

INT. MOTEL - MORNING

There's a knock on the door, waking Max up. He's got cigarette's in an ash tray next him. He's in a white tank top and his underwear. Max grabs his fountain drink from the bedside. He puts on his tinted glasses and makes his way to the door, slurping on his drink. It's empty. He tosses it in the garbage. JANICE, 60s, stands outside.

MAX

Can I help you?

JANICE

I'm Janice.

MAX

Hi, Janet...

JANICE

Not Janet, Janice. Like with a "sssss". Janice.

MAX

Do you need something?

JANICE

I'm the owner. Just wanted to introduce myself. You know it's not every day we get a big celebrity in town. It's a big deal for us.

MAX

I'm not really a celebrity...

JANICE

But you are to us. The Sheriff even decided to welcome you to town.

MAX

He what?

JANICE

He's here right now. Over in the lobby, didn't want to be rude ya know with it being early.

Max has a look of "really..." on his face. Janice looks him up and down.

JANICE (CONT'D)

Why don't you get dressed and come on over. I've got coffee for you.