

Scene from Frankie And Johnny in the Clair De Lune (Pussy Scene)

Frankie: That was different. I'm talking about the larger framework of things. What people are doing in your life. What they're doing in your bed is easy or at least it used to be back before we had to start checking each other out. I don't know about you, but I get so sick and tired of living this way, that we're gonna die from one another, that every so often I just want to act like Saturday night really is a Saturday night, the way they used to be.

Johnny: I'm very glad we had this Saturday night.

Frankie: I would have never said that if I knew you better.

Johnny: How well do you want to know me?

Frankie: I'll let you know Monday between orders. "I got a BLT down working!" "Tell me about your childhood." "Take the moo out of two!" "Were you toilet trained?"

Johnny: Come here.

Frankie: Are you sure you don't want something to eat before you go?

Johnny: Come here.

Frankie: I got some meatloaf in the fridge.

Johnny: Come here. (Frankie moves a few steps towards Johnny who is sitting at the edge of the bed)

Frankie: What?

Johnny: Closer (Frankie moves closer to Johnny)

Frankie: I can toast some bread. Butter and catsup. A cold meat loaf sandwich. All the way back to Brooklyn...

Johnny: Heights.

Frankie: Heights! This time of night. Aren't you hungry?

Johnny: I'm starving.

Frankie: No!

Johnny: Why not?

Frankie: We just did.

Johnny: So?

Frankie: I can't.

Johnny: What do you mean you can't?

Frankie: I don't want to. You don't have to take it like that. I'm sorry. Just not right now. You know, you're right. I do say "I'm sorry" a lot around you. There's something about you that makes me feel like I'm letting you down all the time. Like you have all these expectations of me that I can't fulfill. I'm sorry – there I go again! – but what you see here is what you get. I am someone who likes to eat after making love, and right now I feel like a cold meatloaf sandwich on white toast with butter and catsup with a large glass of very cold milk and I wish you would stop looking at me like that.

Johnny: open your robe.

Frankie: No, why?

Johnny: I want to look at your pussy.

Frankie: No, why?

Johnny: It's beautiful.

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

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

Frankie: I hate that word, Johnny!

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

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

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

Frankie: I had a parakeet. I hated it. I was glad when it died (She open her robe) Okay?

Johnny: Oh! Yes!

Frankie: I’m timing this! I told my cousin I didn’t want a bird. I hate birds. She’d swore I’d love a parakeet. What’s to love? They don’t do anything except not sing when you want them to, sing when you don’t want them to and make those awful scratching noises on that awful sandpaper on the floor of their cell. I mean cage! If I ever have a pet it’ll be a dog. A golden lab. Something that shows a little enthusiasm when you walk through the door. Something you can hold. The only time I got my hands on that goddamn parakeet was the day it dropped dead and I had to pick it up to throw it in the garbage can. Hey, come on! This has gotta be fifteen seconds. (Frankie closes her robe) You really would like a sandwich?

Johnny: But no catsup.

Frankie: Catsups’ what makes a cold meat loaf sandwich good.

Johnny: I’m allergic. Catsup and peaches.

Frankie: Ughhh!

Johnny: Well not in the same dish!

Frankie: Can I have my hand back?

Johnny: Do you want it back?

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

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

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

Johnny: That's missing. This is connecting.

Frankie: Well, it ain't how a sandwich gets made. (She goes to make the sandwich)