

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jennifer, holding a backpack, leads Bob to a couch. They sit.

BOB

Thanks for meeting me on such short notice. Especially since, you know, you don't know me from Adam.

JENNIFER

Well, Emily and I are good friends. I'm surprised she isn't here. How do you know Emily?

BOB

Emily? Oh, uh...the CBD support group.

JENNIFER

I've never seen you there. But of course I don't always make the meetings. So what kind of condition do you need to treat?

BOB

(pulls out cell phone, hits some buttons, sets it in his lap)
Damn thing. I'm, uh, waiting for a...

JENNIFER

No problem.

BOB

(after a beat)
Oh, uh. It's for anxiety.

JENNIFER

Anxiety. Okay. You understand that CBD doesn't give you a buzz, right? It has amazing medicinal properties, everything from pain relief to anti-seizure, but it's not for recreational purposes.

BOB

Yeah, I know, I know. But it treats anxiety, doesn't it? I'd like a hundred dollars worth.

JENNIFER

Sure thing. I only asked out of habit, you know, from back when people got

medical cards to treat their...
 (makes air quotations)
 Anxiety. I've actually had several
 patients with real, crippling anxiety
 who were helped by CBD. You said a
 hundred, right?

Bob nods. Jennifer unzips the backpack, pulls out two small
 packages and puts them on the couch between them.

BOB
 I can't believe the awesome price.
 Compared to the dispensaries--

JENNIFER
 Well, I'm a patient too. I understand
 how hard it is to make ends meet.
 (as Bob pulls out a checkbook and
 pen)
 Do you mind paying in cash? I thought
 I made that clear over the phone.

BOB
 I just wanted a receipt of the
 payment. For my taxes. It's okay.

He pulls out his wallet and produces a hundred-dollar bill,
 holds it out to her, smiling. She eyes him suspiciously,
 hesitates, finally accepts the money.

BOB
 This is all above board, isn't it?

JENNIFER
 (after a tense moment)
 Oh sure, sure.

BOB
 Maybe I should...can I see your
 license?

Jennifer glances down at his phone, sees it recording a voice
 memo.

JENNIFER
 Are you recording... Look. Let's not
 do this.

She tries to hand him back the hundred-dollar bill but he
 won't take it.

JENNIFER

What the hell... What is this all about? Are you the police?

BOB

No, I'm not the police. But if you're selling without a license--

JENNIFER

I have a license! I just don't have it with me.

BOB

Okay. With what provider?

JENNIFER

Mo. Mo Joe.

BOB

(laughs)

Mo Joe Malachite? That's rich. But he's not, so you're going to end up bankrupting him. Let me do you a favor.

He snatches the C-note from her, rises and leaves without the CBD. Jennifer stands up, watches in disbelief.