

"SIDEWAYS"

Screenplay by

Alexander Payne & Jim Taylor

Based on the novel by

Rex Pickett

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UNDER THE STUDIO LOGO:

KNOCKING at a door and distant dog BARKING.

NOW UNDER BLACK, a CARD --

SATURDAY

The rapping, at first tentative and polite, grows insistent. Then we hear someone get out of bed.

MILES (O.S.)  
...the fuck...

A DOOR is opened, and the black gives way to BLINDING WHITE LIGHT, the way one experiences the first glimpse of day amid, say, a hangover.

A WORKER is there.

MILES (O.S.)  
Yeah?

WORKER  
Hi, Miles. Can you move your car, please?

MILES (O.S.)  
Why?

WORKER  
The painters got to put the truck in, and you didn't park too good.

MILES (O.S.)  
(a sigh, then --)  
Yeah, hold on.

He closes the door with a SLAM.

EXT. MILES'S APARTMENT COMPLEX - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE --

SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

Wearing only underwear, a bathrobe and clogs, MILES RAYMOND comes out of his unit and heads toward the street. He passes some SIX MEXICANS waiting to work.

He climbs into his twelve-year-old CONVERTIBLE SAAB, parked far from the curb and blocking part of the driveway. The car starts fitfully.

As he pulls away, the guys begin backing up the truck.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Miles rounds the corner and finds a new parking spot.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

He cuts the engine, exhales a long breath and brings his hands to his head in a gesture of headache pain or just anguish. He leans back in his seat, closes his eyes, and soon NODS OFF.

INT. MILES'S APARTMENT - DAY

The door bursts open. Miles runs into the kitchen, looking just past camera.

MILES  
Fuck!

WHIP PAN TO --

THE MICROWAVE CLOCK that reads 10:50.

ON THE PHONE --

Miles hurriedly throws clothes into a suitcase.

MILES  
Yeah, no, I know I said I'd be there

by noon, but there's been all this work going on at my building, and it's like a total nightmare, and I had a bunch of stuff to deal with this morning. But I'm on my way. I'm out the door right this second. It's going to be great. Yeah. Bye.

INT. MILES'S BATHROOM - DAY

ON THE TOILET --

Miles has a BOOK propped open on his knees. He turns a page, lost in his reading.

LATER --

Miles SHOWERS.

IN THE MIRROR --

Miles FLOSSES.

INT. COFFEE HOUSE - DAY

Miles finally makes it to the front of the line.

BARISTA  
Hey, Miles.

MILES  
Hey, Simon. Triple espresso, please.

BARISTA  
Rough night, huh?  
(ringing it up)  
For here?

MILES  
No, I'm running late. Make it to go.  
And give me a New York Times and...  
(scanning the display  
case)  
...a spinach croissant.

EXT. 5 FREEWAY ENTRANCE RAMP - DAY

Miles's Saab chugs up the ramp and merges.

INSERT - NEW YORK TIMES CROSSWORD PUZZLE --

-- pressed against the STEERING WHEEL. The puzzle is about 1/3 finished.

EXT. 5 FREEWAY - DAY

As though from an adjacent car, we see Miles driving while carefully filling in an answer.

INT./EXT. SAAB - DAY

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD --

A SIGN reads:

RANCHO PALOS VERDES  
PALOS VERDES ESTATES  
1/4 MILE

PAN TO MILES as he signals to change lanes. The finished puzzle lies on the passenger seat.

EXT. PALOS VERDES STREET - DAY

The houses on this block are blandly palatial as in so many affluent Southern California suburbs.

Miles's car pull into the driveway behind an older BMW and two LEXI. He gets out and trots toward the front door.

INT. ERGANIAN HOUSE - DAY

A GIANT PROJECTION TV --

In a large split-level living room displays a GOLF TOURNAMENT.

WIDE --

Watching from the ultra-comfortable furniture are MIKE ERGANIAN, a tanned, silver-haired real estate caudillo; bride-to-be CHRISTINE ERGANIAN, his oldest daughter; and JACK LOPATE, wearing bowling shirt, shorts and flip-flops.

MRS. ERGANIAN, a warm and elegant housewife, shows Miles into the room.

MRS. ERGANIAN  
Look what the cat dragged!

MILES  
Hi, everybody.

Mr. Erganian and Jack get to their feet and shake hands with Miles. Jack remains affable, but we can discern his genuine irritation.

JACK  
About time you got here, bud. Mr. Prompt.

MR. ERGANIAN  
We were thinking maybe you took the wrong way and went to Tijuana and they didn't let you back in.

The Erganians laugh. Miles works up a smile too.

MILES  
I had to bribe them.

More lame laughter.

CHRISTINE  
Hey, Miles.

MILES  
(leaning in to kiss  
Christine)  
Seriously though, the freeway was unbelievable today. Unbelievable. Bumper to bumper the whole way. People getting an early start on the weekend,

I guess. Granted I got a late start,  
but still.

Although Mr. Erganian presses MUTE on the remote, he keeps  
watching for an extended moment, as do Jack and Miles.

MRS. ERGANIAN  
Christine, why don't you ask Miles  
about the cake?

CHRISTINE  
Oh, good idea. Here, Miles, come to  
the kitchen with me.

JACK  
Don't bother him with that. We got  
to get going.

CHRISTINE  
(taking Miles's hand)  
It'll just take a second.

INT. ERGANIAN KITCHEN - DAY

Jack and the Erganians surround Miles as he eats from a plate  
with two pieces of CAKE -- one white, one dark.

MRS. ERGANIAN  
Jack tells us you are publishing a  
book. Congratulations.

MR. ERGANIAN  
Yes, congratulations.

Miles shoots Jack a look. Mr. Erganian gets some ice cubes  
from the refrigerator door.

MILES  
Yeah, well, it's not exactly finalized  
yet, but, um, there has been some  
interest and --

MRS. ERGANIAN  
(to Jack)

Your friend is modest.

JACK

Yeah, Miles, don't be so modest.  
Indulge them. Don't make me out to  
be a liar.

MR. ERGANIAN

What subject is your book? Non-  
fiction?

MILES

No, it's a novel. Fiction. Although  
there's a lot from my own life, so I  
guess technically some of it is non-  
fiction.

MR. ERGANIAN

Good, I like non-fiction. There is  
so much to know about the world that  
I think reading a story someone just  
invented is kind of a waste of time.

CHRISTINE

So which one do you like better?

MILES

I like them both, but if pressed I'd  
have to say I prefer the dark.

JACK

(to Christine)  
See?

INT. SAAB - CONTINUOUS

IN A REAR VIEW MIRROR --

The Erganians wave good-bye.

INSIDE THE CAR --

Miles accelerates as he and Jack wave back.



JACK

Where the fuck were you, man? I was dying in there. We were supposed to be a hundred miles away by now.

MILES

I can't help the traffic.

JACK

Come on. You're fucking hungover.

MILES

Okay, there was a tasting last night. But I wanted to get us some stuff for the ride up. Check out the box.

Jack turns around, and starts rooting around in a CARDBOARD WINE BOX.

MILES

Why did you tell them my book was being published?

JACK

You said you had it all lined up.

MILES

No, I didn't. What I said was that my agent had heard there was some interest at Conundrum...

JACK

Yeah, Conundrum.

MILES

...and that one of the editors was passing it up to a senior editor. She was supposed to hear something this week, but now it's next week, and... It's always like this. It's always a fucking waiting game. I've been through it too many times already.

JACK

I don't know. Senior editor? Sounds like you're in to me.

MILES

It's a long shot, all right? And Conundrum is just a small specialty press anyway. I'm not getting my hopes up. I've stopped caring. That's it. I've stopped caring.

Jack sits back in his seat holding up a bottle of CHAMPAGNE and TWO GLASSES.

JACK

But I know it's going to happen this time. I can feel it. This is the one. I'm proud of you, man. You're the smartest guy I know.

Jack now begins to remove the foil from the champagne bottle.

MILES

Don't open that now. It's warm.

JACK

Come on, we're celebrating. I say we pop it.

MILES

That's a 1992 Byron. It's really rare. Don't open it now. I've been saving it!

Jack untwists the wire. Instantly the cork pops off, and a fountain of champagne erupts.

MILES

For Christ's Sake, Jack! You just wasted like half of it!

Jack begins pouring two glasses.

JACK

Shut up.  
(handing Miles a glass)  
Here's to a great week.

MILES  
(coming around)  
Yes. Absolutely. Despite your crass  
behavior, I'm really glad we're  
finally getting this time together.

JACK  
Yeah.

MILES  
You know how long I've been begging  
to take you on the wine tour. I was  
beginning to think it was never going  
to happen.

They clink and drink.

JACK  
Oh, that's tasty.

MILES  
100% Pinot Noir. Single vineyard.  
They don't even make it anymore.

JACK  
Pinot Noir? How come it's white?  
Doesn't noir mean dark?

MILES  
Jesus. Don't ask questions like that  
up in the wine country. They'll think  
you're a moron.

JACK  
Just tell me.

MILES  
Color in the red wines comes from  
the skins. This juice is free run,  
so there's no skin contact in the

fermentation, ergo no color.

JACK  
(not really listening)  
Sure is tasty.

EXT. FREEWAY - DAY

The Saab heads north.

INT. SAAB - DAY

The boys continue to drink and drive.

MILES  
Did you read the latest draft, by  
the way?

JACK  
Oh, yeah. Yeah.

MILES  
And?

JACK  
I liked it a lot. A lot of  
improvements. It just seemed overall,  
I don't know, tighter, more...  
congealed or something.

MILES  
How about the new ending? Did you  
like that?

JACK  
Oh yeah. Much better.

MILES  
There is no new ending. Page 750 on  
is exactly the same.

JACK  
Well, then I guess it must have felt  
new because everything leading up to

it was so different.

INT. GAS STATION #1 - DAY

Miles is pumping gas. Jack is stretching his legs nearby or perhaps cleaning the windshield.

A CELLPHONE RINGS. Jack reaches into his pocket.

JACK

(looking at the phone)

It's Christine.

(snapping it open)

Hey you.

CHRISTINE (ON PHONE)

You guys having fun?

Christine's voice is so loud that Jack has to hold the phone away from his ear.

JACK

Yeah. All twenty minutes so far have been a blast.

CHRISTINE (ON THE PHONE)

Good. That's good.

A silence, then --

JACK

So what's up?

CHRISTINE (ON THE PHONE)

Just seeing how you're doing. And, um, Mom and I were starting to look over the seating charts again, and we're wondering if you wanted Tony Levin to sit next to the Feldmans, or should he be at one of the singles tables?

Jack looks at Miles in a mute appeal for sympathy.

CHRISTINE (ON THE PHONE)  
So what do you think? With the  
Feldmans?

Jack hasn't even really heard the question.

JACK  
Yeah. The Feldmans.

As the conversation continues, Miles replaces the GAS PUMP,  
screws the GAS CAP back on, and together the guys get back  
into the car. We DRIVE AWAY WITH THEM.

CHRISTINE (ON THE PHONE)  
Really? Because I don't know, I was  
thinking that --

JACK  
Well, then put him at the singles  
table.

CHRISTINE (ON THE PHONE)  
The problem with that is that then  
there's one extra --

JACK  
Then put him with the Feldmans.  
Whatever you and your Mom decide is  
fine with me.

CHRISTINE (ON THE PHONE)  
Don't dismiss me. I'm trying to  
include you in this decision. He's  
your friend.

JACK  
I didn't dismiss you. I told you  
what I thought, but it didn't seem  
to matter, so you decide. Besides,  
this is supposed to be my time with  
Miles. I hope you're not going to  
call every five minutes.

CHRISTINE (ON THE PHONE)

I'm not going to call every five minutes, but this is important.

JACK

Honey, I'm just saying you know I need a little space before the wedding. Isn't that the point of this? Isn't that what we talked about with Dr. Gertler?

A silence. Then --

CHRISTINE (ON THE PHONE)

Why are you being so defensive?

JACK

I don't know, Christine. Perhaps it's because I feel attacked.

CHRISTINE (ON THE PHONE)

I ask you one simple question, and suddenly I'm attacking you.

JACK

Listen. I'll call you when we get there, and we can talk about it then, okay?

CHRISTINE (ON THE PHONE)

Bye.

JACK

I love you.

CHRISTINE (ON THE PHONE)

Bye.

Jack SLAMS his cellphone shut, momentarily blinded with rage.

MILES

Tony Levin? Why did you fucking invite Tony Levin?

EXT. 405 FREEWAY - LATE AFTERNOON

The Saab heads north -- now passing through LOS ANGELES.

INT./EXT. SAAB - LATE AFTERNOON

Miles signals and begins to head for an EXIT.

JACK

Whoa, why are we getting off?

MILES

I've just got to make one quick stop.  
Won't take a second.

JACK

What?

MILES

I thought we could just say a quick  
hello to my mother.

JACK

Your mother? Jesus, Miles, we were  
supposed to be up there hours ago.

MILES

It's her birthday tomorrow. And I  
don't feel right driving by her house  
and not stopping in, okay? It'll  
just take a second. She's right off  
the freeway.

EXT. 101 FREEWAY - LATE AFTERNOON

The Saab takes an EXIT.

JACK (O.S.)

How old's she going to be?

MILES (O.S.)

Um... seventy... something.

JACK (O.S.)

That's a good age.



OMIT.

OMIT.

EXT. CONDO COMMUNITY STREET - DUSK

The Saab rounds a corner and parks in front of a modest CONDO.

SUPERIMPOSE:

OXNARD, CALIFORNIA

EXT. MILES'S MOTHER'S CONDO - DUSK

Approaching the front door, Miles pulls a BOUQUET OF FLOWERS out of a plastic grocery store bag. Jack carries a bottle of CHAMPAGNE.

Miles pulls a BIRTHDAY CARD out of the bag too.

MILES

Wait a second.

He pulls a PEN from his pocket and signs it. As he licks the envelope, Jack rings the bell.

Moments later PHYLLIS comes to the door. She is a matronly older woman in a nightgown and housecoat.

MILES AND JACK

Surprise! Happy Birthday!

The boys offer up the flowers and champagne. Phyllis slurs slightly as she speaks -- she's been doing some celebrating of her own.

PHYLLIS

My God. Miles. And Jack! What a surprise. I can't remember the last time you brought me flowers.

They hug.

JACK

They're from both of us.

PHYLLIS

A famous actor bringing me flowers  
on my birthday. Don't I feel special?

MILES

A famous actor who's getting married  
next week.

PHYLLIS

Oh, that's right. Isn't that nice? I  
hope that girls knows how lucky she  
is, marrying no less than Derek  
Summersby.

The boys follow her inside.

INT. MILES'S MOTHER'S CONDO - CONTINUOUS

JACK

Jeez, Mrs. Raymond, that was eleven  
years ago.

PHYLLIS

Well, you were wonderful on that  
show. I never understood why they  
had to give you that brain tumor so  
soon. Why that didn't make you the  
biggest movie star in the world is a  
sin. It's a sin.

JACK

Yeah, well, you should be my agent.

PHYLLIS

If I was, I would sing your praises  
up and down the street until they  
put me in the loony bin. Now Miles,  
why didn't you tell me you were coming  
and bringing this handsome man? Look  
how I'm dressed. I've got to run and  
put my face on.

JACK

You look fabulous, Mrs. Raymond.

PHYLLIS

(over her shoulder)

Oh, stop it. Make yourselves comfortable.

(now around the corner)

You boys hungry?

MILES

Yeah, I'm hungry.

Jack gives Miles a look.

MILES

(low)

Just a snack. Calm down.

Miles leads Jack into this small condo. The TV is on, and it's MESSY. Amid the newspapers and junk mail and dishes, an AB-ROLLER and an ancient SCHWINN EXER-CYCLE sit forgotten in a corner.

INT. MILES'S MOTHER'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Miles finishes twisting ice trays into a MOP BUCKET as it fills with water in the sink. He puts the champagne in and carries it into the --

INT. MILES'S MOTHER'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

He takes a seat on the sofa next to Jack, who is watching WHO WANTS TO BE A MILLIONAIRE?

MILES

Let me show you something. The secret to opening champagne is that once the cork is released, you keep pressure on it so you don't --

JACK

(concentrated on the

TV)

Just a second. Guy's going for \$2500.

Miles finishes opening the bottle with an elegant silence.

PHYLLIS (O.S.)

Ready for my close up!

The boys turn to see Phyllis now dolled up in thick make-up and a PANTSUIT. Her eyebrows are painted and cock-eyed. Overall she looks much worse than before.

PHYLLIS

Oh, champagne! Miles, why don't you bring that out onto the lanai? I thought we could eat on the lanai.

EXT. MILES'S MOTHER'S LANAI - NIGHT

Miles and Jack are seated in webbed chairs around a circular glass table. They are mid-meal.

Everyone is more than a little lubricated, especially the birthday girl as she returns from the kitchen with another plate of food.

JACK

Mrs. Raymond, this is delicious.  
Absolutely delicious.

PHYLLIS

(sitting)

They're just leftovers.

JACK

Is it chicken?

PHYLLIS

I could have made something fancier if a certain someone had let me know that a certain someone was coming for a visit with a certain special friend. Could have made a pork roast.

MILES

It was a surprise, Mom.

PHYLLIS

And I could have already put clean sheets on the other bed and the fold-out. You are staying. Wendy, Ron and the twins are picking us up at 11:30 to go to brunch at the Sheraton. They do a magnificent job there. Wendy is so excited you're coming.

