

FRANKIE AND JOHNNY

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FRANKIE & JOHNNY

FADE IN:

EXT. INTERSTATE HIGHWAY - DAY

A Greyhound bus is barreling through Pennsylvania's countryside. OPENING TITLES BEGIN.

CUT TO:

A WOMAN

inside the bus. She looks out the window. Her mind is elsewhere. Her name is FRANKIE. She's attractive but her wardrobe and hair seem to indicate someone who does not consider herself special.

CUT TO:

HIGHWAY EXIT SIGN

It reads: PENNSYLVANIA CORRECTIONAL INSTITUTION.
Frankie's bus thunders by.

CUT TO:

EXT. STATE PRISON - DAY

A group of people waiting for prisoners to be released. There are single men, women and entire families.

CLOSE ON A SEXY, LATE-TWENTIES WOMAN

She leans against her car smoking. She looks at her watch. Her name is PENNY. She's cocky.

CUT TO:

THE GREYHOUND BUS - DAY

It is still speeding along the highway.

CUT TO:

FRANKIE

She has fallen asleep with an open People magazine in her lap.

CUT TO:

EXT. PRISON - DAY

Prisoners (in street clothes) are being released.

TWO MEN, JOHNNY and LES, come out carrying small valises that hold their belongings. Les is trying to convince Johnny to do something that he wants no part of. An exasperated Les is going to do whatever they're talking about without Johnny and turns back to the releasing guard.

LES

Hey, Delaney!

Guard looks. Les drops his pants, mooning the guard, then pulls up his pants and walks away. A smiling Johnny gives a "what can you do?" motion. Half the crowd missed it. Others look at Les oddly. They walk, laughing, toward the girl, Penny.

Penny waves when she sees Les, her man. Les sweeps Penny up and swings her around in a happy embrace while Johnny stands patiently at his side.

MED. SHOT

Les introduces his friend to Penny, who doesn't look too pleased. They get into the car, Penny driving, Les up front and Johnny in the back. As they do this:

PENNY

(to Johnny)

Okay, I'll drop you off. After that, you're on your own. He didn't tell me he was giving you a ride. He never tells me nothing, the big lug.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLENTOWN, PA. BUS DEPOT - DAY.

..

The bus is pulling into the depot. SHOT of Frankie putting on makeup as the bus slides into its dock.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Penny's car barrels TOWARD US. SHOT of highway mileage sign as Penny's car races by. It reads: NEW YORK CITY 250 MILES.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - MOVING - DAY

Penny is driving. Les is next to her in the front seat working on a joint. Johnny is in the back seat looking at job want ads in a newspaper. Penny is looking at him through her rearview mirror.

PENNY

Les says it was your first time.

LES

(laughs)

He thinks it's gonna be his last.

PENNY

Don't listen to him, Johnny.

She hits Les on the arm. Les whacks her back. He turns towards Johnny in the back seat and offers him a toke.

PENNY (cont'd)

God, if he weren't so good-looking
I would throw him right out of
this car. I hate men who get by
on their looks.

Penny takes the joint from Les, who has noticed that Johnny didn't take any.

LES

What's the matter?

JOHNNY

Nothing. I made a few decisions
back there. That was one of them.

LES

(nuzzles Penny)

Naw. This is what gets a man into
trouble. Bitches.

Penny hits him on the arm again, harder this time.

LES (cont'd)

(grinning broadly,
biting her neck)

She loves me.

CLOSE on Johnny watching them. He looks back to the newspaper.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

A christening is in progress. A BABY is HOWLING lustily. It is difficult to hear the MINISTER over him. The christening party is no more than a dozen-or-so simply, but neatly, dressed working-class people. The woman holding the baby is Frankie, who is the baby's godmother. Standing next to her at the altar is the baby's godfather. His name is PAUL. The baby's parents, MIKE and TONI KAISER, stand just beside them, surrounded by their other children, who are in various stages of misbehavior, blowing into the minister's pulpit microphone, etc. Toni is Frankie's cousin, Paul is just a friend.

SHOT of FRANKIE'S MOTHER in front row of the baptismal party just looking at her daughter holding the baby. A neighbor friend, MRS. GIANINI, sits next to her.

MRS. GIANINI
Frankie and Paul make a nice couple.

FRANKIE'S MOTHER
Don't start, Mrs. Gianini.

SHOT of Frankie holding the baby awkwardly.

The Minister motions to Frankie to hold the baby over the baptismal font. Paul tries to help.

CLOSE ON BABY

HOWLING LOUDER than ever.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLENTOWN STREET - LATER IN DAY

Some of the baptismal party is walking along a suburban street. All the houses look pretty much the same. Frankie is walking with Paul. Mike and Toni Kaiser are walking with their children, who are tearing all over the place.

FRANKIE
Wasn't that where Larry Scibinski lived?

PAUL
They still do.

FRANKIE
I thought he was the cutest boy in the twelfth grade.

PAUL
I thought I was!

FRANKIE
No, you were the handsomest. Larry Scibinski was the cutest.

Mike and Toni are walking just behind them.

TONI
You should see Larry now, Frankie. He's gross! No hair, gut hanging over his belt.

FRANKIE
No, stop, I don't want to know!

TONI

I won't even buy gas there, I get too depressed.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANKIE'S MOTHER'S HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

Everyone from the christening crowd is in the living room balancing coffee cups and plates of apple pie. This is the home Frankie grew up in. We see photos of her. In all the photos she looks happy.

TONI

(to Frankie's mother)

Thanks for letting us throw the party at your place, Aunt Connie. Our place is so small, I don't think there's room for the baby.

FRANKIE'S MOTHER

I like babies. I have no grandchildren, you know.

FRANKIE

(comes over)

Don't start, Mom.

They laugh.

TONI

(sincere)

I'm really glad you came, Frankie.

FRANKIE

How often do I get to be a godmother? Although the way you roll out babies...

TONI

(laughs)

Yeah, three kids! Seems like only yesterday we were doing our froggy phone calls.

MIKE

What froggy phone calls?

FRANKIE

In high school we'd call guys who we had crushes on and --

They do strange frog noises.

TONI

"Hello, I love you."

FRANKIE

"Hi baby, wanna French kiss."

TONI

"I'm hot to trot. Wanna ride along."

They break each other up. Then:

FRANKIE

It's pretty stupid. You hadda be there. I'm sorry, Mom.

FRANKIE'S MOTHER

Naw, it's normal people having fun. Two cousins reminiscing. Paul, tell her this is what real life is like. This is how people live, Frankie. Real people.

PAUL

Some real people. What time is your bus?

FRANKIE

Late. I want to spend some time with her.

FRANKIE'S MOTHER

Now it's my fault.

FRANKIE

Nothing's your fault.

PAUL

I gotta get back. I have the kids Sundays. It's Melissa's birthday.

FRANKIE

Don't tell me how old she is.

PAUL

Only twelve.

FRANKIE

Only twelve! She was this big the last time I saw her!

PAUL

You know what they say: time flies.

FRANKIE

It was great seeing you.

PAUL

You, too, Frankie. If you're ever in Pittsburgh...!

FRANKIE

If you're ever in New York...!

PAUL

Wild horses couldn't get me there.

FRANKIE'S MOTHER

Me either. I don't know what she's doing there and I have a feeling I don't want to know.

SHOT of Frankie reacting to this uncalled-for editorial comment.

CUT TO:

INT. MINI MARKET - LATE AFTERNOON

Johnny and Penny are at the freezer. They take three sandwiches out of the freezer and put them into the microwave, dial a number and activate the machine. Penny holds three sodas. As they do the above...

PENNY

How much paper did you write?

JOHNNY

Three thousand, four hundred and ninety-two dollars and sixty-four cents.

PENNY

Chicken feed. Sure, small fry like you and Les get sent up and those suit-and-tie types get off scot-free. You know how much Les had on him? One-tenth of an ounce. That's no possession, it's a joke! Christ, if they turned the air conditioning on, the evidence would have blown away.

Johnny looks at his watch.

PENNY (cont'd)

You got someone waiting for you?

JOHNNY

Not anymore.

PENNY

You will. You're a good-looking guy. I'll fix you up with my step-sister. She works in a beauty parlor in Jersey City.

JOHNNY

(polite)

We'll see.

The microwave BEEPER indicates that the sandwiches are done. Les comes out of men's room still zipping his fly.

LES

(sings)

No matter how you jiggle and dance
a little always goes down the leg
of your pants.

PENNY

We're all set.

They go to the check-out counter. The checker, an Asian, tallies up the order and bags it.

LES

Two bits she's trying to set you
up with her cousin. She's a
dog. A real bow-bow.

PENNY

That didn't stop you.

LES

I'd fuck mud!

The checker reacts as Les laughs uproariously at his own joke. Penny joins in again and leans against him affectionately. Johnny looks at bill, and pays checker. Penny picks up the bag and starts to exit. The checker goes to take care of a customer on the other side of the counter. Les grabs a money container for the Jerry Lewis charity and slips it under his coat and starts out. Johnny quietly stops him with a look. Reluctantly, Les puts it back.

LES (cont'd)

Come on, lighten up. We're out.

JOHNNY

I like Jerry's kids, that's all.

CUT TO:

INT. ALLENTOWN BUS STATION - TWILIGHT

Frankie's Mother has come with her to see her off.
Frankie carries a valise.

FRANKIE'S MOTHER

I worry about you, baby.

FRANKIE

I'm fine, Ma.

FRANKIE'S MOTHER

Would you tell me if you weren't fine?

FRANKIE

Probably not. I'm kidding, I'm kidding.

Frankie goes to her Mother and hugs her close, she is still holding the bowl.

FRANKIE (cont'd)

Ma, maybe I'm not the happiest person who ever lived but that's not your fault. I swear to God, it's not. It's not even mine.

Frankie hugs her mother and heads to the platform where a bus marked "New York City" is boarding to take her back.

CUT TO:

EXT. BROOKLYN HEIGHTS ESPLANADE - TWILIGHT

Johnny is looking at the skyline of Manhattan across from him. He still has his small travel bag with him. He looks greedily at the vista before him, happily drinking it all in.

SHOT of Manhattan skyline. It is that time of day when it is at its most beautiful, most magical. Who wouldn't want to live here.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The bus is barreling TOWARDS US. Its headlights pick up the same highway exit sign we saw earlier: Pennsylvania Correctional Institute. The bus hurtles by. The sign grows dark.

CUT TO:

INT. BUS - NIGHT

Frankie is looking out the window, only now she is crying softly.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. NEW YORK SKYLINE - SHOT OF FRANKIE'S BUS - DAWN

making its approach to the Holland Tunnel with a wonderful view of Manhattan bathed in the sunrise just across the Hudson River.

CUT TO:

EXT. PORT AUTHORITY BUS TERMINAL - DAY

Frankie comes out of the terminal carrying her small suitcase. There is a line of taxicabs. Frankie looks at her watch and decides to walk. OPENING CREDITS END.

CUT TO:

EXT. VIDEO APPLIANCE STORE - DAY

Frankie has stopped to check out the display of VCR's in the window. She's very interested.

CUT TO

EXT. ANOTHER VIDEO APPLIANCES STORE - DAY

Frankie is again looking at the VCR's in the window.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE APOLLO RESTAURANT - DAY

Frankie approaches as a busboy is outside the Apollo trying to hail a cab. Frankie nods "hello" to him and enters restaurant.

INT. THE APOLLO RESTAURANT - DAY

HELEN, an elderly waitress, is being helped out of the restaurant by NICK, the owner. She has put a coat on over her uniform. Nick has a broken arm in a sling. Frankie ENTERS SHOT.

FRANKIE

Helen!

HELEN

I'm fine. He's making me go home.

NICK

Twice in one week she's had a dizzy spell!

HELEN

It's that medication they've got me on. I'm fine.

The Busboy enters restaurant.

BUSBOY

I got a cab.

NICK

(gives Helen \$10)

Here's ten for the fare.

(to Busboy)

Help her.

Busboy gently leads her outside.

FRANKIE

I'll call you this afternoon.

HELEN

The woman at table seven stiffed
me last week.

FRANKIE

Thanks for telling me.

NICK

Go home, Helen.

As she exits.

HELEN

I'm fine.

She goes outside with Busboy and gets in the cab.

CLOSE ON FRANKIE AND NICK

looking out window as cab pulls away.

CUT TO:

INT. PAROLE OFFICE - DAY

The room is cluttered with papers. Bureaucracy rampant. Johnny sits being interviewed by a thoroughly disinterested woman, MS. STOUT, who will use a toothpick to get rid of her lunch during most of the following. People like Ms. Stout have all the power in a situation like this. They can afford to be disgusting. They probably enjoy it.

Ms. Stout is poring over Johnny's files. Johnny has the employment want ads in the newspaper with him.

MS. STOUT

Unh-hunh... yes... no... figures
... No smoking!

Johnny's hand has gone to his breast pocket.

JOHNNY

I don't smoke. I was getting a
breath mint.

MS. STOUT

No mints!

JOHNNY

Okay.

MS. STOUT

So they taught you to cook. What
cuisine?

JOHNNY

No cuisine. Straight short order.

MS. STOUT

You should have learned Chinese.
I like Chinese. Everyone likes
Chinese. Foods today are all
fad. Chinese is not a fad.

JOHNNY

I'll remember that.

MS. STOUT

You're a wise guy.

JOHNNY

Thank you.

MS. STOUT

It wasn't a compliment.

She hands him an I.D. card.

MS. STOUT (cont'd)

Give this to your employer.

JOHNNY

When I find one!

MS. STOUT

I was going to say that. When you
find one.

JOHNNY

I speak before I think.

MS. STOUT

That can get you into a lot of
trouble.

JOHNNY

It already has. But not anymore.

MS. STOUT

That's what they all say. Have him call me.

JOHNNY

Or her. It could be a woman. Women own restaurants.

MS. STOUT

Have your landlord call me, him or her. I'll see you next week, same time.

JOHNNY

(joking)

That you will, Ms. Stout, that you will. I've paid my debt to society. I'm going to play ball with you guys this time.

MS. STOUT

What happened last time?

JOHNNY

I didn't like the rules.

MS. STOUT

Well, now you know.

JOHNNY

I still don't like the rules.

He pockets his I.D. card and goes.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

A raw egg is cracked into a hot skillet and begins to FRY. SOUNDS of a noisy, active restaurant all around. PULL BACK to reveal TINO, young, good looking, nice build and big moustache, is cooking up a storm. He has about ten different orders going. Working with him is JORGE, thin, late teens, thoroughly disinterested in his job. In the same general area is LUTHER, a man in his early 60's. Luther is the dishwasher. The level of NOISE in the Apollo kitchen is very high. Jorge is smearing butter on toast in great gobs.

TINO (cont'd)

Not so much butter! I tell you this much? Why you use that much?

He pushes Jorge aside and butters the toast himself. Jorge uses this opportunity to excuse himself.

JORGE

I gotta make a call.

He goes to phone on wall near where Luther is spraying a rack of dishes with hot water.

LUTHER

Now don't go tying that thing up.

JORGE

Who'd call you?

LUTHER

You'd be surprised.

CUT TO:

NEDDA

mid-50's, thin as a rail, eyes blazing, at the service window which separates the restaurant proper from the kitchen. She is returning an order.

NEDDA

My customer told me no butter. I told you no butter. So why is there butter?

CUT BACK TO:

TINO

taking the offending order back through the service window from Nedda. He takes a towel, dabs the butter off and shoves the plate back to Nedda.

TINO

This ain't the Four Seasons.

