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MAX. I know. I – I – I mean that's the problem. Whenever I sing in front of people, I – I get tense. I tighten up. I can't help it.

TITO. That's it, eh? That's a-me, now. My doctor, he says take a-pills. Phenobarbital. It makes-a you sleep. But I'm a Merelli. I done take pills.

MAX. *(to himself)* Phenobarbital.

(During the following, MAX picks up SAUNDERS' bottle of phenobarbital from the table, where MAGGIE left it.)

TITO. Hey! I got it. We have a drink. A little wine, eh?

MAX. Hm? No! No, I – I – I don't think that's such a – *(He looks at the bottle of pills.)* Well. All right.

TITO. You got a-glasses? I got a good Chianti.

MAX. I – I don't know.

TITO. You gonna join me.

(He heads for the bedroom.)

MAX. Right. Okay. One glass!

(MAX disappears into the kitchenette as TITO enters the bedroom. MARIA is lying on the bed, on her stomach, still reading Vogue.)

TITO. Ciao.

MARIA. Ciao.

(She ignores him. TITO looks at her.)

TITO. Eh. *Bellezza.* I'm a-sorry. Okay?

MARIA. Phh.

TITO. I get a-tense. It's too much. It's a-my fault.

MARIA. Yeah.

TITO. Hey. Listen. We take a vacation. Soon. *(he sits on the bed)* Greece, eh? We get a boat. We sail a-the islands. Sleep all day. On the sand. *(he's rubbing her backside)* Just a-two, eh. Like a-the old days. Clams. Big lobster. Suck a-the claws.

MARIA. *(warming considerably)* Tito...

TITO. *Bellezza.*

MARIA/TITO

(They get intimate. She's kissing his neck.)

MARIA. Close a-door.

TITO. Huh?

MARIA. Close a-door.

TITO. Now?

MARIA. Close.

TITO. Maria. I got a stomach. No joke.

MARIA. I make a-you better. Fix you up.

TITO. No. Hey. Not now, okay? I – I can't do it!

(She stops, angry.)

MARIA. Pig!

TITO. Maria!

MARIA. You got a girl.

TITO. I got nobody.

MARIA. You got a girl! So done lie!

TITO. Maria –

MARIA. Three weeks – nothing! Not once, eh?

TITO. I'm sorry. I get a-tense. I – I got a stomach!

MARIA. I wanna be a nun, I'll join a-the church! At least sometimes I have a-some fun. I sing a-hymns. Pluck a-chickens!

TITO. She's crazy. My wife, she's a-crazy.

MARIA. Oh sure, I'm a-crazy. I hate a-trains, I'm a-crazy. I hate hotels. I'm a-crazy. I got a-empty bed, and I'm a-crazy!

TITO. Maria, I'm a sick a-man!

MARIA. SO TAKE A-YOU PILLS!

TITO. *(angry)* Fine. Okay. I take a-pills! *(He goes to the vanity case and takes out his bottle of pills.)* You wanna pills, I take a-pills. Look! Hey! Two pills. No. Four pills!

MARIA. Two!

TITO. Four!!

MARIA. Oh!

TITO. Okay? Happy?

(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. Pig!

TITO. SHUT UP!

MARIA. SHUT UP A-YOUSELF!

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

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.

(MAX takes the bottle, fills 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. Gee, 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!

STOP