

“Ellis Island...The American Dream”

Book, music & lyrics by Cheryl Kemeny

SONGS & SCENES

ACT 1

SONG “Standing at the Edge of Time”

Scene 1 “Europe”

Naples, Italy...Queenstown, Ireland...Hamburg, Germany
(Immigrants arrive to purchase “Steerage” tickets to America)

*SONG “One Way Ticket to America” (Ludmilla, Nicolai, Guiseppe, Signora Fontana,
Kate, Timothy, Daniel, & Company)*

Scene 2 “Onboard Ship...The “Bel Italia”, the “Deutschland” & the “King James”

SONG “Neptune’s Furies” (Company)

SONG “Island of Hope” (Ludmilla, Jutka, Kate & Company)

SONG “We Enter Into the Communion”

Scene 3 “Ellis Island...preparing for the examinations”

SONG “9 AM to 7 PM” (Commissioner Watchorn, American Workers & Immigrants)

INTERMISSION

ACT 2

*SONG “A Picture’s Worth A Thousand Words” (Commissioner Watchorn, American
Ladies)*

Scene 4 “Registry & Medical Examinations”

SONG “You Can’t Change the World” (Brigitte Anderson)

Scene 5 “Detention”

SONG “Home/Under the Boot of The Tsar” (Nicolai Goldovsky & Immigrants)

SONG “Another Island” (Sylvia Bonet)

Scene 6 “The Sting”

Scene 7 “The Hospital”

SONG “End Of A Dream” (Jutka Haraszti)

Scene 8 “The Audition”

SONG “A Woman’s Place” (Mrs. MacArthur, Brigitte, Mrs. Sutton, Mrs. Elsworth)

Scene 9 “The Special Inquiry”

SONG “The American Dream” (Nicolai & Immigrant Soloists)

Scene 10 “The Kissing Post”

SONG “FINALE”

Ellis Island...the story

“Ellis Island/the American Dream” follows the lives of immigrants travelling to the United States during the year 1907. We begin in Naples, Italy, Hamburg, Germany and Queenstown, Ireland simultaneously. People from all over Europe are purchasing “one-way tickets” to the “land o’ the free” - America. The immigrants board their respective ships...the “Bel Italia”, the “Deutschland” and the “King James”. They are then faced with a terrible storm and “Neptune Furies”. “Don’t turn back! Keep on course! This North Atlantic storm will put us to the test!”

With the end of the storm comes the first sighting of “Ellis Island” and the prayer, “Island of Hope”. “Island of hope, save me from a life of fear. Take me in now that I’m here. Give me a new beginning and we’ll both be winning, you’ll see.” The immigrants pin on their landing tags and board the ferries. Meanwhile, the Ellis Island staff is preparing for another busy day. The inspections begin with “Nine AM to Seven PM”. “The River never stops till it gets to the sea, a never-ending stream of humanity!” The immigrants plead, “Take a chance on me! If you send me back, a broken soul is what I’ll be!” Sammy Tate, the crooked baggage handler, expounds his philosophy...”with a little bit of smarts, a man can get ahead; ‘long as you’re American, born and bred!”

After Intermission, Act II opens with Commissioner Watchorn taking photos of immigrants for posterity... “A Picture’s Worth Thousands Words!” Then, it’s back to the inspections, with many immigrants being sent to detention for further examinations or to wait for their relatives. Commissioner Watchorn tells Miss Anderson, a reformer, that “You Can’t Change the World,” when she makes suggestions for improvements at Ellis Island. The immigrants left in detention are suffering from homesickness until Nicolai, the Russian anarchist, reminds them of the pogroms and life “under the boot of the Tsar.” Sylvia Bonet, a woman of color from Guadeloupe, also longs for her Island home after suffering indignities at the hands of the authorities in her song, “Another Island”.

Inspector Winston, meanwhile, has set up a trap for the unscrupulous Sammy Tate, who has been stealing money from the baggage of the unsuspecting “greenhorns”. With the help of Miss Buckley and Inspector Washington the criminal is caught in the act of exchanging Italian lire for dollars.

In the hospital, Jutka Haraszti is given the bad news that her daughter, Ildiko, who has scarlet fever, might not make it through the night. She sings of the “End of a Dream”. “No new beginning for us, no happy endings for us. To America, she’s one of many, to a mother, she’s all I have. They won’t miss her in this land of plenty. To America...what’s one more child?”

In an empty room, Mrs. Elsworth and Brigitte Anderson have set up a private audition for the ballerina, Ludmilla, with Mr. Gorky of the Metropolitan Opera Ballet. The bossy Mrs. MacArthur discovers them and reminds them of “A Woman’s Place”.

At the Special Inquiry hearings Nicolai Goldovsky and some of the immigrants express their disappointment with the “American Dream”. “So, this it? I’ve traveled half way across the world, I’ve gone to extremes. ‘Cause I believed in a vision I had in my mind of a land that I heard of where life could be kind to a man with the will to succeed with the sweat of his brow! Where he didn’t have to bow to no one or nothing, unless he chose to of his own free will!”

In the final moments of the play, we learn who is accepted and who is rejected. The immigrants sing “Let us belong! We’ll make you strong!” Give us the American Dream! It’s not too late, we’ll carry our weight! Give us the American Dream!”

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Immigrants:

**note: most immigrant solos can be divided and assigned any way. They aren’t dependent on character, accept where noted after the character description.*

- Italians:** Orphanage Owner (*speaking part, in 1st scene only*)
Constanza/Violetta (*assistant to Orphanage Owner then change to Giuseppe DiScala’s sister*)
Giuseppe DiScala (*Italian winemaker*)
Susanah DiScala (*his worrier sister*)
Signora Fontana (*Italian earth-mother, comic*)
Paolo & Carolina Fontana (*her 2 children*)
Anna Christina del Amante di Borghese (*10 year old orphan travelling to America alone to meet her aunt & uncle*)
Mr. & Mrs. Borghese (*her aunt and uncle, speaking part in last scene only*)
- Irish:** Kate Sullivan (*fiery Irish lass looking for a rich husband, 19, belt singer*)
Colleen Sullivan (*her more conservative sister, 17*)
Timothy O’Reilly (*reluctant former Irish revolutionary, short solo or duet*
with Daniel in “One-Way-Ticket”)
Daniel Murphy (*his nervous friend. They end up marrying Kate & Colleen at the “kissing post” on Ellis island to help them enter the U.S.*)
- English:** Winifred Godfrey (*stuffy ex-postal worker who recognizes Timothy & Daniel from a wanted poster and reports them to the E.I. authorities.*)
- Magyars (Hungarians):**
Jutka Haraszti (*mother of Zsuzsi & Ildiko, alto, big solo*)
Eva Szabo (*her best friend, speaking role*)
Irenka Szabo (*her daughter*)

- Ildiko Haraszti (*Jutka's younger daughter, almost dies on Ellis Island*)
 Zsuzsi Haraszti (*Jutka's older daughter*)
- Swedes:** Per Svensson (*65 year old family patriarch, widower, gets sent back*)
 Helga Svensson (*his anxious daughter-in-law*)
 Brunnhilde Svensson (*her daughter*)
 Kelsey Nordlund (*Helga's niece*)
- Denmark:** Ulrika Jacobsen (*loud, bossy*)
 Hans Jacobsen (*her henpecked husband, comic relief*)
- Russian Hebrews:**
 Nicolai Goldovsky (*former anarchist, 2 solos, alto or tenor voice*)
 Ludmilla Antonovich (*16 year-old ballerina, orphan, short **belt solo, solo dance in Act II.***)
 Mr. Gorky (*speaking part, Act II, Ballet master for whom Ludmilla dances*)
 Anushka Abelson (*woman escaping Russia with her niece*)
 Ester Abelson (*her young, inquisitive niece*)
 Adele (*girl in detention*)
 Sady (*young girl in detention*)
- West Indian:** Sylvia Bonet (*black or indian woman who is taken out of first class and brought to Ellis Island because her daughter walks with a crutch and because her story is deemed "unlikely". **Big solo, Act II***)
 Bonet daughters (*2 little girls, walk-on part, no lines*)
 Doctor Bonet (*Sylvia's surgeon husband, speaking, last scene only*)

Immigrant Ensemble (*As many as desired.*)

Americans:

- Commissioner Watchorn (*Historical leader of Ellis Island in 1907, responsible for many archival photographs of immigrants. **Big solo, alto or tenor.** Doubles as a TICKETSELLER & SHIP CAPTAIN in earlier scenes*)
- Inspector Winston (*proud, distracted, frazzled head inspector at E.I., speaking role, doubles as TICKETSELLER & SHIP CAPTAIN*)
- Inspector George Washington (*inspector who immigrants continually ask whether he's the "real George Washington". Doubles as TICKETSELLER & SHIP CAPTAIN*)
- Dr. Schmidt (*Ellis island doctor*)
- Nurse Martin (*efficient, nice E.I. nurse*)
- Nurse Jackson (*older nurse jealous of Nurse Martin*)
- Miss Buckley (*secretary to Comm. Watchorn, confused by Inspector Winston with Miss Ward.*)
- Miss Ward (*Inspector Winstons' secreatry*)
- Sammy Tate (*unscrupulous baggage-handler, later arrested for stealing Giuseppe DiScala's money, **alto or baritone range solo***)
- Miss Brigitte Anderson (*young reformer appointed by President Roosevelt to write a*

*report on Ellis Island and suggest reforms. **Big solo, soprano/belt***

The 3 “Matrons

Mrs. Wilhemina MacArthur (*Bossy, 50-ish volunteer, sings*)

Mrs. Sutton (*ditsy, southern-belle matron, volunteer, sings*)

Mrs. Mary Elsworth (*refined, sincere woman, blossoming into her own sense of worth and independence. Sings*)

***note the “matrons” sing a quartette with Brigitte called ‘A Woman’s Place’)*

American/first-class passenger ensemble (*can include additional Ellis Island workers*)

SET REQUIREMENTS “Ellis Island can be performed on a bare stage or 3 tall, rectangular boxes built with 2 x 4’s without walls can be used. At the top of each, signs are attached with the names of the cities to represent ticket booths. Turn ¼ and have signs with the ships’ names on top. Turn another quarter and have “baggage”, “Telegrams” and “Exchange” signs. We used a podium as an “inspection” site and a table with chairs for the “Special Inquiry” scene. For the hospital we used a cot and for “detention” simple benches. We also added freestanding 4x8’ windows to “detention”.

COSTUMES Thrift shops are loaded with potential clothing. For immigrants, we used skirts, blouses, shawls and head scarves. For men, dark pants, white long-sleeved shirts and vests. Change the collars to match the period (1907). The American women wore long, a-line dark solid-colored skirts and high-necked blouses and suit-jackets. For first-class passengers, make sure woman have hats and gloves to differentiate them from the immigrants. The nurses added white aprons to their outfits. Watchorn is in “tails” and a bowler. The inspectors should look like they are in a uniform.

Ellis Island

Scene 1, "Standing On The Edge of Time"

[Three staging areas: Queenstown, Ireland (Stage Right), Hamburg, Germany (Center Stage), Naples, Italy (Stage Left).]

(Lights come up slowly on the hustle and bustle of people arriving, buying tickets, purchasing food for the journey, carrying suitcases and bundles. The "Captains" of the ships act as ticket sellers in this scene.)

(Naples) ENTER STAGE LEFT, Orphanage OWNER, ANNA & MATRON (CONSTANZA), who is holding ANNA by the hand.)

SONG "STANDING ON THE EDGE OF TIME" (FULL CAST)

ALL: Standing On The Edge Of Time,
A slow-motion pantomime.
I feel like I'm moving in a dream.
A leaf on a river, floating downstream.
Walking the tightrope of "here and now",
My soul repeats a sacred vow.
Forward ever, backward never!
All ties with the past I must sever.
What lies ahead is a mystery.
What went before is now history! *(bass-line continues, dialogue proceeds over music. LIGHTS UP ON STAGE LEFT, "ITALY", DOWN LOW ON REST OF STAGE)*

O. Owner: Constanza, you wait here with the child while I exchange this ticket for one

that is more suitable. To waste good money on a first class ticket for such a girl would be a sin. Steerage is good enough for her.

Constanza: Yes, Signora. *(to ANNA)* You're so lucky to be traveling to America. I wish I could go.

Anna: Don't worry, Constanza. My aunt and uncle are rich, and someday I will be, too. Then, I'll bring you to America to live with me.

O. Owner: *(to TICKET SELLER)* I wish to exchange this first class ticket for steerage.

Ticket Seller: Are you sure that's what you want, ma'am?

O. Owner: Young man, I know what I want. Now, give me the ticket and my change!

Ticket Seller: Va bene One third class ticket to New York onboard the Bel Italia and here's your change. By the way, signora, I know you know what you want, but you'd better buy some food to take on the trip with you. Steerage is a big come-down from first class.

O. Owner: Thank you, for your concern, but, the ticket is not for me.

Ticket Seller: You're not (*looking at his manifest*) . . . Anna Christina del Amante di Borghese?

O. Owner: No.. She is. (*pointing to ANNA*)

Ticket Seller: She's traveling by herself?

O. Owner: That is correct. Her aunt and uncle from America will be meeting her in New York.

Ticket Seller: Then, you'd better pin this tag to her coat, and tell her not to take it off or she might get lost in the crowds. (*hands her a tag*)

O. Owner: Very well! (*takes tag from him haughtily and walks to CONSTANZA. She hands tag to CONSTANZA*) Here. Pin this to her coat and (*turning to ANNA*), listen to me, girl! You'd better not lose this tag or you may never see your rich aunt and uncle from America. (*to CONSTANZA*) Take this money and buy her some food for the trip.

Constanza: (*looking at money SHE has taken*) But, Signora, this is only enough for one day's worth of food?....

Owner: Children eat less than adults! Oh...very well. (*handing her some more*) But, this is all she gets. We need this money at the orphanage more than she does. She'll have plenty of food where she's going.

Anna: Signora? Is that the ship I'll be sailing on? (*pointing to Bel Italia*)

O. Owner: Si. . .si.

Anna: Will I'll be bringing any of my clothes with me?

O. Owner: What does a rich American girl need with Italian clothes? No, no, selfish girl! Your rich aunt and uncle will buy you new ones, I'm sure. Besides, you should be thanking me now for everything I've done for you. If it wasn't for me, your aunt and uncle would never have sent for you.

Anna: Thank you for everything, Signora! (*ANNA tries to hug her. O. OWNER pushes her away slightly disdainfully*)

O. Owner: I suggest you tell your aunt and uncle all I've done for you. Then, perhaps they will send me a suitable reward. *(to CONSTANZA)*
Now, hurry up with the shopping and see to it she gets onboard.
(SHE turns her back on ANNA without so much as a "goodbye". ANNA & CONSTANZA look after her. CONSTANZA shrugs her shoulders, takes ANNA's hand and proceeds to shop for food.)

(LIGHTS UP ON FULL STAGE as song continues. . .)

ALL: Walking the tightrope of here and now
My soul repeats a sacred vow. . .
Forward ever, backward never!
All ties with the past I must sever!