NEDDA

This ain't even the Two Seasons!

CUT TO:

GRACE

a black waitress, wearing glasses, joining Nedda at the service window.

GRACE

I need eggs over easy, crisp bacon and a gun. I'm gonna shoot that bitch in seven.

NEDDA

I like your hair like that.

Frankie joins them at the service window. She has changed into her waitress' uniform.

FRANKIE

I need scrambled with sausage,
home fries and a side of rye.

GRACE

How was your weekend?

FRANKIE

Great. I like your hair like that.

NEDDA

That's just what I was telling her.

GRACE

You don't think it's too young?

NEDDA

You do what you can.

SHOT of Jorge talking on the wall phone in the kitchen.

JORGE

Oh, baby, you're so smooth all
over. I like a chick like that.

CUT TO:

FRANKIE

watching Jorge through the service window.

FRANKIE

(smiles)

Jorge! Hide! Immigration!

Jorge turns and gives her the finger, but a Latino at
one of the tables leaves hurriedly.

INT. RESTAURANT AT CASH REGISTER - DAY

ARTEMIS, the owner's niece, sits at the cash register.
She is young and very pretty. Nick, the owner of the
Apollo Restaurant, is talking her ear off. He is being
solicitous as only an uncle who has entrusted his
beloved cash register to his brother's youngest daugh-
ter can be.

NICK

Artemis, you're not listening,
you're daydreaming, now listen,
this is important. When you're
making change keep the bill out of
the drawer until they've counted
it. You know why? Ask me why.

ARTEMIS

Why, Uncle Nick?

NICK

Guys come in here, and not just blacks, they hand you a ten, you give them change for a ten, and then they claim they gave you a twenty. They'll rob you blind in this country if you're not careful.

Johnny enters, he holds a folded newspaper that's opened to the "Help Wanted" section. He walks up to Nick and stands a few beats before Nick notices him.

NICK (cont'd)

You can sit anywhere. We don't have a maitre d'.

JOHNNY

(indicates paper)

It says here you're looking for a short order cook?

NICK

I was looking for a short order cook.

JOHNNY

You got someone? Sorry.

Frankie, carrying dirty dishes, squeezes past.

FRANKIE

Excuse me.

She EXITS SHOT.

JOHNNY

How late was I?

NICK

You're not late at all. I been running that ad eight days. You're the first one to come in here. I gave up.

JOHNNY

I'm a terrific cook.

NICK

You got any references?

JOHNNY

It's more like a diploma.

He hands him the papers and his parolee's I.D. we saw in Ms. Stout's office. While Nick studies them, Artemis and Johnny exchange glances. She is clearly taken with him.

ARTEMIS
Welcome to the Apollo.

JOHNNY
Let's hope so. I need this job.

ARTEMIS
I didn't have any references and
they hired me.

JOHNNY
You're prettier.

ARTEMIS
It's hard, finding work?

JOHNNY
It's murder. What's that accent?

ARTEMIS
Greek. I'm from Athens.

JOHNNY
That's where the Parthenon is!

ARTEMIS
I know that.

Nick moves INTO THE SHOT, Johnny's papers in hand.

NICK
What do you think, pumpkin? You
think I should hire him?

ARTEMIS
Yes.

NICK
Why?

ARTEMIS
I like his face.

NICK
Me, too. You're hired.

JOHNNY
Yeah? Thank you.

NICK
I believe in giving a man another
chance -- close your ears, pumpkin
-- until he fucks up. This
country of yours gave me another
chance -- close your ears, pumpkin
-- I didn't fuck up. This is
between us.

JOHNNY

Thank you. I won't -- close your ears, pumpkin -- I won't fuck up.

NICK

You can start tomorrow.

JOHNNY

I could start right now.

NICK

You need a place to live.

(he hands Johnny
a card)

He's my fourth cousin. It's a lousy neighborhood, but it's cheap. I'll see you 6 a.m. tomorrow. I'll be here at 5. You got a name?

JOHNNY

Johnny. You?

NICK

Nick.

JOHNNY

(points to arm)

How'd that happen?

NICK

Soccer. I love soccer. You play?

JOHNNY

No. I play paddle tennis.

NICK

I hate tennis.

JOHNNY

Well thank you, Nick. You have made me the happiest of men. And thank you, pumpkin. I bet that's not really your name. It should be.

NICK

This is the boss's niece. This is an eighteen-year-old virgin Greek girl...

ARTEMIS

Uncle Nick!

NICK

... who is going to stay an eighteen-year-old virgin Greek girl.

CORA ENTERS SHOT. Cora is early 20's and something of a "looker." Cora does not plan to be at the Apollo Restaurant very long.

CORA
'Morning, Nick.

She EXITS SHOT.

NICK
And that was Cora.

SHOT of Cora from the back, really swinging it. Cora's walk is as un-liberated as her name.

SHOT of Johnny watching her move. He is not unimpressed.

JOHNNY
Cora, I have a funny feeling, is not an eighteen-year-old virgin Greek girl. See you tomorrow, six a.m.

Johnny exits. He passes PETER, who is just arriving at work. Peter is mid-20's, black. He gives a verbal fanfare.

PETER
Ta-ta. I'm here!

NICK
Ta-ta. You're late.

PETER
I'm history. Gone.

NICK
You will be.

PETER
(announces for all to hear)
I sold a script, Nick. They're flying me to Los Angeles first class. Your customers are going to say, "Those same fingers that touched my BLT typed the highest-grossing movie in America!" I'm giving you one last day out of the goodness of my heart.

Peter EXITS SHOT. For once in his life, Nick is speechless. Other waitresses and customers applaud.

INT. RESTAURANT - LATER

Cora, Peter, Frankie and Nedda are on a break.

The restaurant is close to empty. They sit at a table in the back drinking coffee. Tino can be seen through the service window.

FRANKIE

(jokes)

We're all very happy for you,
Peter. Just be sure there's parts
for us.

PETER

I sure picked a great day to waltz
in here with great news! God,
what a rotten break for Helen.

FRANKIE

Nick thinks it's emphysema.

NEDDA

One of us ought to stop by and see
how she is on the way home.

CORA

Do you know where she lives? Rego
Park. I have spent my whole life
not going to places like Rego Park.

NEDDA

But we don't know how sick she is.
At least we should call.

FRANKIE

My father died of emphysema.

Luther comes out of the kitchen and joins them. He is
wearing an undershirt and dirty apron.

FRANKIE

Luther, how old is Helen?

LUTHER

Seventy-four.

FRANKIE

Someone her age shouldn't have to
work.

LUTHER

I'm gonna be seventy-two next
month.

FRANKIE

No!

SHOT of man at table waving for a waitress. Frankie
gets up and EXITS SHOT.

LUTHER

Nick hired someone.

CORA

I hope he's straight.

PETER

Cora is very cynical for a New York City waitress.

CORA

You get on my nerves sometimes.
Put that in your script.

PETER

I have. You're all in it. Cora becomes a cruise director. Nedda marries Donald Trump's secret twin brother, Abner.

NEDDA

(to Cora)

Is he Jewish?

PETER

(going on; laughs)

That's why he's a secret twin.
Helen wins the lottery and retires to Key West. Frankie, I haven't decided what to do with.

CORA

Just get her a date.

NEDDA

That was unkind, Cora.

CORA

You, Nedda, the bitch, is telling me what's unkind?

PETER

Luther, I've made you a coke-headed lesbian.

LUTHER

That's fine with me.

EXT. NEW YORK STREET - UPPER WEST 40'S - NIGHT

Frankie is struggling home carrying the pizza, staples from the deli and her suitcase from the weekend. She passes a group of teenagers clustered around a doorway, smoking, drinking beer. A group of WOMEN, speaking Spanish, are having a heated conversation. There's an outline of the body drawn on the sidewalk by the police.

Kids are Ad LIBBING and pitching pennies at the body outline. The goal is to see who can get the most pennies in the "head". None of the groups of people she passes by pay her the slightest attention. Frankie comes up to the door of her building.

INT. FRANKIE'S BUILDING - CONTINUOUS ACTION

Frankie enters and climbs stairs to her apartment, five flights up.

We hear the SOUNDS of other apartments as she walks.

Some apartments have bags of garbage outside their doors. The overall impression is not so much one of squalor as melancholy. Remember, not so many years ago this was home for solid, but thoroughly respectable, low-income workers. The decline has come from the neglect of the owners, not the tenants themselves.

INT. FRANKIE'S APARTMENT DOOR - NIGHT

We can hear the loud ROCK MUSIC from inside.

INT. FRANKIE'S APARTMENT - SHOT OF FRANKIE

coming into the apartment.

FRANKIE
Hello, Tim. It's me.

She reacts as a head of a young man looks up from over the back of her sofa bed. His name is BOBBY.

BOBBY
Hi, I'm a friend of Tim. My name is Bobby.

FRANKIE
Where's Tim?

BOBBY
The bathroom. You like your shelves?

SHOT of the shelves. The workmanship is nothing to write home about.

FRANKIE
Fine, fine.

BOBBY
I know they look crooked. They're not. It's your floors.

FRANKIE
It usually is.

TIM comes out of the bathroom.

TIM

Hi. This is Bobby. We met at a Dr. Pepper audition. I think we're in love.

Tim goes to Frankie, kisses her on cheek.

TIM (cont'd)

We're definitely starving. I hope you told them "no anchovy." I think they do it just to spite me. I know what you're thinking. It's your floors.

INT. JOHNNY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Johnny's apartment is even smaller than Frankie's but it's in much better shape. Johnny is sitting in front of the television set eating off a TV table. He has fixed himself chops, vegetables and is drinking a glass of red wine. He is eating off a real plate and is using a colorful bandana as a napkin. He has a remote control which he will use frequently. At the moment he is watching WHEEL OF FORTUNE.

JOHNNY

"The quality of mercy," college boy. Ask for a "Y." Not a "P"! You should be ashamed of yourself, letting the whole world see how stupid Americans are becoming. "The quality of mercy," it's right in front of you.

INT. FRANKIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Frankie is eating pizza at a counter in front of her cooking alcove. Tim sits on the sofa eating and a place is set for Bobby, who's in the bathroom. Frankie has put some MUSIC on the PHONOGRAPH. It's Carol King.

TIM

I know, I know! I said I'd never fall in love again. Where did that get me? Don't get me wrong, Frankie, I love watching television with you, I hope we'll be best friends the rest of our lives, but I mean, there's a whole world out there and there's no use pretending there's not just because our feelings got hurt or there's some goddamn virus.

FRANKIE

I know, I know. But I'm going for
a VCR.

TIM

That's a life?

FRANKIE

(nods)

Send out for a pizza, rent a film.
That's dinner and a movie and I
don't have to deal with some
schmuck trying to put his tongue
in my ear.

Bobby comes out of the bathroom.

TIM

I am so happy. I am so happy!

Bobby motions with his head towards Frankie, who looks
anything but happy at the moment.

SHOT of Frankie eating her pizza, unaware that Tim and
Bobby are looking at her.

TIM (cont'd)

Frankie, you are the only person
in the world who still listens to
Carol King. Come on, let's go
home, Bobby, we'll stain the
shelves tomorrow.

INT. JOHNNY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Johnny is staring at a photograph of himself, his wife
and two children. In the photo he is dressed in a
sports jacket and tie. His wife is in slacks and a
shirt. The children are 5 and 7. He puts it back on a
shelf, sits and tries to read a paperback edition of
"Macbeth." Almost absentmindedly, he uses the remote
to turn ON the TV. A commercial is on. Johnny
continues to read with the TV on.

INT. HELEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

We hear COUGHING sounds, painful ones. A light is
switched on.

CLOSE ON HELEN

Her coughing has awakened her. She looks very old and
very frightened outside of the restaurant and her
colorful waitress' uniform. The only sound is the loud
TICKING of an old-fashioned wind-up alarm CLOCK. Helen
stares straight ahead, listening to her own mortality
deep within her lungs.

INT. JOHNNY'S APARTMENT

Johnny is in the bathroom. He has just come out of the shower. He has dried himself but his hair is still wet. He stands in front of the mirror and examines his body very closely. He turns around and tries to see his backside. He makes a fist and flexes his biceps. He looks down at his genitals. He seems to be rationally appraising what he sees.

INT. HELEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Helen is still staring straight ahead. She has stopped coughing. She turns off the light.

EXT. STREET - SAME NIGHT (MOS)

It's a rundown street in the West 40's that's frequented by hookers. It's late at night and there are few pedestrians and cars. We see Johnny talking to a hooker named BELLE. Belle is dressed in a cowboy hat, fake-fur jacket over a strapless tank top. She has on a mini-mini skirt. Belle and Johnny come to some sort of agreement and walk down the street arm-in-arm.

INT. JOHNNY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Johnny and Belle sit talking.

BELLE
That's all you want?

Johnny nods "yes."

BELLE (cont'd)
Nothing else?

Johnny nods "no."

BELLE (cont'd)
You just want to be held?

Johnny nods "yes."

BELLE (cont'd)
Boy, are you some kind of sicko?

JOHNNY
(finally)
Naw... it's just... You know when you haven't been touched for a long time, your whole body seems to scream out for the feel of human skin. You don't want sex. You just want huggies. You know what I mean?

BELLE

I think so.

JOHNNY

And... there is one more thing.

BELLE

I knew it.

JOHNNY

It's nothing like that. It's... well... when you hold me... could you do it in the spoon position? You know the spoon position?

BELLE

Honey, I know them all. What are you going to do to me in that position?

JOHNNY

Nothing. Just holding. Whatta you think?

Belle rises and starts to take her clothes off.

BELLE

Hey, you got it. It's just that I'm not sure what to charge for a hour of spoon.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANKIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Frankie is sitting up in her pulled-out sofa bed watching THE HONEYMOONERS. We hear the SOUNDTRACK. When the movie hits a part of obvious high hilarity, Frankie bursts out laughing.

INT. JOHNNY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Johnny, dressed in his boxer shorts, lies on the bed asleep. The hooker lies next to him with her eyes closed, holding him in her arms. She opens her eyes and looks at her watch. The hour isn't up yet. She holds him again and closes her eyes.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

MONTAGE of Johnny cooking up a storm. Even Tino stands back, more than a little impressed, then moves away. Johnny's forte is dicing. He takes an onion, a stalk of celery, a green pepper and within seconds reduces them to hundreds of tiny, tiny pieces. He uses his chopping knife with the virtuoso flair of a Japanese chef with his steak knives.

SHOT of Nick looking into the kitchen. He's impressed.

Johnny takes some eggs FRYING in a skillet and flips them over with great elan without breaking the yolk. Luther is not unaware of Johnny's grandstanding as he works with his hot water spray gun. Jorge looks on skeptically.

JORGE

That's a good way to lose a finger, man.

JOHNNY

They grow back.

JORGE

My cousin lost two fingers where he works. He can't tie his own shoes now.

JOHNNY

Don't worry. I wear loafers.

Frankie coming up to the service window.

FRANKIE

I need scrambled with bacon, two easy-overs with sausage and a Belgian waffle.

JOHNNY

I'm Johnny.

FRANKIE

Hi.

JOHNNY

Who are you?

FRANKIE

Frankie. These eggs don't look runny. Mr. De Leon likes 'em runny.

JOHNNY

They're pretty runny.

FRANKIE

He likes 'em real runny.

JOHNNY

That's disgusting.

FRANKIE

He's a regular.

JOHNNY

Okay, okay, raw eggs coming up.

