

INT. CAFE - DAY

Mo Joe sits at a table, watches admiringly as Jennifer picks up a drink and walks to a distant table. He sees her dancing in the loincloth and leaf-covered bikini top. The cafe morphs into a jungle scene. BOB, 40s, steps up to the table, checks out who Mo Joe is watching as the scene returns to the cafe and Jennifer to street clothes. Bob grins sourly as he sits across from Mo Joe.

BOB

Same old Mo. Were you undressing her?

MO JOE

Not exactly. I've got business on my mind, Bob. I'll cut to the chase. I want to start a dispensary.

BOB

(groans)

I see. You know that it's extremely difficult to get a new license.

MO JOE

Ah, but that's where you come in.

BOB

I was afraid you were going to say that.

MO JOE

I heard from the grapevine that you're sitting on a license--

BOB

That's my business.

MO JOE

It's everybody's business. You can't be playing monopoly with the public's hunger for psychoactive exploration.

BOB

Spare me your pseudo-concern for the public, Morris. What's this all about, really?

MO JOE

I had an inspiration.

BOB

You mean a delusion. Exactly what I mean. You're not a businessman.

MO JOE

I'm a visionary.

BOB

You mean a psychotic. You let these...these hallucinations cloud your judgment. Run your life. I know you didn't do well with the anti-psychotics but there are alternatives.

(off Mo Joe's roll of the eyes)  
I'm not talking about smoking a joint, Mo! I'm talking about CBD. It's been proven to work with schizophrenics.

MO JOE

Jesus, Bob. I'm not schizophrenic.

BOB

Right. What's it called? Walter Mitty Syndrome. On steroids.

Mo Joe glances at a Young Woman who smiles at him, takes off her top to reveal cleavage. Bob sees Mo Joe wearing a distant look.

Case in point. Okay. Just out of morbid curiosity. What are you seeing?

MO JOE

(guilty look, then smiles)  
Nothing. The open-minded expression on your gracefully aging face. Okay, here's the deal. You've been wondering all these years what you could do to reward your comrade-in-arms for saving your life? Well, this is it.

BOB

Comrade-in-arms? You were a reporter, Mo, not a soldier.

MO JOE

An embedded reporter. I could have taken a bullet as easy as you.

BOB

Okay, you did get to the radio to call

in the Airvac.

(hesitates; then off Mo Joe's  
sweet smile)

Oh, all right. On one condition. That  
you start taking the CBD.

MO JOE

Seriously? That's...blackmail.

BOB

No, it's bribery. Believe it or not, I  
care about your welfare. Okay. I'll  
give you six months, then we'll see  
from there. So. Do we have a deal?

Mo Joe looks at him in frustration. The cafe turns into a  
mental ward then back. Finally Mo Joe nods. They rise and  
shake hands. As soon as Bob turns away, Mo Joe's smile fades  
to a grim expression.