

DECLARE CAFE

Written by

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1. EXT. CAFE - MORNING

A small cafe has just opened for the day. The place is empty apart from CHRIS, DYLAN and JANE, three workers of Declares Cafe.

2. INT. CAFE

JANE slouches behind the counter stacking coffee cups, RYAN stands mopping the floor. CHRIS walks from his office over to JANE.

CHRIS
(Excited + singing)
I have a new idea.

DYLAN
Is it as good as the last one?
Where customers grind their own
coffee beans?

JANE
Yeah but then you guys realized
that the reason people buy coffee
is so that they don't have to make
it themselves.

A beat.

CHRIS
(To DYLAN)
No. This one is better. It's going
to knock those vile, sweaty socks
off your coffee stained feet.

JANE
Why would his feet be covered in
coffee?

CHRIS
(Seriously)
He was out picking the beans
earlier. If there's no stain on the
feet, then the boy needs a beat.

A customers looks over to CHRIS. A black guy watches him, getting slightly annoyed.

JANE
Okay, firstly, you need to stop
sounding like a Southern Slave
Owner from the eighteen hundreds.

CHRIS
Southern? Jane come on, I don't
think folks from Liverpool sailed
their ships off into the distant.

JANE
(Confidently)
Erm, yes they did Chris, that's exactly what they did--

CHRIS
(Liverpool Accent)
Alright alright calm it calm it!

JANE
Okay and secondly, we get our coffee delivered straight to our door.

DYLAN
(Surprised)
The postman delivers our coffee?

JANE and CHRIS both look at DYLAN.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
Oh, is that what that parcel is by the door?

CHRIS
What parcel?

DYLAN walks over to the door and picks up the parcel.

DYLAN
(Shouting)
Chris this is for you.

CHRIS
(Calm)
Okay, just bring it over here--

DYLAN
(Shouting)
It says its from a prosthetics lab.

CHRIS realizes what DYLAN is holding.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
(Shouting)
It's says on the box they specialize in latex and other restricting materials.

People around the cafe look to DYLAN. DYLAN slightly shakes the box, it begins to vibrate.

3. INT. CHRIS' OFFICE - LATER

CHRIS is sitting at his desk working on his project. JANE enters.

JANE
Chris, we're running low on sugar.

CHRIS
Okay well eat some chocolate or something. Wait, your not diabetic are you?

A beat.

JANE
The cafe is running out of sugar, I'm not diabetic.

CHRIS
Oh okay, well, you look like you could use a shot of Insulin anyway.

JANE
What?

CHRIS
Sorry, I've just been so swept up with my latest creation.

JANE
What is it?

CHRIS' head leans in to JANES as he begins to discuss his idea.

CHRIS
Okay, what's the one thing your average coffee-goer needs?

JANE begins to answer, CHRIS cuts her off.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
(Excited)
Coffee Inhaler.

JANE
(Skeptical)
Inhaling -- coffee?

CHRIS
My new patented idea consist of one unit of Ultra-high temperature milk, four units of caffeine pro-plus and the freshest, richest ground coffee beans straight from the south of Peru.

JANE
(Unsure)
Oh, great, well see what Dyla--

CHRIS
(Oblivious to JANE)
I'll see what Dylan thinks.

CHRIS leaves his office with JANE still standing there, bewildered.

4. INT. CAFE - MOMENTS LATER

DYLAN is hanging a picture of Michele Bachmann behind the counter. CHRIS enters with JANE following slowly behind.

CHRIS
Dylan, what is that?

DYLAN
(Smug, but not mean)
Michele Bachmann, American
Republican and member of the U.S.
House of Representatives.

CHRIS
Okay, why is she on our wall?

DYLAN
Er, well, she is a very powerful
woman you see and I thought she
could have an influential presence
as we carry out our daily tasks.

CHRIS and JANE are taken back by DYLAN'S quick thinking.

