TREEHOME'95

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. PRISON CELL - DAY

The mid day sun peaks in through the bars of a jail cell. It's a hazy summer's day. A youthful looking guy with a gorgeous set of hair, SETH(22), sits at the edge of his cot on the bottom bunk.

SUPER: 1996

CLOSE ON SETH'S FACE THAT SLOWLY PULLS AWAY

SETH
Ya shoulda fuckin' seen me.

Seth smiles ear to fucking ear.

SETH (CONT'D)
It wasn't easy i'll tell ya. You start out small. Sell to some punk ass white boys too scared to buy a gram from some blacks. Then you turn into a fucking enterprise! A county-wide, fuckin' enterprise!

He laughs.

SETH (CONT'D)
And I ain't talkin' out my ass! I was no nickel and bag boy. I wasn't workin' the corner, selling myself short.

Seth reaches into his beige shirt pocket square and pulls out a pack of Marlboro reds. He then reaches into his matching beige pants and pulls out a pack of matches.

He lies down on his back and strikes the match against the concrete wall flushed to the bunk. He puts it to his lips and-

Puff.

SETH (CONT'D)
Noooo sir, I was wholesale. I was a pound-for-pound heavyweight.

From the top bunk, LIONEL(31), a heavier set black man lays on his back and stares up at the concrete ceiling. His face, frozen in a state of permanent discontent.

LIONEL
More like featherweight.

With a grimace, Seth kicks the top bunk.

LIONEL (CONT'D)
Do that again and I'll kill ya.

Seth cocks his leg and contemplates for a moment.

SETH
(smiling)
You ever hold a pound of pot?

He takes a drag instead.

Puff.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

By a cabin in the middle of a forest, somewhere in the sticks of upstate New York, Seth carries vacuum sealed bags of marijuana under each arm.

SETH (V.O.)
Fuck... you ever hold ten?

He tosses the bags into his trunk.

EXT. SETH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Seth steps out his apartment.

SETH (V.O.)
I knew the police were on me...

He walks down the street and passes by storefronts. Seth peaks behind him and watches as an unmarked Chevy caprice turns on and slowly pulls onto the road.

SETH (V.O.)
But I didn't care. The money was
too good to stop.

Hands in his pockets, he slouches under his jacket collar.

CUT TO:

INT. PRISON CELL - DAY

Seth smiles as he stares up at the bottom of the top bunk.

SETH
That green man... I ain't never felt that high before.

Lionel stares at the ceiling, expressionless.

SETH (CONT'D)
I'll be back out there soon, believe that.

Lionel raises an eyebrow.

LIONEL
You just got in less than a year ago?

SETH (O.S.)
Yeah but just one more year and I'll be out on bail.

Lionel stares at the ceiling again, expressionless.

A long silence is held.

SETH (V.O.)
When you get out?

LIONEL
5 years.

SETH (V.O.)
Oh fuck, what the hell did you do?

LIONEL
Sell weed.

A wave of confusion flows across Seth's face. He stares at the bottom of the top bunk with furrowed brows.

Puff.

INT. SETH'S HOME (BEDROOM) - MORNING

Seth, now much older (48), sits at the edge of his bed as an untied tie rests around his collar. His thinning hair is slicked back.

SUPER: 2022

He ties his tie as he watches himself through a mirror. At the other end of the bed by the baseboard, his wife, ANDREA (43), sits under the comforter. She stares out the window through the blinds as she smokes a Marlboro Gold..

His tie looks like shit but he apathetically stands anyways.

Puff.

She ashes her cigarette in an ash tray on the nightstand on her side.

ANDREA
(somberly)
Hungry?

INT. SETH'S HOME (KITCHEN) - MORNING

Andrea stands over the stove as two fried eggs drown in oil. The volatile pops fill the palpable silence.

Seth sits at the kitchen table with heavy bags under his eyes.

SETH
Do you go into the hospital today?

She stares down at the sizzling pan with heavy bags too.

ANDREA
Yeah... I have the night shift.

