

MAX MOVES DOWN THE COUNTER.

MAX (CONT'D)

STAIN

The customers are mostly older people who eat here because it makes them nostalgic for the Great Depression. We also get a lot of hipsters who come here because they think it's cool to come to a place that's not cool. Case in point.

SHE'S INDICATES THE THREE HIPSTERS AT THE COUNTER. SHE POINTS TO AN OLDER CUSTOMER(60) SITTING AT A TABLE.

MAX (CONT'D)

That's Monty. He eats here every day. If he thinks you're his daughter, just go with it. (POINTS TO EARL) That's Earl. He's basically the only person I like. Don't talk to him unless you want to feel whiter than you already are. Oh, and last thing: (INDICATES CAROLINE'S UNIFORM) That stain? Not clam chowder. Now go marry the ketchups.

MAX POINTS. CAROLINE LOOKS AT A COLLECTION OF KETCHUP BOTTLES ON THE COUNTER, THEN LOOKS BACK AT MAX.

CAROLINE

Marry them. Done.

CAROLINE WALKS OVER TO THE KETCHUPS AND LOOKS DOWN AT THEM. AFTER A BEAT, SHE MOVES ONE OF THE KETCHUPS. MAX WATCHES.

FADE TO:

INT. WILLIAMSBURG DINER - FIVE MINUTES LATER

MAX IS STILL WATCHING CAROLINE, WHO HAS LINED UP THE KETCHUP BOTTLES IN A ROW. CAROLINE VERY CONFIDENTLY PICKS UP TWO BOTTLES AND TAPS THEM TOGETHER; PUTS THEM DOWN. SHE SLIDES TWO MORE BOTTLES TOGETHER. TAPS THEM. PICKS UP THE REMAINING BOTTLE AND TAPS IT ON TOP OF THE OTHER BOTTLES. SHE LOOKS OVER HER SHOULDER AND SEES MAX WATCHING HER.

MAX

Okay...now divorce the ketchups.

CAROLINE SLIDES THE KETCHUP BOTTLES AWAY FROM EACH OTHER.

MAX (CONT'D)

Just stop. There's no such thing as divorcing the ketchups. You've never waitress'd a day in your life.

CAROLINE

(SMILES)

Yes I have.

MAX

You expect me to believe you after watching that whole Temple Grandin routine?

CAROLINE'S SMILE SLOWLY DISSOLVES INTO AN ODD FROWN. SHE TURNS AWAY, WALKS TO THE CORNER, FACE AGAINST THE WALL AND CRIES QUIETLY. MAX WATCHES HER.

MAX (CONT'D)

You know I can see you, right?

CAROLINE NODS WITHOUT TURNING AROUND AND CONTINUES CRYING.

MAX (CONT'D)

If you want to cry, please do it in the bathroom.

CAROLINE

If I knew where the bathroom was I'd  
be in it!

MAX

This is lame. Major lame.

CAROLINE

I concur! I'm just having a really bad  
week. We lost all our money, my trust  
fund was taken for legal fees, my  
dad's in jail--

MAX  
(SARCASTIC)

What are you, *Martin Channing's*  
*daughter?*

BEAT. CAROLINE TURNS AROUND AND LOOKS AT MAX. GUILTY.

MAX (CONT'D)

You are not!

CAROLINE

Yes. I am!

MAX GRABS THE NY POST FROM THE COUNTER; EXCITED. SHE POINTS  
TO A HANDSOME PREPPY MAN (50) ON THE FRONT PAGE.

MAX

*This* is your father? Martin Channing!?  
Who ripped off all those rich people?  
And poor people? And charities? And  
the zoo?

CAROLINE

He told us we were having a good year!

CAROLINE CRIES HARDER. MAX CAN'T HELP BUT BE STARSTRUCK.

MAX

Wait! Preppie. Ponzi. Martin.

Channing. Is. Your. Father?!

CAROLINE  
(SOBBING, NODDING)

Why. Are. You. Smiling?!

MAX

Wow. My dad at least had the decency  
to only ruin my life.

LEE COMES OUT OF THE KITCHEN, CAROLINE IMMEDIATELY STOPS  
CRYING AND TURNS DRY EYED AND PROFESSIONAL.

LEE

How's everything go?

CAROLINE

Fantastic. Great synergy here. We'll  
touch base later about how it's going  
and I'll loop you in.

LEE SMILES AND GOES BACK IN THE KITCHEN. MAX IS IMPRESSED.

MAX

What just happened? You flipped a  
switch and became like a completely  
different person.

CAROLINE

It's bad form for women to cry in the  
workplace.

(MORE)