

VINTAGE

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. CLOVER HILL VINEYARD: PASO ROBLES, CA - DAY

DELCY REEVES (49, luminous, but relies on her intellect over her looks) stands at the top of a vineyard hill in the rain.

DELCY

(to God)

You've got to be kidding me! You bring me back here and then everything goes wrong. Ev-er-y-thing. I can't catch one tiny break. What do you want from me?!

THUNDER.

She kicks a trellis, rips off a bunch of grapes, and throws.

SUPER: 24 HOURS EARLIER...

INT. MADONNA INN RESTAURANT: SAN LUIS OBISPO, CA - DAY

Delcy sits with her husband, RYAN REEVES, 48, an athletic pretty boy. A college-aged WAITRESS approaches.

WAITRESS

What can I get you?

RYAN

Hamburger, medium rare, no fries.

WAITRESS

Anything to drink?

RYAN

I'll take a glass of the Clover Hill.

WAITRESS

The what?

Ryan points to the menu, "Wines By The Glass."

WAITRESS (CONT'D)

We haven't had that in stock for awhile now. I thought they went out of business when the owner died?

DELCY

You should update your menu.

WAITRESS

I'll make sure to mention that to the manager. We have lots of other great wine selections.

RYAN

I'll just have a Diet Coke.

WAITRESS

And for you, ma'am?

DELCY

Cobb salad, no bacon, balsamic dressing on the side, unsweetened ice tea and the check.

Delcy hands the menu and her credit card to the waitress, who walks away.

RYAN

I hate it when you do that.

DELCY

Do what? I hate it when twenty year olds call me "ma'am."

RYAN

Ask for the check the second after you order. What if I want dessert?

DELCY

What are you, five? We have a busy day ahead. Eat fast.

EXT. DOWNTOWN PASO ROBLES - DAY

Timeless, small-town America. No chain stores in sight. LOCALS walk dogs, TOURISTS mill about the shops.

A Prius with Washington DC plates pulls in front of a small Victorian house: **Charlene Cortez, Attorney-At-Law.**

Delcy steps out of the car. Ryan opens his door--

DELCY

(to Ryan)
I'll be right out.

RYAN

But I want to come in with you.

INT. LAWYER'S OFFICE - DAY

CHARLENE CORTEZ, mid 40s, sits behind her desk in her homey office, while Delcy - without Ryan - peruses her shelves.

CHARLENE

As I said on the phone, you are Keith's sole heir. We'll transfer the title over to you today but you'll now be taking on his debt. Why don't you take a seat and I can run through all this for you?

DEL CY

I've been sitting all day. I would've thought any mortgage would be paid off by now.

CHARLENE

Keith apparently leveraged his equity. Most wineries around here operate in the red. But this is a unique situation.

DEL CY

Wait. So there's no equity left? Like, at all?

CHARLENE

You might want to sit down for this, Delcy. The bank is calling the loan this week. They didn't receive the last payment--

DEL CY

Because he died!

CHARLENE

Maybe we can postpone it by showing them your other assets--

DEL CY

What other assets? We bought our condo in DC when the market was high, and barely broke even selling it to come out here. My IRA is gone. That's a whole other story.

Delcy finally takes a seat.

DEL CY (CONT'D)

Charlie, just tell me what I'm walking into here.

Charlie looks down at the bank notice in front of her and slides it towards Delcy.

CHARLENE

With interest and penalties, you owe the bank \$107,000 by Friday. If it's not paid, Clover Hill goes into foreclosure.

Delcy blanches.

EXT. PASO ROBLES COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

Rolling green hills, blue skies, massive oak trees, farms with livestock, and thousands of acres of vineyards.

RYAN (V.O.)

What if we put it on the market?

INT. PRIUS - CONTINUOUS

Delcy gazes out the window as Ryan drives.

DELCY

The one promise our family made to each other is that we'd never sell the property.

RYAN

It's not like they're going to know the difference.

She gives him a sharp look.

RYAN (CONT'D)

If we declare bankruptcy, we can get rid of all our debt.

DELCY

But then we still lose the vineyard, and wind up with nothing.

RYAN

We could start a GoFundMe. "Save Clover Hill!"

DELCY

GoFundMes are for losers.

Ryan notices the beautiful landscape rolling by.

RYAN

It sure is pretty around here.
Even prettier in person than the
pics I saw online.

DELCY

Keith & I used to say...
(PRE-LAP)
Paso Robles: 3 hours to somewhere
better.

EXT. 101 FREEWAY - DAY

A GREEN EXIT SIGN reading "Paso Robles." The Prius takes the exit.

EXT. CLOVER HILL VINEYARD - MORNING

A weathered painted sign reads: Clover Hill Vineyard, est. 1975.

The Prius winds along a dirt driveway lined with blooming rosebushes. Halfway up the hill is a fork; the car veers left past the front 10 acres of planted vines.

EXT. TOP OF THE HILL - DAY

A clearing with 3 houses and a large barn-like building (the tasting room). A CLASSIC PICKUP TRUCK sits in the driveway.

The Prius comes to a stop at the top in front of the largest cottage with a wraparound front porch.

EXT. MAIN HOUSE PORCH - DAY

As Delcy opens the screen to enter, she sees the bank's yellowing "NOTICE OF NON-PAYMENT" taped to the front door. She rips it off and shoves it in her purse.

INT. MAIN HOUSE - DAY

Spare but bright and clean, farmhouse chic. This is the house Delcy grew up in.

INT. MAIN HOUSE OFFICE - DAY

Delcy stands in the bedroom that used to be hers, now a home office.

Delcy's attention falls on a framed photo of herself and twin brother Keith, both 10, smiling in the sunlight on top of Clover Hill.

She suddenly remembers something, and reaches under the desk, feels for an envelope taped underneath, and pulls it off: "*For Emergencies Only!!*" scrawled on it. She opens it and finds...\$5.

DELICY
(under her breath)
Goddamnit, Keith.

ALMA GARCIA (mid 50s), the maid, appears out of nowhere, and Delcy jumps.

DELICY (CONT'D)
Sorry, you startled me. Hi.

ALMA
I made up the master for you.

Alma leads them down the hall to the master bedroom.

Ryan comes up the stairs two at a time and almost trips over a fluffy BLACK CAT (SHIRAZ) who's following them. The CAT MEOWS and rubs against Ryan.

ALMA (CONT'D)
Shiraz likes you. Which is good since she seems to hate everyone else. Hope you're not allergic.

Delcy SNEEZES.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

Delcy puts her suitcase in a corner, and turns to Alma. Ryan stands in the doorway.

DELICY
We're going to need another room made up.

Alma hesitates momentarily. Delcy opens her suitcase, unpacks an expensive wardrobe in mostly grays, creams and beiges.

ALMA
Of course. I also have lunch waiting. I'm Alma.

RYAN

DELICY

Thanks, sounds
great, Alma.

We just ate.

RYAN

First, though, I need to hit the
head. ¿Dónde está el baño?

Delcy beats Alma to it:

DELICY

Down the hall to the left.

Ryan leaves.

DELICY (CONT'D)

We don't have too much, but the
rest of our stuff should be
arriving later this week.

ALMA

(quietly)

I hate bringing this up, but my
husband Miguel and I haven't been
paid in over a month. Neither has
the vineyard manager. Everyone else
quit. We stayed on because we loved
Keith so much and we know it's a
hard time for you. But we can't
hold out much longer. If we need to
find new jobs, please let us know.

DELICY

Give me a day to get everything
sorted out. You don't need to go
anywhere just yet.

EXT. MASTER BEDROOM BALCONY - DAY

Delcy stands at the railing and looks out over the 20 acres
of Clover Hill Vineyard. She pulls her cashmere wrap tighter
around her.

EXT. TOP OF HILL - DAY (FLASHBACK)

A man in his mid-30s - DELCY'S FATHER - clips grapes off the
vines as 10 year-old Delcy and Keith chase each other through
the rows and SQUEAL with delight.

