

Verbundkatalog Kalliope

Toots in Austria, or the Sea Gives Up Its Dead.

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TOOTS IN AUSTRIA, or the Sea Gives Up Its Dead

(SCENE: A CONSULAR OFFICE. The consul is in running pants. There is a big map of Europe in one corner. The map is illustrated by red tacks, which the consul is sticking in as the curtain rises. The undersecretary is practicing golf in the corner. (see other sketch)

CONSUL

CONSUL

Ah, Frothingwell - golf again?

UNDERSEC

Yes, Mr Consul. You have to brush up on your putting before the nine power conference? (shakes his head worriedly)

The little entente has been practicing in secret for months. Like crazy.

CONSUL

Really- how do you know?

UNDERSEC

G-2 reported today. Said the Jugoslavian has gotten his score down to sixty-eight.

CONSUL

Whew! There goes the balance of power! What sort of club does he use?

UNDERSEC:

G-8 died getting the name. But nobody can pronounce it.

CONSUL

(Going back to his map)

Here we have G-7.

UNDERSEC

(sticking in tack)

And F-70.

CONSUL:

H-83. (sticking in tack)

UNDERSEC

U-65. (sticking in tack.)

CONSUL

Amphytryon 38. (sticking in tack)

UNDERSEC

Screeno!

(The consul looks peevish, and reaches in his drawer
takes out an apple, and gives it to the undersecretary.
The undersecretary munches at it pensively a moment,)

Oh, good Lord, I forgot. The Doctor Countess Annie Muller
has been waiting to see you since high noon. You'd better let
her have a few minutes.

CONSUL

Doctor? Countess? A woman?

UNDERSEC:

The ~~razzy~~ psychologist, sir. The one with the clean mind.

CONSUL

Show her in. But interrupt me in five minutes. Cant waste time
with the world reeling and tottering.

UNDERSEC

Yes, sir.

(Enter Graf in und Doktor Annie Muller.

She, too wears jersey and running pants.)

ANNIE

Oh, I am underdressed. So, so sorry. I was always told you wore running pants in the consulate.

(The consul looks up and bows as Annie approaches the desk.)

CONSUL

The diplomat, madame, is always wrong.

(He rips off his clothing. They bow and sit.)

ANNIE

You are very busy, no?

CONSUL

Yes, one is always busy. (He shrugs diplomatically)

ANNIE

I will be short, Herr Consul. I am doctor of Psychology, Literature and Law.

CONSUL

(unenthusiastically)

I salute you, madame. (They bow)

ANNIE

~~But I have met with a problem that only you can solve for me.~~ But I have met with a problem that only you can solve for me. (They bow)

I have a lover.

CONSUL

I salute you, madame. (They bow once more.)

ANNIE

But all is not pitches und milk. He is an American.

(The consul raises his hand for her to stop)

CONSUL

I must tell you, Madame, that everything you say will be used against you.

ANNIE

That's the trouble. Here (dragging it from her bosom) is his first letter to me. He writes from his homelad.

CONSUL

Well, madame.

ANNIE

(tearfully)

He insults me.

CONSUL

The cad.

ANNIE

Or else he makes love to me.

CONSUL

Stout fellow! (He hums a bar of the Victory March.)

ANNIE

I cannot tell - I cannot get the mood. You follow me? my English is not strong. My American is not even weak. I, who have even translated cooking recipes from Swahili, am baffled!

CONSUL

Anything I can do to oblige.

ANNIE

(getting up and handing him the letter)

Read it please and translate. (She sits on another chair and jumps up with a little scream)

CONSUL

Madame! You just sat on three newly created Balkan states! (He picks up the tacks and puts them in the map.) Now, the letter..

CONSUL

(reading)

Dear Annie.. Liebe Annie..

(palpitation from ANNIE)

Sorry I couldnt write sooner... (translation)

Gee I wish I was back there with you (translation)

(sigh from Annie)

Met a girl on the boat..Ich habe ein Maedchen auf dem Schiff getroffen..

(grrrrrr from Annie)

A blond..... Ein blond..

(humpn! from Annie)

~~Am~~ Almost...

(Aha! from Annie)

Goodbye, Toots - I'm nuts about you. Jim Birdseye.