FRANKIE

Not raw, runny.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Frankie is bringing MR. DE LEON his eggs. Mr. De Leon is the sort of retired, elderly gentleman who still dresses in a 3-piece suit everyday. He has a neatly folded newspaper on the table in front of him.

FRANKIE

How do these look?

MR. DE LEON

Perfect. Everything you do is perfect.

FRANKIE

I'll have him broken in by the end of the week.

Cora passes THROUGH the SHOT carrying an order. She says something quickly and under her breath to Frankie.

CORA

He's already asked me out.

She is gone.

MR. DE LEON

You girls take such good care of me. I know: I'm supposed to say "ladies."

FRANKIE

You're supposed to say "women."

MR. DE LEON

You're looking at a very old dog, Frankie. In my time I've said tootsies, dolls, gals, chickies, babes and dames.

Johnny is in the kitchen. He has stopped dicing and chopping and sauteing and the million other things he is always doing and looks out into the restaurant.

SHOT of Frankie, Johnny's POV. She looks toward Johnny, suddenly aware that someone is watching her.

CUT BACK TO:

JOHNNY

He resumes working. Nick enters.

NICK

So? So far so good?

JOHNNY

It beats McDonald's. I am congenitally unable to work in a fast-food chain. I lasted two hours at a Jack-in-the-Box once. I felt like I was working in a mailroom, stuffing burgers into little boxes. Cooking should be tactile.

NICK

(uncertainly)

Right.

JOHNNY

(helping him out)

Get your hands on it, touch what you're cooking.

NICK

(home free now)

Right, right! Like when you're stuffing grape leaves.

JOHNNY

Something like that.

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT - WAITER'S SERVICE STATION - DAY

Cora is unloading a tray of dirty dishes. Frankie comes up with another load.

FRANKIE

Who asked you out?

CORA

Tom Cruise! "Who asked you out!"
The new guy.

FRANKIE

He just started.

CORA

So? He works fast. I like that
in a guy.

FRANKIE

So you told him yes?

CORA

Of course not. I'm dating Tony.
Besides, there's something about
him I don't like.

FRANKIE

I know what you mean. Something
wise guy.

CORA

Something cute, too.

FRANKIE

You see something cute in every
guy.

CORA

You should try it.

Nedda joins them at the waiter's station.

NEDDA

Helen still out?

FRANKIE

Nick thinks she'll be back tomorrow.

CORA

You're too picky.

She EXITS SHOT. Nedda looks after her and shakes her
head.

NEDDA

Women like that always have
opinions about women like us.

INT. RESTAURANT

Frankie is taking a break at one of the tables in the
back. She is looking towards the front of the
restaurant.

SHOT of Johnny (Frankie's POV) on a break chatting up
Artemis behind the cash register. Even in the rear of
the restaurant, we can hear their laughter. Johnny
finishes talking to Artemis and starts walking towards
the kitchen. He will pass right by Grace and Frankie.

JOHNNY

Hi.

He keeps going.

FRANKIE

Do you know anything about hooking
up a VCR?

GRACE

Sorry. Mine usually gets stolen
before I can hook them up. What's
his story?

FRANKIE

Ask Cora.

GRACE

She do him already. That girl is
fast.

(then)

He's got "The Walk."

FRANKIE

How do you mean?

GRACE

That uptown walk. Like he's "The
Man." Cocky.

FRANKIE

Maybe Jorge knows about VCR's.

GRACE

That boy. All he got on his mind
is pussy. If they opened his head,
all they'd find is a pile of little
hairy triangles. What about your
friend? You know, what's-his-name?
He can hook it up.

FRANKIE

Tim. He's madly in love.

GRACE

That's why you're mad at him.

FRANKIE

Don't be ridiculous.

GRACE

How did he find someone in this
day and age? Isn't he worried
about the big A?

FRANKIE

I'm sure he is.

Nick ENTERS the SHOT. He is very agitated.

NICK
Helen's in the hospital. Her
sister just called. They think
this is it.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Helen is in bed with an oxygen mask. She is sleeping.
Cora and Frankie sit by her bedside looking at her.
They speak in whispers.

CORA
Do you think she knows we're here?

FRANKIE
I don't know.

CORA
Helen. Helen, honey, it's Cora.
Can you hear me?

SHOT of NURSE sticking her head into the room.

NURSE
Ladies.

FRANKIE
Okay, we're going.

Nurse goes.

CORA
Jesus, Frankie, it's scary. You
think we'll end up like that?
Alone.

FRANKIE
She's not alone.

CORA
Yeah, she's done.

SHOT of Luther opening the door. He has a bouquet of
flowers.

LUTHER
Is she awake?

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Cora and Frankie are seen coming back into the res-
taurant through the front door. They have light coats
on over their waitress' uniforms.

SHOT of Nedda. The moment she sees them she starts
taking off her apron and going for her coat.

Frankie goes over to Nick.

FRANKIE
(nicely)
Thanks for letting us go.

NICK
How is she?

FRANKIE
Not good.

NICK
Keep an eye on that one, will you?
He nods towards Artemis stationed behind the cash register.

FRANKIE
What do I look like? A chaperone?

NICK
That new guy. You know what he did? He asked her out!

FRANKIE
(jokes)
An inside job!

NICK
I'm gonna tell Artemis that you got your eye on Johnny.

FRANKIE
Get outta here.
(then)
So what did she say?

NICK
She said what I told her to say:
"No."

FRANKIE
You're going to miss visiting hours.
They have moved to the staff changing area.

NICK
Please!

FRANKIE
I so much as see a guy even talking to her and I'll kill him.
Okay?

Johnny in the kitchen. He is at the service window.
He has been watching and listening to all this.

SHOT of Frankie (Johnny's POV). She watches Nick walking through the restaurant, then turns to see Johnny staring at her.

SHOT of Johnny. He smiles, nods a greeting.

JOHNNY

Kalispera.

FRANKIE

What?

JOHNNY

Kalispera. That's Greek for "good morning." I'm learning Greek because the owner is Greek.

FRANKIE

I know what kalispera means.

She moves towards ladies room.

SHOT of Johnny watching her go. Tino joins him at the service window.

TINO

Ask me what her story is.

Johnny looks at him.

TINO (cont'd)

I don't know what her story is.

INT. LADIES ROOM - LATER THAT DAY

Cora is making up in front of the mirror. She will also apply hair spray. During next speech, Cora exits. We can only hear Frankie, when she speaks, from behind one of the closed stall doors. CAMERA STAYS on closed stall door as:

FRANKIE'S VOICE

And if I could do it all over again, you know what I'd do? Go to college and get smart. Smart about everything, including men. I think that's the key to everything if you're a woman. Smart.

SOUND of toilet flushing.

FRANKIE'S VOICE (cont'd)

Did you hear he asked Nick's niece out? I'm sure Nedda is next.

Frankie stands up. We see her head over the stall door.

FRANKIE (cont'd)

Helen, when she gets out of the hospital.

Frankie realizes she has been talking to herself. She goes to mirror over sink and looks at herself intently. We hear a SCREAM.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

There is a commotion. A customer is having a seizure. He is on the floor. A crowd has gathered around him.

SHOT of Frankie coming out of the ladies room, seeing this.

SHOT of crowd around customer, Frankie's POV.

SHOT of Johnny bending over the customer.

JOHNNY

Take it easy... I got ya... I got ya.

(to others)

Get back! Everybody get back.
Somebody call an ambulance.

SHOT of Frankie going for the phone in the kitchen.

SHOT of Johnny bending over the customer.

SHOT of Frankie coming into the kitchen. Jorge is on the phone giving his girlfriend a graphic description of the events in the restaurant. Frankie pushes down on phone receiver, disconnecting him. She is already dialing a number as he protests.

Johnny working frantically to revive the customer.

JOHNNY (cont'd)

Is there a doctor? Yes? No?
What? Somebody say something! I
said get back! Did somebody call
an ambulance at least?

SHOT of Frankie in the ring of customers surrounding the customer and Johnny.

FRANKIE

They're on the way.

JOHNNY

Thanks.

He bends over the customer.

FRANKIE

He's swallowing his tongue.

JOHNNY

He's -- !

She pushes through customers and joins Johnny over the customer. She takes Johnny's kerchief off from around his temples and uses it to keep customer from swallowing his tongue. Johnny admires this.

FRANKIE

Ow! He bit me.

JOHNNY

Where did you learn to do that?

FRANKIE

I was a Brownie. The Girl Scouts.
I don't remember.

JOHNNY

Did he really bite you?

FRANKIE

He didn't break the skin.

JOHNNY

Let me see.

Frankie pulls her hand away when he tries to take it.

FRANKIE .

Epileptic?

JOHNNY

Yeah.

FRANKIE

You sure? Could be drugs?

JOHNNY

I know drug OD's. This is
epileptic seizure.

FRANKIE

Will everyone please go back to
their table? He's fine. The
ambulance is coming. Thank you
for cooperating. You, too, Cora!
Why don't you make that phone call
now, Jorge?

Customers will begin to drift back to their tables,
albeit reluctantly.

JOHNNY

When... what's your name again?

FRANKIE

Frances.

JOHNNY

I'm Johnny.

FRANKIE

I know. Is he breathing?

JOHNNY

Frankie and Johnny. Is that a coincidence or what?

FRANKIE

I don't think he's breathing.

JOHNNY

He's breathing. Would you like to go out with me tonight?

FRANKIE

What?

JOHNNY

Would you like to --

FRANKIE

No!

JOHNNY

Tomorrow night?

FRANKIE

I don't believe this.

JOHNNY

Okay, Friday night?

FRANKIE

No. N-O. What's the matter?
Every other woman in this place
busy? Did you try the coffee shop
across the street?

Frankie gets up and goes back to work. Johnny stays with the customer who is stirring again. He's alive. Sounds of SIRENS from outside.

INT. FUNERAL HOME - SHOT OF HELEN - NIGHT

laid out in a small room. There are candles, one large spray of flowers. There are maybe two dozen folding chairs set up in the room for mourners. Very few of them are occupied. Present are Frankie, Cora and Nedda, sitting quietly.

CORA

(sotto)

Oh oh!

They turn at this.

SHOT of Johnny coming into the room. He is neatly dressed. He stops at the door and signs the visitors book.

SHOT of Cora, Nedda, and Frankie watching him.

NEDDA

What's he doing here? He didn't even know her.

CORA

Yes, he did. His first day was her last. Or was it?

NEDDA

Helen can use all the mourners she can get.

FRANKIE

Nedda!

NEDDA

I don't mean that unkindly. I'm just glad we didn't book St. Patrick's for the funeral.

Johnny nods to the three women and takes a seat apart from them and in the first row.

SHOT of Nedda, Cora and Frankie watching him. Cora steals a glance at her wristwatch. They whisper.

CORA

I told Burt I'd meet him at seven-thirty.

NEDDA

Who the hell is Burt?

CORA

My other boyfriend.

FRANKIE

So go. Just shut up and go.

NEDDA

I'm coming with you. I hate this neighborhood at night. I hate this neighborhood in day.

CORA

Are you coming?

FRANKIE

We just got here.

NEDDA

It's the thought.

FRANKIE

I don't want to leave her alone.

CORA

(knowingly)

Come on, Nedda. We don't need a brick wall to fall on us.

FRANKIE

Don't be ridiculous.

CORA

Picking up a man in a funeral parlor in front of an actual corpse! Even in my wildest dreams I wouldn't do that.

FRANKIE

(loud)

Oh blow it out your ass.

(then to coffin)

Excuse me, Helen.

Cora and Nedda get up and leave. Johnny turns. He smiles and waves at them. He turns back to looking straight ahead without turning to look at Frankie.

SHOT of Frankie watching Johnny.

SHOT of Johnny. He gets up from his seat and goes and kneels in front of the open casket. His eyes begin to tear.

SHOT of Frankie watching this.

Johnny gets up and hurries out of the room.

SHOT of Frankie watching him go.

EXT. NEW YORK STREET - NIGHT

Frankie is walking home. She carries a paper bag with food she has bought at a take-out place.

EXT. NEW YORK APARTMENT HOUSE - REAR COURTYARD - NIGHT

CAMERA PANS across the lighted apartment windows. Frankie's POV.

SHOT of Frankie, looking from her window across to the apartments behind her. She has turned all the lights off in her apartment except for the television set which has a movie playing. Frankie cannot be seen in this light by anyone looking out of their apartment towards hers. In one apartment we see an elderly couple having dinner. They sit opposite each other. They are not speaking.

In another, we see a young man trying to give himself a haircut. In another, a young woman, dressing to go out for the evening. Frankie's eyes keep going back to one apartment. A man sits watching television and drinking beer. He gets up, opens closet door and angrily starts throwing white nurses' uniforms to the floor. A woman enters SHOT, her coat over her nurse's uniform. Man starts yelling at her.

SHOT of Frankie watching them. The man strikes the woman. Frankie winces but keeps watching.

INT. JOHNNY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

SHOT of Johnny working out with small barbells. He stops and goes to phone. He dials a number.

INT. SUBURBAN KITCHEN - NIGHT

A MAN, his WIFE, and two children are having dinner. They seem happy. The children are boisterous but not impossible. The phone RINGS. The man answers it. Wife tries to quiet children while he speaks.

MAN

Hello?

WIFE

Sshh! Stop it, children! Who is it?

MAN

Hello? Hello?

SHOT of Johnny on the other end, unable to speak. He listens to the Man's "hello's" a little longer, then quietly puts the receiver down. Man hangs up and exchanges look with Wife. Their glance would seem to indicate that they know who it was.

INT. FRANKIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Frankie steps up to the window with a peanut butter jar and spoon. It's a new jar and she'll eat the top first. As she does this, she looks out. The window where the man was hitting the woman is dark now.

In the same apartment as the girl undressing, we now see a postman, dressed in an undershirt and his uniform pants, with big regulation keychain hanging from his belt, is trying to teach his puppy to be paper trained. Newspapers are spread out on the floor. He's down on one knee urging the puppy onto the floor. The puppy thinks he's playing and licks his face.

Frankie smiles and scoops out a large glob of peanut butter and swallows it and the trouble begins. The peanut butter almost completely blocks her air passage. Choking, she drinks water. It doesn't work. She tries pounding herself on her back. It doesn't work. She tries to give herself the Heimlich. No good. Finally she swallows it. Puts down jar and goes to bed.

INT. THE RESTAURANT - NEXT DAY

Frankie's face FILLS the SCREEN.

She is at a table, talking to Mr. De Leon.

MR. DE LEON

Do you blame me, Frankie?

FRANKIE

No, I don't blame you. We're just all gonna miss you.

MR. DE LEON

All my life I swore I'd never move to Florida and live with them. And now I'm doing it. I hate her, Frankie. That's not a daughter-in-law. That's a concentration camp commandant! Maybe you'll come down and visit me some time?

SHOT of Johnny watching Frankie through the service window.

SHOT of Frankie and Mr. De Leon (JOHNNY'S POV). They are laughing now.

SHOT of Johnny, smiling at this.

Frankie comes up to the service window.

JOHNNY

Scramble two, very runny, dry the bacon and side of margarine for the rye toast.

At a glance from Frankie.

JOHNNY (cont'd)

I read your mind, right? He's one of your regulars. He has the same thing every day and after all this time he still says, "No butter, side of margarine."

Johnny will begin to cook up the order. He will continue speaking to Frankie through the service window as he works.

FRANKIE
Can I ask you something?

JOHNNY
Shoot.

Johnny is aware that Tino has stopped work to listen to him and Frankie.

JOHNNY (cont'd)
Do you mind?

He shakes his head and looks back at Frankie.

