

Script: Marriage 101    ROLES: EDDIE or BRIAN, 20's - 30's

INT. EDDIE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

A typical Jersey bachelor pad - Giants' banners, pool table, bar with tap, etc. Brian finds Eddie Pelicano, 23, a mini Vince Caughn, on a stationary bike wearing only extremely tight gym shorts.

EDDIE

(Re: bike)

Schwamms, check it out. A fully automated Nimso 300. Ask me how much this baby retails for? G' ahead.

BRIAN

(Averts eyes)

I gotta get some friends who understand the concept of clothes.

EDDIE

18 hunge. Thing's worth more than your car. (Beat) Dude, are you ready?

BRIAN

For what?

EDDIE

We're heading down to Ribs 'N Bibs to catch the Devils game on the big screen. Playoffs, man! Give me some.

He holds out his hand and wiggles his fingers. Brian doesn't move.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

I can't wait all day.

Brian reluctantly wiggles his fingers on top of Eddie's fingers.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

There it is. Now get dressed. I've arranged for us to meet two nice ladies down there and I need you as my wingman.

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN

Uh, Eddie. I may not be able to go to Ribs 'N Bibs and hit on girls today. Have you noticed? I'm sorta married.

Eddie hops off the apparatus, grabs a towel, and starts stretching in weird poses.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Remember the big ceremony? Three weeks ago? In a church? Vows were exchanged. You were standing next to me?

EDDIE

I had my Walkman on.

BRIAN

The answer is "No," Eddie.

EDDIE

C'mon, I miss you, man. I never get to hang out with my best friend anymore.

BRIAN

We can still hang out... just not at a bar... with dates.

EDDIE

Look, you know I think Jenna kicks serious ass...

BRIAN

Yes, I remember your toast.

EDDIE

I'm not asking you to do anything unsavory. I respect the sanctity of marriage as much as the next guy. But just so you know... your chick? Bombs.

BRIAN

Why don't you just take Bucket?

EDDIE

Oh, I don't know. 'Cuz he lights women on fire! (Hands him a bottle) Mist me.

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN

I'm not misting you. (Beat) Now, c'mon, Bucket deserves a second chance. He's our boy. In 5th grade when we needed fireworks? Who hitchhiked across state lines to get us Roman Candles?

EDDIE

I'm not listening to this.

BRIAN

And when we were 12, who volunteered to shave twice a day, so by sophomore year he could buy beer at the local liquor mart? Bucket, that's who.

EDDIE

Look, when it comes to explosives and beer, nobody's better than Bucket. And I love him for that. But with women, he's a train wreck.

BRIAN

He just gets a little nervous.

EDDIE

A little nervous? Ms. "Where'd my eyebrows go?" is probably going to come after me for medical pay. Bucket's a ref. I'm the one with the deep pockets.

BRIAN

Eddie, you own a gym equipment supply store in a strip mall.

EDDIE

I make enough to own this Duplex, and charge you a very reasonable rent.

BRIAN

(Realizing)

How 'bout some mist?

He reluctantly mists Eddie.

EDDIE

Schwamms, my chick is off-the-charts "car model" hot. I've been working her for weeks, but she

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

EDDIE (cont'd)  
won't go out with me unless I bring  
a date for her friend. Now c'mon. I  
need my old wingman for one more  
mission. The Schwam man. We were  
unstoppable together, remember?

BRIAN  
(Smiling)  
We did okay.