

# 7

Julia/Maggie

ACT TWO

Scene 1

*(Later that night, about 11 p.m.)*

*(There is one striking difference from the last time we saw the suite: the bed is empty and TITO is gone. In addition, the bathroom and connecting doors are both ajar, and the sitting room/corridor door is in the closed position, but not pulled shut.)*

START  
↓  
*(In the darkness, we hear transition music. The lights come up, and we hear someone knocking at the sitting room/corridor door.)*

MAGGIE. *(offstage)* It's open.

JULIA. *(offstage)* That's odd.

*(JULIA and MAGGIE enter, cautiously at first. Both are dressed as in the previous scene)*

Tito...?

MAGGIE. *(calling)* Mr. Merelli...?

JULIA. *(into the bedroom)* Tito...?

MAGGIE. I guess he's not back yet.

JULIA. *(puzzled)* Apparently not.

*(She pulls the connecting door closed.)*

MAGGIE. *(relaxing now, collapsing onto the sofa)* Oh my God. Wasn't he wonderful?

JULIA. Wonderful isn't the word, my dear. He was box office all the way. *(The telephone rings.)* I wonder who that could be.

MAGGIE. Maybe it's him.

JULIA. *(into the phone)* Hello?...No he isn't back yet, I'm

afraid. Who is this, please? *(startled)* Oh my goodness. Is anything – ...Julia Leverett. Chairman of the Opera Guild.

MAGGIE. Who is it?

JULIA. *(to MAGGIE)* The police.

MAGGIE. Police?!

JULIA. *(into the phone)* Is anything wrong officer?...Yes, I was there...

MAGGIE. What's the matter?

JULIA. Shh! ...*(into the phone)* Oh dear. I see...well that's good...oh dear!...oh good...oh dear...I certainly will. Thank you very much. Goodbye.

MAGGIE. Well?

JULIA. It's very sad actually. Apparently some lunatic dressed as a clown tried to get into the theatre tonight. He said he was Tito Merelli.

MAGGIE. Oh no.

JULIA. When they wouldn't let him in, he started screaming in Italian, so the stage manager called the police.

MAGGIE. Did they get him?

JULIA. Well, they arrested him and dragged him off, but he got away down an alley. Apparently the man's demented. When they grabbed him he actually hit a policeman.

MAGGIE. Oh my God.

JULIA. They're sending two of their men over to keep an eye out.

MAGGIE. I hope nothing happens.

JULIA. That's all we need at the reception is some lunatic on the rampage. We'll have enough of those already when the Board starts drinking. *(She heads for the door.)* I suppose we'd better go. They'll start arriving any minute now.

MAGGIE. Maybe I should wait here. I – I could tell him that you're looking for him. I mean, I just want to be helpful.

JULIA. Of course you do. And I won't tell Max if you don't.

MAGGIE. Max? It's none of his business.

JULIA. Isn't it?

MAGGIE. He didn't even show up tonight.

JULIA. *(teasing)* If I see him downstairs, shall I tell him you're looking for him?

MAGGIE. No, thank you.

JULIA. How about Tito?

MAGGIE. Aunt Julia –

JULIA. See you later, my dear.

*(JULIA exits, closing the door behind her. MAGGIE pauses for a moment, then goes to the telephone and clicks for the operator.)*

MAGGIE. *(into the phone)* Stage door of the Opera House please...Hello, Harry? It's Maggie Saunders...just fine. How are you?...Yes it was. It was fabulous. I was just wondering, is...is Max around backstage by any chance?...*(disappointed)* Oh...Not at all?...No, that's all right. It's nothing special.

*(The sound of the sitting room/corridor door being unlocked. MAGGIE looks up, says quietly.)*

Thanks, Harry. 'Bye.

*(She hangs up. The door opens and MAX enters. He's still in full costume and make-up. He doesn't see her.)*

MAGGIE. Hi.

*(MAX is startled.)*

MAX. Ciao.

*(MAX strolls into the room, full of confidence and swagger. MAGGIE is suddenly nervous, being alone with "Tito." She tries to make conversation, but MAX isn't helping.)*

MAGGIE. I – I hope you don't mind me being here. The door was open – I mean, we knocked first, but you