

# EDDIE

by

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**Characters:**

Eddie- 25. All bark no bite. Vitriolic. Charming. Working class guy.

Maya- 25. An aspiring actress.

Sara - 30. Intellectual. Film editor. Prefers "Doestoevski to sex."

Marni- 22. Dancer. Swimming in optimism.

**Setting:**

Present. Los Angeles and New York.

**SCENE 1: AFTER PARTY**

*Eddie is smoking and having a beer on the patio. There is a party going on inside the house. After a few moments Sara enters, trying to escape the party.*

SARA

Oh, sorry.

EDDIE

It's all right.

SARA

I didn't mean to-

EDDIE

Invade my privacy?

SARA

...

*He puts his cigarette out.*

SARA

You don't have to-

EDDIE

I'm finished.

*Pause.*

SARA

Did you see the film? Or, are you just crashing the party?

EDDIE

I wouldn't crash this kind of party.

SARA

What?

EDDIE

Where I come from we watch movies, not films.

*Beat.*

SARA

Well, I thought it was sweet.

EDDIE

If I made a movie, I wouldn't want anyone to describe it as "sweet."

SARA

Let me guess, you didn't like it.

EDDIE

What's the story even about?

SARA

It's a love story.

EDDIE

When a man hungers for a woman, you see it in his eyes. I didn't buy a second of it. The love scene between him and the lead girl was embarrassing.

SARA

Don't be cruel.

EDDIE

It was cruel of them to make me watch it. I see it this way, with good acting, there's gotta be somethin' pulsing in his veins, a forward motion. And when a man hungers for a woman its gotta ring true and hit me in the fuckin' nutsack.

*She's taken aback by "nutsack."*

SARA

Are you an actor?

EDDIE

Do I look gay to you?

*She's taken aback by "gay."*

EDDIE (CONT.)

You asked me what I thought about it. I was just out here mindin' my own business.

SARA

That's true.

EDDIE  
Hidin' from all the phonies in there.

SARA  
Phonies?

EDDIE  
Yeah.

SARA  
You have a real Holden Caulfield thing going on.

EDDIE  
Who?

SARA  
Catcher in the Rye?

EDDIE  
What's that, another film?

*She finds that amusing.*

SARA  
So, why are you here?

EDDIE  
My girlfriend was in the movie.

SARA  
Oh, who was she?

EDDIE  
The girl at the party.

SARA  
There were a lot of women in that scene.

*Beat.*

EDDIE  
The drunk one-

SARA  
Oh.

Yes. EDDIE

The one with- SARA

Big tits, yeah. EDDIE

I was going to say brown hair. She's cute. SARA

Oh my God. EDDIE

What? SARA

Did you just say that? EDDIE

She is. SARA

I know she is, fuck, but you didn't have to say that. *(He finishes his beer.)* We know why she was cast. EDDIE

Why? SARA

She's got nice tits. You would love to have tits like that. EDDIE

*She looks down at her breasts. She doesn't know how to respond to that.*

The whole thing pisses me off. EDDIE

It's just a film... movie. SARA

EDDIE

My point exactly. You don't have to prostitute yourself. She grew up in the same neighborhood as I did. I know her mom. If you can't show your mom your work, then there's something wrong. Her mom is a good woman. I would fuckin' take a bullet for her. She didn't work hard her whole life so her daughter could grow up and show her tatas in some shitty movie. I bet you all the crew guys, after shooting that scene, went home and jerked off.

SARA

Probably.

EDDIE

Don't say that.

SARA

Well, she does have nice breasts.

EDDIE

Fuck. I need another beer. And, did you see her in there with that guy?

SARA

What guy?

EDDIE

The guy with the hair.

*He makes some kind of swooping hair gesture.*

SARA

Who?

EDDIE

The guy in there.

*He makes the hand gesture again.*

SARA

I don't know what you're doing?

EDDIE

His hair.

*He does the same swooping gesture.*

...Nat?

SARA

EDDIE

Yeah, that's him, Nat. What fuckin' kind of name is that? Asshole. She's slobbering all over him like he's someone. I see somethin' in his eyes when he looks at her.

SARA

What?

EDDIE

That hunger I was just talkin' about.

SARA

I don't think so.

EDDIE

Trust me.

SARA

No, trust me.

*Beat.*

EDDIE

So, why are you here?

SARA

I edited the film.

EDDIE

...No shit.

SARA

And, my boyfriend wrote and directed it.

EDDIE

Boyfriend?

*She imitates his hair gesture.*

EDDIE

Nat, that's your boyfriend?

SARA

Yes.



*Pause.*

EDDIE

The editing was good.

