

INT. MOTEL — NIGHT — Jack & Miles Enter

JACK

The girl is looking to party and you tell her we're going to go back to our motel room and crash? Jesus, Miles!

MILES

Well, I'm tired. Aren't you tired?

JACK

The chick digs you. She lit up like a pinball machine when she heard your novel was getting published.

MILES

Now I've got another lie to live down. Thanks, Jack.

JACK

I'm trying to get you some action, but you've got to help me out just a little bit.

MILES

Didn't seem to me like that's what was going on. You were all over her.

JACK

Somebody had to do the talking. And by the way, I was right. She's not married.

MILES

How do you know?

JACK

No rock. When she came to the bar, sans rock. Single. Waitress. Getting off work. Looking for love. A little slap and tickle.

MILES

Shut up.

JACK

She probably went home, lit some candles, put on some relaxing music, took a nice hot bath, and laid down on her bed with her favorite vibrator.

(Jack begins to make a BUZZING noise)

Have you no shame? MILES

Oooh. Oh. Miles. Miles. JACK

Fuck you. MILES