

# The Tango

238

27 pp.

- Fischer. Prohibitor of a Night Club in Paris.
- Paul. a young man about town.
- a Lord, shut by many Marthe.
- Negro. a bully.
- Marthe. the Tango dancer.
- Madeline, engaged to be married to Fischer.
- Lillie, in love with Negro.

6 speaking parts.

Guests, Waiters, &c &c.

To reader to say Re Tango

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*In copies a copy. Re Togo*

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*Published in the [unclear] I 9 pp 29-30*

1  
0  
meters of a high table in Paris.

Young man about town.

old missing Prattle.

bully.

Young dancer.

aged to be married (Foster)

line with Hey 20.

} 6 speaking parts.

# The Tango

238

27 1/2

Fischer. Proprietor of a Night Cafe in Paris.

Paul. a young man about town.

a Lord, about to marry Marthe.

Neyro. a bully.

Marthe, the Tango dancer.

Madeline, engaged to be married to Fischer.

Lillie, in love with Neyro.

6 speaking parts

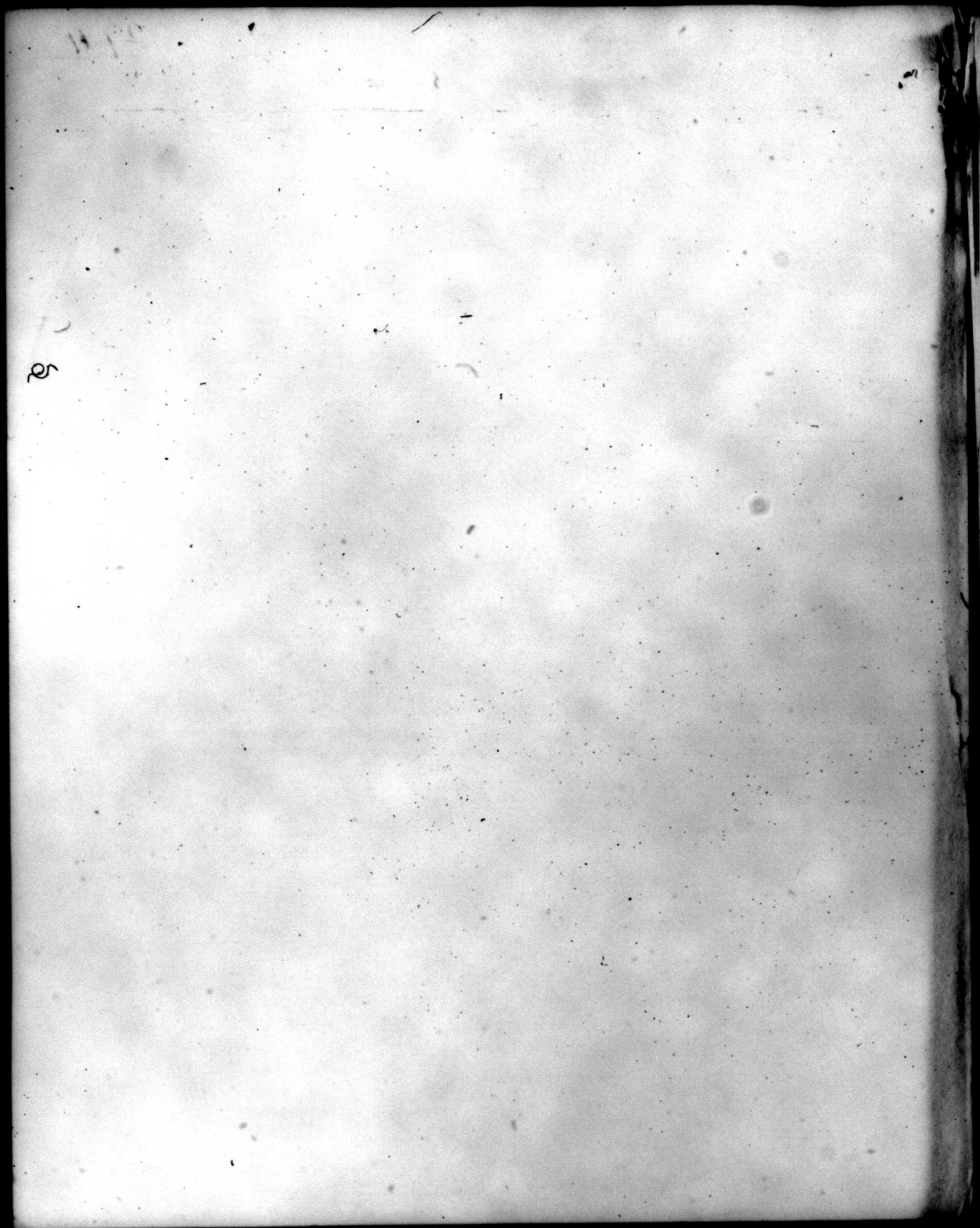
Guests, Waiters, &c &c.

