

The guy starts pouring  
big two-mouthful shots.

"Would you like a sweet wine?  
How about a white Chablis? Dry Burgundy?"  
"Great."

"How was that one?"

"Great."

By the time Jane joins him, Weeb is tanked.  
Five shots later, he rushes outside to experience  
"What a grape feels, ripening in the sun."

Jane stays inside to thank the drink-dispenser,  
buy some wine to show appreciation,  
and, in general and as always,  
smooth the wake left by the passage of Weeb.

#### HOLLYWOOD CONFIDENTIAL

Sometimes it works like this: You're born in Fort  
Drudge, Iowa. You love movies, but Iowa  
Has no film schools; so you do Law, and take  
A Greyhound to L.A. You're scraping by,  
Writing wills and chasing ambulances  
When something goes Pop! in your brain:  
Cerebral hemorrhage. Coma for a week.

You recover, but changed. Your cloak  
Of immortality has slipped off, so you find  
A partner fast, and found a movie company.  
Your brain's still hemorrhaging — movies drenched  
In blood: It Conquered the World, The Amazing  
Colossal Man, Reform School Girl.

Rock-and-roll has just created teenagers.  
Drive-ins spring up and fill with '54  
Chevies and mating pairs. You recoup  
Your investment twenty times daily.  
Future stars work for you — cheaply,  
But they work. You are accused of undermining  
The morals and minds of Western youth.

Walt Disney snubs you in a bar. Your rabbi  
Mutters chazerai. You laugh all the way  
To the Savings & Loan, but after Amityville  
Horror becomes your biggest hit, you merge  
With a more respectable company which,  
That night, transforms into a giant leech,  
Sucks you dry (screaming!), then swallows you alive.