

#76
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Diana / TITO

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?

START

TITO. ...Good?

DIANA. I'm sure it's difficult to make any lasting judgments, after having done it with me only once. But would you say I was...exciting tonight?

TITO. (*trying to work it out*) We spent a-some time together, eh?

DIANA. We certainly did.

TITO. Yeah.

DIANA. Now I want the truth. Just take the big moment at the end. Would you say it was something special?

(*no answer*)

I can take it, believe me, Tito. I'm a professional.

TITO. A pro-? Oh my god. A *professional!*

DIANA. (*hurt*) You don't think so?

TITO. No I do! I promise!

DIANA. Well then? How was I? (*pause*) Tito?

TITO. I'm trying to remember!

DIANA. (*bitterly*) I suppose you're telling me I was no good.

TITO. No! Hey! You-you were great! You were fantastic!

DIANA. You're only saying that-

TITO. No I swear! You - you were unbelievable! It went a-by so fast, I can hardly remember.

DIANA. Oh, Tito. Do you mean it?

TITO. Yeah. Sure.

DIANA. Thank God. I'm so relieved.

TITO. Heh. This, uh, profession. You take it a-pretty serious, eh?

DIANA. It's all I've ever wanted to be since I was a little girl. Isn't that awful?

TITO. It's terrible.

DIANA. Of course my mother was in the business.

TITO. Ah.

DIANA. And my father was too.

TITO. You father?

DIANA. I guess you could say it's in my blood.

TITO. You got something in your blood?!

DIANA. Does it show?

TITO. No! No! You look-a fine.

DIANA. And you thought I was good tonight. I mean really, really good?

TITO. Oh yeah. Great.

DIANA. You have no idea what this means to me, Tito. Coming from you.

TITO. Heh, thanks.

DIANA. I was so afraid you were disappointed. I mean, it's just so hard to tell with all those people there.

TITO. (*after a slight pause*) People?

DIANA. You really are incredible, aren't you. You've got so much experience, you don't even notice them. I think that's wonderful.

TITO. People?!

DIANA. Tito.

TITO. Eh?

DIANA. Now, Tito, just supposing that I really am as good as you think. And supposing that I have the confidence and the stamina to make it in the big time, in New York...

TITO. Yeah?

DIANA. I was wondering if, perhaps, you'd like to introduce me to some of your friends. Is that possible, Tito?

TITO. Hey. I'm not so sure, eh?

DIANA. Producers. Directors. The ones that matter. What about your agent?

TITO. My agent, she's a woman.

DIANA. So? That's all right with me.

TITO. It is?

DIANA. Of course! I wouldn't care if she was a kangaroo! The important thing is whether she's good or not. Right?!

TITO. I guess.

DIANA. All I'd need with her is five minutes. And if she doesn't think I'm special, at least I tried. I had a chance! ...Tito?

TITO. Hey. I do my best, okay?

DIANA. You will?

TITO. If that's a-what you want.

DIANA. Tito. How can I ever thank you?

TITO. My pleasure, eh?

DIANA. It will be. I promise.

(She kisses him, passionately. Almost at once we hear a knock at the sitting room/corridor door.)

Oh see who it is!

(TITO gets up, reluctantly, and goes to the door.)

TITO. Who is, please?

MAGGIE. *(offstage)* It's me. Maggie.

TITO. *(to DIANA, whispering)* Who's Moggie?

DIANA. She's Henry's daughter. I suppose she wants your autograph or something.

MAGGIE. *(offstage)* Open up!

TITO. *Minuto!*

DIANA. *(taking her purse)* Go ahead, but just get rid of her as soon as you can. I'll slip into something more comfortable. How does that sound?

TITO. I like it.

DIANA. Keep warm.

(She throws him a kiss and exits into the bathroom, closing the door. TITO watches her go, then closes the connecting door.)

MAGGIE. *(offstage)* Tito!

(TITO opens the door to the corridor. MAGGIE hurries in and quickly closes the door. Breathless.)

I slipped out during one of the speeches, so I don't

think anybody noticed. Of course I might have been going to the ladies' room or out for a walk, I mean there's nothing wrong with that, except I think I looked suspicious.

TITO. How do you do.

MAGGIE. A lot better, now that I'm here. Are you all right?

TITO. I'm a-fine, thank you.

MAGGIE. Good.

(She advances into the room and takes a breath.)

TITO. So.

MAGGIE. So.

TITO. I think I know why you come, eh?

MAGGIE. I guess you do.

TITO. You want a-my autograph.

MAGGIE. Is that what you call it in Italian?

TITO. In Italian is *autografo*.

(MAGGIE turns her back on TITO, afraid to look at him. During the following, she doesn't see what TITO's doing - which is looking around on the table for a pen and a piece of paper.)

MAGGIE. And what's the word for "love" in Italian? *Amore?*

TITO. *(searching)* Hey, that's good. You speak a-the language, eh?

MAGGIE. I never would have believed that anything like this could have ever happened.

TITO. Life is funny, eh?

MAGGIE. It certainly is.

(By now, TITO has found the pen and paper and sits on the sofa, facing away from MAGGIE, to use the coffee table to write on.)

TITO. So, what would you like me to say, eh? *(writing)* "Moggie..."

MAGGIE. Tito...