

3*(He puts the bottle on the bedside table.)*

MARIA. Phh!

TITO. I take a-pills, I got a happy wife. Happy marriage!

(He pulls a bottle of Chianti from the vanity case.)

MARIA. Now you gonna be sick.

TITO. So what? My girl in the closet, she's not gonna care.

MARIA. Pigi!

TITO. SHUT UP!

MARIA. SHUT UP A-YOUSELF!

(MARIA slams into the bathroom. TITO slams into the sitting room.)

START

TITO. Max!

(He paces, upset. MAX enters from the kitchenette with two glasses.)

MAX. Are you all right?

TITO. I'm a-peachy. Just a-fine. I done relax, I'm gonna blow up! Open!

*(He hands MAX the bottle.)*MAX. *(taking it)* Uh, s-sorry. Corkscrew?

TITO. Eh? Oh yeah. Corkscrew. Sure. I'm a-stupid!

(TITO enters the bedroom, grabs the vanity case and sits on the bed. As he looks for the corkscrew, MAX unscrews the top from the bottle of Phenobarbital and pours several pills into one of the glasses. He thinks for a moment, then pours more pills. Beat. Then adds a few more for good measure. By this time, TITO has found the corkscrew. He slams back into the sitting room as MAX pockets the bottle of pills. TITO grabs the Chianti and starts opening it.)

TITO. Jealousy, eh? That's all I get is a-jealousy. Back a-stage. Girls, they come a-see me. Nice girls. They wanna my autograph. That's it. They say, "Hello, Tito. We love a-you, Tito." Maria, she goes a-nuts.

MAX. I'll pour.

TITO/MAX

*(MAX takes the bottle, falls TITO's glass and hands it to him. Then he puts his finger into TITO's glass and stirs. TITO watches, startled, then bemused. He looks at MAX. MAX removes his finger and acts as if nothing's wrong.)**Beat.*

TITO. Hey. Join me.

MAX. ^{MAX} Ccc, I - I - I don't really -

TITO. Drink!

MAX. Right. *(He pours some wine into his own glass and raises it.)* Well. Down the hatch.*(TITO pauses. Then ceremoniously, proud to know the local ritual, he puts his finger into MAX's glass and stirs. MAX looks sick.)*

TITO. Salut.

(TITO drains his glass as MAX watches. For a moment, TITO senses something strange; then he sighs with pleasure at the effect of the wine. MAX is clearly relieved.)

MAX. I think you're going to feel a lot better now.

TITO. I hope so, eh? 'Cause worse would be impossible.

(TITO sits down heavily.)

MAX. You - you might even take a nap. Who knows.

TITO. Sure. Who knows. *(He picks up the bottle and starts pouring himself more wine.)* Miracles happen, eh?MAX. *(trying to stop him)* Mr. Merelli, I - I - I -

TITO. Tito! You call me Tito. 'Cause I like you.

MAX. Uh...right. Tito. *(It's too late. The wine is poured. MAX takes the bottle.)* Good year.*(He puts the bottle down as far from TITO as possible.)*

TITO. Salut.

*(As TITO drinks, the bathroom door swings open and MARIA stalks into the bedroom)*MARIA. *(to herself)* No more! That's it! I'm a-finished with that man!

(During the following, she finds a pen and a piece of paper in her vanity case, then sits on the bed and starts to write her farewell note to TITO.)

TITO. *(relaxing)* Hey. Max. Sing a-me something.

MAX. Huh?

TITO. You sing, I listen. Maybe I help, eh? Make a-pointer.

MAX. Gee, that's awfully – now?

TITO. Sure. Why not? Free lesson.

MAX. Well, I – I – I suppose...

TITO. Come on. Let's hear. Stand up!

MAX. *(standing)* Right. Is there, uh, anything special?

TITO. Pick a-you favorite. Go.

MAX. Right. *(He is nervous and embarrassed. He clears his throat, then gropes for the right pitch.)* Ahem...okay...

(Without much confidence, he starts to sing. He's chosen the tenor line of the duet "Dio, che nell'alma infondere" from Act II, Scene 1 of Verdi's Don Carlo. He sings without accompaniment and not very well.)

DIO, CHE NELL'ALMA INFONDERE
AMOR VOLESTI E SPEME –

TITO. Stop!

(MAX stops.)

Okay. You're a-tight, eh? Tense. Is no good. You gotta relax. Be you.

MAX. I – I – I'm trying. I –

TITO. Okay, now shake a-youself.

MAX. Huh?

TITO. Shake! Like this. *(Standing by now, he shakes his body, arms flailing in a singer's exercise.)* Come on!

(Tentatively, MAX imitates him.)

Move!

(MAX lets loose. They both move around the room, arms flailing.)

Good. Okay. Now the throat. It's a-tight. It's gotta be loose. Like this.

(He rolls his head in a circle, around his shoulders, simultaneously singing a note.)

Ahhh...

MAX. *(joining)* Ahhh...

(They continue for a few seconds, then stop. MAX holds his forehead to stop the dizziness.)

TITO. Now...together.

(They sing "ah," roll their heads and move around the room, arms flailing. After a few seconds, TITO stops and watches MAX, who eventually notices that he's doing it alone. He straightens up.)

Now-a trick, eh? You gotta hear the music. Before you sing. You gotta hear everything. The orchestra, the chorus –

MAX. *(enthusiastic)* I – I know what you mean!

TITO. Everything! It's in a-you heart!

MAX. Right!

TITO. Okay. Shh! Listen!

(Silence. Then four notes, pizzicato, from the orchestra – which is now in their heads. A fifth note swells and they begin the duet)

MAX & TITO. *(singing, with full orchestra)*

DIO, CHE NELL'ALMA INFONDERE
AMOR VOLESTI E SPEME,
DESIO NEL COR ACCENDERE
TU SEI DI LIBERTA;
DESIO ACCENDERE, ACCENDER NEL COR
TU SEI DI LIBERTA.
GIURIAMO INSIEM DI VIVERE
E DI MORIRE INSIEME.
IN TERRA, IN CIEL
CONGIUNGERE CI PUO,