

SIDEWAYS

Pinot Scene

Chubbuck Studios
Vault

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

MAYA

Looks like our friends are really hitting it off.

MILES

You can say that again.

(They laugh)

MAYA

So what's your novel about?

MILES

What's my...oh brother. Well, it's difficult to summarize. Um, it starts out as a first-person narrative about a guy taking care of his father after a stroke. It's kind of based on uh personal experience, but only loosely.

MAYA

What's the title?

MILES

"The Day After Yesterday"

MAYA

Oh. You mean today?

MILES

Um, yeah, I mean, right, but it's more...

MAYA

So, it's about like death and mortality
or...

MILES

Uh...yeah, not really. It jumps around a
lot. That's what it's about in a way, you
know what I mean? And um, you start to see
everything from the point of view of the
father and, uh, lots of other things
happen. Parallel narratives. Kind of a
mess. And then eventually the whole thing
sort of evolves, or devolves, into this
sort of Robbe-Grillet mystery, you know.
But no real resolution.

MAYA

Wow.

MILES

Yeah.

MAYA

Well, I think it's really great you're
getting it published. Really, I mean I
know how hard it is, just to write even. I
mean like me, I've got this paper due
Friday and I'm freaked out about, it just
like in high school.

MILES

A paper huh?

MAYA

Yeah I'm going for a master's degree in
horticulture. Sorta chipping away at it.

MILES

Horticulture! Really? I didn't even know
there was a college here.

MAYA

Well, I commute to San Luis Obispo twice a week.

MILES

Ah. Horticulture? Wow. So do you wanna work in a winery or something?

MAYA

(Pause)

Maybe.

Miles - long, impressed, reflective thought. We're interrupted by loud sex noises coming from the next room. Maya gets up, closes the door, sits back down next to Miles.

MAYA (cont'd)

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, tempermental. Ripens early. You know it's not a survivor like Cabernet. Which can grow just about anywhere, and thrive even when neglected. No, Pinot requires 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.

MILES (cont'd)

Only somebody who really takes the time to understand Pinot's potential can then coax it into its fullest expression. Then, I mean, oh it's flavors they're just the most haunting and brilliant and subtle and thrilling and, 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. He had this big sort of showoff cellar, you know. But then I discovered that I had a really sharp palette, 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'd)

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

MILES

Yeah.

MAYA

Like 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.

MAYA (cont'd)

I like how wine continues to evolve. Like if I opened a bottle of wine today, it would taste different than if I opened it on any other day. Because a bottle of wine is actually alive. And it's 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, an intimate moment where it's the perfect opportunity to kiss. He misses it

MILES

Yeah, you know, I uh like other wines besides Pinot too. Um, you know, 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, washes his face, and chastises himself in the mirror.

MILES (cont'd)
God, you're such a fucking loser. You make me so fucking sick!

Miles composes himself and returns to the other room.

MILES (cont'd)
Hey.

MAYA
I was just getting some water. You want some water? It's getting kind of late...

Miles goes in for the kiss. Maya pulls away.

MAYA (cont'd)
I should really go.

Maya gives Miles a 'friend' hug and leaves him standing at the sink alone.

END OF SCENE