Silence. Jack freezes, his fork halfway to his mouth.

MILES

You talked to Wendy?

PHYLLIS

Just now. She's thrilled. And the kids.

MILES

(trying to be chipper)

Yeah, well. You know, Jack's pretty eager to get up to... you know, but, uh, yeah. We'll see how it goes.

PHYLLIS

Well, you boys do what you want. I just think it would be nice for us to be together as a family on my birthday.

MILES

Uh-huh.

(wiping his mouth)

I'll be right back.

He gets up and heads into the house.

INT. MILES'S APARTMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

Miles heads toward...

INT. MILES'S APARTMENT BEDROOM - NIGHT

...and goes directly to her dresser, opening a drawer filled with bras, panties and stockings.

He burrows through his mother's lingerie until locating a CAN OF RAID. A can of Raid?

He twists open the bottom and pulls it apart, revealing it to be a SECRET STASH for valuables disguised as a common household product. Inside are stacks of ONE-HUNDRED DOLLAR BILLS.

MILES

(quickly peeling some off)

...six, seven, eight,...

(one more for good

luck)

Nine.

His task complete, he closes the drawer, and as he stuffs the bills in his pocket, his glance falls upon FRAMED PHOTOS atop the dresser --

-- A proud NINE-YEAR-OLD MILES poses in front of his childhood San Diego home, showing off a WAGON filled with freshly harvested lettuce. On the wagon is a hand-lettered sign -- "10 cents a bunch."

-- A Sears portrait shows the RAYMOND FAMILY: a much younger Phyllis, her husband, and their two children -- a 12-year-old Miles and seven-year-old Wendy.

-- Miles at his wedding. He and his bride VICTORIA look young and attractive, their faces radiant and hopeful.

INT. MILES'S APARTMENT BATHROOM - NIGHT

Miles enters, flushes the toilet and leaves.

EXT. MILES'S MOTHER'S LANAI - NIGHT

As Miles slides open the door and takes his seat again, Jack

is pouring Phyllis another glass.

PHYLLIS

And what was that other one you did,  
the one where you're the jogger?

JACK

Oh, that was for, uh, wait... That  
was for Spray and Wash.

PHYLLIS

Spray and Wash. That's the one.

JACK

Yeah, I remember the girl who was in  
it with me. She was something.

PHYLLIS

I just remember you jogging. So when's  
the wedding?

MILES

(irritated)

This Saturday, Mom, remember? We  
told you.

JACK

And Miles is my best man, Mrs.  
Raymond. My main man.

PHYLLIS

(another drink of  
wine)

Miles, when are you going to get  
married again?

MILES

I just got divorced. Phyllis.

JACK

Two years ago, buddy.

PHYLLIS

You should get back together with

Victoria. She was good for you.

Embarrassed for his friend, Jack just stares at his food.

PHYLLIS

She was good for you.

(turning to Jack)

And so beautiful and intelligent.

You knew her, right?

JACK

Oh, yeah. Real well. Still do.

PHYLLIS

I'm worried about you, Miles. Do you need some money?

MILES

I'm fine.

Miles takes another drink of wine.

CUT TO BLACK:

UNDER BLACK, a CARD --

SUNDAY

MILES (O.S.)

Jack. Jack.

INT. MILES'S APARTMENT BEDROOM - DAY

Jack finally awakens with a start and finds Miles standing above him, shaking him.

WIDE --

As Jack gets up, we see he has crashed on Phyllis's bed adorned with all her decorative PILLOWS.

INT. MILES'S MOTHER'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Still in her pantsuit and smeared makeup, Phyllis lies



sprawled and snoring on the sofa. On the TV, ostensibly never turned off the night before, is an inane CARTOON.

As Miles opens the front door, he spots Jack heading toward the TV to turn it off. Miles waves him off.

MILES

(a loud whisper)  
She'll wake up.

As they leave and Miles closes the front door quietly behind him, we PAN to the flowers still wrapped and forgotten on a side table.

INT. ROADSIDE IHOP - DAY

TWO PLATES OF FOOD float in front of two breasts tucked inside a zippered uniform.

WIDER --

Disheveled and unshaven, Jack and Miles are served breakfast by a young, innocently sexy WAITRESS. Jack leers after her.

JACK

Fuck, man. Too early in the morning for that, you know what I mean?

MILES

She's a kid, Jack. I don't even look at that stuff anymore.

JACK

That's your problem, Miles.

MILES

As if she'd even be attracted to guys like us in the first place.

JACK

Speak for yourself. I get chicks looking at me all the time. All ages.

MILES

It's not worth it. You pay too big a price. It's never free.

They eat in silence a moment.

JACK

You need to get laid.

Miles shrugs off the comment.

JACK

It'd be the best thing for you. You know what? I'm going to get you laid this week. That's going to be my best man gift to you. I'm not going to give you a pen knife or a gift certificate or any of that other horseshit.

MILES

I'd rather have a knife.

JACK

No. No. You've been officially depressed for like two years now, and you were always a negative guy anyway, even in college. Now it's worse -- you're wasting away. Teaching English to fucking eighth-graders when they should be reading what you wrote. Your books.

MILES

I'm working on it.

Miles concentrates on his eggs and hash browns

JACK

You still seeing that shrink?

MILES

I went on Monday. But I spent most of the time helping him with his computer.

JACK

Well, I say fuck therapy and what's that stuff you take, Xanax?

MILES

And Lexapro, yes.

JACK

Well, I say fuck that. You need to get your joint worked on, that's what you need.

MILES

Jack. This week is not about me. It's about you. I'm going to show you a good time. We're going to drink a lot of good wine, play some golf, eat some great food, enjoy the scenery and send you off in style.

JACK

And get your bone smooched.

Jack spots the waitress coming out of the kitchen and motions for more coffee. She nods and smiles, indicating she'll be right over. Jack returns the smile and holds up a hand to signal he'll wait. Jack turns back to see Miles watching him.

JACK

What?

EXT. CENTRAL COAST - DAY

In a series of shots, the Saab -- now with its TOP DOWN -- makes its way onto the 101 and travels past landmarks that those familiar with the Santa Barbara area might recognize.

MUSIC accompanies this sequence that anchors us into the rhythm of a road trip.

INT./EXT. SAAB - DAY

The car now descends the Santa Ynez Mountains and heads toward Buellton. Miles and Jack must SHOUT to be heard in the open car.

MILES

You know what? Let's take the Santa Rosa turnoff and hit Sanford first.

JACK

Whatever's closest, man. I need a glass.

MILES

These guys make top-notch Pinot and Chardonnay. One of the best producers in Santa Barbara county.

(looking out the window)

Look how beautiful this view is.

What a day!

JACK

I thought you hated Chardonnay.

MILES

I like all varietals. I just don't generally like the way they manipulate Chardonnay in California -- too much oak and secondary malolactic fermentation.

EXT. SANTA ROSA TURN-OFF - DAY

The Saab passes over the 101 and turns onto SANTA ROSA road.

INT./EXT. SAAB - DAY

The boys now pass vineyards of immaculate grapevines.

MILES

Jesus, what a day! Isn't it gorgeous? And the ocean's just right over that ridge. See, the reason this region's great for Pinot is that the cold air off the Pacific flows in at night

through these transverse valleys and cools down the berries. Pinot's a very thin-skinned grape and doesn't like heat or humidity.

Jack looks at Miles, admiring his friend's vast learning and articulateness.

The Saab now pulls off the road and makes its way down a long gravel DRIVEWAY.

JACK  
Hey, Miles. I really hope your novel sells.

MILES  
Thanks, Jack. So do I.  
(noticing)  
Here we are.

EXT. SANFORD TASTING ROOM - DAY

Miles brings the car to a stop in the parking lot. As they get out and walk --

MILES  
So what'd you guys finally decide on for the menu?

JACK  
I told you. Filet and salmon.

MILES  
Yeah, but how are they making the salmon? Poached with a yogurt-dill sauce? Teriyaki? Curry?

JACK  
I don't know. Salmon. Don't you always have white wine with fish?

MILES  
Oh, Jesus. Look, at some point we have to find out because it's going

to make a big difference.

JACK

(taking out his phone)  
Let me call Christine.

MILES

Doesn't have to be now. Let's go  
taste.

JACK

I owe her a call anyway.

Miles must curb his eagerness to go inside the tasting room  
as Jack SPEED DIALS.

JACK

Hey, honey. So we're up here about  
to taste some whites, and we need to  
know how the caterers are going to  
make the salmon.

Jack listens, then grows suddenly impatient.

JACK

No, I know, I didn't forget, but we  
wound up at Miles's mom's house, and  
it got really late, and it was hard  
to call, so I'm calling you now. I  
said I was sorry. Yes, I did.  
(to Miles)  
You heard me say I was sorry, right?

Miles just shrugs.

JACK

Miles heard me say I was sorry.

As Jack gets more and more involved with the phone call, he  
wanders off across the parking lot, progressively out of  
earshot.

JACK

Give me a break, will you? I just

called to find out about the salmon --  
for our wedding -- to be more  
involved, like you said -- and all  
you want to do is get into it about  
last night and, okay, I'm sorry. I'm  
sorry I didn't call. You're totally  
right. I know, but I'm trying to  
make this the best wedding I can  
with the best wine we can find. Don't  
I get any credit for that? Okay.  
Look, I've got to go. I'm out here  
in the parking lot, and Miles is  
waiting for me...

And so it goes, Jack's voice rising and falling. Miles decides  
to head inside.

INT. SANFORD TASTING ROOM - DAY

Miles is at the bar, TWO GLASSES in front of him. Jack walks  
in and bellies up next to him.

JACK  
(proudly)  
Baked with a butter-lime glaze.

MILES  
Now we're talking.

CHRIS BURROUGHS, a POURER in a cowboy hat and ponytail, comes  
over.

CHRIS  
This is the condemned man?

MILES  
Here he is. Jack, Chris. Chris, Jack.

Chris and Jack shake hands.

JACK  
How you doing?

CHRIS

You guys want to start with the Vin  
Gris?

JACK  
Sounds good.

TWO GLASSES are filled with small amounts of PINOT NOIR VIN  
GRIS.

JACK  
This is rose, right?

MILES  
Good, yeah, it is a rose. Only this  
one is rather atypically made from  
100% Pinot Noir.

JACK  
Pinot noir? Not again!  
(joking, to Chris)  
You know, not all Pinots are noir.

They laugh.

Miles swirls his glass in tight circles on the bar, then  
lifts it to smell. Jack clumsily imitates Miles, perhaps  
even spilling some wine in the process.

MILES  
Let me show you.

We see details of what Miles now describes.

MILES  
First take your glass and examine  
the wine against the light. You're  
looking at color and clarity.

JACK  
What color is it supposed to be?

MILES  
Depends on the varietal. Just get a  
sense of it. Thick? Thin? Watery?



Syrupy? Inky? Amber, whatever...

JACK

Huh.

MILES

Now tip it. What you're doing here is checking for color density as it thins toward the rim. Tells you how old it is, among other things, usually more important with reds. This is a very young wine, so it's going to retain its color pretty solidly. Now stick your nose in it.

Jack waves the glass under his nose as if it were a perfume bottle.

MILES

Don't be shy. Get your nose in there.

Jack now buries his nose in the glass.

MILES

What do you smell?

JACK

I don't know. Wine? Fermented grapes?

Miles smells.

MILES

There's not much there yet, but you can still find...

(more sniffs)

...a little citrus... maybe some strawberry... passion fruit... and there's even a hint of like asparagus... or like a nutty Edam cheese.

Jack smells again and begins to brighten.

JACK

Huh. Maybe a little strawberry. Yeah, strawberry. I'm not so sure about the cheese.

MILES

Now set your glass down and get some air into it.

Miles expertly swirls the wine. Jack follows suit.

MILES

Oxygenating it opens it up, unlocks the aroma and the flavors. Very important. Now we smell again.

They do so. Jack smiles.

MILES

That's what you do with every one.

JACK

When do we get to drink it?

MILES

Now.

Jack gulps his wine down in one shot. Miles chews his before swallowing.

JACK

How would you rate this one?

MILES

Usually they start you on the wines with learning disabilities, but this one's pretty damn good.

(to Chris)

This is the new one, right, Chris?

CHRIS

Released it about two months ago.

MILES

Nice job.

CHRIS  
We like it.

JACK  
(to Miles)  
You know, you could work in a wine  
store.

MILES  
Yeah, that would be a good move.

Now Miles notices something about Jack.

MILES  
Are you chewing gum?

JACK  
Want some?

EXT. SOLVANG, CALIFORNIA - DAY

The Saab passes through this Danish-themed tourist town.

SUPERIMPOSE --

SOLVANG

EXT. BUELLTON, CALIFORNIA - DAY

The Saab makes its way into this very average-looking Central  
coast town right off the freeway.

SUPERIMPOSE --

BUELLTON

EXT. WINDMILL INN - DAY

The Saab pulls into the parking lot of this motel. And look --  
there's the WINDMILL itself, its decorative blades motionless.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Miles and Jack enter the room and throw their suitcases onto their respective beds.

LATER --

The sounds of a SHOWER and OFF-KEY SINGING come from the bathroom while Miles sits impatiently on the bed. He pounds on the wall.

MILES

Hey Jack, hurry up!

JACK (O.S.)

Just a minute!

Opening the bedside drawer, Miles finds a GIDEON'S BIBLE and tosses it in the trash -- apparently his hotel routine.

EXT. HIGHWAY 246 - DUSK

Freshly showered and dressed for dinner, Miles and Jack amble along the shoulder of this busy local two-lane highway. They pass a mall and a car dealership.

JACK

I thought you said it was close. Now I'm all pitted out.

MILES

It's not even a mile.

JACK

We should have driven.

MILES

Not with the wine list these people have. We don't want to hold back.

JACK

You think I'm making a mistake marrying Christine?

MILES

Whoa.

JACK

Come on, do you think I'm doing the right thing? Tell the truth. You've been through it.

MILES

Well, you waited for good reason, and you proposed to Christine for some good reason. So I think it's great. It's time. You've got to have your eyes open, that's all. I mean, look at me. I thought Victoria and I were set for life.

JACK

Christine's dad -- he's been talking about bringing me into his property business. Showing me the ropes. And that's something, considering how long it took him to get over I'm not Armenian. So I'm thinking about it. But I don't know, might get a little incestuous. But Mike does pretty well. A lot of high-end commercial stuff.

MILES

So you're going to stop acting?

JACK

No way. This would just provide some stability is what I'm saying. I can always squeeze in an audition or a commercial here and there, you know, keep myself in the game in case something big comes along.

MILES

Uh-huh.

JACK

We're not getting any younger, right? And my career, well, it's gotten

pretty, you know, frustrating. Even with my new manager. Maybe it's time to settle down.

MILES

If that's what feels right.

JACK

(convincing himself)  
It does. Feels right.

MILES

Then it's a good thing.

JACK

(nodding, feeling better)  
Yeah. It's good. Feels good.

Miles leads them away from the road and across a parking lot. The camera PANS to reveal --

THE HITCHING POST, a local institution.

INT. HITCHING POST BAR - DUSK

Miles and Jack belly up. GARY, the Samoan bartender, spots Miles and extends a welcoming hand.

GARY

Hey, Miles. Long time no see.

MILES

Gary.

GARY

When's that novel of yours coming out? We all want to read it.

MILES

Soon, soon. Say, this is my buddy Jack. He's getting married next week.

GARY

(shaking Jack's hand)  
My condolences.

MILES  
What are you pouring tonight?

GARY  
Lot of good stuff.  
(looking at a row of  
bottles)  
Got the new Bien Nacido. Want a taste?

MILES  
Absolument.  
(to Jack)  
They have their own label that's  
just outstanding.

Gary pours Jack and Miles a generous sample and the two men swirl, sniff and taste. Jack is beginning to get the hang of things.

GARY  
What do you think?

MILES  
Tight as a nun's asshole but good  
concentration. Nice fruit.

JACK  
Yeah. Tight.

MILES  
(to Gary)  
Pour us a couple.

Gary fills their glasses and corks the bottle. Jack raises his glass to toast.

JACK  
Here's to my last week of freedom.

MILES  
It's going to be great. Here's to

us.

They clink their glasses and take a drink. We linger on them as Miles retreats inward and a restless Jack scans the room.

INT. HITCHING POST DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Jack and Miles review their menus. Jack looks up and spots a PRETTY WAITRESS placing an order at the bar.

JACK  
Miles. Check it out.

Miles glances at the waitress and returns to his menu.

MILES  
Oh, yeah. That's Maya.

JACK  
You know her?

MILES  
Sure I know Maya.

JACK  
You know that chick?

MILES  
Jack, this is where I eat when I come up here. It's practically my office. And sometimes I have a drink with the employees. Maya's great. She's worked here about a year, maybe a year and a half.

JACK  
She is very hot.

MILES  
And very nice. And very married. Check out the rock.

Jack leans forward and squints.



JACK

Doesn't mean shit. When Christine was a hostess at Sushi Roku, she wore a big engagement ring to keep guys from hitting on her. Think it worked? Fuck no. How do you think I met her?

MILES

This gal's married to I think a Philosophy professor at UC Santa Barbara.

JACK

So what's a professor's wife doing waitressing? Obviously that's over.

