

Cassie crosses off as Bill watches. Cassie continues her cross passing Eddie.

stop  
↓

EDDIE

Hey.

Cassie looks at him, remembers where she knows him from and stops. A little out of politeness, a little out of guilt.

CASSIE

Clay's friend, right?

EDDIE

Eddie Ziedel.

CASSIE

(they shake hands)

Cassie Harrington.

EDDIE

I just wanted to apologize for yesterday --

CASSIE

No... I'm sorry --

EDDIE

Don't, please don't. Couple of bums show up to crash on your boyfriend's couch... not the best comedic timing.

Cassie reacts to the word, "boyfriend."

CASSIE

We weren't... well, hadn't been for awhile anyway.

(off Eddie's look)

Boyfriend/girlfriend...

EDDIE

Oh. Sorry, I just --

EDDIE

SIDE 10f4

CASSIE

I'm helping his parents get things in order. They don't really know their way around here.

(beat)

I mean we were... a couple, but... ended awhile ago, two years together. But...

Cassie's voice trails off. No longer having the energy for garbled small talk. Eddie can sense this and tries to revive the conversation. There's something about her...

EDDIE

We found a place.

CASSIE

Cool.

EDDIE

It's great. It's got all the comforts of an abandoned stationwagon.

Cassie chuckles.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Wonderful view. On a clear day you can see all the way to where the bums defecate between parked cars.

← stop

Cassie laughs. A brief, welcome respite for her. We pull back

EDDIE  
SIDE 20fy

INT. APARTMENT CLOSET - LATER

Arnie stands with Eddie and Larry.

Start →

ARNIE  
What do you think?

EDDIE  
I think we're standing in the  
middle of a closet.

We widen to reveal they are indeed standing in a closet.

LARRY

You can't even fit one bed in here,  
never mind two.

ARNIE

Yeah, but you can fit two sleeping  
bags. Plus you have access to a  
toilet, a shower and a kitchen. All  
semi-functional.

EDDIE

We'll take it.

LARRY

You fucking serious?

EDDIE

We need a place to crash.

ARNIE

I'll need rent up front. Sixty  
bucks cash.

Larry sighs as he and Eddie dig into their wallets.

ARNIE (CONT'D)

Three other people live here so you  
gotta put your name on all your  
food. If you don't that means it's  
up for grabs.

They hand Arnie the money.

ARNIE (CONT'D)

Also, this is the closet to my  
bedroom, so if Maggie and I --

LARRY

Who's Maggie?

ARNIE

My girl. One of the roommates,  
which, by the way, hands off. If  
we're screwing while you're in  
here, then you got to stay in here  
until we're done.

LARRY

And how will we know when that is?

EDDIE

Yeah. What does that cocktail of degradation and self loathing sound like when it's finished? Is it sobbing, a single gunshot...?

Larry starts laughing.

ARNIE

Funny. Enjoy your closet.

He exits shutting the door behind him.



SIDE 30F4

INT. GOLDIE'S - CONTINUOUS

Eddie has now taken center stage.

Start →

EDDIE

I know none of you know us... me and my friend, Larry... but I knew Clay from back in Boston when his first name was still Calogero. We were both kids making pizzas at Romero's, an authentic Italian restaurant owned by my Jewish uncle.

A titter of laughter.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Later, Clay got a job in the Combat Zone doing comedy at a strip club. I'd drive into Boston and watch him. I was probably the only guy not there to see the strippers, but to watch Calogero -- Clay -- perform. He'd be up there telling these jokes about his family, about growing up in a small town... but they weren't jokes... they were these - I don't know - secrets about himself.

Eddie and Cassie make eye contact. Her eyes brimming as she smiles, watching him.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

One night after closing, we sat at the bar for a beer.

(MORE)

EDDIE

EDDIE (CONT'D)

I asked him, how does he get up in front of all these drunks and make them laugh at the most embarrassing, shameful... painful moments of his life? He said it was easier to confess to a room full of drunken strangers the truth about himself than it was to the people he really loved.

Eddie again makes eye contact with Cassie.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

He was beautiful.



EDDIE  
SIDE 4 of 4

ANGLE BACK ON STAGE:

Start →

EDDIE

Drink up people. Time to go. Your  
soul crushing existences await...

DRUNK PATRON

(calling out)

Fuck you, Jew.

EDDIE

Ahh, "Jew", Such a versatile word.  
It's both a people and an insult.  
So tell me pal, is there a Mrs.  
Drunken Shit Head?

DRUNK PATRON

How'd you like a fucking beating?

EDDIE

Aren't you worried if your wife  
sees blood on your knuckles she'll  
think you're seeing another woman?

DRUNK PATRON

Cock sucker...

ANGLE BACK TO THE WINGS:

← Stop