

SIDEWAYS

2 male friends,
on vacation, in a motel,
argue about relationships
with women

VROOM! Outside a roaring MOTORCYCLE comes to a stop. Then over the sound of an IDLING ENGINE come familiar if indistinct VOICES and LAUGHTER.

Miles opens his bleary eyes and listens.

FOOTSTEPS pound on the balcony outside, and Jack lets himself in, flushed and exuberant.

JACK

Fucking chick is unbelievable. Un-believe-able!Goddamn, Miles, she is nasty. Nasty nasty nasty.

MILES

Well, I'm glad you got it out of your system. Congratulations. Mission accomplished.

A hungover Miles gets up and looks out the door Jack has left open. Down in the parking lot he sees --

STEPHANIE

atop a mid-sized MOTORCYCLE, wearing a weathered fringed suede jacket. She gives him a big friendly wave.

MILES

returns the wave and goes back inside.

MILES

You didn't invite Stephanie to come with us, did you?

JACK

Oh, hey, change of plans. Steph's off today, so she and I are going on a hike.

MILES

We were supposed to play golf.

JACK

You go. In fact, use my clubs. They're brand new - gift from Christine's dad.

(slapping some cash
on the dresser)

It's on me. Oh, say, by the way, Stephanie and me were thinking we'd all go to the Hitching Post tonight and sit at one of Maya's tables, and she'll bring us some great wines and then we can all -

MILES

(sitting down)

Count me out.

JACK

Oooh, I see. Didn't go so good last night, huh? That's a shocker. You mean getting drunk and calling Victoria didn't put you in the mood? You dumb fuck. Your divorce pain's getting real old real fast, dude.

Miles looks down. Jack heads for the door.

JACK

Later.

MILES

Yeah, well, maybe you should check your messages first.

Jack stops, eyeing Miles suspiciously. Miles tosses Jack his phone. Jack flips it open and scrolls down with his thumb. He doesn't like what he sees.

JACK
Oh, boy.

MILES
(pointing at the room
phone)
She's been leaving messages here
too.

JACK
Yeah. Okay.

He SNAPS the phone shut and puts it back.

MILES
You should call her.

JACK
I will.
(heading out the door)
See ya!

MILES
Right now.

JACK
Okay! Jesus!

Jack picks up his phone, sits on the bed and looks defiantly at Miles.

JACK
I've got no problem calling her.

Now Jack closes his eyes and brings the heel of his hand to his forehead as he begins to concoct the BIG LIE.

JACK
(opening his phone)
Wait outside, will you?

END