

SIDEWAYS (edited version)

(Sex noises come from other room - door is slightly ajar – Maya and Miles come from the kitchen with glasses of red wine and sit on the couch to talk.

They are interrupted by the loud sex noises coming from the next room. Maya gets up and pulls the door closed. She comes back and sits down next to Miles)

MAYA

You know, can I ask you a personal question Miles?

MILES

Sure.

MAYA

Why are you so into Pinot? I mean, it's like a thing with you.

MILES

Ah, I don't know, I don't know. Um, it's a hard grape to grow, as you know. Right? It's thin skinned, temperamental. Ripens early. You know it's not a survivor like Cabernet. Which can just grow anywhere and thrive even when it's neglected. No, Pinot needs constant care and attention. You know, and in fact it can only grow in these really specific little tucked away corners of the world. And, and only THE most patient and nurturing of growers can do it, really. Only somebody who really takes the time to understand Pinot's potential, can then coax it into its fullest expression.

Then, I mean, oh its flavors they're just the most haunting and brilliant and thrilling and subtle and ancient on the planet!

Now I mean, you know cabernets can be powerful and exalting too but they seem prosaic to me for some reason by comparison, I don't know.

How about you?

MAYA

What about me?

MILES

I don't know, why are you into wine?

MAYA

Oh, I think I originally got into wine through my ex-husband, you know he had this big sort of show-off cellar, you know. But then I discovered that I had a really sharp pallet and the more I drank, the more I liked what it made me think about.

MILES

Like what?

MAYA

Like what a fraud he was!

(Miles laughs)

MAYA (Cont.)

No, I like to think about the life of wine.

MILES

Yeah.

MAYA

How it's a living thing. I like to think about what was going on in the year the grapes were growing. How the sun was shining. If it rained. I like to think about all the people who tended and picked the grapes. And if it's an old wine, how many of them must be dead by now. I like how wine continues to evolve. Like if I opened a bottle of wine today it would taste different

than if Ide opened it on any other day. Because a bottle of wine is actually alive. And its constantly evolving and gaining complexity. That is until it peaks, like your 61, then it begins its steady, inevitable decline.

MILES

Hmm.

MAYA

And it tastes so fucking good.

(she puts her hand on his, intimate moment where it's the perfect opportunity for a kiss...he misses it)

MILES

Yeah, you know, I uh like other wines beside Pinot too!

Um, you know, hmm lately I've been into Reislings. You like Reislings? Reislings?

MAYA

Hmm.

MILES

Is the bathroom in the back?

MAYA

It's through the kitchen.

MILES

I'll be right back.

(Miles exits for bathroom, we see him wash his face in the mirror and chastise himself while Maya gets up and walks in to the kitchen)

MILES

God, you're such a fucking loser. You make me so fucking sick!

(Miles exits and makes his way to the kitchen, not before he pulls himself together and gets his game face on)

MILES

Hey.

MAYA

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

It's getting kind of late.....

(Miles goes in the for the kiss, it's forced and Maya pulls away)

MAYA (Cont.)

I should really go.

(Maya hugs Miles in a 'friend' kind of way and leaves him standing at the sink, alone)