

Toolbox Beer - The Fridge

by

Phillip McGregor

416-762-2095

(c)2006

INT. FRONT HALL - DAY

MR. FIXIT, on tip toe, tries to sneak out of the house with his golf clubs. He softly swings open the door . . .

MRS. FIXIT (O.S.)

Honey?

His face falls.

MR. FIXIT

Yes my dear.

MRS. FIXIT (O.S.)

Something's wrong with the fridge.  
Could you take a look at it.

Mr. Fixit grumbles. His golf bag hits the floor.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Mr. Fixit opens the freezer compartment and a cloud of mist envelops him. Water sloshes out from the ice-cube trays.

Inside things drip, ice cream melts and meat defrosts.

He shuts the door.

MR. FIXIT

It's not working!

MRS. FIXIT (O.S.)

Can you fix it? The man can't come today.

Mr. Fixit groans.

MR. FIXIT

I have to find my toolbox!

Grumbling, Mr. Fixit opens the lower part of the fridge. Something catches his eye, his face brightens.

Inside, between the wilting lettuce and dubious cheese is a pristine, unopened six-pack of "Toolbox Beer".

MR. FIXIT

(to himself)

Can't let you go to waste.

MRS. FIXIT (O.S.)

Huh.

MR. FIXIT

Found it!

He pulls the six pack from the fridge and plunks it on the table. Then he pulls back one of the flaps and removes a bottle.

Oh how the light makes the dew-like droplets of condensation sparkle and the beer glow with an inner glory.

He pops the cap off with a satisfying "pffop".

He pours the "Toolbox" into a glass. Foamy amber liquid glugs out, roiling against the side of the glass. Bubbles of carbonation separate out, forming a rich creamy head.

Sitting at the kitchen table, Mr. Fixit raises the now full glass in salute to the fridge, its door still ajar.

INT. KITCHEN - A LITTLE LATER

Mr. Fixit puts down the now empty glass.

MRS. FIXIT (O.S.)

How's it going?

The fridge door is still open and a pool of water has formed around the base. A bag of milk slips out.

MR. FIXIT

Almost done.

MRS. FIXIT

Good, because Mother's coming over for dinner.

Mr. Fixit sighs and reaches for another bottle.

INT. KITCHEN - PRODUCT SHOT

On the kitchen table a HAND finishes pouring the bottle of "Toolbox" into the glass then put it down artfully by the box. Glass and bottle glisten in the warm sunlight.

VOICE OVER

Toolbox beer. It can fix almost anything.

FADE TO BLACK.