

INT. DINER - LUNCH

Clarence and EDDIE (35) sit at their favorite booth talking about the morning's strange incident.

CLARENCE

I don't know how to explain it. I mean I just waved -

He reenacts the motion.

CLARENCE (CONT'D)

And both of them turned away as if I were some sort of monster.

Eddie looks at him in disbelief. Clarence is completely caught up in the moment. He stares off into space and continues to wave as if Elsie and Ms. Baxter are still standing there.

Eddie scans the diner quickly and takes swift action.

EDDIE

Hey!

He grabs Clarence's hand and slams it forcefully on the table out of sight from the viewing public.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

You wanna keep that down?

CLARENCE

What?

EDDIE

That... that... hand. That little flappy little had of yours. It's out of control.

CLARENCE

What? What are you saying?

EDDIE

Look, Clarence, I didn't want to be the one to break it to you, but you've got a real problem here, ya know?

CLARENCE

No... I don't know. What do you mean?

EDDIE
 (forcefully)
 Look, don't play dumb with me!

He regains his composure.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
 Do I have to spell it out for you?
 Look they're talking about letting
 you go at work over this, okay?

CLARENCE
 What? Over what?

EDDIE
 Over your little... "problem."

Eddie raises his hand only to let it flop down like a dead fish.

CLARENCE
 What? Roger wants to *fire* me
 because of the way I wave? I don't
 believe it.

EDDIE
 Believe it sister.

Clarence frowns.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
 Look, it's not that they think
 you're incompetent, it's just that,
 well... you're wave doesn't exactly
 exude a ... how can I put this... a
 "masculine" quality, you
 understand?

CLARENCE
 Well they can't do that, I'll sue!

A waitress with a large "SUE" name tag pops up out of nowhere to take their orders.

SUE
 Alright, what are you guys' having?

Eddie and Clarence look at one another.

EDDIE
 Um, we're gonna need a little bit
 more time.

Sue rolls her eyes and leaves.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

There are other things too...

CLARENCE

What do you mean other things?

EDDIE

Well, you know, even the guys at the gym...

CLARENCE

Yes?

EDDIE

Well... behind your back they've been sayin' you're a little... "light in the loafers," if you catch my drift.

CLARENCE

(startled)

They think I'm *gay*?

EDDIE

Hey! Shhhh. Will you keep it down?

CLARENCE

All on account of how I wave?

EDDIE

Yup.

(beat)

Look, what I'm telling you is that you've got to find a way of curbing this little "lifestyle" of yours.

CLARENCE

Lifestyle?

EDDIE

I've got a friend.

CLARENCE

A friend?

EDDIE

A guy who says he knows a guy...

CLARENCE

A guy?

EDDIE

Who runs a group.

CLARENCE
(skeptically)
What kind of group?

Eddie leans in. Clarence looks around then follows.

EDDIE
(in a low voice)
The kind you don't mention above a
whisper.

Eddie leans back and winks.

CLARENCE
You're an idiot.

Clarence leans back.

EDDIE
No need to thank me. I'll place his
number in the third drawer on your
desk when we get back.

CLARENCE
Why can't you just give it to me
now--

EDDIE
(interrupting)
Shhh. Say no more.
(gesturing to the
waitress)
Sue, I think we're ready to order.