The silence perpetuates.

ANDREA (CONT'D)
Did you take tomorrow off like I asked you too?

SETH
... No.

She splits the yolk and watches it run.

ANDREA
(sighs)
Do you want to go after work?

SETH
I... I don't think I can.

Seth closes his eyes.

I/E. CAR - NIGHT

SETH'S POV

A road is visible through the front windshield of a car.

ANDREA (V.O.)
We have to, Seth...

A speeding car approaches.

ANDREA (V.O.)
It’ll be a year since she...

The car’s headlights get larger, brighter, and closer as the sound of a car’s horn gets louder and louder.

ANDREA (V.O.)
She died.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. SETH'S HOME (KITCHEN) - CONTINUOUS

Seth’s eyes swell open as he stares down at the table. Tears form in Andrea’s but she hides them well behind her hair. A small sniffle escapes her.

Seth checks his watch and stands.

SETH
I’ve gotta go, I’ll be late.

ANDREA
You should eat.

Andrea turns her head and looks to the door as it closes shut. Over the stove, she wails into her hands.

EXT. ROADSIDE MEMORIAL - LATER

Seth stands on the side of a road. His tie flows in the air as car’s fly behind him at high-speeds.

Seth stands emotionless as he stares down.

SETH’S POV

A cross with the name “Emma” and “2/04/21” written on it erects from the ground in front of a bare tree. A wreath hangs around the cross with flowers and candles on the ground around it.

Seth bends down and pulls a lighter out his pocket. He picks up a candle and tries to light it but only sparks escape.

He tries again, and nothing. He tries again, and again. Nothing.

He falls to his knees and places the candle down. He shields the lighter from wind with his other hand as he keeps flicking the wheel.

Tears trickle down as he doesn't stop.

SETH
Come, ON!

Finally, he gets a flame and he quickly lights the candle.

On his knees, he looks at the cross with a small smile as tears trickle down. He blows into his hands and rubs them together. He then, holds them over the flame of the candle for warmth.

Suddenly, a speeding car drives past and the flame burns out.

Seth's face drops and he sinks into himself. Sobs belt out.

Ring! Ring! Ring!

Seth wipes his tears and pulls out his phone. He clears his throat.

SETH (CONT'D)
Hello-

WILLIAM (V.O.)
Where the hell are you!

INT. CAR DEALERSHIP - SAME

The manager of a used car dealership, WILLIAM (54), stands in an empty cubical.

SETH (V.O.)
I got caught up on the way to work.

WILLIAM
Yeah-Yeah. You said that yesterday, and the day before that.

William stands in Seth's cubicle and picks up a framed picture of Seth, Andrea, and their daughter, *Emma*. He takes a seat and stares softly at the picture with his eyes glued on *Emma*.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
I swear to god Seth, if you're not here in the next 15 minutes, don't bother showing up-

SETH (V.O.)
I'll be there in 10.

The call drops and William frustratedly shoves his phone in his pocket. He stares at the framed picture.

WILLIAM
(to himself)
...He needs to get his shit together.

EXT. ROADSIDE MEMORIAL - SAME

Seth stands up and looks down at his daughter's memorial. His eyes are low and hold much pain.

SETH
Rest easy, baby girl.

Seth kisses his hand and touches the cross.

INT. CAR DEALERSHIP - AFTERNOON

At his desk in his tiny cubicle, Seth solemnly sits and stares at his computer background. It's the yankees 09' world series victory. He moves his computer mouse aimlessly and highlights random yankees player's faces.

William walks past his cubicle and stops as Derek Jeter's face gets highlighted. William stops and watches Seth for a moment.

He leans over the cubicle.

WILLIAM
(whistles)
That was some series.

Seth turns his head, immediately fixes his posture and opens up the proper software.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
Love the capt'n. Don't know how the hell he'd help you sell cars though!

SETH
Cut me some slack, Bill-

WILLIAM
(shouts)
Slack?!

William steps into Seth's cubicle.