*She gives him a look. Maya enters.*

MAYA

Hey, what are you doing?

EDDIE

Cigarette.

MAYA

Let me get one.

EDDIE

You shouldn't smoke.

MAYA

Oh, please. *(To Sara.)* Hey, how are you? We haven't officially met, I'm Maya.

SARA

Sara.

EDDIE

I didn't picture you as a Sara .

MAYA

Great job with the editing.

SARA

You too. I really liked your work.

MAYA

Thanks. *(To Eddie.)* Come with me, I want you to meet someone.

*Eddie rolls his eyes.*

MAYA

Oh, stop it. *(To Sara.)* It was nice meeting you.

SARA

You too.

*She pulls Eddie by the hand. They exit. After a moment, Eddie pops back in.*

EDDIE

I'm Eddie by the way.

SARA

Huh, I pictured you as an Eddie.

EDDIE

Let Nat know his film was very "sweet."

SARA

And tell your girlfriend's breasts I said goodbye.

*He smiles at that comment.*

*He exits.*

*Lights out.*

## SCENE 2: MULTI FORMS-FOUR MONTHS LATER

*Lights up.*

*An art museum. Jazz is playing from the outside of the museum. Sara is looking at a painting. After a few moments Eddie enters.*

EDDIE

*(Shouting at someone offstage.)*

Hey... hey... whatever... whatever man, keep on looking. You can look at me all day if you want to... you and that uniform, real tough guy. Yeah, yeah, what are you gonna do, huh?

*He struts around as if he's taking over the place. After realizing it's Eddie, Sara cringes. She takes refuge in the painting she's viewing. After a few moments he notices her.*

EDDIE

You.

*Beat.*

Eddie, right?  
SARA

Yeah.  
EDDIE

Sara.  
SARA

Oh, I know.  
EDDIE

*Beat.*

Are you having some kind of problem?  
SARA

Me? Problem? Naw, it's just some guy over there thinks he's the shit.  
EDDIE

The old man?  
SARA

Asshole, staring at me like he's something.  
EDDIE

I think he's a volunteer security guard.  
SARA

Well he keeps on looking at me like I did something wrong, the fucker.  
EDDIE

*He looks at the paintings.*

Are you a Rothko admirer?  
SARA

What's so important about him?  
EDDIE

Why are you here?  
SARA

EDDIE  
What does it matter?

SARA  
It's a Rothko exhibition.

EDDIE  
Friend's from work dragged me here. The meat heads want some culture in their stupid lives.

SARA  
What is it you do again?

EDDIE  
Work.

SARA  
That's informative.

EDDIE  
Hell, maybe I can turn this waste of night into getting laid.

SARA  
What about your girlfriend?

EDDIE  
Are you trying to make fun of me?

SARA  
No.

EDDIE  
Don't even get me started. I need a smoke. Why don't they let you smoke in here?

SARA  
Because it's a museum.

EDDIE  
That's bullshit.

*He looks at the panting.*

EDDIE  
Somethin' about this catches me.

Isn't it interesting?  
SARA

Yeah.  
EDDIE

Multi-forms.  
SARA

What?  
EDDIE

SARA  
It became his "signature style." He thought these paintings, that were devoid of recognizable imagery, possessed a more "organic structure." A life force of their own. "A breath of life."

*He looks at the painting.*

EDDIE  
"A breath of life." That's fuckin' beautiful. *(Beat)* I like the colors. The red... black...the figures-

SARA  
The geometric shapes.

EDDIE  
This looks like a vagina.

SARA  
What?

EDDIE  
And this triangular transparent thing is like a penis... and it's like... searching... for something... always searching for something, right? The two forms are... alien to each other... confined in space. Separate. And then, right there the two forms intersect, bleed into each other... making a world of... of..

SARA  
Possibility?

EDDIE  
Devastating uncertainty.

*She looks at her pamphlet.*

SARA

I don't know if that's what he was trying to do.

EDDIE

Man, it hits me. It hits me right here. It makes my heart bleed. Cuts my veins open. I'm bleeding on this fuckin' floor right now. Man, I gotta get out of here.

*He's visibly upset. He searches for a cigarette.*

SARA

Are you okay?

EDDIE

I can't sit here and talk to you like everything is cool.

SARA

You know, you should learn how to curb impulses.

EDDIE

Hey, I say it how I see it.

SARA

Maybe that's the problem; how you see it.

EDDIE

It's my truth.

SARA

"Truth," that's an interesting word.