MILES

You don't know anything about this woman. Calm down. Let's just eat, okay?  
(focusing on the menu)  
The duck is excellent and pairs nicely with the Highliner Pinot.

Just then Maya comes by carrying a tray of food on her way to another table.

MAYA

Hey, Miles. Good to see you.

MILES

Maya, how are you?

MAYA

I'm doing good, good. You look great. Did you lose some weight?

MILES

Oh, no, actually. Busy night.

MAYA

Oh yeah, Sunday night. You guys been out tasting today?

MILES

You know it. This is my friend Jack.  
Jack, Maya.

JACK

(big smile)  
Hiya.

MAYA

(smiling back)  
Hi. Well, nice to see you guys here.  
Bye, Miles.

She goes.

JACK

Jesus, she's jammin'. And she likes  
you. What else do you know about  
her?

MILES

Well, she does know a lot about wine.

JACK

Ooooooohh. Now we're getting  
somewhere.

MILES

And she likes Pinot.

JACK

Perfect.

MILES

Jack, she's a fucking waitress in  
Buellton. How would that ever work?

JACK

Why do you always focus on the  
negative? Didn't you see how friendly  
she was to you?

MILES

She works for tips!

JACK

You're blind, dude. Blind.

Miles focuses again on the menu.

MILES

I also recommend the ostrich. Very lean. Locally raised.

INT. HITCHING POST BAR - NIGHT

TWO BURGUNDY GLASSES --

are refilled with the contents of yet another bottle of Hitching Post Pinot Noir.

Jack and Miles are enjoying a post-prandial drink.

MILES

Looks like he's thinking about something. Then --

MILES

I hate Tony Levin.

Jack swirls his wine and downs it in one gulp. Just then --

MAYA

Walks into the bar and takes a seat a few stools down. She has changed into a black cashmere sweater and corduroys, lovely but tired.

MAYA

(to Gary)

Highliner, please.

JACK

That's on us.

Maya looks over and smiles as Gary pours her a glass from their bottle.

MAYA

Hey, guys.

Maya gets an American Spirit Yellow out of her purse and lights it while Gary pours her a glass.

MILES

You want to join us?

MAYA

(polite)

Sure.

In no hurry, she takes a long sip of her wine, gets up and comes down the bar.

MAYA

So how's that book of yours going, Miles? I think you were almost done with it last time we talked.

MILES

I finished it.

MAYA

Good for you.

JACK

It's getting published. That's what we're up here celebrating.

Miles shoots Jack a look. Jack responds with a "don't-fuck-it-up-brother" glower.

MAYA

That's fantastic. Congratulations.

She offers her glass, and all clink.

MAYA

(to Jack)

Are you a writer too?

JACK

No, I'm an actor.

MAYA

Oh yeah? What kind of stuff?

JACK

A lot of TV. I was a regular on a couple of series. And lately I've been doing a lot of commercials. National mostly.

MAYA

Anything I'd know?

JACK

Maybe. Recognize this?

Jack takes a deep breath, and out comes a perfect VOICE-OVER VOICE.

JACK

"Now with low, low 5.8% APR financing."

Maya's mouth drops open and curves into a big smile.

MAYA

That's hilarious. You sound just like one of those guys.

JACK

I am one of those guys.

MAYA

You are not.

MILES

He is.

Jack launches into another one of his sure-fire hits.

JACK

(very fast)

Consult your doctor before using this product. Side effects may include oily discharge, dizziness, hives, loss of appetite, difficulty breathing and low blood pressure. If you have diabetes or a history of kidney trouble... you're fucked!

This makes Maya laugh a big throaty laugh. Jack joins in. Nervous about Jack's aggressive flirtatiousness, Miles musters a tight courtesy smile.

MAYA

(winding down)

Oh. I needed that. Thank you.

They all take a drink of wine.

MAYA

So what are you guys up to tonight?

Before Jack has a chance to speak --

MILES

We're pretty wiped. Probably go back to the hotel and crash.

This makes Maya slightly embarrassed at her apparent availability, but she recovers quickly, remains breezy.

MAYA

Yeah, I know what you mean. It's a long drive up here. Where're you staying?

MILES

The Windmill.

JACK

Windmill.

Maya downs the rest of her wine, stamps out her smoke, and picks up her jean jacket and purse.

MAYA

Well, good to see you, Miles. Jack.

MILES

See you.

As she leaves --

JACK

We'll catch up with you later, okay?

But she's gone. Jack gives Miles a slow burn look.

JACK

We'll probably go back to the hotel  
and crash?

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The guys walk drunkenly along the shoulder as CARS WHIZ BY.

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.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The screen is absolutely BLACK.

JACK

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 soft BUZZING noise, growing gradually louder and more rhythmic.

MILES

Have you no shame?

JACK

Oooh. Oh. Miles. Miles.

MILES



Fuck you.

There's now a rustling noise and footsteps. Then a LIGHT is flipped on in the BATHROOM.

Miles closes the door behind him, and the only light visible is at the bottom of the bathroom door.

Miles PEES -- a series of semi-forced SHORT SQUIRTS. Then a FLUSH as a door opens and the light goes off. Jack starts BUZZING again.

MILES

Shut the fuck up!

Jack stops and Miles climbs into bed. Silence. Then --

JACK

You need to get your prostate checked.

UNDER BLACK --

MONDAY

EXT. BREAKFAST CAFE - DAY

Establishing.

INT. BREAKFAST CAFE - DAY

Miles and Jack are glancing at the menus. For some reason Jack is humorless and grumpy.

MILES

So what're we going to have? Pigs in a blanket? The "rancher's special breakfast"? Or maybe just some grease and fat with a side of lard?

JACK

(not amused)

So what's the plan today?

MILES

We head north, begin the grape tour up there, make our way south so the more we drink the closer we get to the motel.

Jack sarcastically taps an index finger to his temple.

MILES

What's your problem?

Jack exhales and looks away, as though he doesn't want to get into it.

MILES

What is it?

Jack sucks his teeth a moment searching for the right words. Then the dam bursts.

JACK

I am going to get my nut on this trip, Miles. And you are not going to fuck it up for me with all your depression and anxiety and neg-head downer shit.

MILES

Ooooh, now the cards are on the table.

JACK

Yes they are. And I'm serious. Do not fuck with me. I am going to get laid before I settle down on Saturday. Do you read me?

MILES

Sure, big guy. Whatever you say. It's your party. I'm sorry I'm in the way and dragging you down. Maybe you'd have a better time on your own. You take the car. I'll catch the train back.

JACK

No, see, I want both of us to get crazy. We should both be cutting loose. I mean, this is our last chance. This is our week! It should be something we share.

The older WAITRESS comes over.

WAITRESS  
Can I take your order?

JACK  
But I am warning you.

MILES  
Oatmeal, one poached egg, and rye toast. Dry.

WAITRESS  
Okay. And you?

JACK  
(glaring at Miles)  
Pigs in a blanket. With extra syrup.

EXT. LOVELY HIGHWAY - DAY

The Saab winds along this beautiful road that meanders through large open vineyards.

DISSOLVE TO:

INSERT --

A MAP and a MOVING LINE show the boys' route.

DISSOLVE TO:

INSERT --

GRAPES growing on the vine.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. VINEYARD - DAY

Framed by foreground grapevines, the Saab passes in the distance.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FOXEN WINERY - DAY

Miles has just downed a taste of red wine.

MILES

How much skin and stem contact?

POURER

About four weeks.

MILES

Huh. That explains all the tannins.  
And how long in oak?

POURER

About a year.

MILES

French or American?

POURER

Both.

MILES

Good stuff.

JACK

Yeah, oak. That's a good wood.

Just as the pourer turns away toward other TASTERS, Jack GRABS the bottle and helps himself and Miles to another glass. They slam back their drinks like tequila.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LOVELY AREA ON A HILL - DAY

Miles brings the Saab to a stop, and the guys get out. Before them lies an incredible view of endless vineyards.

MILES  
Nice, huh?

JACK  
Beautiful.

MILES  
Victoria and I used to like this view.  
(lost in nostalgia)  
Once we had a picnic here and drank a '95 Opus One. With smoked salmon and artichokes, but we didn't care.

JACK  
Miles.

MILES  
She has the best palate of any woman I've ever known. She could even differentiate Italian wines.

JACK  
Miles, I gotta tell you something. Victoria's coming to the wedding.

MILES  
I know. You told me. I'm okay with it.

JACK  
Yeah, but that's not the whole story. She got remarried.

MILES  
She what?  
(long pause)  
When?

JACK  
About a month ago. Six weeks.

MILES

To that guy? That guy with the restaurant...

Jack nods. Miles looks down at his shoes and draws a long breath. Then he stiffly gets back in the open car and closes the door.

JACK

Miles... MILES...

Miles continues to stare straight ahead.

JACK

(exploding)

Jesus Christ, Miles. Get out!

MILES

I want to go home now.

JACK

You've been divorced for two years already. People move on. She has! It's like you enjoy self-pity. Makes you feel special or something.

MILES

Is she bringing him to the wedding?

JACK

What do you think?

MILES

You drop this bombshell on me. Why didn't you tell me before?

JACK

Because I knew you'd freak out and probably get so depressed you wouldn't even come on this trip. But then I figured here would be the best place to tell you. We're here to forget about all that shit. We're here to

party!

MILES

(undeterred)

I'm going to be a fucking pariah.  
Everyone's just going to be holding  
their breath to see if I'm going to  
get drunk and make a scene. Plus  
Tony fucking Levin?

JACK

No, no, no. It's cool. I talked to  
Victoria. She's cool. Everyone's  
cool.

MILES

(horrified)

You've all been talking about it?  
Behind my back? Talking about it?

Miles turns and locates an open BOTTLE of wine in the back  
seat. He uncorks it and begins to swig.

JACK

Hey, hey, hey. No, you don't!

Jack tries unsuccessfully to grab the bottle from Miles, but  
Miles bolts out of the car.

A VERY WIDE SHOT --

Pursued by Jack, Miles dashes down the hill, all the while  
taking huge swigs from the bottle.

OMIT.

EXT. LOVELY VINEYARD - CONTINUOUS

Miles slows to walk between rows of GRAPEVINES. He polishes  
off the bottle and tosses it. A painting Jack catches up  
with him in the adjacent grapevine corridor.

Miles's face crumbles as though he were about to cry. Then  
he collapses to the ground and closes his eyes tight.

Jack looks around impatiently for a moment. Then he squats down so he can see Miles underneath the vines.

JACK  
Miles?

Miles ignores Jack and focuses on the beautiful RIPE GRAPES that surround him. They seem to distract him from his pain.

JACK  
You going to be okay?

Miles looks up and shakes his head a definitive NO. Jack can't help but LAUGH.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. KALYRA WINERY PARKING LOT - DAY

The sun hangs low as the Saab pulls into the parking lot, Jack at the wheel.

INT. KALYRA TASTING ROOM - DAY

The pourer, a brunette in her early thirties, breaks away from a BORING COUPLE down the bar. This is STEPHANIE.

STEPHANIE  
Hey, guys. How's it going?

JACK  
Excellent. My friend and I are up here doing the wine tour, and he tells me that you folks make one hell of a Syrah.

STEPHANIE  
That's what people say.

MILES  
(slurring slightly)  
You gotta excuse him. Yesterday he didn't know Pinot Noir from film



noir.

JACK

I'm a quick learner.

Stephanie laughs. She apparently likes big good-natured lunks like Jack.

MILES

I'm trying to teach my friend here some basics about wine over the next few days before he goes off and --

WHOOOMP! Under the bar Jack stomps on Miles's foot. Miles winces.

Stephanie slides TWO GLASSES in front of them.

JACK

That's right -- I'm here to learn. I never had that much interest in wine before, but this trip has been very enlightening. Always like wine, of course, but I don't know. More of a beer man, really. Microbreweries.

She THUMPS the cork off a bottle of Chardonnay.

STEPHANIE

Well, no better way to learn than tasting.

She pours almost flirtatious amounts.

JACK

Now there's a girl who knows how to pour. What's your name?

STEPHANIE

Stephanie.

JACK

Nice.

Jack swirls the wine as though he were by now a sommelier. They look, they smell, they taste.

STEPHANIE

So what do you think?

MILES

Quaffable but far from transcendent.

JACK

I like it. Tastes great. Oaky.

Stephanie reaches for another bottle and pours. Jack's eyes never leave her.

STEPHANIE

Cabernet Franc.

(as they taste)

This is only the fifth year we've made this varietal. Very few wineries around here do a straight Cabernet Franc. It's from our vineyard up in Santa Maria. And it was a Silver Medal winner at Paso Robles last year.

MILES

Well, I've come to never expect greatness from a Cab Franc, and this one's no exception. Sort of a flabby, overripe --

JACK

(ignoring him)

Tastes good to me. You live around here, Stephanie?

STEPHANIE

In Santa Ynez.

(low, to Miles)

And I agree with you about Cab Franc.

JACK

Oh yeah? We're just over in Buellton.

Windmill Inn.

STEPHANIE

Oh yeah.

JACK

You know a gal named Maya? Works at the Hitching Post?

STEPHANIE

Sure I know Maya. Real well.

JACK

No shit. We just had a drink with her last night. Miles knows her.

MILES

Could we move on to the Syrah, please?

As she turns to reach for the right bottle, Jack winks at Miles. Miles shakes his head.

STEPHANIE

This is our Estate Syrah...

She pours each of them a full HALF GLASS.

JACK

You're a bad, bad girl, Stephanie.

STEPHANIE

I know. I might need to be spanked.

She notices the boring couple, visibly annoyed that she has been monopolized.

STEPHANIE

Excuse me.

As she wanders down the bar, Jack turns to Miles, his mouth wide open.

JACK

A bad girl, Miles. She might need to

be spanked.

MILES

Do you know how often these pourers  
get hit on?

They glance down the bar at Stepanie. She smiles back.

EXT. KALYRA WINERY PARKING LOT - DAY

Miles is killing time by the car staring at his shoes. He  
looks over and sees Jack waddling over from the tasting room  
with TWO CASES OF WINE.

JACK

Get the trunk.

MILES

You have the keys.

Jack puts the cases down and glances back at the building.

JACK

We're on.

MILES

What?

JACK

She called Maya, who's not working  
tonight, so we're all going out.

MILES

With Maya?

JACK

Been divorced for a year now, bud.

Jack puts the wine in the trunk, and they get in the car.

JACK

Stephanie, holy shit. Chick had it  
all going on.

MILES

Well, she is cute.

JACK

Cute? She's a fucking hottie. And you almost tell her I'm getting married. What's the matter with you? (drumming on the steering wheel)  
Gotta love it. Gotta love it.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

THE TV --

GOLF on ESPN.

MILES AND JACK

sit transfixed, each on his own bed. The curtains are drawn. Then out of nowhere --

JACK

(mocking)  
You know how often these pourers get hit on?  
(getting up)  
I'm going for a swim. Get the blood flowing. Want to come?

MILES

Nah. I want to watch this.

CLOSE ON THE TV --

A guy gets ready to putt. The announcer whispers what an important moment this is. The guy misses.

FADE TO BLACK.

UNDER BLACK --

The sound of an AEROSOL CAN.

JACK

Miles. Hey, Miles. Time to get up.

WE OPEN OUR EYES TO SEE --

Jack spraying his feet with some Dr. Scholl's product.

WIDE --

Miles pulls himself out of bed and slouches toward his suitcase.

JACK

Fucking chick in the Jacuzzi --  
goddamn, Miles, fucking going nuts  
up here. Whole place is wide open.  
Asssylvania.

Jack does some actor's weird warm-up stretch.

MILES

So what should I wear?

JACK

I don't know. Casual but nice. They  
think you're a writer.

As Miles begins to dig through his suitcase, Jack flips open his cellphone and speed-dials.

JACK

Don't you have any other shoes?

Miles glances at his shoes sitting sadly on the floor.

JACK

(into the phone)  
Hello? Oh hey, baby, just checking  
in. Not much. We're about to go out  
for dinner, probably be out pretty  
late, so I thought I'd say goodnight  
now. I know, I love you too. I miss  
you.

EXT. LOS OLIVOS - NIGHT

The boys get out of the car and walk along a timbered sidewalk in this tourist town with wine tasting rooms and gourmet restaurants.

JACK

Please just try to be your normal humorous self, okay? Like who you were before the tailspin. Do you remember that guy? People love that guy. And don't forget -- your novel is coming out in the fall.

MILES

Oh yeah? How exciting. What's it called?

JACK

Do not sabotage me. If you want to be a lightweight, that's your call. But do not sabotage me.

MILES

Aye-aye, captain.

JACK

And if they want to drink Merlot, we're drinking Merlot.

MILES

(dead serious)  
If anyone orders Merlot, I'm leaving.  
I am not drinking any fucking Merlot!

JACK

Okay, okay. Relax, Miles, Jesus. No Merlot. Did you bring your Xanax?

Miles takes a SMALL BOTTLE from his pocket and rattles it.

JACK

And don't drink too much. I don't want you going to the dark side or

passing out. Do you hear me? No going to the dark side.

MILES

Okay! Fuck!

Miles quickly POPS A XANAX. Jack gives him a final look in the eye.

JACK

We're going in.

INT. LOS OLIVOS CAFE - NIGHT

The boys enter this cozy if crowded restaurant and exchange words with the HOSTESS. Then they notice --

MAYA AND STEPHANIE

at a booth waving at them. They look great.

