

INT. MO JOE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Providence knocks at the open door, peers in at the walls and surfaces cluttered with art and artifacts. She sees Mo Joe at a computer, listening to music in earbuds. Providence knocks harder; no response. She approaches him, taps him on the shoulder. Mo Joe swivels abruptly.

MO JOE

Oh damn! Providence.

PROVIDENCE

(as he pulls out earbuds)

Sorry to sneak up on you like that. I did knock. Twice.

MO JOE

No problem. Mi casa es su casa.

Providence smiles patiently and unbuttons, removes her blouse. Standing before him in her bra--

PROVIDENCE

So how are things going at the shop, Providence? Slow, Mo Joe. We need to take, like, active steps to expand our customer base. To that end, I...

(breath of courage)

I kind of hired that kid you turned away yesterday.

MO JOE

Isaac. So he came back, did he?

(smirks)

Must have gotten a sign from God.

(enjoying her beauty)

Well, I'll trust your judgment on this. So what can I do for you?

PROVIDENCE

(undoes top button of jeans)

Well, I met Jennifer. The medical marijuana lady? Gorgeous.

Mo Joe grins as Providence morphs into Jennifer in her bra.

JENNIFER

(in Providence's voice)

You see her, don't you? I agree with her about the CBD. Totally. Isaac can get us delivery dollars and Jennifer

can help us tap into the medical market.

MO JOE

I've been thinking very seriously about that, you know. In fact, I've done some research. Problem is the stuff costs too much money to buy in the first place. At least until we start turning a profit. Maybe we can order it from other dispensaries? I mean, if the customer prepays.

PROVIDENCE

(back in her own body, blouse)  
Who's going to want to do that? That's just stupid, Mo Joe.

MO JOE

I know. Sorry. What do you think we should do?

PROVIDENCE

Hmm. I'll have to think about it.  
(beat, then smiles, unbuttons, removes blouse, glances at computer screen)  
Whatcha you working on there?

MO JOE

Oh, nothing. It's a project to open the minds of our customers. Partying is fine, but there's so much more we can learn from the mental tools available to us.

Providence's eyes flash with interest. Mo Joe stands before her.

PROVIDENCE

You mean...you mean like the Sixties.

MO JOE

Exactly. The Sixties. Not just the Sixties. Starting from the frigging cave man.  
(now shirtless; seductively)  
Look at art, philosophy, spirituality, even science.  
(as he moves toward her)  
The impulse to create, to explore, to

understand, to fight for freedom and justice. They all come from that same spark of enlightenment.

(her eyes flash with desire)

And where does that come from? That's one of the juiciest mysteries of all.

PROVIDENCE

Wow, that's really, like totally cool.

She snaps out of it; both are back in their clothes, Mo Joe back in chair; she clears her throat.

PROVIDENCE

But it's not going to solve our money problems. Let me, uh...let me, uh, think about it. Some more.

She awkwardly backs out of the room toward the door. Mo Joe smiles sadly and turns back to his computer.