JOHNNY (cont'd)
I'm all yours.

FRANKIE
You hardly knew Helen.

JOHNNY
Who's Helen?

FRANKIE
The old waitress who --

JOHNNY
Oh, that Helen!

FRANKIE
You had tears in your eyes.

JOHNNY
I think death is very sad.

FRANKIE
You didn't even know her.

JOHNNY
I don't have to know someone to feel sad for them. It's called empathy.

FRANKIE
Empathy?

JOHNNY
The sympathetic vibrations between you and another human being.

FRANKIE
I know what empathy means.

JOHNNY
No, you don't. But that's okay. I didn't either until today. I'm learning a new word a day while I'm shaving.

FRANKIE

Why?

JOHNNY

You don't want to be going out
with a protomoroniac, sub-cretinous,
semi-literate dork, do you?

Frankie stares at him. Grace ENTERS SHOT. Frankie is
blocking the service window. She will have to step a
little to one side to let Grace get her order in.

GRACE

I need a burger deluxe, medium
rare, extra-crisp fries and a
swiss omelette.

FRANKIE

Who said I was going out with you?

GRACE

Am I interrupting anything?

FRANKIE

Don't hold your breath.

JOHNNY

She's going out with me.

Frankie EXITS SHOT.

INT. CORA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Naked legs and arms and sheets FILL the SCREEN. There
is a lot of movement going on. Very few sounds though.
There is enough light to see that the couple making
love is Cora and Johnny.

SHOT of Cora's cat watching them.

The TELEVISION is on. Cora has left it on the
"Letterman Show." We can see a reflection of what's
going on on the bed in the glass of the television
screen. On the screen, Stupid Pet Tricks are in
progress. The cat turns and watches them. CLOSE on
Johnny's face. His eyes are squeezed closed hard. He
doesn't look like he's having much fun.

CLOSE ON Cora's face. Ditto.

Sounds of people THRASHING on the bed stop. The room
will grow very still. The cat will yawn and begin to
lick herself.

SHOT of Johnny and Cora. He's still on top of her.

CORA

Did you come?

JOHNNY

I couldn't help it. I'm sorry.

CORA

It didn't feel like you came.

JOHNNY

Well I did. A lot. It was terrific. You're terrific.

CORA

Are you sure?

JOHNNY

Of course I'm sure. What is this? Twenty Questions?

CORA

I mean, usually there's an "Unnh" or an "Arr" or an "Ooo" or a something.

JOHNNY

Next time I'll bring the roof down, okay? Jeez, just because a guy has trained himself to do it quietly...!

CORA

Why would a guy do that?

JOHNNY

Let's just say I've been a few places where a full-throated orgasm would have been highly inappropriate and let it go at that.

CORA

Like a monastery?
(at a look from Johnny)
Fine!

Cora doesn't care where Johnny's been. She really doesn't.

JOHNNY

Cora, believe me, though my lips were sealed, my mind and body were shooting off fireworks.

Johnny rolls off Cora. There is a silence. They both look up at the ceiling. Even though they're very close together, they seem very far apart. Cora stares at Johnny.

JOHNNY (cont'd)

Okay, maybe it wasn't perfect.

CORA

Listen, it takes two to tango. My mind was on my Mastercard payments.

JOHNNY

You know what we are? Supine.

CORA

Sue who?

JOHNNY

Supine -- lying down. Supine.

Johnny rolls over, so that he is facing Cora who is lying flat on her back.

JOHNNY (cont'd)

It's a beautiful word. Supine. Another one I like is euphony, a pleasing or sweet sound. Can I sleep over?

CORA

No.

JOHNNY

I'm scared to take the subway this time of night.

CORA

It's not a good idea. So take a cab.

JOHNNY

I don't have the money.

CORA

Johnny, if you stay over, we'll both be awake all night, pretending to be asleep, wondering why we didn't hit it off.

JOHNNY

What do you mean, we didn't hit it off? It was the first time. We gotta get to know each other.

CORA

You're just lonely. I'm just lonely. Two lonely people do not Romeo and Juliet make.

JOHNNY

I thought you had a boyfriend
anyway.

CORA

I have two boyfriends. I'm
looking for one Mr. Right.

JOHNNY

And you thought maybe I was it?
And that's the reason you won't
let me spend the night?

CORA

Johnny, you don't really want to.

There is another pause. Johnny reaches down for his
clothes on the floor beside the bed and begins to
dress. Cora watches him a while.

CORA (cont'd)

You've got a great ass.

JOHNNY

Thank you.

CORA

It's the kind of ass you just sort
of want to bite like a big
marshmallow.

JOHNNY

Thank you. Where's the nearest
subway?

CORA

Broadway and 86th. Are you
blushing?

JOHNNY

No.

CORA

Yes, you are.

JOHNNY

I'm not used to women telling me I
have a great ass. I'm used to
telling them they have a great
ass.

Johnny is a fast dresser. He's got most of his clothes
back on already. In fact, he can't wait to get out of
there.

JOHNNY (cont'd)
 Maybe we should do this again
 sometime.

He leans down and gives her a friendly kiss on the
 cheek.

CORA
 Maybe we shouldn't. You're a nice
 guy. Make some nice gal happy,
 why don't you?

JOHNNY
 That is my fondest wish, Cora.

CORA
 I believe you.

JOHNNY
 I'll see you tomorrow.

CORA
 I'll be there.

JOHNNY
 Good night.

CORA
 It's not the end of the world.

INT. FRANKIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Frankie's sleeping. The TELEVISION is on but there is
 no picture. The station she was watching has gone off
 for the evening. The TELEPHONE begins to RING.
 Frankie struggles awake.

FRANKIE
 Hello?... Cora?... Cora, I don't
 care what you did... Cora, if you
 had told me this tomorrow morning
 when I was rested, I wouldn't
 care, so you can imagine how much
 I care after being woken from a
 sound sleep... See you tomorrow.

Frankie hangs up the phone.

FRANKIE (cont'd)
 The new guy. The new guy.
 Christ, that's all anybody talks
 about.

Frankie pulls up the covers, and stares into space.

EXT. JOHNNY'S STREET - NIGHT

Johnny walks down the street and goes up the stairs to his house and enters.

INT. JOHNNY'S HOUSE HALLWAY - NIGHT

Johnny walks up to the door of his apartment. He takes out his keys and goes to open the door, but stops when he notices that something is wrong. He examines the doorjamb and sees that it's been jimmied. He opens the door ajar and then quietly lifts a fire extinguisher off the wall. He slowly pushes open the door and enters.

INT. JOHNNY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS ACTION

Johnny cautiously enters holding the extinguisher like a weapon. We see, in silhouette, the figure of a man rise in front of the window. Johnny holds up the extinguisher ready to defend himself. Suddenly, the lights go on. We see Les and Penny. Les seems high on something.

LES

Hey, Johnny, surprise!

PENNY

(uncomfortable)

Hi, Johnny.

LES

We were on this side of the river and thought we'd drop in.

JOHNNY

You broke in. You busted the doorjamb.

LES

You didn't want us to wait out on the street, did you?

JOHNNY

How'd you find me?

LES

Parole officer. Says you have a job. That's great.

PENNY

Let's cut through the crap here. Johnny, he came to borrow money.

JOHNNY

Money...

Johnny exits the apartment. He leaves the door open.

INT. JOHNNY'S HOUSE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS ACTION

Johnny exits the apartment and puts back the fire extinguisher.

PENNY (O.S.)

Come on, Les, let's go. This was a bad idea.

LES (O.S.)

(hyper)

No, no, he owes me. I saved his ass in prison plenty of times. I told him which guys to sneak food to. He owes me.

Johnny thinks for a beat, braces himself and enters the apartment.

JOHNNY

I can't help you, Les. I don't get paid until Saturday.

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT - NEXT DAY

The men's changing area. There are several metal lockers. Tino, Jorge and Luther are changing from their street clothes. Johnny, still in his street clothes, sits on a bench with an open book in his lap. He is still in his street clothes.

JOHNNY

(reading)

"But look, the morn in russet mantle clad
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastward
hill." Isn't that great?

TINO

What the hell does it mean?

JORGE

It means the son-of-a-bitchin' sun is up but why the hell doesn't the dick-head just say so, instead of that russet mantel shit.

JOHNNY

That's why he's William Shakespeare and I'm reading his book which cost \$11.95 and you're Jorge and you're washing dishes for \$5.25 an hour and I'm Johnny and I'm slinging hash for \$8.75.

JORGE

Screw Shakespeare.

JOHNNY

I love your vocabulary, Jorge.
It's positively Elizabethan.

JORGE

It's good enough. You need two
words to make it in this town.
"Fuck" and "you."

TINO

Somebody didn't get laid last
night.

JORGE

Baby, I get laid every night.

LUTHER

Yakity-yakity-yak.

The men laugh at Luther's way of quietly and effectively undercutting Jorge. On their laughter, we go to...

INT. RESTAURANT - SAME DAY

This is women's dressing area. Other side of the partition that divides the dressing areas. Frankie, Cora and Nedda changing out of their street clothes and into their uniforms. The women have clearly been listening to every word coming over the partition from the men's side. They will speak low, so that the men can't hear them, during the following.

CORA

Do you think less of me?

FRANKIE

I could care less.

NEDDA

I think less of you.

CORA

I didn't ask you.

NEDDA

I think you're both a couple of
tramps.

CORA

I thought I'd try him out first
for you two. I was doing you a
favor.

FRANKIE

He really...?

CORA

Two minutes, tops.

FRANKIE

I hate that.

NEDDA

I know what you two are talking about.

Cora and Frankie burst out laughing.

EXT. RESTAURANT - BACK ALLEY - DAY

We see that Johnny has set up a net and marked off a ragged paddle tennis court in back alley so the workers can play on their break. SHORT MONTAGE of Johnny and a couple of guys playing while Frankie watches him. Game ends and Johnny walks over to Frankie.

JOHNNY

So why won't you go to Peter's party with me?

FRANKIE

I don't want to.

JOHNNY

Life is full of things we don't want to do. I'll pick you up at seven.

FRANKIE

Sometimes you're really obnoxious.

JOHNNY

No, I'm really eager to go out with you. There's a big difference. 546 West 55th Street, right?

FRANKIE

Who told you?

JOHNNY

It's right on your punch card.

FRANKIE

What are you doing looking at my punch card? You leave my punch card alone or I'll tell Nick.

JOHNNY

So what's your apartment number? You might as well tell me. I already know your social security number.

FRANKIE
Look, I'm not Cora.

JOHNNY
I certainly hope not. So what's
your apartment number?

FRANKIE
6A.

She walks back inside.

JOHNNY
I don't believe you.

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Frankie is at service window. The place is busy and
crowded.

FRANKIE
Where's my meatloaf?

JOHNNY
Here's my heart.

Nedda joins Frankie at the service window.

NEDDA
I gotta tuna melt, a tongue down
with slaw and a split pea.

JOHNNY
7A? 5F? 4G? Am I close?

NEDDA
Did you hear me?

FRANKIE
We heard you.

JOHNNY
Bug off, Nedda!

NEDDA
Does Nick know what's going on?
I'm gonna speak to Nick.

Nedda EXITS SHOT. Tino joins Johnny at their side of
the service window, then disappears in the back again.

TINO
Burger deluxe. Pick up!

FRANKIE

Why do you want to go out with me?

JOHNNY

Why not?

FRANKIE

That's romantic!

JOHNNY

(nice)

Give me a chance. 3J?

FRANKIE

(stares; then finally)

6A.

JOHNNY

You're really 6A?

FRANKIE

Really.

JOHNNY

Seven o'clock.

FRANKIE

6A at seven o'clock.

Johnny crosses his heart.

JOHNNY

Thank you. You have made me the
happiest of men.

FRANKIE

I don't even remember what my
order was.

JOHNNY

A meatloaf platter and two chef's
salads.

INT. FRANKIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Frankie is in the bathroom getting ready. She is
fixing her hair in the vanity mirror. She has left the
door open so that she can talk to Tim and Bobby who are
in the main room. Tim and Bobby have finally gotten
around to hooking up her VCR.

TIM

What time is he picking you up? I
want to get a look at him.

FRANKIE

He's not your type.

TIM
I'm not on the market.

FRANKIE
Neither am I.

TIM
Hah! Where does that wire go?

BOBBY
Not there.

Tim and Bobby continue hooking up the VCR. Frankie comes out of the bathroom.

FRANKIE
Does this look all right?

TIM
I'm sure it's more than he deserves. Is he cute?

FRANKIE
Not especially.

TIM
We'll be the judge of that.

BOBBY
Leave me out of it.

TIM
So what do you know about this guy?

FRANKIE
Not much. How do these shoes go?

TIM
Try the pumps again. He could be a mass murderer, a psycho. You never know these days.

FRANKIE
Thanks for the pep talk.

TIM
The pumps. Definitely the pumps. What do you think?

BOBBY
I said leave me out of it.

TIM
I'm giving us six weeks.

BUZZER rings. Frankie panics.

TIM (cont'd)
I wish I had an Instamatic.

BOBBY
For Frankie's date?

TIM
No, to take shots of the VCR box.
Of course for Frankie's date.
It's novelty night. She hasn't
had a date in a year.

FRANKIE
I did so. How about that
Welshman? I went out with him all
summer.

TIM
I don't count him. I didn't like
him.

FRANKIE
I nearly married him.

TIM
That's probably why I didn't like
him. I knew he wasn't going to
leave his wife. They never do.

FRANKIE
What do you know about things like
that?

TIM
More than you do obviously.

FRANKIE
I don't date by choice.

TIM
Too bad because I love your
choices.
(to Bobby)
We went from mister-abuse-you to
mister-use-you plus a Christmas
fling with a cross-dresser that I
blew the whistle on, thank you
very much.

There is a KNOCK on the door.

TIM (cont'd)
What did he do? Run up? Well,
let him in.

Frankie fusses over her hair and dress one more time.

FRANKIE

Who am I going to tell him you two are?

TIM

Ryan O'Neal and Farrah? John McEnroe and Tatum? I don't care. You want us to hide in the closet?

She opens the door.

SHOT of Johnny, breathing hard.

JOHNNY

I ran up. Five flights. That's a lot.

FRANKIE

You didn't have to do that.

JOHNNY

You got a chair or something?

FRANKIE

I'm sorry.

Johnny staggers into apartment and sits.

FRANKIE (cont'd)

This is Tim and...

TIM

Bobby.

FRANKIE

They're hooking up my VCR.

TIM

I'm Tim. He's Bobby.

JOHNNY

I'm Johnny.

There is an awkward pause.

TIM

I guess you two want to be alone.

Tim motions to Bobby and they both walk into the closet and shut the door.

FRANKIE

Stop that. We're leaving.

Tim and Bobby come out of the closet, grinning.

TIM

We were comparing our glow-in-the-dark watchbands. Nice meeting you.

Tim and Bobby exit. Johnny stares at them as Frankie puts on her coat.

FRANKIE

You caught your breath, let's go.

They also leave.

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A farewell party is in progress with appropriate banners, etc. The mood is festive. People are dancing. A hot girl DJ plays RECORDS. Everyone from the restaurant is there; however, they look a little out of place with all of Peter's young friends. CAMERA PANS to Peter's bedroom. The bed is heaped with coats. Frankie and Johnny are sitting on the window ledge finishing off a piece of cake. A young couple is making out near them. Frankie and Johnny see that the girl is Artemis but don't let on.