2. Under a copy of "The Tango"

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# The Tango

by N. A. S. S. S. S.

a sketch in one act.

Scene Fisher's Café. Time. Night.

A waiter is laying the tables for supper, in a lazy manner, whistling. Enter Fisher silently, and observes him. The waiter does not see him.

Fisher

Hurry up, you lazy dog.

The waiter, startled, springs to attention and bustles about.

I am expecting a lot of big people to-night.

What! I have a fine new song for them. (Sings some of "It's in the blood")

2

[Enter Paul.

Good-night, Paul, how goes it? Glad you managed  
to turn up.

Paul.

Madeline will be here in a minute.

Father.

Oh, do you envy me?

Paul.

Revel a bit. She's a dear, though. To think you'll  
have a crowd of Americans to-night.

Father.

Yes: have got a new song

Paul.

Queer lot, those Americans. Lord, but it's dull here  
without the Tago. ~~That~~ was dancing, if you like!  
She was in American, wasn't she?

2

Foster.

Half French.

[Eula裴内特 with 3 young men; they sit & take up the menu, attended on by the waiter裴内特 is d'ny-d'ny, and acts unseemly. Eula Madeline, runs to Foster, and kisses him.

Madeline.

Who's half French?

Foster.

Mahe.

Madeline.

Oh, the Tang, girl? Half dead and half still, by my reckoning.

Foster.

Well, she's reformed now. Gony to take up the White Man's Burden!

2

4.  
Madeline

So she's really caught that millionaire Lord after  
all. Whew! In a side of millionaires anyone can  
have mine.

Paul.

But not his money.

Madeline

Bah! now we've got all we want for the life.  
What do you think money means to you women when  
we love?

Paul.

Yes, when you do love. But when do you love—  
anything but money?

Madeline.

Perhaps you think we can't love. Why, it's the only  
thing we live for.

2

5.

Foster

and if women must have money, it's only to look  
their best, to tell them how the lawyer

Madeline

And to give it to their love.

Foster

You saw how Negro threw Matthe over the minute  
Willie found for a Porret fish!

Paul

Well, Matthe never could for anything but dancing.

Madeline

And Negro.

Paul

Perhaps.

Madeline

I suppose you think  
she's only recovering this poor Lord out of my hand.

5.

Foster

and if women must have money, it's only to look  
their best, to tell them how the lawyer

Madelie

And to give it to their love.

Foster

You saw how Negro their Mother was the minute  
Willie found it - a Poiret frock!

Paul

Well, Mother never cared for anything but dancing.

Madelie

and Negro.

Paul

Perhaps.

Madelie

I suppose you think

she's only resuming this fool and out of people.

5.

Foster

and if women must have money, it's only to look  
their best, to tell them how the lawyer

Madelie

And to give it to their love.

Foster

You saw how Negro their Mother was the minute  
Willie found it - a Poiret frock!

Paul

Well, Mother never cared for anything but dancing.

Madelie

and Negro.

Paul

Perhaps.

Madelie

I suppose you think

she's only resuming this fool and out of people.

5

6.

Fischer.

Anyhow, she's got money enough. The idiot is trying to buy Paris for her! They're to be married tomorrow.

Paul.

Yes!

Fischer.

He thinks he has an angel who has side-slipped.

Paul.

Ho! Ho! Ho!

Fischer.

and believes that I shall pick up the life here for Mrs Grundy's 'darning-woman'!

Paul.

Don't fool! It can't be true; he tried it. Once you come here it's for better or worse, for richer or poorer, in sickness and health, till death do us part.

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2

7.

Madeline.

You don't understand what love can do.

Paul.

Oh, love!

<sup>or</sup> Madeline

Perhaps it's true that after having loved me of us,  
there is no other love.

Fredrick

Absolutely. Many a die you may, but the soul  
clings to the old love.

[During this conversation the café has been  
filling up with girls and men. Enter Lord  
and Marthe. Some, recognizing her, begin to beat  
on the tables, and call out welcomes.

Marthe.

His only come to say Good-Bye: 12-11-1888

2

for America.

Lord

She's finished with all of this.

or Fischer

One never finishes: it's in the blood.

Paul

Tell the truth, Martine; you just collect bees  
away a minute longer.

Martine

(nervously) For me, it's finished for ever. I've  
decided to be a Society Bird!

Madeline

ah, but you bloomed here!