MILES AND JACK

make their way to the table, Jack wearing a broad, confident SMILE.

AT THE TABLE --

Jack plops down next to Stephanie, while Miles politely eases in on Maya's side. Jack touches a hand to Stephanie's bare neck and massages it meaningfully.

JACK

How you doin' tonight, beautiful?

STEPHANIE

Good. How're you?

JACK

Great. You look great.  
(including Maya)  
You both do.

STEPHANIE



Not so bad yourself.

Meanwhile Miles looks over at Maya and purses his lips in an affable if uncomfortable smile. Then --

MILES

What are you drinking?

MAYA

A Fiddlehead Sauvignon Blanc.

MILES

Oh yeah? How is it?

MAYA

(sliding the glass)

Try it.

As Miles swirls the wine and takes a sip, he begins to relax.

MILES

Nice. Very nice.

MAYA

Twelve months in oak.

MILES

On a Sauvignon Blanc?

MAYA

I know the winemaker. She comes in the restaurant all the time.

MILES

This is good. Little hints of clove.

MAYA

I know. I love that.

LATER --

A WAITER finishes listing off the specials.

WAITER

...medallions of pork with a dusting of black truffles served with a root vegetable froulon and wasabi-whipped potatoes. And finally a Copper River salmon grilled on an alder wood plank. And that comes with roasted new potatoes and steamed watercress.

The four diners exchange looks of delight.

WAITER

And who gets the wine list?

Miles raises his hand and takes the leather-bound book.

MAYA

(teasing)

I guess Miles wants it.

Jack glares at Miles, who immediately gets the hint.

MILES

Nope. You ladies choose.

Jack smiles and nods his approval. Jack takes the book out of Miles's hands and offers it to the girls.

MAYA

You choose, Stephanie.

STEPHANIE

(opening it)

So what does everyone feel like?

JACK

Whatever you girls want. It's on us tonight. Sky's the limit.

MAYA

No, we're paying for the wine.

JACK

I don't think so. We're celebrating Miles's book deal.

MAYA

Well, in that case...

Miles draws a long breath.

STEPHANIE

What's everyone ordering? Then we can sort out the wine.

MILES

Exactement!

Jack shoots Miles a look.

MAYA

I'm having the salmon.

MILES

That's what I'm having.

STEPHANIE

(still scanning the wines)

I'm thinking about the duck breast.

JACK

(slapping his menu shut)

Me too.

MAYA

Well, that narrows things down.

Stephanie lowers the menu so that only her eyes peer over the top. She looks at the others, and they look back at her.

STEPHANIE

Sounds like... Pinot Noir to me.

Jack looks at Miles and raises one hand for a HIGH-FIVE.

JACK

Pinot!

Miles reluctantly slaps Jack's hand. This causes the girls to laugh. MUSIC STARTS -- they're OFF!

DINNER is improvised, but includes:

-- The arrival of the FIRST WINE.

-- The SALADS.

-- Maya takes a turn with the wine list. Miles pushes her finger down into the prices with THREE DIGITS.

-- New stemware is provided with the arrival of the SECOND WINE.

-- The four of them DRINK. Particularly Miles.

-- Stephanie and Jack get cozier and cozier.

-- The SALMON and DUCK arrive.

-- Miles is too shy to look into Maya's eyes. She's interested and available -- it's too much for him.

-- As Miles gets DRUNKER, the camera angles become sloppier, the cutting choppy.

-- Miles PONTIFICATES about some aspect of wine that Maya and Stephanie find interesting. Left out in the cold, his jaw tight, Jack wants to find a way in but can't.

-- Miles reaches over to refill his glass, but Jack's arm shoots out to stop him -- "Slow down."

CLOSE ON MILES as a distant RUMBLE begins to sound, the rumble of an oncoming ANXIETY ATTACK. By now he has drunk so much that he spaces out, descending into --

INT. UNDERWORLD - DARK AND TIMELESS

Miles is boarding an OPEN BOAT atop this underground river, the River Styx. Just beyond a ghoulisH HUMAN CARGO the hooded boatman CHARON wields a long staff. Miles is crossing over

to the dark side.

INT. LOS OLIVOS CAFE - BACK AGAIN

Miles returns to earth to find Jack and Stephanie now in their own little world -- Jack explaining something to Stephanie that she finds fascinating, just FASCINATING.

-- Miles converses with Maya, but it's clear from her bemused expression that he's being charming if not entirely coherent.

-- ANOTHER WINE reaches the table -- a Comte Armand Pornrnard.

-- Miles looks over at Jack and Stephanie. They share a short but sensual kiss.

MOMENTS LATER --

Miles is on his feet threading his way through the tables. He is very unsteady, and we cut between first and third person perspectives.

AT THE BATHROOMS --

He tries the MEN'S ROOM door but it's locked. He pulls the XANAX out his pocket and pops one in his mouth, swallowing it dry.

He notices a PAYPHONE nearby. Thinking better of it for a moment, Miles makes a drunken bee-line for the receiver.

CLOSE ON THE KEYPAD --

as many numbers are dialed, and we HEAR the TONES, completely out of sync, along with a sound melange of interior phone RINGING and a PICKUP.

THE RECEIVER --

As Miles presses it desperately to his head.

VICTORIA (ON THE PHONE)

Hello?

MILES  
Victoria.

VICTORIA (ON THE PHONE)  
Miles?

Miles feigns an implausible upbeat tone.

MILES  
Victoria! How the hell are you?

VICTORIA (ON THE PHONE)  
Fine. What's, uh, what's on your  
mind?

MILES  
Heard you got remarried!  
Congratulations. Didn't think you  
had the stomach for another go-round.

VICTORIA (ON THE PHONE)  
Oh, Miles. You're drunk.

MILES  
Just some local Pinot, you know,  
then a little Burgundy. That old  
Cotes de Beaune!

Miles laughs at his own non-existent joke.

VICTORIA (ON THE PHONE)  
Where are you?

MILES  
A little place in Los Olivos. New  
owners. Cozy ambiance. Excellent  
food too -- you should try it. Thought  
of you at the Hitching Post last  
night.

Silence.

MILES (CONT' D)  
Hello?

VICTORIA (ON THE PHONE)

Miles, don't call me when you're drunk.

MILES

I just wanted you to know I've decided not to go to the wedding, so in case you were dreading some uncomfortable, you know, run-in or something, well, worry no more. You won't see me there. My wedding gift to you and what's-his-name. What is his name?

VICTORIA (ON THE PHONE)

(silence, then --)

Ken.

MILES

Ken.

VICTORIA (ON THE PHONE)

Miles, I don't care if you come to the wedding or not.

MILES

Well, I'm not coming, Barbie. So you guys have fun.

VICTORIA (ON THE PHONE)

I'm going to hang up now, Miles.

MILES

(rushing to keep her on)

You see, Vicki, I just heard about this today, you getting married that is, and I was kind of taken aback. Kind of hard to believe.

Silence.

MILES

I guess I just thought there was

still some hope for us somewhere  
down the road and I just, I just --

VICTORIA (ON THE PHONE)

Miles, maybe it is better if you  
don't come to the wedding.

Miles sucks something from between his two front teeth.

MILES

Whatever you say, Vicki. You're the  
boss.

He HANGS UP as nonchalantly as if it had been a sales call  
and heads back to the table.

EXT. DEEP CANYON - DAY

For a flash, Miles is walking an unstable, narrow ROPE BRIDGE  
extending vertiginously across a great CHASM.

INT. LOS OLIVOS CAFE - BACK AGAIN

Miles reaches the table, tries to sit and SLIPS ONTO THE  
FLOOR.

Although at first Jack blinks heavily in disgust, the girls  
burst into hysterical LAUGHTER. Jack then laughs too, perhaps  
OVER-LAUGHING.

JACK

Easy, boy. Easy.

Maya helps him back into the booth.

MAYA

Are you all right?

MILES

Fine. Just slipped.  
(picking up his glass)  
This is my blood.

Miles drinks. Stephanie makes a head gesture to Maya, who



nods in return.

STEPHANIE  
(to the guys)  
Excuse us.

MAYA  
Sorry to make you get up again, Miles.

MILES  
That's okay.

Miles and Jack allow the girls to pass. Then --

JACK  
What the fuck, man? What is up?

Miles reaches for his wine glass, but Jack moves it away.

JACK  
Pull yourself together, man.

MILES  
I'm fine!

But in throwing open his arms for emphasis, he spills a WATER GLASS. Jack rights it and throws a napkin on the tablecloth.

JACK  
Where were you?

MILES  
Bathroom.

JACK  
Did you drink and dial?

Miles's silence confirms his guilt and shame.

JACK  
Why do you always do this? Victoria's gone, man. Gone. Poof.

Miles looks down and squeezes his eyes tight while pushing

out an exhale through his nose.

JACK

Stop it. You are blowing a great opportunity here, Miles. Fucking Maya, man. She's great. She's cool. She's funny. She knows wine. What is this morose come-down bullshit? These girls want to party. And what was that fucking ten-minute lecture on, what was it, Vouvrays? I mean, come on!

MILES

Let's just say I'm uncomfortable with the whole scenario.

JACK

Oh Jesus, Miles.

Miles belligerently reaches for his Comte Armand. Jack lets it pass.

JACK

And don't forget all the bad times you had with Victoria. How small she make you feel. That's why you had the affair in the first place.

MILES

Shut up. Shut your face.

JACK

Don't you see how Maya's looking at you? You got her on the hook. Reel her in! Come on, let's ratchet this up a notch. You know how to do it. Here.

(passing a glass)

Drink some agua.

Miles looks at the water, takes it and drains it.

The girls now return to the table. The guys slide over.

MILES

(trying to appear  
sober)  
Should we get dessert?

STEPHANIE

We were thinking. Why don't we go  
back to my place? I've got wine,  
some insane cheeses, music, whatever.

Jack raises both arms like a football referee.

JACK

Excellent idea. Waiter!

INT. SAAB - NIGHT

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD --

Trees and bushes lit by the headlights show us we're headed  
into the woods.

INSIDE --

Jack drives. Miles blinks heavily as he tries to make a sense  
of A HAND-DRAWN MAP.

JACK

(grabbing the map)  
Let me see that.

EXT. STEPHANIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The Saab pulls into a gravel DRIVEWAY and comes to a stop  
outside this wood-framed cottage.

Jack and Miles get out and head for the front door. On the  
way, Jack reaches into his coat pocket and produces a string  
of FOUR CONDOMS.

JACK

(tearing)  
Here. One for you, three for me.

Miles wordlessly takes his. Just before they climb the porch steps --

MILES

You sure you want to do this?

Jack stops and looks at him for a moment with almost hostile incredulity.

THE FRONT DOOR is open. Jack knocks twice on the SCREEN DOOR before going in.

INT. STEPHANIE'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The boys enter this modest living room furnished with weathered but charming old furniture. Scattered here and there are CHILDREN'S TOYS. FINGER-PAINTINGS are taped to the walls. CANDLES are lit, and MUSIC is playing.

JACK

We're here!

Stephanie sails in.

STEPHANIE

What happened to you guys?

JACK

Couple of wrong turns.

(pointing a thumb at  
Miles)

Thanks to Magellan, here.

After a brief hug, Stephanie and Jack peck-kiss.

JACK

Hi.

STEPHANIE

Hi.

(to Miles)

Maya's in the kitchen.

Miles hesitates a moment before Jack elbows him toward --

EXT. STEPHANIE'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Miles wanders in to find Maya squatting in front of a little temperature-controlled WINE STORAGE UNIT.

MILES

Hi.

MAYA

Hey.

MILES

She got anything good?

MAYA

Oh, yeah. Steph's way into Pinots  
and Syrahs.

(calling out)

Hey, Steph? You sure we can open  
anything? Anything we want?

STEPHANIE (V.O.)

Anything but the Jayer Richebourg!

MILES

She has a Richebourg? Mon dieu. I  
have completely underestimated  
Stephanie.

MAYA

Who do you think you're dealing with  
here?

Maya slips out a bottle of ESCHEVAUX.

MAYA

How about this?

Miles nods vigorously. Maya looks back and forth between  
Miles and the wine, her eyes narrowed. Then she slides it  
back in.

MAYA

Nope. I don't think we know each other well enough.  
(picking out another bottle)  
I'd say this guy's more our speed.

They rise, and Miles glances at the ANDREW MURRAY SYRAH and, raising his eyebrows, agrees. Maya begins opening it.

MAYA

So what gems do you have in your collection?

MILES

Not much of a collection really. I haven't had the wallet for that, so I sort of live bottle to bottle. But I've got a couple things I'm saving. I guess the star would be a 1961 Cheval Blanc.

MAYA

You've got a '61 Cheval Blanc that's just sitting there? Go get it.  
(pushing him, playfully stern)  
Right now. Hurry up...

Miles laughs, fights back a bit.

MAYA

Seriously, the '61s are peaking, aren't they? At least that's what I've read.

MILES

Yeah, I know.

MAYA

It might be too late already. What are you waiting for?

MILES

I don't know. Special occasion. With the right person. It was supposed to be for my tenth wedding anniversary.

Understanding, Maya considers her response.

MAYA

The day you open a '61 Cheval Blanc, that's the special occasion.

MILES

How long have you been into wine?

MAYA

I started to get serious about seven years ago.

MILES

What was the bottle that did it?

MAYA

Eighty-eight Sassicaia.

Miles whistles and raises his eyebrows. Maya pours, and they clink their glasses together before savoring the wine.

MILES

Wow. We gotta give it a moment, but this is tasty. Really good. How about you?

MAYA

(tastes again)

I think they overdid it a bit. Too much alcohol. Overwhelms the fruit.

MILES

(tasting again,  
impressed)

Yeah, I'd say you're right on the money.

Then Miles absently scans the REFRIGERATOR DOOR and spots a PHOTO of Stephanie holding a LITTLE GIRL.

MILES

Is this Stephanie's kid? Sure is cute.

MAYA

Yeah, Siena's a sweetie.

MILES

Is she sleeping or...?

MAYA

She's with her grandmother. She's with Steph's mom. She spends a lot of time over there. Steph's... well, she's Stephanie.

Jack's voice-over voice from the other room...

JACK (O.S.)

"And now for a low, low 4.8% APR..."

...is followed by PEALS OF LAUGHTER.

MAYA

You got kids?

MILES

Who me? Nah, I'd just fuck them up. That was the one unpolluted part of my divorce -- no kids.

MAYA

Yeah, same here.

Maya nods as she sips again, looking distant for a moment, thinking about something else.

MAYA

Let's go in there.

Maya takes the bottle, and they wander into --

INT. STEPHANIE'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS



Jack and Stephanie are gone. From a distant bedroom comes more laughter.

MAYA

Looks like our friends are hitting it off.

While Maya goes to turn down the STEREO, Miles sits on the couch. Maya's shirt rides up as she crouches, giving Miles a glimpse of the small of HER BACK.

She takes a seat opposite Miles on the couch. They look at each other without speaking. Just what is the vibe here?

MAYA

It's kind of weird sitting here with you in Stephanie's house. All those times you came into the restaurant. It's like you're a real person now. Almost.

MILES

Yeah, I know. It's kind of weird. Out of context.

MAYA

Yeah, weird. But great.

MILES

Yeah. Definitely.

An awkward silence, broken by Maya.

MAYA

So what's your novel about?

MILES

Well, it's a little difficult to summarize. It begins as a first-person account of a guy taking care of his father after a stroke. Kind of based on personal experience, but only loosely.

MAYA

What's the title?

MILES

"The Day After Yesterday."

MAYA

Oh. You mean... today?

MILES

Um... yeah but it's more...

MAYA

So is it kind of about death and mortality, or...?

MILES

Mrnmm, yeah... but not really. It shifts around a lot. Like you also start to see everything from the point of view of the father. And some other stuff happens, some parallel narrative, and then it evolves -- or devolves -- into a kind of a Robbe-Grillet mystery -- you know, with no real resolution.

MAYA

Wow. Anyway, I think it's amazing you're getting it published. Really. I know how hard it is. Just to write it even.

MILES

(squeezing it out)  
Yeah. Thanks.

MAYA

Like me, I have this stupid paper due on Friday, and as usual I'm freaked out about it. Just like in high school. It never changes.

MILES

A paper?

MAYA

Yeah. I'm working on a masters in horticulture. Chipping away at it.

MILES

Horticulture? Wow. I didn't know there was a college here.

MAYA

I commute to San Luis Obispo twice a week.

MILES

So... you want to work for a winery or something someday?

MAYA

Well...

MILES

I do have a copy of the manuscript in the car. It's not fully proofed, but if you're okay with a few typos...

MAYA

Oh yeah. Who cares? I'm the queen of typos.

(sipping the wine)

Wow, this is really starting to open up. What do you think?

MILES

My palate's kind of shot, but from what I can tell, I'd dub it pretty damn good.

MAYA

Can I ask you a personal question?

MILES

(bracing himself)

Sure.

MAYA

Why are you so into Pinot? It's like a thing with you.

Miles laughs at first, then smiles wistfully at the question. He searches for the answer in his glass and begins slowly.

