

INT-COFFEE SHOP-DAY

(Frank, dressed in tweeds and khakis, is sitting alone at a table in a coffee shop in the city, sadly reading his book over a cup of coffee, to which he adds a splash of whiskey from a flask in his breast pocket. Unluckily, a muscular red-SPIKE headed man in a rockabilly suit approaches the diner with his entourage. He flings open the front doors as if a star entering the place. Spike looks around the room and spots Frank. He soon slides into a chair next to Frank at his table, slamming his guitar down. Frank is soon surrounded by the rest of Spike's friends, who follow behind him: a paranoid, spun Vietnam VET-type in fatigues and a beret who sits on Frank's left and a SCHIZOphrenic junky whore-type who sits on Spike's lap to the right. All three ramble crazily:)

SPIKE

OK, here's what we gotta do!

SCHIZO

What you've got to do is fuck me, lover.

VET

Fuck, man. We can't talk here. They got ears everywhere.

SCHIZO

Com'n, Spike. Let me give you a BJ. A little one. Under the table.

VET

Let's not talk about that; let's talk about LBJ! And JFK in DP!

(Frank in the middle wants to curl up into a ball and escape. A WAITRESS, large and gruff in a greasy apron, clears her throat. She stands over them holding two large coffee pots, black and silver, regular and decaf. She stares at them frozen in this position for a moment and then slams one pot down on the table, rattling the silverware and spilling the full water glasses. The water splashes over Frank and dribbles over the table edge into his shoes.)

FRANK

(Flanked)

I'm sorry about the noise. They're with me. I guess.

WAITRESS

(Tops off coffee, knowingly indicates Spike)

You know, Frank. He's the reason you lost—are *loosing* Her. She was the lone spot of happiness for you.

(Meanwhile, Spike and Schizo are kissing sloppily. The Waitress slams down the coffee pot again and jabs a painted nail at Spike's chest:)

WAITRESS (con't)

(Indicating Schizo)

This is the woman you left *Her* for? After *She* left *Him—For You?*

(She indicates Frank, who looks to Spike in horror at the Waitress' reveal. He stands up, shakily grabbing his things and tossing a wad of cash and coins on the table.)

EXT-CITY-DAY

(Frank rushes out of the shop and into the street, running into ANDREA, who is passing with some groceries. They both clatter to the ground.)

FRANK

(Getting up)

Sorry. Sorry. I guess I didn't see you-

(Notices who it is.)

FRANK (CON'T)

Or perhaps maybe didn't want to.

(He helps her up and she smiles and puts an arm around him. He squirms under her touch.)

ANDREA

Bonjour, Piteux Frank.

FRANK

(Frank)

You know, I desperately want to reciprocate but won't.

ANDREA

Comment ça va?

(Frank gives no answer except a groan.)

ANDREA (con't)

I have something important to discuss with you. Come with me to the coffee shop so we can talk. Venez avec moi?

(Frank groans again and acquiesces.)

FRANK

I guess I am miserably along for the trip.

(They begin to gather Andrea's things from the sidewalk; Frank avoids conversation. Andrea puts a hand to her chest to find she has lost something. She looks frantically for a moment then finds her heart-shaped locket on the sidewalk with the groceries.)

ANDREA

Rappelez-vous?

FRANK

A doo-dad. From the past.

(She frowns.)

FRANK (con't)

Doo-dad? A trinket. Un bibelot.

(They both stand up; She stops and hugs him, showing him the heart:)

ANDREA

Remember? You were supposed to give me the real thing—

(Frank pulls away)

FRANK

Remember, you were supposed not to have a boyfriend.

(Andrea doesn't answer.)

FRANK (con't)

I am not sure if I said this aloud or not: You were supposed not to have a boyfriend.

ANDREA

Piteux! Ayons du café!

FRANK

Typical.

(Andrea is back at the coffee shop door. She disappears with a final plea.)

ANDREA

Piteux! Café!

(Frank groans and follows.)