Martine

(stiffly) There are some who have never bloomed.

2

91

Madeline.

For instance. That's why I have kept my perfume!

Paul.

And what a perfume!

Fischer.

Ladies and Gentlemen, will you give me

say it in the book

(Sings)

[ This song is being written, and  
will be sent separately later. ]

5

I all of land vigorously. Lord begins  
a conversation with Foster.  
Muttie.

Bruce!

(Madelaine, aside) Has he been here?

or

Madelaine

Who, Negro? (Muttie nods) He's coming, he's  
trying to teach Lillie to dance the Tango in your  
place

Muttie.

No, no one can ever take my place.

Madelaine.

So you're really going to marry the young English millionaire?

Muttie.

Yes, to-morrow morning.

Madelaine.

Time not happy, dear.

2

11.  
Martha

Oh, yes, I am. Once I get into the new life

Madeline

I will begin to weary from the old. You will come back to us.

Martha

Never; its finished, I tell you.

Fischer

(to Lord) But — she never marries this sort of a woman!

Paul

as if there was any other sort of a woman!

Lord

Oh, you don't know her real self; she's an angel who fell by accident.

2

Paul.

Did she fall, or was she pushed?

Fisher.

Throw them all; it's always by accident.

Paul.

(Sings refrain of song) 'B' in the blood!

Lord.

But they're not French.

Paul.

Oh, you have the <sup>English</sup> Britishness of the French. But  
that's not nearly as good as the French idea  
of the English!

Lord.

Well, he's gambling a lot. I am sure my love  
will keep him straight.

Paul.

Did she fall, or was she pushed?

Fisher.

Throw them all; it's always by accident.

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(Sings refrain of song) 'B' in the blood!

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will keep him straight.

2

Fisher

Whats ~~for~~ rank or status after a long way  
is? There is nothing else; all other things fall  
and sink.

2

Paul

Don't you know the difference between all kinds  
+ Empire Pop?

Lord

Oh, that's all one. It's all the same.

Fisher

It tells you to understand.

Mark

What are you men getting at?

Fisher

are.

Fisher

Whats ~~the~~ rank or future after a line man  
is? There is nothing like all other line men  
and work.

2

Paul

Don't you know the difference between  
+ Ginje Pop?

Ed

The parts all are the same but in

Fisher

What you to see in

Paul

What are you even getting out of?

Fisher

are.

2

Mother.

Oh, talk of any thing else! Bring some more wine!

She dabs her face with rouge and powder,  
and reddens her lips.

Madelaine.

(to Lord) So it's Marriage?

Lord

Yes: this is the last night of the old life.

Madelaine.

Take good care of her! It's not often we get  
away from here.

Fischer.

Well, I mean for Madeline?

Madelaine.

Just me, silly! What more?

Mathe.

Oh, talk of anything else! Bring some more wine!

She dabs her face with rouge and powder,  
and reddens her lips.

Medicine.

(to Lord) So its Marriage?

Lord

Yes: this is the last night of the old life.

Medicine.

Take good care of her! Its not often we get  
away from here.

Fisher.

Will I marry you Medicine?

Medicine.

Join me, silly! What more?

2

Fische.

In see!

Paul.

When you've read enough, you'll want to do the  
 fine folk from Paris in your chateaux!

[Fische Madeline says they'll be there after

Neyo & Lillie

Madeline.

Hullo, Lillie! Have you learned the Tango  
 yet?

Mimi. [Lillie makes a gesture of disgust.  
 After the Tango you'll hate it, won't you!]

Paul.

Cruel! If you understood how we all love it!

5

Lillie Negro.

She loves only <sup>the</sup> Negro, & nothing else in earth

[She puts her arms round Negro's neck: Paul whistles like a railway train running round the room with his head between his hands.

Madelaine.

(Negro) Madeline is here, she is going to be married tomorrow; Paul's here best of any man; and <sup>meantime</sup> ~~she's~~ going to be good, I don't think!

Negro.

Silly cow! I don't care a fig to wait if she's here or in Timbalaka.

Lillie.

Oh do let us go, dear. Where you like; only do let's get out of here. I've got a headache.

Lillie Negro.

She loves only <sup>the</sup> Negro, & nothing else in earth

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or in Timbalaka.

Lillie.

Oh do let us go, dear. Where you like; only do  
let's get out of here. I've got a headache.

5

Paul.  
17.) and he got cold feet!  
Negro.

Pat: you'd got to dance the Tango.

[Lillie points to Maude, + makes a face.  
~~But she had been~~

Negro:  
That was not  
~~My~~ real love; anyhow, he forgotten it + you'd  
better forget it too! The other was nothing.

Lillie  
~~Lillie~~ Maude  
Wishes she had been that nothing.

Negro:  
Women are never content.

Maude.  
More wine, water! Come + drink yourself, Maude!  
Here's the dear old life! Fisher, sing "13 in the bed" again!

5

1877

11.  
Lord.

No, please, come away, my darling; you're getting excited.

(Impudently) Martha.

And why? Because?

Lord.

I'm not yourself. I don't understand you.

Paul. (He takes her by the arm to lead her away)

(cont.) They talk a lot o' loving

But what do they understand?

Martha

(shaking L. off.) Let me be! you promised me this  
one night, and it's mine!

Lord.

A man forgives the past but never the future.

Paul.

When you're as old as I am you'll know that the

2

past is the future.

Martie

Oh, hang it! No moralizing tonight! Let's drink!

2

[Father says]

Martie

(to Pianist.) So you no longer play the Tango now

but I am not here to dance.

[She picks up a table and waves her glass.

The Tango!

All.

We are all true to you. (All rise and drink glasses,  
& drink.)

Martie.

And I to you! In heart, I'm always here,

2

always, always? How the blood boils! how the heart leaps for joy. What other life is so gay, so entrancing? The reek of the smoke is sweeter than all the flowers of the earth and the incense of Heaven.

Paul.

Yes but what price Patachouli?

Lord (it's false! How Muttie, looking up, & so very ridiculous.)  
beg of you to come away. You no longer know what you are saying. If you will to hear my mind you cannot talk so.

Muttie.

This night is wine, wine, wine, wine. Fill my glass! ... The Tango is dead. I would love to dance it just once more!

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2

All.

Bravo! Come, Negro, the Tango!

Negro

(To Pianist) The Tango!

[He moves toward Martha from old habit;  
Lillie rushes to him and smacks his face,  
and makes him lead her out. They dance.]

Don't be

Ali.

so nervous! (He trips)

Negro

If you make another mistake I'll kill you, dance  
for your life! [He strikes her. She screams.]

Lillie  
Damn you! you're not doing your  
best!

2

1871

The Tango (song)

What is money to the bliss  
Of the honey of a kiss?

What are rank and fame and fashion  
To the ecstasy of passion?

Chorus

Give me dancing!

Give me wine!

Bright eyes glancing —

Gams in mine!

Kisses sipping

Up my breath —

Give me passion,

Give me death!

2

2.

Were the towers of Paris mine,  
 Its renown should drown in wine!  
 I would give the land of France  
 For a day and night of dance.  
 Always

3

Dreams uttering float above  
 Mirth coming, wine and love.  
 Sober suits the solemn truth  
 Smiles the Sphinx, sleep and death!  
 Always

Walter L. Kelly

2.

Were the wine of Paris mine,  
 I'd know a barrel from the wine!  
 I would give the land of France  
 For a day and night of dance.

3.

Alone

In some interesting plot above  
 Music, dancing, wine, and love.  
 Sober suits the solemn death  
 Smiles the Sphinx, and deep and death!

Alone

Robert Lowell  


---

2

Mattie.

(jumps off table, and tries to drag Lord into the  
dance) Come, come, come, dance!

Lord.

Can't.

Mattie.

Oh, yes, you can! I'll buy you round all night.

Negro

(Lillie) Do you hear? Dance, I tell you.

Mrs. Mathe (mocking Lillie)

I hate her: I hate her.

Lillie

~~to~~ Negro

Throws her aside to the ground as Mathe

Pushing her glass down, cries

"Then I'll dance alone" and begins. Negro

2

joins her in the dance, as he claps her  
 she cries "15 in the blood". All have  
 jumped on tables to watch the dance,  
 except Lillie, who is stunned by her fall, and  
 Lord, who wrings his hands piteously, and  
 makes little feeble attempts to rush in and  
 drag her away. Finally he gives it up, and  
 throws Matie's glass on the table, walks out.

Lillie picks herself up, takes a knife & stabs  
 herself on Matie, and stabs her. Matie  
 falls as Negro catches her, throwing Lillie  
 aside with his feet and carrying Matie in  
~~his arms~~ Matie.

O God! I am dying. Negro, Negro, my own, you  
 have at least saved me from the hell of

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2

Freedom and respectability. Give me your life!

Kiss me Good Bye!

[She dies in his arms. Lillie picks herself  
or up, and tries to flee, but Fischer catches  
her. ~~She is~~  
Fischer.

One moment, if you please!

[Everyone stands shell-shocked with horror,  
except Paul, who walks to the front of the  
stage, and lights a cigarette.

Paul.

Never dull at Fischer's!

Antonia