

SCRIPT TITLE

Written by

Name of First Writer

Based on, If Any

Address
Phone Number

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

There's a furious knocking at the door. Miles answers. Jack enters, naked with a broken nose.

MILES
Holy shit!

JACK
Fuck. Fuck. It's fucking freezing out there.

MILES
Yeah.

JACK
Vicodin. Where's the vicodin?

MILES
Here.

Miles hands him the Vicodin, Jack takes them.

JACK
Fuckin' chick's married, man.

MILES
What?

JACK
Her husband works the night shift or somethin' and he comes home and catches me on the floor with my cock in his wife's ass.

MILES
Oh, Jesus Christ. Jesus, Jack. And you walked all the way from Solveng?

JACK
No, ran. And twisted my ankle too.

MILES
That's 5 clicks, Jackson!

JACK
Fuckin' a right it's 5 clicks. At one point I had to cut through an ostrich farm. Those fuckers are mean!

Miles laughs.

JACK (CONT'D)

We gotta go back.

MILES

What?

JACK

We gotta go back. I left my wallet. Credit Cards, cash, my fuckin' ID. Everything. We gotta go back.

MILES

Big deal. It's fine. Don't worry about it. We'll call now and we'll cancel your cards.

JACK

Miles, you don't understand. The wedding rings. The wedding rings are in my wallet.

MILES

Okay, fine. They're in your wallet. And you left your wallet in...somewhere. Some bar. Christine will understand.

JACK

No. Danielle ordered them special. It took her forever to find them. They've got this design of dolphins and our names engraved in Sanscrit. We gotta go back, man. Christine will fucking crucify me, Miles.

MILES

No way. No way. No way.

JACK

Please. Please!

MILES

Forget it. Your wallet was stolen in some bar. It happens every day.

JACK

No, we gotta go back and get my wallet, Miles. I'm telling you those rings are irreplaceable. Look, I know I fucked up. Okay? I know I fucked up. But, you gotta help me. You gotta help me, Miles. Please. Please!

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)

I can't lose Christine, Miles. I just- I can't. I can't lose Christine. I know I fucked up. I know I did a bad thing, alright? And I know I'm a bad person. I know I am. But, you gotta help me. You have to help me, Miles. Okay? Tell me you'll help me. If I lose Christine, I am nothing. I deserve...I am nothing.