

M/F

Frankie & Johnny

FRANKIE: God, I wish I still smoked. Life used to be so much more fun. (*she gets up to get her robe*)

JOHNNY: Where are you going?

FRANKIE: A robe

JOHNNY: Why? You don't need a robe. I want to bask in your nakedness

FRANKIE: Sure you do. (*turns on the light*)

JOHNNY: Ow!

FRANKIE: I'm sorry! I'm sorry!

JOHNNY: Warn somebody when you're going to do that! I hate bright lights but especially right after making love. Talk about a mood changer! Besides, I think you see the other person better in the light of the afterglow. (*pause*) Did you hear what I just said?

FRANKIE: Yes

Johnny: God, you're beautiful. Are you coming back to bed?

FRANKIE: Did you get Easter off? (*Johnny shakes his head*) Neither did I. And watch us twiddle our thumbs. Last Easter you could have shot a moose in there. Forget tips. I've already decided, I'm gonna call in sick. Life's too short, you know? You want some juice? It's homemade. I mean, I squeezed it myself. That's right, you're working on a beer. I'd offer you a joint, but I don't do that anymore. Not that I think other people shouldn't. It's just that I can't personally handle it anymore. I mean, I didn't like what it was doing to me. I mean, the bottom line is: it isn't good for you. For me, I mean. It isn't good for me. Hey, come on, don't!

JOHNNY: Can I say one more thing?

FRANKIE: I wish you would

JOHNNY: I could watch you do that for maybe the rest of my life.

FRANKIE: Get real.

JOHNNY: I think a woman brushing and fixing her hair is one of the supremely great sights of life. I'd put it up there with the grand canyon and a mother nursing her child. Triumphant facts of nature. That's all

FRANKIE: Oh my god, Its three o'clock! Look, I'd ask you to stay over but...I don't know about you but I'm kind of drained, you know? You know, you are a very intense person. One minute you're making love like somebody just let you out of jail and the next youre telling me watching me brush my hair is like the grand canyou. Very intense or very crazy. Look, I'm glad what happened happened. If we both play our cards right, maybe it will happen again....hello?

JOHNNY: I hear you....such blinding beauty.

FRANKIE: I'm serious!

JOHNNY: (*quietly*)So am I

FRANKIE: That's exactly what I mean. One minute you're kidding and the next you're looking at me like that.

JOHNNY: Like what?

FRANKIE: Like that! People don't go around looking at one another like that. It's too intense. You don't look, you stare. It gives me the creeps. I suppose its very flattering but its not something I feel real comfortable with. It's like if you would send me a million roses, I'd be impressed but I wouldn't know where to put them. I don't need a million roses. One would be just fine. So if you just look at me occasionally in the future like that. Look, obviously I like you. I like you a lot. What's the matter?

JOHNNY: I'm just drinking all this in...how old are you?

FRANKIE: None of you're business. How old are you?

JOHNNY: What do you think?

FRANKIE: Mid-forties.

JOHNNY: You're fabulous. Come here.

FRANKIE: I've got a meatloaf in the fridge

JOHNNY: Come here (*Frankie moves a few steps toward Johnny who is sitting on the edge of the bed*)

FRANKIE: What?

JOHNNY: Closer (*Frankie moves closer to Johnny who pulls her all the way towards him and buries his face in her middle*)

FRANKIE: I can toast some bread. Butter and Catsup. A cold meatloaf sandwich.

Aren't you hungry?

JOHNNY: I'm starving.

FRANKIE: No!

JOHNNY: Why not?

FRANKIE: We just did

JOHNNY: So?

FRANKIE: I can't

JOHNNY: What do you mean you can't?

I don't want to (*Johnny immediately stops nuzzling Frankie. Both hands fly up with palms outwards.*)

FRANKIE: You don't have to take it like that. I'm sorry, just not right now. There's something about you that makes me feel like I'm letting you down all the time. Lile you have all these expectations of me that I can't fulfill-but what you see here is what you get. I am someone who likes to eat after making love and right now I feel like a cold meat loaf sandwich on white toast with butter and catsup with a large glass of very cold milk and I wish you would stop looking at me like that.

JOHNNY: Open you're robe.

FRANKIE: No, why?

JOHNNY: I want to look at your pussy.

FRANKIE: No, why?

JOHNNY: It's beautiful

FRANKIE: It is not. You're just saying that.

JOHNNY: I think it is. I'm telling you, you have a beautiful pussy--!

FRANKIE: I hate that word Johnny!

JOHNNY: Alright...thing! And I'm asking you to open your robe so I can look at it. Just look. Fifteen seconds. You can time me. Then you can make *two* cold meatloaf sandwiches and two big glasses of milk. Just hold the catsup on one.

FRANKIE: I don't know if you're playing games or being serious.

