

INT. STEPHANIE'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Miles and Maya enter....They stand, alone for the first time -- Jack and Stephanie are gone. From a distant bedroom comes the sound of laughter.

MAYA

Looks like our friends are hitting it off.

Maya goes to adjust the STEREO;
she crouches, giving Miles a glimpse of the small of HER BACK.

MAYA

It's kind of weird being here with you in Stephanie's house. All those times you came into the restaurant. It's like you're a real person now.

Almost.

MILES

Yeah, I know. It's kind of weird. Out of context.

MAYA

Yeah, weird. But great.

MILES

Yeah. Definitely.

MAYA

So what's your novel about?

MILES

Well, it's a little difficult to summarize. It begins as a first-person account of a guy taking care of his father after a stroke. Kind of based on personal experience, but only loosely.

MAYA

What's the title?

MILES

"The Day After Yesterday."

MAYA

Oh. You mean... today?

MILES

Um... yeah but it's more...

MAYA

So is it kind of about death and mortality, or...?

MILES

Mmmm, yeah... but not really. It shifts around a lot. Like you also start to see everything from the point of view of the father. And some other stuff happens, some parallel narrative, and then it evolves -- or devolves -- into a kind of a Robbe-Grillet mystery -- you know, with no real resolution.

MAYA

Wow. Anyway, I think it's amazing you're getting it published. Really. I know how hard it is. Just to write it even.

MILES

(squeezing it out)

Yeah. Thanks.

MAYA

Like me, I have this stupid paper due on Friday, and as usual I'm freaked out about it. Just like in high school. It never changes.

MILES

A paper?

MAYA

Yeah. I'm working on a masters in horticulture. Chipping away at it.

MILES

Horticulture? Wow. I didn't know there was a college here.

MAYA

I commute to San Luis Obispo twice a week.

MILES

So... you want to work for a winery or something someday?

MAYA

Well...

MILES

I do have a copy of the manuscript in the car. It's not fully proofed, but if you're okay with a few typos...

MAYA

Oh yeah. Who cares? I'm the queen of typos.