

~~MILES. The chick's married. She's not interested in me in that way.~~

(MAYA reappears, stops when she sees MILES, smiles.)

MAYA. Hey, Miles, how're you doing?

MILES. Hi, Maya.

MAYA. It's really good to see you. Missed you. It's been a long time.

MILES. Yeah, been deep into the writing. This is my friend, Jack. Jack, Maya.

JACK. Hi, Maya.

MAYA. Nice to meet you. You guys on vacation?

MILES. We are *officially* on vacation.

JACK. I'm getting a personal guided tour of the local wineries, courtesy of the Burghound here.

MILES. Ignore him. He doesn't know Allan Meadows from Audrey Meadows.

JACK. Fuck you.

MAYA. Well, you're in good hands, Jack. Miles knows *every* tasting room in the valley, don't you, Miles?

(MILES smiles wryly at this, and MAYA winks conspiratorially at him.)

JACK. That's what I hear, Maya.

MAYA. Guess what, Miles?

MILES. No, what?

MAYA. I stupidly took your advice that night way back when and I'm now deep into Volume Eleven of Carl Jung's *Collected Works*.

MILES. Pardon?

MAYA. Remember? I mentioned I was thinking of writing a novel? And you told me if I wanted to be a writer I had to read the entire *Collected Works* of Carl Gustav Jung?

MILES. What? I *did*?

MAYA. Yep. All twenty big black volumes.

MILES. Jesus. I must have had a few too many.

MAYA. You told me it was a life-transforming journey for you.

MILES. It was. A long time ago. Lot of good it's done me.

MAYA. A month of tips for those tomes. But, I have to say, in all honesty, you were right. It has been life-transforming.

MILES. I'm glad. I guess.

MAYA. You know what else you advised me that long, Pinot-soaked night, Miles?

MILES. I'm afraid to ask.

(MAYA leans into them, elbows on the bar:)

MAYA. You told me to...

(Makes quotation marks with her fingers.)

...divorce - the - fornicating - deconstructionist.

MILES. I did?

MAYA. About forty times. Very adamant you were. So...I got divorced. Never been happier. Free as a bird. Shrink took me off Prozac. And you know the best part?

(She leans in closer.)

I love being single again.

MILES. What's with the wedding rings?

MAYA. Lot of drunks in here. Flash these babies and they lose interest real quick. Besides, they're not all as cultured, or as handsome, as you two. Excuse me.

(She pivots in place and exits. JACK, arms crisscrossed against his chest, just stares at MILES, beaming his 1,000-watt smile.)

MILES. What?

JACK. We're coming in here evveerrry night. We're staayyin' till closin'. Drinks with the staff...

(CHARLIE re-materializes.)

~~CHARLIE. Gentlemen, what can I get you?~~

~~JACK. Charlie! We're tucking in for a long evening, so get those Pinots uncorked.~~