

BROKEN BOTTLES

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MASTER SCRIPT

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Retro music fills the store as we open CLOSE ON an old-fashioned gumball machine, sitting on the edge of the bar.

We move down the bar, past jars of candy. We land on some MISC. SODA BOTTLES, soon-to-be shelved, sitting on the bar.

Suddenly, TWO HANDS reach towards us, grabbing two bottles. We move up to reveal these hands belong to -

ETHAN (17), a jock with a goofy side. He wears a red apron with the diner's logo on it, and a hat labeled TRAINEE.

Suddenly, his co-worker MAYA (17) peaks out from the kitchen, looking over at Ethan. She also wears the same red apron, but no trainee hat. She's had this job for awhile.

MAYA

Dude. Why is it taking you this long to stack bottles?!

Back to Ethan. He takes the final bottles off of the bar, stacking them in a LARGE FRIDGE. He turns to her, smirking.

ETHAN

Actually just finished.

He sticks out his tongue at her jokingly. She laughs, sticking hers out as she walks back into the dining room.

He walks out from behind the counter, passing her as he heads back towards the kitchen.

ETHAN (cont'd)

Where's the rest of the fizzy drinks again?

MAYA

You mean soda? (smirks) We've been over this, newbie! Third shelf to the left.

He stops, looking back towards her.

ETHAN

Could you just come over and show me?

On Maya, who looks down and blushes. We CUT TO -

2 INT. STORAGE ROOM - DINER - MOMENTS LATER

2

Maya and Ethan making out furiously behind the storage room's closed door!

They're incredibly passionate and messy, knocking into shelves, causing a cascade of chocolate bars to fall on top of them! Funny enough though, they don't seem to notice.

3 INT. DINING ROOM - DINER - MINUTES LATER

3

Ethan's back to stacking bottles in the refrigerator, Maya taking's taking stock of coffee pods on the other side of the counter.

Her hair is messy, and there's a tad bit of lipstick at his face as they sneak glances at each other, trying not to let the other one notice.

Meanwhile, as Ethan stacks, one of the brand labels catches his gaze: the soda is branded as FIZZ QUIZ, with massive question marks all over the label.

He looks at it for a second, confused.

ETHAN
FIZZ QUIZ ...what in the actual fuck?

Maya turns to him, confused. He holds up the bottle to her.

MAYA
Oh my god, I love that one!

ETHAN
... Huh? Why is it called that?

MAYA
Here, take a break. I'll show you.

He follows her back over to the front desk, where Maya pulls out a plastic bag filled with FIZZ QUIZ bottle caps.

Ethan sets a crate full of "to-be shelved" soda bottles onto the front desk as he looks at the bottle caps.

MAYA (cont'd)
It's called FIZZ QUIZ 'cause there's a question on the inside of every bottle cap. And they're like, weird questions too.

ETHAN

Jesus, how do you have so many?!

MAYA

When people buy them, they usually ask me to pop the lid, so I just keep the bottle cap as a souvenir.

ETHAN

You're weird.

MAYA

Wow, took you long enough to figure that one out.

ETHAN

... You thinking what I'm thinking?

MAYA

... I think so.

Ethan quickly pulls one of the bottle caps out of the bag, holding it up to his eyes to read the question.

ETHAN

Maya. Of all the founding fathers... which one would you go on a date with?

Maya takes a second to think, before turning back to Ethan.

MAYA

Ben Franklin. I think there could be some real ... electricity between us.

Ethan laughs, as Maya grabs another bottle cap.

MAYA (cont'd)

Ethan. Where is the place where you feel the most ... uncomfortable?

ETHAN

Home.

MAYA

(caught off guard) Wow. Bold answer.

ETHAN

Not a hard one.

MAYA

Here, I've got another question. You ever gonna ask me out?

ETHAN
 (laughs) I don't think that one's on
 the bottle caps.

MAYA
 I still want an answer ...

Suddenly, a loud BUZZ interrupts them. Maya looks around,
 confused, before looking down at the counter.

