

(Also in the room are cleaning tools sticking out of it and a stack of folded towels. Clearly the maids didn't do a very good job of finishing their work.)

(The time is late afternoon on a beautiful fall day.)

(As the curtain rises, the room is empty and we hear an excerpt from Act Two of Puccini's *La Bohème* – the section towards the end of Musetta's waltz where all the voices intertwine with passion – coming from a radio in the corner.)

(After a beat, Henry Saunders hurries in through the front door. Saunders is in his early fifties and wears a business suit. He looks around the room, exasperated, then he turns off the radio and dials the telephone.)

(When the phone is answered, he speaks French with the misplaced bravado of a man who continues to believe the encouragement of his high school French teacher.)

SAUNDERS. *Bonjour. Je suis Henry Saunders. Oui, c'est moi. C'est vrai, c'est moi. C'est vrai. S'il vous plait, je veux parler avec Monsieur Max, le ténor. Merci. I'll wait.*

(He sees the wash bucket and picks it up with distaste; into phone.)

Max! Get up here! I don't care if you're rehearsing, I need some help. The concert starts in three hours and Tito isn't here yet. And look at this place. Nothing's ready for him! There's all this food to put out, we need to check the bathrooms to make sure they're clean, you know the French, and oh my God, the maids have left some underwear on the floor.

(He picks up panties and hose from the floor and stuffs them into his pocket.)

What kind of hotel is this?! Yes I know I chose it, but I shouldn't have to stuff underwear into... *Because I'm*