JOHNNY

I used to be a second sentence talker. Now I'm a first. At parties I could never go up to somebody and say the first sentence. You know, "Where you from, come here often?" I could only say the second sentence. "I'm from Brooklyn" or "My second time here, etc." Now I mastered the first sentence. I can go up to anybody, look 'em in the eye and say a sentence.

FRANKIE

I'm a third sentence person.

JOHNNY

You can't be a third.

FRANKIE

Yeah. A person asks a question. The person I'm with answers and then I comment on the answer.

Nick comes in.

NICK

You see Artemis?

FRANKIE AND JOHNNY

No.

Nick leaves. Frankie and Johnny look at each other surprised they said the same answer.

JOHNNY

How old are you?

FRANKIE

None of your business. How old are you?

JOHNNY

What do you think?

FRANKIE

Late 40's?

JOHNNY

Ouch!

FRANKIE

Then don't ask!

Johnny takes her hand in his.

FRANKIE (cont'd)

So how old are you?

JOHNNY

I don't know.

FRANKIE

Everybody knows how old they are.

JOHNNY

I used to know, but I forgot.

FRANKIE

That's a great answer. Can I borrow it?

JOHNNY

Go ahead, I did.

FRANKIE

Who from?

Johnny traces her hand with his finger during this.

JOHNNY

I don't remember. Half the things I got up here, I don't remember where they came from. It doesn't seem fair. People ought to get credit for all the things they give and teach us. God, you're fabulous!

FRANKIE

I feel like I'm supposed to say
"thank you."

JOHNNY

It's not necessary.

FRANKIE

Can I have my hand back?

JOHNNY

I want you to notice how we're
connecting. I wanted to date a
lot of people until I found
someone to connect with. It's
you. 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

Yeah, well my nose itches.

She takes her hand from his and scratches her nose.

FRANKIE (cont'd)

You're not the easiest person to
talk to anybody ever met.

JOHNNY

(smiles)

I certainly hope not.

INT. PARTY - LIVING ROOM

Peter's making a toast. The dancing has stopped.

PETER

... And finally to all of you who
helped me when I was a nobody I
honestly believe I will forget you
when I'm big in Hollywood, so
that's why I'm thanking you now.
Everybody dance.

All laugh. Dancing starts. Johnny asks Frankie.

FRANKIE

No, try Nedda. That's her thing.

JOHNNY

(goes to Nedda)

Come on, Nedda, let's show these kids a little.

NEDDA

I can't stay long, I gotta feed my bird.

Peter comes over to Frankie.

PETER

You're having fun.

FRANKIE

Yeah. Great party.

PETER

Confession. The first day I stole one of your tips.

FRANKIE

I know. But you put it back the next week.

PETER

I was broke. Really broke.

FRANKIE

I'm glad you're getting out, Peter. I wish you the best.

Peter and Frankie hug. Johnny watches from dance floor seeing a moment of tenderness in Frankie.

ANGLE ON JOHNNY AND NEDDA

They dance improv style but the younger kids love it. Frankie can't help but smile at Johnny.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Johnny and Frankie are walking along. He has her by the arm. You can tell from Frankie's expression that he hasn't stopped talking since they left the party.

JOHNNY

Love can be fireworks, like in that movie, what's-its-name with you know, what's-his-name and what's-her-face? Never mind. Or it can be nice, quiet music or it can be having a Western omelette together at 3 a.m.

(MORE)

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

It can even be something dumb,
like waiting at a bus stop
together. It don't make the bus
come any sooner but it makes the
wait a heck of a lot more
interesting. Do you think I talk
too much?

FRANKIE

I don't think you always give the
other person a chance to --

JOHNNY

Talking to you comes real easy. I
appreciate that.

FRANKIE

Well, it's been very nice.

JOHNNY

What do you mean "been?" It still
is. And what do you mean "nice?"
It's terrific. Come on, I want to
buy you a flower.

FRANKIE

At this hour?

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

It's a side street on the Westside. Probably in the
20's. Frankie and Johnny are walking along. They
round the corner.

INT. FLOWER MART

A large warehouse that houses the wholesale flower
market. It's bustling and has a palette of a million
colors. Frankie is spellbound by the sight before
her...

JOHNNY

The Flower Mart is a secret place
of mine where I take special
girls. Just me and a couple of
thousand florists know about it.

FRANKIE

And a couple of thousand girls
too.

JOHNNY

No, you're the first.

Frankie becomes uncomfortable.

FRANKIE

Let's look around.

Frankie and Johnny start to walk among the vendors. Johnny stops by a stall that's manned by a middle-aged VENDOR.

JOHNNY

One rose.

VENDOR

One. Mister, I'm a wholesaler. I sell flowers by the gross. Not in lots of "one."

JOHNNY

You got a million roses. You can't sell me one?

VENDOR

Here's my answer. See if you can get it: "Mister, I don't want to talk to you. Get lost."

Vendor gives him the finger.

FRANKIE

Man selling roses with one hand and gives us the finger with the other. I love New York City.

OLD LADY vendor working the next booth calls to him.

OLD LADY

I'll sell you a flower.

Frankie and Johnny walk over to her. She has boxes and crates of lovely corsages.

OLD LADY (cont'd)

Pay him no mind. He forgot what it's like to be in love. The fire went out in his loins. He's an old fart.

The man Vendor overheard.

VENDOR

Hey, what'd ya call me?

OLD LADY

An old fart! Now shut up! Here's a corsage for the lady.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Frankie and Johnny in another flower area walking.

Johnny is taking corsage out of box and then pins the corsage on her jacket. He stares at her intently. She holds her rose. A guy is playing a boom box with PRETTY MUSIC nearby.

FRANKIE

Thank you. It's beautiful.

(then)

I wish you'd quit looking at me like that.

JOHNNY

Like what?

FRANKIE

Like that. It's too intense. You don't look. You stare. It gives me the creeps.

Johnny kisses her. After a few moments Frankie pulls away.

JOHNNY

Let's go back to your place.

FRANKIE

Look, I like you but... Does it have to be tonight?

JOHNNY

Yes.

FRANKIE

Who says.

JOHNNY

We may not make it to tomorrow. I might get knifed if you make me go home. You might choke on a chicken bone. Unknown poison gases could kill us both in our sleep. When it comes to love, life's cheap and it's short. So don't screw with it and you'll pardon my French.

FRANKIE

This isn't love.

JOHNNY

(pause, then)

Okay, it's not love but it's a step in the right direction.

He kisses her again. This time, Frankie responds fully. PULL BACK and see them kissing amongst all the flowers.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FRANKIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Frankie and Johnny are kissing passionately. Still kissing, Johnny begins to unbutton his shirt. Frankie pulls apart.

FRANKIE

Let me.

She unbuttons his shirt.

JOHNNY

What are you looking at?

FRANKIE

You have a nice chest.

JOHNNY

Thank you. So do you.

FRANKIE

Thank you. Help me get the bed down.

They begin to open up the sofa bed. Frankie suddenly seems ill at ease. She starts for the bathroom.

JOHNNY

Where are you going?

FRANKIE

I'll be right back. Don't panic. Keep talking. I can hear you.

Johnny watches as Frankie goes into bathroom. He calls after her.

JOHNNY

Do you mind if I turn some lights off?

He begins to move about the room turning off lamps. As he speaks, he looks out window.

SHOT of Johnny at the apartment window in the darkened room.

SHOT of man striking woman in the apartment across the way.

SHOT of Johnny reacting.

JOHNNY

Hey! Hey!

He tries to open window. It is locked with a padlock.

SHOT of Frankie joining him at the window. She has changed into a bathrobe.

FRANKIE

It's their thing. She likes it.

JOHNNY

Nobody could like getting hit like that.

FRANKIE

Once I saw her in the A&P. She was wearing a nurse's uniform. Living with him, that was a smart career choice.

JOHNNY

(flinching)

Jesus, Jesus, Jesus.

FRANKIE

(not flinching)

I hate being used to them.

Johnny turns away from the window and faces her.

JOHNNY

I would never hit you. I would never hit a woman.

He brings her to him and kisses her. After a bit, Frankie reaches for his belt, undoes it, opens his pants and lets them drop to the floor. Johnny wears fairly baggy boxer shorts with a fairly corny design or slogan on them.

FRANKIE

You got something?

JOHNNY

Talk about a mood-changer!

FRANKIE

Well do you?

JOHNNY

I've been tested.

FRANKIE

I don't know that.

JOHNNY

You could take my word for it.

FRANKIE

(firm)

No rubber, forget it.

FRANKIE

I could live without that.

Johnny pulls her towards him and kisses her across the counter. After a while, Frankie breaks apart.

FRANKIE (cont'd)

Look in the medicine chest. I've got some. I didn't want you to get the wrong impression.

Johnny goes to the bathroom. Frankie goes to the window and looks out across the backyards. The lights are out in most of the apartments.

In one apartment we see the couple with the dog dancing together. Frankie reacts to sounds of Johnny CRASHING around in her medicine chest again.

FRANKIE (cont'd)

They're behind -- !

JOHNNY (O.S.)

I found them.

Frankie goes to bed/sofa and sits.

SHOT of Johnny coming out of the bathroom.

JOHNNY

Hello again.

FRANKIE

Hi. Is it on?

JOHNNY

Well not yet! You can't put it on when it's -- !

FRANKIE

I know!

Frankie turns on the clock radio by one side of the bed/sofa. ROCK AND ROLL is playing. She quickly changes stations and stops at some quiet CLASSICAL MUSIC being played.

Johnny is moving around the room turning off the lights. While his back is to her, Frankie quickly takes off her robe and gets under the covers. Johnny turns and sees her in bed. He gets in bed and pulls the covers up. A moment later and his undershorts are off. He tosses them on the floor. He turns toward her and kisses her.

JOHNNY

I wouldn't have gotten the wrong impression.

SHOT of radio. "THE DANCE OF THE HAPPY SHADES" from Gluck's ORFEO ET EURIDICE is being played.

FRANKIE (O.S.)

Oh!

MONTAGE OF FRANKIE AND JOHNNY MAKING LOVE

We COME IN TIGHT on Johnny's face as he approaches climax. His head is back, his eyes are closed, he is in some kind of ecstasy but he is making no sounds at all.

FRANKIE

What is it? What's the matter?

SHOT of Johnny, his head tossing from side to side. He is starting to make sounds.

FRANKIE (cont'd)

Let it go, baby, let it go.

JOHNNY

(quietly)

Ooooo!

And then.

JOHNNY (cont'd)

Aaaaaa!

FRANKIE

Johnny?

JOHNNY

Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa!

It is the sound of years of release. It is sensual, it is triumphant, it is fulfilled. It is also very, very loud.

FRANKIE

(in the silence
that follows)

Johnny?

JOHNNY

Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa!

There is another silence.

FRANKIE

Are you okay?

He begins to laugh. It is uncontrollable. It's a wonderful, happy sound. He can't stop.

JOHNNY

Thank you.

FRANKIE

You're welcome.

CLOSE on Frankie looking up at this strange, happy man atop her. What has she wrought?

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

The kitchen is humming. Luther is spraying dishes. Tino is working the grill. Jorge is talking on the phone. Johnny is cooking but his attention is on Frankie, who he can see through the service window as she holds a blueberry muffin with a candle in it while she and other waitresses sing "Happy Birthday" or "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow."

Cora appears at the service window with an order. She fills a bowl of vegetable soup as she speaks.

CORA

I need a eggs over easy and one
roast chicken. So what happened?
Did the earth move?

JOHNNY

As a matter of fact, it did.

Cora EXITS SHOT, taking orders of food with her. Tino comes up to Johnny.

TINO

Nick's not gonna like it.

JOHNNY

Nick's got nothing to do with it.

Jorge ENTERS SHOT.

JORGE

Way to go, amigo, way to go!

He starts off to restaurant proper.

TINO

Where are you going?

JORGE

I'm on a break.

TINO

Your whole life is a break!

Jorge EXITS SHOT. Johnny turns towards Luther.

JOHNNY

You got a comment to make?

Luther smiles and shakes his head.

SHOT of Frankie at the service window.

FRANKIE

Eggs over easy twice and scramble
three with Nova Scotia.

JOHNNY

Hello to you, too.

FRANKIE

I see you made it home all right.

JOHNNY

No thanks to you. When's your
lunch break?

FRANKIE

At lunch time.

JOHNNY

We gotta talk.

FRANKIE

Look, last night was last night.

JOHNNY

I need your advice.

Nedda joins Frankie at the service window.

NEDDA

I hope you two know what you're
doing. Scramble two with bacon.
I mean it.

EXT. TOY STORE - DAY

Frankie and Johnny are coming out of a toy store (or a
department store). He carries toys. A bat and a glove
and a doll.

JOHNNY

His sister is gonna love that
doll! Thanks for helping me. Do
you like kids?

FRANKIE

They're okay. Come on, let's get
some lunch.

JOHNNY

You look like someone who likes
kids.

FRANKIE

What does someone who likes kids
look like?

JOHNNY

(stares)

Why are you so tough?

FRANKIE

I don't have time for bullshit.
Come on, Santa Claus, let's go!
I'm hungry.

EXT. SMALL PARK - DAY

Frankie and Johnny are walking along the path. Frankie carries presents. Johnny is carrying a paper bag filled with sandwiches and sodas. They're in mid-conversation.

FRANKIE

You didn't miss that much not
graduating from high school. Look
at me. My big highlight was...
never mind.

JOHNNY

What?

FRANKIE

It's stupid.

JOHNNY

I've told you stupid things.

FRANKIE

Not this stupid.

JOHNNY

I like Junket. A grown man who
likes vanilla Junket, Frankie!

FRANKIE

I sang in our high school
production of "Music Man."

JOHNNY

What's stupid about that? I bet
you were wonderful.

FRANKIE

It's hardly like being the first
woman in outer space.

JOHNNY

I knew it! The minute I saw you,
I said to myself, "She's not just
a waitress."

FRANKIE

"Yeah, she's an unsuccessful actress!"

JOHNNY

Would you...? You know...?
Sometime...?

FRANKIE

What?

JOHNNY

Act something for me.

FRANKIE

Are you nuts? You think actors go around acting for people? Like we do requests.

JOHNNY

I didn't know.

FRANKIE

Acting is an art. It's a responsibility. It's a privilege.

She is suddenly fighting back tears.

JOHNNY

And I bet you're good at it.

FRANKIE

And it looks like I'll die with my secret.

JOHNNY

What are you scared of?

FRANKIE

I'm not scared.

JOHNNY

Yes, you are.

FRANKIE

Well not like in a horror movie.

JOHNNY

Something's going on between us, right now, something important. Don't you feel it?

FRANKIE

I don't know what I feel.

They approach an empty bench.

JOHNNY

You don't want to feel it.

Johnny sits on the bench and continues their conversation. He is leaning forward so he can look in paper bag on his lap.

JOHNNY (cont'd)

We're talking about two people coming together: sure it's a little scary but it's wonderful, too.

FRANKIE

You're too needy. I can't.

Frankie has put down her packages. She now puts her hands on the bench for support as she sits. She feels something. Stops, rises and looks at her hands. They're covered with wet, green paint from the bench. Johnny also leaps up.

JOHNNY

Cripes.

He's got green paint on the back of his pants. Frankie laughs.

JOHNNY (cont'd)

This is funny? A man ruining his clothes is funny?

FRANKIE

Yeah, it's funny.

JOHNNY

A man ruining a fifteen dollar pair of pants is funny?

Frankie continues to laugh.

FRANKIE

Yeah, it's funny. Think about it.

