JORDAN RENDELL, winemaker at Martin Estates (m or f). The whiner (no pun intended).

JORDAN: This looks marvellous, Aimee. Shall I start bringing up the wines?

AIMEE: Let's leave the award winner in the cellar fridge until the very last minute. I want it to be icy cold when the guests arrive.

JORDAN: Alright. Chuck back yet?

AIMEE: Not yet. I tried his cell but it goes to voice mail. He must have got stuck in Traffic.

JORDAN: (not believing it) Yeah. Of course.

AIMEE: Well where else would he be?

JORDAN: Anywhere else, if there's work to be done Knowing him he'll come sashaying in just as people are arriving and claim credit for it all.

AIMEE: Jordan.

JORDAN: Sorry.

AIMEE: You really don't like him, do you? Why not?

JORDAN: Why not? Oh, let me count the ways. He's lazy. He's arrogant. He's condescending: I'm the winemaker here but he seems to think he has a right to interfere in the process at every turn.

AIMEE: He's trying to learn. He didn't grow up in the vineyards like I did and he doesn't have your education. He's only been in the business the three years we've been married. Can't you cut him some slack?

JORDAN: Learning means asking questions and listening, not making disastrous decisions without consulting anyone. His constant interference with the winemaking process is costing us money! Remember when he ordered the wrong screwcaps for the Pinot Noir? That's not his job!

AIMEE: Granted, his strength isn't in the winemaking –

JORDAN: So he should keep his nose out of it!