DELICY'S FATHER

Delcy, Keith, come here for a
minute. You know what I love most
about Clover Hill?

He stands up as the kids run over to him, surveying his hills bathed in golden light.

DELICY
What, Papa?

DELICY'S FATHER
That we'll live in these vines forever.

RYAN (O.S.)
Delcy! Come down. There's someone I want you to meet!

INT. MAIN HOUSE LIVING ROOM - PRESENT DAY

Ryan yuks it up with ZAKK BLADES, 50s, rocker hair, no one has given him the memo that the eighties are way over.

Ryan holds a black bottle with a gold label that reads "Rockin' Rose."

RYAN
Babe! Do you know who this is?

DELICY
No. Who are you?

RYAN
Zakk Blades! He's our neighbor. How cool is that?

ZAKK
Pleasure to make your acquaintance.

DELICY
Are you on the old Benton property?

ZAKK
Bought their vineyard as a write off back in the nineties. Who knew what a gold mine it'd be? Now I make way more money off my wines than I do my music.

DELICY
Lucky you.

As she tries to brush by them--

ZAKK
I was just telling your husband here--

RYAN

Ryan.

ZAKK

Right. Brian. Anyway, I was just sayin' I feel kinda bad how totally fucked you guys are. Keith was barely hanging onto this place by a thread, and that must be a bummer to walk into. I'd be willing to take it off your hands for, like, 200 grand.

Ryan lights up.

DELICY

It's not for sale.

Ryan deflates.

ZAKK

Everything's for sale, babe. Suit yourself. I guess I'll just buy it from the bank in a few weeks.

She picks up her large purse and walks past him out the front door, her purse smacking into him. Behind her, Ryan & Zakk are taking a couple selfies. Tongue out, Zakk flashes the sign of the horns. Delcy rolls her eyes.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE, DOWNTOWN PASO ROBLES - DAY

Delcy cuts through an ART FAIR on the green, with several HIPPIE VENDORS in white tents selling amateur art and homemade jewelry.

She sees a WOMAN- 65, fit, immaculately groomed, filled and Botoxed - coming out of PASO PAWN across the street. This is AUNT GOLDIE; we'll meet her later.

Delcy puts her head down and pretends to be interested in a PAINTING, but her high heel spikes into the grass and breaks.

Goldie heads towards her Jaguar parked on the street. Goldie returns the wave of a PASSERBY before getting into her car.

INT. PASO PAWN SHOP - DAY

The bell RINGS as Delcy limps inside. The OWNER (40s, male, townie) is behind the counter polishing a pocket watch.

DEL CY

That woman who was just in here.
What was she selling?

OWNER

I'm sorry I can't tell you that. We
have to protect the confidentiality
of our customers.

DEL CY

Well it's my Aunt, so...

OWNER

Then why don't you ask her
yourself?

Delcy takes the DIAMOND RING off her finger and places it on
the counter.

DEL CY

How much would you give me for
this?

The OWNER takes out a loupe, picks up the ring, takes a long
look at the diamond and WHISTLES. She takes her sweater off.

DEL CY (CONT'D)

It's hot in here.

OWNER

You sure you want to hock this?

DEL CY

No, but I need the money. Today.

OWNER

I can give you \$9000 for it.

DEL CY

That diamond is flawless.

OWNER

OK, OK. \$12,000. But that's really
the best I can do.

EXT. SIDEWALK OUTSIDE PAWN SHOP - DAY

Head down, a barefoot Delcy is counting the cash when she
accidentally bumps into A MAN walking by. This is ANDREW
LANWORTH (DREW), 50, preppy but soft, her high school
boyfriend.

ANDREW
I'm so sorry.
(recognizing her)
Delcy?!

DEL CY
Drew. Hi.

She discreetly puts the cash envelope into her purse.

ANDREW
Wow, it's been forever. I don't
think I've seen you since we, uh,
that night when you broke and
stomped on my 19 year old heart.

DEL CY
You look like you've recovered
well.

ANDREW
Only on the outside. And you look
great. When did you get back into
town?

DEL CY
Just today.

ANDREW
I was so sorry to hear about Keith.
How are you holding up?

DEL CY
I still can't believe he's gone. He
wasn't even sick.
(changing the subject)
How have you been?

ANDREW
Good, really good. I took over my
dad's law practice.

DEL CY
And how's Timmy?

ANDREW
My once wayward baby brother is now
the mayor of this fine town.

DEL CY
Wow, the Lanworths have really put
their mark on El Paso de Robles.

ANDREW

Not all of us set out to make it in
the Big City.

JEN (51, former head cheerleader, clad in Lily Pulitzer)
walks out of the restaurant

JEN

Andrew, there you are.

ANDREW

Jen, you remember--

JEN

Oh my God, Delcy Betancourt? Is
that you?

(sizing her up)

You're shorter than I remember.

DELCY

It's Delcy Reeves now.

JEN

That's right. I heard you married a
tennis player who lost that famous
match.

DELCY

He's retired now. That match
happened way before we met.

ANDREW

I'd like to meet him.

DELCY

He's at the vineyard. I actually
really need to get back there.

EXT. VINEYARD - DAY

MIGUEL GARCIA, late 50s, Alma's affable husband, chases after
a BABY GOAT until he's able to pick it up.

Delcy approaches wearing a new pair of sneakers.

DELCY

Is that a pet, or dinner?

MIGUEL

They're workers, not food. My
little lawn mowers.

(cooing at the goat)

Isn't that right, cabrito?

DELCY

Your wife told me you haven't been paid this month. How much do I owe both of you?

Without hesitating--

MIGUEL

\$5200.

Delcy counts \$5200 out of her cash and hands it over to him.

MIGUEL (CONT'D)

Thank you.

DELCY

Where can I find the vineyard manager?

Miguel points into the field.

MIGUEL

I'll take you to Gage.

EXT. VINEYARD - DAY

Miguel walks Delcy to the top of the property overlooking all 20 acres. On the way, he drops the BABY GOAT in the pen with the other goats.

EXT. TOP OF THE HILL - DAY

GAGE (early 50s, scruffily handsome with a been around and seen everything vibe) kneels in the soil, tests its levels.

GAGE

Miguel, I think the soil here is too alkaline.

Gage ignores Delcy.

MIGUEL

We could try adding ammonium sulfate.

GAGE

No, I want to stay organic. Do we have any sulfur we could use?

MIGUEL

This is Delcy, Keith's sister. She needs to talk to you. I'll go check on the sulfur.

Miguel walks back down the hill.

DEL CY

I hear I owe you some back pay.
Thank you for not quitting on me.
This should cover most of it. It's
the best I could do on short
notice.

She holds out an envelope filled with cash. He puts it in his back pocket without counting it.

GAGE

Keith was a good friend. I'm sorry
for your loss.

DEL CY

Thank you, Gage. I'd like to see
the inventory.

GAGE

I can show you what Keith and I
have been working on.

Delcy and Gage walk among the rows of vines.

DEL CY

These are grapes. Not wine.

GAGE

Did you know there are 40 varieties
of grapes grown throughout Paso?
Yet we were only growing 3 here.

DEL CY

That's how my Dad planted it.

Delcy nostalgically touches a vine.

DEL CY (CONT'D)

I always felt like my Dad was still
with me in these vines.

GAGE

Planting a vineyard is leaving a
legacy.

DEL CY

And I'm here to protect that. What
do you have aging in the cellar?

GAGE

About 40,000 gallons of Zinfandel, cab, and syrah, all aging in French oak. I also planted some beautiful chardonnay clones and sauvignon blanc 3 years ago, which will finally be ready this year. I'm doing half unoaked in the stainless steel tanks Keith just bought.

DELCY

How long before the wine is ready to sell?

GAGE

Late August at the earliest for the whites. The reds need at least another year of aging before we can bottle them.

DELCY

(rubbing her temples)

I can't wait that long. There'll be no vineyard by then because the bank will have repossessed it.

