

Mo Joe sits at a table, watches admiringly as Esther picks up a drink and walks to a distant table. He sees her dancing in the loincloth and leaf-covered bikini top. BOB, 40s, steps up to the table, checks out who Mo Joe is watching, 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 Vince. I want to start a dispensary.

BOB

(groans)

I see. You know that it's impossible 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 know you're sitting on a license--

BOB

For good reason. If we split up the market too much, nobody can make a decent margin.

MO JOE

That's protectionism, not capitalism. You can't be playing monopoly with the public's hunger for psychoactive exploration.

BOB

Spare me your 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.

He notices Mo Joe wearing a distant look.

BOB (CONT'D)

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

MO JOE

(mischievous grin)

Nothing. The open-minded expression on your handsome 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

But you didn't. Though you did get to the radio to call in the meds.

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

Okay. You've got six months. Don't be flattered. Only because I don't think you'll offer much competition to the other dispensaries.

MO JOE

(controlling glee)

Thanks for the vote of confidence.

(they stand, shake hands)

That's fine. I prefer to be underestimated.