

*silks and jewelry that fit her like a second skin. She speaks with a heavy Russian accent.)*

RACÓN. Tito. It is I, Racón.

*(She kisses him on the mouth.)*

Do you remember?

BEPPO. It is coming back to me.

RACÓN. I am performink here in Paris this week, and am hearing that you are in city for concert. So I am askink myself, is it time to come see Tito after all these years. What do you think?

BEPPO. You made good decision.

RACÓN. I am likink your hotel. Is beink beautiful. Do you spend much time here?

BEPPO. Is like second home.

RACÓN. You look the same, Tito. You have not changed.

BEPPO. You would be surprised.

RACÓN. It is many years since we are seeink each other.

BEPPO. Yet you are even more beautiful than the day we met.

RACÓN. I am flattered.

BEPPO. I am honored.

RACÓN. I am impressed.

BEPPO. I am overwhelmed. Are you hungry?

RACÓN. I am ravenous.

BEPPO. Good because my producer have put out big spread for me. You like a-spread?

RACÓN. I am liking spread.

BEPPO. Would you like a-some tongue?

RACÓN. I am loving tongue.

BEPPO. *(Holding up the tongue and using Mr. Tongue's squeaky voice.)* "I am glad you love me. Sometime I get very lonely on the plate by myself."

RACÓN. I am understanding, my little tongue. I am lonely too. But in Russia, everyone is lonely.