(bass-line continues, dialogue over music. LIGHTS UP, STAGERIGHT, IRELAND.)
(Action shifts to Queenstown, STAGE RIGHT. TIMOTHY O'REILLY & DANIEL MURPHY move way DOWNSTAGE RIGHT, away from other people. They are speaking secretly.)

Daniel: Do you see any police?

Timothy: Donovan said he'll be creating a diversion elsewhere to keep 'em busy. I think we'd better buy our tickets now.

Daniel: What if the ticket seller has seen the "Wanted" poster?

Timothy: That's a chance we'll have to take. Now, let's get to it.

(TIMOTHY and DANIEL get in line to buy a ticket. They are standing behind KATE and COLLEEN SULLIVAN, 2 young and pretty sisters.)

Kate: We'd like to purchase 2 tickets to the Land o' the Free, steerage, if you please.

Ticket Seller: *(sarcastically)* Land o' the Free? And where might that be, miss?

Kate: Why, America, of course! Where else?

Ticket Seller: Who are you traveling with?

Kate: Me sister, the lovely Colleen Sullivan.

Ticket Seller: Well, Miss Sullivan, I can't be sellin' any single women no tickets to America, unless they be accompanied by a male member of the family or unless a male relative comes to pick them up at Ellis Island.

Kate: Ellis Island? What's that?

Ticket Seller: That's where all you steerage passengers go to be processed to see if America will take you in. They don't want any riff-raff or any women of low, moral character.

Kate: (*COLLEEN gives KATE a worried look*) Well. Mister "whatever your name is," I'll have you know our uncle will be meeting us at.... Ellis Island, so you can just sell us the tickets and we'll be on our way.

Ticket Seller: Very well. Name?

Kate: Kate Sullivan and Colleen Sullivan.

Ticket Seller: Age?

Kate: I'm nineteen and my sister's seventeen.

Ticket Seller: Destination? (*KATE is puzzled for a moment*) Where do you intend to live?

Kate: In New York City, of course.

Ticket Seller: With your uncle, I presume.

Kate: You presume correctly.

Ticket Seller: Uncle's name? (*Kate hesitates*) Uncle's name?

Kate:Harry Sullivan.

Ticket Seller: Address? (*KATE is confused. COLLEEN jumps in*)

Colleen: 125 Broadway, in New York City!

Ticket Seller: (*looking up suspiciously*)

Kate: Yes, that's it. 125 Broadway.

Ticket Seller: Very well. You're all set. Here are your tickets. (*handing them tags*) Have a pleasant journey onboard the King James, ladies. And I hope you have no trouble locating your uncle on Broadway.

Kate: Don't worry about us. (*taking tickets*) We'll be just fine. (*KATE turns and bumps into TIMOTHY. He steps back, bows, and picks up the package she has dropped.*)

Timothy: Allow me, miss? (*handing her a package*)

Kate: *(takes package from him hastily)* Thank you. But, if you hadn't been breathing down me neck, I wouldn't have dropped it in the first place. *(KATE hustles by him. TIM shrugs his shoulders and looks after her.)*

Colleen: *(to TIM)* Excuse me sister, sir. She didn't mean to be rude. *(to KATE)* What's the matter with you? **You** bumped into him. He was only bein' polite.

Kate: Now, Colleen Sullivan! Don't let your head be turned by any poor Irishman! I know a lot more about men than you, and I 'm not settlin' for a poor farmer. It'll be a rich American for me! *(COLLEEN looks back at DANIEL who has been staring at her. KATE sees this)* And for **you, too**, miss! *(KATE grabs COLLEEN's hand and pulls her away. THEY go about preparations for the trip.)*

Ticket Seller: May I help you, sir? *(TIM has been looking at the girls and doesn't hear.)*
Sir.....?

Timothy: Oh, right. Two tickets for the land o' the free! Steerage.

Ticket Seller: *(sarcastically, again)* And where might that be?

Timothy: Didn't you hear the you the young lady? America is where we're headin'.
(TIMOTHY & DANIEL proceed to go through the ticket buying process in pantomime. DANIEL keeps looking about nervously for the police.)

(LIGHTS UP ON FULL STAGE as SONG CONTINUES)

ALL: We enter into the communion of unity of purpose.
Each of us a wand'ring soul;
Each one with a common goal.
Seeking the ideal, not knowing if it's real.

(LIGHTS UP, CENTERSTAGE as the action shifts to *Hamburg, Germany.*)

Ulrika J : *(A Danish woman)(calling loudly & imperiously)* Hans! Hans! Come here this instant. *(HANS runs up to her out of breath)* What can you be thinking, leaving me here alone with all these bundles?!

Hans: *(UIRIKA's henpecked husband)* I

Ulrika: Anyone could have robbed me and then we would have lost everything and it would have been all your fault! You foolish man! Sometimes I wonder why I married you!

Han: *(under his breath)* Sometimes I wish

Ulrika: What was that?

Hans: Oh, nothing. We'd better buy our tickets, now.

Ulrika: Help me with these bags. (*HANS & ULRIKA pick up their belongings and go to purchase tickets.*)

(*HELGA SVENSSON, a strongly-built, Swedish woman of 36, moves DOWNSTAGE CENTER, reading a paper SHE is holding in her hand and looking around.*)

Helga: Ja. This is the place. (*Calling over her shoulder*) Come along, now, and help Papa! (*the entire SVENSSON FAMILY ENTERS, carrying all kinds of bags and bundles. They are laughing and singing. There is much commotion. BRUNNHILDE is pulling PER along by the hand.*)

Brunnhilde: Over here, Grandpa! Mama's found where we're supposed to be!

Per: Slow down, little one. Not so fast! I'm not as young as I used to be. (*INGRID, ERIC, KIRSTEN, RONA and BRUNNHILDE are snaking through all the adults while holding hands with each other and singing "We're going to America! We're going to America!" The last one grabs onto BRUNNHILDE's hand, and she joins in with their playing.*)

Per: Helga! Should we get the family together, now?

Helga: I think we'd better. The ship is scheduled to leave in four hours. That seems to be the ticket line, over there. (*pointing to where HANS & ULRIKA are buying their tickets.*)

Helga: (*to Per*) Papa, are you all right?

Per: (*a hearty voice, but a frail body*) I'm fine, I'm fine. Brunnhilde is with me.

Brunnhilde: We're getting in line, now, Papa. We need to move over there. (*pointing, looking around & noticing one of the girls is missing*) Mama? Kelsey is missing!

Helga: (*loudly worried*) What do you mean? What happened to her?

Brunnhilde: I think she went shopping.

Helga: (*getting close to hysterical*) I knew it! I knew it! We've lost her and we have less than four hours to find her! What are we going to do?

Per: Calm down, Helga. She can't be far away.

Helga: Hamburg's a big city. A pretty young girl.....someone could have kidnapped her! What will her father and mother say when we tell them we've lost their daughter in Hamburg!?

Brunnhilde: I'll look for her while you stand in line for the tickets. (*BRUNNHILDE is interrupted by the breathless arrival of KELSEY, who is carrying oranges in her hands.*)

Kelsey: Look, grandfather! I bought you oranges from Italy!

Helga: Are you crazy!?! We thought you were kidnapped! Lost! Dead! And spending the little money you have on extravagances! Oranges!

Per: Helga! The girl meant well. There's no harm done.

Kelsey: And oranges are healthy, Aunt Helga. I read in a book at home that sailors brought them with them to keep from getting sick on long voyages and I didn't want grandfather getting sick because, after all, we're going on a long voyage and

Per: So, you see, it's all my fault.

Brunnhilde: We'd better get in line or the boat will sail without us! (*The SVENSSON FAMILY get in line and continues the ticket buying process in pantomime, while LIGHTS UP ON FULL STAGE as SONG continues. . .*)

ALL: Hand to mouth, nothing to be or to become;
Here, our lives go south to the beating of their powerful drum.
Rigid bureaucracy, old aristocracy! Keeping us under their thumb!

(LIGHTS DOWN ON 2/3'S STAGE, LIGHTS UP ON ITALY, STAGE LEFT. The scene shifts to Naples, STAGE LEFT)

(SIGNORA FONTANA, CAROLINA & PAOLO have ENTERED from STAGELEFT during the previous scene. THEY have purchased their tickets in pantomime. THEY move DOWNSTAGE to speak.)

Signora Fontana: Carolina, I want you to watch your brother while I buy some fresh bread and sausage for the trip.

Carolina: But, Mama, he never listens to me

Signora Fontana: Paolo, you pay attention to what your sister tells you, or your father will hear about it when we get to America.

Paolo: But, Mama, she doesn't let me

Signora Fontana: Enough! Do not leave our baggage unattended. This is not the village, anymore.

Carolina: But, Mama, what could we do to stop a robber?

Signora Fontana: You scream-a for me as loud as you can. I'll be right over there. If I hear you screaming, I'll come running and then we'll see who wants to rob the wife of Antonio Fontana! (*SIGNORA FONTANA*

*EXITS STAGE LEFT with the shake of a finger at the children.)
(CAROLINA & PAOLO give each other an annoyed look and sit
down on the luggage, back to back.)*

*(ENTER STAGE LEFT, JUTKA HARASZTI & EVA SZABO, followed by their children,
who are holding hands.)*

- Jutka:** Eva, why don't you stay with the children, while I get the tickets?
- Eva:** I want to get some fresh bread for the trip. My husband said the food on the ship is terrible.
- Jutka:** We haven't got much time.
- Eva:** Let me give you the money. *(SHE goes through an elaborate process of undoing her clothing to get at the money which she has secreted away in a little purse.)*
- Jutka:** Children, put the bags down here and sit on them till we return.
- Eva:** *(Taking the money out and handing it to JUTKA) Here you are. Enough for three tickets. I can see a food store from here. Children! Wait here and don't talk to anyone! (ZSUZSI, ILDIKO, and IRENKA drag all their baggage near where CAROLINA & PAOLO are sitting, and sit down on it. EVA EXITS & JUTKA moves UPSTAGE to purchase tickets. As soon as THEY are gone, ILDIKO pulls a kitten out of her shawl and starts to pet it. The girls look around anxiously.)*
- Zsuzsi:** Be careful, Ildiko. What if anyu *(Hungarian for "mother")* comes back and catches you with her?
- Ildiko:** But she needs some air.
- Zsuzsi:** Maybe she's thirsty?
- Irenka:** I think she's hungry.
- Ildiko:** So do I. I wish I had some food to give her. *(PAOLO has been watching them with intense curiosity from his seat on top of his luggage. HE has been eating sausage which he has been cutting with a knife. The GIRLS notice HIM looking at them and see that HE has food.)*
- Irenka:** Maybe that boy would give us a piece of his sausage? Why don't we ask him?
- Zsuzsi:** Anyu said "no talking to strangers."
- Irenka:** But, he's only a little boy.

Ildiko: How can we ask him, anyway? He probably doesn't speak Hungarian.

Zsuzsi: He keeps looking over here. *(The GIRLS look at PAOLO, who is watching them with great interest. ILDIKO holds up the kitten and THEY all pantomime eating. PAOLO looks at his sausage, cuts a piece and holds it out to them. IRENKA jumps up and takes it from him and brings it to the cat. At that moment, EVA returns with the bread. She sees the cat and becomes indignant.)*

Eva: Shoo! Shoo! *(The cat jumps out of ILDIKO's arms. PAOLO runs after it.)* What are you children doing with that animal?

Ildiko: *(upset)* But, he's hungry!

Eva: No more! Your mother's waiting for us. Let's go or we'll miss the boat. *(The girls sadly look back for the cat, but EVA hurries them along to meet JUTKA.) (PAOLO catches the cat and puts it in his satchel. CAROLINA calls after him.)*

Carolina: Paolo! Get back over here!

Paolo: All right! All right! I'm coming. *(PAOLO returns to his seat with the cat hidden in his satchel.)*

(SIGNORA FONTANA returns with food in a satchel from STAGELEFT)

Signora Fontana: Time to go children! Gather the baggage! *(the Fontana Family gathers their things and prepares to board the Bel Italia.)*

(LIGHTS UP ON FULL STAGE as song continues. . .)

ALL: One way out, and I'm gonna take it!
There's no doubt, I'm gonna make it!
Whatever I have to do,
Whatever I have to go through!
I'm tired of living hand to mouth
Nothing to be or to become!
Watching my dreams and my life heading south,
I won't stay and be treated like scum!

(LIGHTS STAY UP, CENTERSTAGE, DOWN ON SIDES.)

(The action returns to Hamburg, CENTERSTAGE. There is a line UPSTAGE at the Ticket Sellers Booth. NICOLAI, HELGA followed by LUDMILLA. (ANUSHKA moves DOWNSTAGE with ESTER.)

Anushka: Here are our tickets. *(She passes them out.)*

Ester: I cant' believe we're really going to America. I'm so excited.

Anushka: Keep your voice down, Ester. I won't feel sure until we are onboard and there is water between us and the shore.

Ester: Anushka ,you're such a worrier.

Anushka: And with good reason. Do you still have the candlesticks?

Ester: *(exasperated)* Yes, for the hundredth time, yes. They're right here. *(patting a satchel she is carrying)*

Anushka: They belonged to my Moishe's mother and he.....

Ester:would never speak to me again if I were to lose them. *(SHE finishes ANUSHKA's sentence)*

Anushka: I suppose you think you're very funny. *(ESTER looks at her and smiles. They continue speaking in pantomime and move so as not to block LUDMILLA who is now at the head of the line, purchasing her ticket.)*

Ticket Seller: Name?

Ludmilla: Ludmilla Antonovich

Ticket Seller: Age?

Ludmilla: Sixteen.

Ticket Seller: Occupation?

Ludmilla: Ballerina.

Ticket Seller: *(looking up)* What?

Ludmilla: Ballerina.

Ticket Seller: (*looking at her suspiciously*) Are you traveling alone?

Ludmilla: Yes.

Ticket Seller: I cannot sell a ticket to any unaccompanied woman, Fraulein. Unless, that is, you are being met by a male relative at Ellis Island?

Ludmilla: (*panicking & thinking fast*) Oh. As a matter of fact, my uncle will be meeting me there. He lives in New York.

Ticket Seller: What is his name and address?

Ludmilla: Jakob Antonovich. He lives onFifth Avenue.

Ticket Seller: (*writing it down*) ...Fifth Avenue. Here is your ticket. Don't go too far away. We'll be boarding shortly. (*LUDMILLA grabs her ticket and jumps for joy as "One Way Ticket to America" introduction begins.*)

Song: One Way Ticket To America!

Ludmilla, Solo 1: I got my ticket; I'm gonna sail away.

Chorus: One Way Ticket To America

Solo 1: Into the unknown, I'm gonna make my way!

Chorus: One Way Ticket To America

Solo 1: So many people have gone before;
Maybe to you I am just one more.

But I got my ticket straight to the U.S.A.

Chorus: One Way Ticket To America

Solo 2: No more oppression they won't keep me down anymore!

Chorus: One Way Ticket To America

Solo 2: No more depression when I reach that golden shore!

Chorus: One Way Ticket To America

Solo 2: American freedom will be my banner!

I'll change my walk, my talk, my manner!
'Cause I got my ticket straight to the U.S.A.