EDDIE

You want to hear about truth? Here's my truth-

SARA

I don't want to hear-

EDDIE

I can look the other guy in the eye without falling apart inside-

SARA

We're in the middle of a museum-

EDDIE

Maybe I don't fit into your hoity toity world, drinkin' tea with my pinky finger in the air. But, when I love someone, I love hard. I love 'em with every bit of my being because it's the only real thing in this world that makes it at all bearable. And, I would never rip someone's heart out from their chest while it's still beating and dance on it like some drunkin' gypsy.

SARA

What are you talking about?

EDDIE

She's not even that great of an actress.

SARA

What?

EDDIE

I don't mean that in a horrible way. I'm just being realistic. Even in high school she wasn't the best. She barely got supporting roles.

SARA

Did your relationship with your girl end or something?

EDDIE

Your guy with his hair. "Show your titties in my film; it's art." No, it's manipulation to get pussy-

SARA

Excuse me-

EDDIE

I could see through all his bullshit that night of the party. Everything would be fine, if it wasn't for your stupid film.

SARA

Hey, do you bombard every person you meet with your diatribes about the world? I get it, your girl showed her breasts. It was probably hard for you to take. But, to tell you the truth, I don't care about your juvenile insecurities. I have my own problems. And, I'm sorry your girl left you, but then again, I can see why, based on my two encounters with you. And, I know what it feels like. It's very painful. I know. I get it. But, have some dignity and grieve in private.

*She begins to exit.*

EDDIE

Hey. I'm sorry. Sorry. Okay. You don't have to flip out. My heart hurts, literally it hurts.

SARA

I don't care.

EDDIE

We should get 'em back. Sweet revenge.

SARA

Nice seeing you again.

*She begins to dash out.*

EDDIE

Wait. You don't know?

SARA

Know what?

EDDIE

Oh shit. Why did fuck face leave you?

SARA

Who?

EDDIE

Your boy, Natty? He left you, right?

SARA

No.

EDDIE

No?

SARA

He didn't leave. We're taking a pause. You know what, I'm not having this conversation with you.

EDDIE

Do you know where he is right now?

*Beat.*

SARA

Vermont.



How do you know that? EDDIE

He told me he was going. SARA

You still talk to him? EDDIE

Yes. SARA

Do you sleep with him? EDDIE

What? SARA

If you're still fuckin' him, I have to know. EDDIE

Goodbye. SARA

*Right before she can exit.*

Maya is in Vermont right now. EDDIE

*She stops.*

Who? SARA

Sorry to be the bearer of bad news. EDDIE

What? SARA

Your boy (*does the swooping hair gesture*) and my girl... They're seeing each other. I told you at the party, I saw it in his eyes-

What? SARA

EDDIE  
I wanted to kill him when I first found out.

SARA  
We're just taking a pause.

EDDIE  
He actually said that, a "pause?"

*She looks forward at the painting.*

SARA  
How do you know?

EDDIE  
She left me.

SARA  
For him?

EDDIE  
Yes.

SARA  
She told you that?

EDDIE  
Not at first.

SARA  
How did you find out?

EDDIE  
You don't want to know how I found out. I'm not proud of it.

SARA  
I don't believe you.

EDDIE  
All right. I'd better go catch up with my friends. *(Beat.)* It's gonna be bad at first, but then it gets worse. Good luck

*He exits. She's alone.*

*Pause.*

*Eddie reenters.*

EDDIE

I was thinking, if you need someone right now, you know, to make you feel better, I just have to let my friends know. I can go home with you.

*She looks at him.*

EDDIE (CONT'D)

We don't even have to have sex if you don't want to.

SARA

I think I hate you.

*Lights out.*

**SCENE 3: MAYA - SIX MONTHS LATER.**

*Lights up.*

*Eddie is leaving a coffee shop as Maya enters.*

EDDIE

What's a girl like you doing in a place like this?

MAYA

Eddie.

*They hug.*

EDDIE

What are you doing in the hood?

MAYA

Visiting my parents.

EDDIE

How are they?

MAYA

They're good, thanks.

Your mom?  
EDDIE

She's well.  
MAYA

Yeah?  
EDDIE

Yeah.  
MAYA

How are you and the douche bag?  
EDDIE

Eddie.  
MAYA

*She tries to pass him.*

EDDIE  
I was only kidding. It was bad joke. Come on, I was playing. Really, how are you guys?

MAYA  
Why, haven't you been spying on us recently?

*Pause.*

EDDIE  
How's the acting?

MAYA  
Okay. Good. I was actually just offered a part.

EDDIE  
What kind of part?

MAYA  
An indie-horror film. It's a small part.

EDDIE  
That's okay.

MAYA

I'm excited. The script is good, not your typical horror film. It says something. It's political. There's character development. You can really understand why this guy kills people. It's more like a dramatic feature than a horror horror film, if you know what I mean.

