

DÉJÀ BREW

Written by

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When Fabio, a Brazilian volleyball player, enters a coffee shop during the height of his Olympic career, a chance encounter forces him to choose between the girl of his dreams and his high school situationship.

EXT. CAR - MORNING

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A matte-black BMW 7 Series cruises down a freeway in LA, CA.

INT. TINTED CAR - MORNING

Inside, we see FABIO MACHADO (27M), a tall, toned, bronze-skinned Brazilian specimen of a man, gazing solemnly out the tinted window. His eyes catch on a billboard.

2028 LA SUMMER OLYMPICS

He sighs, stretching his arms.

FEMALE (O.S.)

Oh, baby, are you sore from practice? You should really try this phenomenal stretch, my Guru Zaanjar showed me at our last session. It's so helpful after pilates, trust me!

Fabio steels himself to meet BLAIRE BAXTER (25F): a platinum blonde social media influencer with a signature fluffy bun hairstyle that resembles a Pomeranian's tail. Also, Fabio's girlfriend. As she yaps, she holds her CELL PHONE at arm's length to record a vlog.

BLAIRE

(to her online audience)

And he'll feel much better after a nice treat from the cutest little coffee shop recommended to me by user "@altF4mylife". Shout out to the Baxter Bunch! Kisses!

Blaire blows kisses to her camera. Fabio sighs.

EXT. OUTSIDE COFFEE SHOP - MORNING

The car rolls to a stop in front of a chic coffee shop with a sign above the door revealing its name:

"DÉJÀ BREW" - created by Natalie & Lex (practical title card)

Blaire steps out, and Fabio follows. He offers his hand, and she takes it affectionately, stepping into the cafe.

INT. THE DÉJÀ BREW - MORNING

CUSTOMERS sit at the tables sipping \$8 cups of coffee.

Inserts: customers work on their MacBooks: a screenplay titled "My Magnum Opus", crypto trading, and editing one's own Wikipedia page. Blaire and Fabio join the line to order. A BARISTA rushes past them and parrots the shop's signature greeting.

BARISTA 1
 (apathetically)
 Welcome to the Déjà Brew, "where
 you'll remember the taste you
 forgot you forgot".

The barista joins his coworkers behind the counter, who all wear APRONS with quippy coffee puns. Fabio's eye catches on one barista's apron. There, in between enamel pins of a cat with the caption "you're stressing meowt" and a sparkly pink "in my Swiftie era" pin, lies a button reading "Ocean Mesa Arts Academy".

BLAIRE
 "Ocean Mesa Arts Academy"- hey!
 Isn't that where you went? Do you
 know that guy?

Fabio shakes his head, but his expression says otherwise. His eyes widen, blasted back into the past.

INT. GYM - DAY - FLASHBACK TO 10 YEARS AGO

An 18-year-old Fabio sits on the BLEACHERS close to a 16-year-old Kurtis, who has bleached hair with black wisps. Their knees barely brush together. Fabio looks out into the gym, his mind wandering. Kurtis stares at Fabio, sparkling with admiration.

KURTIS
 One day, I hope to show people that
 my choice is worthwhile.

Fabio turns toward Kurtis. Kurtis' breath catches. Fabio's face is mere inches away from his. Fabio quickly glances at Kurtis' lips before he inches away slightly.

FABIO
 It doesn't make sense to me. Why is
 art so frowned upon, while dreaming
 of being an Olympian is so
 rewarded? I mean, both dreams are
 out of the ordinary.

Fabio interlocks his hand with Kurtis' as he says this.

KURTIS

It has been ingrained in the system
for years now. Who even knows?

A GIRL barges into the gym. Fabio immediately drops his hand
and inches away.

GIRL (V.O.)

Fabio! Fabio!

Except the girl isn't in the gym, instead she's...

INT. THE DÉJÀ BREW - MORNING - PRESENT

A FAN wearing a PARIS OLYMPIC HOODIE, with her phone already
out.

ADORING FAN

Fabio Machado! Blaire Baxter! Oh my
gosh, I'm such a huge fan. Can I
get a quick pic? I'll make sure to
tag you!

Blaire nods. Fabio just stands there. The fan takes a selfie
with both of them. One of Blaire's enthusiastic fans runs up.
Blaire poses, snaps a pic. They move further up the line and
finally reach the front.

BLAIRE

Hi! Oh my gosh, your pins are just
the CUTEST! Let's see...Can I do a
small iced lavender latte with oat
milk and extra cold foam?

KURTIS

Sure. Anything else?

FABIO

Oh. Um...uh...a mate.

KURTIS

Alright. That'll be \$16.50.

Fabio pays for the order.

KURTIS (CONT'D)

Can I get a name for the order?

Fabio hesitates.

BLAIRE

Fabio. And Blaire.

Kurtis stills for a moment. It finally clicks for him.

KURTIS

Your orders will be out in a
minute.

We zoom in on Kurtis as he starts on their drinks.

INT. SCHOOL GYM - DAY - 10 YEARS AGO

Sneakers SCREECH on the volleyball court. Someone dives for a ball and misses.

FABIO

Come on, guys. How we practice is
how we play! Get your heads in the
game!

Fabio gives his team an encouraging nod. The volleyball is served. This time, the defender doesn't miss. A perfect pass! Girls cheer from the sidelines as Fabio gets into position.

He takes three rhythmic steps and springs into the air. His hand comes down quickly over the ball with a SMACK. But the ball goes flying out of bounds straight into--

KURTIS

OUCH!