In the background, a short latino man, JOSE (45), walks over to Seth's cubicle. He's dressed in an oil stained mechanic's uniform.

JOSE
(to Seth)
Gringo!-

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
All I've given you is slack the whole fucking year! And I've been really patient since the incident-

Seth turns and stands to match William's level. His eyes, wide and weary with his brows furrowed.

William takes a step closer to Seth. Jose timidly watches from behind the cubicle wall.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
But between the constant latenesses and lack of sales, I don't know how much more fucking slack I have left!

SETH
What are you trying to say?

WILLIAM
You know what I'm trying to say... Don't make me spell it out.

Seth lowers his head timidly and his eyes coincidentally meet his family picture frame. His eyes grow softer.

William realizes what he's looking at and his demeanor softens a bit. He puts a hand on Seth's shoulder.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
You used to be one of the best salesmen here. I know you had a... *rough* year, but you've gotta figure it out Seth.

Seth shrugs the hand off his shoulder. William's face contorts with an initial anger, but he takes a deep breath, and sighs.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
Just sell a fucking car.

William steps out the cubicle and meets eyes with Jose.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
What the hell are you doing here?

JOSE
(nervously)
I, uh, was looking for you!

WILLIAM
Bullshit, you came to waste time and chit chat with ya friend here.

William walks away.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
If you're still here when I come back, I'm sending you home.

Jose sucks his teeth.

JOSE
(under his breath)
Like that's a threat.

WILLIAM (O.S.)
You say something?

JOSE
No, sir!

Jose salutes over to William with a wide grin. As he turns to Seth, his face drops.

JOSE (CONT'D)
I fucking hate that guy. You okay?

Seth slumps back in his chair and stares at the picture frame. Jose notices Seth's fixed gaze and his demeanor softens.

JOSE (CONT'D)
Tomorrow's the day, right?

SETH
...Yeah.

JOSE
Jeez, I'm sorry man.

Jose comes into the cubicle and tries to embrace Seth, but since he's sat, it's a tad awkward.

SETH
Oh, uh, thank you?

Jose clings on for too long. Seth gives a half hearted pat on Jose's back to signify he's had enough.

JOSE
You and Andrea have anything planned?

SETH
Eh, she wants to go see *her*... but I don't think I can.

Jose's brows furrow.

JOSE
Listen man, I can't even begin to understand how you feel... but you should really-

WILLIAM (O.S.)
Jose! What'd I say!

Jose nervously looks over to where the voice comes from and looks back to Seth.

JOSE
Shit, I gotta go. Listen, I need to talk to about something. Drinks after work?

Seth scrunches his brows curiously.

SETH
Talk about what-

WILLIAM (O.S.)
JOSE!

JOSE
Shit, I gotta go. We'll talk later.

SETH
I didn't say yes!

JOSE
C'monnn, I know you could use a drink.

Seth sigh's, then sticks two fingers in Jose's face.

SETH
Only two drinks though.

A small laugh escapes Jose as he pats Seth's shoulder. Jose walks out the cubicle.

SETH (CONT'D)
I'm serious, Jose!

JOSE
Uh-huh, yeah, sure!

William hastily walks to the cubicle and stands far too close too Jose.

WILLIAM
(to Jose)
What'd I say? do you want to go home?!

Jose walks past William and turns to face him mid stride.

JOSE
You see me going back don't you.

As Jose walks away, he looks back at Seth and points his thumb with a "get a load of this guy" expression.

A chuckle sounds from Seth as William shakes his head. William turns and his eyes shoot daggers into Seth. Seth immediately wipes the smirk from his face, sits up in his chair, turns, and faces his computer.

William continues to burn holes into the back of Seth's head with his eyes as Seth clicks away on the computer.

INT. BAR - EVENING

In a dingy sports bar, Seth and Jose sit on stools at the bar. A beer sits in front of Jose. A few others sit at the bar as a pair plays pool in the corner of the room. The modern yankees are down 8 runs in the 7th inning on the TV behind the bar.