EDDIE

Do you get killed?

MAYA

Yes.

EDDIE

Awesome.

MAYA

I know, right. It's a really cool idea for a film.

EDDIE

Yeah.

MAYA

The killer wears this spooky gas mask because he kills people by a toxic gas.

EDDIE

Really.

MAYA

The government murdered his family when he was young; the back-story is that his dad worked for a civilian company that built weaponry for the military.

EDDIE

Okay.

MAYA

His father discovered that the military was illegally using drones to bomb various military factions in the Middle East. The drones were disseminating nerve agents that blocked this particular enzyme. Basically, it caused an agonizing death for anyone who came into contact with it, including the military personnel. When his father became aware of this, he was going to leak it to the press, but before he could do it, he was killed. So was his entire family. It doesn't take much to figure out who did it, right? So, the killer, the only surviving member of the family seeks revenge for the death of his family.

EDDIE

Cool.

I know, right? MAYA

How do you get killed? EDDIE

While I am in the shower the killer sneaks in- MAYA

What are you wearing? EDDIE

What? MAYA

In the shower? EDDIE

Eddie. MAYA

You're wrestling with this guy naked in the shower? EDDIE

I'll have shorts on. MAYA

What are they showing? *(She doesn't answer)* Why do you have to show your breasts? EDDIE

I'm not with you anymore- MAYA

You're gonna give your mother a heart attack- EDDIE

I should punch you in your face. MAYA

I miss you. EDDIE

You're sick, you know that. MAYA

*Pause.*

EDDIE

I'm happy for you. I am. I'm happy you're following your dreams. I don't have big dreams like that. You deserve great things to happen for you. *(Beat)* You're beautiful, you know that?

MAYA

I better get going.

EDDIE

I'm going to school, taking some night classes.

MAYA

You hate school! In high school you kept NyQuil in your locker "Just to keep the edge off."

EDDIE

Well, I don't drink anymore.

MAYA

NyQuil?

EDDIE

Nothing.

MAYA

Nothing?

EDDIE

Mostly nothing. I'm seeing someone too.

MAYA

Really?

EDDIE

She's kind've been the motivating factor for me to go back to school.

MAYA

Where'd you meet her?

*Beat.*

EDDIE

We met at an art museum.

MAYA

At an art museum?

EDDIE

Yeah.

MAYA

Get out of here. Eddie was at an art museum?

EDDIE

I'm a new man.

MAYA

I guess so. Well, I'm glad to hear things are going well for you.

EDDIE

Thanks.

*Pause.*

MAYA

Look, I really do have to go. I have an audition tomorrow that I have to prepare for.

EDDIE

Okay.

*She hugs him. He holds on to her a little too long.*

MAYA

It was nice seeing you.

EDDIE

You too.

MAYA

Okay...

EDDIE

Yeah, okay...

MAYA

See ya.

*She walks toward the counter to order her coffee. He reluctantly begins to leave.*

MAYA

Eddie.



*He stops.*

MAYA

I wasn't gonna tell you, but you'll find out sooner or later.

EDDIE

What?

*Beat.*

MAYA

Nat and I... are getting married. I just thought you should know.

*Lights out.*

#### **SCENE 4: LATER THAT NIGHT**

*Lights up.*

*Sara and Eddie are sitting on her couch. They are watching T.V. After a few moments she smiles at him and rests her head on his shoulder. He is trying to figure out if she is giving him permission or not to make his move. He goes for it. He kisses her. She quickly pulls away from him.*

EDDIE

Fuck!

*He jumps to his feet.*

SARA

Eddie-

EDDIE

Idiot.

*He hits himself in the head.*

SARA

Eddie-

EDDIE

What the fuck am I doing? It's like I'm in junior high again trying to get my hand down Rosie Dalton's pants.

SARA

You did that in junior high?

EDDIE

Everyone does stuff like that.

SARA

I didn't. I studied. I could never figure the whole dating world out.

EDDIE

Oh, it's easy. Anyone could figure this out. You see, in the beginning there were two people on this God forsaken planet, one man and one woman, and they didn't know how to do shit. They didn't know how to work a tool or anything. They communicated through grunts. But you know what, they figured it out.

SARA

Eddie... you're my friend-

EDDIE

I hate that.

SARA

I like your company-

EDDIE

Come on, Sara. A man and woman don't hang out with each other because they want a "buddy."

SARA

I haven't dated all kinds of people. I never even dated anyone until college.

EDDIE

Oh, here we go.

SARA

What?

EDDIE

The fat phony elephant in the room.

SARA

It's not-

EDDIE

You should consider him dead.

