

MAX-2

30

A COMEDY OF TENORS

Scene Two

(Two minutes later. TITO and MAX are alone in the living room. MAX is calling into the bedroom, right.)

MAX. We'll be right with you, sir. Carlo. Just a minute.

(He closes the door. The following goes quickly.)

TITO. I tell you, it was him!

MAX. Tito –

TITO. I'm not a-crazy!

MAX. But you could be mistaken.

TITO. No!

MAX. You saw him –

(index fingers)

TITO. Yah.

MAX. But not –?

Start

(palms)

TITO. That's enough! Max. Oh, Max, it was like a nightmare! And she give him the scarf I gave her this morning for her birthday, which I chose a-myself! It was like she gave him my heart, my lung, my kidney.

MAX. You're sure about this?

TITO. *I was watching!*

MAX. And where did this happen?

TITO. Right here in this room.

MAX. And where were you?

TITO. In there!

MAX. You saw him through the door?

TITO. Yah.

MAX. And where were you just before that?

TITO. I was at the balcony, watching the naked girl run across the field.

MAX. There was a naked girl on the field?

TITO. Yah.

MAX. Did you recognize her?

TITO. Yah. She look a-something like my daughter Mimi.
Or Mrs. Roosevelt.

MAX. And where were you before the naked girl episode?

TITO. On the bed.

MAX. Asleep?

TITO. Yah.

MAX. Tito, you were having a dream.

TITO. No.

MAX. Yes! Just think about it. You're worried about Mimi getting married, right? You and Maria have an argument, you lie down and you fall asleep. Then you have this *dream* where you see a naked woman who looks like your daughter. Then you see your wife through a door having an affair with a guy who's twenty years younger than you, and then *he* turns out to be your biggest rival! Tito, it was a dream! It had to be!

TITO. Impossible.

(MAX picks up a pad of paper and sits in the chair next to the sofa, as TITO reclines on the sofa. So they are now in the classic pose of psychiatrist and patient.)

MAX. Look, I took this course in *psychology* in college. It's a whole new field. You've heard of Sigmund Freud? He wrote this book called

(Writing on the pad and tearing the sheet off and handing it to TITO.)

The Interpretation of Dreams, and believe me, a naked girl running across a soccer field while your wife is helping your biggest rival get dressed through an invisible door? – you'll be in the sequel if you're not locked up first.

TITO. But it seem so real and had all the things that keep me up at night. Singing. Women. Age. Sex. My daughter. Women.

MAX. You owe Carlo an apology, you know. And can I be honest? For me this concert is a really big deal. I mean I know I'll never sing like you, but I could have a good career, and this concert would take things to a whole new level. And with the baby coming –

TITO. How is Maggie?

MAX. She's due next week. And here *I* am, being an "artist" while she's –...

TITO. I know this feeling.

MAX. Yeah.

TITO. Okay. I do it for you. We do the concert.

MAX. Really? All right! Thanks, Tito. You're the best. Let's tell 'em.

(MAX *calls into the guest bedroom.*)

Stop

Okay, gentlemen. Come on in.

(SAUNDERS *and* CARLO *enter the living room.*)

SAUNDERS. Well?

TITO. I make a-mistake.

CARLO. (*rubbing his neck*) You sure did.

TITO. I'm a-sorry. Here's a-my hand.

(TITO *and* CARLO *shake hands.*)

CARLO. Oh good. Wow. I'm so glad. I mean, I could understand if you...

TITO. No no. You are good singer. You have beautiful voice.

CARLO. But not like yours.

TITO. No.

CARLO. You're my idol. I've always wanted to meet you, my whole life.

TITO. No –

CARLO. I swear to God. I was raised in Brooklyn – my parents are Italian – and all my father ever talked about was Tito Merelli. On the radio we heard you in *La Traviata* and oh my God, we sat there with tears in our eyes. You're the best there is.