Seth intently watches as a pint of beer gets poured. He stares deeply as the hops rises in the glass. A droning voice fills the background.

JOSE (O.S.)
(muffled)
Seth!

Seth breaks his concentration for a second.

JOSE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Yo, Seth!

Seth comes back to earth as a coaster gets tossed in front of him and the beer gets placed on it.

A concerned Jose stares at Seth as he darts his eyes around the bar.

BARTENDER (O.S.)
Open or close?

Seth looks down at the beer, then back up at the bartender.

SETH
I, uh... keep me open.

Seth pulls out his card and hands it over. The bartender walks away.

JOSE
You okay, cabron? I feel like I lost you there for a sec.

Seth shifts in his stool. He sits up and cracks his back with a pained expression.

SETH
Yeah, yeah. Just got lost in thought.

JOSE
You sure-

SETH
I'm good, Jose.

An awkward silence fills the air. Seth stares down at his pint of beer, then takes a swig.

JOSE
Were you thinkin' about *her?*

Seth chugs the beer longer than anticipated. He downs more than half of it in one go. He wipes the foam off his upper lip.

SETH
I'm always thinking of ***Emma***... I- I'm sorry, what were you saying before?

Jose takes an awkward sip of his beer and looks sympathetically to Seth.

JOSE
We don't have to talk about it.

SETH
C'mon, what'd you wanna talk about?

JOSE
I've got a... *business opportunity*.

SETH
Business opportunity? Better be better than your last.

Seth finishes his beer. He waves over the bartender, points at his empty glass, and gives a thumbs up.

JOSE
Hey! My local parcel service would've worked out if it wasn't for evil men.

SMASH CUT TO:

I/E. CAR - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A younger version of Jose is slammed against his car by a police officer.

JOSE (V.O.)
I just came from Mexico and could barely speak a lick of American. I was naive and set up.

Another officer tosses a duffel bag on the hood of the car besides Jose. He zips open the bag and it's filled with dime bags of coke.

CUT TO:

INT. COURTROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Jose stands next to a public defender behind the defendant's table. They hold up a picture of the baggies of coke, and point at it.

JOSE (V.O.)
They gathered I wasn't some mafioso, drug kingpin... but they needed someone to throw in. The thing is... I had no idea what the hell anyone was saying.

Jose looks around the courtroom confused.

PUBLIC DEFENDER
(english from Jose's POV)
And dere for I tink. Itz clear whoz greet that trish. My defenamt, iz no gully. (And therefore I think it's clear who's drugs that really is, My defendant is not guilty.)

The judge shakes his head.

JUDGE
(english from Jose's POV)
The cours fine the defenamt, gully!
(The court finds the defendant, guilty!)

He slams his gavel.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. BAR - CONTINUOUS

Jose slams his pint on the bar top which echoes through the room.

JOSE
I lost 4 fucking years, because of evil men... evil men like you!

He burps and sticks a finger in Seth's face. Seth slaps the finger out the way.

SETH
We've already talked about this, Jose! I only sold weed. Which is legal now so we both got screwed by the U.S fucking A...
(his voice trails off)
equally.

Jose's eyes light up.

SETH (CONT'D)
So are you gonna come out with what this plan of yours or-

JOSE
Oh but mi amigo, you've landed on it yourself.

SETH
Huh?

A pint of beer comes down in front of Seth. Jose points at the full glass of beer.

BARTENDER (O.S.)
You want another?

Jose smugly smiles and shoots over a thumbs up.

JOSE
So, I went to my old P.O.'s 70th birthday party.

SETH
Ugh, you're still in contact with your P.O.?

JOSE
That man forced me take english classes when I got out... I'm forever grateful.

SETH
Yeah? What's so great about english?

JOSE
How else could I do this?

Jose whistles which gets the bartenders attention. He's mid-pour.

JOSE (CONT'D)
While you're at it, get *us* another round!

The bartender shoots over a smile and throws up a thumbs up. When Jose turns back to Seth, the bartender's smile reverts to a frown.