Chorus: One Way Ticket To America

Gone Are the Old Days!
Gone Are the Old Ways!
Welcome the New me,

I'm gonna be free!
Master of my fate: Life in a new state,
Life in the U.S.A.

Male Solo 3: My wife and family are back in the old country.
I'm gonna work hard and soon you'll see,
Someday, I'll bring them out with me.
To America!

Chorus: America!

Solo 3: I'll find my way in America!

Chorus: America!

Solo 3: America! That's where I'll be, land of the free,

Chorus: Land of Opportunity!

Solo 4: They say in America, the money it grows on trees!
I'll plant me a few and live in ease
Off my harvest of silver dollar leaves.
In America!

Chorus: America!

Solo 4: I'll find my way in America.

Chorus: America!

Solo 4: America.
That's where I'll be, Land of the free,

Chorus: Land of Opportunity!

America, Open your arms to a poor wand'ring soul
(Open your arms to me!)
I have traveled so long, still I'm only half way to my goal.
(Open you arms to me!)
I have a vision of what life could be
In that magical place, where all people live free!

1st class: Oh, aren't those peasants charming; from here they look so sweet.

Captains: But, don't get any closer or the stench of garlic, will knock you off your feet.

Kate: When I get to America the men will fall in line.
I'll look them over one by one,
And make the best one mine.
So ladies don't get in my way, you'd better step aside;
'Cause when I get to America.....
I'll be a rich man's bride.

Tim: When I get to America, won't have to scrape and bow.
There'll be no lords or ladies there to whom I must kowtow.
Then I will only lift my hat to those who earn my trust.
And thumb my nose to anyone..... who tells me that I must.

1st Class: Oh, sailing to America will be a merry lark;
I simply cannot wait until this steamship will embark.
The sea air is like perfume.
But the chill can make one swoon.
I pray our trip's a smooth one,
And that we'll be there soon.

Chorus: In America, America! I'll find my way in America.
America! America! That's where I'll be, Land of the Free,
Land of Opportunity.

America open your arms to a poor wand'ring soul.
Open your arms to me.
I have traveled so long, still I'm only half way to my goal.
Open your arms to me.
I have a vision of what life could be.....
In that magical place where all people live free!

Chorus 2: One Way Ticket to America!

Chorus 1: America!

2: One Way Ticket to America!

1: America!

2: One Way Ticket to America!

1: America!

2: One Way Ticket to.....

All: I got my fare, soon I'll be there.....

In AME....RI.....CA.....YAH!

(Song Over)

Act I, Scene 2 "All Aboard!"

(LIGHTS UP, STAGE LEFT, ITALY. LIGHTS LOW ON REST OF STAGE)

Violetta: *(calling loudly, as soon as applause has died down a bit)* Giuseppe!
Giuseppe! Help us with these bags.

Susannah: The ship is boarding. Hurry! Hurry!

Giuseppe: (imitating them) Hurry! Hurry! You girls are always in a hurry.

Violetta: Us? Who was the one who was in such a hurry to sell our family farm and move to America!

Susannah: Enough of this arguing! The decision has been made. We are going to America, and that's that!

Giuseppe: Let's hurry and get our tickets so we can find us a good spot. You girls want to be together on the ship, don't you?

Violetta: I'd rather not be going on the ship, at all!

Susannah: (*with warning in her voice*) Violetta! Where will you be Giuseppe?

Giuseppe: I have to stay with the men. Don't worry. We'll meet you on deck. Now, where are the vines?

Susannah: Right here, in this bag. I'm taking good care of them.

Giuseppe: Those vines are our fortune, Susannah.

Susannah: No one knows better than I do, Giuseppe. I'll guard them with my life.

Giuseppe: (*elated*) I can see it now. Discala Wineries! Someday we'll be rich! Someday we'll be exporting **our** wine to Italy.

Violetta: You're crazy, Giuseppe! You're crazy!

Giuseppe: (*picking her up and spinning her around*) Crazy with joy!

Violetta: Put me down!

Susannah: Let's get on the ship already, or it will be leaving without us. *(They gather up their belongings and board the Bel Italia.)*

Bel Italia Captain: All Ashore who's goin' ashore!

King James Captain: All Ashore who's goin' ashore!

Deutschland Captain: All Ashore, who's goin' ashore!

Signora Fontana: Carolina! Paolo! The ship's leaving!

Carolina & Paolo: We're coming, mother! *(running breathlessly up to their mother.)*

(LIGHTS UP ON CENTERSTAGE, DOWN ON STAGELEFT & RIGHT)

(Action shifts to Hamburg, Germany)

Ester: *(speaks as if continuing a conversation already started)...*but, Anushka, why can't we go up there? *(pointing to the first class deck.)* It looks much nicer up there, and we'll have a better view.

Anushka: *(a little bit exaggerated)* I'm sure it is much nicer up there, but, Ester it's for first class passengers, only.

Ester: First Class? But, you told me that everyone in America was equal.... **you** said there was no upper class.....

Anushka: *(cutting her off)* I **said** that there was no Royalty in America. Besides, this isn't America, yet.

Ester: So, when we go to America, there will only be one class, yes?

Anushka: Ester, first class means they paid more for their tickets, therefore they stay in a better place. When I said that all Americans are equal, I meant that they received equal treatment under the law.

Nicolai: You should be weeping for joy, little one. You will soon be free of the tyranny of the czar and his Cossacks. When I think of the evil and injustices caused by that man...

Anushka: Sssshhhh! *(interrupting him)* Not so loud. We are not free yet.

Nicolai: A true anarchist does not whisper his accusations in dark corners but, shouts out the call for freedom from the rooftops. *(everyone at this point is looking at NICOLAI, who has started to shout.)*

Anushka: *(running over to him)* Keep your voice down! *(under her breath)* “Call for freedom,” indeed! If it weren’t for people like you, we would not be forced to run from our homeland!

Nicolai: If it weren’t for people like me, you would continue to live like cowering dogs, whimpering at the feet of your czarist masters! You should be cursing the czar and his Cossacks for the pogroms, not the freedom fighters!

Anushka: “Freedom Fighters,” indeed! You’re nothing but a common rabblouser! *(turning her back on him and stalking away.)*

Ludmilla: *(To Nicolai.)* Quiet down, sir. At least wait until we are at sea before you speak your mind. The czar has many friends in Germany. *(NICOLAI calms down and moves off by himself.)*

Ester: *(to Anushka)* Why were you so rude to that man? He’s so dashing! How could you speak to him like that?

Anushka: “Dashing?” He’s a reckless revolutionary!

Ester: But, you said yourself that the czar was an evil man!

Anushka: Ssshhh! What I say in the privacy of my own home is my business! I don’t go throwing bombs and causing other people misery.

Ester: *(infatuated)* Do you really think he actually threw a bomb?

Anushka: I don’t know, and I don’t want to know. Now, no more talk of that man.

(FOGHORN IS HEARD, SIGNALLING THE SHIPS’ DEPARTURES)

Kelsey: The ship is moving! We’re on our way!

Brunnhilde: Hooray! We’re off to America! Auf wiedersehen, Deutschland!

**(LIGHTS UP ON FULL STAGE, as PASSENGERS shout and wave “good-bye”
OVER INTRO TO SONG REPRISE)**

(SONG)

ALL: Standing On The Edge of Time,
A slow-motion pantomime.
I feel like I’m moving in a dream.
A leaf on a river, floating downstream.
Walking the tightrope of “here and now”;
My soul repeats a sacred vow. . .
“Forward ever, backward never!”

All ties with the past I must sever.
What lies ahead is a mystery,
What went before is now history!

(LIGHTS DOWN ON FULL-STAGE, LIGHTS UP, STAGE RIGHT as Action shifts to Queenstown, Ireland: Aboard the “King James”)

(TIMOTHY O'REILLY & DANIEL MURPHY shake hands with each other.)

Timothy: Well, Daniel, me boy, we're on our way!

Daniel: Off to a new life! I'll miss the old sod.

Timothy: As long as the Irish must live like slaves in their own land, I won't be missing it for a moment. A curse on all the English lords and their like!

Daniel: Not so loud, Timothy!

Timothy: We're free now. No more hiding out in cellars for us! The valiant soldiers of Ireland will fight on without our help, now. We did what we could.

Daniel: We did what we could and I'd just as soon forget about it now. And hope that the authorities will forget about us!

Timothy: The “authorities” have plenty to worry about without chasing down a couple of bank robbers!

Daniel: Timothy! You must swear to me that you'll never speak of this to anyone, and I'll do the same. *(THEY clasp right hands.)*

Timothy: I swear on my mother's soul!

Daniel: I swear on my mother's soul!

Timothy: *(changing the mood)* But, you know, I'm gettin' rather hungry after all this excitement. Let's see what they've got for us to eat. *(TIM & DAN go*

to get some food. Other people have sat down to eat their picnics on all the ships.)

(LIGHTS DOWN, STAGERIGHT. LIGHTS UP, STAGELEFT. The action shifts to the Bel Italia)

Jutka: You children sit while Eva and I get some water. (*ZSUZSI, ILDIKO & IRENKE sit down. They are still dejected about the loss of their kitten.*)

Ildiko: She's probably hungry.

Zsuzsi: She could be dead by now.

Irenka: Zsuzsi! What an awful thing to say! Cats are smart. She'll survive.

Ildiko: But, she was only a baby!

Paolo: Psssst! Psssst!
(the GIRLS look at PAOLO, who is whispering to them.)

Zsuzsi: It's the boy who gave us the sausage!

Irenka: What do you think he wants?

Paolo: *(looking around secretively, PAOLO sneaks over to the GIRLS, then pulls the kitten out of his bag and hands it to ILDIKO.)*

Ildiko: Matzi! You saved our kitten! *(The GIRLS surround the kitten and ZSUZSI pats PAOLO on the back.)* "Thank You!" *(is spoken repeatedly by the GIRLS.)*

Paolo: *(tipping his hat to the girls and backing away, he backs into ANNA. Turning to face her, HE says)* Scusa me!

Anna: No harm done.

Paolo: You're Italian?

Anna: Si. I'm going to America to live with my aunt and uncle. And you?

Paolo: I'm going to meet my father.

Anna: By yourself?

Paolo: No, no! I'm with my mother and sister. The name's Paolo. (*HE extends his hand to shake hands with her.*)

Anna: (*curtseying*) Anna Christina del Amante di Borghese.

Paolo: (*impressed*) That sounds like a rich person's name!

Anna: (*explaining*) My parents were rich, but they died of Typhoid.

Paolo: Oh. I'm so sorry.

Anna: Grazie. (*grah-tsee-ay*). (*There is an awkward silence. PAOLO stares at his feet. They speak at the same time.....who are you/are you by?*) You first, please.

Paolo: No, no! You first.

Anna: Where do we go to eat on this ship? The matron from the orphanage only gave me this. (*SHE holds out her small bag of food.*)

Paolo: That's not very much for a whole week.

Signora Fontana: (*calling from UPSTAGE as she moves DOWNSTAGE*) Paolo! Paolo!
Here you are! It's time to eat now.

Paolo: Mama, meet my new friend. This is Anna Christina.....

Anna: ... del Amante di Borghese. (*finishing for him.*)

Signora Fontana: Such a big name for such a little girl! And I am Signora Fontana.

Anna: I'm so very pleased to meet you, Signora Fontana. You have a very charming son.

Signora Fontana: And **sooo** polite! What a lovely girl!

Paolo: Mama, Anna is an orphan and she's going to live with her aunt and uncle in New York!

Signora Fontana: I see. And who are you traveling with, my dear?

Anna: I'm by myself.

Signora Fontana: What are you saying? How can that be?

Anna: The mistress from the orphanage said I would be fine.

Signora Fontana: But, you're only a baby! How could they send you alone on such a voyage!? You **must** stay with us! I will look out for you until your aunt and uncle pick you up in New York. Imagine that! Sending a child alone to New York! (*SHE bustles the children to a place where they sit down and eat a meal.*)

(LIGHTS DOWN ON STAGELEFT, LIGHTS UP ON STAGE RIGHT. Action shifts to the "King James")

(COLLEEN & KATE are eating a picnic meal Downstage Right. DANIEL& TIMOTHY are walking slowly Downstage, carrying a tin plate each. THEY sit down near the GIRLS and start picking at their "food.")

Timothy: Daniel, me boy, it looks like we're goin' to have a little problem.

Daniel: This food isn't fit for a dog! (*HE puts down his plate in disgust. - Be Careful: Please, don't bang plates....it's distracting to the audience.*)

Timothy: Like it or not, we got to try it. (*he takes a bite and laboriously tries to swallow it. Then he groans and puts the plate down.*)

Colleen: (*COLLEEN has been watching them.*) It appears that your meal is not to your liking, gentleman.

Daniel: It's not what we were expecting, and that's the truth.

Kate: *(noticing them for the first time; she gives COLLEEN a disapproving look.)* You mean to say, you two hooligans brought no food with you?

Timothy: Circumstances placed us in an extreme hurry to leave.

Daniel: What he means is, in our excitement about going to America, we forgot to buy supplies.

Kate: A foolish mistake, sir. I don't suppose lack of money had anything to do with it?

Timothy: Certainly not! But, we didn't want to be wasting our money on anything so frivolous as food.

Kate: You too won't be much use to America half-starved and weak as kittens.

Daniel: We plan to keep our minds off hunger by tellin' each other the story of our lives.

Kate: "Tis' a very good story, indeed, that fills the belly!"

Timothy: Now don't be spoutin' proverbs to me, girl. You're beginning to sound like me old mother. *(laughingly nudges DANIEL.)*

Kate: *(raising a fist to him)* You'd better not be gettin' fresh with me or I'll begin to feel like your old mother, as well. *(KATE moves to slap him; TIM ducks and COLLEEN grabs her arm)*

Colleen: Kate! What are you doin'? The least we can do is offer our two countrymen a meal.

Kate: *(under her breath, to COLLEEN)* Are You crazy? We hardly have enough for ourselves!

Colleen: Shame on you, Kate Sullivan! I can't believe me ears! Mother would roll over in her grave if she could hear you speak!

Daniel: Please, ladies! We don't want to see two pretty sisters arguing on our account.

Kate: *(swiftly turning on him)* On **your** account?!

Colleen: *(warningly)* Kate.....?

Kate: *(looking at COLLEEN, taking a deep breath and composing herself.)* We aren't arguing ...we're discussin'. And I won't have the good Lord cursin' me for failin' to save a fellow Irishman from starvin'. Lord knows, too many of us have died that way already!

Colleen: *(cheerfully)* So, like it or not you'll have to accept our hospitality!

Timothy: Well, if you insist.....?

Kate & Colleen: We insist. *(TIM, DANIEL, COLLEEN & KATE sit down to eat.)*

(The action shifts to the "Bel Italia" Stageleft.)

Eva: *(the SZABO & HARASZTI families are just finishing their meal on deck.)* All right, children, let's clean up. *(THEY shake out towels, wipe off plates, put things in baskets while the girls still hide the kitten in a bag.)* Where is the rest of that sausage? I know there was another piece left.

Ildiko: I don't know. *(shrugging her shoulders)* Are you sure Zsuzsi didn't eat it?

Zsuzsi: I ate a lot of it. Maybe it rolled away somewhere.