SARA

Don't say that-

EDDIE

You're right, you're absolutely right. He's with the living, singing and dancing, having a great fuckin' time, as we sit here haunted by ghosts of what could have been.

SARA

It's just... I was with him for so many years-

EDDIE

Well get over it.

SARA

It's not that I'm hoping for him to come back... it's just that this one door opened, and I went through it thinking it was forever-

EDDIE

Well another door has opened, and I'm running through it to you.

SARA

Eddie-

EDDIE

There is a time when you have to cut people off. If I learned anything in my stupid life it is to cut them off and hide the hurt in a silent place.

SARA

That's depressing, Eddie.

EDDIE

You're so caught up looking backwards that cha don't see what's right in front of you.

SARA

It's only been a couple of months.

EDDIE

It's been almost a year.

SARA

It's been difficult. It's not even all about him. I'm in a place... I don't know...

EDDIE

What?

SARA

I thought I would be further along in my life. I've been out of college for about ten years. I'm barely getting by. I thought, it may have been naive, but I thought I would be in a different place in my life by now... financially... in every sense. And... I made the decision to marry Nat.

EDDIE

Whoever promised life was gonna work out how you expected it? My father was a diving ape, and my mother's a crippled mime.

SARA

What does that even mean?

EDDIE

It means expectations are for children, embracing woe is for adults.

SARA

You have such a dismal view on everything. I'm just telling you how I feel. This year has been difficult. I don't want any more drama. I'm sick of being depressed. I'm sick of feeling bad. I don't know if you can understand... I want to live simply... I just want to be okay.

EDDIE

Listen to me. When I'm with you, I don't watch the minutes pass by like some prisoner waiting to get out of his cell. I've spent a lot of my life doing that. After work, I can't drive my truck fast enough to get to you. I like being with you. Shit, I'm going back to school because of you. I want to reach up to you. I'm stretching as far as I can. Hell, I'm even trying not to curse, 'cause I don't think that's good enough for you. And, to tell you the truth, I hate the beach, I hate the feelin' of sand between my toes, but I don't mind it so much when you're walking with me. And I especially don't mind it when the sunlight hits your hair in that certain way. It's one of the most beautiful things I've ever seen. It fuckin' makes my heart hurt. Sorry. *(For cursing)* I want to selfishly witness every moment that the sun touches your hair, keep it to myself, never let anyone else see it. I know that I may sound like a psychopath right now, but that's how I feel. And I just wish you would look at me. Right here. Right now. Look at me. I'm right here, right in front of you, and I'll do anything for you, 'cause I want you to feel okay.

*Pause.*

SARA

Eddie, I... I guess I'm... scared.

EDDIE

I get stage fright leaving my apartment in the morning.

*She smiles.*

*Pause.*

*She kisses him. After a moment, she pulls him on top of her.*

*Lights out.*

#### **SCENE 5 : EARLY NEXT MORNING**

*Lights up.*

*Eddie's about to leave. They kiss.*

EDDIE

You were awesome. Are you blushing?

*She smiles.*

EDDIE

I wish I could spend the day with you.

*She gives him a kiss.*

EDDIE

Can I see you later tonight?

SARA

We'll see.

EDDIE

I'll call you when I get off work.

All right.

SARA

*He kisses her. He's about to exit.*

Eddie.

SARA

*He stops.*

*Pause.*

I was offered an editing job in New York.

SARA

Yeah?

EDDIE

I think I might take it.

SARA

When would you go?

EDDIE

Soon.

SARA

Why didn't you tell me earlier?

EDDIE

*Pause.*

*Lights out.*

**SCENE 6: NEW YORK: ONE YEAR LATER.**

*Lights up.*

*Sara and Eddie's New York apartment.*

Why didn't you tell me?

SARA

I don't know. I just didn't.

EDDIE

Why?

SARA

I didn't want you to get all hung up about it.

EDDIE

How long have you known?

SARA

A year or so?

EDDIE

A year?

SARA

Yeah.

EDDIE

Who told you?

SARA

She did.

EDDIE

And you didn't tell me?

SARA

Why are you getting so worked up about this?

EDDIE

It makes me feel like you were holding information from me. *(She puts on her sweater and grabs a jacket)* I need some fresh air.

SARA

*She's about leave and he stops her.*

Don't go.

EDDIE

*She tries to leave. He stops her again.*

You're not leaving. EDDIE (CONT'D)

Don't talk to me that way. SARA

I'm sorry. EDDIE

I'm going for a walk. SARA

No. EDDIE

I don't know what we're doing. SARA

We're having a relationship. EDDIE

I don't know about this. SARA

About what? EDDIE

Us. SARA

I moved three thousand miles, uprooted my life to be here with you. EDDIE

Maybe you shouldn't have done that. SARA

You asked me to. EDDIE

Did I, really? SARA

Sara- EDDIE



SARA

We live in this small apartment. We're on top of each other all the time.