CHRIS
Well whatever, I'm voting Green
Party.

DYLAN
(No idea)
Voting?

CHRIS
European elections.

DYLAN
European elections?

A beat.

CHRIS
Dylan are you aware of a government
and how it works?

DYLAN
(Confident)
Pfft. Yeah, of course.
(MORE)

DYLAN (CONT'D)

The police pick someone to sit at
the top of Big Ben and keep a watch
over our capital city.

CHRIS tries to avoid further conversation with DYLAN about
politics. JANE stands and cleans a table.

CHRIS

Anyway, my idea.

JANE

(To DYLAN)

Oh yeah, Dylan get this.

DYLAN perks up and begins to listen.

CHRIS

Presenting, the Declare Inhaler.

CHRIS holds up an inhaler showing it to the others.

DYLAN

(Stunned)

Wow, how does it work?

CHRIS

It's simple. Simply place your
mouth over the hole and suck. Then,
when your ready, press down on this
and receive a load in your mouth.

JANE giggles. DYLAN and CHRIS are unaware at what's funny.

DYLAN

It's not going to be like last time
is it? When you ordered those beans
from Colombia for Valentines Day
because you thought they were an
aphrodisiac? Remember what
happened.

(DYLAN motions to his
penis)

Down there?

CHRIS

Yes Dylan we all remember, but like
I said last time--

(emphasizing)

I didn't know they were filled with
that stuff. This time is completely
different.

DYLAN becomes intrigued with the idea and wants to know more.

DYLAN

(Curious)

Okay. I wanna try it.

CHRIS
Well it's still in early
development stages yet, it's not
really ready for public use--

DYLAN smacks the bottom of CHRIS' hand, the inhaler jumps
into the air where DYLAN catches it.

DYLAN
(Ignoring CHRIS)
Too late, I'm like a bull in a
china shop, when I start, I don't
stop.

DYLAN begins to scrap the floor with his feet like a bull,
getting ready to use the inhaler.

JANE
What are you doing?

DYLAN
(Stops moving)
I told you I'm a bull in a china
shop.

DYLAN places his mouth over the inhaler and inhales. He takes
the whole procedure calmly and better than CHRIS expected.

CHRIS
(Surprised)
How is it?

JANE
Dylan?

DYLAN
It's good.

DYLAN'S eyes slowly roll and he licks his lips.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
(Calmly)
I'm going to go over here now.

JANE and CHRIS both look at DYLAN as if something is wrong.
As DYLAN walks away he collapses to the floor.

5. INT. CHRIS' OFFICE

CHRIS sits in his chair as DYLAN is tended to by JANE.

CHRIS
I'm sorry Dylan, it was a
prototype.

JANE

What kind of vitamins did you put in there?

CHRIS

Just your daily ones, vitamin D, caffeine, ecstasy, iron, fiber, calcium--

JANE

(Shocked)

Wait what?

CHRIS

Calcium.

JANE

You put ecstasy in your inhaler?!

CHRIS

Well I wanted my customers to leave on a high.

DYLAN

(Under the influence)

Chris, Chris. There's no need to worry. I'm feline fine. Wait, feeling fine.

JANE and CHRIS both look at DYLAN. DYLAN doesn't pay attention to them and, in his high state, begins to randomly look around the room.

JANE

Should we get him to a hospital?

DYLAN looks to the corner of the room. There is nothing there.

DYLAN

(Happy/Surprised)

Oh my god you guys.

CHRIS and JANE look at DYLAN looking to the corner of the room.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

She's so beautiful.

DYLAN gets up out of his seat and begins to walk to the corner of the room.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

(Romantically/Sexually)

Oh Mrs. Clinton, let me explore your oval office.

DYLAN begins to make noises out of shot.

JANE

Yeah we need to get him to a hospital.

CHRIS

Yeah, let's go.

CHRIS and JANE help DYLAN out of the office.

End.