Johnny looks at the bench, then at his pants. Begins to smile. Looks at Frankie, starts to laugh until he's laughing as hard as Frankie. They look around and see the park PAINTER and his cart not far away.

EXT. PARK - ANOTHER ANGLE - MOMENTS LATER

They are talking to the Painter at his cart. The Painter puts turpentine on a rag.

PAINTER

Here, this will clean your hands.

Frankie wipes the paint off her hands and Johnny's.
The Painter continues.

PAINTER (cont'd)

The kids steal the wet paint
signs.

JOHNNY

Will this stuff come off my pants?
Is it water based?

PAINTER

No, iron based. Made to last
years.

FRANKIE

What's that mean?

PAINTER

(points to Johnny)

Means he's gonna break out in a
rash if it keeps touching your
skin...

(looks)

... like it is now.

JOHNNY

Oh shit.

PAINTER

Paint got some chemicals in it
that if you get it on your skin,
it goes through your pores or
something.

Johnny is afraid of the above happening and has reached
behind him and is holding his pants away from his skin...

JOHNNY

Can you clean it off now!

PAINTER

No problem. Take 'em off.

JOHNNY

You're kidding.

PAINTER

Hey, Sonny, I don't kid about
toxic. If I clean them while you
got them on, I rub the chemicals
right into your butt.

Johnny hands Frankie his coat. She holds it in front
of him.

JOHNNY

A grown man taking his pants off
in a park. Why don't they pass a
law against this paint?

PAINTER

Because they don't expect people
to sit on it.

Frankie is trying again not to laugh. As Johnny hands
the pants to the Painter.

JOHNNY

Stop laughing and help me to the
cart.

Frankie holds up the coat as Johnny goes to sit in
cart.

ANOTHER ANGLE - LATER

Johnny and Frankie finally start eating sandwiches in
cart.

JOHNNY

What was that you said over there?

FRANKIE

What?

JOHNNY

You said I was too needy?

FRANKIE

That's right. You're too needy.

JOHNNY

No, you got that wrong.

FRANKIE

(quiet)

Johnny, last night you had the
whole thing. There's no more
where it came from. I'm empty.

They're silent for a few beats. The Painter will over-
hear the following as he moves to get something out of
the cart.

JOHNNY

I got enough for both of us.

FRANKIE

Yeah. There's a whole other side
of you I never saw at work.

JOHNNY

You thought all I did was cook?
Your first experience with a
passionate, imaginative lover.

FRANKIE

My first experience with an animal
is more like it!

JOHNNY

Did you ever see an animal do to
another animal's toes what I did
to yours?

The Painter reacts.

FRANKIE

Will you keep your voice down?
I'm sure my whole building heard
you. Ooooo! Ooooo! Ooooo!

JOHNNY

What did you expect, the way you
kept twirling your fingers around
inside my ears?

The Painter reacts.

FRANKIE

Nobody ever put their fingers in
your ears before?

JOHNNY

Maybe for a second but not the way
you did, like you were drilling
for something.

FRANKIE

You should've said something if
you didn't like it.

JOHNNY

Are you crazy? I loved it. When
can we do it again?

FRANKIE

(to Painter)

You almost done?

PAINTER

(smiles)

I've been done but I enjoy
listening to you two talk.

They react.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Frankie enters. Nick is standing by the front door.
He makes a big display of looking at his watch.

FRANKIE

I thought the Greeks invented
democracy.

NICK

Old time Greeks and look what
happened to them. Next time this
happens --

Frankie EXITS SHOT as Johnny ENTERS from the front
door. He is still carrying the gift wrapped toys. He
wears his coat tied around his waist.

NICK (cont'd)

That goes for you, too, lover boy.

JOHNNY

Your fly's open.

He EXITS SHOT. Nick looks down, cringes and zips up.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Johnny is finishing up cooking. Tino and Jorge are
with him.

TINO

I told you Nick wouldn't like it.

Frankie comes up to the service window.

FRANKIE

Two burger deluxe and a tongue on
rye.

JOHNNY

I'll pick you up at eight.

FRANKIE

I thought you were getting off
early for your nephew's birthday.

JOHNNY

I'll be back tonight.

FRANKIE

I got a date.

JOHNNY

Who with?

FRANKIE

Tim, for Christ's sake!

JOHNNY

He's a fairy.

FRANKIE

I hate that word.

JOHNNY

So do I. I'm sorry. Maybe I'm
jealous.

FRANKIE

It's my bowling night.

JOHNNY

I'm a good bowler.

FRANKIE

No.

Johnny takes off his apron and gets ready to leave.

JOHNNY

I could come by after bowling.

FRANKIE

Look, I need a night to get over
last night. That was harrowing.
No, I don't mean "harrowing."
Too...

JOHNNY

Too good to be true. Frankie and
Johnny! We're already a couple.

FRANKIE

Didn't they end up killing each
other?

JOHNNY

She killed him. The odds are in
your favor... Gotta go to my
nephew's. See you later.

FRANKIE

(calls after him)

You better know how to bowl.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DUSK - SAME DAY

A car is slowly moving down a typical, middle-class suburban street. The homes are modest but well cared-for. It's that special time of the day just before dinner when the children are playing outside, the mothers are cooking and the fathers are coming home from work.

INT. CAR - DUSK

Johnny is at the wheel. He has a map open and is looking for an address. The children's presents are on the empty passenger's seat next to him.

SHOT of a house. Two children playing in front. A BOY and a GIRL.

Johnny stops the car and watches them.

SHOT of two children. They stop playing and look at the car.

SHOT of Johnny. He seems paralyzed.

SHOT of children moving cautiously to the car, even though it's not parked quite in front of their house.

The children start running towards the car now.

CHILDREN

Daddy! Daddy!

SHOT of Johnny in the car. He looks stricken.

The children have come up to the car.

SHOT of another car coming down the street.

Johnny leaps out of his car and yells after it.

JOHNNY

What's the matter with you? This
is a play street!

Children are hugging Johnny. He picks them up in turn and hugs and kisses them.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - PORCH

The same man and woman we saw on the telephone earlier are standing there watching Johnny and the children. They are Sheila, Johnny's former wife, and her new husband, Clark. Sheila has an apron on. Clark is holding a newspaper.

SHOT of children surrounding Johnny. He gives the children their presents. They take their presents and race back across the street with them to their own porch.

SHOT of Sheila coming towards him.

SHOT of Johnny watching her as he gets back in car.

Sheila reaches the car. Her manner is gentle.

SHEILA
Hello, Johnny.

JOHNNY
Hi.

SHEILA
You look good.

JOHNNY
So do you.

SHEILA
It's a nice car.

JOHNNY
It's a rental. I didn't want to miss his birthday.

SHEILA
You're a month early.

JOHNNY
I'm sorry. I'm sorry about everything else too.

SHEILA
You tried to do better for us, Johnny... but it wasn't right.

JOHNNY
I know.

SHEILA
How are you?

JOHNNY
Great.
(looks at house)
How many bedrooms?

SHEILA
Only three.

JOHNNY
Only three!

SHEILA
Elvis had thirty. Are you coming in?

JOHNNY
They looked so happy to see me.

SHEILA
Well of course they were.

JOHNNY

I didn't feel happy back. They
looked like somebody else's kids.

SHOT of Clark. He is still standing on the porch, only
now the children are standing with him, looking towards
Johnny, Sheila and the car.

CUT TO:

INT. BOWLING ALLEY - NIGHT

Frankie is bowling with Nedda, Cora and Tim. She has
just made a strike to much acclaim and self-
satisfaction. Tim is over listening to a teenage
couple talking.

CORA

Girl, where did you learn to bowl
like that?

FRANKIE

Allentown, PA! That's about all I
learned there.

JOHNNY (O.S.)

Are you from Allentown?

SHOT of Frankie reacting to the sound of Johnny's
voice.

JOHNNY

That's amazing. I was born in
Allentown.

Nedda, Cora and Tim variously and with different
degrees of enthusiasm greet Johnny.

FRANKIE

Very funny, very funny. He makes
things up.

JOHNNY

No, for real. St. Stephen's
Hospital. We lived on Martell
Street.

FRANKIE

I suppose you went to Moody High
School, too.

JOHNNY

No, we moved when I was eight. I
started out at Park Lane
Elementary though.

Frankie almost drops her bowling ball.

JOHNNY (cont'd)

Did you go to Park Lane? This is incredible. This is better than anything in Shirley MacLaine!

TIM

You're really from Allentown?

JOHNNY

Why would anyone pretend they were from Allentown?

FRANKIE

So you could keep up this coincidence theory! Don't encourage him.

But Johnny has already made himself comfortable in the curve of seats that surround the lane they are bowling at. There's plenty of beer around. The others are mellow.

JOHNNY

My mother ran off with somebody she met at an AA meeting. My father took us to Baltimore.

Johnny has a captive, rapt audience in the others. Only Frankie refuses to let herself be drawn in.

FRANKIE

It's your turn, Cora.

CORA

Just a minute.

JOHNNY

He had a sister. She couldn't cope with us. We ended up in foster homes. Could I have a swig of that?

Tim hands him his bottle of beer.

JOHNNY (cont'd)

I bounced all over the place. Washington, D.C. was the best. If you go through that Smithsonian Institute they got there, really go through it, then there ain't no more they're gonna teach you in college. Portland, Maine is nice, too. Cold though.

ANOTHER ANGLE - LATER -

Johnny is bowling. He completes a strike. His form is okay but his body language is highly unorthodox. Others laugh and cheer.

SHOT of Frankie. She's not amused.

Johnny sits on the bench between Cora and Nedda.

NEDDA

What happened to your mother?

CORA

This is so sad.

JOHNNY

I tracked her down when I was 18. They were still together, this AA turkey and her, living in Philadelphia and both drinking again.

NEDDA

They say Philadelphia will do that to you.

CORA

What happened?

JOHNNY

Nothing. I just wanted to see her. I wondered how this pot-bellied, balding, gin-breathed stranger she was with could have been the object of anyone's desire, but especially my mother's! She was still so beautiful, even through the booze. But he was 100% schlub.

FRANKIE (O.S.)

Are we bowling or what?

ANOTHER ANGLE

Johnny bowling another strike to the acclaim of Nedda and Cora. Whatever team Johnny is on is the team that is ahead.

Tim is up next. Frankie waits to follow him. Johnny comes up to her. They move away from the others now.

JOHNNY

Look, I'm going all over the place with you.

FRANKIE

I'm trying to concentrate.

JOHNNY

I might as well come right out with it: I love you.

(MORE)

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

I think I'm in love with you. I personally think we should get married and I definitely want us to have kids, three or four. There! That wasn't so difficult. You don't have to say anything. I just wanted to get it out on the table. Talk about a load off!

FRANKIE

Talk about a load off? Talk about a crock of shit.

JOHNNY

Hey, come on, Frankie, don't. One of the things I like about you is that you talk nice. I hate vulgar from women.

FRANKIE

Well, fuck you how I talk! I'll talk any fucking way I fucking feel like! This is my fucking bowling night and who the fuck are you to fucking spoil it by fucking telling me you fucking love me!

SHOT of other bowlers who have heard Frankie raise her voice and use "that" word.

SHOT of Cora, Nedda and Tim at the snack bar trying to see what's going on that has the other bowlers turning to look.

CAMERA WILL FOLLOW Frankie as she moves through the bowling alley towards the ladies room. Johnny is following her closely, of course.

JOHNNY

I told you I loved you. That makes me unlovable?

FRANKIE

It makes you a creep. No, you're not a creep. You're sincere. That's what's so awful. "God," I said to myself after you left, "please make him want to see me again without him knowing that's what I want."

JOHNNY

I did know. God had nothing to do with it.

FRANKIE

I said "see you again", not the
stuff you're talking about.

She pushes by him and goes into the changing area.
Johnny will follow in right after her.

FRANKIE (cont'd)

Kids for Christ's sake!

JOHNNY

What's wrong with kids?

FRANKIE

I hate kids.

JOHNNY

I don't believe that.

FRANKIE

I'm too old to have kids.

JOHNNY

No, you're not.

FRANKIE

I can't have any. Now are you
happy?

JOHNNY

We'll adopt.

FRANKIE

You don't just decide to fall in
love with people out of the blue.

JOHNNY

Why not?

FRANKIE

They don't like it.

Nedda comes into the changing area.

NEDDA

What's he doing in here?

FRANKIE

How would you like it if she came
up to you and said, "I'm in love
with you. I want to have your
baby."

JOHNNY

I'd run like hell.

NEDDA

So would I. I'm getting help.

She exits area.

JOHNNY

Besides, I'd tell her I was in love with you.

FRANKIE

You don't know me.

Frankie exits to ladies room. Johnny follows her in.

INT. LADIES ROOM

JOHNNY

Of course I don't know you. You don't know me either. We got off to a great start. Why do you want to stop. What do you want? What do you want from a guy?

FRANKIE

(looks at him; then)

I want a guy who'll love me no matter what.

FRANKIE

You got him.

FRANKIE

Shit. This is worse than "Looking for Mr. Goodbar".

JOHNNY

Look, Frankie, I might see someone on the BMT tonight, get lucky and get laid, and think I was in love with her.

FRANKIE

Don't let me stop you.

JOHNNY

But I love you. People are given one moment to connect. Not two, not three, one! I'm convinced of it.

Tim opens the door of the ladies room. He is too self-conscious to actually step into it, however.

TIM

What's going on here?

JOHNNY

If they don't take it, it's gone forever and they end up not only ~~pardon-my-French-for-the-very-~~ last-time screwing that other person on the BMT, but, maybe thinking they're in love and marrying that person.

TIM

Okay, that's it, outta here!

He will start pulling Johnny out with him.

FRANKIE

Boy, are you barking up the wrong tree!

JOHNNY

I never thought I could be in love with a woman who said "barking up the wrong tree."

Tim succeeds in pulling Johnny out.

SHOT of Frankie yelling after him.

FRANKIE

You've driven me to it!

Cora comes in.

CORA

Are you all right, honey?

FRANKIE

I never used that expression in my entire life! If I wanted a man in my life I wouldn't have bought a VCR I can't even work.

CUT TO:

INT. SUPERMARKET - LATE AT NIGHT

Frankie, still dressed from bowling, is angrily throwing things into her shopping cart and muttering to herself. She is brought up short by the sight of something.

SHOT of YOUNG WOMAN in nurse's uniform (Frankie's POV). She is wearing sunglasses. When she takes them off to check the price of something, we (and Frankie) can see the purple swelling around her left eye.

SHOT of Frankie, undecided what to do at first, then quickly going over to her.

FRANKIE

Excuse me. I live in the building behind you. I've seen how he hits you. Is there anything I can do?

The Young Woman looks evenly at Frankie.

YOUNG WOMAN

I don't know what you're talking about.

She puts her sunglasses back on and moves away with her shopping cart.

SHOT of Frankie looking after her.

EXT. BACK ALLEY OF RESTAURANT - DAY

Johnny is playing paddle tennis against a local cop. Nick is on the telephone up by the door. He can see Johnny's game.

NICK

Frankie, I do not appreciate you calling me on Saturday day to tell me you want to switch to Saturday night... Okay, I'll get somebody to cover for you and, Frankie, I know what you're sick from... I can tell him you said that? It will be my greatest pleasure.

Nick hangs up the phone.

NICK (cont'd)

Hey, Johnny!

SHOT of Johnny looking over at Nick.

SHOT of Nick who picks up phone again and points to it. He hangs up phone and pantomimes "Frankie called."

SHOT of Johnny nodding "yes."

SHOT of ~~Nick~~ drawing an enormous heart in the air.