It's Ethan's phone, vibrating out of control. On the screen
 it reads: CALL FROM ... NANCY LINDHAGEN.

MAYA (cont'd)
 Ooh, who's this?

Maya picks up Ethan's phone, holding it up to her face.

MAYA (cont'd)
 Nancy Lindhagen?! Who's she?

ETHAN
 ... Don't worry about it.

MAYA
 Is she another girl you're seeing? I
 always knew you were a player -

ETHAN
 Could you just give me back my phone-

MAYA
 Ooh! I have a question! Tell me,
 who's the better kisser, me or her?

ETHAN
 It's really none of your business.
 Give me back my phone.

Maya holds up his phone to her ear, impersonating "Nancy
 Lindhagen's voice."

MAYA
 Ooh, I'm Nancy Lindhagen, and I -

ETHAN
 Just give me back my fucking phone!

Out of instinct, Ethan takes his hand to the crate, knocking
 it over! We hear **CRASH** as all of the "to-be shelved bottles"
 to **SMASH** onto the floor, breaking into a million pieces.

Maya drops Ethan's phone onto the ground in shock. She looks to Ethan, confused, as he stands before her, defiant.

Maya looks at Ethan, shocked.

MAYA
What the fuck is wrong with you?!

A silent beat, before Ethan storms off into the kitchen, leaving Maya alone in the dining room, who looks around, confused, trying to figure out what in the world just happened.

She looks over towards the kitchen ... she can't see Ethan.

Slowly, she begins to make her way over to him. As she does, she begins to hear sniffing and a slow, inconsistent weep.

4 INT. KITCHEN - DINER - CONTINUOUS

4

As she perks her head around the wall, she sees Ethan, sitting on the floor under a table, his head in his hands.

MAYA
Hey, um -

Instantly, he turns and looks up at her, his face becoming flush with embarrassment. He quickly wipes away the few tears from his face ...

ETHAN
I'm sorry, I'm sorry, this is so
fucking stupid -

Maya walks over to Ethan, sitting down next to him, not quite knowing what to say.

MAYA
Hey. It's okay, you ... you can cry.

They hold each other's gaze for a few seconds, before ...

He breaks down again, holding onto her side as tears start to pour out of his eyes.

She looks around, confused how to act or how to comfort him.

MAYA (cont'd)
Ethan ... who's Nancy Lindhagen?

ETHAN
... My dad's divorce lawyer.

Another beat.

MAYA
... What happened?

ETHAN
... Uh ... guess he punched a few too
many walls and my mom got fed up ...

Tears well up in his eyes again as she nods, putting her
arms around him. He looks at the floor to avoid her gaze.

ETHAN (cont'd)
I guess ... I guess you won't want to
be with me now.

MAYA
... Huh?

ETHAN
No girl ... wants to be with a guy
who ... breaks down.

A beat.

MAYA
... You're wrong.

He looks up at her, and they hold each other's gaze for a
long moment. The tension between them rises until -

MAYA (cont'd)
No girl wants to be with a guy that
smashes bottles into the ground.

ETHAN
I'm ... I'm sorry about that ...

MAYA
Just don't do it again.

He nods, taking a moment.

ETHAN
Fuck ... I'm just like my dad.

MAYA
... You don't have to be.

He looks at her hopefully. He looks down to his clothes, wet
with tears. Embarrassed, he starts to get up.

ETHAN

We should get back to work.

A beat.

MAYA

Uh yeah ... you've got a shit ton of
glass to clean up ... By the way,
make sure to save the bottle caps.

Ethan turns to her, a touch of laughter coming to his tear-stricken face. They smile at each other, before she helps him up to his feet.

5 INT. DINING ROOM - DINER - CONTINUOUS

5

ON THE FLOOR: we see their feet walk back into the dining room, as they grab a broom and dustpan.

As we slowly move out, we land on **the broken FIZZ QUIZ bottles** that line the floor in front of the counter ...

FADE TO BLACK