

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAWN

Knocking.

Miles motionless in bed - finally awakens and drags himself toward the door, opening it to find -JACK barefoot, clad only in his UNDERWEAR. Hugging himself, shivering.

JACK

Jesus fucking Christ, it's freezing.

He limps past Miles, yanks off the bed covers and wraps them around himself.

JACK

Vicodin. Where's the Vicodin? My nose.

Miles hands him the bottle, and Jack frantically pops a couple of pills,

JACK

Fucking chick's married.

MILES

What?

JACK

Her husband works a night shift or something, and he comes home, and I'm on the floor with my cock in his wife's ass.

MILES

Jesus, Jack. Jesus. And you walked all the way back from Solvang?

JACK

Ran. Twisted my ankle too.

MILES

That's five clicks, Jackson.

JACK

Fucking-a it's five clicks! At one point I had to cut through an ostrich farm. Fuckers are mean.

Miles LAUGHS HARD

JACK

We gotta go back.

MILES

What?

JACK

I left my wallet. My credit cards, cash, fucking ID, everything. We gotta go back.

MILES

Big deal. We'll call right now and cancel your cards.

JACK

You don't understand. The wedding bands. The wedding bands are in my wallet.

MILES

Okay, so they were in your wallet, and you left your wallet somewhere. Some bar. Christine'll understand.

JACK

No. She ordered them special. Took her forever to find them. They've got this design on them with dolphins and our names engraved in Sanskrit. We've got to go back. Christine'll fucking crucify me.

MILES

No way. No way.

JACK

Please, Miles, please.

MILES

Forget it. Your wallet was stolen at a bar. Happens every day.

Jack stares straight ahead, breathing through his mouth as he considers this. Then --

JACK

No, we've got to get my wallet! Those rings are irreplaceable! We've got to get them, Miles! I fucked up! I know I fucked up, okay? I fucked up. You gotta help me. You gotta help me. Pleeeeeease!

Oh, God, please... Oh God. I know I'm bad. I know I did a bad thing. Help me, Miles. Just this one thing, this one last thing. I can't lose Christine. I can't. I'm nothing without her. Please, Miles, please... uuuuu... uuuuuu.... uuuuuuu.....

No longer able to form words, Jack is reduced to emitting low, primitive sounds. Snot flows from beneath his bandaged nose.