

Scene Three: Clubhouse Bar - Night

(When the lights come back up we're in the Clubhouse Bar. MILES is sitting alone with a glass of wine. He sets down his cell phone, sucks in his breath, shakes his head to himself, looks depressed. BRENDA, a dishwasher blonde in her thirties, running the bar, comes over to MILES with a bottle, holds it up.)

BRENDA. Another glass of Pinot, Miles?

MILES. Thanks, Brenda.

(She fills his wineglass, then wanders off.)

(BRAD [twenties], a stipple-faced construction-worker type, is nursing a pitcher of Budweiser two stools over. MILES and he briefly make eye contact, but MILES looks away.)

BRAD. What's happenin'?

MILES. Ohhh. Not much.

BRAD. Name's Brad.

(BRAD holds out his hand. MILES takes it and they awkwardly shake.)

MILES. Miles.

BRAD. What do you do?

MILES. Me? I'm a writer.

BRAD. No shit?

MILES. Relax. I'm not famous or anything.

BRAD. What do you write?

MILES. Novels. Films...

BRAD. Oh, yeah? Any movies I might have seen?

MILES. Well, Brad, I once wrote a book that was made into a movie, but the book was never published. Then when the movie came out the producers hired some hack to do a novelization of it. Fucking believe that?

BRAD. Bummer. What was it called?

MILES. *Circling the Drain.*

BRAD. Was it about plumbers?

MILES. No.

BRAD. Oh. Probably didn't see it then.

MILES. Is that what you are? Plumber?

BRAD. Nah. Heavy machinery. Earth movers, dredgers, excavators, you name it I can operate it.

MILES. I believe you.

BRAD. I'm also a wild boar hunter.

(MILES sets his glass of wine down and slowly turns to BRAD.)

MILES. What?

BRAD. Officially a depredator eradicator.

MILES. What's a depredator?

BRAD. It's something that pillages, attacks, destroys...a lot of vineyards here.

MILES. I know. I'm kind of a wine guy.

BRAD. Well, there're also a lot of wild boar and they love to tear up the roots. Fuckers can lay waste to a vineyard like you wouldn't believe. So, I've been deputized to hunt 'em.

MILES. Deputized?

BRAD. The vineyard owners get depredation licenses from Fish and Game, but they don't know shit about hunting, so they hire me. Think of me as the guy saving your wine grapes from gnarly wild pigs.

MILES. You're performing a public service for wine lovers.

BRAD. Fucking A.

MILES. What do you do with 'em?

BRAD. Ever eat over at Los Olivos Café?

MILES. Just the other night, in fact.

BRAD. Well, if you had wild boar, I shot it. But, don't tell anyone.

(MILES raises his eyebrows.)

BRAD. It's good eatin'. I'm heading out in a few.

MILES. Hunt 'em at night?

BRAD. Yep. That's when they forage. They're nocturnal.

(BRAD grabs a miner's helmet with a powerful flashlight mounted above the brim, switches it on, and shines it in MILES's face. MILES raises a hand to shield his eyes.)

Hunt 'em with lights. Freezes the fuckers.

MILES. Could you switch that off?

(BRAD switches the beam off.)

BRAD. Sorry. Like to come wild boar hunting? I've got a thirty-ought-six with your name on it.

(Stabs a finger at MILES's chest.)

I'll deputize you.

MILES. Uh, why would I want to go boar hunting?

BRAD. Might be an idea for your next book. I'd read it.

MILES. That's encouraging.

(BRAD empties the pitcher into his glass, quaffs about half of it, forearm foam off his upper lip, turns to MILES:)

BRAD. You'd dig it.

MILES. So, you shoot 'em with...rifles?

BRAD. Thirty-ought-six, like I said. Sometimes... .45 magnum. They're mean. I was out last night. Fucker charges me. Hooves pounding, nostrils flaring, snorting at me...

(BRAD extends his arms and claps his hands together and fashions a gun out of his fingers.)

Unholstered my .45. Big, gnarly, ugly feral porker coming right AT me. I let him get maybe ten feet. Then: POW!

(Points to his forehead.)

Nailed him right here. Fucker hit the dirt right at my feet.

MILES. Were you scared?

BRAD. Fuck no. I was drunk on my ass.

(Polishes off his beer.)

Saved another row of vines so you pussies could have your Pinot.

(MILES laughs. BRAD clammers off his stool a little unsteadily.)

Got to rinse a kidney. Sure you don't want to come?

MILES. No, I've got my own wild boar here I'm dealing with. I'll take a rain check.

BRAD. Think about it.

(BRAD weaves a sinuous line to the bathrooms as JACK, on cue, comes in, plops down on a barstool, reclaims his glass of wine.)

MILES. Make landfall with the bride?

JACK. Yeah.

MILES. What'd you tell her this time?

JACK. Bad cell connection.

MILES. She keeps buying that lame excuse?

JACK. I don't know, Miles. My nose hurts. And Terra's not picking up for some weird reason.

MILES. What do you mean?

JACK. I really, really wanted to see her tonight. We had plans. But, she's not answering.

MILES. Hmm.

JACK. You didn't tell Maya anything, did you? Then black out and not remember?

MILES. No! No.

JACK. I just can't figure out why she gave you the money back.

MILES. Maybe, just maybe, she, unlike some others I know, wanted to be on the up and up about shit.