INT-COFFEE SHOP-DAY

(Frank enters slowly looking around for both Andrea and Spike and Company. The coast is clear of the latter and the former he finally spots in a booth in the back talking to the Waitress. He stomps over, feet dragging and plops across from her in the booth. Andrea continues breathless conversation with the nodding Waitress:)

ANDREA

-*Big time!* You are entirely right and I hope that he was just not thinking right. I sure hope that he would have fallen in love with me anytime, anywhere and in any shape—I mean my shape! I do believe in love and that overrides any physical dimension—you know, it is like if I get sick or big or even suddenly really, really mean, he should still love me. Well, maybe not the mean part. I know that if *he* gets sick, or anything, or even if he wears a worn out t-shirt, I would still love him, or like Frank *used* to say: I would love him even more.

(Andrea has spilled a flowery diary out of her bag and Frank fingers it a second then decides he is much too depressed to discover its contents.)

ANDREA (con't)

Frank claimed he would even love me if I would be paralyzed and stuck in a wheel chair. He even liked to push me around real fast in the chair in Wal-Mart and not stop for anything that I wanted to look at. It was really funny, I was laughing so much and the people did not know if I was handicapped or not.

(Frank drops his head on the table with a dull thud. The Waitress points out the top of his head to Andrea:)

WAITRESS

Wow, he's really starting to lose some hair!

FRANK

I am finished, you know: Of course, my hair was the one thing about my body that I liked, so God had to take it away from me!

I am leaving!

ANDREA

Qu'est-ce que c'est?

FRANK

My hair was the one thing about myself that I liked, so the World had to take it away from me! Now, if you will let such a sad beast blindly, wantonly leave, I am going.

EXT-CITY-DAY

(Frank exits dinner blindly, wantonly; the city is abuzz with people and everyone is laughing and joking and loving. Frank passes Spike giggling with a new girl:)

FRANK

Even Spike is cheating on Her with someone new. I am alone.

(Spike spots him and leaves to follow Frank.)

SPIKE

Where are you going, Frank?

FRANK

(Shrugs)

To kill myself probably.

SPIKE

Kill yourself? Are you serious?

(Frank nods, and Spike sidles up closely to him as he walks.)

SPIKE (con't)

I know you have been sad for a long, long time, but do you want to damn your soul for eternity?

(They are passing a pawnshop; Frank swipes an appliance off an outside table. Frank holds up his prize:)

FRANK

Soul? I have no more soul than this toaster.

(Frank's arms drop in exhaustion.)

FRANK (con't)

I'm just gonna head off with this toaster somewhere, where I hope to maybe find a tub or sink to electrocute myself in.

SPIKE

It's not Christian! How can you unleash this evil on the World?

(Lightening flashes in the sky. Spike is gone, and Frank finds himself outside the diner again. He goes in.)

INT-COFFEE SHOP-DAY

(Frank looks around, but suddenly the Waitress accosts him.)

WAITRESS

Where are you going?

FRANK

To kill myself. Probably?

WAITRESS

Kill yourself?

FRANK

You don't know if I am serious, but I have been sad for a real long, long time.

WAITRESS

Do you want to—?

FRANK

—Damn my soul for eternity? Yep. I do.

(Frank notices he still clutches his toaster.)

FRANK (con't)

Soul? I have no more soul than this toaster. I just hope to maybe find a tub or sink to electrocute myself in.

(Andrea's head pops up from her booth.)

ANDREA

Tenez-moi. Aimez-moi. Toute la journée.

FRANK

Toute la journée?

ANDREA

Pour toujours, Piteux.

FRANK

(Nervous oblige)

Okay, but I really have to get to my job...

ANDREA

(Grabs at him)

I have such bad cramps and look! Voila! My breasts are swollen!

(At her indication Frank crosses the room, then moves a hand over her belly and chest to confirm.)

ANDREA (con't)

I know that you want to make love to me, but I cannot in this condition.

FRANK

(Frank falls to knees.)

This has happened before.

ANDREA

I am not always well. You know that, my Piteux.