

Start →

CASSIE

Do you think I'll ever play the main room?

She KNOCKS on something between her legs out of frame.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

Hey. I'm talking to you...

Suddenly Bill's pops up rubbing his head.

BILL

Jesus... didn't anyone teach you basic cunnilingus protocol? No rapping on the head of the guy going down on you in a diner parking lot. It's unseemly.

Bill sits up and lights a cigarette while Cassie zips up her pants.

CASSIE

I want your opinion...

BILL

If the question is who do you need to blow to get in the main room, you're in the wrong car.

CASSIE

It's Goldie. She keeps saying I need to do more "women appropriate shit." What is that? Jokes about tupperware and ring around the collar?

Bill leans back and sighs exhaling a steady stream of blue.

BILL

What'd you think? That she was going build you a fucking ramp to the main stage? It's a meritocracy, not a charity event.

CASSIE

Easy for you to say. You're a guy.

BILL

Goldie doesn't owe you shit. You're not on the big room because you're not ready -- and don't ever give me that it's-easy-'cause- you're-a-guy cop out. You're slightly better than that.

← Stop

SIDE 1043

BILL

A fellow comic, she beams, a mixture of pride and envy. Also there are comics, RALPH KING, African American, early thirties, as overweight as he is hilarious, and Sully. Bill rushes in from his set.

START —> RALPH
 You do know when Arnie flashes the lights it means get the fuck off the stage, right?

BILL
 (eyes glued to set)
 I get off the fucking stage when they stop laughing.

SULLY
 (mock explaining to Ralph)
 "Laughing" Ralph, is the noise people make when they hear something funny.

BILL
 (off Clay)
 How's he doing?

CASSIE
 He's killing.

BILL
 (clearly jealous)
 Great.

RALPH
 Bill man, that ain't no "great" face. That's a why-don't-Johnny-love-me-face.

BILL
 Why couldn't they have shot you in Nam?

SULLY
 Yeah Ralph, are black hippos sacred there or something?

Bill and the comics snicker.

RALPH
 I was lean and mean in Nam. Charlie was terrified of me. Called me the black beast.

BILL
 SIDE 2 of 3

SULLY

Is it weird that's the same thing
they call you at MacDonalds?

RALPH

Keep talking, Sully. When the
revolution happens you're on your
own mother-fucker.

CASSIE

Guys. I'm trying to hear Clay.

BILL

Hear what? His act's practically a
sing-along.

CASSIE

Bill, I love you like a seven day
yeast infection, but shut the fuck
up.

<—STOP

CANTORS DELI- 2:30 AM LA TIME - THAT MORNING DAY (2
TECHNICALLY)

Cassie, Ralph, Sully, and Bill are in a booth as a WAITRESS places their sandwiches in front of them, except Ralph who sits in front of a big plate of pancakes.

SULLY

So Cass, should we talk about the elephant in the room?

(then)

Not you, Ralph.

CASSIE

That being?

SULLY

Come on, it didn't singe your sissy a little seeing your ex boyfriend get the couch?

CASSIE

Sorry, but I'm not ten.

BILL

Yeah, but you're human.

CASSIE

Exactly. Thus I can transcend pettiness and actually be happy for someone and not always have to have it reflect back on me and my career.

RALPH

Did she just say, "thus"?

SULLY

Did she just say, "career"?

BILL

You're full of shit.

(off Cassie's look)

I'm jealous. I'm practically shitting blood thinking about it and you should, too.

(MORE)

BILL SIDE 3of3

Start →

BILL (CONT'D)

Every other comic's success, every set he kills, every Johnny, Merv, or Dinah-Fucking-Shore appearance another comic makes is one we didn't get. Each laugh should feel like a sharp poke in your eye. If it doesn't, get the fuck out. You don't care enough.

Both Ralph and Sully do the slow clap that builds.

RALPH

Now that's a 2:30 in the morning mother-fucking pancake speech.

BILL

Fuck you both...

SULLY

If I were queer, I'd so be sucking your dick right now. You know what... fuck it. I'm going in.

← Stop

Sully starts to climb over the table to get to Bill.