Eva: Well, it certainly didn't grow legs and walk! *(looking at them suspiciously)* What are you children up to? I can tell when you are lying. Out with it!

Girls: Nothing. We're not up to anything. What makes you think that? Etc....

Eva: Jutka! You must speak to these children.

Jutka: All right, children. It's not right to tease Mrs. Szabo. Return the sausage, now. We need every bit of food for the trip.

Ildiko: But, mama, we don't have it anymore, honest. (*just then, a loud "meowing" is heard.*)

Jutka: What was that?

Ildiko: What was that?

Eva: It sounded like a cat. Uh-oh. I don't believe it! Where is it? (*EVA starts to look through their bags. She finds the cat and holds it up.*) See what these foolish children have done now?

Jutka: Where on earth did they find a cat?

Eva: I caught them playing with it in Naples, but, I thought I shoed it away.

Ildiko: Don't hurt Matzsi (*pronounced "Muht-see"*)! Please!?

Jutka: Cats carry germs. You don't know where this one has been?

Ildiko: But, it's little. How could it have a disease already? And look how pretty she is.

Jutka: Well, it is a pretty cat. What's done is done, but I'm going to have to think of a punishment for you girls. We have a difficult journey ahead of us, and carrying a kitten is not going to make it easier.

Ildiko: Oh, thank you, thank you! (*all the girls jump for joy. EVA throws up her hands in exasperation.*)

Eva: What next?

Capt. of Bel Italia (Ticket Seller): Batten down the hatches! Everyone go below! There's a storm comin' up.

Capt. of Deutschland (Ticket Seller): Everyone below! Storm's brewin'! Secure the hatches! It looks like a bad one!

Capt. of King James (Ticket Seller): Down below with ye! There's a storm comin' up! It's gonna be a rough one! Secure the hatches!

(all the IMMIGRANTS are in great confusion, calling out loudly to their children, etc., telling them to gather their things and go below. All actors take their places for "Neptune's Furies")

Song: “Neptune’s Furies”

Part I: ooooooooooooo’s (8 times)

Part II: (come in after 2 oo’s patterns) Ahhhhhh’s (6 times)

Part III: (come in after 3 ah’s) ooooooooo’s (4 times)

All: ICE RAIN FALLIN’, COLD WIND BLOWIN’

Part I: ooooooo (once)

Part II: ah..... (once)

Part III: in.....

(Middle Group does “solo”): Blowin’ from the East....

Chorus: BLOWIN’

Solo: Blowin from the North.....

Chorus: BLOWIN’

Solo: Out into the storm....

Chorus: BLOWIN’

Solo: You must set your course....

Chorus: BLOWIN’

Solo: Blowin’ from the East...

Chorus: BLOWIN’

Solo: Headin’ to the West....

Chorus: BLOWIN’

Solo: This North Atlantic storm will put you to the test!

Chorus: ooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo!

Solo: Don’t turn back! Better keep on course!

Chorus: DON’T TURN BACK! KEEP ON COURSE!

Solo: Set your resolve against a gale wind force!

Chorus: SET OUR RESOLVE AGAINST A GALE WIND FORCE!

Part I & II: SUCH AN EVIL WIND (2 part harmony sung 16 times)

Part III: (after 4 of “Such an....”) NEPTUNE’S FURIES CALLIN’ US.....

BLOW.....BLOW.....

Solo: Such an evil wind (4 times) such an evil wind (4 times, high)

First Class Passenger Sopranos: (sing after 8 “such an....”)

ICE RAIN FALLIN’, NEPTUNE’S CALLIN’ (sing twice)

Solo: Blowin’ from the East, Blowin’ from the North!

Chorus: BLOWIN’ BLOWIN’

Solo: Out into the storm, You must set your course!

Chorus: BLOWIN’ BLOWIN’

Solo: Blowin’ from the East, Headin’ to the West!

Chorus: BLOWIN’ BLOWIN’

Solo: This North Atlantic storm will put you to the test!

Chorus: ooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo!

Solo: Don’t Turn Back! Better Keep On Course!

Chorus: DON’T TURN BACK! KEEP ON COURSE!

Solo: Set your resolve against a gale wind

Chorus: SET OUR RESOLVE AGAINST A GALE WIND

Solo: Against a gale wind, Against a gale wind.....

Chorus: AGAINST A GALE WIND, AGAINST A GALE WIND.....

All: A.....GAINST.....A.....GALE.....WIND.....FORCE.....!

(END OF SONG)

(BLACKOUT)

SCENE 3 “ISLAND OF HOPE”

(Over the intro to “Island of Hope” “Ellis Island” appears on a back projection screen. The stage is still dark, everyone is sleeping. If unable to use projection, then ship’s CAPTAINS say following dialogue.)

Bel Italia Captain: Approaching Ellis Island!

Deutschland Captain: Ellis Island ahead!

King James Captain: Mornin’ all! Ellis Island is now in sight!

(KATE gets up, looks around her, sees that the ALL are still asleep and begins to sing this 'prayer' to Ellis Island.)

Song: Island of Hope

Kate: Island of Hope, save me from a life of fear;
Take me in, now that I'm here;
Give me a new beginning, and we'll both be winning, you'll
see.....I'm at the end of my rope;
Take me in Island of Hope.

Chorus: Island of Hope

Ludmilla: Island of Dreams! Be the answer to my prayer!
Shelter me, and if you dare;
I'll show you I can take it; yes, I'm gonna make it,
You'll see.....There on the shore your light beams....
Let me in, Island of Dreams.

Chorus: Island of Dreams

Jutka: Don't turn us back, now....

Chorus: DONT' TURN US BACK...

Jutka: We've come so far....

Chorus: WE'VE COME SO FAR...

Jutka: It's taken all we've got to get where we are.....

Chorus & Soloists: The goal is in reach, it's there on the beach....
Open your doors to us! Open your shores to us!
Island of Hope, . . .save us from a life of fear!

(sopranos) (Island of hope.....)

Take us in, now that we're here;
Give us a new beginning, and we'll both be winning ,
You'll see....we're at the end of our rope....

Take us in island; Let us in island! Take us in island; Let us in Island
of Hope.....!

Jutka: Ellis Island let me.....

Ludmilla Ellis Island let me.....

Kate: Ellis Island let me.....

Chorus: LET US IN ISLAND OF HOPE.....!

(SONG OVER)

Capt. of King James: All right, you greenhorns! Take these tags and pin 'em to
your clothing! If you don't have a tag you won't be gettin'
into America, and that's a fact!

Helga: Papa! Have you got your tag?

Per: It's pinned to my coat, Helga. We're all ready to go.

Brunnhilde: Have you got the money, Helga? You know they won't let us in without it.

Helga: Yes, yes. I have it hidden very well, don't you worry, Brunnhilde!

Irenka: *(to JUTKA who is standing with EVA)* Mama! Ildiko is sick!

Jutka: What do you mean? Where is she?

Irenka: Over there, mama. *(ZSUZSI are trying to hold up ILDIKO.)*

Jutka: *(putting her head on her forehead)* Oh, my God! She's burning up!

Eva: I knew we shouldn't have kept that cat!

Capt. of the Bel Italia: Time to board the ferries for Ellis Island! Don't lose your tags or you won't get in!

Jutka: Ildiko! I'll carry you, sweetheart! You must pretend to feel better when we get to the examinations.

Eva: What are we going to do? Children! Let's board the ferry! Get our bags together! Hurry up!

(All IMMIGRANTS descend steps to the ferries. THEY sit on their baggage as scene shifts to "Ellis Island." The "CAPTAINS" change their coats and hats, [onstage if necessary] First class PASSENGERS have been changing their costumes to get ready for the Ellis Island scene.)

SCENE 4 "9 AM TO 7 PM"

(Onstage the "ticket booth/ship's masts" are turned to show the register signs. It is early morning before the doors of the "Ellis Island" open for business. WORKERS are getting ready, making preparations, etc. A CLEANING WOMAN is pushing a broom across the floor. NURSE JACKSON ENTERS with a tray, on which is set a bottle of disinfectant, a pile of cotton wipes and the infamous "Buttonhooks." Dr. SCHMIDT is studying a clipboard on which the manifests of the incoming ships lie.)

Nurse Jackson: *(To DR. SCHMIDT)* Here is the disinfectant for the eye examination, Dr. Schmidt. I sincerely hope that we do not run out. It appears Nurse Martin forgot to order more. *(putting down the tray on one of the "Registry" tables and ordering the items in preparation.)*

Dr. Schmidt: Are you certain? (*not looking up from his reading*) Nurse Martin has always been the model of efficiency.

Nurse Jackson: Perhaps the job of head nurse is too much responsibility for such a young woman. Young women often have things of a more.....**personal**nature on their minds, and that can interfere with their productivity at work.

Dr. Schmidt: (*looking up*) Is Nurse Martin not feeling well?

Nurse Jackson: I'm sure that physically.....she's fine. What I meant was that young women are often preoccupied with matters...of the heart...as it were. Things that a more mature person, such as myself, have long since put behind them.

Dr. Schmidt: (*not quite sure what she means*) I see.

Nurse Martin: (*Entering with a larger tray, piled high with cotton wipes and a couple of bottles*) There you are, Nurse Jackson. (*smiling*) Good morning, Dr. Schmidt. It looks like a busy day ahead of us. (*to Nurse Martin*) Here are the rest of your supplies. I re-organized the medicine cabinets last night after closing. I think we'll have much more room now.

Nurse Jackson: More room? But, they've always been kept the way they are and we never had any problems before. I don't see why you need to change things and confuse everyone. (*shaking her head she goes off in a huff*)

Dr. Schmidt: It appears Nurse Jackson is not in good humor today.

Nurse Martin: This job can have that affect on a person. Except for you, Dr. Schmidt. I've never heard you utter an unkind word to anyone.

Dr. Schmidt: You flatter me, Nurse Martin. I tend to think of myself as something of a curmudgeon.

Nurse Martin: (*laughing*) Never that, Doctor.

Dr. Schmidt: Would you be so kind as to bring these manifests to Mr. Winston? We have a very long day ahead of us. (*handing HER the clipboard*)

Nurse Martin: Certainly, Dr. Schmidt. (*glancing down at the pages of manifests*) Oh, dear! These poor people are going to have quite a wait. (*NURSE MARTIN crosses to where MR. WINSTON is standing,*

talking with his stenographer, MISS WARD, and Mr. GEORGE WASHINGTON.) Mr. Winston, here are today's manifests.

- Mr. Winston:** *(taking clipboard)* Oh, thank you, Nurse ah,Nurse, ah...
- Nurse Martin:** ...Martin.
- Mr. Winston:** Nurse Martin. Oh, yes. Excuse me for forgetting.
- Nurse Martin:** Please, don't trouble yourself, Inspector Winston. You have a lot on your mind, I'm sure.
- Mr. Winston:** That I do, that I do, Nurse uh.....Nurse uh.....
- Nurse Martin:** Martin.
- Mr. Winston:** Right. *(NURSE MARTIN EXITS)*
- Mr. Winston:** Now...let's see what we've got, today. *(looking at the lists)*
Hmmmmm. Hmmmmm. Impossible! There are simply too many for one day. Mr. Washington, do you have any preferences? We have a ship from Germany, one from Italy and one from Ireland. And that's just this morning's work!
- Mr. Washington:** Sir, if it's all right with you, I'd prefer a group that doesn't speak English. If I must endure one more, "Are you the real George Washington? query, I think my hair will stand on end!
- Mr. Winston:** Now, man, you should be proud of your name. George Washington, the father of our country and all, what?
- Mr. Washington:** Yes, Mr. Winston, I am, but it's 1907! George Washington has been dead for a hundred years!
- Mr. Winston:** Very well, then. You shall have the Bel Italia, out of Naples, Italy. Miss Ward? Would you make a note of that?
- Miss Ward:** I already have, sir.
- Mr. Winston:** You "already have" what?
- Miss Ward:** Made a note of what you said, sir.
- Mr. Winston:** What did I say?

Miss Ward: You said that Inspector Winston is to register passengers off the Bel Italia.

Mr. Winston: Oh, yes. Quite so. (*seeing COMMISSIONER WATCHORN and BRIGITTE ANDERSON ENTERING. WATCHORN is giving her a tour. WINSTON crosses to speak to THEM. MISS WARD follows closely after handing MR. WASHINGTON a copy of the Bel Italia manifest, which HE places on a clipboard of his own. MR. WASHINGTON goes to a registry desk.*)
Ah, good morning, Commissioner Watchorn! Quite a full day ahead of us.

Comm. Watchorn: I'm sure your staff are up to it, Inspector Winston.

Mr. Winston: We do our best, sir.

Comm. Watchorn: Allow me to introduce Miss Anderson, Inspector Winston. She is a close, personal friend of President Roosevelt's daughter, Alice. Miss Anderson will be observing how we run things here at Ellis Island.

Mr. Winston: (*misunderstanding*) The president's daughter! Very impressive! An honor to meet you, Miss Roosevelt!

Comm. Watchorn: No, Inspector. This is Miss **Anderson**. She is a **friend** of the president's daughter. You are to give Miss Anderson every cooperation. She will be preparing a report for the president.

Miss Anderson: I'm pleased to meet you, Mr. Winston and I'm very curious about your work. You are an inspector?

Mr. Winston: **Head** Inspector, I might add. It is my job to oversee the preliminary inspection of the immigrants. Very demanding work, you know.

Miss Anderson: I imagine it is. What do you mean by "inspection"?

Mr. Winston: It begins when the ships enter the harbor. First, the steerage passengers are loaded on to ferries which bring them here.

Miss Anderson: (*taking out a small notepad and pencil from her handbag and beginning to take notes*) And.....how long does that take?

Mr. Winston: Only about fifteen minutes. But, then they must wait onboard the ferries until we have room enough to accommodate them.

Miss Anderson: On average, how long must they wait?

Mr. Winston: Sometimes, they wait for days.

Miss Anderson: (*shocked*) For days?! Standing on a ferry? How can that be?

Mr. Winston: Well.....

Comm. Watchorn: (*interrupting, hurriedly*) **Isn't** it time we prepare to open the doors, Mr. Winston?

Mr. Winston: I was just going to say.....

Comm. Watchorn: Thank you, very much. **I** will continue to escort Miss Anderson. She will be able to see for **herself** exactly what goes on here.

(Mrs. MACARTHUR ENTERS, followed by Mrs. ELSWORTH & Mrs. SUTTON)

Mrs. MacArthur: (*seeing COMMISSIONER WATCHORN*) Oh! **There** he is ! Commissioner! Commissioner! We **need** to speak to you! (*crossing to the COMMISSIONER and Miss ANDERSON*)

Comm. Watchorn: (*cringing slightly when he hears Mrs. MacArthur calling his name; turning to face HER.*) Ah. Good morning, Mrs. MacArthur. Ladies. (*HE acknowledges the other ladies.*)

Mrs. MacArthur: If **I** didn't know better, I'd think you were avoiding me, Commissioner Watchorn.

Comm. Watchorn: Certainly not, Mrs. MacArthur. It's always a pleasure to greet the president of the Ladies Aid Society and Temperance League.

