

INT. GOLDIE'S - LATER

The place is nearly empty. Arnie sits at the bar going over the liquor list for that night. Eddie and Larry enter in mid conversation.

Start →

EDDIE

What kind of God does something like that? You work your ass off, kill on the 'Tonight Show,' get the fucking couch, then that very night you're hit by a bus?

LARRY

Your friend got hit crossing against a green. That's not God, that's either Darwin or Budweiser.

EDDIE

You're real cunt sometimes, you know that?

Larry smiles at Eddie as they approach Arnie.

LARRY

S'cuse me? Who do we talk to about stage time?

Arnie jerks his head toward the north end of the bar.

ARNIE

Amateur night's Monday. Sign up sheets by the register.

LARRY

We don't do open mic. We're pros.

LARRY SIDE 1 of 2

ARNIE

That's different. Richard Pryor's coming Thursday. I'm sure he won't mind if we bump him for a couple pros.

EDDIE

He didn't mean any offense. We're working comics from Boston. We came out to stay with a friend who was gonna set us up here, but unfortunately he... uh... died last night.

ARNIE

Clay?

EDDIE

Clay Appuzo, yeah.

LENNY

-- Anyway, we've got no place to crash and we spent everything to get out here, so if you could just help us get some stage time...

ARNIE

You some kind of Rowan and Martin?

EDDIE

No. Separate acts.

ARNIE

Amateur nights the best you're gonna do. No one plays the big room without Goldie's blessing. Even open mic's got a three week wait.

LARRY

Fuck.

ARNIE

In the meantime if you need a place to crash, I might be able to help.

← STOP

Eddie and Larry look at one another. Finally, a break.

LARRY
SIDE 2 of 2

INT. NAKED EYE - BOSTON - 3 AM BOSTON TIME

The NAKED EYE, a beaten down strip club, where STRIPPERS AND PROSTITUTES ply their trade. Where PIMPS pop in periodically to collect money and give their girls whatever drug of choice gets them through their nights. On stage, CORA, A STRIPPER OF ABOUT FORTY-FIVE, complete with big sagging breasts, stretch marks, cellulite and a mound of pubic hair that looks like it could fill a lawnmower bag, works the pole. She finishes to a smattering of applause, flashes a smile to the crowd which immediately evaporates as she turns to leave.

EDDIE ZEIDEL, KNOWN AS 'Z', 25, quick, acerbic, self effacing and really funny, tries to rally some more applause.

EDDIE

Let's hear it for, Cora... Cora everybody... lovely... Cora.

ANGLE ON: FELLOW COMIC, LARRY SHACK, ballsy, the same age as Eddie but that's where the comparison ends. He stands in the wings while Eddie tries to coax the DRUNKEN PATRONS to leave. Larry's getting a mirthless hand job from CAROL, ONE OF THE GIRLS.

LARRY

Carol... you are so incredible...

Carol rolls her eyes. She tugs him faster.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Can you put it in your mouth? Just for a second...?

CAROL

No. You've got two minutes.

LARRY

"Two minutes?" What kind of going
away present is this?

CAROL

The you-not-in-my-mouth-two-more-
minutes-kind.

ANGLE BACK ON STAGE:

← Step