(Whereupon the Consul blows up. He cant translate
and tries to explain with gestures, etc.)

Na, uh, Toots...

ANNIE

Da! TOOTS! Wie heisst es?

CONSUL

Well.. its a kind of pet name.

ANNIE

Nuts also?

CONSUL

Well - no . That means crazy. Verricht.

ANNIE

Ah.

(Music cue. The song is done with nonsense
atmosphere.)

ANNIE

At a school in Friedrichstrasse

There I studied English classe

Learning nouns und adjectives and adverbs

I studied hard and didnt play truant

So I learned the English fluent

I even knew some naughty names and bad verbs

But since I met that gentleman from Illinois

I find the English that I speak is quaint

The name he calls me really makes a silly noise

I wonder is it love or is it aint?

CHO:

My lover calls me Toots!

He doesnt call me Liebe,

He doesnt call me sweet

He doesnt call me Sheba

Or even ma petite,

He ohly calls me Toots!

Is it ~~Spank~~ Russian or Flemish or Mexican?

I vain I have searched through the lexicon-

Is the word a nice or a sexy one?

What means it then this Toots?

(A German band waltz theme. The Consul and she begin a waltz, disregarding their inappropriate costumes completely.)

CONSUL

Is your card filled for the next Lancers? Can I get you an ice?
After the ball, come to my diggings for wine and a cold bird. I will
drink a beaker of Pilsener out of your track shoes!

ANNIE

(laughing giddily)

Ahahahahahahaha. (Then whispering darkly) Be careful! The Uberminister
has been observing us through a potted palm for three hours.

UNDERSEC

(rushing up)

Break! The Graf in von Schillingswurst- Gabenfendl has given orders
to release a pack of three hundred Pomeranians into the ballroom.

ANNIE

Vive le sport! (turning to CONSUL, slapping his face) And as for
you, Herman, I have only unspeakable contempt and loathing! (She
sweeps madly away, then begins her song again)

My lover calls me Toots!

He never calls me dearie

The silly such-and-such

I beg him till I'm weary

To even call me Butch

But all he says is TOOTS!

My grammar says one toots a trumpet

Does that ~~xxxx~~ also mean one'toots' a strumpet?

But he tells me , 'Like it and lump it-

I want to call you Toots!

(The German band waltz theme begins again, contrasting the the sprightly melody of Annie's song.)

ANNIE

(waltzing this time with the undersecretary)

Meet me tomorrow under the cherry-blossoms at the Uberunterstaats-
baurnwursthausgarten.. Bring your own salami-

UNDERSECRETARY

It's time you knew, Countess. I have something dreadful to tell you-
I am ~~xxxxxxx~~ the lover of your husband's mistress's lover's mistress!

ANNIE:

Ah, spring in old Vienna. It was ME in that mask after all!

UNDERSECRETARY

Dont look now, but I think I have beri-beri.

(The phone rings. The CONSUL, who has been attempting to stand on his head, answers.)

CONSUL

Hello- what? America on the wire? Hello operat~~or~~.

ANNIE

My God, my has-been! (She seizes the phone, leaps up on the desk)

Operator, give me American Information. (Music cue)

My lover calls me Toots!

So tell me, operator

What that expression means

I want a good translator

To really spill the beans

So what it is this Toots?

(The CONSUL and UNDERSEC have been listening too. Annie rips the phone out of the box and flings it across the room.)

ANNIE

Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh-

It's goodbye to waltzes and palaces
And doctors of psychoanalysis
A title is worse than paralysis
But I've found a title that suits-
My lover calls me Toots!

(There is a sound of a phone ringing.
The UNDERSEC picks the phone out of
the corner)

UNDERSECRETARY (rapidly)

You must go to Switzerland at once. The Minister Plenipotentiary from Belgravia just told the Envoy Extraordinary from Bolivia that he wasnt at all extraordinary, and the Envoy Extraordinary told the Minister Plenipotentiary that he was a louse!

CONSUL

Good God, man. This means war!

UNDERSEC

First one to Geneva gets ~~an~~ a rosy red apple!

(He fires a pistol, and shouts Go! ANNIE and the CONSUL start in track position and race for the door, and the UNDERSEC seizes the chandelier and swings to and fro.)

CURTAIN