Mrs. MacArthur: Yes. Well, in that vein, I have some things to discuss with you, of utmost importance.

Comm. Watchorn: I'm sure. But, first, allow me to introduce Miss Brigitte Anderson. She has been appointed by President Roosevelt himself, to survey our operation and recommend suggestions for reform, if need be.

Mrs. MacArthur: Miss....Anderson? Very pleased to meet you, I'm sure my dear, but, aren't you a bit young and inexperienced for such a job?

Miss Anderson: **Miss.** Yes. Well, I attended college with Alice Roosevelt where I majored in the study of social reform and philosophy. President Roosevelt thought I might bring fresh eyes to the problems here.

Mrs. MacArthur: Really. You attended college with Alice Roosevelt, you say? How very nice, my dear. I suppose you are one of these “**new**” women. I can’t see it myself. I can’t say that I approve.

Mrs. Elsworth: A friend of Alice Roosevelt! Oh, how very nice, indeed! Have you been to the White House, then?

Mrs. MacArthur: Really, Mary! Now is not the time for social chitchat. I have something very important to discuss with Commissioner Watchorn. We were assisting in the inspection of the first class passengers onboard a ship arriving from Nassau, yesterday, and we came across a very suspicious case.

Mrs. Elsworth: (*echoing*) Very suspicious.

Mrs. MacArthur: (*Giving Mrs. Elsworth a warning look*) If you don’t mind, Mary?

Mrs. Elsworth: Oh, excuse me, Wilhemina.

Mrs. MacArthur: As I was saying, we came across a woman of color from Guadeloupe, who **claims** to be the wife of a Dr. Bonet practicing in New York. She had two girls with her who she says are her daughters. One child is lame and walks with a crutch. I insisted that the inspector send the whole lot of them here for further investigation. Her story sounds very improbable to me and the law does not permit us to allow cripples into the country.

Mrs. Sutton: But, she speaks English beautifully.

Mrs. Elsworth: With a charming French accent. And she is certainly very refined...

Mrs. Sutton: And well-dressed.

Mrs. MacArthur: Appearances can be deceiving, ladies. Commissioner Watchorn is more of an expert at discerning who is and who is not fit to enter our country than either you or me.

Comm. Watchorn: Thank you for the compliment, Mrs. MacArthur.

Mrs. MacArthur: It is simply **our** duty to alert him to those instances which might have slipped his notice. We are here to assist you in any way we can, sir.

Comm. Watchorn: Your assistance is always appreciated, ladies. And, now, if you'll excuse us?

Mrs. Watchorn: One more thing, Commissioner! Will you be taking any photographs today?

Miss Anderson: Photographs?

Mrs. Elsworth: Oh, yes. Commissioner Watchorn is a first-rate photographer.

Mrs. MacArthur: He's responsible for the great majority of immigrant photographs taken here at Ellis Island.

Comm. Watchorn: A little hobby of mine. I view it as historical preservation, you know. "A picture's worth a thousand words", what? Perhaps if the day goes well, we might be able to do a bit of picture taking. Arrange a time with my stenographer. *(looking about & shouting)* Miss Buckley! Miss Buckley! *(seeing MISS WARD walking by)* **There** you are, Miss Buckley.

Miss Ward: I'm Miss Ward, Commissioner. If you like, I will send Miss Buckley to you. She's in your office.

Comm. Watchorn: Oh, yes. Please do. *(to Mrs. 's MACARTHUR, ELSWORTH & SUTTON)* Perhaps you ladies should position yourselves with the inspectors. We'll be opening the doors any moment now.

Mrs. MacArthur: Indeed! Time marches on. Miss Anderson, will you be joining us?

Comm. Watchorn: She'll be coming with me, for the moment. I want her to see the entire procedure from the immigrants perspective.

Mrs. MacArthur: Yes. Well then, have a good day. I'm sure we'll be seeing more of each other, Miss Anderson. *(the LADIES turn and join with Inspectors WINSTON and WASHINGTON)*

Miss Anderson: I appreciate your taking so much time with me, Commissioner.

Comm. Watchorn: I'm very proud of my staff here. Three hundred and fifty strong. *(looking towards the stair case)* I see Dr. Schmidt is getting into position. Quickly! Let me introduce you before the doors open. *(Comm. WATCHORN & Miss ANDERSON hurry to the "stairs".)* Dr. Schmidt!

Dr. Schmidt: Good morning, Commissioner Watchorn. Afraid I'm a bit shorthanded today. Dr. Greene is out with the flu.

Comm. Watchorn: That is most unfortunate. I must introduce you to Miss Anderson. She's been sent to observe us by the president.

Dr. Schmidt: Pleased to meet you Miss Anderson. Meet my head nurse, Nurse Martin. She is also a great believer in reform. (*Nurse JACKSON has just come bustling up*) And this is Nurse Jackson. She's been on staff since before the big fire.

Miss Anderson: (*extending her hand, Nurse JACKSON shakes her hand but 'sighs'.*) Pleased to meet you Nurse Jackson. And you also Nurse Martin. I so admire your profession.

Comm. Watchorn: (*looking at his watch*) It's almost time. We work seven days a week here. Nine A.M till seven P.M.

Nine A.M. to Seven P.M.

Comm. Watchorn: Nine AM to seven PM; Go home to sleep,
Then it's back again.

The river never stops till it gets to the sea,
a never-ending stream of humanity!

Workers: Nine AM to seven PM; Go home to sleep,
Then its back again.

The river never stops till it gets to the sea,
a never-ending stream of humanity!

Nurses, etc. : Stand up straight! Turn Halfway!
Touch your toes! Do you hear what I say?
Look to the Left! Turn to the Right!
Lift your head, Face into the Light!
Don't follow to close! Please not that way!
Step over here. Haven't got all day!
Can you see that word? What does it say?
You can go ahead, but, you must stay!

(continuing pantomiming inspection while action shifts to STAGE LEFT, where SAMMY TATE is handling baggage. Piano vamps under his monologue.)

Sammy Tate: (*spoken*) Yes, its definitely a time consuming job. But don't get me wrong!

It has its advantages. Why....a man in my position can certainly pick up a little something extra, if you know what I mean. Some of these greenhorns are stupid enough to leave their money in their baggage, and, as a "fool and his money are soon parted", I take it upon myself to teach these greenies a

lesson in life.
(*sung*) A bit of cash here! A little trinket there!
The pickin's ain't the best; but I'd call them fair,
With a little bit of 'smarts', a man can get ahead.
Long as your American, born and bred!
Should anyone complain;
Should a greenie give me grief;
I'll see to it he's sent back home for callin' me a thief:
A little contraband judiciously included,
There, among his things,
Will assure that he's excluded! Oh,

Americans: Nine AM to Seven PM; Go home to sleep,
Then it's back again.
The river never stops till it gets to the sea;
A never-ending stream of humanity!

Immigrant Solo: Oh, please! Take a chance on me!
If you turn me back, a broken soul is what I'll be!

(Double Chorus)

Worker Chorus

Nine AM to Seven PM
Go Home to Sleep; then its back again!
The river never stops till it gets to the sea;
A never-ending stream of humanity!

Immigrant Chorus

Oh, please! Take a
Chance on me.....
If you turn me back...
A broken soul is what I'll be!

Im. Solo: Don't send me back! There's nothing left for me there.
I've made my choice; I'll do my share.

Tim: Don't want no handout. I'll carry my weight.
I'll help you build this enormous state.

Im. Solo: For I have heard that here everyone breathes free;
And a man can be what he wants to be.

Nicolai: If you got the brains, brother,
If you got the will;
If you got the strength to keep pushin' up the hill;
It takes determination, a little bit of skill;
But, we made the choice of our own free will!

(Double Chorus: Small Group plus Full Group)

Full

If you got the brains, brother,
If you got the will;
If you got the strength to keep pushin'
up the hill;
It takes determination, a little bit of

Small Group

Free Will.....!
The right to choose...

Free Will.....!
To win or lose.....!

skill; But, we made the choice of our own free will!

Workers

Nine AM to seven PM
Go home to sleep, then its back again.
The river never stops till it gets to the sea;
A never-ending stream of humanity!

Nurse Jackson: This one acts as crazy as a loon!
Dr. Schmidt: Mark him with a X, send him to another room.
Nurse Martin: Her eye is red.
Dr. Schmidt: Now, let me see. Trachoma it is...
ALL: Another tragedy!

(Double Chorus: Sing 2x then modulate up a 1/2 step)

Workers

Nine AM to seven PM
Go home to sleep; then its back again!
The river never stops till it gets to the sea;
A never-ending stream of humanity!

(2x)

It's getting too much!

Cant' take anymore

The river never stops!

It's never-ending, never-ending, never-ending,
never-ending, stream.....

Of Humanity.....!
(song over)

(BLACKOUT) END OF ACT I

“ELLIS ISLAND”

ACT II

Scene 1 “A Picture’s Worth A Thousand Words!”

(All immigrants are seated on benches and platforms in natural groupings and poses. Commissioner Watchorn is fiddling with his camera. Jutka and Ildiko are not in this scene, because they are in the hospital. S. Tate, Winston, & Washington are also not in this scene. All other Ellis Island workers are. They are assisting with posing the immigrants for the PHOTO SESSION.)

Immigrants

Oh, Please.....!
Take a Chance on me!
If you turn me back...
A broken soul is what
I'll be

Immigrants

Oh, Please.....
Take a chance on me!
If you turn me back!
A Broken soul is what
I'll be!

Oh, Please.....

Take a chance on me!

Oh, please.....

Take a chance on me!
Take a chance on me!

Mrs. Sutton: Where would you like me to have them stand, Commissioner?

Comm. Watchorn: Set them up over there, to the right. (*Mrs. Sutton brings Signora Fontana, Carolina, and Anna to stage right, where a bench has been placed.*)

Signora Fontana: Where's Paolo?

Carolina: He went to chasing after that cat!

Signora Fontana: Well, he won't be in the picture then.

Miss Anderson: This is so much fun, Commissioner!

Comm. Watchorn: I'm not doing this for **fun**, Miss Anderson. I do this for the sake of history! A photograph doesn't lie!

(Song) "A Picture's Worth a Thousand Words!"

Comm. W.: With a picture, you're more than a number!
You're a face, and a body, and a name.
A photograph can capture what words cannot explain ;
It's rather like a time machine that only travels back again,
To a time and place that's past;
That's where it must remain. For it takes one tiny
Moment and freezes it in time;
A certain look that's so meant to speak truth;
That's why I'm
Taking this photo to show you "in toto"
Life and its disparity!
Alone or in big lots, the "have" and the "have-nots"
Will live throughout posterity!
So, give us a smile! Or a dignified style!
Try it on for size and then wear it for a while!
This photograph of you 's done on behalf of the Truth
And not for charity!
These people portraits of humans will help to illumine the Past!

Ladies: They'll be a rarity!

Comm.: 'Cause your face'll tell the story.
A hundred years from now,
Of the when and why and what and who and how!
If it's black and white or sepia
This photograph'll keep 'ya....
Exactly like you were back then!

You can tell me this theory's for the birds!
 Still, I say A Picture's Worth a Thousand Words!
Ladies: He's taking this photo to show you "in toto"
 Life and its disparity!
 Alone or in big lots, the "have" and the "have-nots"
 Will live throughout posterity!
Solo 2: So give us a smile!
Solo 3: Or a dignified style!
Solo 2 & 3: Try it on for size
Ladies: And then, wear it for awhile!
 This photograph of you's done an behalf of the Truth
 And not for charity.
 These portraits of humans will help to illumine the Past.
Comm.: They'll be a rarity!
Ladies: 'Cause your face'll tell a story the story
 A hundred years from now
 Of the when and why and what and who and how
Comm. W.: And how!
 In Greek or Scandinavian!
 Italian or Moravian!
Ladies & Comm.: In any language that's within our ken.....!
 Words in any tongue, spoken or sung.....
 Could tell me that this theory's for the birds
 Still I say....A Picture's Worth A Thousand
 Words.....(click!)

(Song Over)

Comm. Watchorn: That's enough for today. Time to get ready for the Board of Special Inquiry. Miss Buckley! Do you have my papers?

Miss Buckley: They're in the office, naturally. You don't think I'd be carrying important documents amidst all this frivolity, do you?

Comm. Watchorn: Very good, Miss Buckley. I'll meet you in the office, then.

(a REPRISE of "9 AM TO 7 PM " is sung as the scene is changed back to the REGISTRY & EXAMINATION HALL)

ALL: 9 AM to Seven PM, Go home to sleep then it's back again!
 The river never stops till it gets to the sea,
 A never-ending stream of humanity! (*REPEAT as needed*)

Scene 2 "Registry & Medical Examinations"

(Medical Examinations & registry continue in pantomime.)

Miss Anderson : *(to Comm. Watchorn)* Commissioner Watchorn! This is all so overwhelming. Is it like this everyday?

Comm. Watchorn: Everyday.! America is a powerful lure to the unfortunate of this world. They are escaping poverty and religious persecution. Most have saved for years to make this trip. They come here with nothing but their own strength and the will to succeed.

Miss Anderson: They all look so tired and so frightened.

Comm. Watchorn: For these people, this is “judgement day”. They have nothing to return to but despair and humiliation.

Miss Anderson: I saw Nurse Martin and Dr. Schmidt marking some people with chalk. Why were they doing that?

Comm. Watchorn: They’re marking them for further medical examinations. This preliminary exam takes only 2 or 3 minutes. If the doctors see anything suspicious, they have a kind of code....you know....X is for mental problems, ET for Trachoma.....

Miss Anderson: Trachoma? What’s that?

Comm. Watchorn: Trachoma is the main cause for medical exclusion. It’s an incurable eye disease causing blindness and it’s very contagious. We can’t have people spreading this kind of plague among our citizens.

Miss Anderson: I suppose not.

(Mrs. MACARTHUR has crossed to STAGE RIGHT with Madame BONET and her two children in tow.)

Mrs. MacArthur: Commissioner! **This** is the woman I spoke to you about. *(to M. Bonet)* Madame Bonet, this is Commissioner Watchorn. *(gesturing to M. Bonet)* Madame Bonet.

Madame Bonet: *(an elegant, well-dressed woman of color with a French accent)* Under other circumstances, I would be pleased to meet you, Commissioner.

Comm. Watchorn: Madame Bonet. You speak English very well.

Madame Bonet: I lived in London for two years while my husband was studying surgery. Now, Commissioner, if I might send my husband a

telegram? I'm sure he must be worried about us. He was expecting us yesterday at the pier in New Jersey.

Comm. Watchorn: I'll have my stenographer send it for you. And what brings you to Ellis Island?

Mrs. MacArthur: As I told you before, Commissioner, in my capacity as an Inspecting Matron, I noticed that this woman's child is crippled, as you can plainly see. (*indicating Dominique, who is holding onto her mother's skirt with one hand and her crutch with the other. She doesn't understand what's going on, because she only speaks French*) Now, Madame Bonet, whatever your husband **may** or may **not** do is not my concern, **but.....we** have rules and laws in America. One of them is that no one who is likely to become a public charge due to physical deformity or poor health will be allowed to emigrate to the United States.