Gage takes out a pocketknife, walks to a vine, cuts a cluster of growing grapes, and places it in Delcy's hand.

GAGE

I'm sure your father taught you:
good wine takes time, Delcy.

Gage walks away. Delcy eats one of the grapes. Tasting its bitterness, she spits it on the ground.

Shiraz the cat appears, crosses in front of her, MEOWS but a WHITE CAT gives chase and they dart off.

Startled, Delcy backs up but her sleeve catches on wire supporting the grapevine. She yanks it to free herself but rips her shirt and cuts her forearm, which bleeds.

DELCY

Ow.

EXT. VINEYARD - DAY

Delcy trudges down the hill, holds her arm.

INT. TASTING ROOM - DAY

Delcy washes her arm. She takes out a first aid kit from under the sink, peels off a band aid to place on her cut.

Gage enters and goes to the sink to wash his hands.

GAGE

You OK?

DELCY

There's at least 100 cases of wine sitting in here collecting dust. I need to sell them.

GAGE

It's swill.

DELCY

It's what our vineyard sold for 40 years.

GAGE

Have you tasted it recently?

DELCY

No. I'm allergic to the tannins in red wine.

He raises his eyebrows.

GAGE

Well I'm not putting my name on that.

DELCY

Your name isn't on it. It's Clover Hill's.

GAGE

When you grew up here, there were less than 20 wineries. Now there's more than 200. The competition has gotten stiff to get into chain stores and restaurants. That's why Keith hired me and invested in new equipment. If you want to play in the big leagues, you gotta recruit the top players.

DELCY

Gage, even LeBron has Frank Vogel who coaches him and Jeanie Buss who pays his salary.

As he walks out the door--

GAGE

Mia Yang is the wine distributor
for this region.

She takes out her phone and googles "Mia Yang." The only hit that comes up is an Instagram account @MiaYangWine.

Delcy fumbles to create an account; it takes her a moment to figure out how to send a message, which she types quickly. Her phone SWOOSHES when she sends it.

EXT. MAIN HOUSE BACK PATIO - SUNSET

Delcy walks outside with 2 plates of lasagna and utensils. Ryan lounges on a chaise, enjoying the sunset with a glass of Zinfandel. Delcy hands Ryan his plate and sits next to him.

The colors of the sunset are extraordinary, but Ryan's focus is on the in-ground pool in front of them.

RYAN

Is the pool heated?

DELICY

We're not on vacation, Ryan. We're pretty much farmers now.

Ryan takes a sip of wine.

RYAN

Zakk Blades' offer is decent.

DELICY

Clover Hill is worth at least three times what he's offering!

RYAN

It would be kinda cool to say we sold our vineyard to a rock star.

DELICY

Oh, please. Bono is a rock star. Bruce Springsteen is a rock star. This guy is one season away dressing up as a papaya on The Masked Singer.

RYAN

I'm just trying to run through our choices.

Delcy sweeps her hand holding the fork at the landscape surrounding them.

DELCY

This is our only choice. It's all I have left of my family. Everything else is gone.

As she cuts into her lasagna, he notices her ring finger is bare.

RYAN

Hey, where's your ring?

She chews, swallows and takes a sip of water.

DELCY

I sold it to pay the employees. I can't believe you don't see what a douchebag Zakk is. I'm pretty sure he was wearing geyliner.

RYAN

You sold your wedding ring without telling me ?

DELCY

You put all our retirement savings in a shady real estate deal and didn't tell me.

RYAN

A tennis academy in Maui sounded like a great idea at the time.

DELCY

Not exactly a sound investment when the lead builder disappears with the funding.

RYAN

You got fired! I was trying to help us out with a Plan B. I'm always trying to help out, but you won't let me. Rick said it was a sure thing. You know I've always wanted my own academy.

DELCY

I got downsized during a restructuring which is not the same thing as being fired. Is Rick in jail yet?

She forks an angry bite of her food.

DELICY (CONT'D)
This lasagna is really good.

Ryan stands up, opens the french doors. Shiraz (black cat) jumps up on the porch, and Ryan follows the cat inside.

She checks her phone for a return message from Mia: nothing yet.

INT. MASTER BATHROOM - NIGHT

Delcy stands in front of the mirror, studies her reflection. She expertly applies her nighttime skin care regimen with 5 different anti-aging skin care products.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Delcy walks across the room to turn off the light. In the darkness, she looks though the window, notices a light still on in the distance in the WINE CAVE.

Gage moves around inside, but Delcy can't see what he's doing. She stands away from the window so that Gage can't see her spying on him.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Delcy tiptoes down the hall, and peeks in Ryan's room: he's sound asleep with Shiraz snuggled on the bed with him. A sweet scene. She smiles, takes a step towards the bed, when Ryan turns over and FARTS LOUDLY in his sleep. Mood ruined, Delcy backs out of the room.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT

Delcy tosses and turns, opens her eyes. Half asleep, she reaches for her iPhone. She opens her messages to the last text conversation between her and Keith:

KEITH: Goldie's back in town.

DELICY: Don't use the G word with me. I'm busy watching RHONY.

KEITH: When you haven't forgiven those who've hurt you, you turn your back against your future. When you do forgive, you start walking forward. ~Tyler Perry/Dorinda Medley

DEL CY: *I don't have time for people like that. ~Countess Luann*

KEITH: *Go to sleep. ~Bethenny*

DEL CY: *Hello? Where did you go?*

DEL CY: *Why aren't you picking up your phone?*

Delcy types.

DEL CY: *I miss you*

She hits SEND, waits, nothing. She places her phone on the night stand next to the framed photo of herself and Keith as 10-year-olds she has placed there.

EXT. CLOVER HILL VINEYARD - MORNING

The sun has risen. The morning dew glistens on the vines. A ROOSTER CROWS in the distance.

INT. BATHROOM - MORNING

Delcy, hair wet from a shower, searches the cabinets for a hair dryer.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

She passes Ryan's bedroom. He's still asleep.

INT. GUEST BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Delcy opens cabinets: no hair dryer in here, either. Her phone PINGS.

MIA: *Thx for sliding into my DMs! Be over later this morning.*

INT. GOLDIE'S FORMER COTTAGE - DAY

Delcy, hair still wet, enters the small, one story unoccupied cottage.

The lights are off, but sun streams through plantation shutters bathing it in natural light. The dusty living area looks like a Stevie Nicks' garage sale: crystals, dream catchers, beads. It's a shrine to Goldie, even though she hasn't lived there in years. Or has she?

INT. GOLDIE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Delcy, holding a newly-found hair dryer, stares at an avant garde portrait of a young GOLDIE hanging over the bed. Delcy puts the hair dryer down and pulls the portrait off the purple wall. She takes another look at it and then turns it to face backwards on the floor.

A THUD from the guest bedroom down the hall.

DELCY

Hello?

SOUND OF WINDOW OPENING in guest bedroom.

Picking the hair dryer up like a weapon, Delcy cautiously proceeds towards the source of the noises.

INT. COTTAGE HALLWAY - DAY

Creeping slowly -

DELCY

Is anyone there?

One of the bedroom doors is closed. She takes a deep breath and pushes open the door.

INT. COTTAGE BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

BOBBY (14 going on 40, glasses, a little geeky) lounges on the bed reading a beat up paperback of *The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy*.

DELCY

You can't be in here.

BOBBY

Keith gave me an open invitation.
I'm Bobby. I live next door.

DELCY

Good, then you're not a homeless urchin. I'm Keith's sister and I hereby revoke the open invite.

BOBBY

You guys don't look alike.

DELCY

Not all twins look alike. C'mon,
off the bed. Time to go home.

Bobby stands up, and picks up his backpack. She clicks off the bedside lava lamp.

BOBBY

Isn't there going to be a funeral for Keith?

DELICY

He didn't want one.

BOBBY

I miss him.

DELICY

Me too.