MILES

I don't know. It's a hard grape to grow. As you know. It's thin-skinned, temperamental, ripens early. It's not a survivor like Cabernet that can grow anywhere and thrive even when neglected. Pinot needs constant care and attention and in fact can only grow in specific little tucked-away corners of the world. And only the most patient and nurturing growers can do it really, can tap into Pinot's most fragile, delicate qualities. Only when someone has taken the time to truly understand its potential can Pinot be coaxed into its fullest expression. And when that happens, its flavors are the most haunting and brilliant and subtle and thrilling and ancient on the planet.

Maya has found this answer revealing and moving.

MILES

I mean, Cabernets can be powerful and exalting, but they seem prosaic to me for some reason. By comparison. How about you?

MAYA

What about me?

MILES

I don't know. Why are you into wine?

MAYA

I suppose I got really into wine originally through my ex-husband. He had a big, kind of show-off cellar. But then I found out that I have a really sharp palate, and the more I drank, the more I liked what it made me think about.

MILES

Yeah? Like what?

MAYA

Like what a fraud he was.

Miles laughs.

MAYA

No, but I do like to think about the life of wine, how it's a living thing. I like to think about what was going on the year the grapes were growing, how the sun was shining that summer or if it rained... what the weather was like. I think about all those people who tended and picked the grapes, and if it's an old wine, how many of them must be dead by now. I love how wine continues to evolve, how every time I open a bottle it's going to taste different than if I had opened it on any other day. Because a bottle of wine is actually alive -- it's constantly evolving and gaining complexity. That is, until it peaks -- like your '61 -- and begins its steady, inevitable decline. And it tastes so fucking good.

Now it is Miles's turn to be swept away. Maya's face tells us the moment is right, but Miles remains frozen. He needs another sign, and Maya is bold enough to offer it: reaches out and places one hand atop his.

MILES

(pointing)

Bathroom over there?

MAYA

Yeah.

Miles gets up and walks out. Maya sighs and gets an American Spirit out of her purse.

INT. STEPHANIE'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

The bathroom's a MESS -- the shower curtain is filthy, and the chipped and water-stained tub is filled with CHILDREN'S BATH TOYS.

Miles is bent over the sink splashing water on his face, trying to sober up and gather his courage. He stands, and without drying his face, presses his palms against his cheeks. Then he takes a deep breath and drops his hands.

MILES

You are such a loser. Come on!

INT. THE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Miles comes out of the bathroom and looks for Maya, but she's not there.

Then he hears a noise from the kitchen, so he goes through the door into --

INT. STEPHANIE'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Maya is at the sink, filling a glass with water.

MAYA

I was just getting some water. You want some water?

Miles goes to stand by her and accepts a glass of water. Just as she's about to fill a second glass, he stops her and looks her in the eye, trying to recapture a moment that is

long gone.

He kisses her and she kisses back, but the whole thing feels strained and awkward.

After a few seconds, Maya breaks away.

MAYA  
Nice.

But instead of resuming the kiss, she steps past him, heading back into the living room.

MAYA (O.S.)  
I should probably get going.

Miles realizes he's blown it and silently berates himself.

INT. SAAB - NIGHT

Miles drives down the hill behind Maya's car, which leads him through this very rural road.

EXT. WHERE THE ROAD MEETS THE HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Maya's car comes to a stop just ahead of the Saab. She puts it in PARK and gets out.

AT THE SAAB --

Miles rolls down his window as Maya leans over.

MAYA  
You know how to get back to the  
Windmill, right?

MILES  
Got it.

MAYA  
I had a good time tonight, Miles. I  
really did.

MILES

Good. So did I.

MAYA

Okay. See you around.

MILES

Um... did you still want to read my novel?

MAYA

Oh, yeah. Sure. Of course.

Miles turns to the backseat, locates a large MANUSCRIPT BOX, and hands it to Maya.

MAYA

Wow. Great.

He turns around again, produces a SECOND BOX, and hands it over as well.

MILES

Hope you like it. Feel free to stop reading at any time. I'll take no offense.

MAYA

Goodnight, Miles.

She gives him a friendly peck on the cheek.

After she gets back in her car, she heads in one direction while Miles heads in the opposite.

OMIT.

UNDER BLACK --

TUESDAY

Jack's cellphone RINGS.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - MORNING



NOW EARLY MORNING --

Still fully clothed, Miles staggers across the room.

Fishing the phone out of Jack's windbreaker pocket, he looks at the CALLER ID: "Erganian, Christine" and the number. He briefly considers his options -- answer it? shut it off? -- before placing it atop Jack's suitcase.

The moment he lies back down on the bed, the MOTEL PHONE RINGS. An old DIGITAL CLOCK next to it reads 7:10.

As Miles closes his eyes and pulls the pillow over his aching head, we again --

FADE TO BLACK.

LATER --

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!

He pounds on the wall, then goes into the bathroom and without closing the door unzips his pants to PEE.

JACK  
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?

With a FLUSH Jack emerges from the bathroom and opens his bag.

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?

EXT. WINDMILL INN - DAY

Miles wanders out and looks down at Stephanie.

STEPHANIE  
That was fun last night.

MILES  
Yeah. Good food. You've got quite a wine collection. Very impressive.

STEPHANIE  
Thanks. Hey, I talked to Maya this morning. She said she had a good time too. You should call her.

Miles says nothing.

STEPHANIE  
Where's Jack?

MILES  
He had to make a phone call.

Stephanie cuts her bike's engine and climbs off, propping it up on the kickstand.

STEPHANIE

So what are you up to today, Miles?

MILES

Just kickin' back, I guess. I don't know. Jack and I were supposed to go golfing.

STEPHANIE

Huh.

MILES

Yeah, I reserved the tee time about a month ago.

STEPHANIE

Oops. Sorry.

MILES

You golf?

STEPHANIE

Me? No, I think it's kind of a stupid game. I mean, at least, I could never get into it. I tried it once.

MILES

Huh. Jack loves golf. Crazy about it.

Just then Jack cracks open the motel room door.

JACK

(hushed)

Hey Miles. Miles.

Miles ducks back inside.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

JACK

Do you have that other condom?

Miles reaches into his wallet and hands over the little foil square.

MILES

What'd Christine say?

JACK

Lucked out -- got voice mail.  
Everything's cool.

EXT. WINDMILL INN - CONTINUOUS

Jack bounds out of the room and down the stairs like a child on Christmas morning.

Miles watches Jack climb on the bike behind Stephanie, grasping her waist.

Stephanie and Jack PEEL OUT, leaving Miles alone on the balcony.

CLOSE ON MILES --

As we begin to hear a SNIPPING sound which carries us to --

EXT. MOTEL ROOM BALCONY - DAY

Miles sits outside carefully trimming his toenails. SNIP, SNIP, SNIP. MUSIC BEGINS for this mournful montage of solitude.

INT. MOTEL LOBBY - DAY

Miles takes a styrofoam cup and helps himself to a cup of complimentary COFFEE from a PUMP THERMOS.

Then he takes a look at the rack of pamphlets of local TOURIST ATTRACTIONS -- a water park, a mystery cave, and of course winery after winery.

EXT. WINDMILL INN JACUZZI - DAY

Amid turbulent water, Miles corrects his students' papers. He is alone in the tub, but at the nearby pool STOCKY KIDS

play noisily with SUPER-SOAKERS.

OVER MILES'S SHOULDER --

The PAPER he's reading is marked up with circled spelling errors, and one entire paragraph has been crossed out. Finding a new error, Miles writes "NO!!!"

CAMERA PANS to reveal a STACK of papers already heavily marked with corrections, some of them mottled with water stains.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Miles FLOSSES, his lips pulled back into a grotesque moue. Then he brushes with a SONIC-CARE TOOTHBRUSH.

LATER --

Miles checks his machine.

SYNTHESIZED VOICE (O.S.)  
No new messages.

He hangs up, disgusted.

EXT. CHINA PANDA RESTAURANT - DAY

A small Buellton eatery.

INT. CHINA PANDA - DAY

The only customer right now, Miles eats awkwardly with his chopsticks.

EXT. DRIVING RANGE - DAY

Miles DRIVES ball after ball, unsuccessfully trying to release his frustration.

EXT. BUCOLIC ROAD - DAY

The Saab roars past us, perhaps going a little too fast.

INT. SAAB - CONTINUOUS

Whistling absently as he drives, Miles leans over to turn the radio on and fiddle around to find a good station. Then all of a sudden --

WHUMP! The car has struck something with a hideous sound followed immediately by the receding "ARF-ARF-ARF-ARF" of an injured DOG in the Saab's wake. Miles applies the BRAKES.

EXT. BUCOLIC ROAD - DAY

Miles gets out of his car just in time to see --

A DOG

scampering into the nearby woods. Miles looks around -- has anyone seen him? Is there a nearby residence? Finding nothing, Miles momentarily weighs his options before finally GIVING CHASE.

He follows the path of the dog into --

EXT. ROADSIDE WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Still hearing occasional distant barking, Miles finds his way among the trees and bushes, looking in vain for the ill-fated cur.

After a frenetic search, Miles reluctantly gives up and heads back.

OMIT.

EXT. BUCOLIC ROAD - DAY

Miles has returned to where he hit the dog. Just then, Miles notices TWO MEXICAN CHILDREN watching him from just down the road. They disappear into the bushes.

Looking like a criminal, Miles trots back to the Saab climbs behind the wheel and speeds away.

EXT. WINDMILL INN - DAY



The Saab pulls into the parking lot.

EXT./INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Miles trudges up the steps to the room. He opens the door and sees --

JACK

atop Stephanie, plowing her fertile fields. Despite the interruption, their pace does not alter.

JACK

Not now! Not now!

Miles quickly shuts the door.

INT. WINDMILL SPORTS BAR LOUNGE - DAY

Miles pours himself another glass of Pinot. Jack comes in and spots his morose friend.

JACK

Hey, there you are.

MILES

Yep.

JACK

What're you drinking?

Jack reaches over to check out the bottle's label. Miles remains cool to Jack's amiability.

JACK

Any good?

Miles shrugs.

JACK

(to the bartender)

Could I get a glass please?

(to Miles)

Stephanie took me out into the Pinot

fields today. It was awesome. I think I finally got a handle on the whole process, from the soil to the vine to the -- what do you call it? -- selection and harvest. And the whole, you know, big containers where they mix it. We even ate Pinot grapes right off the vine.

(the new expert)

Still a little sour but already showing potential for great structure. Stephanie really knows her shit, Miles.

Jack now has his glass and pours himself some wine.

MILES

Where is Stephanie?

JACK

Upstairs. Getting cleaned up.

MILES

What the fuck are you doing?

JACK

What?

MILES

With this chick.

Jack just looks at him.

MILES

Does she know about Saturday?

JACK

Um... not exactly. But I've been honest. I haven't told her I'm available. And she knows this trip up here is only for a few days. Besides...

Jack stops short in a rare instance of self-censorship.

MILES

Besides what?

JACK

Well... I don't know, just... the wedding.

MILES

What?

JACK

Well, I've been doing some thinking.

MILES

Oh, you've been thinking. And?

JACK

I may have to put the wedding on hold is all.

Miles looks at him with incredulity.

JACK

I fully realize that making a change like that might be tricky for certain people to accept at first, but life is short, Miles. I've got to be sure I'm doing the right thing before taking such a big step. And not just for my sake. I'm thinking about Christine's feelings too. I take marriage very seriously -- always have. That's why I've never done it before. The day I get married, it's going to be the real thing.

Miles just looks at his friend, waiting for more.

JACK

Being with Stephanie has opened my eyes. She's not uptight or controlling. She's just cool. Things are so easy with her. Smells

different. Tastes different. Fucks different. Fucks like an animal. I'm telling you, I went deep last night, Miles. Deep.

MILES  
Deep.

Miles draws a long sigh.

JACK  
Don't get all judgmental on me. This is my deal. It's my life, and it's my call.

They fall silent for a moment. Then --

JACK  
I was hoping to get some understanding from you. And I'm not getting it.

MILES  
Understanding of what?

JACK  
Like I might be in love with another woman.

MILES  
In love? Twenty-four hours with some wine-pourer chick and you think you're in love? And give up everything?

JACK  
Look who's talking. You've been there.

MILES  
Yes I have, and do I look like a happy man? Was all that drama with Brenda a happy thing for me to do? Huh? Was it? Is she a part of my life now?

JACK

This is totally different. I'm talking about avoiding what you're talking about. That's the distinction. I have not made the commitment yet. I am not married. I have not said the words. In a few days, I might get married, and if I do, then I won't be doing stuff like this anymore. Otherwise, what's the whole point of getting married?

MILES

And what about Stephanie? She's a woman -- with a kid. A single mom. What do you think she's looking for? Huh?

JACK

(interrupting)

Here's what I'm thinking. We move up here, you and me, buy a vineyard. You design your own wine; I'll handle the business side. Then you get inspired and write a new novel. As for me, if an audition comes along, hell, LA'S two hours away. Not even.

MILES

You're crazy. You've gone crazy.

JACK

What do you care anyway? You don't even like Christine.

MILES

What? Of course I like Christine.

JACK

You said she was shallow. Yeah, and a nouveau riche.

MILES

That was three years ago after that first party!

JACK

Look, Miles, all I know is I'm an actor. All I have is my instinct.  
(his hand on his chest)  
My intuition -- that's all I have.  
And you're asking me to go against it. And that's just wrong.

Just then Stephanie walks in. She cozies up to Jack, and he kisses the top of her head.

STEPHANIE

Hi, guys. We should probably get going.

MILES

Where?

INT. BOWLING ALLEY - DUSK

CLOSE ON A VIDEO GAME MONITOR

as a crazy car races through the obstacle-ridden track, often leaving the road, much like Jack's libido.

ZOOM OUT

to reveal six-year-old SIENA seated in Jack's lap as they drive together. A delighted Siena laughs and giggles.

Miles sits nearby with Stephanie and her fifty-something, two-pack-a-day MOTHER CARYL.

CARYL

Stephanie's heard this a thousand times, but if I'd done what I wanted and I'd bought up in Santa Maria when I had the chance, I would have made a fortune when they put in that outlet center and that Home Depot.  
(a drag off her cigarette, then to Stephanie)

Your father knew it too, but he was a fucking chickenshit. Always was.

Caryl looks over her shoulder, her gaze drawn to Jack and Siena, so completely happy together.

Caryl exhales a puff of smoke as she watches. Stephanie is equally enthralled. Miles takes it all in, trying his best not to shake his head in disgust.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY PARKING LOT - DUSK

Caryl is behind the wheel of her OLDSMOBILE as Stephanie gets Siena buckled up in the backseat. Jack pulls Miles aside.

JACK

Listen, I'm going to make sure Steph and Siena get home safe, and then maybe we'll hook up with you later, okay?

MILES

(dispirited)

Sure, whatever. Maybe I'll catch a movie.

Stephanie kisses Miles's cheek before getting in the car next to her mom.

STEPHANIE

See you, Miles. You take care.

MILES

Bye, Stephanie. Bye, Siena, Caryl.

SIENA AND CARYL

Bye, Miles.

As he gets in the car --

JACK

Call me on my cell if you go out.

MILES

Yeah.

Miles watches them drive away, then heads toward his Saab.

INT. MINI-MART - DUSK

CLOSE ON THE COUNTER --

as Miles places a box of security ENVELOPES, a packet of BEEF JERKY and some TROPICAL FRUIT SKITTLES.

WIDE --

Miles points over the CASHIER'S SHOULDER.

MILES

And could I get a Barely Legal?

As the cashier reaches for the magazine --

MILES

NO, um, the new one.

INT. MOTEL ROOM BATHROOM - NIGHT

Miles is once again FLOSSING.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

POP! Miles opens a bottle of Pinot and pours himself a glass. He carries it to bed, takes a nice big slug, lies down on the bed and opens his magazine.

NOW SNEEZING ATOP THE BED -- ANGLE ON TOP OF HIM --

The Barely Legal face down on his chest, Miles awakens with a start and looks at the clock-radio. He thinks a moment, takes a deep breath, and bounds off the bed.

CLOSE ON A WATER-SAVER SHOWER HEAD --

as little needles of water come at us.

THROUGH THE BATHROOM DOOR --



Miles takes a nice hot SHOWER. But wait -- he has forgotten to put the shower curtain inside the tub. A closer look reveals a growing PUDDLE OF WATER on the floor.

EXT. THE HITCHING POST - NIGHT

Miles walks across the parking lot. He pauses before entering, then forces himself to take the leap.

INT. THE HITCHING POST - NIGHT

Miles affects nonchalance as he searches briefly for Maya. He continues on into the BAR.

GARY

How's it hanging, Miles?

MILES

You know me. I love it up here. How about you?

GARY

Busy night for a Tuesday. We had a busload of retired folks in on a wine tour. Usually they're not too rowdy, but tonight there was something going on. Full moon or something. What can I get you?

MILES

Highliner.

GARY

Glass or bottle?

MILES

(considers, then --)  
Bottle.

GARY

You got it.

MILES

Say, is Maya working?

GARY

Maya? Haven't seen her. I think she's off tonight. Say, where's your buddy?

Miles just smiles.

WIDE --

Gary serves Miles, alone at the bar. Miles takes his first drink.

MILES

Oh, that's tasty.

EXT. HITCHING POST - NIGHT

It's closing time. The front door flies open, and Miles staggers out sideways. Gary follows him out, concerned.

GARY

You okay, Miles?

MILES

I'm good.

Miles heads in the wrong direction at first, then realizes his mistake and steers himself back toward the Windmill.

FADE OUT.

