

INT. INNER SPACE DISPENSARY - DAY

Walls, shelves and counters are covered with a potpourri of cannabis-related, progressive and psychedelic posters and decorations, Eastern and Western religious art and symbols, jars of marijuana, paraphernalia, etc. Mo Joe stands behind the counter, cell phone to ear. He watches two attractive young women pulling buds out of a large jar.

MO JOE

Yes, I need a delivery boy, but not just anyone. I don't need any square pegs shoving themselves into my round holes...

Watching the girls, he adopts a wicked smile and their clothes morph into bikinis. Mo Joe maintains perfect composure as the girls approach the counter, show their IDs, put down twenties. Into phone--

MO JOE

What? I said round holes.

He checks their IDs, hands them bags, watches as they stroll out in their bikinis.

Jennifer comes in the front door. His eyes widen. He gulps--

MO JOE

Huh? I forgot why I said round holes.
Oh, fuck it. Send him over. I'll assess his vibe when he gets here.
Late.

He disconnects and watches as Jennifer checks out the store including the cannabis products. She turns toward him and smiles. Grinning, Mo Joe watches as Jennifer walks toward him, unbuttoning her shirt to reveal her cleavage. She stands before him.

JENNIFER

Hi. I'm Jennifer Young.
(hands him business card)
I noticed you have a lot of different strains of weed, but no...
(she stops as she notices him swallow hard)
Are you all right?

MO JOE

Uh, sure. Look at the eyes.

JENNIFER

What? What did you say?

MO JOE

Look at your eyes. They're. Uh, very nice.

JENNIFER

Well, thanks. That's sweet.

He shakes his head and her shirt is buttoned again. He picks up her card, holds it at a distance to read it.

MO JOE

Pleased to meet you, Jennifer. The name's Morris J. Malachite. You can call me Mo. Or Mo Joe. What were you saying? But no...?

JENNIFER

Medical marijuana. Do you keep it behind the counter?

MO JOE

No. Nothing behind the counter, nothing locked in cabinets. I believe the herb should be right there for you to smell, to hold, even sample before you buy. It's not a controlled substance anymore. As far as medical, I prefer the word therapeutic. Psychedelic. Inspirational. Revelatory.

JENNIFER

That's all very nice.

(unbuttons shirt, pulls it off)

But what about patients who need specialized products like CBD?

MO JOE

(controlling lust)

The eyes. The eyes.

(off her perplexed look)

You know what? You're right. I'm going to look into that. Hey, I know this is kind of forward but do you mind if I take a picture of you?

JENNIFER

(creeped out)

Sure. I guess.

Mo Joe picks up his cell phone, taps a shot of her in her bra, looks at the picture which shows her in her shirt. He shows the screen to Jennifer, back in her shirt. She smiles with annoyance, picks up her card. Mo Joe grabs the tip of it, their fingers almost touching.

MO JOE

Can you come back tomorrow at this time? I'll have an answer for you then.

Jennifer furrows her brow, studies his face, releases the card and turns to go. He watches as she dances out in loincloth and leaf-covered bikini top. He swears to himself.