(awkward silence)

Unless you want to start paying rent, I'm evicting you. Here, don't forget your book.

She reaches for the paperback on the bed and hands it to him, and he hops out the window a few feet onto the ground below.

Now alone, she surveys the room and walks toward a dusty turntable with dozens of old LPs stacked by it. She puts down the hair dryer, flips through the stack, pulls out an album.

INT. COTTAGE BEDROOM - FLASHBACK

Goldie, 22, hair flowing, wearing big bangle earrings, takes an LP out of its sleeve and plays it on the turntable. Rapt, 7 year-old Delcy sits on the floor absorbing the music.

DELICY

Who's singing, Aunt Goldie?

GOLDIE

This is Jackson Browne, and one of these days, I'm going to move to LA and marry him!

DELICY

You know him?!

GOLDIE

Not yet. But whatever Betancourt women want, Betancourt women get.

GOLDIE twirls Delcy around.

DELICY

Mick Jagger says you can't always get what you want.

GOLDIE
I do, honeybun. I do.

INT. COTTAGE BEDROOM - BACK TO PRESENT DAY

Delcy throws the record out the open window, closes and locks it.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAY

Ryan, shirtless and wet with a towel draped around his waist, chats with MIA YANG (24, overly confident, lithe in a yoga outfit).

Delcy walks across the lawn towards them, hair now dried naturally wavy, but still holding the hair dryer.

MIA
I played second singles at Stanford for all 4 years, but came back home after graduation. Your match happened the year I was born. The longest match ever at the Open! They still replay it during every rain delay.

RYAN
Whenever they replay it, I always hope I finally win.

MIA
So dope that you're the guy.

RYAN
Better to be the guy who won.

Delcy tried to breaks through their instant rapport, and awkwardly extends her hand to shake Mia's.

DELICY
Hi. Mia, I appreciate your coming out here on a Sunday. I need your opinion about something in the tasting room.

Ryan starts to follow them into the Tasting Room, but Delcy turns around to block him.

DELCY (CONT'D)
(quietly)
Why don't you go find your shirt
first? Here, put this in my
bathroom.

She shoves the hair dryer at him.

INT. TASTING ROOM - DAY

Mia and Delcy stand by stacked cases of wine.

MIA
I was planning on getting in touch
with you this week, but you beat me
to it. How did you find me?

DELCY
I googled you.

MIA
Google is so like, 2010s, though.
Use DuckDuckGo. Better privacy.

DELCY
Duly noted. So...

Delcy exhales as she points to the dusty cases of wine.

DELCY (CONT'D)
I want to sell all this as quickly
as possible. Can you help me?

MIA
Keith told me he wanted to wait
until they put the new vintage out.
He said the wines Gage has been
working on will be even better than
your Zin that won double gold at
the State Fair in '89.

DELCY
I'm familiar with the plan, but
that's at least a year away. I
counted 150 cases sitting right
here. We need money now.

Mia walks over to the wall to look at the cases. She picks a
bottle out of one of them and looks at it.

MIA

If you sell the cases at a deep discount just to move them out of here, like \$15 a bottle, you could probably make a quick 25K with a flash sale.

DELICY

Only 15 dollars?

MIA

If you go above that, it will be harder to unload full cases.

DELICY

It's worth more than that but at least it'll make a dent in what I owe the bank.

MIA

How much do you owe?

DELICY

More than I currently have.

Mia looks around, taps her bottom teeth as she contemplates.

MIA

I have an idea. Are you guys busy tonight?

RYAN (O.S.)

No.

Ryan enters, wearing a too-unbuttoned shirt and jeans.

MIA

You are going to throw a flash sale to unload all this stock. We'll post it on Instagram to get the word out immediately.

RYAN

What's a flash sale?

DELICY

I don't do social media.

MIA

You'll need to. At least Clover Hill will.

She takes a few pictures, then opens Instagram on her phone. Mia snaps a quick photo of Ryan and Delcy; he leans in and smiles, Delcy does not.

Mia uploads the pictures to Instagram with the caption and holds it up to them. Delcy reads: *Come raise a glass to our dearly departed owner Keith Betancourt and wish his sister Delcy & her husband Ryan Reeves success as they take over Clover Hill. All bottles \$15. COME THIRSTY AND STOCK UP!*

DEL CY

OK, it looks fine. Go ahead and email it out, or whatever you do with it.

MIA

You've seriously never posted anything to social media? Not even Facebook? I thought all old people love Facebook.

DEL CY

I'll pretend I didn't hear that.

MIA

The invite's posted to stories, my timeline and IGTV. You'll totally have a packed house tonight.

RYAN

Par-tay!!!

DEL CY (PRE-LAP)

We have to be ready to host a wine event for couple hundred people on the property at 7 tonight.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Alma takes bread out of the oven. Miguel rests at the kitchen table drinking a cup of coffee.

ALMA

Ai yi yi. I'm no party planner.

DEL CY

You are today, Alma. We need tables, chairs, food, glasses, bartenders. Let's put a tent on the lawn in front of the tasting room.

ALMA

Can't we hire someone to do all that?

DELCY

Sure, with that big bag of imaginary money I have.
(off her hard look)
I don't need someone to bake bread for me right now, I need someone to help me throw this flash sale so I can keep paying you and Miguel.

MIGUEL

What do you want me to do, Miss Delcy?

DELCY

Miguel, I need you and Ryan to get the bar area ready to go and then bartend. You're in charge of everything wine-related.

MIGUEL

Oooh-kay. I can certainly pour the wine for your guests but you need Gage to tell the guests about it.

Delcy exits out the side door.

ALMA

I liked her brother better.

INT. GAGE'S COTTAGE - DAY

A shirtless Gage opens up a floorboard under his couch, puts stacks of money into the hole, puts the floorboard back.

A KNOCK at the door.

GAGE

I'm in the middle of something.

He gently pushes the couch back over the spot.

DELCY (O.S.)

Gage, it's Delcy. I need to ask you a favor.

Gage walks over and opens the door. Delcy is a bit taken aback to see him standing in front of her half-naked (he looks really good) but recovers quickly.

DELCY (CONT'D)

I spoke with Mia and we're having an event here at the vineyard tonight to unload those old cases sitting in the tasting room, and I need you to talk to the guests about the wine we're selling.

GAGE

(not sorry)

I have to skip the party tonight. I have other plans that I can't cancel. Good luck with it, though.

He closes the door before she can get another sentence out.

EXT. MAIN HOUSE PORCH - DAY

Delcy shouts into the house.

DELCY

Ryan, I'm running out to pick up the food and ice.

No response.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAY

Delcy walks to the driveway but the Prius is gone. She calls Ryan. Straight to voicemail.

She gets in Keith's CLASSIC PICK UP TRUCK, throws her huge purse on the passenger seat and looks for keys, which fall from the visor. It takes a moment for the truck to start. Delcy grinds the gears before she gets it moving.

EXT. LOWER DRIVEWAY - DAY

A parked trailer hauling 2 jet skis blocks her way. Delcy HONKS, but the trailer is unoccupied. She attempts to drive around, but there's not enough room to pass.

She puts the truck in park, and gets out. She strides up the side of the driveway towards her neighbor's house.

EXT. BREWER HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

A ramshackle combination of updated and dilapidated.

As she gets closer, she can hear a KID ROCK song coming from the backyard.

DELCY

Hello?

No answer, but the sound of a CACKLE and some SPLASHING.

Delcy walks through some random junk stored on the side of the home, as well as the biggest herb patch she's ever seen.

EXT. BREWER BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

ROY and LUNA BREWER (late 30s, chubby rednecks) lounge in their massive pool on unicorn and flamingo floaties, drinking Bud Lights. Roy smokes a Cuban cigar. Luna is in full makeup. Music PLAYS from a boom box on the deck, surrounded by Dollar Store tiki torches.

Delcy enters the back yard.

LUNA

Roy, looks like we have company.
Did you invite anyone over?

