

## JACK & DOM - Opening

*Jack is sitting at the dressing room desk, writing music, an open libretto in front of him.*

*The door bangs open: enters Dom, furious, slamming down an orchestral score on the desk in front of Jack.*

Overture! DOM

Yes! JACK

Overture!! DOM

Indeed! JACK

Overture!!! DOM

JACK

Pa pa pa pa PA pa pa pa pa PA pa pa pa pa PA!

You don't like?

It's lovely! DOM

It is lovely! JACK

It is wonderful! DOM

It is superb! JACK

It is from another opera!!! DOM

JACK

You gave me thirteen days to write an opera, you think I'll write you a new overture?!

DOM

I gave you two weeks!

JACK

You gave me two hundred scudi, and you didn't think I'd spend the first night drinking and the next day sobering, HA!

DOM

I also gave you a new suit.

JACK

Almost new.

DOM

New enough.

JACK

Not anymore!

DOM

Why?!

JACK

I went drinking in it!

DOM

*Looking at Jack's suit with horror.*

This is my suit?!

JACK

This was your suit! And this is your overture!

DOM

I cannot use it!

JACK

It's from "Elizabeth". "Elizabeth" never played in Rome.

DOM

I know! "Elizabeth" played in Naples! But "Aureliano" played in Rome, right under this roof!

JACK

This has nothing to do with “Aureli...” – I gave you the same overture for “Aureliano” as well, didn’t I – oh yes I did, yes I.... Pa-pa-pa-pa-paaaaa....

*Dom collapses into a chair.*

It’s all mostly stolen from Mozart, anyway. The Prague Symphony. But then again, everything everyone ever does is stolen from Mozart. When your pastry chef flavors whipped cream with rosemary, he steals from Mozart.

DOM

*Laughs at the absurdity of a new idea.*

I guess you can’t write me a new overture right now?

JACK

I don’t have time.

DOM

I guess you don’t. We open in an hour.

JACK

...and twenty minutes. That’s plenty for an overture. Not enough for music. But I don’t write music.

DOM

You don’t write music?

JACK

No.

DOM

What do you write?

JACK

I write crescendi.

DOM

You write what?!

JACK

Crescendi!

DOM

WHAT?!

JACK

CRESCENDI!!! It's when it gets louder and LOUDER AND...

DOM

I know what a crescendo is!

JACK

Then you know I don't write music. The overture is fine, Domenico. They'll just think it sounds – familiar. They think everything I write sounds familiar. For example, they will think the act one cavatina sounds familiar.

DOM

How – familiar – ?

JACK

If you've heard "Elizabeth", very familiar. Very. Familiar. But, you know – when in Rome, play what didn't play in Rome. Are your copiers on hand?

DOM

*He's still too horrified about the cavatina revelation to properly process this question's implications.*

Opening night. All the staff's here.

JACK

Good. Oh, good. They will need to copy some score into parts.

DOM

The score's all copied.

JACK

Good. Very good. What do you mean by all?

DOM

All that you gave me – ?

JACK

Ah. Yes! Good. Excellent. Splendid.

*Dom, assailed by a horrifying suspicion, takes the score and looks in the back. Exhales with tremendous relief.*

DOM

You bastard, you almost got me. For a moment there, I thought you didn't finish it. Hhhaaa. But you can't trick me, you know. I looked in the back when you turned it in.

JACK

Of course you did. I knew you would. Which is why I did write the finale. Because I knew you'd look there.

DOM

Good.

JACK

Good. Benissimo. Eccelente. Did you look in the middle?

*Dom looks in the middle of the score. Flips a few pages. Flips a few pages the other way, with increasing desperation. Then he walks to Jack, picks him up with his both hands by the breast of the suit, and starts shaking him. Jack, while being shaken, keeps on writing.*

DOM

You! You! Little – scoundrel –

JACK

*Nodding, while being shaken, with boundless patience and heartfelt agreement.*

Scoundrel.

DOM

– mean – contemptible – drunkard –

JACK

Drunkard.

DOM

– blasted – crook – I swear – never – never – not ever again –