

The Apartment Fran and Bud he describes his suicide attempt

Bud starts to take off his hat and coat, notices the sock-stretcher in her hand.

BUD

What are you doing with that?

FRAN

I was washing my stockings, so I decided I might as well do your socks.

BUD

Thank you.

FRAN

It's very curious -- I could only find three and a half pair.

BUD

Well, things are a little disorganized around here.

He carries the bag of groceries into the kitchen, Fran trailing after him. During the following, he removes the contents of the bag -- bread, eggs, bacon, spaghetti, ground round, frankfurters, and assorted canned goods -- sets them out on the drainboard.

FRAN

I'd say. What's a tennis racquet doing in the kitchen?

She produces the racquet from behind the stove.

BUD

Tennis racquet? Oh, I remember -- I was cooking myself an Italian dinner.

(Fran looks at him oddly)

I used it to strain the spaghetti.

FRAN

(thinking it over)

Why not?

BUD

As a matter of fact, I'm a pretty good cook -- but I'm a lousy housekeeper.

FRAN

Yes, you are,
(indicating the living room)

When I was straightening up the couch, you know what I found? Six hairpins, a lipstick, a pair of false eyelashes, and a swizzle stick from the Stork Club.

BUD

(shrugging)

It's just that I'm the kind of guy who can't say no -- I don't mean to girls -- I mean --

FRAN

You mean to someone like Mr. Sheldrake.

BUD

I guess so.

FRAN

I know so. He's a taker.

BUD

A what?

FRAN

Some people take, some people get took -- and they know they're getting took -- and there's nothing they can do about it.

BUD

I wouldn't say that --

(trying to change the subject)

What would you like to have for dinner? There's onion soup and canned asparagus --

FRAN

I really ought to be getting home.
My family will be flipping by now.

She starts into the living room. Bud follows her.

BUD

You can't leave yet. The doctor
says it takes forty-eight hours to
get the stuff out of your system.

FRAN

(wistfully)

I wonder how long it takes to get
someone you're stuck on out of your
system? If they'd only invent some
kind of a pump for that --

She sits on the arm of a chair.

BUD

I know how you feel, Miss Kubelik.
You think it's the end of the
world -- but it's not, really. I
went through exactly the same thing
myself.

FRAN

You did?

BUD

Well, maybe not exactly -- I tried
to do it with a gun.

FRAN

Over a girl?

BUD

Worse than that -- she was the wife
of my best friend -- and I was mad
for her. But I knew it was
hopeless -- so I decided to end it
all. I went to a pawnshop and
bought a forty-five automatic and
drove up to Eden Park -- do you
know Cincinnati?

FRAN

No, I don't.

BUD

Anyway, I parked the car and loaded the gun -- well, you read in the papers all the time that people shoot themselves, but believe me, it's not that easy -- I mean, how do you do it? -- here, or here, or here --

(with cocked finger,
he points to his
temple, mouth and chest)
-- you know where I finally shot myself?

FRAN

Where?

BUD

(indicating kneecap)
Here.

FRAN

In the knee?

BUD

Uh-huh. While I was sitting there, trying to make my mind up, a cop stuck his head in the car, because I was illegally parked -- so I started to hide the gun under the seat and it went off -- pow!

FRAN

(laughing)
That's terrible.

BUD

Yeah. Took me a year before I could bend my knee -- but I got over the girl in three weeks. She still lives in Cincinnati, has four kids, gained twenty pounds -- she sends me a fruit cake every Christmas.

FRAN

(suddenly suspicious)

Are you just making that up to make me feel better?

BUD

Of course not. Here's the fruit cake.

(shows it to her
under Christmas tree)

And you want to see my knee?

(starts to raise
pant-leg)

FRAN

No, thanks. The fellows in the office may get the wrong idea how I found out.

BUD

So let 'em. Look, I'm going to cook dinner for us. We'll have the fruit cake for dessert. You just sit there and rest. You've done enough for one day.

FRAN

(smiling)

Yes, nurse.

Bud starts happily into the kitchen.