ROY

Nope. Can you pass me another beer,
Luna Toons?

Luna takes a spare unopened can from the cup holder in her floatie and throws it at Roy. He catches it with one hand, and opens it.

LUNA

This is private property. If you're
sellin' something, we're not
interested, honey.

ROY

(flirty, yuck)
Hey, I might be interested!

DELCY

I live next door at Clover Hill,
and I need you to move your trailer
from the driveway so I can get by.

ROY

Oh. Such a damn shame about Keith.
Too young, too young. I didn't
realize they sold it yet.

DEL CY
I'm his sister.

ROY
Haven't seen you around here. I'd remember.

Bobby walks outside.

LUNA
BobbyBear, meet our new neighbor.

BOBBY
We already met.

LUNA
That's my baby boy. So friendly!

DEL CY
How old are you, Bobby?

BOBBY
14.

DEL CY
We're having a party at the vineyard tonight, and I could use an extra pair of hands to pack up wine and take it out to cars. You want to make a couple extra bucks?

BOBBY
Sure! Rad.

DEL CY
Come to the tasting room around 5. Wear a button down shirt.

Roy gets out of the pool. Beer belly leading the way, he walks to a lawn chair to retrieve keys from his jeans pocket.

DEL CY (CONT'D)
What kind of grapes do you grow?

ROY
We have 7 Rhone-style varietals on the property, but they're leased. We don't make our own wine. Too much of a pain in the ass. So we sell them to some dudes in Tin City who pay me a premium for my grape.

DEL CY
And that's lucrative?

ROY

Hell yeah. Biggest bang for the buck around here.

DEL CY

How'd you like to fill in as my sommelier tonight?

ROY

You're some of what?

DEL CY

I need someone to pinch hit for my winemaker who has the day off.

ROY

You mean, I get to just talk about wine all night? Roy Brewer is your man.

INT. OUTLAW TASTING ROOM, DOWNTOWN PASO - DAY

Western theme, rustic, pictures of Jesse James everywhere. Empty except for GEO (male, early 40s, energetic, lovably bearish) behind the bar. He sees Delcy peeking in the window, the wind whipping her hair, and he enthusiastically waves her in.

GEO

You look like someone who could use a drink!

DEL CY

At 10 am?

GEO

Oh, you mustn't be a tourist then. Only turistas and alkies love wine for breakfast.

(re: her cardigan)

Is that Loro Piana? It looks like Loro Piana from here. Can I touch?

Delcy approaches the bar, extends her arm, and he caresses her sleeve.

DEL CY

(amused)

I feel like a cat.

GEO

Am I making you purr? I could just live in cashmere forever.

(MORE)

GEO (CONT'D)

So if you're not visiting, what's your deal? I haven't seen you around and this town is SMALL.

DELCY

My husband and I just moved back but I grew up here.

GEO

My husband and I recently moved here too! They say when you wind up in your hometown, you're either trying to find or outrun your past. Which is it for you?

DELCY

(looking around)

This tasting room does well? You get enough foot traffic here to support it?

GEO

We don't distribute, so we do all our sales here and in our wine club. By noon, this bar will be stacked five deep. Paso's exploding with tourism lately. It's my favorite California wine country. I'm a bit of a Syrah snob, and we do it best here.

He pours some Outlaw Syrah into a glass, swirls, sniffs, savors it.

GEO (CONT'D)

Fuck it. It's already 5 o'clock in Europe. Sure you don't want some?

He holds his free hand out to shake hers.

GEO (CONT'D)

I'm Geo, by the way. Short for George which is so not me.

DELCY

Delcy. Maybe next time, Geo. Since you love wine so much, you and your husband should come to a flash sale my winery is having tonight.

GEO

Oh my God, you're a vintner too? I had no idea. Your hands are so smooth and clean. Which winery?

DELCO
Clover Hill, off 46 past
Summerwood.

GEO
I thought they closed.

DELCO
No, we're still going. We'll be
releasing our new Zinfandel vintage
next year that's going to be
killer.

EXT. PASO ROBLES STREET - DAY

Loaded down with bags of food and ice, Delcy heads to her
truck parked on the street. A METER MAID writes a ticket.

DELCO
I'm leaving right now! I was only
in there 5 minutes.

Undeterred, the METER MAID puts the ticket under Delcy's
windshield, shakes her head, and walks away.

INT. TENNIS CLUB - DAY

Ryan, in tennis whites, sits in the HEAD PRO's office, a
cramped, messy space with a stringing machine, racquets,
grips and a hopper. Trophies on display behind him on a
bookcase filled with tennis memoirs and instruction books.

HEAD PRO
We don't get many Olympic medalists
around here, even if it was a Penny
in doubles.

RYAN
I had a career-high of 67 in
singles in 1996 in addition to the
Bronze Medal. I could give privates
during the week. I only need
something part-time.

HEAD PRO
Really wish I could help you out,
buddy, but we just don't have any
openings. You know, you should try
the Tennis Ranch in Templeton. They
might be looking for a pro. Gosh,
too bad you lost that quarterfinal
against Sampras.

(MORE)

HEAD PRO (CONT'D)
What was it like, shanking that
forehand on match point? Bet you
wanted that shot back.

Ryan rises to shake his hand.

RYAN
I appreciate your time.

HEAD PRO
Good luck to you, chief.

EXT. TENNIS CLUB PARKING LOT - DAY

Ryan jogs towards his car, looks down at his phone: 5 missed
calls from Delcy and a text "*where TF are you?!*"

ALIX NAIR (35, chic, seductive, rich) follows him.

ALIX
Excuse me.

Ryan opens the door to his car, but doesn't hear her. She
throws a tennis ball at his back.

Ryan turns around.

RYAN
What the --?

Alix smiles.

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF TENNIS CLUB - SIMULTANEOUSLY

Delcy drives by in the truck.

She spies Ryan smiling and laughing with Alix in the club
parking lot. Alix lightly touches Ryan on the arm, and
tousles her hair.

Delcy slows down to a crawl to get a better look.

A car in back of her HONKS; she GUNS it before Ryan notices.

EXT. CLOVER HILL DRIVEWAY -DAY

A party rental truck has its back open. A large tent is set
up on the front lawn.

WORKERS scurry back and forth between the truck and the tent
bringing tables and chairs as Alma distractedly supervises.

Delcy drives up and parks. Miguel rushes up to help her unpack bags of party food and ice.

DELICY

Miguel, when you get a chance, can you change the locks on the spare cottage?

MIGUEL

You got it, boss. But I don't think you need to worry about squatters in Paso.

DELICY

I'm not worried about squatters. I'm worried about ghosts.

MIGUEL

I don't think we have those either, but your wish is my command.

Miguel bows at her, and walks into the tent.

A POLICE CAR pulls up and a fiftyish female COP with a resentful air gets out.

COP

We heard there's going to be a party tonight selling alcoholic beverages. You need a permit for that, ma'am.

DELICY

I need a permit just to throw a party?

COP

A party where you're selling alcohol. It's called a special event permit. No permit, no party.

DELICY

Who called the cops on us?

COP

It was an anonymous tip.

DELICY

How am I supposed to secure a permit on a weekend?

COP

You probably should have thought of that beforehand.

The cop gets back in her car and drives off.

Delcy whips out her phone and uses DuckDuckGo to find "Andrew Lanworth." His website pops up with his cell phone listed. She hits CALL.

DEL CY
 (into phone)
 Drew, it's Delcy. I know. Two times
 in one day. Crazy. You mentioned
 Timmy is the mayor now. I need a
 really, really big favor.

EXT. GOLF COURSE - DAY

Andrew steps away from his golf game.

ANDREW
 I'll try, Delce, but I think Tim is
 up in Tahoe this weekend. I can't
 promise anything.

DEL CY (O.S.)
 Thanks. I'll owe you big time.

ANDREW
 That's certainly an incentive.

He smiles to himself as he ends the call.

