

"Feeding Eddy"

A Screenplay by Rob McDole

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HIGH SCHOOL JUNIOR YEAR (PROLOGUE)

HIGH SCHOOL HALL-- DAY

The hall is full of people talking, getting books, and going to their next class. We see a very large kid closing his locker and walking through the crowd. He seems destitute and weary. As he passes some kids look at him and whisper to their friends or laugh.

LENNY (V. O.)

This gelatinous mass of teen angst is me in my Junior year of High School. I was by far the most unpopular, morbidly obese kid in school. Even the guidance counselors shied away from me. I teetered on the edge of being too fat to push in a locker and too smart to fall for the old gags. Therefore my peers focussed their combined fury into one finely honed source:

POV OF LENNY. TAUNTERS TALKING TO CAMERA -- CONTINUOUS

TAUNTER #1

Hey, Lenny. I bet the only reason you wear underwear is to keep your ankles warm.

TAUNTER #2

Lenny! Is that the back of your neck or a package of hot dogs?

TAUNTER #3

Um, the science club will be making a model of the solar system next week and we were wondering... could you be our Sun?

FULL SHOT OF LENNY WALKING ON FOOTBALL FIELD, STARTING TO RAIN -- LATER

Lenny is walking on the football field, hunched over, and obviously upset.

LENNY (V. O.)

Yeah. My life was peachy. So peachy that I skipped school the last day just to avoid whatever big prank the hateful had thought up for me.

Lenny takes off his shoes and begins to walk across the soggy field. He drops down in the middle of the field and begins to cry.

LENNY (V. O.) (CONT' D)

I had pretty much come to the conclusion that my life wasn't worth living. There was no point in going on in this social caste that I would never be able to break free from. But then something happened...

C. U. OF GROUND LEADING TO LENNY'S FOOT AND UP LEG AS A SMALL WORM MAKES ITS WAY UNDER THE SKIN.

LENNY

It was the day that changed my life. It was the day that I began feeding Eddy.

INTRODUCTION AND TITLES SEQUENCE (TWO)

BEDROOM -- MORNING.

The alarm goes off. The bed next to it is a mess and vacant. There is no sign of anyone on either side of the bed, or in the hallway, or throughout the living room. Lenny is asleep at the kitchen counter with his face lying on a plate next to a half-eaten loaf of banana nut bread. There is no one else present.

EDDY

Wake up, Sunshine.

LENNY

(groggy)  
What time is it?

EDDY

How the hell am I supposed to know? Did you swallow a clock recently?

LENNY

Sarcasm noted. Now shut up.

Lenny shakily gets to his feet and walks around into the kitchen.

EDDY

I'm feeling like 8 eggs over easy, ten sausages, a pack of bacon...

LENNY

(interrupting)  
That's nice, but I have to get ready for work.

EDDY

(agitated)  
Well Too damn bad! I'm hungry!

LENNY

Not now Eddy.

EDDY

Feed me now!

LENNY

(bluntly)  
Not now.

EDDY

Feed me!

There's a knock on the back door.

EDDY (CONT' D)

Sweet Jesus! That better be Aunt Jemi mah  
here to fix me some waffles!

Lenny walks to the back door and looks through the curtain.  
Cynthia is standing there with two bags of groceries in her  
hands.

EDDY (CONT' D)

Who is it?

Lenny opens the door.

LENNY

Morning Cynthia.

CYNTHIA

Good morning Lenny.

Cynthia doesn't wait for an invitation inside. Instead she  
squeezes in between the door and Lenny and makes for the  
kitchen. Lenny accepts the action.

CYNTHIA (CONT' D)

I had the day off an though we could hang  
out.

EDDY

Hey. What's that smell?

Cynthia places both grocery bags on the counter and begins to  
take items out. Lenny walks to the opposite end of the  
counter.

LENNY

I'd love to, but I've got work in an  
hour.

