

IN THE DISPENSARY

Mo Joe watches as Providence and Jennifer confer, then Jennifer waves shyly at him and goes out the door. When Providence rejoins him, in surprise--

MO JOE

Didn't she want to talk to me?
(off Providence's silence)
I think she wants to talk to me.

PROVIDENCE

Not here. I mean now. I guess.
(picks up cell phone)
I've been racking my brain for ways to use this Alice thing to promote the business.

MO JOE

Don't bother. It'll promote itself.
(as Providence grits her teeth)
Let's see the sign so far, Alice.

Alice brings it over to the counter. Mo Joe and Providence admire it.

MO JOE

So talented! We can put it in the window while the outside sign is being made.

ALICE

Okay. Can I wait on customers?

MO JOE

Sure. Right after you finish the sign.

PROVIDENCE

(annoyed)
Just not behind the counter. Not while I'm here.

Alice sighs and carries the white board away. Providence returns to her phone while Mo Joe operates his laptop. He glances at her, sees her in her bra. She glances at him, sees him shirtless. Then, back in their shirts--

PROVIDENCE

Are you working on your...your thing?

MO JOE

My enlightenment thing. I'm looking for ways to communicate the principles of love, freedom, justice and art.

Providence grunts absent-mindedly. Mo Joe glances up and sees an attractive female Customer come in the door. As she browses, Mo Joe types "love" into Google, chooses a page with a picture and information on the goddess Aphrodite.

MO JOE

Hmm.

He reads intently, his eyes sparkling with imagination. The Customer, LOLA, approaches him at the counter. A beat, then Providence looks over distractedly from her phone.

PROVIDENCE

Can we help you with something?

Mo Joe looks up from his laptop, watches as Lola transforms into the goddess Aphrodite. He closes his laptop. To Mo Joe--

LOLA

I love your store.

MO JOE

Thanks. Aphrodite.

LOLA

The Greek goddess of love. I haven't heard that name for awhile.

MO JOE

What, do you usually get Venus?

LOLA

(smiles at the compliment)
I'd like a fifty-dollar package of...

MO JOE

Of love. Love has no price tag. Love is priceless.

He hands her a package. She opens it, sniffs, smiles and reaches into her purse.

MO JOE

No, no. It's my gift...of love...to you.

She furrows her brow, looks at Providence, who eyes Mo Joe

sternly. To Lola--

PROVIDENCE

Just...can I see your ID?

LOLA

I get it. This is like a deal for first-time customers.

PROVIDENCE

That's right.

LOLA

Wow. That's...almost worth the come-on.

Lola, back in her street clothes, provides her driver's license. Providence checks it, nods and smiles. Mo Joe takes a cell phone picture of it, hands it back. Lola picks up her license and package, smiles ironically at Providence and goes.

PROVIDENCE

Mo Joe! You can't just be giving away fifty-dollar packages of product.

MO JOE

Don't worry. What she gave me is worth a whole lot more than fifty dollars.

Providence rolls her eyes in frustration as Mo Joe opens up his laptop and starts to type furiously. Picking up her phone again, to herself--

PROVIDENCE

Got to come up with something...