SHOT of Johnny eagerly nodding "yes, go on."

SHOT of Nick triumphantly giving Johnny the finger.

SHOT of a stricken Johnny.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANKIE'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

Frankie is still in bed. She is surrounded with junk food and video cassettes. The phone is RINGING endlessly. Tim is with her.

TIM

You're not going to give your job up because of this guy. You were there first. I'll handle him. Now what is the problem?

FRANKIE

He says he's in love with me.

TIM

That putz!

FRANKIE

He wants to marry me.

TIM

That bastard!

FRANKIE

He's talking about a family!

TIM

Boy, you can pick 'em! Love, a home, marriage! Screw that shit! Can I answer the phone?

FRANKIE

If you tell him to go to hell.

He answers the phone.

TIM

(into phone)

Frankie says to go to hell, but I know at least a dozen women and quite a few men I can put you in touch with... Johnny, give it a rest, she doesn't want to talk... Just a minute. He wants to know about tonight, Saturday night, the loneliest night of the week.

FRANKIE

I'm busy. Call me in a few years.

EXT. BACK ALLEY OF RESTAURANT - LATE AFTERNOON
(OR NIGHT)

Nick is at back door looking at Johnny standing on paddle tennis court. Johnny is talking to Les and Penny. He shakes his head and shrugs. Les and Penny exit as Johnny walks back towards the kitchen.

INT. RESTAURANT - LATE DAY

Nick and Johnny walking back in from alley.

NICK

(refers to Les)

I thought they were going to hold
the joint up. Who?

JOHNNY

They're old friends.

Cora, dressed in her street clothes, passes.

CORA

Night, all.

JOHNNY

I thought you were working
tonight.

CORA

Naw, Frankie's switching with me
and I got myself one hot date.

NICK

All your dates are hot.

JOHNNY

Have a good one. See you Monday.

NICK

All her dates are hot.

JOHNNY

Hey, uh, Nick. I meant to ask
you; I need to make some extra
money and, uh, I was wondering if
I could work an extra shift
tonight.

NICK

What is this? The whole
restaurant is switching to
Saturday night? Look, Waldo works
Saturday. I don't need two cooks.

JOHNNY

What if I call him and ask him to
switch? If it's okay with him, is
it okay with you?

NICK

(finally)

Okay, but you close up.

JOHNNY

You're beautiful.

NICK

... And no overtime. Straight
time.

JOHNNY
You're still beautiful.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

It is Saturday night. The lights are lower than might be expected and there is a candle at each table. The crowd is younger than in the daytime and lots of couples.

Johnny is in the kitchen. As he works, he tries to keep his eye on Frankie who can be seen intermittently through the service window as she makes her rounds.

SHOT of Frankie heading towards the kitchen to place an order. She isn't smiling.

FRANKIE
Two turkey specials, one mash, one baked.

JOHNNY
Now what did I do?

FRANKIE
You had Saturday off.

JOHNNY
So did you. We had a date.

FRANKIE
Something came up.

JOHNNY
Same with me.

FRANKIE
This isn't a date!

Another WAITRESS joins Frankie at the service window. She is thin and furtive looking.

NIGHT WAITRESS
Two burgers deluxe, a grill cheese and an order of skins.

The restaurant is suddenly lit up by a very bright light coming from the street. It startles a customer, JACK, sitting at the counter.

JACK
Jesus, what was that?

NICK
(announcing)
No problem. Relax. They're making a movie outside and occasionally we're all in it.

FRANKIE

(to Jack)

They're shooting this here Rolls-Royce driving down the street. What waste. They must have shot the same thing a million times. No wonder movie tickets cost eight bucks.

JACK

Shooting a movie. No kidding.

MIKE, a stage manager for the movie company, ENTERS. He's got on a headphone and mic combo and carries a clipboard. He's very harried and carries a bottle of Maalox and has dried Maalox on the corners of his mouth.

MIKE

Folks, folks, animation. When the car passes, I asked for animation. That last pass, you gave me dull.

NIGHT WAITRESS

We forgot.

Mike exits.

JOHNNY

Remember, animation.

FRANKIE

Right, animation.

(then)

Are you keeping some big secret from me?

JOHNNY

No, I'm not married.

FRANKIE

Men think that's the only question women want to ask.

JOHNNY

So fire away.

FRANKIE

Well, were you?

JOHNNY

I was.

FRANKIE

How many times?

JOHNNY

Just once. Is that it?

FRANKIE

Men have other secrets than being married. Could be a mass-murderer or ex-convict.

JOHNNY

I am. I spent eighteen months in the slammer. Forgery.

FRANKIE

(pause)

That's okay.

JOHNNY

The state of Pennsylvania didn't seem to think so.

Frankie is gathering up orders to deliver to her customers. She is very good at balancing and juggling.

FRANKIE

You could be gay.

JOHNNY

Get real.

FRANKIE

Well you could.

She EXITS SHOT carrying her orders.

SHOT of Johnny calling after her.

JOHNNY

Does this look like a gay face?

SHOT of a startled patron at the counter reacting to this.

JOHNNY (cont'd)

What are you looking at?

INT. RESTAURANT - LATER THAT NIGHT

Nick is nervously looking out the window as everybody else goes about their business, then:

NICK

That's the signal! Here they come. Animate yourselves.

Everybody in the place becomes more active, some with too much personality. Johnny flips pancakes and sings a public domain song as Frankie cynically partakes in it all. The lights from outside go by, then everybody returns to their normal pace. Frankie picks up another order.

JOHNNY

What about you? Were you ever married?

FRANKIE

No, never. I need a Chef's Salad and a chicken salad and a side of slaw.

JOHNNY

Anyone serious?

FRANKIE

Try "terminal." Did you see the size of that Rolls? And they're not even really driving it. They got a truck that pulls it. So much for the reality in the movies!

Johnny isn't letting up. She knows this at once.

JOHNNY

What happened? What about this "guy who's serious?"

FRANKIE

He got more serious with who I thought was my best friend. This lettuce is limp.

JOHNNY

How long ago was that?

FRANKIE

Three years.

Johnny throws his spatula in the air and shakes his head in disbelief.

JOHNNY

I've been divorced three years.

FRANKIE

Really?

JOHNNY

Cross my heart.

VOICE

Waitress!

FRANKIE

Any kids?

JOHNNY

Two. That's who we were buying toys for.

FRANKIE

I sort of thought so. You see them?

JOHNNY

Yesterday. She's remarried. I thought it was my boy's birthday. I was a month off. I didn't even go in the house.

VOICE

Waitress!

JOHNNY

She said she's coming!

(to Frankie)

You know what I wanted to do? Run that crewcut bastard insurance salesman over and drive off with the three of them. I don't know where we would've gone. We'd probably still be driving.

FRANKIE

That would've been a dumb thing to do. Unless you still love her.

JOHNNY

No.

(then)

I don't let go of old things easy and I grab new things hard.

FRANKIE

Too hard.

JOHNNY

There's no such thing as too hard when you want something.

FRANKIE

Yes, there is, Johnny. The other person.

She takes up her next order and EXITS SHOT.

CLOSE on Johnny.

INT. RESTAURANT - LATER

Pretty empty. The lights of the movie go by once more and those remaining animate weakly. Nick is packing to go home. We hear O.S. "That's a wrap." Nick heads for kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN

Johnny takes a potato, which he has carved into a rose, and dips it into a container filled with red food coloring mixed with water. He holds the "rose" out to Frankie.

JOHNNY

Here, a pretty rose for a pretty lady.

Frankie is touched. Nick enters the kitchen.

NICK

That's it for tonight.

Frankie holds out the rose.

FRANKIE

Look what Johnny gave me.

NICK

A red potato. How romantic. You want a lift?

CLOSE on Johnny.

CLOSE on Frankie.

FRANKIE

That's okay, Nick.

CLOSE on Johnny. We can almost see the relief in his face.

; NICK

This morning she hated you! Now remember how I told you to close up. Good night.

CUT TO:

EXT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The Rolls-Royce, still on the platform vehicle, is parked on the curb waiting to be towed away. JOE, the cop he played paddle tennis with, stands watching over it.

Frankie and Johnny come out of the restaurant. Johnny pulls down the iron gates and locks up, Frankie helping him all the time. When they work together, they're an efficient pair.

FRANKIE

Did you check the ice machine?

JOHNNY

Don't worry. I want this job.
I'm gonna keep it. Look out for
your fingers.

FRANKIE

You got to say good night to
someone.

JOHNNY

What?

FRANKIE

So the burglar will think
someone's there. "See you
tomorrow, Tony. Don't shoot
unless it's absolutely necessary."
That's how Nick likes it done.

JOHNNY

"Don't listen to her, Tony, the
minute you hear anything, open
fire."

They spot the Rolls-Royce.

JOHNNY (cont'd)

Wow, isn't that something.

They walk over to it. They know the Cop.

JOHNNY (cont'd)

Joe, you're working on the movie,
right? That must be a big kick.
You do any others?

JOE

Any? All. They can't make a
movie in New York without me.

JOHNNY

You hear that?

FRANKIE

I'm impressed.

JOE

Yeah, last year I did "Good
Fellas." I like Scorsese. I like
the way he examines a certain
social ethnic strata of society
who live in a moral vacuum.

JOHNNY

Yeah, me too. Hey, uh, do you
think it'd be okay if we could sit
in the Rolls for a minute? The
lady would get a big thrill.

JOE

I guess it'd be alright.
Everybody should sit in a Rolls
once in their life.

Joe opens the Rolls' back door. Frankie gets in AD
LIBBING her thanks. Johnny starts to get in but Joe
stops him.

JOE (cont'd)

This here is just a rental, so
don't touch anything... And, oh,
yeah, the seats are leather, so no
fucking or nothing.

JOHNNY

No touching. No fucking. Gotcha.

Johnny climbs into the Rolls.

CUT TO:

INT. ROLLS-ROYCE - CONTINUOUS ACTION

Johnny settles into the back seat as Joe closes the car
door.

JOHNNY

He says we can't fuck.

FRANKIE

Oh, darn.

Frankie looks around.

FRANKIE (cont'd)

How does a person get anything
like this?

JOHNNY

It's easy. You just dream for it.

FRANKIE

I used to dream when I was young.
They don't come true. You dream
you'd be a cook?

JOHNNY

Naw, what I really want is to own
my own place. You know, something
like Nick's but fancier.

FRANKIE

Fancier than Nick's. Hard to
believe.

JOHNNY

How about you?

FRANKIE

I was supposed to work for a second cousin who had a dental laboratory.

JOHNNY

That place down by the old train station? His son was in my class. Arnold, right?

FRANKIE

You know my cousin Arnold?

JOHNNY

Enough to say hello.

Frankie reacts to this.

FRANKIE

The dentist would take paraffin impressions of a patient's teeth and I would make plaster of Paris models for the technicians to work from.

JOHNNY

No wonder the acting bug bit!

FRANKIE

You know what I'm thinking about? You won't laugh?

JOHNNY

Of course not.

FRANKIE

A teacher.

JOHNNY

Why would I laugh at that?

FRANKIE

Someone who can't spell "cat" teaching little kids to. I'll have to go back to school first but... I don't know, it sounds nice.

Joe knocks on tinted windows of Rolls. Frankie fakes an orgasm. Joe, panicked, opens door and sees them sitting there quietly.

FRANKIE (cont'd)

Gotcha!

Frankie and Johnny laugh. Joe joins in.

JOE

You sure did but you'd better get out now. They're here to pick it up.

Frankie and Johnny get out AD LIBBING their thanks.

FRANKIE

Can you imagine the mileage this monster gets?

JOHNNY

People like us don't worry about mileage.

FRANKIE

Give me a Toyota.

JOHNNY

We'll compromise and walk.

He starts walking off with her.

FRANKIE

This still isn't a date.

JOHNNY

I know.

FRANKIE

Where are we going?

JOHNNY

I don't know: Your place or mine?

Frankie gives him a look.

JOHNNY (cont'd)

I'm going to start warning you before I say something funny.

FRANKIE

You don't have to warn me. Just say something funny.

A woman steps in front of them from out of the shadows.
(NOTE: This scene can happen on another street if it lays out better.)

PENNY

Johnny!

CLOSE on Penny. She is pretty high on something.

JOHNNY

Penny! This is Frankie, Penny.
She works in the restaurant with
me.

PENNY

She's a pretty lady.

JOHNNY

Are you all right? Where's Les?

PENNY

They busted Lester. One week!
That's all we had. One lousy
week. We gotta hang on to our
men, pretty lady.

Penny grabs on to Frankie in a confusion of grief and
anger. Johnny tries to pull her off. Penny starts
screaming and yelling and pulls Frankie down onto the
sidewalk with her.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

Frankie and Johnny are in the waiting area along with a
group of people either waiting to be admitted or
waiting for some word of someone who has been admitted.

FRANKIE

It's not your fault. If you had
lent him money, it just might have
been a little longer before he
stole some.

JOHNNY

I read something that said, "It's
so easy to fall out of the
lifeboat, so hard to climb back
on." That's because when you do
everybody with oars is doing his
damndest to keep you in the water
and feed you to the sharks.

FRANKIE

Don't talk like that. You're
doing fine.

JOHNNY

Sometimes I want to kill myself.

A SOCIAL WORKER comes up to them. She looks incredibly
stressed-out.

SOCIAL WORKER

Why don't you come back in the
morning?

JOHNNY

Is she going to be all right?

SOCIAL WORKER

What do you think?

CUT TO:

EXT. FRANKIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A bus goes by. We see Frankie and Johnny walk up to the stoop of her apartment and sit.

FRANKIE

I don't know why we're talking about Dennis Coleman. I haven't thought about him in --

JOHNNY

It doesn't matter. Go ahead. So three years ago, Dennis left you for who you thought was your best friend?

FRANKIE

You know the main thing I felt was? Dumb! I even introduced them. I lent them money. I gave her my old television set. They're probably watching it together at this very moment. I hope it explodes and blows their faces off. That or he's telling her she looks like shit or who told her she could change her hair or where are his car keys or shut up, he's had a rough day. I didn't know how exhausting it was having a woman support you! God, why do we get involved with people it turns out hate us?

JOHNNY

Because...

FRANKIE

Because we hate ourselves. I know. I read the same book.

JOHNNY

(looks up)

I thought we were working on a full moon. It's been like this all week.

FRANKIE

I've always been very suspicious of what moonlight does to people.

JOHNNY

It's supposed to make them
romantic.

FRANKIE

Or turn you into a werewolf.

Johnny reaches over and kisses her.

FRANKIE (cont'd)

You're not staying over!

INT. FRANKIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Johnny and Frankie are kissing. It quickly gets pas-
sionate. Frankie starts to unbutton her blouse.

JOHNNY

Let me do it.

He starts to undress her.

FRANKIE

Did you bring some --?

JOHNNY

Yes.

Johnny is having a little difficulty undressing her.
At the same time, she is undressing him. They start
getting tangled, so they start undressing themselves.
Johnny is very quick at it.

Frankie is still undressing when Johnny begins turning
off all the lights.

FRANKIE

I want to see you this time.

JOHNNY

I don't like to make love with the
lights on.

FRANKIE

Why not?

JOHNNY

I can't.

FRANKIE

That's a good reason.

JOHNNY

It's because of Archie.

FRANKIE

Okay, I'll bite. Who's Archie?

JOHNNY

A huge Great Dane at one of my foster homes. I mean, massive! Whenever I'd jack off, he'd just stare at me. At it. Talk about serious castration complex. So I got in the habit of doing it with the lights off.