INT. TASTING ROOM - DAY

Delcy opens the door. Ryan carries a case of wine out from the back.

DEL CY
 Where were you?

RYAN
 I had an errand to run.

Ryan puts the case down and goes back to retrieve another.

DEL CY
 What kind of errand?

He SLAMS the case down on the counter.

A BABY GOAT runs through the open door into the TASTING ROOM. Delcy approaches the door and SHOUTS outside.

DELCY (CONT'D)

Miguel! One of the goats got out again.

No answer. Delcy walks towards the BABY GOAT and picks it up. It runs away from her until she is able to snag it. Delcy sniffs the air and recoils. Ryan catches a whiff as well.

RYAN

Something's burning.

EXT. TASTING ROOM - DAY

Delcy walks over to the pen to put the BABY GOAT back with his brothers. Ryan follows.

Smoke billows in the distance.

DELCY

Looks like it's coming from Hair Band's property.

They run down the hill.

EXT. ROCKIN VINEYARD - DAY

A small fire burns in an empty field, but the windy conditions make it seem bigger than it is. Zakk, in goggles and a mask, throws brush on it.

DELCY

(shouting)

You gotta put that out!

Zakk runs over.

ZAKK

Nothing to worry about, neighbors. It's a controlled burning. I do this seasonally to clear dead brush.

RYAN

Dude, what's that smell?

ZAKK

Dry manure.

RYAN

It's in my mouth. Tastes like I swallowed a fart.

DELCY

Is this stench going to go away soon? We're having an event at the vineyard tonight and I don't want to choke our guests out.

ZAKK

Yeah, I saw it on the 'Gram. Wouldn't miss it. Hope everything has been going smoothly for you.

He chuckles, and runs back to his bonfire of the vanities.

EXT. FRONT LAWN - DAY

The tent is set up but the formerly blue sky has turned cloudy and gray.

Delcy smells her sleeve: the fire stink is on her. A voicemail notification pops up on her phone.

DELCY

I don't think I can handle another thing going wrong.

RYAN

Who just called you?

DELCY

None of your business.

RYAN

It was just a simple question.

DELCY

Says the guy who spent the day having a rendezvous in town.

A distant RUMBLE of THUNDER.

RYAN

I was trying to get a job!

DELCY

What, as a male escort?

RYAN

This Silicon Valley lady offered me \$500 for private lessons. We need the money so I took her up on it.

DELCY

We wouldn't even be in this situation if it weren't for you.

A drop of rain falls on Delcy's arm. She wipes it away.

RYAN

That's so unfair. I can't do anything right in your eyes!

He storms off.

A LOUDER RUMBLE OF THUNDER. She looks up. The skies open up and a torrential downpour starts.

EXT. TOP OF CLOVER HILL - DAY

Delcy stands in the downpour. The rain drives sideways.

DELCY

(to God)

You've got to be kidding me! You bring me back here and then everything goes wrong. Ev-er-y-thing. I can't catch one tiny break. What do you want from me?!

MORE THUNDER.

She kicks a trellis, rips off a bunch of grapes and throws.

KEITH approaches. The grapes hit him square in the chest.

KEITH

You're really going to let a little rain stop you?

Delcy does a double take. Is she dreaming?

DELCY

Keith? What--what are you...

KEITH

(smiling)

We need the rain. We've been in a drought.

DELCY

I--I--don't...Did I get struck by lightning?

KEITH

You need to get back there and help everyone who's trying to help you.

DELCY

I'm trying, but I can't seem to catch a break.

KEITH

Remember high school graduation when you gave your valedictorian speech and out of nowhere it started storming? Did you stop? Did you cry? No. You reached under the podium, popped open an umbrella and kept going without missing a beat.

DELCY

I had checked the forecast and I knew there was a high chance of rain that day, so I was prepared.

EXT. TENT - EARLY EVENING

Alma steps outside to check the weather as it continues to rain. She sees Delcy in the distance, alone on the hill, pacing and talking to herself.

ALMA

Loco.

EXT. TOP OF CLOVER HILL - EARLY EVENING

Keith puts both his hands on Delcy's shoulders and brings her in for a hug.

KEITH

You're the most tenacious person I've ever known.

DELCY

I'm sick and tired of everything being so hard and having to figure it out by myself.

KEITH

What did Dad always say?

DELCY

The best stuff happens when you have to work for it.

Delcy wipes away her tears. Keith turns her towards the tent in the distance.

KEITH

You have a party to throw. You need to save our vineyard.

INT. TENT - EARLY EVENING

As the rain continues, Ryan, Alma, Miguel and Bobby stand among puddles with towels. The tent leaks.

BOBBY

Were you guys fighting?

RYAN

When you get married, you'll understand.

MIGUEL

Alma and I never fight.

ALMA

That's because you do everything I say, mi esposo.

MIGUEL

Happy wife, happy life.

Delcy returns alone, drenched and muddy, but composed, and newly determined. She surveys the scene.

DELICY

Let's move everything inside. We can hold the event in the tasting room instead.

ALMA

It won't fit that many people.

DELICY

It will. My parents used to throw parties in there all the time.

ALMA

It's almost 6:00! We don't have the time. It just took us 2 hours to get everything set up in here.

INT. TENT - EARLY EVENING

Bobby and Miguel move cocktail tables, chairs, long tables, boxes of wine glasses, cases of wine, food, ice from the tent into the tasting room until they're sweating and panting. Off to the side, Alma stays clean and rolls her eyes.

INT. MIA'S CONDO - EARLY EVENING

Mia's rises from bed next to her GIRLFRIEND, 23. They kiss. Mia heads towards the door but doubles back, picks up her iPhone from its charging device, drops it in her purse and kisses her girlfriend again.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - EARLY EVENING

Miguel lays protective wood planks along the muddy driveway, which Mia walks across.

INT. TASTING ROOM - EARLY EVENING

Everyone except Alma is caked in mud. Delcy finds an old box of Clover Hill t-shirts and hands one to everyone.

Ryan carries out a spare box of wine glasses, and a large pack of wet wipes.

Delcy arranges the food spread on a side table.

Mia enters, walks over to Delcy, and places a crystal in her palm.

MIA

This is Pyrite. It's supposed to bring you good luck and prosperity. Keep it near you tonight.

DELCY

I don't believe in any of that woo woo stuff.

Mia folds Delcy's hand around it.

MIA

A little extra woo woo never hurt anyone.

Delcy puts the crystal in her pocket.

Mia walks around and hands each person a SQUARE reader. She stands in front of them and demonstrates:

MIA (CONT'D)

You just put this on the side of your phone, and swipe the credit card. Easy peasy.

Delcy walks towards Ryan and takes the Square out of his hand.

DELCY

You can focus on tending bar and leave the finances to me.

Mia approaches Delcy and Ryan.

MIA

You two have got to go clean yourselves up. I'll hold down the fort until you come back.

INT. RYAN'S BEDROOM - EARLY EVENING

Ryan does pushups. The clock reads 6:50 pm. He takes a long look in the standing mirror, then picks up a bottle of Zoloft from the night stand, takes out a pill, and washes it down with bottled water.

INT. BATHROOM - EARLY EVENING

Delcy applies mascara and lip gloss in front of the bathroom mirror. She picks up hair concealer spray and sprays her gray roots.

Delcy's phone PINGS.

DREW: No word from Timmy yet on your permit...

EXT. TASTING ROOM - DUSK

The sky has cleared. Twinkle lights hang over the area outside the tasting room: it looks magical lit up at night.

At least 50 cars are parked on the lawn outside. SOUNDS of LAUGHTER and GLASSES TINKLING emanate from inside.

INT. TASTING ROOM - EVENING

The party is in full swing with 100 people drinking wine, talking, laughing. Delcy slides credit cards through her Square reader and animatedly chats with PARTYGOERS.

A BAND of old hippies with MOTHERTRUCKER written on the drums
PLAYS yacht rock in the background.

