

INT. ROADSIDE IHOP - DAY

Jack and Miles are served breakfast by a young, innocently sexy WAITRESS.

JACK

Fuck, man. Too early in the morning for that, you know what I mean?

MILES

She's a kid, Jack. I don't even look at that stuff anymore.

JACK

That's your problem, Miles.

MILES

As if she'd even be attracted to guys like us in the first place.

JACK

Speak for yourself. I get chicks looking at me all the time. All ages.

MILES

It's not worth it. You pay too big a price. It's never free.

JACK

You need to get laid.

Miles shrugs off the comment.

JACK

It'd be the best thing for you. You know what? I'm going to get you laid this week. That's going to be my best man gift to you. I'm not going to give you a pen knife or a gift certificate or any of that other horseshit.

MILES

I'd rather have a knife.

JACK

No. No. You've been officially depressed for like two years now, and you were always a negative guy anyway, even in college. Now it's worse -- you're wasting away. Teaching English to fucking eighth-graders when they should be reading what you wrote. Your books.

MILES

I'm working on it.

JACK

You still seeing that shrink?

MILES

I went on Monday. But I spent most of the time helping him with his computer.

JACK

Well, I say fuck therapy and what's that stuff you take, Xanax?

MILES

And Lexapro, yes.

JACK

Well, I say fuck that. You need to get your joint worked on, that's what you need.

MILES

Jack. This week is not about me. It's about you. I'm going to show you a good time. We're going to drink a lot of good wine, play some golf, eat some great food, enjoy the scenery and send you off in style.

JACK

And get your bone smooched.