

JUICE - Act 2

The Juice, ACT TWO

INT. FRANK AND GARY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Gary makes pancakes in the kitchen. Frank sits on the couch with the Food Network on mute, reading the newspaper.

GARY

(calling from the kitchen) What shape you want?

FRANK

Snowman.

GARY

That's just three circles. So you just want three normal pancakes.?.?

FRANK

No I want three pancakes all of different sizes with the smallest one on top.

GARY

Okay? Um. I'll try.

Frank throws down the newspaper in anger.

FRANK

Can you believe this? **"New Cafe 'Breakfast': Making Mornings in St. Paul Worth Waking Up For."**

GARY

Yea. I don't know what all the craze is about. Their bagels are good though.

FRANK

What? You've been there? How come you didn't tell me?

Gary moves to the living room, carrying the plate with the snowman pancake on it, hands it to Frank.

GARY

Here you are, sir.

FRANK

(looking at the pancakes) They're not attached.

GARY

What do you mean?

FRANK

I mean if this were a real snowman, there wouldn't be spaces between his head and his torso, which means it's not a snowman. It's just three normal pancakes.

Gary pushes the three pancakes together.

GARY

Happy?

FRANK

Yes, thank you. But I'm not happy about you going to Breakfast. They're... They're.. Not our pals.

GARY

Not our pals??? Frank, as their landlords, we're making a lot of money off of them. Now that they're successful, we can maybe even up the rent.

FRANK

Exactly, why take the money we make from them and give it right back to them? They are now our competitors. Their restaurant is a stupid idea anyway. I mean, come on... "Breakfast"? Can't people just buy (MORE)

FRANK (cont'd)

a two dollar bag of bagels and make them themselves, at home?

GARY

Yea. It is kind of weird that they don't serve you. There was a long line for the omelet pans when I was there.

FRANK

People wait in line to make their own omelets?

GARY

Yea, I guess, because they were doing that when I went. Long lines actually.

FRANK

Geez. So weird. There's gotta be something wrong with this building... It's all Ben's fault.

GARY

It is definitely all Ben's fault.

They look around at the ceiling, and the walls.

FRANK

The Juicebar fails and make your own breakfast for \$13.50 is a citywide success? I mean, come on! We have 66 kinds of juice!

GARY

Well I mean, they have everything. Bagels, omelets, fruit, pancakes (points to Frank's pancakes), fruit-pancakes, oatmeal, cereal, Cream of Wheat...and juice.

FRANK

Not 66 kinds of juice they don't. And what?! They have Cream of Wheat? Who are these people?

GARY

Greg and Karen.

FRANK

No. But really, who are they?

Gary is distracted. He is thinking.

GARY

Hmmm. What else... I know they have more stuff to choose from...

FRANK

Please stop talking about it. And don't go back there, okay? It's bad luck.

GARY

But it's right next door, and sometimes we don't even have bread.

FRANK

I'll get some bread, just don't go back there.

The Juicebar door rings. Someone has entered the building. Frank looks at Gary.

FRANK

You didn't lock it?

GARY

Guess not.

FRANK

Well go see who it is then.

GARY

Why do I have to?

FRANK

I have to eat my pancakes. I only like them for the first few minutes after they're made. After that, there's something strange about them. I don't know what it is...

GARY

They get cold?

Frank thinks for a while.

FRANK

Yes. That's it. They get cold.

GARY

Well how long do you think we've been talking while that snowman is just sitting there getting cold?

Frank and Gary stare at the snowman pancake.

FRANK

Ah, okay. We'll both go. I'll heat him up later. Heat him and eat him. I hope he doesn't melt.

Frank laughs a little at his joke.

GARY

(while they exit) You could just go to Breakfast for pancakes.

1 INT. THE JUICEBAR - DAY 4

Ben sits behind the juice counter trying to make himself a juice smoothie. When Ben sees Frank and Gary, he gets a bit nervous.

GARY

Firrrrrst, you can't just come in here and make your own smoothies. It's creepy.

FRANK

I mean, it's flattering that you like our juice selection so much. I totally understand, it's incredible. But yes, you coming in all the time without calling or texting beforehand at least...it's a little creepy.

BEN

...yea it is, isn't it.

Ben sits down on the stool. Gary starts making juice smoothies for all of them. Gary turns on some music. Their voices get louder as they try to hear their conversation over the louder music.

BEN (CONT.)

(shouting over the music) I mean, I knew you guys were here.

