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.
AMERICA! HERE IN AMERICA
DO WHAT YOU DO,
AND THE WORLD WILL COME TO YOU
GUARANTEED!
AMERICA! WE'RE IN AMERICA
I MAY BE JUST A MAKER OF ART,
BUT HERE YOU COULD START WITH LESS
AND MAKE A SUCCESS!

(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.

EMelyn 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
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.

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.

Thank you.

TATEH

AMERICANS (2 GROUPS) [END TATEH]

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