

Mo Joe stands behind the counter of the empty store, his phone on the counter on speaker setting.

MO JOE

I told you, I love the idea. You can handle the whole freaking project. I'll pay you overtime. So where are you anyway?

PROVIDENCE (FILTERED)

Oh no. You'll just have to use your imagination.

Mo Joe adopts a wicked grin, imagines--

VISION: Providence and Mo Joe sitting opposite each other in a spa.

Back in the dispensary, Mo Joe comes back to reality as lovely ALICE strides toward him.

MO JOE

Oh, I've got a customer.
(to Alice)
How can I help you?

ALICE

Hi. My name's Alice. Alice Westerley.

MO JOE

Alice.
(smiles at Alice, who is now in Alice in Wonderland dress)

Pleased to meet you, Alice. What can I do for you?

ALICE

Oh, I heard from my friend that you're looking for more budtenders. She works here. Province--

PROVIDENCE (FILTERED)

Providence. I'm not your friend.

ALICE

(to Mo Joe)
She sure acted friendly.

PROVIDENCE (IN SPA)

To your boss. Not to you. Only because you were scowling at me.

ALICE

(to Mo Joe)

Because she wanted my job!

PROVIDENCE (IN SPA)

I wanted **A** job. So what happened to your job? Did the boss's wife catch you in bed?

ALICE

(self-righteous)

No, she didn't catch us. At what? I mean...

MO JOE

Wait a second. Your boss is Bob Jenkins, isn't it? That's priceless. He sent you over here to spy on me.

ALICE

(bad liar)

No, he didn't. Like...I really need this job. Please?

(sexy coax)

Pretty please?

Mo Joe is clearly falling under her spell.

PROVIDENCE (FILTERED)

Take a hike, bitch!

Alice renews her sexy pleading. Mo Joe grins.

MO JOE

Hey, I have nothing to hide. Okay, you're hired. On one condition. You have to show up to work in that Alice in Wonderland dress.

Alice, back in her street clothes, glances down at her outfit in confusion.