Kurtis falls flat on his face. His sketchbook and pencils scatter across the floor. The GIRLS stop cheering. Fabio's teammates catch their breath. Fabio gasps and runs over to Kurtis.

FABIO

Shit!

He helps Kurtis up. Others around him just watch. Kurtis pushes his brightly-colored hair out of his face.

KURTIS

Oh my goodness, I'm so sorry, I
wasn't looking where I was going,
I'll get out of your way-

FABIO

Hey! I'm the one who hit you. I'll
do the apologizing. Are you okay?

Fabio's kindness takes Kurtis aback.

KURTIS

Yeah, I'm fine.

A beat.

KURTIS (CONT'D)
You...aren't mad at me?

FABIO
(taken aback)
No? Why would I be? Besides, now
you've given me a better reason to
work on my aim.

Kurtis laughs a little too hard. Fabio gathers Kurtis' things
and hands them back with a sincere smile.

FABIO (CONT'D)
I'm Fabio.

KURTIS
Oh, I know—another beat.

KURTIS (CONT'D)
Kurtis.

They share a look, but the moment is soon gone.

VOLLEYBALL PLAYER
Hey, Fabio! C'mon, bro, we've got a
game to win!

FABIO
Ok! Be right there.
(to Kurtis)
I'd better—

KURTIS
Yeah! Yeah, go ahead.

FABIO
Sorry about the— I mean, see
you around.

KURTIS (CONT'D)
Thank you for, uh, have a
* nice day.

Fabio's teammates call him back to the court. Kurtis stands
and stares, rubbing the back of his head gingerly.

INT. DÉJÀ BREW - PRESENT

Kurtis snaps back to reality. Fabio and Blaire are seated at
a table near the entrance.

KURTIS
(calling out an order)
Iced lavender latte for BLAIRE!

Blaire steps up and happily takes the latte, admiring the lavender flowers sprinkled on top. She opens TikTok and props her phone up on a napkin container.

BLAIRE

Hi Baxter Bunch!! This is an Iced Lavender Latte from Déjà Brew. First, I feel like I NEED to show off this art. Isn't it gorge? Okay, let's try it...

KURTIS

(calling out an order)
And a mate for Fabio!

Fabio goes up to the counter next.

As he takes the drink from Kurtis, they touch hands. The two linger there, looking into each other's eyes for a moment.

Kurtis drops his hand from the mate.

FABIO

So...

KURTIS

Uh, what's up?

They laugh uncomfortably.

FABIO

It's good to see you. I honestly hardly recognized you.

KURTIS

I could say the same thing.
So...the summer Olympics?

FABIO

Yes, that's this weekend.

Kurtis picks up a cup and starts to clean it.

KURTIS

Well, I'm glad you kept up with it.

FABIO

What about you? How've you been?

KURTIS

I've been good. Been working here for a while.

FABIO

Oh...

KURTIS

But I open an exhibit at the Old Watterworks exhibition hall this weekend. You should come... if you have a second and aren't too busy...

Fabio jolts back into another memory.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL GYM - 9 YEARS 3 MONTHS AGO FLASHBACK

He's in the middle of the gym, standing with his team in JERSEYS, holding a GOLD CHAMPIONSHIP TROPHY. The BUZZER sounds as the crowd joins him on the court. Girls surround him and his teammates, patting him on the back.

Kurtis stands away from all this, a huge smile on his face. He waits for a beat and smiles from afar. Then, he makes his way towards him.

Suddenly, Fabio puts his arm around a CHEERLEADER with a platinum blonde ponytail. Kurtis stops as students walk around him. He gets lost in the crowd of people leaving. He tries again, and this time he actually manages to approach Fabio.

He lays a hand on Fabio's arm, and Fabio flinches away. He turns away from him. We zoom in on Kurtis's face, and as we jump back into the present...

INT. DÉJÀ BREW - PRESENT

He still bears that look.

Fabio snaps back into reality. He musters up the courage to do what he should have long ago. He reaches over the counter * and takes Kurtis' hand as he pipes some whipped cream onto a drink.

FABIO

Look, Kurtis, I'm so sorry. I know it's long overdue, but I'd like to apologize. For everything.

Kurtis stiffens. He doesn't say anything.

FABIO (CONT'D)

I've regretted losing you every day. Nobody can compare to you, and

I've never felt this way about anyone else.

Both of their eyes drift over to Blaire, who babbles loudly to her stream audience.

BLAIRE

... And make sure to tune in to the Summer Olympics! I'm so proud of my lovely Fabio. He's worked so hard to be where he is today. Touchdown!

Fabio continues.

FABIO

You are my motivation for my career- for my life, Kurtis!

KURTIS

What, because you nailed me in the head with a volleyball?

Fabio reaches over and grabs both of his hands. Kurtis' defense lowers.

FABIO

(growing closer)

Because...now I'm ready to be true to myself. To show the world the Fabio you know me as, who I really am.

Kurtis leans in to say something, but then Blaire struts over with an empty glass. Her eyes are glued to her phone.

BLAIRE

Wasn't that just terrific, baby? And no added sugar- only monk fruit extract! I can't wait to tell Susan from pilates about this place.

She gently places a hand on Fabio's shoulder.

BLAIRE (CONT'D)

Are you ready to go, baby?

Kurtis escapes the situation and heads back to his coworkers.

Blaire leads Fabio to the door, but Fabio lingers. He's torn between the girl of his dreams and an old star-crossed lover. *