

INT. CASSIE'S APARTMENT - NEXT MORNING

Cassie sits on a beat up sofa smoking a cigarette. She stares off blankly. Beside her, Clay's Apparition puffs away on a cigarette also.

Start →

CLAY'S APPARITION

Where are you in all this, Cass?

(fake southern accent)

All those stories about your mom
and how hard it is being a single
gal from Wink Texas trying to make
it in big ole LA...

Clay's apparition leans back blowing out smoke rings a beat.

CLAY'S APPARITION (CONT'D)

It's shit, Cass. Jokes. Fuck, the
bartender can tell jokes. Real
laughter... it's... cathartic. It's
the current that runs through an
audience when some truth about who
you are -- who they are is
revealed. Trust me, you've got to
go out there and put your arms
around that messy part of yourself
and...

Clay mimes as though squeezing it in a deep hug, then
releasing it with an, "Ahhhhhhhh."

CLAY'S APPARITION (CONT'D)

Family cares too much, Cass. Only
strangers can handle the truth.
Only they can set you free. So
figure out what it is you really
want to say, then go out there,
open a vein... and say it.

← STOP

Cassie continues to stare off as she brings the smoldering
cigarette to her lips.

CLAY SIDE 1 of 2

FLASHBACK: 1972 eight months earlier

INT. CLAY'S APARTMENT - SHOWER - NIGHT

Clay stands in the shower washing CASSIE HARRINGTON'S back. 26, cute, a Texas girl with a bit of a Holly Hunter drawl that comes and goes depending on how tired she is, revels in her boyfriend's touch. Cassie's eyes glaze over as Clay's hands move down out of frame.

INT. CLAY'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - LATER

Clay lies on his back as a half nude Cassie straddles him, post coital smoking a joint. She leans down and shot-guns the smoke into his mouth. She sits back up, stoned, smiles.

Start →

CASSIE

What do you think happens to us when we die?

CLAY

(chuckles, coughs)

Where the hell did that come from?

Cassie laughs. She climbs off Clay and lies on her back.

CASSIE

I don't know... grass makes me introspective.

(playfully slaps his arm)

Don't make fun of me...

CLAY

Well... from what I've read... you shit yourself... then I think it's anybody's guess.

CASSIE

(laughs)

Jerk.

(then, jokingly)

They say when you orgasm you die a little. Is that why you don't want to come anymore? You afraid of dying?

Clay laughs her off inquiry.

SIDE 2 of 2

CLAY

CASSIE (CONT'D)

It's not so crazy. You're family were church goer's, maybe you're afraid God might get mad at you for having sex out of wedlock and smite you... Your not coming is some kind of... fucked-up loophole.

Clay chuckles and takes the joint away from Cassie.

CLAY

No more Red for you.

CASSIE

I knew a guy who had so much God guilt about sex that all his masturbation fantasies were of him being forced to have sex at gunpoint or they'd kill his mother.

CLAY

Fear of God is not my issue. Fear Of irrelevancy... now that scares the shit out of me.

CASSIE

So, why don't you come with me anymore?

Clay relights the joint over the following:

CLAY

You know who Edmund Hillary is?

CASSIE

The guy who climbed Everest?

CLAY

Uh-huh. Took him years to prepare for that climb. He risked everything to reach the summit. When he finally made it, when he finally stood on top of the world, you know how long it was for? How long he stood there reveling in this culmination of his life's work?

Cassie shakes her head, no.

CLAY (CONT'D)
Fifteen minutes. All that
excitement, anticipation, the
blood, the sweat, the excruciating
pain... all for a measly fifteen
minutes. On the way down he and
Tenzing, his trusty Sherpa,
celebrated with soup. Fucking soup.
(beat)
It's the climb, Cassie.

He pulls her in for a kiss.

CLAY (CONT'D)
It's all about the climb...

CASSIE
(as they start kissing)
I sure hope the soup was good...

OUT OF FLASHBACK