EDDIE

I like to be on top of you.

SARA

Stop it!

EDDIE

I work all day. I go to school at night. We barely see each other.

SARA

I need time to myself.

*She tries to leave.*

EDDIE

Don't leave.

SARA

Get out of my way.

EDDIE

We have to work this out-

SARA

Get out of my way.

EDDIE

YOU'RE NOT FUCKIN' LEAVIN'!

*He furiously grabs her arms. She looks at him with disgust more than fear. He almost crumbles from shame. He lets her go.*

*Silence.*

SARA

I think I'm going to go home for the holidays.

EDDIE

You know that I would never hurt you.

I need to go home. SARA

Maybe I could go with you. EDDIE

I don't think so. SARA

I want to meet your parents. EDDIE

My father... SARA

I want to meet him. EDDIE

He can be cruel. SARA

I can handle him. EDDIE

He won't like you. SARA

What? EDDIE

SARA  
What are you going to tell him? You're a 25 year old freshman at a commuter college?  
(Pause.) I'm sorry. I didn't mean to... (Pause.) I'm going to get some fresh air.

Let me go with you. EDDIE

*Pause.*

Okay. SARA

Just give me a second. EDDIE

*After a moment, she exits without him. He reenters to find himself alone in the apartment.*

*Lights out.*

## **SCENE 7: TWO DAYS LATER.**

*Lights up.*

*Eddie looks at his cell phone. He's been drinking. After a moment, he calls Sara .*

**EDDIE**

It's been two days. Will you call me? I don't want to be pushy... just when you get a chance. So, I know you're okay. *(Pause)* I'm sorry. I try to stay away from people. I should have been a monk or somethin'. I just hate robes. And cold whether. Do monks live in cold weather? That's how I picture them, in cold weather. I love you... Fuck... Sometimes, I know, I hold on too tightly. I'm just like that. I can't help it. It's difficult... life... you know... it's not the big stuff, I'm good at that. I can handle: death, floods, biblical fuckin' disasters. It's just the day to day stuff that gets me. Dealing with people, waking up, sunny afternoons, the Beatles are on the radio. Stuff like that kills me. I'm hurting here. My heart hurts, literally. *(Pause)* I shouldn't have grabbed you... I'm sorry. I know I have a temper. But, I'm harmless. I really am. *(He downs the rest of beer.)* You just have to scold me like an old shitty dog and I'll shut up. *(Pause)* Call me.

*Lights out.*

## **SCENE 8: WE MEET MARNI**

*Lights up.*

*Eddie is sitting in a hallway by himself. After a few minutes a young woman rushes into the hallway. They startle each other.*

**MARNI**

Sorry, I didn't see you.

**EDDIE**

It's okay.

*She passes him, but before she exits she turns to him.*

MARNI

We were in the same World Literature class.

EDDIE

We were?

MARNI

What are you doing here?

EDDIE

I wanted to be alone.

MARNI

So, you chose a school hallway?

EDDIE

It's not really a hallway.

MARNI

A corridor where tons of students pass through.

EDDIE

I like the sound of the heater.

*He points to the radiator.*

MARNI

You're like Rainman. (*Mimics voice*) "I like the sound of the heater." And, it's a radiator, by the way.

EDDIE

Do you always make fun of people when they're down and out?

MARNI

You're the depressive type.

EDDIE

Is there another type?

MARNI

Yeah, the wildly successful type that don't have the time to be depressed.

Is that you?

EDDIE

I'm the dancer type.

MARNI

What type is that?

EDDIE

The wildly expressive body type.

MARNI

I'm suddenly not depressed anymore.

EDDIE

This has been an enlightening conversation. I'll let you listen to the radiator.

MARNI

I'm glad the semester is over.

*(quickly)*

MARNI

...Me too. I need a break. Do you go home for the holidays?

EDDIE

No, but I'm leaving for the West Coast in a few hours. I'm just killing time.

MARNI

That's a horrible thought.

EDDIE

What?

MARNI

Killing time.

*Beat.*

EDDIE

What about you?

MARNI

I'm going to Jersey to visit family.

EDDIE

How is Jersey?

MARNI

It's not New York.

EDDIE

That's what they tell me.

MARNI

Do they? Well, see you around.

EDDIE

Where you going?

MARNI

I wanted to get one last rehearsal in before I head out.

EDDIE

Rehearsal?

