

# FRANK SIDE #1

---

START

## SCENE III - A PARK BENCH

**DEVANEY**

Farmer—

**FRANK**

No.

**DEVANEY**

All right, sixty-five hundred a week.

**FRANK**

What did I just say?

**DEVANEY**

You said no... which means I should offer you more money.

*(FRANK shakes his head, "no".)*

**DEVANEY**

Seven thousand.

**FRANK**

Look, there are plenty of qualified guys you could get for that kind of money.

**DEVANEY**

I'm told you're the best.

**FRANK**

There's no such thing.

**DEVANEY**

What happened with your client in New York?

**FRANK**

It's over.

**DEVANEY**

Yeah, you quit. But he asked you to stay on, didn't he?

**FRANK**

I'm not good in permanent positions.

**DEVANEY**

Eight thousand.

**FRANK**

I don't do celebrities.

**DEVANEY**

Why not? It's where all the money is.

**FRANK**

It's where all the bullshit is.

**DEVANEY**

*(holding out an envelope)*

Take a look at this letter for me.

**FRANK**

Devaney...

**DEVANEY**

Just take a look. And I'll leave you alone. I swear.

03 - "PARK BENCH INTO FLETCHER"
---------------------------------

**DEVANEY (CONT'D)**

Someone left it in her dressing room during the show. Stage Manager swears none of their people were in or out of there once the performance began.

**FRANK**

You pull the employee files?

**DEVANEY**

It was all our own people back there. But, yes, we're checking it out.

*(They read the letter.)*

**STALKER (V.O.)**

"Queen Rachel. You have everything and I have nothing. Yet I am everything and you are nothing. Only you understand the pain. So only you will share the fire. But not before the sacrifice. Prepare, my queen. I'm coming..."

**FRANK**

You have this professionally assessed?

**DEVANEY**

*(shakes his head "no")*

You think it's for real?

**FRANK**

Someone manages to break into her dressing room in the middle of a show and leave a letter. Yeah, I'd say there's a chance it's for real... Was there anything else?

**DEVANEY**

Well...yes. One of her costumes may have gone missing. Frank, I'm not talking about a celebrity here...

**FRANK**

You're talking about one of the biggest stars on the planet--

**DEVANEY**

I'm talking about a scared girl with a ten-year old son. Rachel begged me to come to you...

**FRANK**

*Wait. (A beat.)* She has a son?

**DEVANEY**

Yeah. Fletcher.

**FRANK**

*(Stares at DEVANEY. A long beat.)*

Alright, I'll come take a look.

**DEVANEY**

Thank you!

**FRANK**

I'm just gonna look it over.

**DEVANEY**

Alright. Good. That's-- good. Thanks, Frank.

**END**

---

## FRANK SIDE #2

~~CAUSE TONIGHT IS THE NIGHT,  
FOR FEELING ALRIGHT  
WE'LL BE MAKING LOVE THE WHOLE NIGHT THROUGH  
SO I'M SAVING ALL MY LOVE  
YES, I'M SAVING ALL MY LOVE  
YES, I'M SAVING ALL MY LOVE  
FOR YOU  
FOR YOU  
FOR YOU~~

*(as the song ends, a smattering of applause  
from the patrons)*

**07A - "EDISON UNDERSCORE & REPRISÉ"**

**START**

**NICKI**

Thank you.

*(As the lounge fades, NICKI grabs her glass  
and walks over to FRANK's table)*

What are you doing here?

**FRANK**

I quit. Too much stress.

**NICKI**

Really?

**FRANK**

No. *(Smiles.)* I came to make sure you got home alright. I didn't know you were a performer.

**NICKI**

I've managed to keep it a pretty good secret.

**FRANK**

Nicki, from now on you have to tell me when you're doing something like this. I need to know everywhere Rachel might be in advance so I can—

*(NICKI chuckles to herself)*

What?

**NICKI**

Rachel doesn't come.

**FRANK**

I'm saying, if some time she does come--

**NICKI**

She never comes. Nobody comes. Really. It's just something I like to do...

*(A beat.)*

**FRANK**

I thought you sounded great.

**NICKI**

Thank you.

*(An awkward pause. She wraps her arms tightly around herself.)*

God, it's always freezing in this place.

*(FRANK takes off his jacket and puts it on NICKI.)*

**NICKI**

Wow. Your Mama raised you well. She must be very proud.

**FRANK**

I guess. She passed away a while back.

**NICKI**

Shit, I'm sorry. Was it sudden or--

**FRANK**

We can change the subject now if you want.

**NICKI**

Okay.

**FRANK**

Can I ask a question?

**NICKI**

Sure.

**FRANK**

Why doesn't Rachel come?

**NICKI**

Well, for one thing, she's got this new bodyguard who won't let her out of his sight.

*(FRANK smiles.)*

**NICKI (CONT'D)**

It's complicated.

**FRANK**

Try me.

**NICKI**

When I was a kid, I put this little band together. We played high school dances, stuff like that. Then Rachel joined the act. As you can imagine, she was quite a little entertainer. Even then, she had a way of stopping the show. So, I sorta quit...

**FRANK**

You never went back?

**NICKI**

It was pretty obvious who the star in our family was. *(A beat.)* We can change the subject now. If you want.

**FRANK**

Well, I don't know much about it, but I thought you were really good tonight.

**NICKI**

*(a warm smile)*

Thank you. *(A beat.)* Are you sure you're not cold?

**FRANK**

Of course I am. You could hang meat in this place.

**NICKI**

*Right?*

**FRANK**

Wait here. I'll bring the car around.

**END**

---

*(FRANK exits. NICKI watches him go. After a moment, she wraps his jacket tighter around herself. A smile washes over her face as a song escapes her lips...)*

**NICKI**

NO OTHER WOMAN IS GONNA LOVE YOU MORE.  
'CAUSE TONIGHT IS THE NIGHT  
THAT I'M FEELING ALRIGHT  
WE'LL BE MAKING LOVE THE WHOLE NIGHT THROUGH,  
SO I'M SAVING ALL MY LOVE