UNDER BLACK, A CARD --

WEDNESDAY

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

The door bursts open, and Jack comes bounding in.

JACK

Come on, dude. Let's go golfing! I got us in at Alisal.

Miles comes to, very hungover.

MILES

That's a public course.

(then --)

No Stephanie?

JACK

She's working. I need a break anyway.

She's getting a little clingy.

(magnanimous)

This is our day!

EXT. GOLF COURSE - DAY

WHACK! Jack TEES OFF with a manly athletic swing and shades his eyes to watch the ball's trajectory.

JACK

Crap.

Miles, disheveled and sullen, approaches the teebox, sticks a tee in the ground and sets his ball.

JACK

Did you ever get ahold of Maya yesterday?

MILES

Nope.

JACK

She likes you, man. Stephanie'll tell you.

MILES

(preparing to swing)

Can you give me some room here?

JACK

(stepping back)

Oh yeah. Sure.

Miles lifts his club.

JACK

You know, in life you gotta strike  
when the iron's hot.

MILES

Thanks, Jack.

Miles refocuses and SWINGS just as Jack offers more helpful  
advice.

JACK

Don't whiff it.

WHACK! Despite the distraction, Miles manages to make a good,  
long drive.

JACK

Nice shot.

MILES

You're an asshole.

NOW ON THE FAIRWAY --

Jack is pouring two Dixie cups of wine as Miles prepares to  
take his next swing.

JACK

What about your agent? Hear anything  
yet?

MILES

Nope.

JACK

What do you think's going on?

MILES

Could be anything.

JACK

Been checking your messages?

MILES

Obsessively.

JACK

Huh.

MILES

They probably think my book is such a piece of shit that it's not even worthy of a response. I guess I'll just have to learn how to kiss off three years of my life.

JACK

But you don't know yet, so your negativity's a bit premature, wouldn't you say?

Miles says nothing.

JACK

Or fuck those New York publishers. Publish it yourself. I'll chip in. Just get it out there, get it reviewed, get it in libraries. Let the public decide.

Giving Jack a look that says Jack has no idea what he's talking about, Miles takes a stance over the ball and focuses.

JACK

Don't come over the top. Stay still.

MILES

Shut up.

JACK

Just trying to be helpful.

(a moment later)

It's all about stillness, Miles.

Inner quiet.

Miles drops his club and turns to Jack.

MILES

Shut up! Shut up! Shut up! What's  
the matter with you, man? SHUT UP!

JACK

Why are you so hostile? I know you're  
frustrated with your life right now,  
but you can choose not to be so  
hostile.

(holding out a cup of  
wine)  
Here.

Still fuming, Miles begrudgingly accepts the wine and has a  
taste. He's immediately distracted from his woes.

MILES

What is it?

JACK

I don't know. Got it from Stephanie.

Miles downs the rest and is intrigued by the taste.

MILES

Huh. Let me see the label.

Suddenly a golfball THUDS against the hard fairway directly  
behind them.

JACK

(whirling around)  
What the fuck?

Way back on the tee box, some 200 yards away, are a FOURSOME  
of two couples. One of the MEN is waving his driver.

HUSBAND #1

(shouting, barely  
audible)  
Hurry it up, will you?

Jack looks at Miles, the two incredulous.

MILES

Fucker hit into us.

JACK

(yelling)

Hey, asshole! That's not cool!

MILES

Throw me his ball.

Jack walks over, picks up the offending ball and tosses it to Miles. Miles gets out his 3-wood and -- THWOCK! -- cuts it back low and hard.

JACK

Nice shot.

THE COUPLES

duck for cover as the ball whistles over their heads.

JACK AND MILES

laugh hard.

THE TWO HUSBANDS

climb in their CART and hasten down the fairway toward Jack and Miles.

JACK

watches their approach, grinning.

JACK

Oh, this is going to be fun.

(jerking a driver  
from his bag)

This is going to be fun.

Jack heads in their direction, brandishing the club like a medieval knight with a mace.

As the husbands get a look at this sight, they turn their

cart around and speed back toward their wives.

JACK

Hit into us again, motherfuckers,  
and I'll ass-rape all four of you!

EXT. GOLF COURSE CLUBHOUSE - DAY

Jack and Miles are turning in their cart and hoisting their clubs over their shoulders.

JACK

Just don't give up on Maya. Cool smart chicks like that --they like persistence.

MILES

I don't want to talk about it.

JACK

All I know is she's beautiful. Lots of soul. Perfect for you. I'm not going to feel good about this trip until you guys hook up. Don't you just want to feel that cozy little box grip down on your Johnson?

Nearby a GOLFER is with his YOUNG SON.

GOLFER

Hey, you mind keeping it down, buddy?

EXT. GOLF COURSE PARKING LOT - DAY

Miles and Jack walk toward their car.

JACK

Is it the money thing?

MILES

Is what the money thing?

JACK

With Maya.



MILES

Well, yeah, that's part of it. Woman finds out how I live, that I'm not a published author, that I'm a liar essentially, then yeah, any interest is gonna evaporate real quick. If you don't have money at my age, you're not even in the game. You're just a pasture animal waiting for the abattoir.

JACK

Is an abattoir like a... like a... what is that?

MILES

Slaughterhouse.

JACK

Abattoir. Huh. But you are going to get the good news this week about your book. I know you are. I can feel it.

Jack's CELLPHONE rings, and he checks the caller ID.

JACK

It's Steph.

(picking up)

Hey, baby. Yeah. Oh yeah. Yesssss. I mean I would, but let me see. Hey, Miles... Oh fuck it, we're going. We'll be right there. Me too.

He snaps his phone shut and turns to Miles.

JACK

We're on.

MILES

What's happening?

JACK

We're going to have some fun. Remember fun? We're going to have some of it. Okay?

MILES

What exactly are we going to do?

JACK

I said okay?

MILES

You have to tell me --

JACK

I SAID OKAY?

Miles finally smiles.

MILES

Okay.

OMITTED

BIG FUN MUSIC BEGINS OVER:

EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS OLIVOS - DAY

A HIGH WIDE SHOT --

The Saab pulls up where Stephanie and Maya await with bottles of wine and a PICNIC BASKET. The girls climb into the back seat, and the car speeds away.

INT./EXT. THE SAAB - DAY

They're going FAST, hair whipping around.

MAYA

Hey, Miles, I heard you came by the restaurant last night looking for me.

MILES

Oh, yeah. No. I mean yeah, I stopped

by for a drink. Didn't see you.

MAYA

I had class.

MILES

Well, nice to see you now.

MAYA

You too.

EXT. BEAUTIFUL ROAD - DAY

WHOOSH! That car's going a little too FAST!

INT./EXT. LA PURISIMA MISSION CHURCH

The two couples wander around this historic site.

EXT. IDYLIC PICNIC SPOT - DAY INTO DUSK

The girls have led them to a beautiful spot.

IN A SERIES OF SHOTS --

we see the progress of their picnic. We don't hear them, but there is a growing intimacy about their interaction. Even Maya and Miles seem to be overcoming residual awkwardness from the other night. Jack and Stephanie lean on each other as they eat and sip wine.

Finally, the two couples are SILHOUETTED against the SUNSET.

EXT. WINERY #3 PARKING LOT - EVENING

The parking lot is crowded. The foursome join others headed toward the main building.

INT. WINERY #3 - EVENING

A LECTURE by British wine sage LESLIE BROUGH is in progress. He holds aloft a RIEDEL BURGUNDY GLASS containing one of the few but growing number of local reds worthy of his attention.

IN THE AUDIENCE --

As our foursome listen attentively, Jack leans over to Miles.

JACK

You ever actually read any of this  
guy's books?

MILES

He wrote a great one on Burgundy,  
and I used to get his newsletter,  
but then there were doubts about  
whether he does all his own tasting.  
Plus a couple of times he declared  
certain years vintages of the century,  
and they turned out to be turkeys.  
Fucker never retracted.

JACK

Huh.

Stephanie leans forward and signals to Maya with a YAWN or a  
GAGGING FINGER IN MOUTH that they hightail it. Although Miles  
protests at first, they stand and leave.

AT THE BACK OF THE ROOM --

Stephanie finds a DOOR which she tests to see whether it is  
open. It is! She leads her pals furtively inside --

INT. WINEMAKING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

This is an enormous, dimly-lit chamber filled with stainless  
steel FERMENTATION TANKS and stacks of OAK BARRELS.

As the two couples walk in the near-darkness, they are  
entranced. Maya takes Miles's hand and leads him away.

LATER --

In the background, Stephanie and Jack lean against a tank,  
kissing.

CAMERA DOLLIES to reveal Miles and Maya among the barrels in

the foreground. They are shy with each other, on the verge of kissing but holding back.

THE MUSIC CONTINUES...

INT. STEPHANIE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

THREE BOTTLES OF WINE sit empty on the coffee table.

WIDE --

The four friends sit on the floor around the coffee table. They drink wine and pass a JOINT. Suddenly they explode in LAUGHTER.

A sleepy Siena appears at the hallway door rubbing her eyes. Stephanie gets up, but Jack stops her, gathers Siena in his arms, and takes her back to bed.

EXT. STEPHANIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The Saab pulls away from the house.

INT. SAAB - NIGHT

Miles sits in his own passenger seat as Maya tries her hand at the Saab.

EXT. MAYA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Maya leads Miles up her back stairway. They're both a little woozy from the hours of drinking.

AT THE DOOR --

Maya searches through her purse for her keys while Miles hovers directly behind her, staring at her ear. Her ear?

Just as Maya puts the key in the lock, he impulsively leans forward to kiss the nape of her neck. Maya's reaction is immediate -- she turns to embrace Miles, giving him a long KISS. Then she opens the door, pulls him inside and closes the door in our face.

The camera PANS to the nearby ROOFTOPS.

MUSIC ENDS AND SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

THE SAME VIEW BY DAY, SUPERIMPOSED WITH --

THURSDAY

The CAMERA PANS back to Maya's door, tilting down to find a blue-wrapped NEW YORK TIMES. The door opens, and Maya's hand picks up the newspaper. The CAMERA FOLLOWS Maya inside to --

INT. MAYA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

It is a small, clean apartment furnished with simple taste.

Maya is dressed in a ROBE and holds a COFFEE MUG. She drops the paper on the dining table and continues into --

THE BEDROOM --

where Miles lies on his stomach DEAD TO THE WORLD. His stubbly face is squished against the mattress and he SNORES lightly.

Maya looks at him for a moment before shaking his foot.

EXT. FARMERS' MARKET - DAY

This is a weekly event in a big PARKING LOT -- organic produce, candles and incense, honey and cider.

Maya and Miles are shopping. Miles carries the bags.

EXT. ORCHARD - DAY

Across from each other at a PICNIC TABLE, and surrounded by the remnants of BREAKFAST, Miles and Maya read the NEWSPAPER. Miles is doing the CROSSWORD PUZZLE.

MAYA

You guys should stop by the restaurant for lunch today.

MILES

Great. What's the latest we can get there?

MAYA

About two-thirty.

MILES

Okay.

MAYA

(noticing)

Did you hear about this Bordeaux tasting dinner down in Santa Barbara Saturday night? It's a little pricey, but if you wanted to go, I'd be into it. Why don't you stay through the weekend?

Miles has just figured out a difficult clue. As he writes it down --

MILES

No, we've got to get back Friday for the rehearsal dinner.

MAYA

What rehearsal dinner?

Miles stops writing.

MAYA

Who's getting married?

INT./EXT. PARKING AREA NEAR THE ORCHARD - DAY

Maya leads the way toward the Saab.

MAYA

Were you ever going to say anything?

MILES

Of course I was. I mean, just now I could have made up some story, but I didn't. I told you the truth.

Maya turns to confront Miles with a look of "Give me a break."  
Miles reaches out to touch her.

MILES

Maya.

MAYA

(jerking away)

Don't touch me. Just take me home.

INT. SAAB - DAY

Miles drives, glancing occasionally at Maya, who stares straight ahead.

MILES

I've told him. I've told him over and over, but he's out of control.

MAYA

Do you know what he's been saying to her?

MILES

He's an actor, so it can't be good.

MAYA

Oh, just that he loves her. That she's the only woman who has ever really rocked his world. How he adores Siena. How he wants to move up here and get a place with the two of them and commute when he has to.

MILES

I'm sure he believed every word.

A stony silence.

MILES

Please believe me. I was even on the verge of telling you last night, but...



MAYA

But you wanted to fuck me first.

MILES

Oh, Maya. No.

MAYA

Yeah.

EXT. MAYA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Miles brings the car to a stop. Maya opens the door and begins to get out.

MAYA

You know, I just spent three years trying to extricate myself from a relationship that turned out to be full of deception. And I've been doing just fine.

MILES

And I haven't been with anyone since my divorce. This has been a big deal for me, Maya -- hanging out with you, and last night. I really like you, Maya. And I'm not Jack. I'm just his... his freshman roommate from San Diego State.

Maya wants to let Miles's words reach her, but she can't just yet.

MAYA

Could I have my paper, please?

Unsure what she wants at first, Miles reaches into the back seat for the New York Times. He hands it to her and watches until she goes inside.

EXT. WINDMILL INN - DAY

Miles pulls up and parks.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

As Miles enters, a shirtless Jack drops the Barely Legal and is immediately upon him, grabbing him in a big BEARHUG. The TV is on, perhaps showing an E! True Hollywood Story.

JACK

Yo! Yo! Here's my boy! Here's my boy! Who's your daddy, boy? Who is yo' daddy?

MILES

Put me down, Jack.

Jack continues his paeon to Miles's triumphant night.

MILES

I said put me down. Jack!

Still gripping Miles in a bearhug, Jack flings the both of them onto the bed. Now on top of Miles, Jack KISSES both cheeks.

JACK

I'm so proud of you! Let me love you!

Now they get up off the bed.

JACK

So tell me everything. Details. I like details.

MILES

No.

JACK

What?

MILES

It's private.

JACK

You're kidding, right? Tell me what happened, you fucker, or I'll tie your dick in a knot.

MILES

Let's leave it alone.

Jack looks at Miles, his face frozen with incomprehension.

JACK

You didn't get any, did you?

(off Miles's silence)

You're a homo.

MILES

Just stop, okay? Make something up, and that's what happened. Whatever you want. Write my confession, and I'll sign it. Just stop pushing me all the time! I can't take it! You're an infant! This is all a big party for you, but not for me! This is serious. And you -- Just... leave me alone, okay? You're fucking me up.

JACK

Wow. Okay. Calm down. Sorry.

Miles begins to calm down. Jack grows concerned and sensitively puts one arm around his friend.

JACK

Did you have trouble performing?

Yeah, that's...

MILES

Shut up! Shut up, Jack!

The phone RINGS and both men look at it, silenced by the ominous sound.

MILES

Don't answer it.

But Jack is drawn to it as though enticed by a strange game of Russian roulette.

MILES

I'm telling you, don't.

Jack picks up the receiver and puts it to his ear.

JACK

Hello? Oh, hey, honey. How you doing?

Uh-huh. Uh-huh.

(mouthing)

Christine.

Miles lies on his bed and clamps both hands over his ears. His face is dark with resentment.

JACK

Listen, honey. Let me call you back.

Miles and I are in the middle of something. No, it's nothing serious -- Miles is just having one of his freak-outs. Yeah. Love you too. I'll call you right back.

Jack hangs up.

MILES

This whole week has gone sour. It isn't turning out like it was supposed to.

(deadly serious)

I want to go home.

JACK

Who's being selfish now? I'm the one getting married. I thought this week was supposed to be about me.

MILES

We gotta slow down.

(closing his eyes)

I'm so tired. Let's just get out of here.

JACK

I know what you need.

INT. SEARS - DAY

Jack watches Miles be fitted for SNEAKERS. A SALES ASSOCIATE ties Miles's laces.

SALES ASSOCIATE

There you go.

Miles gets up and walks in a circle.

MILES

Do you like them?

JACK

Yeah, they're great. Sporty. They're really sporty.

MILES

Are they too sporty?

INT. MALL - DAY

The boys exit Sears, Miles wearing his new shoes and carrying a PLASTIC BAG with a string handle.

JACK

Feel better?

Miles shrugs.

JACK

(noticing something)

Oh here, wait a second. I want to run in here real quick.

He heads toward a TOYS STORE.

JACK

(over his shoulder)

I want to get something for Siena.

Mildly concerned, Miles watches Jack go into the store.

INT./EXT. SAAB - DAY

Miles is slumped in the passenger seat as Jack drives. They pass a BIG COMMERCIAL WINERY. Jack slows down, preparing to turn in.

JACK

How about this one? We didn't hit this one.

MILES

Yeah, it's Frass Canyon. It's a joke.

JACK

You ever actually been in there, Miles?

MILES

I don't have to.

JACK

(turning the wheel)  
I say we check it out. You never know.

EXT. LARGE WINERY PARKING LOT - DAY

The Saab finds a place in the large parking lot. A TOUR BUS, whose flank reads "Solvang Wine Tours," is in the process of letting out WINE TOURISTS, many of them elderly.

INT. LARGE WINERY - DAY

The room boasts not only a large TASTING BAR but also display after display of t-shirts, golf shirts, olive oils, chocolate sauces and other gourmet tourist items emblazoned with the winery's logo.

In the corner an ACOUSTIC GUITARIST with a small amp plays soothing Windham Hill-ish music.