SARA

Dance.

EDDIE

I didn't know there was a dance studio around the corner.

MARNI

You should get out of the corridor some time and see some things.

EDDIE

It's more like a bridge-

MARNI

A corridor. I'm Marni.

EDDIE

Eddie.

MARNI

Well, Mr. Eddie, "I like the sound of radiators," it was nice being gloomy with you, but I have to go.

*He gets a kick out of her.*

EDDIE

Okay.

MARNI

Maybe we'll have a class together again next semester and not talk to each other.

EDDIE

I hope so.

*She smiles. She begins to exit.*

EDDIE

Fourth row.

MARNI

What?

EDDIE

You sat in the fourth row, next to that girl.

MARNI

Girl?

EDDIE

The hot black lesbian girl.

SARA

Sabrina? She's not a lesbian.

EDDIE

Your hair was shorter at the beginning of the semester.

MARNI

Hair has a tendency to grow.

EDDIE

I like it shorter.

MARNI

I didn't ask.

*She exits.*

Merry Christmas.

EDDIE

*Lights out.*

## SCENE 9: CHRISTMAS EVE

*Lights up.*

*Maya's apartment. Maya enters with Eddie following closely behind.*

Where were you?

EDDIE

None of your business.

MAYA

I don't know where that is.

EDDIE

I thought you moved to New York.

MAYA

I called.

EDDIE

Thirty-three times, I know. What do you want, Eddie?

MAYA

I'm messed up.

EDDIE

Are you drunk?

MAYA

No, I'm not drunk-

EDDIE

I see that crazy look in your eyes.

MAYA

*He looks like he's about to punch something—a familiar look to her.*



MAYA

Don't you punch anything, Eddie.

EDDIE

I gotta punch somethin'.

MAYA

Don't you come to my apartment and start punching things.

EDDIE

I really gotta punch somethin'.

*She throws a pillow on the floor. He starts punching the hell out of it. Exhausted, he lies down on the floor.*

*Pause.*

MAYA

Feel better?

EDDIE

I'm seeing Sara.

MAYA

Sara as in Sara, Sara ?

EDDIE

Yes.

MAYA

Nat's old girlfriend, Sara ?

EDDIE

Yes.

*She starts laughing.*

EDDIE

What the fuck is so funny?

MAYA

How'd that happen?

EDDIE

It just happened.

MAYA

This is the girl who inspired you to go back to school?

EDDIE

Sort of-

MAYA

The girl from the art museum?

EDDIE

Yes.

*Beat.*

MAYA

We swapped lovers-

EDDIE

No.

MAYA

It's like incest.

EDDIE

No, I'm not anyone's brother.

MAYA

Oh my god! Is she as frigid as Nat tells me?

EDDIE

No.

MAYA

He told me sometimes she would cry for no reason when they had sex.

EDDIE

He said that?

MAYA

Yes, and that she reminded him of a cold wet cocker spaniel.

EDDIE

What does that even mean?

MAYA  
I don't know, but I thought it was funny.

EDDIE  
Fuck.

*She laughs.*

MAYA  
Oh my god.

EDDIE  
Quit sayin' that.

MAYA  
You're seeing her?

EDDIE  
Yes.

MAYA  
After you ran into each at the museum?

EDDIE  
A little after that.

MAYA  
How long?

EDDIE  
After I ran into you at the coffee shop.

MAYA  
Wait, I thought you said you were already seeing her when we ran into each other.

EDDIE  
We were sort of dating.

MAYA  
You were either dating or you weren't.

EDDIE  
We were hanging out.

MAYA  
But you weren't dating?

No. EDDIE

Then why did you tell me you were? MAYA

I don't know. EDDIE

And you started dating her after- MAYA

You told me that you were marrying that fuckin' guy. EDDIE

*Pause.*

Eddie... MAYA

I don't want to talk about it. EDDIE

*Pause.*

Did you do something to her? MAYA

No. *(Beat.)* I grabbed her when we were arguing. EDDIE

Eddie. MAYA

That kills me when you do that. EDDIE

You can't do stuff like that. MAYA

I know. EDDIE

Why do you always do that? MAYA

EDDIE

She was trying to leave.

MAYA

Then you let her and say “lets talk later when we both calm down.”

EDDIE

I’m sick of people walkin’ out on me.

MAYA

It doesn’t matter. You still can’t grab people.

EDDIE

Why did you leave me?

MAYA

I’m definitely never staying with anyone who thinks it is okay to “grab” people when they don’t get what you want. I dealt with that more than I should have.

EDDIE

You know I’m sorry, for everything, Maya.

MAYA

Don’t you get tired of reacting to the world the way you do?

