

INT. MOTEL ROOM

NEAL and DEL lie in bed next to one another trying to sleep. Del keeps making an annoying noise due to his allergies.

DEL  
Ack, ack, ack, ack, ack... sorry.

Silence.

DEL  
Ack, ack, ack.

It sounds like he's hocking the world's largest loogie. He does it again.

DEL  
Ack, ack, ack, ack.

Neal freaks the fuck out, making noise as he gets up out of the bed.

DEL  
What? What? If I don't clear my sinuses I'll snore all night.

Del sits up and turns on the light.

DEL  
If your kid spills his milk, whadda ya do, slap him in the head?

NEAL  
What-what-what is that supposed to mean?

DEL  
You're not a very tolerant person.

NEAL  
You've been under my skin since New York, starting with ripping off my cab.

DEL  
God, you're a tight ass.

NEAL  
How'd you like a mouth full of teeth?

DEL

Oh, and hostile, too. Nice personality combination-- hostile and intolerant. That's borderline criminal.

NEAL

Screw you. You spilled beer all over the bed, you smoke, you mess up the bathroom--

DEL

--Who let you stay in the room? I even let you pay for it so you wouldn't feel like an intruder which you most certainly are.

NEAL

Oh. I'm an intruder?

DEL

Yes, you're an intruder. I was having a perfectly nice trip until you walked into my life.

NEAL

I walked into your life... who was that who talked my ear off on the plane? Who was that? I'm curious?

DEL

Who told you to book a room? I did, out of the goodness of my dumb old heart! Boy, you're an ungrateful jackass! Well go ahead, sleep in the lobby! See if I care! I hope you wake up so stiff you can't even move.

NEAL

You're no saint. You got a free cab, a free room, and someone who will listen to your boring stories.

(beat)

Didn't you notice on the plane when you started talking, eventually I started reading the vomit bag? Didn't that give you some clue that maybe this guy's not enjoying it? Ya know, everything is not an anecdote. You have to discriminate. You choose things that are funny or mildly amusing or interesting. You're a miracle!

(MORE)

NEAL (CONT'D)

Your stories have none of that!  
They're not even amusing  
accidentally.

Del looks on, jaw agape.

NEAL

Honey, meet Del Griffith. He's got  
some amusing anecdotes. Here's a  
gun so you can blow your brains  
out. You'll thank me for it.

Another beat as Neal digs to express his disgust with Del.

NEAL

I could tolerate any insurance  
seminar. For days I could sit there  
and listen to them go on and on  
with a big smile on my face. They'd  
say "How can you stand it?" I'd say  
"Because I've been with Del  
Griffith... I can take anything."  
You know what they'd say? They'd  
say "I know what you mean, shower  
curtain ring guy. Oh!" It's like  
going on a date with a Chatty Cathy  
doll. I'd expect there'd be a  
string on your chest that I pull  
out and it would snap back. Except  
I wouldn't pull it out, you would.  
Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!

Del stares at the floor... dejected, but boiling inside at  
Neal's hateful rant.

NEAL

And by the way, when you're telling  
these little stories, here's a good  
idea... have a point! It makes it  
so much more interesting for the  
listener!

Neal throws down his jacket and continues rummaging through  
his things... he can't decide what he's going to do to get  
some sleep... to get away from Del.

DEL

You wanna hurt me? Go right ahead  
if it makes you feel any better.  
I'm an easy target.

(beat)

Yeah, you're right. I talk too  
much. I also listen too much.

(MORE)

DEL (CONT'D)

I could be a cold-hearted cynic like you, but I don't like to hurt people's feelings. You can think what you want about me, I'm not changing. I like--I like me. My wife likes me. My customers like me. 'Cause I'm the real article. What you see is what you get.

Del lays back down in bed.

Neal reconsiders. He puts back all his personal belongings where he'd gotten them from.

He gets back in bed, too.

END SCENE