

**INT. Living Room - Evening**

*Sex noises come from the other room -*

**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 experiences, 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 it even. I mean like me. I've got this paper due on 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 that 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**

Maybe.

*Miles impressed long thought, interrupted by loud sex noises*

**CONT'D**

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

**Miles**

Sure.

**Maya**

Why are you so into Pinot? I mean, its 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 it's 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 palate, 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.*

**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. 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**

Mhmmm...

**Maya**

And it tastes so fucking good.

*It's an intimate moment, perfect opportunity for a kiss...he misses it)*

**Miles**

Yeah, you know, I uh like other wines beside Pinot, too! Umm.., you know, hmm... lately I've been into Reislings. You like Reislings? Reislings?

**Maya**

Hmm.

**Miles**

I have to use the bathroom. I'll be right back.

*Miles voice from the off*

**CONT'D**

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

*Miles comes back to the screen.*