EDDIE

Yes.

MAYA

You’re an adult.

EDDIE

You look great. You never looked that great when you were with me.

MAYA

Thanks Eddie, sweet of you.

EDDIE

I mean, you’ve always looked good, just not this good.

MAYA

Okay, you can stop.

EDDIE

I’m losing my mind, Maya.

MAYA

If you don't quit feeling sorry for yourself I'm gonna kick you in the balls. I can't stand it when you do that.

*He smiles at that comment.*

EDDIE

See, I need you to do that for me; keep me straight.

MAYA

Keep your own self straight.

*Pause.*

EDDIE

How's your family?

MAYA

They're okay.

EDDIE

Yeah?

MAYA

Yeah.

EDDIE

Your mom?

MAYA

She's okay, Eddie.

EDDIE

She's a good woman.

MAYA

I know.

EDDIE

I miss her.

MAYA

All right, Eddie. All right.

EDDIE

What?

She's not that great.

MAYA

What are you talking about?

EDDIE

*Beat.*

She's splitting up with my dad.

MAYA

What?

EDDIE

So, I don't want to hear about how great she is right now.

MAYA

What happened?

EDDIE

I don't know.

MAYA

What do you mean you don't know?

EDDIE

I was at my parent's house tonight. They wanted to meet with us.

MAYA

On Christmas Eve?

EDDIE

I found out a couple of days ago, but this was the night when we all could be together.

MAYA

Why's she leaving?

EDDIE

I don't know. My dad looked like he was gonna cry.

MAYA

Like he was gonna cry?

EDDIE

You should have seen my his face.

MAYA

*Beat.*

EDDIE  
We have to go over there.

MAYA  
What?

EDDIE  
They can't do this.

MAYA  
Eddie.

EDDIE  
I have to talk to 'em.

MAYA  
No.

EDDIE  
They're perfect. They can't do this. How can they do this to me?

MAYA  
Are you kidding me? God, you're an asshole.

*She hits him.*

EDDIE  
What?

MAYA  
It's always about you...

*She's visibly upset.*

EDDIE  
Maya...

MAYA  
Don't do that... that bullshit concerned voice thing you do.

EDDIE

*(trying)*  
I don't know what to say-



Don't do that. MAYA

*Pause.*

Where's Nat? EDDIE

MAYA  
He went home for the holidays. I'm going to fly out and see him the day after Christmas.

*He tries to console her.*

Maya... EDDIE

Don't. MAYA

*Pause.*

How's the acting? EDDIE

Good. MAYA

Yeah. EDDIE

MAYA  
I finished working on that horror film.

Yeah. EDDIE

MAYA  
And I've booked a regular under five role on Days of Our Lives.

That's great. EDDIE

*Pause.*

MAYA  
Where are you staying tonight?

EDDIE  
I don't know.

*He looks at her.*

MAYA  
Okay, you can stay here, but you're sleeping on the couch.

EDDIE  
Thanks.

MAYA  
And don't try to sleep with me.

EDDIE  
Never. Unless...?

*She gives him a look.*

EDDIE  
Never.

*She gives him a blanket and a pillow.*

MAYA  
I have to go to sleep. I can't handle anymore of today.

*He makes up the couch. She sits on the edge of her bed and watches him.*

*Pause.*

*He looks at her. She's upset. He sits next to her. She lies down on her side.*

EDDIE  
Maya...

MAYA  
Don't.

*He lies next to her.*

*Pause.*

*He puts his arm around her in a supportive way. She cries.*

*Lights out.*

## **SCENE 10: CHRISTMAS DAY.**

*Lights up.*

*Night. Eddie is on a bridge. After a few moments his phone rings. He looks at the incoming call and picks it up quickly.*

EDDIE

Hey.

*Lights up on Sara .*

SARA

Merry Christmas.

EDDIE

Yeah.

SARA

What are you doing?

EDDIE

I'm on a bridge.

SARA

What bridge?

EDDIE

Suicide bridge. I don't know the actual name.

SARA

Why are you on a bridge?

EDDIE

Visiting my father.

What? SARA

I'm waiting for my Clarence. EDDIE

*She figures out what he meant.*

It's a Wonderful Life. An angel may get his wings tonight. SARA

*Pause.*

Oh Eddie, I miss you. SARA (CONT'D)

Yeah? EDDIE

Yes. SARA

I'm sorry, Sara. EDDIE

*Pause.*

How's it being home? EDDIE

It never lives up to my expectations. What about you? Did you go to your mom's? SARA

No. EDDIE

Why not? SARA

She refuses to see me. EDDIE

Why don't you ever tell me about your parents? SARA