

(JACK grins at MILES, enjoying TERRA's put-down of him.)

MILES. I prefer the more austere style of Chablis. Fermented in cement! Unadulterated Chardonnay!

JACK. I love oak. Especially *new oak*.

MILES. Too much *new oak* can overwhelm the delicate bouquet.

JACK. Or take it in a *bold* new direction.

(TERRA glances back and forth between the two of them, vaguely amused. She reaches for another bottle.)

TERRA. Ready for the Cab Franc?

MILES. Fill 'er up. Pour with your heart. It's been a rough day.

(As TERRA uncorks the bottle, JACK whispers into MILES's ear.)

JACK. Your rough day's about to get sandpapered.

(TERRA pours, even more profligately this time. They go through the wine appreciation routine: JACK trying; MILES deliberately supercilious.)

TERRA. What do you think?

MILES. Quaffable. For a blending variety. I don't expect greatness from Cab Franc.

(MILES, impertinently, upends his glass into the spit bucket. JACK, undaunted, forges ahead.)

JACK. I like it. Spicy. Nicely-proportioned. Hints of animal. Grrr. Tremendous promise.

MILES. You like all blending varieties. Like the masses, you have no taste; only an appetite.

JACK. Do you live around here, Terra?

TERRA. I do. Just outside Buellton.

JACK. Oh, yeah?! We're staying at the Windmill Inn.

TERRA. Slumming it, huh?

JACK. We like unpretentious. Don't we, Miles?

TERRA. Where're you from?

JACK. L.A. Hollywood. We're up celebrating Miles's book deal.

(Slaps a chagrined MILES on the back.)

Published author!

TERRA. Congratulations, Miles.

JACK. And I'm a director. Mostly TV.

TERRA. Awesome.

MILES. AND...does some acting on the side.

JACK. Hey, by chance, do you know a woman named Maya? Waitresses at the Hitching Post?

TERRA. Yeah, I know Maya! Real well.

JACK. No shit? Small world. We had a drink (or five) with her last night.

TERRA. Ohhhhh, so *you* were the guys she was telling me about. She was trying to get you to come out with us to Maverick's to dance, wasn't she?

JACK. Yeah. We were pretty wiped, though. But if I had known what she was hiding...

MILES. Could we move on to the Pinots, Terroir?

TERRA. Terra.

MILES. Sorry. We've been pounding the wines all afternoon.

JACK. *(Shaking his head, explaining.)* He's a little giddy. Book deal. Six-figure advance burning a hole in his wallet... Cute tasting room manager.

(TERRA smiles, doesn't really know what to make of the two of them.)

TERRA. I got something you should try.

(TERRA reaches under the counter and produces an unlabeled bottle. In defiance of tasting room protocol, she slowly pours them each full glasses.)

New vineyard in the valley. One week cold soak for extraction. Then we warmed it up and started the fermentation. Wild yeasts. Punched down manually. Three of us. Bare-assed naked, stomping the grapes into submission. Only 125 cases. Just released. Shhh.

JACK. Oh, you're a naughty, naughty girl, Terra.

TERRA. I know. At the end of the day I might need to be spanked. Excuse me, gentlemen.

(TERRA wanders off. JACK turns to MILES with bulging eyes.)

JACK. Fuckin' believe that? And she knows Maya. I'm going to get this whole thing lined up.

MILES. What whole thing?

JACK. You. Me. Terra. Maya. Come to the party.

MILES. Do you know how many guys hit on these tasting room managers? Especially ones as adorable as her?

JACK. Dude, if you hadn't limped out on me, this would have all gone down last night. Just stand back. Watch papa go to work.

(TERRA returns, more coquettish than before.)

TERRA. How's the secret - shhh - Pinot performing?

JACK. It's...pornographically good.

TERRA. I like that description.

JACK. I stole it from Miles. He's the writer.

TERRA. Nice. I might use that.

MILES. Where's the restroom, Terroir? All this wine's giving me the runs.

TERRA. Outside. Around back.

(MILES exits. JACK leans into TERRA's pretty face.)

JACK. Miles's got a kind of unique sense of humor. More Maya's type.

TERRA. Oh, yeah?

JACK. So, Maya called you last night, huh...?