BARON films them. THE LITTLE BOY
remains onstage as they exit.)

(THE LITTLE BOY runs up to HOUDINI.)

LITTLE BOY

Mr. Houdini! Can I have your autograph please?

HOUDINI

Not now, kinde. I' m catching a train. Here!

(HE finds a silver dollar behind THE
LITTLE BOY' s ear.)

Treat yourself to a ride on the roller coaster. I' ll send you
a postcard from Sarajevo.

(THE LITTLE BOY turns his head suddenly, remembering.)

LITTLE BOY

Warn the Duke!

HOUDINI

What did you say?

LITTLE BOY
(to HOUDINI)

Warn the Duke!

(THE LITTLE BOY runs off.)

HOUDINI
(chasing him)

What Duke? I don't know any Dukes! I've seen you before somewhere. Who are you? Come back here!

END

(THE LITTLE BOY is gone. HOUDINI exits as the BARON and his ASSISTANT enter on the boardwalk above.)

TATEH

So, the young woman, forced into a marriage she does not want, decides to elope with the butcher she loves. Nonsense! People don't spend good money to see young women elope with butchers.

(THE LITTLE GIRL and THE LITTLE BOY enter down on the beach.)

MOTHER

Good morning, Baron. I see our children are playing again. I'm sorry, I didn't mean to interrupt.

TATEH

Please. I need interruption. Always working, always working. It's a curse.

(The BARON shoos his ASSISTANT off. A RAGTIME BAND playing a rag crosses the boardwalk. THE LITTLE GIRL runs off followed by THE LITTLE BOY.)

TATEH

I know what this is. It's called rag. I like this music. It makes me want to turn a cartwheel. But I won't. Not today. What's wrong?

MOTHER

I am thinking of someone I miss very badly. No, two men. My brother and a Negro man who played that kind of music on our piano in New Rochelle. We never know when our feelings will creep up on us and go "boo!" and startle us, do we?

MOTHER & START