

IMMIGRANTS, LITTLE GIRL
AMERICA!

TATEH
YOU' LL SOON BE EATING APPLE PIE
FROM OFF A CHINA PLATE.
PRETTY DRESSES, PRETTY DOLLS,
JUST WAIT!
FOR SHINING IN YOUR TATEH' S EYE
AND JUST BEYOND THIS GATE -

ALL
AMERICA!

(There is a surge forward and we are on
New York' s bustling Lower East Side.)

TATEH
HERE IN AMERICA
ANYONE AT ALL CAN SUCCEED.
DO WHAT YOU DO,
AND THE WORLD WILL COME TO YOU
GUARANTEED!
I MAY BE JUST A MAKER OF ART,
BUT HERE YOU COULD START WITH LESS
AND MAKE A SUCCESS!

IMMIGRANTS
AMERICA! HERE IN AMERICA
AMERICA! WE' RE IN AMERICA

(TATEH begins to set up his cart and
begins to address people on the street.)

TATEH
Step right up and have a silhouette made by a real artist!
With ordinary paper, a pair of scissors and some glue I will
give you a thing of such beauty! A life-like portrait of
someone you love. Silhouettes of your favorite celebrity.

EVELYN NESBIT. HEY, LOOK!
SHE' S ON HER VAUDEVILLE STAGE.
HARRY HOUDINI. HE PRACTICALLY ESCAPES
FROM THE PAGE
ONLY A NICKEL.
DON' T WALK AWAY!
SOMEDAY THESE WILL IMPRESS...
WHEN I' M A SUCCESS!

(EMMA approaches TATEH' s cart. SHE
examines his silhouettes.)

EMMA
Look at you! Making silhouettes of show business celebrities
and robber baron capitalists. You should be ashamed of
yourself, comrade.

TATEH,
START

TATEH

Don't make a lecture, Mrs. Goldman. I'm here to work, not make politics.

EMMA

Work is politics.

(TATEH begins to cut HER silhouette.)

TATEH

You are barking up the wrong tree, Mrs. Goldman. I am an artist. I work for no one. Trade unions are fine but they are not for me. Now be nice and don't move. This is a complimentary silhouette because I admire you anyway.

(EMMA starts to say something.)

Sshh! That doesn't mean I have to listen to you.

EMMA

What's your name?

TATEH

They gave me a name I can't pronounce so you can call me Tateh like everyone else.

EMMA

What about her mother?

TATEH

Dead. I said I worked for no one. Not true. I work for my child. (HE hands HER the silhouette.) With my compliments, Mrs. Goldman.

EMMA

You can call me Emma. (SHE reacts to the silhouette.) Mein Gott, what a kisser! (SHE reaches in her pocket.) Here.

TATEH

You're insulting me, Mrs. Goldman.

EMMA

It's not for you. It's for the child.

TATEH

Thank you.

IMMIGRANTS (2 GROUPS)
AMERICA, AMERICA

END
[Handwritten signature]

TATEH

LOOK AT THE SILHOUETTES
HERE IN THE TENEMENTS,
BENT OVER SEWING
OR DANCING OR ARGUING