EDDY

Mmm... she brought hamburgers!

Cynthia continues to unpack.

CYNTHIA

Oh, c'mon. Just skip it today. I'll even  
pay you the, what? Twenty-four dollars  
you'll earn.

Cynthia looks up slightly to see if that had an effect on  
Lenny. He stars at her sternly.

LENNY

(dryly)  
Let's not get into this now, okay?

EDDY

And potato salad!

CYNTHIA

Okay. Sorry. But really, let's just spend the day together. Lenny, I haven't seen you for a week.

LENNY  
(smugly)  
I thought that was self-imposed.

CYNTHIA  
Look, I'm sorry about last week. I'm trying to get over it.

EDDY  
Chill, man. Let her fix us some grub first.

LENNY  
So you just decide when we see each other now?

CYNTHIA  
(very defensive)  
You didn't even call me to talk about it!

LENNY  
I figured you needed your space seeing how you are the relationship deity.

CYNTHIA  
(angry)  
What's that supposed to mean?!

EDDY  
Oh, shit. Here we go.

LENNY  
It means that YOU decide when to come over, YOU decide what days you'd rather speak to me, and YOU decide when to be nice and when to be a total...

Lenny stops short. Cynthia knows what he was going to say. She starts throwing items back in the grocery bags.

CYNTHIA  
(upset)  
Oh! I see. You're so right. What do you expect me to do? You're so responsible with your minimum wage job and high school diploma. If I wasn't our "relationship deity" as you so badly termed it, then you'd bus tables all day and come home to play video games!

LENNY  
(softly)  
Well, maybe I'm happy with my life.  
(louder)  
I'm sorry my comfort doesn't conform with your materialistic views.

EDDY  
(pleading)

At least ask her to leave the groceries.

Cynthia begins crying as she finishes placing the items back in the bags. She picks them out and walks past Lenny on the way to the door.

CYNTHIA  
(crying)  
You know?

Cynthia stops and faces Lenny.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)  
You have so much talent and you just piss it away. I'm sorry if I don't want you to have a better life. You're right...  
(beat)  
I'm too selfish.

Cynthia opens the door clumsily, walks out and slams it using her foot. Lenny sits back down and cradles his head.

EDDY  
She took the groceries, didn't she?

Lenny gets up suddenly, walks to the refrigerator, opens it, pulls out a plate of half-eaten tortillas and begins to munch on it.

EDDY (CONT'D)  
Why do you have to be like that to her?

LENNY  
(slightly surprised)  
I thought you'd be her biggest prosecutor. The reason she can't stand me is because of you.

EDDY  
Sorry Baby Cakes, but survey says "ehhh!" Don't try blaming me. Just remember, you wouldn't have HAD a girlfriend at all if I wasn't here.

LENNY  
Keep telling yourself that.

EDDY  
(agitated)  
Hey! I made you who you are you ungrateful fuck! Don't ever forget that. If Cynthia doesn't like you now, just think of how she would have loooathed your ass in the past. You've got issues, Sunshine, and not one of them is because of me.

LENNY  
(annoyed)  
Just shut up. I know who I am and what I am. I don't have to constantly be reminded by a self-righteous parasite.

EDDY

Just as long as you know.

LENNY  
I do.

EDDY  
Okay...  
(beat)  
Now feed me.

FADE OUT.

EXT - DAY

Lenny walks down a city street in jeans and a beat up tee shirt. He turns the corner into the alley where Wedge (Lenny's best friend for years, and, incidentally, Scottish) is leaning on a wall by a door holding aprons.

WEDGE  
(enthusiastically)  
Good day my faithful compatriot.

LENNY  
Wedge, who greets people like that?

WEDGE  
I happen to think that today's society has ruined the friendly greeting by deeming it inappropriate to state what type of day it is, to what category of acquaintance I place you in, and how I see our relationship at the moment-in time that the greeting is initiated.

