

FRANKIE & JOHNNY

Frankie: That music is nice. Makes me think of grace. What do you want to kill yourself about sometimes?

Johnny: I wanna kill myself when I think I'm the only person in the world and that and that part of me that feels that way is trapped inside this body and only bumps into other bodies without ever connecting to the only other person in the world trapped inside. We have to connect. We just have to.

Frankie: I feel very...

Johnny: sad?

Frankie: I don't know what it is.

Johnny: Say it anyway.

Frankie: Protective.

Johnny: Good. That's very nice.

Frankie: I'm looking for somebody to take care of me this time.

Johnny: Aren't we all.

Frankie: Why do we keep going from one subject I don't like to another?

Johnny: What is this? All of a sudden the armor's on.

Frankie: What about your armor?

Johnny: I don't have any.

Frankie: Besides, I wasn't talking about you. Not everybody thinks life is a picnic. Some of us have problems. Some of us have sorrows. But people like you are so busy telling us how you feel you don't even notice the rest of us who aren't exactly jumping up and down singing "Yankee Doodle Dandy."

Johnny: Hold it. How are we getting into this? I've done nothing but notice you.

Frankie: You don't notice me. You smother me. I'm not gonna give up everything again for somebody I don't know and who doesn't know me. I can't keep repeating the same stupidity in my life.

Johnny: Who's saying you have to give up anything? We're talking about love. Need.

Frankie: We're not in love.

Johnny: What do you mean? Oh, maybe that's what you think. I think we are. Just because you've given up on that possibility, there's no need to drag me down to that kind of level of thinking.

Frankie: I think you better leave now.

Johnny: You know, I'm sorry. I thought you were a kindred spirit. You know what kindred means? Two of a kind sharing a great affinity.

Frankie: I know what kindred means.

Johnny: Shall we go for affinity?

Frankie: You know, that is the first really rotten thing you've said to me. To make fun of somebody else's intelligence or education or lack of. That is somebody I would be very glad not to know. I thought you were sad and weird. I didn't know you were cruel.

Johnny: I'm sorry.

Frankie: It's just a cruelty just waiting to happen again. And I don't wanna be there when it does. I want you to go.

Johnny: Why do you want me to go?

Frankie: I wanna be alone. I wanna watch my vcr, eat ice cream, go to sleep.

Johnny: Come on. Alone? Gee. Sooner or later you're gonna have to deal with us. That's it. There's no two ways about it. Why don't we just get it over with now? You're in the mood. C'mon. Tomorrow's Sunday. Day off. We'll sleep in. Let's talk.

Frankie: All right, I'm calling Tim.

Johnny: Tim?

Frankie: No. Bobby. He's bigger. He'll beat the shit outta you.

Johnny: Not yet.

Frankie: I'll open the window and scream.

Johnny: Are you kidding me? In this city? Everybody's doing the same thing. Who's gonna hear you?

Frankie: Get out.

Johnny: Okay, okay. I promise I'll go. Only I want to make a call. You know, this all should be so easy. Why is it always so damn hard? Hello, midnight with Marlon? Oh, hello Marlon. My name is Johnny. And I would like to know the name of that piece of piano music you were playing so I can buy the record, present it to my lady love, whose name happens to be Frankie. And is that not a coincidence? Frankie and Johnny. Debussy. Claude Debussy. Right. "Clair de Lune." You got that?

Frankie: Why are you doing this?

Johnny: Everything I want is in this room. Hello Marlon. I know you don't take requests, but could you listen to me a second? Now, there's a man and a woman. He's a cook, she's a waitress. They meet, and they don't connect. Only she noticed him. He could feel it. And he noticed her. And they both knew it was gonna happen. They made love. And for maybe one whole night they forgot the ten million things that make people think I don't love this person. I don't like this person. Instead, it was perfect and they were perfect. And that's all there was to know about. Only now she's beginning to forget and pretty soon he's gonna forget. So I was just wondering, could you play an encore for Frankie and Johnny in the hope of something that oughta last and not self-destruct? Well, why don't you just think about it? Okay, thank you.

Frankie: I wanna show you something. That guy I didn't wanna talk about he did this with a belt buckle.

Johnny: It's gone.

Frankie: It'll never go

Johnny: It's gone. I made it go.

Frankie: No Johnny, you can't make it go away. Nobody can. He's the reason I can't have kids. He knocked me around when I was pregnant. And I lost the baby. There were complications.

Johnny: He's gone now. I would never hit you. Never. You don't have to be afraid anymore.

Frankie: I am. I'm afraid. I'm afraid to be alone. I'm afraid not to be alone. I'm afraid of what I am, what I'm not, what I might become, what I might never become. I don't wanna stay at my job for the rest of my life, but I'm afraid to leave. And I'm just tired. You know? I'm just so tired of being afraid.

Johnny: Oh, honey, listen to me. I know I can't make the bad go away. You're right, I can't. But when the bad comes again, I'm gonna be next to you.

Frankie: I can't Johnny. I'm sorry