

INT. INNER SPACE DISPENSARY - DAY

The Teenage Boys are visible peering in through the front window. Behind the counter stands lovely PROVIDENCE, 20s, in stylish, sexy hippy garb, cell phone to her ear.

PROVIDENCE

I told you, I'm not going to try out.  
I don't want to be a model, okay?...  
No Eve, you're beautiful. I'm  
interesting... Because I like it here.  
It's chill, I have the perfect boss,  
that is, no boss, he's not a boss, and  
I get to meet fun and interesting...  
Hmm... No, it's empty now.  
(sees Teenage Boys come in)  
Wait. Not anymore.

Teenage Boys check out Providence, casually move into the store in the opposite direction.

TEENAGE BOY 2

I don't know, man.

TEENAGE BOY 1

It's cool. You just gotta be cool,  
dude.

Providence watches the Teens as they gradually make their way to the glass jars of weed. On the phone--

PROVIDENCE

I'm going to have to talk to Mo Joe  
about this. We can't be letting people  
just take little buds without paying  
or even showing I.D...  
(sees Teens reach in jars)  
Yeah, WE. I'm his only employee. More  
like a partner, really, considering  
how much he depends on me for, like,  
good judgment.

Providence sees the Teen Boys hold up little buds to her, wave, move toward the door. Into the phone--

PROVIDENCE

Damn it! I'll call you back.  
(disconnects; to Teens)  
Hey, you two! Can I see your IDs?

The Teens pretend not to hear her and stroll to the door.

They open it to the sight of Jennifer who takes in the situation, holds her ground.

TEENAGE BOY 1

Uh, excuse me.

JENNIFER

Uh, didn't you forget something?

TEENAGE BOY 1

Uh, what's that?

JENNIFER

Oh, I don't know. To pay?

By now Providence has reached them.

PROVIDENCE

Can I see some IDs, boys?

The Teenage Boys try to stare her down, but finally hand over the buds and skulk out the door.

PROVIDENCE

(to Jennifer)

Hey, thanks. Do you want to work here?

Jennifer smiles at the compliment.

AT THE COUNTER

Providence, back behind the counter, completes a transaction with the Customers while Jennifer browses the store. Jennifer approaches the counter as the Customers go.

JENNIFER

You might want to keep the jars a little, I don't know, closer to the counter.

PROVIDENCE

I agree a hundred percent. I'll discuss it with my partner when he comes in.

JENNIFER

(surprised)

Partner? You mean business partner? Sorry. You're just kind of young...

PROVIDENCE

(after sharing a smile)

Actually, I like him. I mean, for a business partner. He lets me manage things while he takes care of the money and ownership and all that stuff.

JENNIFER

(gets the picture)

Well, good. That's perfect. Uh, you don't expect him in anytime soon?

PROVIDENCE

(shrugs)

He's kind of like unpredictable. Which is cool. As long as you don't expect anything of him.

JENNIFER

Right.

(puts down business card)

I'm Jennifer Young. I'm a medical marijuana advocate.

PROVIDENCE

Wow. That's way cool. I was wondering why we didn't have any, you know...

JENNIFER

Me too. I'm really glad to have met you. Just between us, Mo or Mo Joe or whatever his name--

PROVIDENCE

Mo Joe. He creeped you out, didn't he? I wouldn't take it personally.

Isaac enters through the front door, casually surveys the various decorations.

PROVIDENCE

It's this sort of condition he has.

JENNIFER

What, you mean being male?

PROVIDENCE

Yeah right! No, actually it's like a form of psychosis or something. Whatever he imagines, he sees.

JENNIFER

He sees. Like--

PROVIDENCE

Really sees. Like it's right in front of his face. And believe me, he has a vivid imagination.

JENNIFER

(off shared laugh)

Wait. You don't mean...

(glance down at blouse; Providence nods)

Doesn't it bother you?

PROVIDENCE

I take it as a compliment. And he's always really nice to me. I think it actually helps me...

Jennifer smiles understanding, then notices Providence watching Isaac as he moves subtly toward the weed jars. Jennifer swivels her head toward him. He sees them watching, glances sheepishly away.

ISAAC

(undertone)

Just face up to it, Isaac. It's not illegal. It's not poison.

He summons his courage, picks up one of the jars, peers through the glass.

JENNIFER

Better keep your eye on that one. What's your name, by the way?

PROVIDENCE

Providence.

JENNIFER

Providence. Nice Christian name.

PROVIDENCE

My mom is, totally. Well, for an ex-hippy. They weren't expecting me and then I turned out to be a gift or whatever. My dad wanted to call me Destiny but my mom won out, I guess. I mean, obviously, since my name is Providence.

She rolls her eyes at her own chatter. Jennifer smiles affectionately.

Isaac unscrews the lid of a jar, sniffs at it.

JENNIFER

Well, I think it's providence that you and I met. San Diego needs an outlet for medical marijuana. There's a lot of suffering people out there. If you can go to bat with your business partner--

PROVIDENCE

Oh, I will. I will. But you should give him a second...

(notices a print of Jennifer taped to back of counter)

...chance. You know, maybe you're right. I'll just go to bat with him and I'll call you.

JENNIFER

That would be great. Thanks, Providence. Nice...very nice meeting you.

She offers her hand and they shake. Jennifer turns to the sight of Isaac holding a bud. Jennifer shares a look of caution with Providence, who approaches Isaac as Jennifer moves toward the door.

PROVIDENCE

Hi there. Can I see your I.D.?

ISAAC

Uh, sure. Just a second. Sorry about that.

He drops the bud back in the jar, replaces the lid, then reaches for his wallet.

PROVIDENCE

Look. Never mind. If you weren't planning to buy any.

But by now she's holding his driver's license.

PROVIDENCE

So you only look fifteen. Nebraska, eh? You just visiting or what?

(off his pained silence)

Look, it's none of my business.

ISAAC

(blurts)

I'm looking for a job.  
Delivering...marijuana.

PROVIDENCE

Awesome. You're hired.

ISAAC

But...

PROVIDENCE

You have a driver's license. Though  
you'll have to get a California one. I  
take it you have a car. And auto  
insurance.

ISAAC

Yes, but...

PROVIDENCE

You can start today if you want. Now.  
We've been losing out on business  
right and left because Mo Joe... Okay.  
But what?

ISAAC

The guy...the head guy...

PROVIDENCE

Mo Joe.

ISAAC

Said no go.

PROVIDENCE

He's said that to every applicant so  
far. Don't worry, I'll take care of Mo  
Joe. He's like putty in my hands.

ISAAC

Thank you! Thank you so much! You  
don't know how much this means to me.  
Only...can I ask you something? Why  
me?

PROVIDENCE

Because!

(at a loss, then--)

Because...you have an honest face.

Isaac's honest face looms in a close-up.