

**FRANKIE AND JOHNNY IN THE CLAIR DE LUNE**  
**S i d e   F o u r**

**FRANKIE.** I want to show you something, Johnny. *(She pushes her hair back.)*  
He did that. The man I told you about. 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.** What are you? My guardian angel?

**JOHNNY.** It seems to me the right people are our guardian angels.

**FRANKIE.** I wanted things, too, you know.

**JOHNNY.** I know.

**FRANKIE.** A man, a family, kids . . . He's the reason I can't have any.

**JOHNNY.** He's gone. Choose me. Hurry up. It's getting light out. I turn into a pumpkin.

**FRANKIE.** *(Looking towards the window.)* It is getting light out! *(Frankie goes to the window.)*

**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. He was a head shorter than me and wasn't much to look at but nobody else had asked me. It was him or else. I was dreading it. But guess what? That boy could dance! You should have seen us. We were the stars of the prom. We did Lindys, the mambo, the Twist. The Monkey, the Frug. All the fast dances. Everybody's mouth was down to here. Afterwards we went out to the lake to watch the sun come up. He told me he was going to be on American Bandstand one day. I wonder if he ever made it. *(Johnny puts his arm around her and begins to move her in a slow dance step)*

**JOHNNY.** There must be something about you and sunrises and men called Johnny.

**FRANKIE.** You got a nickname?

**JOHNNY.** No. You got to be really popular or really unpopular to have a nickname.

**FRANKIE.** I'll give you a nickname. You're not going to like me saying this but you're a terrible dancer.

**JOHNNY.** Show me.

**FRANKIE.** Like that.

**JOHNNY.** There?

**FRANKIE.** That's better.

**JOHNNY.** You're going to make a wonderful teacher. (He starts to hum).

**FRANKIE.** What's that supposed to be?

**JOHNNY.** Something from Brigadoon.

**FRANKIE.** That isn't from Brigadoon. That isn't even remotely from Brigadoon. That isn't even remotely something from anything. (*They dance. Frankie begins to hum.*) That's something from Brigadoon. You can't have kids in a place this size.

**JOHNNY.** Who says?

**FRANKIE.** How big is your place?

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

**FRANKIE.** Does it always get light so fast this time of year?

**JOHNNY.** Unh-huh. The sun's in a hurry to shine on us.

**FRANKIE.** Pardon my French but that's bullshit.

**JOHNNY.** You can sleep all day today.

**FRANKIE.** What are you planning to do?

**JOHNNY.** Watch you.

**FRANKIE.** You're just weird enough to do it, too. Well forget it. I can't sleep with people watching me.

**JOHNNY.** How do you know?

**FRANKIE.** I was in the hospital for my gall bladder and I had a roommate who just stared at me all the time. I made them move me. I got a private room for the price of a semi. Is this the sort of stuff you look forward to finding out about me?

**JOHNNY.** Unh-huh!

**FRANKIE.** You're nuts.

**JOHNNY.** I'm happy!

**FRANKIE.** Where are you taking me?

**JOHNNY.** The moon.

**FRANKIE.** That old place again?

**JOHNNY.** The other side this time. *(Johnny has slow-danced Frankie to the bed. The room is being quickly flooded with sunlight.)*

**FRANKIE.** If you don't turn into a pumpkin, what do you turn into?

**JOHNNY.** You tell me. *(He kisses her very gently.)*