The tasting bar is packed three-deep with TASTERS attended to by HARRIED POURERS.

Finally the POURER gets to their glasses. Miles chews a sip and swallows, then downs the rest in a single gulp.

MILES

Tastes like the back of a fucking LA schoolbus. Probably didn't de-stem, hoping for some semblance of concentration, crushed it up with leaves and mice, wound up with this rancid tar and turpentine mouthwash bullshit. Fucking Raid.

JACK

I don't know. Tastes okay to me.

(looking at the tasting sheet)

Hey, they got a reserve pinot.

MILES

Let me use your phone.

JACK

(handing it over)

What's up?

MILES

I can't take it anymore. I've got to call Evelyn.

EXT. LARGE WINERY - DAY

Walking across the lawn outside, Miles holds the cellphone to his ear.

ASSISTANT (ON THE PHONE)

Evelyn Berman-Silverman's office.

MILES

Hi, it's Miles.

ASSISTANT (ON THE PHONE)

Oh, hi, Miles. Let me see if I can  
get her.  
(a moment later)  
You're in luck. I'll put you through.

EVELYN (ON THE PHONE)  
Miles.

MILES  
Hey, Evelyn, it's your favorite  
client.

EVELYN (ON THE PHONE)  
How's the trip?

MILES  
Good, good. Drinking some good wines  
and kicking back, you know. So what's  
happening? Still no word?

EVELYN (ON THE PHONE)  
Actually there is word. I spoke to  
Keith Kurtzman this morning.

MILES  
And?

EVELYN (ON THE PHONE)  
And... they're passing. Conundrum's  
passing. He said they really liked  
it. They really wanted to do it, but  
they just couldn't figure out how to  
market it. He said it was a tough  
call.

MILES  
Huh.

EVELYN (ON THE PHONE)  
I'm sorry, Miles.  
(off his silence)  
So I don't know where that leaves  
us. I'm not sure how much more mileage  
I can get out of continuing to submit



it. I think it's one of those  
unfortunate cases in the business  
right now -- a fabulous book with no  
home. The whole industry's gotten  
gutless. It's not about the quality  
of the books. It's about the  
marketing.

Miles is at a loss for words. A distant RUMBLE begins to  
sound, the familiar harbinger of an anxiety attack.

EXT. DEEP CANYON - INSERT

Once again we see the narrow ROPE BRIDGE extending  
vertiginously across a great CHASM.

EXT. LARGE WINERY - BACK AGAIN

EVELYN (ON THE PHONE)  
Are you there? Miles?

MILES  
Yeah, I'm here.

EVELYN (ON THE PHONE)  
I'm sorry, Miles. We did all we could.  
You've been a real trooper.  
(loudly, to her  
assistant)  
Tell him I'll call back.

MILES  
So I guess that's it.

EVELYN (ON THE PHONE)  
You're a wonderful writer, Miles.  
Don't be discouraged.

MOMENTS LATER --

Miles STAGGERS toward the tasting room, unpocketing his Xanax  
and downing a couple, as Evelyn's clichés of consolation  
continue in his head.

EVELYN (ON THE PHONE)

Just hang in there, and who knows?  
After you get something else  
published, we can revisit this one.  
And next time we can try a different  
title.

Once back at the tent, he leans against it in a vain attempt  
to steady himself. The RUMBLE grows deafening.

INT. LARGE WINERY - DAY

Now inside, Miles grabs the first DIRTY WINE GLASS he finds  
and shakes it out as he approaches the closest tasting  
station. He pushes his way to front.

The pourer offers the usual one-ounce dollop. Miles jacks it  
back, immediately extending his glass for more.

MILES

Hit me again.

The same small amount is poured and downed. Once again Miles  
holds out his glass.

MILES

Pour me a full glass. I'll pay for  
it.

POURER

This is a tasting, sir. Not a bar.

Miles slams a TWENTY-DOLLAR BILL on the table.

MILES

Just give me a full goddamn pour.

The pourer turns away to serve another party. Miles looks  
around indignantly, as though everyone should be sympathetic  
to this injustice.

Now Miles boldly reaches over and pours himself a glass right  
up to the brim and beyond.

POURER

Sir, what are you doing?

MILES

I told you I need a drink.

POURER

Then buy a bottle and go outside.

The pourer grabs Miles by the wrist before he can drink.

POURER

Put the glass down.

In the ensuing struggle, the wine spills, and everyone nearby steps back.

POURER

You're going to have to leave, sir.

The pourer signals to a SECURITY GUY at the door. Across the room Jack notices the disturbance and heads over.

Miles hoists up the SPIT BUCKET, holds it aloft and starts to GUZZLE it. Wine cascades down the sides of his face, onto his shirt and even onto his shiny new shoes.

The Security Guy yanks the bucket away from Miles, and drags him toward the EXIT. Jack catches up.

JACK

(to the horrified  
onlookers)

It's all right. His mother just died.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Two PELICANS soar low over the water. One of the DIVES, crashing into the water and disappearing from view.

Jack and Miles sit on the hood of the Saab, gazing at the ocean, sharing a bottle of wine.

JACK

Just write another one. You have lots of ideas, right?

MILES

No, I'm finished. I'm not a writer. I'm a middle-school English teacher. I'm going to spend the rest of my life grading essays and reading the works of others. It's okay. I like books. The world doesn't give a shit what I have to say. I'm unnecessary. (a dark laugh)  
I'm so insignificant, I can't even kill myself.

JACK

What's that supposed to mean?

MILES

You know -- Hemingway, Sexton, Woolf, Plath, Delmore Schwartz. You can't kill yourself before you've even been published.

JACK

What about that guy who wrote Confederacy of Dunces? He committed suicide before he got published, and look how famous he is.

MILES

Thanks.

JACK

Don't give up. You're going to make it.

MILES

Half my life is over, and I have nothing to show for it. I'm a thumbprint on the window of a skyscraper. I'm a smudge of excrement on a tissue surging out to sea with a million tons of raw sewage.

JACK

See? Right there. Just what you just said. That's beautiful. A thumbprint on a skyscraper. I couldn't write that.

MILES

Neither could I. I think it's Bukowski.

Unable to respond, Jack looks up and down the beach.

EXT. BUCOLIC ROAD - DAY

ZOOM! There goes the Saab.

The CAMERA lingers behind and PANS to reveal THE DEAD DOG, now covered with FLIES AND MAGGOTS.

EXT. WINDMILL INN - DAY

Jack and Miles pull into the parking lot.

JACK

(lighting up)

Oh, look. There's Steph!

He smiles broadly and honks his horn. Miles turns to see --

STEPHANIE

seated halfway up on the motel stairs, her HELMET in her lap, watching patiently as --

THE SAAB

pulls to a stop in a parking space.

Miles masks his concern as he gets out of the car and reaches in the backseat for his Sears bag.

JACK

(calling out)

Hey, baby.

Stephanie stands up and slowly descends the steps, as Jack reaches into the trunk and pulls out a BIG CUDDLY LION DOLL.

JACK

Look what I got for our favorite girl.

Stephanie walks toward Jack as he waddles toward her hugging the lion. When they get close, Stephanie's face transforms with rage.

STEPHANIE

YOU MOTHERFUCKER!

She swings her helmet and HITS JACK FULL IN THE FACE.

Jack falls, blood spraying out of his nose. Stephanie stands over him and continues to BEAT HIM with her helmet as he rolls back and forth, protecting his head with the stuffed lion.

Miles ineffectually attempts to stop her, dancing just out of range.

MILES

Stephanie! Stop!

STEPHANIE

You fucking bastard! Lying piece of shit! You're getting married on Saturday? What was all that shit you said to me?

JACK

I can explain.

STEPHANIE

You said you loved me! You fuck! I hope you die!

With that she backs away. Glancing at her bloodied helmet, she tosses it onto the pavement before getting on her bike.

STEPHANIE  
Fuckface!  
(to Miles)  
You too!

As she speeds away, Miles is left to comfort his wounded friend. The lion lies nearby, staring blankly at the sky.

INT./EXT. SAAB - DAY

Seated in the passenger seat and in great agony, Jack presses a BLOOD-SOAKED TOWEL against his face.

MILES  
Aren't you glad you didn't move up here and marry her?

JACK  
Don't need a lecture. You fucking told Maya, didn't you?

MILES  
No, I did not. Must have been Gary at the Hitching Post. I think we mentioned it to him the first night.

JACK  
You told him. I'm fucking hurting here.

MILES  
Keep it elevated.

INT. HOSPITAL ER WAITING ROOM - DAY

CLOSE ON A COSMOPOLITAN open to an article titled "24 Ways To Please Your Man."

WIDER --

Miles reads, while nearby a YOUNG BOY dry-heaves into a garbage can held by his FATHER. An OLD WOMAN parked in a wheelchair faces the wall.

LATER --

Miles is at a PAYPHONE. As he speaks he tries to peel off the metal LONG DISTANCE STICKER.

MAYA (ON THE PHONE)

Hi. It's Maya. Please leave a message.

MILES

It's Miles. Listen, I don't know if you even care, but I had to call and tell you again how much I enjoyed our time together and how sorry I am things turned out the way they did. I think you're great, Maya -- always have. From the first time you waited on me.

(bracing himself)

And while I'm at it, I guess you should know that my book is not getting published. I thought this one had a chance, but I was wrong. Again. Don't bother reading it -- you've got better things to do. So you see I'm not much of a writer. I'm not anything really. The only real talent I seem to have is for disappointing people and now you know that firsthand. We're leaving in the morning, and I want you to know that I take with me wonderful memories of you. I'm sorry. I'm really sorry.

What else to say? He hangs up.

He returns to his seat. A moment later he extends his legs to look at his new SHOES now STAINED WITH WINE.

LATER --

Jack emerges unsteadily from the bowels of the emergency room, his face purple and swollen beneath the HUGE WHITE



BANDAGE that holds the NOSEGUARD in place. Miles walks with him toward the exit.

MILES  
Well?

JACK  
I'm going to need an operation. Maybe a couple of them. They have to wait for it it to heal first. Then they break it again.

MILES  
Good thing you have a voice-over career.

JACK  
Gonna fuck that up too. I should sue her ass. Only reason I won't is to protect Christine.

MILES  
That's thoughtful.

JACK  
(disgusted)  
Yeah.

They walk by us and out the door.

EXT. STREET IN SOLVANG - DAY

Jack sits in the Saab's passenger side with the seat almost fully reclined. When his agony allows him to open his eyes, he glares at the DANISH THEMED STORES lining the street. An ABELSKIVER MAKER plies his lofty trade in a nearby window. He hears a strange CLOMPING NOISE and turns his head to see a MAN IN WOODEN CLOGS walking noisily down the street, dressed in a TRADITIONAL DANISH COSTUME and carrying a TUBA. Jack takes a slug of wine.

Just then Miles gets back in the car.

JACK

I hate this place.

Miles tears open a paper bag and removes a bottle of pills. A closer angle reveals them as VICODIN.

MILES

Take a couple of these, and you'll learn to love it.

Miles opens the bottle and hands Jack two PILLS.

MILES

Two for you. And two for me.

Jack washes down the pills and passes the bottle to Miles, who follows suit.

EXT. WINDMILL INN JACUZZI - EVENING

Jack and Miles sit across from each other. For the first time we see LARGE PURPLE BRUISES on Jack's arms and chest.

JACK

So how did Stephanie know it was Saturday? We didn't get into that with Gary.

MILES

Huh. Let me think.

JACK

You sure you didn't say anything to Maya?

MILES

Sure I'm sure. And just what are you implying? I'm really pissed off at you about all this, if you want to know the truth. What's Maya going to think of me now just for associating with you? You're the one who's sabotaging me, not the other way around, pal. Not by a longshot.

Jack takes a long lie-detecting look at Miles.

JACK

I don't know. Just seems fishy.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The boys lie on their respective beds staring at the TV. Jack gets up and lumbers slowly to the dresser MIRROR like a large dog who has just been neutered.

JACK

What's it look like to you?

MILES

Looks like you were in a bad car accident.

Jack turns to Miles, nodding and thinking. Then he looks back in the mirror.

JACK

I'm hungry.

EXT. A.J. SPURS BARBECUE - NIGHT

Establishing. Thursday night is Cajun Wings Night.

INT. A.J. SPURS BARBECUE - NIGHT

Miles and Jack are finishing their SALADS in the rustic-themed restaurant festooned with animal trophies.

JACK

You know what I'm thinking?

MILES

What's that?

JACK

I'm thinking it's time to settle down. One woman. One house. You know. It's time.

MILES

Uh-huh.

Jack nods his head with no self-awareness or acknowledgment of the irony.

NOW TWO PLATES ARRIVE

mounded high with ribs, slaw, beans and butter-whipped mashed potatoes.

JACK

Mm. Mm.

Their cheery, saftig blonde WAITRESS removes several FOIL PACKETS from her apron and places them on the table.

WAITRESS

And here're your Handi-wipes.

JACK

Oh, so that's what those are? For a second there I thought you guys were promoting safe sex.

The waitress OVER-LAUGHS and swipes a hand at her naughty customer.

WAITRESS

I'll be right back with more corn bread.

Jack watches her go and leans in close to Miles.

JACK

I bet you that chick is two tons of fun. You know, the grateful type.

MILES

I don't know. I wouldn't know.

Now she comes back toward the table carrying a BIG BASKET. Beneath the hideous uniform, her nylons SH-SH-SH as she walks. When she arrives, she replenishes their corn bread basket

using big TONGS. Jack watches attentively.

JACK

Nice technique there...

(checking her name

tag)

...Cammi.

CAMMI

It's all in the wrist.

(a moment later)

You know, you look really familiar.

You from around here? Where'd you go  
to high school?

JACK

No, we're from San Diego. Why?

CAMMI

I don't know. You just seem really  
familiar to me. Never mind. Enjoy  
your meals.

JACK

Hang on. Did you ever know a Derek  
Sommersby?

CAMMI

Doctor Derek Sommersby? You mean  
from "One Life to Live"?

Miles looks away and sighs.

JACK

You have to imagine him with a bandage  
and shorter hair.

As Cammi stares at Jack, her face transforms in astonishment.

CAMMI

No. Way. No way!

Jack smiles and nods.

CAMMI

Oh, my God!

MILES

Could you tell me where the bathroom  
is?

CAMMI

(her eyes barely  
leaving Jack)

Uh, sure, it's right over there,  
right past the buffalo.

IN A WIDE SHOT --

Miles gets up and heads toward the bathroom as Jack's  
flirtation with Cammi continues.

The camera PANS with Miles as he walks by us and goes through  
the bathroom door, which closes behind him, filling the frame  
with the word "MEN."

LATER --

A TOOTHPICK DISPENSER as a finger tips it forward to dispense  
one.

WIDER --

Miles stands by the cash register and PICKS HIS TEETH as he  
watches Jack finish speaking with Cammi and head his way.

JACK

She gets off in an hour, so I think  
I'm just going to have a drink and  
then... make sure she gets home safe.

MILES

You're joking, right?  
(seeing that he isn't)  
What are you doing? Un-fucking-  
believeable. Can we just go back to  
the hotel and hang out and get up  
early and play nine holes before we

head home?

Jack rests one hand on Miles's shoulder and drops his head, thinking how best to put it.

JACK

Look, Miles. I know you're my friend and you care about me. And I know you disapprove. I respect that. But there are some things I have to do that you don't understand. You understand wine and literature and movies, but you don't understand my plight. And that's okay.

CLOSE ON MILES --

as the disappointment in his friend deepens by the moment.

FADE TO BLACK:

UNDER BLACK, SUPERIMPOSED --

FRIDAY

Now comes the sound of hysterical KNOCKING.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAWN

Despite the knocking, Miles remains motionless in bed, his expression serene.

Finally he awakens and drags himself toward the door, opening it to find --

JACK

silhouetted against the first rosy fingers of dawn. He is barefoot. In fact he is clad only in his UNDERWEAR. Hugging himself, he PANTS and SHIVERS.

JACK

Jesus fucking Christ, it's freezing.

He limps past Miles, yanks off the bed covers and wraps them around himself.

JACK  
Vicodin. Where's the Vicodin? My nose.

Miles hands him the bottle, and Jack frantically pops a couple of pills, chewing them like candy. He sits down and bends over at the waist as though preparing for an airplane crash.

JACK  
Fucking chick's married.

MILES  
What?

JACK  
Her husband works a night shift or something, and he comes home, and I'm on the floor with my cock in his wife's ass.

MILES  
Jesus, Jack. Jesus. And you walked all the way back from Solvang?

JACK  
Ran. Twisted my ankle too.

MILES  
That's five clicks, Jackson.

JACK  
Fucking-a it's five clicks! At one point I had to cut through an ostrich farm. Fuckers are mean.

Miles has now awakened to take in the absurdity of the whole scene, and he LAUGHS HARD. The blanketed bulge just sits there. Finally it looks up and shows its pitiful visage.

JACK  
We gotta go back.



MILES

What?

JACK

I left my wallet. My credit cards, cash, fucking ID, everything. We gotta go back.

MILES

Big deal. We'll call right now and cancel your cards.

JACK

You don't understand. The wedding bands. The wedding bands are in my wallet.

MILES

Okay, so they were in your wallet, and you left your wallet somewhere. Some bar. Christine'll understand.

