

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Jack enters from outside – towel draped around neck

Miles is on his bed

JACK

Fucking chick in the Jacuzzi --goddamn, Miles, fucking going nuts up here. Whole place is wide open. Asssylvania.

MILES

So what should I wear?

JACK

I don't know. Casual but nice. They think you're a writer.

As Miles begins to dig through his suitcase, Jack flips open his cellphone and speed-dials.

JACK

Don't you have any other shoes?

Miles glances at his shoes sitting on the floor.

JACK

(into the phone)

Hello? Oh hey, baby, just checking in. Not much. We're about to go out for dinner, probably be out pretty late, so I thought I'd say goodnight now. I know, I love you too. I miss you.

Jack hangs up.

JACK

Please just try to be your normal humorous self,

okay? Like who you were before the tailspin. Do you remember that guy? People love that guy. And don't forget -- your novel is coming out in the fall.

MILES

Oh yeah? How exciting. What's it called?

JACK

Do not sabotage me. If you want to be a lightweight, that's your call. But do not sabotage me.

MILES

Aye-aye, captain.

JACK

And if they want to drink Merlot, we're drinking Merlot.

MILES

(dead serious)

If anyone orders Merlot, I'm leaving. I am not drinking any fucking Merlot!

JACK

Okay, okay. Relax, Miles, Jesus. No Merlot. Did you bring your Xanax?

Miles produces a SMALL BOTTLE and rattles it.

JACK

And don't drink too much. I don't want you going to the dark side or passing out. Do you hear me? No going to the dark side.

MILES

Okay! Fuck!

Miles quickly POPS A XANAX. Jack gives him a final look in the eye.

We're going in.

JACK