

INT. BREAKFAST CAFE - DAY

Miles and Jack are glancing at the menus.

MILES

So what're we going to have? Pigs in a blanket? The "Rancher's Special Breakfast"? Or maybe just some grease and fat with a side of lard?

JACK

So what's the plan today?

MILES

We head north, begin the grape tour up there, make our way south so the more we drink the closer we get to the motel.

Miles looks at Jack

MILES

What's your problem?

No answer

What is it?

JACK

I am going to get my nut on this trip, Miles. And you are not going to fuck it up for me with all your depression and anxiety and neg-head downer shit.

MILES

Ooooh, now the cards are on the table.

JACK

Yes they are. And I'm serious. Do not fuck with me. I am going to get laid before I settle down on Saturday. Do you read me?

MILES

Sure, big guy. Whatever you say.
It's your party. I'm sorry I'm in the way and
dragging you down. Maybe you'd have a better time
on your own. You take the car. I'll catch the train
back.

JACK

No, see, I want both of us to get crazy. We should
both be cutting loose. I mean, this is our last
chance. This is our week! It should be something we
share.

Miles signals the a waitress

JACK

I am warning you.