

MAX. Pride?

SAUNDERS. Personality?

MARIA. All men, they got this thing. It starts a-small, it gets a-big and it makes a-trouble.

SAUNDERS. P?

MAX. Power?

MARIA. Passion! He's got a big a-passion!

MAX. Oh.

SAUNDERS. I see.

(TITO enters the sitting room.)

MAX. Mr. Merelli!

SAUNDERS. Are you all right?

Begin

TITO. Me? I'm a-fine. *Perfetto*.

MARIA. (*derisively*) Hoo!

TITO. I'm a-okey-dokey. I feel like ten bucks.

MARIA. Look at 'im, eh? He looks a-like a sick dog.

TITO. I'm tip a-top.

MARIA. Liar!

TITO. Shut up!

MARIA. Phh!

TITO. A little stomach. It's nothing. I'm a-fine. A few more minutes, I'm gonna be even better.

~~SAUNDERS. Better?~~

MARIA. That's what I thought. I'll get a-you pills.

(*She gets up.*)

TITO. (*a familiar argument*) I done take pills.

MARIA. You need a-pills!

TITO. No! I'm a-Merelli! Merelli says a-no!

MARIA. What's a-matter? You got a girl in there?

TITO. Yeah. Sure. I got a girl. In fact, I got two girls. Both a-naked. Go ahead! Look!

MARIA. Some day, you gonna wake up in a-you bed, you gonna be a soprano!

TITO. (to MAX) Jealousy, eh? Jealousy! It's a-terrible.

MARIA. (overlapping, to SAUNDERS) In my heart, he makes a-me sick.

TITO. (overlapping) She's a crazy woman.

MARIA. (overlapping) Because he's a-stupid. He's got a-no brains.

TITO. (overlapping) All the time it's a-jealousy, jealousy, jealousy –

MARIA. SHUT UP!

TITO. SHUT UP A-YOUSELF!

End (*MARIA slams into the bedroom. Huffing unison, TITO and MARIA both sit, he on the sofa, she on the bed. During the following, MARIA calms herself, then lies on the bed and flips through a copy of Vogue.*)

SAUNDERS. So...I uh, I don't mean to be pushy, but I really do think we ought to be going.

TITO. Sure. Okay. Thanks a-for everything. See you tonight.

SAUNDERS. No. Sorry. I meant all of us. To the rehearsal.

TITO. Me?

SAUNDERS. Right.

(*TITO considers it.*)

TITO. No. No, I done think so. You want the truth, I'm not so good.

SAUNDERS. You're not?

TITO. No.

SAUNDERS. What's the matter?

TITO. I'm a-sick. I eat too much. I'm a-stupid.

SAUNDERS. Signor Merelli. I don't think you understand. You see, I have a hundred people at the theatre. *Cento persona*. They're waiting for you.

TITO. Hey. You done get it. I'm gonna sing right now, I'm gonna throw up on the soprano.