LENNY  
(dryly)  
Kant has nothing on you.

WEDGE  
Well?  
(beat)  
Respond in kind.

Wedge tosses Lenny his apron.

LENNY  
Mornng.

WEDGE  
Just what I'd expect from another automaton of society.

LENNY  
(mumbling)  
... whatever...

WEDGE  
Aren't we in a mood today? Has Eddy been making Lenny his bitch again?

EDDY  
Damn straight!

LENNY  
(to Wedge)  
Don't encourage him.

Lenny checks the back door and finds it locked.

WEDGE  
They locked us out again. We'll have to  
go around.

Both of them walk down the alley to the front of the store.

WEDGE (CONT' D)  
What did Eddy say?

LENNY  
...

WEDGE  
C'mon. You never tell me.

LENNY  
That's because he never has anything  
pertinent to say.

Lenny winces suddenly and grabs his stomach. He is in pain.

WEDGE  
(chuckling)  
I assume he didn't like that quip too  
much.

Both of them enter the front of the store. It is very high class with gold letters above the door spelling "HOLDEN'S". Pascal, the Maitre De is standing behind the reservation podium. He is dressed in a nice suite -- a stark contrast between Wedge and Lenny.

PASCAL  
(slight French accent)  
I thought the help was supposed to come  
in the back door.

Wedge waves his hand in front of his face as he walks up to the podium.

WEDGE  
(disgustedly)  
Oh, Pascal!

Wedge takes a mint from the dish.

WEDGE (CONT' D)  
You should have a mint.  
(imitating Pascal)  
It's wafer thin.

Lenny laughs as he looks up to see the boss, Boatright, come out of the kitchen doors. Boatright looks in there direction as he walks to the dining area.

LENNY  
Come on Wedge, let's punch in.

Wedge stares down Pascal as Wedge and Lenny walk to the kitchen.

PASCAL  
(very pretentious)  
Remember the back door next time.

Lenny and Wedge walk through the kitchen doors and punch in. Boatright enters the kitchen and approaches them

BOATRIGHT  
Lenny. Can I speak with you for a few minutes

Boatright doesn't wait for approval, but instead never breaks his pace as he heads to his office. Wedge looks wide-eyed at Lenny as if asking him what he did. Lenny shrugs and begins to catch up with Boatright.

LENNY  
My time is your time, Mr. Boatright.

Lenny follows Boatright into his office.

BOATRIGHT  
Close the door.

Lenny closes the door while Boatright has a seat behind his desk. He motions for Lenny to sit in the chair in front of the desk. Lenny does.

BOATRIGHT (CONT' D)  
Why are you here?

LENNY  
(confused)  
Sir?

BOATRIGHT  
Why are you here Lenny?

LENNY  
(thinking)  
I take it you mean in the working context rather than the existential or overly literal sense?

BOATRIGHT  
Yes.

LENNY  
Because I enjoy working here.

Boatright leans forward on his desk. It makes Lenny a bit uncomfortable and he shifts in his seat.

BOATRIGHT  
But you've been working here for over three years now. I know you're an extremely intelligent person. You could work other jobs--be better things. Why do you choose cleaning tables and washing plates?

LENNY

I'm comfortable with my station in life.  
I really don't have the need to surpass  
contentedness.

Boatright leans even further forward and lowers his voice slightly.

BOATRIGTH

Help me understand. I know you're not a  
slacker. You're a motivated worker. You  
clean tables like a devil on wheels,  
you've never taken a sick day, and you're  
always available to work when someone  
calls in. Why don't you strive for  
something more?

Lenny takes a deep breath and exhales like he's decided something.

LENNY

(serious)

I've got a tapeworm in my stomach and  
need to feed off the scraps I get here in  
order to survive.

Boatright sits back in his chair and thinks. Just after the  
silence gets uncomfortable her continues.

