

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

FRANKIE. I believe you.

JOHNNY. I hate it. I hate it a lot.

FRANKIE. Just be glad you have someone as sympathetic as me to share it with.

JOHNNY. Don't make fun.

FRANKIE. I'm not. (*She goes to him and comforts him.*) It's okay.

JOHNNY. You're lucky women don't have problems like this.

FRANKIE. We've got enough of our own in that department.

JOHNNY. It's male menopause. I've been dreading this.

FRANKIE. You know what I think it was? The moonlight. You were standing in it. It was bathing your body. 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. That's what I was raised on. My grandmother was always coming into my bedroom to make sure the blinds were down. She was convinced sleeping in the moonlight would turn you into the wolfman. I thought if I slept in the moonlight I'd wake up a beautiful fairy princess, so I kept falling asleep with the blinds open and she kept coming in and closing them. She always denied it was her. "Wasn't me, precious. Must have been your Guardian Angel." Remember them?

JOHNNY. What do you mean, "remember"?

FRANKIE. One night I decided to stay awake and catch her in the act. It seemed like forever. When you're that age, you don't have anything to stay awake *about*. So you're failing geography, so what? Finally my grandmother came into the room. She had to lean across my bed to close the blinds. Her bosom was so close to my face. She smelled so nice. I pretended I was still sleeping and took the deepest breath of her I could. In that one moment, I think I knew what it was like to be loved. Really loved. I was so safe, so protected! That's better than being pretty. I'll never forget it. The next thing I knew it was morning and I still didn't look like Audrey Hep-

burn. Now when I lie in bed with the blinds up and the moonlight spilling in, I'm not thinking I want to be somebody else, I just want my Nana back.

JOHNNY. Nana? You called your grandmother Nana? That's what I called mine.

FRANKIE. It's not that unusual.

JOHNNY. It's incredible! I don't know anybody else who called their grandmother Nana. I always thought it was very unusual of me and more than anything else I wanted to be like everyone else.

FRANKIE. You, like everyone else?

JOHNNY. It was a disaster. "Why do we call her Nana?" I used to ask my mother—this was before Philadelphia—"Everyone else says grandma." "We just do," she told me. My mother was not one for great answers. Sort of a Sphinx in that department. Anyway, I for one am very glad you didn't wake up Audrey Hepburn. She's too thin. People should have meat on their bones. "Beware yon Cassius. He hath a lean and hungry look."

FRANKIE. Who's Cassius?

JOHNNY. I don't know. But obviously he was thin and Shakespeare thinks we should be wary of skinny people.

FRANKIE. Why?

JOHNNY. Well you know how they are. Grim. Kind of waiting and watching you all the time.

FRANKIE. Like Connie?

JOHNNY. Who?

FRANKIE. Connie Cantwell. She works weekends. Red hair, wears a hairnet?

JOHNNY. Exactly! Wouldn't you beware her?

FRANKIE. I've actually seen her steal tips.

JOHNNY. There you go! He's filled with little tips like that. "Neither a borrower nor a lender be."

FRANKIE. That's just common sense. You don't have to be a genius to figure that one out.

JOHNNY. Of course not. But he put it in poetry so that people would know up here what they already knew in here and so they would remember it. "To be or not to be."

FRANKIE. Everyone knows that. Do I want to kill myself?

JOHNNY. Well?