Madame Bonet: Neither I, nor my daughters, intend to emigrate to the United States. My husband has taken a position at New York General Hospital to teach surgical techniques. I'm sure if you contact him, this problem can be resolved.

Mrs. MacArthur: Do you see what I mean, Commissioner? This woman **must** be deluded. Her story is most improbable.

Comm. Watchorn: I'm afraid I don't see what you mean, Mrs. MacArthur. Madame Bonet appears to be a very intelligent and educated woman. (*seeing Miss Buckley*) Miss Buckley. Would you take down a telegram from Mrs. Bonet to her husband, Dr. Bonet, and send it off immediately.

Miss Buckley: (*looking at Madame Bonet in surprise*) Oh, certainly, Commissioner. Madame Bonet, would you come with me? (*to WATCHORN*) And Commissioner, I have been waiting for you in the office.

Comm. Watchorn: (*a bit guilty*) Oh yes, indeed. I'll be with you shortly.

(*BONET & BUCKLEY move UPSTAGE and MISS BUCKLEY takes down a message, etc.*)

Mrs. MacArthur: But, what are you going to **do** about this, Commissioner?

Comm. Watchorn: (*barely controlling himself*) Mrs. MacArthur! I am going to take things one step at a time. Now, if you'll excuse me, I have business to attend to. (*turns to leave; remembers Miss Anderson*)

and turns back) Oh. Miss Anderson. You may join Inspector Winston at his station and continue your observations there. (*HE EXITS*)

Mrs. MacArthur: (*shaking her head indignantly at the Comm. as HE leaves*) Commissioner Watchorn is far too trusting for a man in his position, if you ask me! Why, if it was up to me.....

Miss Anderson: (*interrupting*) If you'll excuse me, Mrs. MacArthur? (*Miss Anderson crosses to where Mr. Winston is conducting questioning in pantomime.*)

Mrs. MacArthur: Well, I....(*throwing her arms up in disgust, because everyone has left her, she crosses UPSTAGE to join Mrs. ELSWORTH & Mrs. SUTTON.*)

(*Action continues DOWNSTAGE, LEFT of CENTER where Dr. SSHMIDT and the 2 NURSES are examining patients. JUTKA HARASZTI is holding ILDIKO by her side, trying her best to conceal her illness.*)

Jutka Haraszti: She's just very tired....really! We've had such a long journey and she had to stand on the ferry for such a long time.

Nurse Martin: Please. May I see the child? (*Nurse MARTIN takes ILDIKO in her arms and puts her hand on her head.*) She's burning up with fever.

Jutka; No. I'm sure she's just overtired.

Nurse Martin: M'am, your daughter appears to be very ill. We need to bring her to the hospital to examine her further.

Jutka; No! She'll be fine! Don't take her!

Nurse Martin: You may come along, as well, to be near her, but, I'm afraid the other children will need to go to detention. We don't want to risk them getting sick, too. Is there anyone you know who could go with your other children?

Jutka: (*tearfully*) Eva. (*calling out*) Eva! They won't let us through!

Eva: (*Pushing up to where JUTKA is with her children in tow*) Jutka! What's the matter?

Nurse Martin: M'am are you a friend of this lady?

Eva: Yes, she is my good friend.

Nurse Martin: It appears her daughter is very ill. We need to put her in the hospital and it would be better if her mother stays with her. Could you possibly stay with her other daughter in detention in the meantime?

Eva: (*suspiciously*) Detention? What is this ‘detention’? We don’t have very much money....

Nurse Martin: Don’t worry. Detention is where people stay while they’re waiting for relatives to come for them or if they require further examination. And it won’t cost you any money. The food is free and you will sleep in a dormitory for women.

Eva: What about Jutka?

Nurse Martin: She’ll stay at the hospital with her daughter. Nurse Jackson? Would you please escort this lady and her daughter to the hospital?

Nurse Jackson: (*touching ILDIKO*) This child is on fire! (*attempting to pick up the girl, JUTKA pushes her away and carries Ildiko herself. They Exit to Hospital.*)

(*Action shifts to Inspector WINSTON, whose registry station is RIGHT of DOWNSTAGE CENTER. Miss ANDERSON is taking notes; NICOLAI GOLDOVSKY is at the desk.*)

Nicolai: Nicolai Goldovsky

Inspector Winston: And how old are you, Mr. Goldovsky?

Nicolai: Twenty-five years.

Inspector Winston: And where are you from?

Nicolai: Moscovia, Russia. The “evil empire”. But, I am in America, now!

Winston: Yes, I know. Where do you intend to live, Mr. Goldovsky?

Nicolai: (*HE can no longer contain his zeal*) The promised land! America! And **you!** You are my savior! You are my symbol of freedom! I salute you! (*NICOLAI grabs INSPECTOR WINSTON and kisses him on both cheeks*) (*Great commotion ensues.*)

Inspector Winston: *(sputtering)* This man is crazy! How did he pass the medical? Mr. Washington! *(MR. WASHINGTON has come running over during the excitement...)* Take this man to detention immediately!

Washington: What did he do, sir?

Inspector Winston: *(appalled)* The man **kissed** me!

(The action shifts back to the medical station.)

Dr. Schmidt: Per Svensson! *(Per Svensson hobbles up to the doctor)* Could you touch your toes for me, sir? *(PER partly bends, then puts his hand to his back and groans.)* How old are you, sir?

Per Svensson: Sixty years old.

Dr. Schmidt: Do you suffer any pain in your joints?

Per: Do I suffer? I'm an old man. All I do is suffer.

Dr. Schmidt: *(laughing at his joke)* I mean, do you have any specific complaints?

Per: I have a beautiful family, wonderful grandchildren! They make me forget my pain.

Dr. Schmidt: Mr. Svensson, I have to ask you to wait for further examination.

Helga: *(who is right behind her father-in-law, eavesdropping; HELGA has been smiling, but, now SHE senses something is not right and steps in.)* He is my father-in-law doctor. Is something wrong?

Dr. Schmidt: I need to give him a more extensive examination. Usually older people don't make this kind of journey.

Helga: But...my whole family has gone through. He's with us. We will take care of him. You have no need to concern yourself with him.

Dr. Schmidt: I'm sorry ma'am. It's the law. I have to follow the rules.

Helga: Where are you taking him? I won't leave without him!

Dr. Schmidt: You can wait for your father-in-law in detention, after you and your family complete the rest of your examinations.

Helga: Papa? Will you be all right?

Per: Of course. I'm fine. You go ahead. Don't worry about me!

(NURSE JACKSON escorts PER OFFSTAGE: HELGA joins the family and in pantomime, tells them what has happened. They act very worried.)

(Action shifts to INSPECTOR WINSTON, STAGE RIGHT of center)

Inspector Winston: *(calling out the name.)* Ludmilla Antonovich!

Ludmilla: *(running up to the desk)* Yes. That is me.

Winston: It says here, that you will be living with your uncle. Is he coming here to meet you?

Ludmilla: *(hesitantly)* I'm not sure...I mean...I don't know if he knows what day the ship was to arrive....

Winston: Well...Miss Antonovich, you'll need to send him a wire. We can't release a sixteen year old girl into the streets of New York, alone.

Ludmilla: Why not? I traveled here from Russia all by myself?

Winston: I don't mean to frighten you, dear, but, there are unscrupulous types in this city who might take advantage of a defenseless young girl. Where are your parents?

Ludmilla: *(looking down)* They are dead.

Winston: I'm sorry. *(turning to Miss WARD)* Miss Ward? Would you take down a telegram from this girl, then escort her to detention, please?

Miss Ward: Yes, sir. *(reaching for Ludmilla's arm)*

Ludmilla: *(looking around bewildered, she drops her ballet shoes which she has been carrying in her small satchel)* Detention? What is detention?

Miss Anderson: *(picking up her shoes and handing them to her)* You need to wait there until your uncle comes for you. Are you a ballerina?

Ludmilla: *(looking worried, because she knows there is no uncle)* But, what if my uncle's not home? What if he's out of town?

Miss Anderson: He knows you're coming, doesn't he? I'm sure he's probably anxiously waiting to hear from you.

Ludmilla: *(frightened)* Yes.....

Miss Anderson: Are you planning to dance in New York

Ludmilla: *(distracted)* I hope to.

Miss Ward: This way.....Miss Antonovich. I'll take your message down over here. *(Miss WARD & LUDMILLA EXIT UPSTAGE)*

Miss Anderson: *(to Inspector Winston)* How fascinating! A ballerina!

Insp. Winston: I only hope she was telling the truth about her uncle.

Miss Anderson: What do you mean?

Winston: If her uncle doesn't exist, we'll have to send her back.

Miss Anderson: Send her back? How could you?

Winston: It's the law, Miss Anderson. It's my job. I cannot allow an unaccompanied female into these United States. She must be with a male relative or be met by one. *(looking down at his manifest)* Anushka Abelson!

(as ANUSHKA moves up, the action shifts to NURSE MARTIN and DR. SCHMIDT. Dr. Schmidt is examining ULRIKA, HANS is next in line)

Dr. Schmidt: Nurse Martin, may I speak to you for a moment. *(NURSE MARTIN crosses to his side)* I believe this woman is with child. Could you take her for further examination?

Nurse Martin: Certainly, Doctor. *(to ULRIKA)* Ma'am? Would you come with me, please?

Ulrika: Come with you? *(her voice getting louder)* Where?

Nurse Martin: We need to examine you further, in private.

Ulrika: There's nothing wrong with me! I'm fine! *(shouting)* Hans! Hans! They're taking me away! Stop them!

Dr. Schmidt: Everything will be alright. We just need to speak to you in private.

Hans: *(stepping up)* That's my wife. Is something wrong? Where are you taking her?

Dr. Schmidt: To another examination room. You can wait for her in detention, sir. I just need to see the rest of these people before I speak to your wife.

(Nurse JACKSON escorts ULRIKA OFFSTAGE: She's still screaming, "Hans! Hans!" Hans looks after her anxiously, while Dr. Schmidt examines him. After examining Hans, Dr. SCHMIDT & Nurse MARTIN pick up the table and trays and take them OFFSTAGE. Nurse MARTIN comes back for HANS, and takes him to detention.)

(Meanwhile, Mr. WASHINGTON moves his Registry Station, DOWNSTAGE to left of center and questions the DISCALA girls in pantomime.)

(Action shifts to Inspector WINSTON. The ABELSON sisters are standing at HIS registry)

Insp. Winston: Everything is in order, Mrs. Abelson. You and your niece may wait in detention until your husband picks you up. *(calling)* Mrs. Elsworth! Please escort these ladies to detention after they've sent their telegram.

Mrs. Elsworth: With pleasure. Welcome to America, ladies. *(They smile and go to Telegraph Booth, then to "Detention".)*

(Action shifts to STAGE LEFT)

Washington: Marieta Fontana!

Signora Fontana: Si! Si! I'm here!

Washington: Are these your children, ma'am?

Signora Fontana: *(pointing)* These one, Carolina and these one, Paolo. This little one, I have been watching on ship. The orphanage in Napoli sent her alone.

Washington: What's her name?

Anna: *(speaking up)* My name is Anna Christina del Amante di Borghese.

Washington: That's quite a mouthful, young lady! Let's see now. *(studying the manifest)* Ah, yes. Now, who are your aunt and uncle? Mr. And Mrs. Borghese, also. Very Good. Mrs.

MacArthur! Would you send a telegram to this address and then escort these people to detention? *(to Signora Fontana)*. Mrs. Fontana, you may wait for your husband, there. Please, follow Mrs. MacArthur.

Signora Fontana: Grazie, grazie, Meester Washington. *(reading his name tag)*
Scuza

me, signore. Are you **the** George Washington?

Washington: *(Grabbing his head)* Aaaaghhgh! No, ma'am, I'm not!

Signora Fontana: Scuza me! I'm sorry. *(hurrying the children OFFSTAGE behind Mrs. MacA.) (to children)* Soon, we'll be seeing your father! And you, Anna! You will be seeing your aunt and uncle! Are you excited, cara?

Anna: I am excited, but I am scared, too. What if they don't like me?

Signora Fontana: How could anyone not like such a sweet child? Come along, now and don't worry. *(THEY EXIT until detention scene)*

(Action shifts back to MR. WINSTON. GIUSEPPE DISCALA is standing at the desk answering questions)

Mr. Winston: Very good, Mr. DiScala. Now, could you please show me the money for you and your sisters.

Giuseppe: The money? Ah, si! It's in my baggage.

Mr. Winston: In your bags, you say? Well then, you'll need to go and get it. *(turning to the SISTERS)* Ladies, you may wait on the side until your brother returns with the money. *(the SISTERS sigh and give GIUSEPPE a "you jerk" look. GIUSEPPE shrugs his shoulders at them and smiles.)*

Giuseppe: I'll be right-a back! *(GIUSEPPE runs back to the baggage area, where SAMMY TATE is still processing the bags. TATE finally gives him the correct bag; GIUSEPPE sees that it has been opened. GIUSEPPE looks at TATE suspiciously, then hunts through his bag, over and over. Fear comes over him when he realizes the money is gone. THIS PANTOMIME MUST LAST THE COMPLETE LENGTH OF THE FOLLOWING DIALOGUE. TOWARDS THE END OF THE SCENE, GIUSEPPE SLOWLY WALKS BACK TO MR. WINSTON & HIS FAMILY, fear and dejection on his face)*

Mr. Winston: Timothy O'Reilly!

Timothy: That'll be me! (*TIM goes to Registry desk*)

Mr. Winston: What's your profession, Mr. O'Reilly?

Timothy: I guess you could say I was a farmer. But, I do a little carpentry, as well.

Mr. Winston: What sort of work are you planning to do?

Tim: Actually, I'll be looking for factory work.

Mr. Winston: Good enough. May I see....(*Miss BUCKLEY interrupts Mr. Winston by whispering in his ear*) What? (*Miss BUCKLEY continues whispering*) Wait here, Mr. O'Reilly. (*Winston gets up and moves to where Winifred GODFREY is standing*) Ma'am, are you sure about this accusation?

Winifred Godfrey: Sir, I have worked for the British Postal System for 25 years, and I don't make mistakes! I saw a Wanted Poster hanging on our wall not two weeks ago! And **on** that poster I saw two men.....the one to whom you are speaking now, and the one standing behind him. I tell you they are revolutionaries (*her voice rises*) wanted by the authorities for bank robbery!

Mr. Winston: Thank you, for the information, ma'am. We'll look into it.

Godfrey: I felt it was my duty to inform you, sir. After all, I'll be living here myself, now, and the less Irish riff-raff I have to deal with, the better I'll like it.

Mr. Winston: Speaking as the son of an Irishman, ma'am, I suggest you get used to "dealing" with us, as you'll find there's quite a few of us living here.
(*Winston turns on his heel and returns to the Registry. Miss BUCKLEY shakes her head at Miss GODFREY, then follows Mr. WINSTON; Miss GODFREY leaves in a huff.*)

Mr. Winston: One moment, Mr. O'Reilly. (*calling*) Daniel Murphy!

Daniel Murphy: Right here! (*stepping up*)

Mr. Winston: You two men will need to wait in detention for further inquiry. Please follow Miss Buckley.

Timothy: But, I thought you were finished with me?