JACK

No. She ordered them special. Took her forever to find them. They've got this design on them with dolphins and our names engraved in Sanskrit. We've got to go back. Christine'll fucking crucify me.

MILES

No way. No way.

JACK

(a pitiful whine)  
Please, Miles, please.

MILES

Forget it. Your wallet was stolen at a bar. Happens every day.

Jack stares straight ahead, breathing through his mouth as he considers this. Then --

JACK

No, we've got to get my wallet! Those rings are irreplaceable! We've got to get them, Miles! I fucked up! I know I fucked up, okay? I fucked up. You gotta help me. You gotta help me. Pleeeeease!

Jack now descends to a level of wretchedness and desperation that Miles has never seen before in Jack, or in anyone else for that matter.

JACK

Oh, God, please... Oh God. I know I'm bad. I know I did a bad thing. Help me, Miles. Just this one thing, this one last thing. I can't lose Christine. I can't. I'm nothing without her. Please, Miles, please...  
uuuuu... uuuuuu.... uuuuuuu.....

No longer able to form words, Jack is reduced to emitting low, primitive sounds. Snot flows from beneath his bandaged nose.

INT./EXT. SAAB - MORNING

Miles drives in the early-morning light. Jack is now subdued, quieted by his pain and exhaustion.

MILES

She tell you she was married?

JACK

Yeah.

MILES

So what the fuck were you thinking?

JACK

Wasn't supposed to be back till six.  
Fucker rolls in at five.

MILES

Cutting it a little close, don't you think?

(off Jack's silence)

So how was she? Compared to Stephanie, say.

JACK

Horny as shit. Flopping around like a landed trout.

EXT. LOW-RENT STREET - MORNING

The Saab creeps around a corner.

INT./EXT. SAAB - MORNING

Jack scans the street.

JACK

Yeah, this is the block. Just keep going...

(spotting an AMC Pacer)

Yeah! This is it. There's her car.

Miles pulls over and cuts the engine.

MILES

So what's the plan?

JACK

The plan is... you go.

MILES

Me?

JACK

My ankle. Just go explain the situation.

MILES

(sarcastic, clearing his throat)

Uh, excuse me, sir, but my friend

was the one balling your wife a couple hours ago, and he seems to have left his wallet behind, and we were wondering...

JACK

Yeah, yeah. Like that. Just like that.

Miles gives Jack a withering look. Jack reaches for the DOOR HANDLE.

JACK

Fuck you. I'll get it myself.

MILES

(grabbing Jack's shirt)  
Hold on.

EXT. CAMMI'S STREET - MORNING

Miles crosses the street and approaches --

EXT. CAMMI'S HOUSE - MORNING

Miles presses his ear against the front door. Nothing. Then he notices --

A SLIDING GLASS DOOR a few feet away, just barely cracked open.

MILES creeps over, sticks his hand into the open space and pulls back the curtain to reveal --

A LIVING ROOM that is hideously MESSY. Draped over a deformed beanbag chair are JACK'S LEVI'S.

Miles gathers his courage, carefully slides open the glass door, and creeps inside.

INT. CAMMI'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

A furtive search of Jack's pockets reveals NOTHING. Then Miles notices a HIGH-PITCHED SOUND wafting from an open door

down a short HALLWAY.

Miles feverishly begins foraging through the debris on the floor. Again nothing. Meanwhile the noise from the bedroom grows louder -- female MOANING in odd rhythmic unison with a MAN'S VOICE.

IN THE HALLWAY --

Miles gets on ALL FOURS and starts crawling, weaving his way through a trail of shoes and clothes.

Nearing the open door, the sounds grow more distinct --

MAN

You don't think I fuck you, bitch?  
I'll fuck you.

CAMMI

I'm a bad girl. I'm a bad girl.

Miles peers around the corner of the open door to see --

INT. CAMMI'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Cammi is TIED to the faux brass headboard. A BIG GUY slams away at her. In the corner a soundless TV shows a PRESIDENTIAL PRESS CONFERENCE.

MAN

You picked him up and you fucked him, didn't you, bitch?

CAMMI

I picked him up and I fucked him.  
I'm a bad girl.

MAN

And you liked fucking him, didn't you, you fat little whore?

CAMMI

I liked it when you caught me fucking him.

Whoa!

Miles manages to tear his eyes away from this nature documentary and scan the room.

IRIS IN --

to the WALLET atop the dresser.

Miles's eyes dart back and forth between the couple and the wallet. His HEART BEATING LOUDLY, he goes for it. He scrambles to his feet, dashes across the room, seizes the wallet and tears out. Behind him he hears --

MAN (O.S.)

The fuck was that?

CAMMI (O.S.)

The wallet! He took Derek's wallet!

EXT. CAMMI'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Miles comes flying out of the sliding glass door, followed swiftly by the man, who is of course STARK NAKED. And he's fast for a man his size.

CAMMI (O.S.)

Get him!

INT. SAAB - MORNING

Jack is reclined in the passenger seat FAST ASLEEP. On the radio NPR'S CARL KASSEL reads the news.

THROUGH THE DRIVER'S WINDOW --

Miles comes sprinting towards us, mere steps ahead of Cammi's naked husband. Finding the car door locked, Miles knocks loudly on the glass, startling Jack awake.

MILES

Open up! Jesus! Open the goddamn door!

Jack flips the electric locks just in time for Miles to get in before --

WHUMP! The guy's BELLY hits the window. He pounds on the roof before trying the door, now re-locked.

MAN

You motherfuckers! I'll kill you!  
I'll kill you motherfuckers!

Miles starts the car and begins to drive away. The guy tries to keep up but can't, running barefoot on asphalt. Jack turns to look --

OUT THE BACK WINDOW --

The guy recedes in the distance.

JACK

removes the rings from the wallet.

JACK

You did it! You fucking did it!

They LAUGH and SLAP HANDS.

CLOSE ON MILES --

For all his failures, this time he did something right.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

The shades are drawn. Jack is CRASHED OUT on the bed, snoring loudly. Miles folds his shirts and trousers -- readying his bags for departure.

At one moment he stops and watches his friend sleep.

A KNOCK at the door. Miles goes to answer it, but once his hand is on the knob, he pauses. If we're perceptive, we will know he's hoping against hope that it's Maya.

He opens it. It's just the MAID with her big CART.

MAID  
Housekeeping.

OMIT.

EXT. 101 FREEWAY - DAY

The Saab enters the freeway and heads south.

INT./EXT. SAAB - DAY

Miles drives while Jack stares out the window, WATCHING THE LANDSCAPE CHANGE as they leave wine country.

MILES  
Hey, Jack. Jack.

JACK  
Hrnrnrn?

MILES  
That was quite a day yesterday.

Jack's eyes close, but his lips spread into a smile.

JACK  
Yep. Quite a day.

MILES  
Quite a week.

EXT. 101 FREEWAY - DAY

A driving shot.

EXT. FILLING STATION - DAY

Miles pumps the gas, while nearby Jack stretches his legs.  
As Miles puts the nozzle back in place --

JACK  
Want me to drive?



MILES

No, I'm okay.

JACK

Hey, why don't you invite Maya to the wedding?

MILES

Somehow I don't think inviting Maya to your wedding is the right move. In fact, after your bullshit, it's going to be hard for me to even go to the Hitching Post again.

JACK

You're so negative.

Miles replaces the hose and screws on the gas cap.

JACK

Come on, let me drive.

MILES

I'm fine. You rest.

JACK

I feel like driving.

INT. SAAB - DAY

As the car makes its way back toward the freeway, Jack looks over at Miles and slows the car to a stop.

MILES

What's wrong?

JACK

Nothing. Buckle up, okay?

Miles obeys. Without hesitation, Jack accelerates and JUMPS THE CURB, heading into --

EXT. VACANT LOT - CONTINUOUS

The Saab plows INTO A TREE.

INT. SAAB - CONTINUOUS

MILES

What the fuck!

JACK

(pointing at his face)  
You said it looked like a car  
accident.

MILES

What the fuck!

JACK

I'll pay for it.

EXT. VACANT LOT - DAY

They get out to inspect the damage. The hood is slightly  
crumpled, and the front fender is bent.

MILES

Look at this!

JACK

I don't know. Doesn't look like  
anybody got hurt in this one.

MILES

Oh, no. Oh, Christ. No, you don't.

JACK

You need a new car anyway.

Miles looks at his friend, incredulous.

JACK

I said I'd pay for it.

MOMENTS LATER --

The trunk is open, and the guys are unloading their cases of wine. Miles notices that one box is DRIPPING.

MILES

You broke some.

JACK

Whatever. Sorry.

MILES

No, not whatever. You fucking derelict.

MOMENTS LATER --

Miles looks on as Jack hoists a FOUNDATION BLOCK toward the open driver's door of the Saab.

JACK

You ready?

Miles waves his hand in a gesture of "Get it over with."

Grunting with effort, Jack leans inside the car and drops the foundation block onto the GAS PEDAL.

Direct hit! Jack leaps backward and hits the dirt just in time.

Miles and Jack watch the driverless Saab race toward the tree, its speed increasing. But just before hitting it, the car drifts to one side and SAILS RIGHT PAST.

MILES

Oh, fuck!

The car zooms wildly across the vacant lot and, missing the tree, continues on until CRASHING THROUGH A FENCE and finally toppling headlong into a CEMENT TRENCH. Only the back of the car remains visible.

The whole thing is finished in a matter of seconds. Still frozen in place, Miles and Jack turn slowly to each other.

JACK

It's okay. I've got Triple A.

EXT. 101 FREEWAY - DAY

From in front of the Saab, we see its now CRUMPLED HOOD and FENDER, a couple of BUNGEE CORDS holding the whole thing together.

EXT. PALOS VERDES STREET - DAY

The Saab approaches the end of the line.

EXT. ERGANIAN HOUSE --DAY

AT THE FRONT PORCH --

Miles has helped Jack carry his bags and the wine. He plops the last case down.

MILES

Well. That about does it.

JACK

Why don't you come in?

MILES

Uh-uh. You're on your own.

JACK

So I'll see you at the rehearsal.

MILES

Yeah.

They give each other a brief manly back-slappy hug.

JACK

Love you, man.

MILES

Back at you.

Miles heads toward the curb.

JACK  
Hey, don't pull away till they see  
the car.

MILES  
(over his shoulder)  
Yeah.  
(turning around)  
Hey, why wasn't I injured?

JACK  
(big smile)  
You were wearing your belt.

BACK AT HIS CAR --

Miles gets in and watches through the side window as Mrs. Erganian opens the front door and welcomes Jack with shock and dismay. Jack points back at --

MILES raising one hand in a feeble wave. The camera slowly MOVES CLOSER as he continues to watch --

JACK --

weaving his story of woe. He's a great actor when he wants to be. Mr. Erganian and a mortified Christine come to the door too. Mr. Erganian takes a few steps toward the car to get a better look.

VERY CLOSE ON MILES --

watching the drama play out. Then his eyes drop as he momentarily loses himself in melancholy. This reverie is interrupted by --

THE VOICE OF AN ARMENIAN PRIEST

Startled, Miles turns to look at --

A PRIEST

who is singing the BLESSING OF THE RINGS.

We are now in --

INT. ARMENIAN APOSTOLIC CHURCH - DAY

The church is packed.

CLOSE ON THE RINGS as the priest holds them aloft.

If those rings could talk... Jack shoots a quick look at Miles, who looks right back. The priest continues his blessing.

EXT. ARMENIAN CHURCH - DAY

AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS --

The WEDDING FAMILIES greet the exiting guests in a RECEIVING LINE. Smiling and exuberant, Jack seems utterly at home as the new groom.

AT THE BOTTOM OF THE STEPS --

Miles watches the scene, not without melancholy. Then --

VICTORIA (O.S.)  
Hey, Miles.

Miles turns and looks up to see Victoria, standing one step above him. Just behind her is her NEW HUSBAND. He exudes the quiet confidence of a successful businessman who played college football, takes expensive skiing and sailing vacations, and hasn't read a novel since high school.

MILES  
Hi, Vicki.  
(taking her in)  
You look beautiful.

VICTORIA  
Thanks. Um, this is Ken Cortland, my  
husband.

From his spot hovering over Miles, Ken leans down and offers

his hand.

KEN

How are you?

MILES

Hi. How you doing? You're a lucky  
guy.

KEN

Thanks.

(to Victoria)

I'll wait for you at the car.

(to Miles)

Nice to meet you, Miles.

MILES

Ken.

Exit Ken.

MILES

That was big of him.

VICTORIA

Yeah, he's good that way. Very  
considerate.

MILES

That's great.

VICTORIA

So how're you doing?

MILES

Since the last time we spoke? I don't  
know. Could be better. Could be worse.

VICTORIA

So what's happening with your book?

MILES

Universally rejected. Strike three.

VICTORIA

Oh, Miles. That's awful. What are you going to do?

MILES

Back to the drawing board, I guess. Or not. So... you're married. Congratulations. You look happy.

VICTORIA

I am.

MILES

Seems like everyone's getting married. A year ago it was all divorces. Now it's all weddings. Cyclical, I guess.

VICTORIA

I guess.

Just then a BLACK LINCOLN NAVIGATOR pulls up alongside the curb. The passenger side window is halfway down, and the sounds of Adult Contemporary Jazz waft out. Victoria gives Ken a little wave.

MILES

(shifting gears)  
Well, let's go have some champagne, shall we? Toast all the newlyweds.

VICTORIA

Not me. I'm not drinking.

MILES

You quit drinking?

VICTORIA

I'm pregnant.

MILES

(hit in the solar plexus)  
Oh. Huh. Well...  
(rallying)



Congratulations again, Vicki. That's wonderful news.

VICTORIA

(going to the car)

See you over there, Miles.

MILES

Yeah.

As she gets in the car and cruises away, Miles glances back at --

THE RECEIVING LINE

-- where Mike Erganian is introducing Jack to some dear old FRIENDS. Mike throws a loving arm around his new son-in-law, and Jack is drawn into Mike's bosom.

EXT. STREET - DAY

A HAND-PAINTED SIGN, attached to a STOP SIGN and decorated with balloons, reads: "RECEPTION THIS WAY!" with an arrow pointing RIGHT.

One by one, CARS are making a right turn. But when his turn comes, Miles turns LEFT.

EXT. MILES'S APARTMENT COMPLEX - DAY

The Saab pull up outside. Miles leaves the car idling as he sprints inside. Moments later he sprints back to his car, this time carrying SOMETHING.

OMIT

INT. FAST FOOD PLACE - DAY

His bowtie undone, Miles sits at a booth eating. He washes down a bite by draining the contents of a big wax-coated soft drink cup.

He brings the cup to his lap and refills it from a BOTTLE OF WINE hidden next to him. As he sets the bottle back down, we

glimpse the label: 1961 Cheval Blanc.

He takes another sip. As the camera MOVES CLOSER, all the complex emotions inspired by the wine ripple across Miles's face.

14-YEAR-OLD BOY (O.S.)

"The marrow of his bone," I repeated aimlessly. This at least penetrated my mind. Phineas had died from the marrow of his bone flowing down his blood stream to his heart.

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY

The voice belongs to one of Miles's PUPILS reading aloud in class. Other students follow along silently from their own copies of A Separate Peace.

SUPERIMPOSED --

FIVE WEEKS LATER

Miles sits behind his desk at the front of the class.

14-YEAR-OLD BOY

I did not cry then or ever about Finny. I did not cry even when I stood watching him being lowered into his family's straight-laced burial ground outside of Boston. I could not escape a feeling that this was my own funeral, and you do not cry in that case.

The students look up.

14-YEAR-OLD BOY

Do you want me to keep reading the next chapter, Mr. Raymond?

MILES

(as though coming to)

Hrrnrn? No, we'll pick up there on

Monday.

INT. MILES'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Miles enters his tiny apartment. He loosens his tie and puts down his satchel.

On his way to the kitchen, he presses a button on his ANSWERING MACHINE. As it plays, he opens the REFRIGERATOR and looks inside.

ANSWERING MACHINE

One new message.

MAYA'S VOICE

Hello, Miles. It's Maya.

Miles FREEZES, not wanting to miss a single syllable.

MAYA'S VOICE

Thanks for your letter. I would have called you sooner, but I think I've needed some time to think about everything that happened and what you wrote to me. Another reason I didn't call sooner is that I wanted to finish your book, which I finally did last night.

Miles's heart pounds.

MAYA'S VOICE

I think it's really lovely, Miles. You're so good with words. Who cares if it's not getting published? There are so many beautiful and painful things about it. Did you really go through all that? It must have been awfully hard. And the sister character -- Jesus, what a wreck. But I have to say I was really confused by the ending. Did the father finally commit suicide, or what? It's driving me crazy. And the title.

INT./EXT. SAAB - DAY

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD --

We see ourselves taking the BUELLTON EXIT.

MAYA'S VOICE

Anyway, it's turned cold and rainy here lately. But I like winter. So listen, if you ever do decide to come up here again, you should let me know. I would say stop by the Hitching Post, but to tell you the truth I'm not sure how much longer I'm going to be working there. I'm going to graduate soon so I'll probably relocate. We'll see.

EXT. MAYA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Miles climbs the wooden steps and approaches Maya's back door.

MAYA'S VOICE

Anyway, like I said, I really loved your novel. Don't give up, Miles. Keep writing. You're really good. Hope you're well. Bye.

Miles takes a breath. Finally he KNOCKS.

FADE OUT.

THE END