FRANKIE

Sometimes I am so glad I'm a girl. Give me a hand with the bed.

They are much better at getting the bed down than they were the night before. This time Johnny remembers where the pillows are.

JOHNNY

I'm forty-two.

FRANKIE

You look younger. I'm thirty-two.

JOHNNY

So do you. I'm forty-four.

FRANKIE

Honest.

JOHNNY

I'll be forty-six this year.

FRANKIE

What do you want for your birthday?

JOHNNY

To be able to stop bullshitting about things like my age.

FRANKIE

I'll be thirty-five on the eleventh of November.

JOHNNY

We're both Scorpios.

FRANKIE

Who would've guessed?

Johnny turns out another lamp. Frankie is turning on the RADIO by the bed. The same classical station is on.

Johnny goes to the window to close the blinds.

SHOT of a full moon illuminating the back courtyard of Frankie's apartment house.

SHOT of Johnny, enraptured by it. The moonlight is bathing his body.

JOHNNY

There's our full moon!

SHOT of Frankie in bed, under the covers.

FRANKIE

I ordered it just for you.
Macy's. Twenty-five bucks an hour.

JOHNNY

Look at it.

FRANKIE

Later.

JOHNNY

It won't be there later. You can almost see it move.

Frankie has joined him at the window. They are both bathed in the moonlight. Frankie's eyes go to the apartment with the battling couple.

SHOT of Frankie's backyard. All the apartment windows are dark this time.

SHOT of Frankie.

FRANKIE

All quiet on the Western Front.
Come on.

Frankie moves back to the bed and gets under the covers.

SHOT of Johnny still staring out the window.

FRANKIE (O.S.)

I want you to make love to me.

Johnny turns to her.

JOHNNY

I want to make love to you.

He starts towards the bed. Just as he gets there, Frankie barks loudly. Johnny jumps back. Frankie breaks into peals of laughter.

FRANKIE

It was a joke. I'm sorry.

Johnny gets into bed with her.

CLOSE on the radio by the bed. It is playing DeBussy's "Clair de Lune". An announcer identifies the station as WKCC.

CLOSE on Frankie and Johnny as they begin to cuddle and kiss.

FRANKIE

Did you get Easter off?

JOHNNY

No. You have the most... the most wonderful breasts.

FRANKIE

Thank you. Last Easter you could've shot moose in there. Forget tips.

JOHNNY

Put your arms around me. Tighter. Do you like doing that?

FRANKIE

I don't mind.

JOHNNY

We touch our own bodies and nothing happens. Something to do with electrons. We short-circuit ourselves. Stroke my nipples. There!

FRANKIE

Did your first wife do this for you?

JOHNNY

Only wife.

FRANKIE

Okay, so I was fishing.

JOHNNY

No, checking.

FRANKIE

(looks down at him)
You're not.

JOHNNY

I will be.

FRANKIE

We don't have to.

JOHNNY

I want to.

FRANKIE

It's okay if we don't.

JOHNNY

I want to.

FRANKIE

That's nice music.

JOHNNY

You don't have to change the subject.

FRANKIE

I'm not. That music makes me think of grace.

JOHNNY

You mean, the thing it's good to be in the state of?

FRANKIE

The movement kind.

JOHNNY

This is the first time this has ever happened to me. I swear to God.

FRANKIE

I believe you. What do you want to kill yourself about sometimes?

JOHNNY

Right now? My limp dick. I'm kidding, I'm kidding! I want to kill myself sometimes when I think I'm the only person in the world and the part of me that feels that way is trapped inside this body that only bumps into other bodies without ever connecting with the only other person in the world trapped inside of them. We gotta connect. We just have to. Or we die.

FRANKIE

We're connecting.

JOHNNY

Are we?

FRANKIE

I am. I feel very...

JOHNNY

Say it.

FRANKIE

I don't know what it is.

JOHNNY

Say it anyway.

FRANKIE

Protective, but that's crazy!

JOHNNY

It's nice.

FRANKIE

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

JOHNNY

We all are.

FRANKIE

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

JOHNNY

Hey, I'm being nice and Bingo! the armor goes up.

FRANKIE

What about your armor?

JOHNNY

I don't have any.

FRANKIE

Everybody has armor. They'd be dead if they didn't.

JOHNNY

Bloody but unbowed.

FRANKIE

Besides, I wasn't talking about you. You know, 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 what you want, how you feel, you don't even notice the rest of us who aren't exactly jumping up and down singing "Yankee Doodle Dandy".

Frankie gets out of bed.

JOHNNY

I haven't done anything but notice
you.

Frankie starts turning all the lights in the room on.

FRANKIE

I want you to go.

JOHNNY

Why?

FRANKIE

I want to be alone. I want to
watch my VCR. I want to eat ice
cream. I want to sleep. I want
to stop worrying I'm trapped in my
own apartment with a fucking
maniac.

Johnny is following right behind her, turning the
lights back off.

FRANKIE (cont'd)

What are you doing?

JOHNNY

Sooner or later, you're gonna have
to deal with me. Why don't we
just get it over with? Besides,
tomorrow's Sunday. We can sleep
in.

FRANKIE

I am trapped in my own apartment
with a real maniac.

Johnny has gone to the telephone and punch dialed a
number.

JOHNNY

I owe you a quarter!

FRANKIE

All I have to do is open that
window and start screaming!

JOHNNY

In this city? Lots of luck.

(into phone)

Information? The number of WKCC.

(to Frankie)

I'm going to get the name of that
piece of music you liked.

FRANKIE

I don't care anymore.

JOHNNY

I hate these recordings that give
you the number now. One less
human contact.

Frankie has started to get dressed.

JOHNNY (cont'd)

Where are you going?

FRANKIE

Out! And you better not be here
when I get back.

JOHNNY

You want to pick up some Hagen-Daz
Vanilla Swiss Almond --

Frankie starts throwing things at him. Johnny is
trying to keep his cool but Frankie is furious and she
is throwing things hard. Johnny will have to duck.

JOHNNY

That was a little joke. No, that
was a little bad joke.

FRANKIE

I said get out! You're a maniac!
You're a creep!

JOHNNY

(into phone)

Hello, Midnight with Marlon? My
name is Johnny and I would like
the name of that particular piece
of piano music you were just
playing so I can buy the record
and present it to my lady love,
whose name is Frankie and is that
a beautiful coincidence or is it
not? Debussy. Claude Debussy,
right? I heard of him. "Clair de
Lune".

(to Frankie)

You gonna remember this?

Frankie reacts by slapping him hard across the cheek.

JOHNNY (cont'd)

(into phone)

Just a minute.

Johnny takes the phone from his ear and holds it
against his chest. He just looks at Frankie. She
smacks him again. Hard. His eyes smart with tears.
He catches her hand before she can hit him again.

FRANKIE

Why are you doing this?

JOHNNY

I'm tired of looking. Everything
I want is in this room.

Frankie lets him pull her down to where he is sitting
on the sofa-bed.

JOHNNY (cont'd)

(into phone)

There's a man and a woman. She's
a waitress. He's a cook. They
meet but they don't connect. "I
got two medium burgers working"
and "Pick up, side of fries" is
pretty much the extent of it. But
she noticed him, he could feel it,
and he noticed her. They both
knew it was gonna happen. They
made love and for maybe an hour
they forgot the ten million things
that make people think "I don't
love this person. I don't even
like them." Instead, they were
together and it was perfect and
they were perfect and that's all
there was to know about it. Only
now she's beginning to forget all
that. Pretty soon he will, too.
So would you play an encore for
Frankie and Johnny in the hope of
something that ought to last, and
not self-destruct? It seemed like
the most beautiful music ever
written so dedicate it to us.

Johnny hangs up. He kisses Frankie.

FRANKIE

Why me?

JOHNNY

Why not you?

FRANKIE

You don't know me.

JOHNNY

Yes, I do. And you know me. It
scares people how much we really
know one another, so we pretend we
don't. Are you listening to me?

FRANKIE

I'm trying very hard not to!

JOHNNY

That's your trouble. You don't want to hear anything you don't think you already know. Don't throw me away like a gum wrapper because you think there's something about me you may not like. We have a chance to make everything turn out all right again. Turn our back on everything that went wrong. I know this thing, Frankie.

Frankie sits up on the edge of the bed.

FRANKIE

I want to show you something.

She pushes her hair back.

CLOSE on Frankie's scalp. There is a scar.

FRANKIE (cont'd)

He did that. The man I told you about.

CLOSE on Johnny reacting to the sight of it.

FRANKIE (cont'd)

With a belt buckle.

Johnny kisses the scar.

JOHNNY

It's gone now.

FRANKIE

It'll never go.

JOHNNY

It's gone. I made it go.

FRANKIE

(breaks)

I can't get hurt again. I can't.

Frankie has started to cry. Johnny kisses her tears and holds her.

FRANKIE (cont'd)

I wanted things too, you know.

So has Johnny. He is so happy.

JOHNNY

I know.

FRANKIE

A man, a family, kids. He's the reason I can't have any kids. He hit me --

JOHNNY

(interrupts)

Shhh, he's gone. Choose me. Hurry up. It's getting light out. I turn into a pumpkin.

SHOT of the window. The first traces of dawn are apparent.

FRANKIE

It is getting light out.

She goes to the window and looks out.

JOHNNY

You are so beautiful standing there.

FRANKIE

The only time I saw the sun come up with a guy was my senior prom. His name was Johnny Di Corso but everyone called him Skunk. You got a nickname?

Johnny shakes his head.

JOHNNY

You got to be really popular or really unpopular to have a nickname.

FRANKIE

I'll give you a nickname.

Johnny comes up to her, puts his arms around her and begins to move her in a slow dance step. He begins to hum.

FRANKIE (cont'd)

You're not going to like me saying this but you're a terrible dancer.

JOHNNY

I know.

Johnny goes right on happily humming.

FRANKIE

What's that supposed to be?

JOHNNY

Something from "Music Man".

FRANKIE

That isn't from "Music Man". That
isn't even remotely from anything.

Frankie sings softly. "Till There Was You."

FRANKIE (cont'd)

That's something from "Music Man".
You can't have kids in a place
this size. How big is your place?

JOHNNY

Even smaller. We'll be a nice
snug family. It'll be wonderful.

Johnny has slow dances Frankie to the sofa-bed. The
room is being quickly flooded with sunlight. He kisses
her very gently.

JOHNNY (cont'd)

All systems go.

FRANKIE

I noticed. Just a minute.

She goes into the bathroom and closes the door. Johnny
turns off all the room lights. He starts to close the
blinds but instead raises them even higher. Sunlight
pours across him.

SHOT of Frankie's backyard. There are a few scraggly
trees in the courtyard but mainly there is concrete.
We notice the jungle of fire escapes and barred windows
that are peculiar to big cities but especially New
York.

CLOSE on Johnny.

JOHNNY

(calling off)

Did you see the robins?

CUT TO:

Frankie in the bathroom. She hasn't heard him. She is
studying herself in the medicine cabinet mirror. She
has put on her best robe, a brightly patterned silk
one. Still staring at herself, she begins to brush her
hair.

CUT TO:

Johnny in the room. He is tidying up the sofa-bed.
Straightening the sheets, fluffing the pillows.

CLOSE on radio.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE

... so although it's against my policy to play requests, there's an exception to every rule. I don't know if this is the most beautiful music ever written, Frankie and Johnny --

SHOT of Johnny hearing this. He turns up the volume on the radio.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE

(continuing)

-- and how I wish that really were your names but I know when my leg is being pulled -- but, God, how I wish you two really existed.

JOHNNY

(calling off)

He's talking about us!

CUT TO:

SHOT of Frankie in the bathroom. She is still at the mirror. She doesn't hear him.

CUT TO:

SHOT of radio.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE

Maybe I'm crazy but I'd still like to believe in love. Or else why the hell do you think I work these hours?

INT. RADIO STATION - DAY

MIDNIGHT WITH MARLON is a totally nondescript man who has spent the evening smoking too many cigarettes and drinking too many Diet Cokes. Neither he nor his broadcasting room bear the remotest resemblance to the silky, smoky, sexy voice we have been listening to.

ANNOUNCER

Anyway, you two moonbeams, whoever, wherever you are, whatever you're doing, here's an encore.

He sets the tone arm on the record. Debussy's "Clair de Lune" is heard again. He leans back in his chair, stretches, yawns and looks at his watch.

INT. FRANKIE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Johnny sits listening to the music. He looks up.

SHOT of Frankie coming out of the bathroom. Even though she is brushing her teeth, she looks quite lovely in the new bathrobe.

FRANKIE

I want to get this. What's it called?

JOHNNY

You just walk into a record shop and ask for the most beautiful music ever written.

FRANKIE

Watch us end up with something from "The Sound of Music". You want to brush?

JOHNNY

That means you want me to brush!

Frankie steps aside as Johnny passes her to go into the bathroom.

SHOT of the bathroom door closing.

SHOT of Frankie.

FRANKIE

(calling off to him)

Take the blue one! It's never been used.

SHOT of Johnny in the bathroom. He is looking at himself in the mirror.

SHOT of Frankie. Still brushing her teeth, she moves to the window and looks out to her backyard.

SHOT of Frankie's backyard. It has gotten even lighter.

SHOT of Frankie smiling.

FRANKIE

(calling off)

Did you see the robins?

SHOT of the apartment where the man in early scenes had struck the nurse girlfriend. He is sprawled out in his chair, passed out. The closet door behind him is open. The closet is empty. All the nurse's uniforms are gone.

SHOT of Johnny in the bathroom. He hasn't heard her. he begins to brush his teeth. He turns from the sink when he notices a man's bathrobe hanging on the back of the door. He touches it.

CUT TO:

Frankie. She is sitting on the sofa-bed listening to the music and brushing her teeth.

FRANKIE

This I can see why people call pretty.

A little gasp of pleasure escapes her.

FRANKIE (cont'd)

Mmmmmmm!

SHOT of bathroom door opening. Johnny comes out. He is brushing his teeth.

JOHNNY

I'm not going to ask whose robe that is.

Frankie is really listening to the music.

FRANKIE

Ssshhh!

JOHNNY

We should get something with fluoride.

FRANKIE

Sssh, I said!

JOHNNY

Anti-tartar build-up, too.

FRANKIE

Johnny!

Johnny sits next to her on the bed. They are both brushing their teeth and listening to the music. They stop and look at each other. They smile with toothbrushes in their mouths.

FRANKIE (cont'd)

No matter what?

JOHNNY

Uh-uh.

CUT TO:

INT. CORA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Cora is sleeping. The man in bed with her is snoring loudly.

The Debussy continues.

CUT TO:

INT. NEDDA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Nedda's eyes are open. She tosses fitfully.

The Debussy continues.

CUT TO:

INT. JORGE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Jorge and his girlfriend are making love. It looks like they've been at it all night.

The Debussy continues.

CUT TO:

INT. TIM'S BEDROOM - DAY

Tim and Bobby are asleep in each other's arms. Tim's dog is asleep on the bed with them.

The Debussy continues.

CUT TO:

INT. LUTHER'S BEDROOM - DAY

Luther is asleep. His wife is awake. She strokes and holds him. She smiles to herself. She is happy.

The Debussy continues.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANKIE'S APARTMENT - DAY

CLOSE on the radio. The Debussy is playing.

SHOT of Frankie and Johnny on the sofa-bed. The room is quite bright. They are lying in the "spoon position." Johnny behind, holding her. His eyes are closed peacefully. She is smiling, then she closes her eyes. The Debussy is ending.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END