Mr. Winston: Something's come up. Please, go with her. *(Tim & Dan follow Miss BUCKLEY OFFSTAGE, nervously. COLLEEN & KATE watch them go and whisper to each other in a frightened manner. Colleen Sullivan!*

Colleen: Yes, sir. I'm here. *(stepping up)*

Mr. Winston: Miss Sullivan, the telegram sent to your uncle at 125 Broadway has returned as undeliverable. 125 Broadway is the address of a theater.

Colleen: Oh. Well, maybe Uncle Harry moved?

Mr. Winston: I hate to do this to you, girls, but, I'm going to have to send you back...Unless you can prove to me you have a male relative who'll come for you.

Kate; *(thinking fast)* But, we were planning to get married. As a matter of fact, those two gentlemen who just left, are our fiances. *(Colleen turns to her in shock)*

Mr. Winston: Well, ladies. Your fiances happen to be in some serious trouble at the moment. They may not be getting in, either. *(seeing MISS WARD and thinking it's MISS BUCKLEY)* Miss Buckley! Take these girls to detention, please.

Miss Ward: Mister Winston! For the hundredth time, I am not Miss Buckley, I'm Miss Ward....but, I will escort these women.

Mr. Winston: Why don't you change your hair color, or something? It would be much less confusing for me.

Miss Ward: Perhaps, you should be more observant? Change my hair color, indeed! Come along, ladies. *(THEY EXIT and return during detention scene)*

(Meanwhile, GIUSEPPE is approaching the Registry. His sisters anxiously go to him, being careful not to stand in front of him)

Violetta: Giuseppe, have you got the money?

Giuseppe: I went to our baggage.... I looked through everything....two times....three times. . .

Violetta: What are you saying?

Giuseppe: The money. It's gone.

Susannah: You fool! You lost the money? How could you?

Violetta: Quiet, Susannah! Giuseppe, are you sure?

Giuseppe: I'm positive. Someone must have stolen it

Mr. Winston: Is something wrong, Mr. DiScala?

Giuseppe: My money. It's gone! I had it, I swear! Someone stole it!

Mr. Winston: Alright, Mr. DiScala. I'm going to look into this. Was your money Italian lira?

Giuseppe: Si.

Mr. Winston: Miss (*holding his breath, hoping he got the right one*)....Buckley?

Miss Buckley: Yes, Mr. Winston?

Mr. Winston: (*breathing a sigh of relief*) Please take these people to detention. Miss Anderson? Would you tell Mr. Washington I wish to speak to him in my office? I'm going to get to the bottom of this thievery, mark my words!

(Mr. WINSTON gathers his things and EXITS, STAGE RIGHT; Miss ANDERSON crosses to Mr. WASHINGTON, gives him the message in pantomime, WASHINGTON EXITS STAGE RIGHT, Miss ANDERSON begins speaking to Mrs. ELSWORTH as they move DOWNSTAGE)

Mrs. Elsworth: Oh, yes. I think benches would be a wonderful idea. All this standing around is exhausting for me, and I haven't been at sea for a week and a half!

Miss Anderson: I also noticed that many of the Hebrew immigrants in detention are close to starving, yet, they refuse to eat the food in the dining room.

Mrs. Elsworth: Oh, that's because it's not Kosher. They have very strict dietary laws. I've been trying to convince the Commissioner for years about the need for a Kosher kitchen.

Miss Anderson: Well, that's going on my list! (*she writes it down*) There are so many people coming through this place, its incredible! I even met a ballerina, today!

Miss Elsworth: Indeed?

Miss Anderson: Yes. She danced at the ballet in St. Petersburg. She was forced to hide the fact that she was Jewish...**then** she found out her parents were killed in a pogrom in their village, so she decided to run away. But, Mr. Winston says he'll have to send her back because he's sure she is lying about an uncle she says she has. I wish there was **something** I could do to help her.

Mrs. Elsworth: Hmmmm. I happen to know the head of the New York Ballet. Maybe I could arrange an audition?

Miss Anderson: But, Mr. Winston won't let her out, I'm sure.

Mrs. Elsworth: I'll have him come **here**. After all, my husband donated a million dollars to his company, the **least** he can do is humor me in this instance.

Miss Anderson: That would be wonderful, Mrs. Elsworth.

Mrs. Elsworth: I'll arrange it for tomorrow. See you then. (**EXIT**)

(Miss ANDERSON crosses to CENTERSTAGE. EVERYONE else has EXITED. At this point, Commissioner WATCHORN has entered STAGERIGHT and approaches her.)

Comm. Watchorn: Ah, Miss Anderson. How did everything go today?

Miss Andersson Very well, sir. I've prepared a list of suggestions. (*SHE hands him the steno pad.*)

Comm. Watchorn: (*taking the pad and reading through page after page*) Hmmmm! Hmmmm! Well, I think the benches are a good idea. I'm sure we could get an appropriation for that. But, I don't know about the rest.

Miss Andersson: I feel that **everything** on the list is very important and could be accomplished with relative ease.

Comm. Watchorn: Money, Miss Andersson! We don't have the money.

Miss Anderson: There are many immigrant aid societies that would help for free.

Comm. Watchorn: Miss Andersson. I admire your zeal, but, you can't change the world! Now go home, and don't be foolish girl. (*Comm. WATCHORN turns and EXITS STAGERIGHT*)

Miss Anderson: But.....

(SONG) "YOU CAN'T CHANGE THE WORLD" (*Brigitte Anderson*)

Verse: "Foolish girl!" he says.
So that's what they think of me.....
Am I really the naïve girl they describe?
On a foolish crusade? An empty diatribe?
Railing at injustice; ranting at fate.....
Can one person make a difference? Or is it
Is it too late?

Refrain: "You can't change the world!" they say;
But, I hope it's not that way.
If we did one good thing each day,
We could change the world.
Sometimes life gets in the way;
Ties us up with its delay;
But, if we set our course and didn't stray,
We could change the world.

I won't give up 'cause somebody tells me that it can't be done;
'Cause somebody tells me that I'm too young;
That they've lived longer and so they know better than me,
What can and cannot take place; its the curse of the human race!
Must we forever repeat the same mistakes? Oh.....

"You can't change the world!" they say
But, I know its not that way!
If we do one good thing each day.....
We will change the world someday! Someday.

(Song Over)

ACT II SCENE 3 "DETENTION"

(LIGHTS CHANGE as scene is changed to Detention Room. There are a couple of large windows and simple benches. The scene is changed while singing a reprise of "STANDING ON THE EDGE OF TIME")

SONG REPRIS: "STANDING ON THE EDGE OF TIME"

ALL: Standing On the Edge Of Time
A slow motion pantomime.
I feel like I'm moving in a dream.
A leaf on a river, floating downstream.
Walking the tightrope of "here and now",
My soul repeats a sacred vow,
"Forward ever, backward never!"
All ties with the past I must sever.
What lies ahead is a mystery;
What went before is now history.

Anna: Signora Fontana? I'm tired of this place. When will my aunt and uncle come for me?

Signora F: Soon, Anna, soon.

Adel: Don't feel badly. My sister and I have been waiting here for 2 weeks.

Paolo: Two weeks! Why?

Sady: My father works in a coal mine and the boss wouldn't let him come for me because they needed him to work. But, they sent us train tickets, and we're leaving tomorrow.

Signora F: Good luck in your new home.

Adel: I'd rather be in my old home. This trip has been nothing but trouble.

Susannah: You're right, signorina. They treated us like animals on the ships...

Guiseppe: And, now, they have us penned up like cattle!

Violetta: And these Americans are thieves!

Susannah: They stole all our money, and now we have nothing!

(Song) "Home"/"Under the Boot of the Czar"

Solo: Home! I wish I was home!
Why did I come here? I can't remember
Now, that I'm so far from home!

Solo 2: Home! That's where I belong....
Back where I was safe and I knew everyone;
With my friends at home.

Solo 3: At home, I knew where I stood,
I knew what I could and could not be.
Here, it's uncharted ground
And when I look around
It's all a mystery.....

Solo 4: Home! I wish I was home.
There, I was known and I wasn't alone...
And so far from my home.

Nicolai: (*spoken*) "Home?" you say? I don't remember it with quite so much affection.

(*sung*) One day to my village some horseman came a-riding
Back then, I was only a child;
The sun, it was beaming, their sabers were gleaming;
The screams in the air echoed wild!

That's when I learned what its like to be spurned
For being the people that you are;
Ev'ry man, woman, child!
All were utterly reviled!
Trampled under the boot of the Czar!
So don't speak to me of home as some beautiful state,
For to me, it's a place that I always will hate!
You should be happy to be where you are.....
Instead of Under the Boot of the Czar!

Nicolai & ½ group:

One day to my village some horseman
came a riding: back then I was only a child.
The sun, it was beaming, their sabers were

Other Soloists& ½ group:

Home.....!
I wish I was home....!
Why did I come here?

gleaming; the screams in the air echoed wild!
now that

I can't remember,

That's when I learned what it's like to be
spurned, for being the people that you are.
Ev'ry man, woman, child; all were utterly
reviledTrampled under the boot of the
Boot of the Czar!

I'm so far away from Home!
Home.....!
I wish I was home.....!
Why did I come here?
I can't remember, now that
I'm so far from home!

Nicolai: So don't speak to me of home as some beautiful state.
For to me it's a place that I always will hate;
You should be happy to be where are!
Instead of Under the Boot of the Czar!

(Song Over)

Sylvia Bonet: *(to BRUNNHILDE & KELSEY, who have come up close to her and her two children, Antoinette & Dominique. The GIRLS are standing and staring at them, wide eyed.)* Is something wrong, girls?

Brunnhilde: *(jumping back, startled)* You speak English?

Sylvia Bonet: Apparently.

Kelsey: Pardon us! We've never seen a person with dark skin, before.

Sylvia Bonet: *(nicely)* Well, now, you have. What do you think?

Brunnhilde: I think it's very.....unusual.

Sylvia: I see.....

Helga: Girls! *(running up to them)* You mustn't bother the lady! Please, excuse them!

Sylvia: It's no bother, really.

Helga: You have come to live in America, then?

Sylvia: I've come to join my husband, who's working here. They sent us to this terrible island because my daughter walks with a crutch.

Mr. Winston: *(Who has come running up to them)* We're arresting you, Mr. Sammy Tate. You're a disgrace to Ellis Island and we've caught you red-handed!

Sammy: You'll never make it stick!

Mr. Winston: We'll let the courts decide. Take him away! Good work, Miss Buckley. Please exchange the money and bring it to me. I'll be in the Special Inquiry Room with the Commissioner. We can return the money to its rightful owners then.

Miss Buckley: Yes, sir! *(She goes about her business. Mr. WINSTON EXITS STAGE RIGHT)*

Scene 5 "The Hospital"

(LIGHTS comes up DOWNSTAGE RIGHT on Nurse MARTIN, Dr. SCHMIDT, JUTKA, & ILDIKO, who is lying motionless on a cot, obviously very ill. The mood is very somber.)

Dr. Schmidt: I would like to tell you I had better news for you, Mrs. Haraszti, but I'm afraid it doesn't look good. Your daughter is gravely ill. You should prepare yourself for the worst.

Jutka: *(Trying to control herself)* No. This can't be happening to her. She's so young.

Dr. Schmidt: Excuse us for a moment, Mrs. Haraszti. *(to Nurse Martin)* I need to go to the Inquiry Room, now. I have to break the news to the Svensson family about their father. I'll be there if you need me.

Nurse Martin: Very well, Doctor. And please, get some rest later. You're not looking well yourself.

Dr. Schmidt: I don't enjoy breaking people's hearts. It's beginning to wear me down. *(EXIT Dr. SCHMIDT, STAGE RIGHT)*

Nurse Martin: Mrs. Haraszti, I need to check on some of the other patients. I'll be back shortly.

Jutka: *(watching her leave. She then stares dejectedly out into space; to ILDIKO.)*

I came to give you a better life. Can you ever forgive me?

(song) "THE END OF A DREAM"

JUTKA: The end of a dream. The end of a life.
Is this what it means when people say,
"We all pay a price"?

Is this our reward
For trying too hard?
For wanting too much to climb into the light
When the window was barred?
No new beginning for us,
No happy ending for us.

Oh, flesh of my flesh!
Blood of my blood!
If we could change places right here and now,
You know that I would.
She's much too young to be lying here dying
 In front of my eyes.
 God, what have I done to deserve this?
 I thought You were wise.

Was it false pride?
Were we wrong to decide
To risk all we had on a chance we'd succeed
On the other side?
Just a face in the crowd
Lost in a cloud
Of thousands of people all wanting the same thing,
But, we're not allowed.

To America, she's one of many,
To a mother, she's all that I have!
They won't miss her in this land of plenty.
To America. . .
What's one more child?

(song over)

Ildiko: *(slowly waking up; her fever has broken)* Mama? Where are we?

Jutka: *(crying for joy)* Ildiko! You're awake! *(hugging her)*

Ildiko: Where's Matzi?

Jutka: What are you saying, darling?

Ildiko: Where's Matzi, my cat?

(NURSE MARTIN has re-ENTERED. Seeing that ILDIKO is better, SHE smiles and puts her hand on JUTKA's shoulder as the LIGHTS FADE)

(TRANSITION MUSIC to SCENE 6. . ."THE AUDITION" CHANGE SCENE)

REPRISE: *(a few voices)* We enter into the communion of unity of purpose,
 Each of us a wand'ring soul,

Each one with a common goal.
Seeking the ideal,
Not knowing if it's real.
One way out! And I'm going to take it.
There's no doubt, I 'm going to make it.
Whatever I have to do. . .
Whatever I have to go through!

SCENE 6 "THE AUDITION"

(MRS. ELSWORTH & MR. GORKY are waiting ONSTAGE in an Inquiry Room)

Mrs. Elsworth: They'll be here any moment, now.

Mr. Gorky: I hope so. I'm a busy man, as you know, Mrs. Elsworth.

(ENTER MRS. SUTTON, LUDMILLA & MISS ANDERSSON & a "FLUTE PLAYER" who pretends to play music that LUD dances to.)

Mrs. Sutton: Here we are!

Mrs. Elsworth: Let's get on with it, then.

Miss Anderson: Yes. The Special Inquiry begins in half an hour and I must be there. This is Miss Antonovich.

Mr. Gorky: Let's see what you can do? Please proceed.

(LUDMILLA does solo dance to flute music. THEY applaud at end.)

Mr. Gorky: Well, Miss Antonovich, I can see you have been well-trained. We could definitely use you in the corps de ballet.

Ludmilla: *(disappointed)* The corps?

Mr. Gorky: To begin with. Who knows what a girl with your talent might progress to?

(LUDMILLA hugs MISS ANDERSSON. GORKY has her sign contract. Mrs. ELSWORTH holds it. LUDMILLA EXITS.)

Miss Anderson: Thank you, Mr. Gorky. Thank you, Mrs. Elsworth.

(GORKY EXITS, passing MRS. MACARTHUR who is ENTERING, STAGE RIGHT)

Mrs. MacA.: Ladies! I've found you at last! Who was that gentleman?