BOATRIGTH

You're right. Your personal reasons are  
your own. It's not really my business as  
long as you're doing your job. Let me get  
to my point: Holden's isn't pulling in as  
much profit as it used to. Mr. Holden is  
thinking of closing up soon.

(very seriously)

I don't want you telling anyone about  
this. But you've worked here so long that  
I thought you should know.

LENNY

(concerned)

Well, is there anything we can do?

BOATRIGTH

Let me worry about that. Just be mindful  
of this business' status. Take my advice  
and get a better job. I'll vouch for you.  
You're smart, Lenny -- you'll be able to  
find something.

Lenny lets it sink in. You can see he's worried.

LENNY

Thank you... sir.

Lenny gets up from his seat and walks towards the door.

BOATRIGTH

Lenny.

Lenny turns to face Boatright. Boatright pushes a pay stub  
across his desk to Lenny.

BOATRIGHT (CONT' D)

Your check.

Lenny walks back to the desk and picks it up.

LENNY

Thank you sir.

Boatright nods his head as a your welcome and Lenny walks out of the office. Wedge is in the kitchen with a broom taking a few inattentive swipes at the floor. It is obvious he has been waiting on Lenny to finish his meeting with Boatright. When Wedge sees Lenny his eyes widen and he walks over to him while looking around.

WEDGE

What was that all about?

LENNY

What is it ever about? Bad news. As always.

Lenny walks to the back and gets his own broom. The difference between him and Wedge is that he plans on using it. Meanwhile, Wedge is trailing him like a puppy with a look of suspense and surprise on his face.

WEDGE

Did he find out about...

Wedge decides to look around for eavesdroppers before continuing.

WEDGE (CONT' D)

(whispers)

... You and his daughter?

Lenny looks at Wedge with a "I can't believe you just said that" look. He then looks around in disbelief.

LENNY

(whispering in a haughty tone)

Would you shut the hell up?! No. That wasn't it at all. Jesus...

WEDGE

Sorry. What was it then?

Lenny calms down and focusses on sweeping.

LENNY

I can't tell you.

WEDGE

(shocked)

What do you mean you can't tell me?

(beat)

You tell me everything.

Lenny stops sweeping to focus his attention on Wedge.

LENNY

I... can't... tell... you...

Lenny's eyes shift back and forth and Wedge gets it that Lenny can't tell him here, but will later.

WEDGE  
Ah, right then.

They are both looking at each other intently when Angela, the waitress, walks into the kitchen. Lenny and Wedge both turn to see who walked in.

ANGELA  
Oh! Did I break up the lover's quarrel?

Wedge doesn't miss a beat.

WEDGE  
Y' know, no matter how many sexual fantasies you have about the two of us fulfilling every sensual need you have, and taking you to a entirely new plateau of orgasmic experience... it still doesn't make Lenny and I lovers, Angela.

ANGELA  
(lustfully)  
Oh, Wedge. When you talk to me like that...  
(mean)  
It makes me want to kick you in your puny, little nuts.

WEDGE  
Ah, so more of a domineering type, are we?

ANGELA  
Piss off.

Angela walks away to clock in. While Wedge returns to Lenny with a broad smile on his face.

WEDGE  
She wants me.

Lenny nods his head.

LENNY  
Like a venereal disease.

EDDY  
Did someone say veal and cheese?

LENNY  
(ignores Eddy)  
Why do you even mix it up with her? She's not worth the time.

WEDGE  
(sarcastically)  
Hmm, let me think. I work a job where I bus tables, wash dishes and pretend to sweep floors for eight hours a day. And unlike other persons in the room, I have

no belly buddy to keep me company while I  
do it.

Lenny keeps up his sweeping as if he hadn't heard Wedge's  
expl anati on.

**WEDGE (CONT' D)**

Plus I like playing mind games with  
blondes. It's like playing Monopoly with  
someone who's out of cash.

**FADE OUT.**

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To be continued depending on feedback. All critiques welcome.