

He crosses right over to Eric.

SCOTT

You walk?

Eric greets everyone humbly trying to ignore Scott's question. But, Scott persists.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Yo, you walk here?

Eric finally shakes Scott's hand and looks like he's holding back his irritation.

ERIC

Yeah, my truck broke down again...

(beat)

You, know how it goes.

Scott looks him over, then breaks the tension.

SCOTT

Let's eat!

They head inside.

11 INT. MADAME MATISSE CAFE - NIGHT

A table full of food and wine set the stage for a dizzying amount of eating and conversation that weaves over and around the table so much that it's hard to tell if anyone is really talking to anyone but themselves.

We make our way around the table with a bottle of wine being poured. Everyone already has a glass near half-full, but they pour more in anyway.

By the time it gets to Eric, of course, it's empty. He doesn't need it though. He's already drunk.

He's also talking to a very attractive woman, ELLA, whose about the same age as him. He seems to be trying to brag.

ERIC

So, we're really just waiting for the loan approval. I've already got an "in" with the developers.

ELLA

Because you work there.

Eric takes a second to process how she knows. He glances over at Scott. Scott give him a wink from across the table.

Eric quickly turns back to Ella.

ERIC
Well, it's under table.

She raises an eyebrow.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Just until my disability runs out.
(long pause)
Then I can work again. For real.

He searches his words in his head quietly for a second while she politely waits for him to finish. He doesn't.

A woman next to her gets her attention and they start chatting.

Eric now sits quietly as the buzz of intoxicated conversation hums all around him. He seems alone, surrounded by people.

12 EXT. MADAME MATISSE CAFE - NIGHT

The crowd is letting out of the cafe and Eric is wandering away from the pack, drunk. Scott calls after him.

SCOTT
Eric, you wanna ride?

Eric doesn't even turn around, he just waves him off with one flail of his hand.

13 EXT. MAIN STREEET - NIGHT

Eric hobbles down the same stretch of shops as before, but everything seems further away now, muffled.

15 INT. ERIC'S APARTMENT - LIVINGROOM - MORNING

Eric lays sprawled out on the sofa. He's fully clothed and the door to his apartment his wide open except for the screen door.

A jackhammer wakes him up. He struggles to get his eyes to focus. Pulling himself up slowly he works his way to the window.

The truck still sits there like a monument but something else catches his eye. The mail has come.