INT. GOLDIES - BAR - LATER THAT MORNING

Cassie, staring off, snaps out her trance when Bill lays his hand on her shoulder. Eyes red, she places her hand over his letting her cheek rest on it. Sully, Ralph and a NUMBER OF OTHER COMICS huddle silently at the bar. Goldie and Arnie sit on stools a few feet away trying to make sense of things. A different place during the day, Goldie's is eerily silent except for a YOUNG BAR BACK who wheels a keg through, a reminder that this is still a place of business.

SULLY
Should we have some sort of a... memorial service...?

TIM AWREY, 20's, starts to giggle. Everyone looks at him.

TIM
Sorry... sorry...

BILL
The whole thing is so fucked up. One minute he's killing on Carson --

Tim snorts, breaking up laughing. Everyone looks at him annoyed.

TIM
I'm sorry, I dropped two hits of blotter at 3 AM so I'm still fucked up. But this is terrible... please go on with your memorial arrangements for Clay.

Tim dissolves into another fit of giggling.

TIM (CONT'D)
(regaining control)
I'm sorry... sorry.

CASSIE
I'm picking Clay's parents up at the airport in a couple hours. I'll see if they're open to us having some sort of... ceremony or --

Tim starts giggling again.

BILL
Jesus, wait out fucking-side will you, Tim?

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TIM
I didn't know Clay died when I took the shit. I thought I'd be baby-sitting my nephews now. We watch H. R. Puffenstuff together on Saturdays...

Sully gets up and walks the giggling Tim out.

SULLY
Come on, Timmy... Let's go get you that 'Uncle of the Year' mug.

GOLDIE
Maybe we can all say a few words... have a little food...

ARNIE
Should I get us a church?

GOLDIE
(tamps out cigarette)
Fuck no. We're in one.

INT. CASSIE'S DODGE DART - THAT AFTERNOON

Cassie is driving CLAY'S PARENTS, GUY AND ANGIE APPUZO. Guy is on the passenger side while Angie sits in the back. Both in their 60's, they are obviously distressed and sleep deprived as Cassie drives them to Clay's apartment. From her rear view mirror she sees CLAY'S APPARITION smirking from the back seat. Cassie comes to a stop on at a light on Sunset. Guy spots TWO PROSTITUTES standing on the corner. They both wink and wave. Guy rolls up his window, disgusted.

GUY
God willing... some day all this will be ashes.

Clay's apparition chuckles.

CLAY'S APPARITION
You know they hate you, right? The only thing they hate more than you is the idea of driving around Los Angeles lost.

EXT. 101 HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

A YELLOW CAB makes its way down the 101.

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TIM SIDE 2 of 2

INT. GOLDIE'S - LATER THAT NIGHT

MATCH to the FACES OF ANOTHER RAPT AUDIENCE as they watch Tim, the guy on acid earlier, in mid performance.

START—>

TIM
...I'm just saying, Shirley Temple was a racist. A tiny, curly haired, patronizing member of the Kute Klux Klan. Watch 'The Littlest Rebel' again. It's 'Birth of a Nation' with pouting and tap dancing.

<—STOP

The audience laughs as we widen to reveal Bill's there as well as Eddie and Larry who stand at the opposite end of the bar getting the lay of the land. Eddie notices Cassie entering the club.

LARRY
I gotta use the head.

Eddie nods says nothing, keeping his eyes on Cassie.

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