JOHNNY: Both. Serious games. Do you have to name everything? If I had said “you have a beautiful parakeet” you’d have let me see it and we’d be eating those sandwiches already.

FRANKIE: I had a parakeet. I hated it. I was glad when it died. (she opens her robe) Okay?

JOHNNY: Oh! Yes!

FRANKIE: (*continuing to hold her robe open as Johnny sits on the edge of the bed and looks*) I’m timing this! I told my cousin I didn’t want a bird. I hate birds. She swore I’d love a parakeet. Whats to love? (*she almost drops the robe*) They don’t do anything except not sing when you want them to, sing when you don’t, and make those awful scratching noises on that awful sandpaper on the floor of their cell. I mean cage! If I ever have another pet, it’ll be a dog. A golden lab. Something that shows a little enthusiasm when you walk through the door. Something you can hold. The only time I got my hands on that goddamn parakeet was the day it dropped dead and I had to pick it up and throw it in the garbage can. Hey, c’mon! this has gotta be 15 seconds. (*Frankie closes her robe. Johnny takes her hand, kisses it, rubs his cheek against it. Frankie stands awkwardly.*) You really would like a sandwich?

JOHNNY: But no catsup.

FRANKIE: Catsup’s what makes a cold meat loaf sandwich good. Can I have my hand back?

JOHNNY: Do you want it back?

FRANKIE: Well, you want a sandwich don’t you?

JOHNNY: I want you to notice how we are connecting. My hand is flowing into yours. My eyes are trying to see inside yours.

FRANKIE: That’s not connecting. That’s holding and staring. Connecting is when the other person isn’t even around and you could die from just thinking of them.

JOHNNY: That’s missing. This is connecting.

FRANKIE: You want to turn on the television?

JOHNNY: Why?

FRANKIE: We don’t have to watch it. You know, just sound. I do it all the time. Company. It beats a parakeet

JOHNNY: I’d rather watch you.

FRANKIE: What was your favorite movie?

JOHNNY: I forget.

FRANKIE: You probably don’t even have one. (*Johnny has gotten up off the bed and come over to where Frankie is working. He finds a place to sit very close to where she stands making the sandwiches.*)

JOHNNY: You know what I was thinking when I was looking at you over there?

FRANKIE: I should have guessed this was coming!

JOHNNY: I was thinking “theres got to be more to life than this” but at times like this I’ll be goddamned if I know what it is.

FRANKIE: You don’t give up do you?

JOHNNY: I want to drown in this woman. I want to die here. So why is she talking about parakeets and meat loaf? The inequity of human relationships! I actually thought that word: inequity.” I didn’t even know it was in my vocabulary. And whats that other one? Disparity! Yeah, that’s it. The disparity between us at the moment. I mean, there I was, celebrating you, feasting on your loveliness, and you were talking about a fucking, pardon my French, parakeet!

FRANKIE: Maybe its because I was ill at ease.

JOHNNY: Because of me?

FRANKIE: maybe I don’t like being looked at down there that way how the hell should I know?

JOHNNY: Bullshit! You don’t like being looked at, period.

FRANKIE: Ow!

JOHNNY: What happened

FRANKIE: I cut myself.

JOHNNY: Let me see

FRANKIE: It’s alright.

JOHNNY: Let me see. *(he sucks the blood from her finger)*

FRANKIE: Look, I don’t think this is going to work out. It was very nice while it lasted but like I said.....

JOHNNY: You’ll live. *(he releases her hand)*

FRANKIE:I’m a BLT down sort of person and I think you’re looking for someone a little more pheasant under glass. Where are you going?

JOHNNY: I’ll get a bandage.

FRANKIE: That’s okay

JOHNNY: No problem

FRANKIE: Really. What are you doing? *(Johnny has gone into the bathroom. We hear him going through the medicine cabinet looking for a bandage as he continues to speak through the open door.)*

JOHNNY: I don’t remember you saying that you were a BLT down sort of person.

FRANKIE: I thought I implied it when I was talking about the meat loaf. *(Johnny comes out of the bathroom with a box of band-aids and a bottle of iodine.)*

JOHNNY: Its because I said you had a beautiful pussy isn’t it? Give me your finger. *(Frankie holds out her finger while Johnny disinfects and dresses it.)*

FRANKIE: Its because you said a lot of things. Ow!

JOHNNY: A man compliments a woman. All right, maybe he uses street talk but its nice street talk, affectionate. Its not one of them ugly words, like the one I’m sure we’re both familiar with, the one that begins with “C.” I didn’t say you had a beautiful “C.” I was just saying something loving and you took offense.

FRANKIE: I told you I wasn’t very spontaneous!

JOHNNY: Boy, if you had said to me, “Johnny, you have the most terrific dick on you” I would be so happy. *(he finishes with the band-aids.)* There you go

FRANKIE: Thank you.