GARY

(shouting over the music) Really? How?

BEN

(shouting over the music) Well...because you're always here.

FRANK

(shouting over the music) Whoa. Was that an insult? Are you saying we don't have social lives?

BEN

(shouting over the music) Not an insult at all. But it can be if you want it to be, I guess.

GARY

(shouting over the music) Why would he want it to be an insult? Why would anyone, much less Frank, want to be insulted?

BEN

(shouting over the music) I don't know. So he can insult me back?

FRANK

(shouting over the music) Ha. You have me all figured out I guess. All I know is that if we didn't offer you this job...this cursed job...

Frank throws his arms up to the ceiling. Frank, Gary, and Ben all look around the building, as if searching for ghosts.

FRANK (CONT.)

(shouting over the music) ...then you'd probably be sitting on your parents' couch all day eating jars of peanut butter out of their pantry.

GARY

(shouting over the music) Ben was right. You just insulted him back.

BEN

(shouting over the music) Twice. First the job thing, then the peanut butter thing.

Frank is silent for a while. He decides to change the subject.

FRANK

(shouting over the music) Those smoothies done yet, Gary? Geez! Why are we shouting?!?!

BEN

The music is really loud.

FRANK

What? I can't hear you.

BEN

(mouthing words silently) The music is extremely loud.

FRANK

What?

BEN

(mouthing words silently) The music. It's loud.

FRANK

Huh?

Gary starts laughing. Ben laughs. Gary turns the music down.

FRANK (CONT.)

Geez, thank you. They shouldn't even have that volume.

GARY

We need to practice listening to music that loud.

FRANK

For what?

GARY

For our Second Grand Opening Party.

FRANK

Oh, of course.

BEN

I thought it was a party to celebrate my new job.

GARY

Yes, that too I guess.

BEN

You said it was for my new—

FRANK

Honestly Ben, we totally forgot about that. How is the new job going, though? How is Candi these days? Still dancing around all the time?

BEN

She's okay. And yes, still dancing.

FRANK

And how about Emily? Are you still dating?

BEN

Yep.

GARY

Really? That's wonderful. Man, Frank, we are such good matchmakers.

BEN

Well she hasn't answered my last three texts, but I'm sure if you invite her to the party...

Frank and Gary exchange looks.

FRANK

We may have misjudged that particular match.

Gary nods in agreement.

GARY

Well we'll try to invite her but I dunno, Ben. Seems like a bad sign that she hasn't replied to you. Have you looked in the mirror recently and asked yourself: "Is Emily still interested in dating me?"

Ben's face falls.

FRANK

In better news, Candi is going to pay you a ton of money for her new theater right?

BEN

Yes. She's a little loopy, but she does have a lot of coin.

FRANK

We knew you'd like her!

BEN

Who said I liked her?

GARY

Come on, she's entertaining. Breaks up the boring day.

BEN

She wants me to build a small dark room so she can put the kids she teaches inside of it when they're in trouble. And I don't want to do that. I definitely am not going to do that. It's so wrong.

Frank and Gary give each other confused looks. It's obvious they don't believe Ben's story.

FRANK

Alright, Ben, we've got some pancakes upstairs...

BEN

I love pancakes! Thanks! I'll be right up. No, I'm kidding. I know you're kicking me out.

GARY

Just for now. Come by anytime you like. We were just giving you a hard time before.

BEN

Thanks guys. Oh, I forgot. I need a roommate.

FRANK

Uh, okay. How can we help?

BEN

I don't know, if you know anyone, or anything, let me know...ha ha...I mean if you know a person, not if you know like "any" thing. Like I don't want to live with a--

Ben points to a big foam chair in the far corner of The Juicebar.

BEN (CONT.)

big foam chair or something.

GARY

We can definitely find you a roommate that isn't a big foam chair.

Frank looks to Gary, with a smirk.

FRANK

We'll interview some people.

Gary smiles and nods, looks at Frank. While Frank and Gary are having their moment, Ben walks out the door without them noticing.

GARY

Yes, yes we will.

Frank and Gary nod at each other smiling until they finally notice Ben is gone.

FRANK

I like that kid.

GARY

Me too. Anyone who calls money “coin” is all right with me.

Frank laughs.

FRANK

Poor Ben. Maybe we shouldn’t have introduced him to Dancing Candi.

Gary laughs and makes up a song called “Dancing Candi” while he and Frank dance their way back upstairs to their apartment.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO