

Julia Tito

#10
tails and closing the door behind him] and stares at the bed, dumbfounded. He tears away the covers, looks under the bed and around the room. No Tito!

Oh my God!!

(He hesitates for a split second, then runs out of the bedroom into the corridor, closing the door behind him.)

MISTER SAUNDERS!!

(Pause. Slowly the closet door opens and TITO emerges. He looks around and listens. Not a sound. He sighs heavily, then totters cautiously through the bedroom and into the sitting room. He looks around the room. He feels certain now that he's safe at last and sinks onto the sofa and closes his eyes. At which point, JULIA enters through the sitting room/corridor door and sees TITO from the back, sitting quietly on the sofa. She smiles, then walks silently into the room and covers his eyes with her hands.)

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JULIA. Guess who?

TITO. YIY!!

(He bounds to his feet and stares at her.)

JULIA. Now, aren't you ashamed of yourself. Sitting here quietly enjoying yourself, while everyone downstairs is simply dying to meet you.

TITO. Excuse me please, but who are you?

JULIA. You're angry with me, aren't you?

TITO. Angry?

JULIA. Here I am, haranguing you about the reception when I haven't even told you how magnificent you were tonight. Tito. My dear man. (sitting and leaning back seductively, lowering her voice to the bass range) How can I ever thank you?

TITO. For what?

JULIA. For what? For what you did this evening!

TITO. I didn't do nothing! It wasn't me!

JULIA. No it wasn't you. You're right. It was Pagliacci. There, onstage, in flesh and blood. It was beauty and it

was life. It was love and it was pain. And as I sat there in the theatre, watching you tonight, hanging on your every note, I thought to myself: Now, at this moment, I am hearing the greatest performance of any opera star that has ever lived!

TITO. ...I was good, eh?

JULIA. Words cannot express it.

TITO. I think I'm a-gonna siddown, okay? (he does)

JULIA. You poor thing. You've had a bad day, haven't you?

TITO. Yeah.

JULIA. Of course you have, and you've been very brave. But, Tito, dear Tito. You will come down to the reception, won't you? For just a few minutes?

TITO. No. I done think so.

JULIA. But, Tito, you promised me!

TITO. I did?

JULIA. Tito Merelli. I'm surprised at you. How could you possibly disappoint me like this? Me. Julia.

TITO. I'm sorry, eh?

JULIA. And I'm sorry, too. For I simply will not take no for an answer. Do you understand? I will not budge from this spot until you agree. Not one inch. (She folds her arms and stands firm.) There are times, I'm afraid, when one simply has to apply the iron glove in the velvet hand. Especially if one hopes to get the bird.

TITO. (thinking) Okay. I give up.

JULIA. You do?

TITO. Yeah.

JULIA. Oh, Tito, you're wonderful! I knew you wouldn't let us down. Let's go!

TITO. No. Hey. (He turns on the charm and takes her hand.) Julia. I'm a-tired, eh? I need a few minutes to, uh, get off a-my feet, wash a-my face. Okay, Julia?

JULIA. (aroused) Oh my dearest, dearest Tito. You've made me so very happy. I only wish there was something I could do for you. (lowering her voice and trying again)

Can you think of anything?

TITO. Yeah. Go.

JULIA. I understand. Poor baby. You need some time alone.

(he ushers her to the door) Every minute shall seem an hour, and every hour a second. And so I fly.

(She exits, closing the door.)

TITO. Jesus Christ!

(He thinks for a moment about what to do – then springs into action. He rushes into the bedroom, grabs his suitcase and puts it on the bed to pack. Then a thought strikes him.)

Train station.

(He hurries into the sitting room toward the phone book. He finds it and rifles through it searching for “train station.”)

Train, train, train.

(At this moment, the sitting room/corridor door opens and DIANA enters, wearing the slinkiest, most inviting dress imaginable. She closes the door quietly. By this time, TITO has found the appropriate page and heads back towards the bedroom, scanning the column.)

Tractor. Trailers. Trophies.

DIANA. Hi there.

(TITO stops dead. He looks at DIANA – and drops the phone book to the floor.)

Surprised to see me?

(He shakes his head “yes” and wheezes.)

I told you I might drop in. Didn't you believe me?

(He shakes his head “no” and wheezes.)

Are you all right?

TITO. Dry...dry throat.

DIANA. Then perhaps I should order some champagne.

What do you think?

TITO. Sure. Great.

DIANA. May I use the phone?

(DIANA walks to the telephone. TITO watches her, fascinated. She picks up the phone and clicks for the operator. Into the phone:)

Room service, please.

(As she waits, she smiles at TITO. He smiles back. Into the phone:)

Yes, I'd like to order a bottle of champagne. *(to TITO)*
Is Mumm all right?

TITO. She's fine, thank you.

DIANA. *(into the phone)* Yes. That'll be fine. *(she hangs up)*
Well. You certainly are a fast operator, I must say. I barely know you, and here we are, alone in your hotel room with a bottle of champagne on the way up.

TITO. I'm just a tricky guy, eh?

DIANA. Come here.

TITO. Huh?

DIANA. Come here.

(She sits on the sofa and motions him to sit beside her. He does, cautiously. She faces him directly.)

Tito. Can I ask you a question?

TITO. Sure. Hey.

DIANA. I want you to be totally honest with me. All right?
Do you promise?

TITO. Cross a-my heart.

DIANA. Brutal, if necessary.

TITO. Nooo...

DIANA. Yes. Please.

TITO. Okay.

(pause)

DIANA. Was I good tonight?