Mrs. Sutton: That was Mr. Gorky, from the Metropolitan Opera Ballet. He just signed Ludmilla to a contract. Isn't it exciting?

Mrs. MacA.: What are you saying, Mrs. Sutton?

Mrs. Sutton: Mrs. Elsworth arranged the audition. Her husband is a major contributor to the ballet.

Mrs. Mac.: Mary! Have you discussed this with Thornton?

Mrs. Elsworth: Well, not yet. . .

Mrs. Mac.: Mary! It's simply **not** a woman's place to interfere in matters of this kind.

Mrs. Elsworth: On the contrary, Wilhemina. I feel it **is** my duty to help the helpless.

Mrs. Mac.: And without you husband's knowledge?! Unheard of! It's up to us to uphold the standards of society. A woman **must** remember her place!

(song) "A WOMAN'S PLACE"

Mrs. Mac.: A Woman's Place is in the home.
It's the core of her existence from whence she should never roam.
That glowing hearth is her domain.
She can rule through the day, but at night the King will reign.
Be charming and cheerful, a shining moral compass!

Elsworth & Anders.:

Until hubby's had an earful and the King decides to dump us!

Anderson: Can't you see today's a new society,
With ever-changing rules about propriety?
A woman today, can better people's lives,
We can play other roles than simply mothers and wives.

Sutton: A Woman's Place is at her husband's side,
A lovely decoration, you remain his blushing bride.
If you defer to your mate, he will never chide;
Stay sweet and unassuming, it's a method true and tried.
Always demure, always refined. . .

Elsworth & Anders.:

Till the King abdicates when your face becomes lined!

Elsworth: Ladies, it seems we have quite the dilemma!
Still, I'd hate to see it come to us or "them-uh",
Don't you think it's time we went and called a truce?
Set male and female free to find their own best use?
Let's put aside all posturing, admit it's a ruse;
Then we can live the way we like, and make no excuse.

Mrs. Mac. & Mrs. Sutton

A Woman's Place is in the home!
It's the core of her existence,

Mrs. Elsworth & Anderson

A Woman's Place. . .
Is anywhere she wants to be!

From whence she should never roam.

That glowing hearth is her domain,

She'll make her mark!

She can rule through the day,

She'll rule the day!

But, at night the King will reign!

Be charming and cheerful!

A shining moral compass!

Until hubby's had an earful and the King
decides to dump us!

So if you find you're missing that extra

chromosome

Remember that your place is in the home!

Don't be old-fashioned!

Whether blessing or curse, for better or for worse!

This is a fact we have to face!

ALL: A Woman's Place!

Mrs. Mac.: Stay at home where you belong!

ALL: A Woman's Place!

Sutton: By a husband big and strong!

ALL: A Woman's Place!

Anderson: Go out and make a difference!

ALL: A Woman's Place!

Elsworth: Without further ref'rence, I think we can agree,

ALL: A Woman's Place is anywhere she wants. . to . . .be. . . !

(SONG OVER) BLACKOUT

(LIGHTS LOW as scene is changed to INQUIRY ROOM, while all sing. . .)

ALL: Standing On The Edge Of Time.
A slow motion pantomime.
I feel like I'm moving in a dream.
A leaf on the river, floating downstream.
Walking the tightrope of "here and now",
My soul repeats a sacred vow,
"Forward ever, backward never!"
All ties with the past, I must sever. . .

SCENE 7 SPECIAL INQUIRY BOARD

*(COMM. WATCHORN, MR. WASHINGTON & MR. WINSTON are seated at a table,
DOWNSTAGE RIGHT. MISS ANDERSON is RIGHT OF CENTER, studying her*

notebook. SHE acts as advocate for many of the immigrants. IMMIGRANTS are spread around the stage. RELATIVES OF IMMIGRANTS are on top platform, so they have a distance to walk when their names are called.)

Comm. Watchorn: Ludmilla Antonovich!

Ludmilla: Here, sir! (*SHE approaches the table*)

Comm. Watchorn: It appears your uncle is imaginary, Miss. What do you have to say for yourself?

Miss Anderson: May I speak, sir? (*COMM. Nods*) Miss Antonovich's parents were recently murdered in a pogrom in Russia. She is a talented ballerina and has just been engaged by the Metropolitan Opera Ballet. Here is her signed contract (*handing him the paper.*)

Comm. Watchorn: I'm sorry for the loss of your parents, Miss Antonovich, and I commend you for your talent, but. . ., there's still the matter of the male relative. She has no guardian. It's the law. We are not above the law, here, Miss Andersson.

Mrs. Elsworth: Commissioner! (*stepping out from the crowd*) The girl may come to live with me!

Comm. Watchorn: Mrs. Elsworth, I perceive you to be a woman.

Mrs. Elsworth: Then, my **husband** will sign for her. . .if he knows what's good for him! (*SHE goes to LUDMILLA, who is smiling and thanking her.*)

Comm. Watchorn: Very well. (*MISS BUCKLEY hands him an envelope of money*) Guiseppe Discala!

Guiseppe: (*dejectedly*) Here. (*His SISTERS push him forward*)

Comm. W.: I have good news, Mr. Discala. My staff has apprehended the thief who stole your money. He is being dealt with. Here is your money. (*hands him the envelope*) You and your sisters are free to enter the United States.

Guiseppe: Free?! (*incredulously*) Violetta! Susanah! The money! We got it back! (*THEY all hug, jump for joy, etc.*)

Comm. Watchorn: Dr. Schmidt? Would you handle the medical review, please?

Dr. Schmidt: Yes, Commissioner. Nurse Jackson? Please bring in Mrs. Jacobsen. Hans Jacobsen?!

Hans: Ja? My wife? Is she all right?

Dr. Schmidt: Congratulations, Mr. Jacobsen. You're going to be a father.

Hans: Ulkika! (*SHE runs to his arms and THEY hug. ALL others nod and smile.*)

Dr. Schmidt: Helga Svensson?

Helga: Ja? Is my father-in-law with you?

Dr. Schmidt: Nurse Martin, please bring in Mr. Svensson. (*ENTER NURSE M. with PER SVENSSON.*) I know this is going to be hard for you to accept, Mrs. Svensson, but, due to your father-in-law's age and frail health, I'm afraid we cannot permit him to emigrate into the country.

Helga: (*verging on hysterical*) No! Don't say it! You must let him in!

Dr. Schmidt: I'm forced to obey the laws, ma'am.

Helga: But, our whole family is in Minnesota. There's no one left in Sweden to take care of him! If he goes, we all go! (*THE SVENSSON FAMILY starts crying. PER moves DOWNSTAGECENTER and raises his arms to quiet them.*)

Per: Listen to me. (*louder*) Listen to me, children. You must go to Minnesota to be with my son. I am old. I have lived a good, long, life. Your lives are just beginning. I will return to Sweden...

Helga: No, Papa!

Per: Do not argue with me, Helga! I am still head of the family, am I not?

Helga: Ja, Papa, but. . .

Per: Then, listen to me. You must all go on without me.

Brunnhilde: But, where will you go, grandfather?

Per: I've had my eye on the widow Gynt for some time now. Who knows? Perhaps I'll get married? (*THE FAMILY hugs him as they move aside to say their "good-byes".*)

Comm. Watchorn: Nicolai Goldovsky!

Nicolai: (*moving forward slowly & deliberately*) Here I am.

Comm. Watchorn: **Mr. Goldovsky**, it says here that you grabbed Inspector Winston and kissed him. Is this correct?

Nicolai: Yes.

Comm. W.: According to the mental tests you took, the doctors judge you to be perfectly sane. So, what on earth possessed you to kiss Inspector Winston. (*aside to WINSTON*) That's not to say that you are unattractive, Mr. Winston.

Nicolai: We Russians believe in expressing our emotions. I was overcome with joy that my dream of America had finally come true. You cannot imagine my despair when my beautiful dream was turned to ashes by that Cossack! (*pointing to Mr. WINSTON*)

Winston: Cossack?!

Watchorn: I would hardly characterize Mr. Winston as a Cossack.
Nicolai: He cast us into prison! He's no better than the tsar and his henchmen! I expected more from America.

(song) "THE AMERICAN DREAM"

Nicolai: So this is it. . .

Chorus: This is it.

Nicolai: The American Dream. . .

Chorus: This is it.

Nicolai: I've traveled halfway across the world,
I've gone to extremes.

Chorus: This is it.

Nicolai: 'Cause I believed in a vision I had in my mind
Of a land that I heard of where life could be kind
To a man with the will to succeed from the sweat of his brow. . .
Where he didn't have to bow
To no one or nothing
Unless he chose to of his own free will.

SOLO 1

The American Dream. .
The American Dream
What tomorrow would bring,
Was it just a mirage?
Of the truth that was waiting?
To tell us we're nothing!
To tell us we're no one!
Just the teaming refuse
Of a world without hope;
All unable to cope
How much more can we take,
We are more than we seem!

Dream!

American Dream...!

(song over)

Watchorn: Well, Mr. Winston?

SOLO 2

It kept us all going. .
Without really knowing
Would we lose everything?
A complete camouflage
Of the truth that was waiting
To put us back in our place?
Make us leave without a trace,
That we're simply no use,
Of a world without hope;
All unable to cope
Before our spirits break?
We are more than we seem!
Give us the American Dream!

Let us belong! We'll make you strong! Give us the American
Before it's too late! We'll carry our weight!

Give us the

Winston: Perhaps I over-reacted. I hereby drop the charges. (*NICOLAI starts to run towards him*) As long as he doesn't kiss me again! (*WINSTON extends his hand and NICOLAI shakes it and laughs. NICOLAI joins ANUSHKA & ESTER.*)

Watchorn: Is Dr. Bonet here?

Dr. Bonet: (*coming forward and handing the Commissioner a letter*) Yes, Commissioner. Right here. I am Dr. Bonet and this is a letter from the Secretary of Labor and Commerce exempting my child from the medical requirements. (*COMM. WATCHORN reads letter while BONET children go to hug their FATHER, followed by SYLVIA.*)

Watchorn: This appears to be a bonafide letter. Seal and everything! I'm sorry for the inconvenience to you and your family, Dr. Bonet.

Dr. Bonet: It was an ordeal, Commissioner, but, happily it's over with now. May we leave?

Watchorn: Yes, certainly! (*THE BONETS MOVE UPSTAGE*) Inspector Winston, would you please call the next case?

Winston: Yes, sir! Timothy O'Reilly and Daniel Murphy! (*THEY come forward, holding their hats in their hands.*) These young men were accused by a fellow passenger of being Irish revolutionaries, but, I've investigated the matter and I believe it's merely a case of prejudice. You know, the Irish/English thing?

Watchorn: I see. If the charge has been resolved, then you men are free to enter the United States.

Tim & Dan: Thank you, sirs. You won't be sorry. . .

Winston: There's one more thing.

Daniel: What's that, sir?

Winston: It's about your fiance's. we can't allow them in unless you marry them here. (*TIM & DAN look confused*) It's a common practice. Commissioner Watchorn will marry you at the "Kissing Post", as we like to call it.

Watchorn: One of my more pleasant duties.

Winston: Kate and Colleen Sullivan?! Would you come forward, please?

Kate: (*moving forward, looking nervous*) But, Inspector, sir? How can we get married without a proper veil or anything?

Timothy: May we speak to our "fiance's" alone first, Commissioner?

Watchorn: You certainly may. (*TIM, DAN, KATE & COLLEEN move off to have a lively discussion in pantomime during the following dialogue.*)

Watchorn: Are Mr. and Mrs. Borghese here?

Mr. Borghese: That's us, Commissioner! We've come for our niece.

Watchorn: Anna Cristina del Amante di Borghese, please come forward. (*ANNA steps forward with SIGNORA FONTANA's guidance*)

Signora F: Here she is! (*THE BORGHESE's open their arms to her.*)

Mr. B: Anna! We were so worried about you.

Mrs. Borghese: When you weren't with the first class passengers, we were beside ourselves.

Anna: (*curtseying*) I'm so pleased to meet you, Aunt and Uncle.

Mrs. Borghese: Isn't she adorable?

Mr. Borghese: But, why weren't you in first-class, dear? How did you survive steerage?

Anna: The orphanage lady changed the ticket so she could give the extra money to the orphans. Then Signora Fontana found me and she's taken care of me ever since.

Mrs. B: (*to SIGNORA FONTANA*) How can we thank you for looking after her?

Signora: It was my pleasure. She's a lovely girl.

Mr. B: Will you be living in New York? You and your family must come and stay with us.

Signora F: My husband is coming for us, but, we would be happy to visit you!

(*THEY all shake hands & converse as THEY move UPSTAGE. KATE, TIM, DAN, COLLEEN move center*)

Watchorn: Do you, Timothy O'Reilly take Kate Sullivan to be your lawful wedded wife?

Tim: I do.

Watchorn: Do you, Daniel Murphy, take Colleen Sullivan to be your lawful, wedded wife?

Daniel: I do.

Watchorn: Do you, Kate Sullivan, take Timothy O'Reilly to be your lawful, wedded husband?

Kate: I do.

Watchorn: Do you, Colleen Sullivan, take Daniel Murphy to be your lawful, wedded husband?

Colleen: I do.

Watchorn: Now, with the power invested in me by the United States government, I pronounce you husbands and wives! You may kiss the brides.
(*EVERYONE cheers as they kiss.*)

FINALE BEGINS.....(SEE MUSIC)

Finale:

CHORUS 1

The American Dream!
The American Dream!
What tomorrow would bring,
Was it just a mirage?

CHORUS 2

It kept us all going!
Without really knowing
Would we lose ev'rything?
A complete camouflage

BOTH: Of the truth that was waiting...

CHORUS 1

To put us back in our place?
Make us leave without a trace;
That we're simply no use,

CHORUS 2

To tell us we're nothing!
To tell us we're no one!
Just the teeming refuse

Both: Of a world without hope, all unable to cope

How much more can we take before our spirits break?

We are more than we seem! We're living the American Dream!

Americans: Now you belong! You'll make us strong!

Immigrants: We're living the American Dream!

Americans: Now you belong! You'll make us strong!

Immigrants: We're living the American Dream!

Americans: It's not too late, you'll carry your weight!

Immigrants: We're living the American Dream.....

ALL: 'Cause You Can't Change The World they say,
But we know it's not that way!
If we do one good thing each day, we will change the world...
We will change the world!

Immigrants: 'Cause, I got my ticket, I'm gonna sale away!

Americans: One Way Ticket To America!

Immigrants: Into the unknown, I'm gonna make my way!

Americans: One Way ticket to America!

Immigrants: So many people have gone before, Maybe to you I am just one more!

But, I got my ticket, straight to the U.S.A.!

Americans: One Way Ticket to America!

ALL: America open your arms to a poor wand'ring soul!

Open your arms to me!

I have traveled so long still I'm only half way to my goal!

Open your arms to me!

I have a vision of what life could be

In that magical place where all people live free!

Americans: One Way Ticket to America!

Immigrants: America!

Americans: One Way Ticket To America!

Immigrants: America!

Americans: One Way Ticket To America!

Immigrants: America!

Americans: One Way Ticket to America!

ALL: I got my fare, soon I'll be there...

In Amer---i----ca-----yah!

THE END