

EXT. GOLF COURSE/DRIVING RANGE - DAY
(JACK HAS BROUGHT A BOTTLE AND PAPER CUPS)

WHACK! Jack TEES OFF and shades his eyes to watch the ball's trajectory.

JACK

Crap.

Miles, approaches the tee - sets his ball.

JACK

Did you ever got a hold of Maya yesterday?

MILES

Nope.

JACK

She likes you, man. Stephanie'll tell you.

MILES

Can you give me some room here?

JACK

Oh yeah. Sure.

Miles lifts his club.

JACK

You know, in life you gotta strike when the iron's hot.

MILES

Thanks, Jack.

Miles refocuses and SWINGS just as Jack offers more advice.

JACK

Don't whiff it.

WHACK! Miles manages to make a good long drive.

JACK

Nice shot.

MILES

You're an asshole.

JACK

What about your agent? Hear anything yet?

MILES

Nope.

JACK

What do you think's going on?

MILES

Could be anything.

JACK

Been checking your messages?

MILES

Obsessively.

JACK

Huh.

MILES

They probably think my book is such a piece of shit that it's not even worthy of a response. I guess I'll just have to learn how to kiss off three years of my life.

JACK

But you don't know yet, so your negativity's a bit premature, wouldn't you say?

Miles says nothing.

JACK

Or fuck those New York publishers. Publish it yourself. I'll chip in. Just get it out there, get it reviewed, get it in libraries. Let the public decide.

Giving Jack a look that says Jack has no idea what he's talking about, Miles takes a stance over the ball and focuses.

JACK

Don't come over the top. Stay still.

MILES

Shut up.

JACK

Just trying to be helpful... It's all about stillness, Miles. Inner quiet.

MILES

Shut up! Shut up! Shut up! What's the matter with you, man? SHUT UP!

JACK

Why are you so hostile? I know you're frustrated with your life right now, but you can choose not to be so hostile.

(holding out a cup of wine)

Here.

Still fuming, Miles accepts the wine and has a taste.

MILES

What is it?

JACK

I don't know. Got it from Stephanie.

Miles downs the rest and is intrigued by the taste.

MILES

Huh. Let me see the label.