Mia flits about, taking photos and posting to Instagram. She
walks up to Delcy.

MIA

Just sold 2 more cases to my friend
who owns an incubator.

DELCY

That's good because we've only sold
about 40 cases so far.

MIA

Did your permit guy come through
yet?

DELCY

My permit guy happens to be my ex-
boyfriend. He hasn't been answering
his phone.

MIA

Aren't you worried the cops are
going to shut you down?

Behind the bar, Miguel helps Ryan. There's a long line at the
bar waiting for drinks. Alma stands to the side.

ALMA

Your pours are too heavy, mi amado.
Just give a taste. Otherwise you're
giving away the wine for free!

Alma puts her glass on the bar, and Miguel pours a small
amount of wine into it. She nods to him to keep filling it
until it's almost full.

ALMA (CONT'D)

I'm taking the rest of the night
off.

(raising the glass)

This is my hazard pay.

Redneck neighbor Luna walks up to Delcy and hands her a big
gift basket filled with homemade soaps and essential oils.
Luna waves at Bobby, whose arms are full with a wine case
he's carrying outside. He nods towards his mom, embarrassed.

LUNA

Consider this a welcome to the
neighborhood offering. I make these
all in my home workshop.

At first dismissive, Delcy recognizes this brand.

DELCY

Wait, you're Luna Goddess oils?

LUNA

It was my side hustle that became my main hustle. I grow everything on my property.

(proudly)

I'm distributed in all 50 states.

DELCY

Thank you. I love it. I hope you enjoy our wine.

INT. MIDDLE OF THE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Luna's lesser half Roy, in an outdated three-piece suit, holds court with Geo (from Outlaw tasting room) and his thin, serious husband YANNICK. They don't seem to go together.

Roy holds out a bottle and pours himself a glass, swirls it, sniffs it, and holds it up to the light checking its "legs."

ROY

Did you know Paso Robles was founded By Jesse James uncle?

GEO

Why do you think we named our label Outlaw?! You should come by our tasting room next time you're downtown.

ROY

(to Geo's husband)

What did you say your name is?

YANNICK

(in a crisp accent)

I didn't. It's Yannick.

ROY

I own the vineyards on the other side of this hill and I don't have a contract on the last block of my Rousanne. If you gentlemen are in the need for some grapes to buy for your next vintage, call moi--

Roy hands Yannick his card and walks away. Geo spots Delcy and makes jazz hands.

DELICY

You came!

They double cheek kiss, European-style.

GEO

And brought the hubs. Looks like you got a good turnout.

DELICY

I'm still not sure I'm going to sell it all.

GEO

Ah, you're already learning the vintners' secret: we're selling dream while living the nightmare!

DELICY

Do you regret buying your vineyard?

GEO

Oh honey, I might bitch about it, but I wouldn't change a thing.

INT. SIDE OF ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Alix and TWO FRIENDS stand by the side of the bar fawning over Ryan and LAUGHING.

RYAN

I had been planning on opening my own tennis academy in Hawaii before we had to move here to run her family's winery.

ALIX

You can still do that in the Central Coast. We should talk. I might be able to help you out.

INT. MIDDLE OF ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Andrew enters, looks around, and rushes up to Delcy with a permit in hand.

ANDREW

We just filed it. Not super easy on a Sunday!

DEL CY

I know, sorry. I appreciate you and Timmy doing this for me. I thought you were going to have to bail me out of jail the way this day's been going.

(scanning the room)

I still don't know who ratted me out, though.

Mia appears with a tray of glasses of red wine.

MIA

On the right is zinfandel, on the left Syrah.

Andrew takes a glass of zinfandel and sips.

DEL CY

What do you think of our wine?

ANDREW

I'll buy how ever many you ask me to buy. Honestly, I'm a bit surprised to see you after all this time. I thought you hated this life. Don't you want to get back to your publishing career in DC?

DEL CY

Nope. Not anymore. I want the second half of my life to look a lot different than the first.

ANDREW

A second act?

DEL CY

Doesn't everyone dream of running a vineyard some day?

DREW

You know the joke around here, right? How do you make a "small" fortune in the wine business? Start with a large one!

Wife Jen joins them. She's a little tipsy, looks at Delcy.

JEN

You're not drinking?

DEL CY

I've been busy.

JEN

Which one is your hubby?

Delcy points toward the bar. Jen looks over while Ryan bends down to pick something up, so only Miguel is visible.

JEN (CONT'D)

The little Mexican man?

Ryan stands back up, smiles his million dollar smile, and refills a Alix's glass.

JEN (CONT'D)

He's cute. I guess we always did have the same taste in guys. 25 years next month with this one here.

She snuggles into Andrew's side. Andrew remains a bit stiff.

JEN (CONT'D)

Do you have children, Delcy?

DELICY

No, it's just us.

JEN

We have two. Wyatt is in law school up at Hastings, and our daughter Willow starts Berkeley this fall.

Andrew's phone RINGS-- an embarrassing Pop Song ringtone. Blushing, he picks it up, and steps aside to take the call.

An awkward moment of silence. Jen looks Delcy up and down.

JEN (CONT'D)

It's just so funny how I remember you as being much taller.

Andrew returns to the trio.

ANDREW

(to Delcy)

It was Zakk Blades who called the cops on you.

DELICY

Are you sure?

ANDREW

I called in another favor at the department. Of course now I have to rewrite his will for free, but--

DELICY

Thank you for doing that for me. My
tab of IOUs is growing. Now if
you'll excuse me, I need to go kick
a washed up papaya out of my party.

Off to the side, Zakk drinks from an open bottle of his own
Rockin' Rose, and holds his iPhone up to show a somewhat
willing PRETTY YOUNG WOMAN his old music video on YouTube.

ZAKK

We're still huge in South Korea. I
go over there once a year to do a
benefit concert.

Delcy charges towards him, pointing towards the door.

DELICY

You! Out.

ZAKK

Whoah, way to be a buzzkill, girl.

DELICY

I'm not your "girl." I know you
snitched on us to the cops so I
need you to leave. And take your
shitty wine with you.

ZAKK

OK, OK. I'm leaving. You don't have
to make a scene. Are you on your
period? Do you still get a period
at your age?

DELICY

Get the fuck off my property.

ZAKK

This will all be mine soon anyway.
Peace out.

He gives the devil's horn sign in reverse as he leaves.

EXT. SIDE YARD - NIGHT

Delcy walks outside, holding a bar towel. The weather has
cleared. Bobby hides in the bushes vaping. When he sees
Delcy, he moves to put the e-cig in his pocket.

DELICY

You're too young to be smoking.
Give me that.

Bobby hands over the vape pen. Delcy wipes off the mouth area with her sleeve, takes a hit and hands it back to him.

DELCY (CONT'D)
Break's over.

BOBBY
You're not going to tell my mom--

DELCY
Scoot.

Bobby leaves. Delcy wipes off a bench with the towel and sits down, out of view of party goers.

Keith appears and takes a seat next to her.

DELCY (CONT'D)
You're catching me at all my best times.

KEITH
It's good to finally have you back home where you belong.

Delcy leans against Keith and puts her head on his shoulder. They stare in the distance.

DELCY
Do I really belong here? Do I belong anywhere?

KEITH
Do you remember when we were kids you used to think there was magic up on that hill?

DELCY
I stopped believing in magic a long time ago.

KEITH
You're no fun.

DELCY
That's right, Keith, I'm no fun. Not anymore. All the men in my life are terrible with money and I'm too busy running around putting band aids on gaping wounds.

KEITH
You're being very dramatic. Like one of the Real Housewives!

DEL CY

Hey, I'm not the one who dropped
dead and spends his eternal days
coming back to haunt me.

KEITH

Boo.

DEL CY

At least tell me what heaven's
like.

KEITH

Doesn't exist.

DEL CY

I knew it.

KEITH

Did you invite Goldie to this fine
soirée?

Delcy looks away.

KEITH (CONT'D)

You know you can't avoid her
forever.

