

**JACK.** Whoa, whoa, whoa, zero to 800, zero to 800. Hand on the rudder. Full throttle.

**MILES.** Oh, that's Maya.

**JACK.** You *know* that chick?

**MILES.** Yeah, I know that chick. I told you, I come up here all the time. Maya's cool.

**JACK.** Why don't you go for her? She's dynamite.

**MILES.** Don't get too excited. She's married. Check out the rock.

*(JACK telescopes his head forward to gain a closer look.)*

*Left hand. Ring finger.*

**JACK.** Fuck you.

**MILES.** Get used to it.

**JACK.** Yeah yeah yeah.

**MILES.** Well?

**JACK.** That don't mean shit. When Babs was maître d' at The Ivy she wore a big ol' engagement ring just to prevent aggressive fucks from hitting on her. And do you think that stopped them? Hell no. How do I think I met her? So, how do you know she's really married?

**MILES.** We kind of got down one night after hours here at the bar.

**JACK.** And she told you about her husband?

**MILES.** Yeah. She followed some lit professor – one of those pedantic *de*-constructionists! – out here to UC Santa Barbara. They were having problems...

**JACK.** What kind of problems?

**MILES.** I don't know, Jack! Charismatic liberal arts professor. Sex-crazed, away-from-parents undergrads who venerate those malodorous Marxists. Ring a bell? But they must've worked it out if she's still wearing the jewelry.

**JACK.** When was this you got down with her?

**MILES.** I don't know. A year or so ago.

**JACK.** She's probably divorced now just like you. A lot can happen in a year. I'm going to ask Charlie.

**MILES.** No, don't do that, please.

**JACK.** Why?

**MILES.** Because. He'll tell Maya that we were asking, and I don't want her to know that we were prying into her personal life.

**JACK.** Well, how're we going to find out?

**MILES.** I don't *want* to find out. If she wants me to find out, she'll tell me. It's not like she's lacking for men. She's got a whole restaurant teeming with them drooling over her every night.

**JACK.** Oh, right! These Winnebago fat fucks? That must get her really wet.

**MILES.** Some pretty hip rock star winemakers roll in here, too.

**JACK.** Yeah, limp-dicked out on two bottles. So, what else did you get down about?

**MILES.** I don't remember, Jack. I was pretty framed.

**JACK.** I bet she was, too.

**MILES.** Oh, Maya likes her Pinot. Whew! She can drink me under the destemmer. Knows a ton about wine, too.

**JACK.** There you go, Homes. High tolerance. Refined palate. A marriage made in heaven.

**MILES.** She's a cocktail waitress in Buellton, Jack. She has a whole life up here that I'm not privy to.

**JACK.** What are you? Some kind of fucking elitist?

**MILES.** That's not the issue.

**JACK.** What's the issue?

**MILES.** She's not interested in me, okay? To her, I'm a guy who comes up here to escape my life and drinks too much. A writer *manqué divorcé*.

**JACK.** I don't know what that means. All I know is when you get the good news this week, you're going to be cat-nip to these women.