DEL CY

I can try.

KEITH

I wish you'd tell me what happened
between you two.

Ryan walks out. Ryan's POV: The bench is empty next to Delcy.

RYAN

There you are. I've been looking
for you.

(looks around)

Who were you talking to?

DEL CY

I needed some fresh air.

RYAN

Can you come back inside to take
payments? Mia has her hands full
and Alma is kinda drunk.

She gets up and they walk back into the party together.

INT. MAIN HOUSE KITCHEN - LATER THAT NIGHT

Delcy sits at the kitchen table, wears drugstore reading glasses, her laptop open in front of her listing every Square transaction from the party.

On a piece of paper, she writes: \$25,740-\$2250 expenses = \$23,490, which she circles twice.

INT. MAIN HOUSE LIVING ROOM - SIMULTANEOUSLY

Ryan sleeps soundly on the couch. A rerun of Gilligan's Island PLAYS on the TV.

INT. TASTING ROOM - SIMULTANEOUSLY

The party is over. The room is empty. A large mess remains.

INT. DELCY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Delcy opens a drawer in the night stand. Inside is a small box from "Blue Sky Cremation Services" with KEITH BETANCOURT written on it. She places the framed photo of her and Keith on top of it and closes the drawer. Shiraz the black cat stares at her from the foot of the bed. She pets his head.

EXT. MAIN HOUSE PORCH- NIGHT

Delcy walks outside. The night is starry, and an OWL HOOTS in the distance. She wraps her cardigan around herself.

RATTLING BOTTLES coming from the wine cave.

EXT. WINE CAVE - NIGHT

Delcy approaches.

INT. WINE CAVE - NIGHT

Gage opens a bottle of clear liquid.

DELCEY
A fellow insomniac.

He startles but recovers quickly.

GAGE

I come out here almost every night.
It's peaceful.

She notices the bottle in his hand.

DELICY

What's that?

GAGE

It's a side project I've been
working on. Vodka, distilled from
grapes.

DELICY

I thought vodka came from potatoes.

GAGE

You can make spirits from anything
you can ferment. I needed to figure
out what to do with all the
leftover grapes, and I came up with
this. You want to try some? You
look like you could use a drink.

DELICY

Everyone around here keeps telling
me that. I actually could use one.

GAGE

(shaking his head)
A winery owner who doesn't like
wine.

DELICY

It's not that I don't "like" it

GAGE

Right, you're allergic.

He pours each of them a shot. He nods towards a makeshift
table of a wine barrel and 2 stools. She sits down and they
clink glasses, but Delcy doesn't look at him.

DELICY

Cheers.

GAGE

You've got to look me in the eye
when you cheers.

DELICY

I did.

GAGE

No you didn't. In France, it's considered rude not to make eye contact when toasting, and, worse, they say you'll be cursed with seven years of bad sex.

DELICY

Can't afford to risk that!

She makes googly eyes at him, clinks again, and takes a sip.

DELICY (CONT'D)

Mmmm. It's good!

GAGE

You need to learn some better adjectives to describe your wine and spirits.

DELICY

Clean. Crisp. Smooth. Hint of citrus.

She takes a deeper sip and looks around.

DELICY (CONT'D)

Did you really have other plans tonight?

GAGE

I did. With my daughter. I take her out every Saturday night, and have her for school holidays.

DELICY

Divorced?

GAGE

Never married.

They sit in comfortable silence for a moment, sipping. Her vodka is gone and he pours her another.

EXT. ZAKK BLADES' FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

Mia stands in front of Zakk, draped over his gaudy front doorway in a Hugh Hefner robe.

MIA

It went as planned. She didn't make nearly enough to save the vineyard.

ZAKK

The bank should start foreclosing on it by next week, and then I can make my move. How did she know I called the cops?

MIA

She pulled some strings through her ex-boyfriend.

ZAKK

Don't underestimate her again.

Zakk takes out his phone, opens the Venmo app and pushes a button.

ZAKK (CONT'D)

I just Venmoed you a thousand bucks. Keep up the good work and more will be coming your way. Hey, you wanna come in?

Mia shivers slightly.

MIA

I gotta bounce. Maybe another time.

INT. GARCIA HOME - NIGHT

Small and tidy. Crosses and pictures of their four children on the walls. Alma sits on the couch in her pajamas; her feet soak in a pedi spa as she plays slots on her iPad. Miguel brings her a mug of hot tea and stands next to her.

ALMA

Don't make me go back there tomorrow. That woman--

MIGUEL

Once we have enough money for Maria's wedding, we can quit but you need to hold out a few months longer. I can tell her you're not feeling well if you want to stay home tomorrow.

ALMA

We'll see how I feel in the morning.

She takes a sip of tea and looks at him fondly.

ALMA (CONT'D)

Te amo.

MIGUEL

Te amo mucho, querida.

He kisses the top of her head.

INT. ALIX'S ESTATE - NIGHT

Alix sits alone in her lavish living room, a fire roaring in the fireplace. She's in silk pajamas, a glass of wine in her hand, and an iPad on her lap. She searches "Ryan Reeves," clicks on the first link that comes up - "Biggest Tennis Fails" - smirks, and takes a deep sip of wine.

INT. LUNA BREWER'S WORKSHOP - NIGHT

At her workbench, Luna, wearing glasses on a rope chain around her neck, mixes essential oils. Bobby peeks his head inside the door.

BOBBY

Ma, I'm heading to bed.

LUNA

Come give me a kiss, kid. Did you have fun tonight?

BOBBY

Yeah. I like her. She's different from her brother.

Luna gives him a hug and a kiss.

LUNA

She's a straight shooter. But she's not going to make it with the vineyard all on her own like that. That husband of hers sure is handsome, but he's about as useful as tits on a bull.

INT. WINE CAVE - SIMULTANEOUSLY

Delcy looks around the cave, comes across a bag of pretzels, rips them open, and shoves several in her mouth.

DELICY

How much of this stuff do you have back here?

GAGE

A lot. I've been experimenting with gin too.

DELGY

Why didn't Keith want to sell this? This is great.

GAGE

He was a purist, and kind of stuck in his ways.

DELGY

Ha. Yup. He got that from my dad.

GAGE

He didn't think a winery should be selling spirits.

She slugs the vodka back and puts her glass out again. He refills it.

DELGY

What do you call two lesbians in a closet?

He shakes his head; he has no idea where she's going with this but he's enjoying it.

DELGY (CONT'D)

A liquor cabinet.

Gage chuckles in spite of himself and looks right at Delcy like he's seeing her for the first time, which unsettles her.

GAGE

You should get drunk more often. You have a much better personality.

She drinks more.

DELGY

We should enjoy all this while it lasts. I only have 5 days to come up with the rest of the money. A week from now, the bank might own Clover Hill.

He approaches her.

GAGE

A lot can happen in five days. One thing I know is that Keith had total faith in you.

(MORE)

GAGE (CONT'D)

He told me you were the smartest person he knows. Knew.

They've gotten a bit too close to each other.

DEL CY

Well, if I do still have the vineyard a week from now, I want to re-open the tasting room to up our cash flow. We could sell these bottles too.

The moment is broken. Gage turns away.

GAGE

You're the boss.

Delcy unsteadily holds out her glass. He tops her off.

DEL CY

Who knows? Maybe things will work out after all.

O.S. a CAR DRIVES UP the driveway, a Jackson Browne song wafts out its windows. The car stops. The engine turns off. The doors close. A trunk opens and closes.

GAGE

Expecting someone?

She hesitates, slams back the rest of her vodka, then gets up, wobbles, steels herself, and walks outside. Gage follows.

EXT. WINE CAVE - NIGHT

AUNT GOLDIE stands in the driveway, suitcase trailing behind her.

GOLDIE

I've been hearing that you could use some help around here.

Delcy and Gage look at each other and then back at Goldie, who smiles and waves as she heads towards her cottage.

FADE OUT.