SETH
I said I was only having two drinks.

JOSE
You were serious? Ha, anyways, so I was at his birthday party and he said something, and I immediately thought of you.

SETH
Aw that's sweet, you think of me outside of work.

Seth chuckles to himself and takes a sip of his beer. Jose rolls his eyes.

JOSE
He told me it was a shame I was busted for coke... because if the bag was full of pot, I could've gotten a license to sell.

SETH
A license to sell what? Weed?

JOSE
Yup! Like a lemonade stand but for pot. It's called, a... a *dispensary!*

SETH
Huh.

Seth knocks his head back and takes a large swig, then burps.

SETH (CONT'D)
Ain't that something. America wants ex-drug dealers pushing their own highs.

JOSE
I know, isn't it amazing!

SETH
It's uh... definitely something.

JOSE
Seth! Do you know what this means?

SETH
That I spent 2 years in prison for no reason? Yeah, that had crossed my mind.

A wide smile coats Jose's face.

JOSE
Not for no reason, compa(friend)!

Seth furrows his brows with a confused expression.

JOSE (CONT'D)
Together, we can open up a dispensary! William can kiss our asses goodbye!

Seth is taken back by Jose's words. The bartender tosses over two coasters in front of the guys and places two new beers.

SETH
I think I'll pass.

JOSE
What do you mean!

SETH
Look, it's a nice idea and all... but I left that life in the past.

JOSE
But it's different this time, Seth. It's by the books! It's legal!

SETH
Legal or not, I want nothin' to do with it.

Seth takes a sip of his beer as he looks up at the tv. The Yankee's are still losing in the ninth inning.

JOSE
(sternly)
Seth.

Seth looks over to Jose whose eyes are most earnest.

JOSE (CONT'D)
Like you said, you went to prison for nothing... With this, it wouldn't have been for nothing... We'd be the first dispensary in the whole fucking county!

A small smirk escapes Seth as he mulls it over in his mind. He scratches the back of his head.

SETH
Eh, I don't know Jose. Besides I don't know if it's the right time. It might be too soon, since... *ya know,* to jump into anything.

A disheartened Seth takes a sip of his beer. Jose sympathetically looks over.

JOSE
I get it... but just think about it, okay? I think it could be great, for the both of us.

Jose gives a soft pat on Seth's back.

They both polish their second beers, and pull the new ones towards them. An awkward silence fills the air between them.

Suddenly, Jose lifts his beer.

JOSE (CONT'D)
To *Emma*.

Seth is wide eyed and stunned for a moment at the sound of her name. He quickly comes back to, and lifts his beer.

SETH
To *Emma*.

The two men take giant gulps of their beer. Jose stops halfway, but Seth keeps pouring beer down his gullet. He nearly downs the whole pint.

SETH (CONT'D)
(to the bartender)
Another round!

EXT. SETH'S HOME - NIGHT

In the dark, Seth and Jose stumble over each other up the driveway of Seth's home.The light sensor goes off and the two become illuminated.

As they get up the driveway, Seth trips and falls into the parked car. The car alarm goes off which throws Jose into a fit of laughter.

Jose gives him a hand up.

JOSE
This is why we'd make a great team.

SETH
(slurring)
Hells fucking yeah!

The two hobble up the steps of the porch. The porch light is still on and illuminates the two warmly. They reach the top and are both slightly winded. Jose grabs onto the side of the porch railing and leans on it.

JOSE
You good to go or you need me to come in?

SETH
Nah, nah, I think I got it from here.

Seth burps into his fist.

JOSE
Alright then...

A beat.

Suddenly Jose stands tall, walks to Seth, and hugs him. Seth is unsure what to do with his arms and awkwardly smiles.

JOSE (CONT'D)
Good luck with tomorrow.

Seth's smile fades and his eyes become weary. He hugs him back. Jose lets go and walks down the steps and down the driveway.

JOSE (CONT'D)
Goodnight!

Alone on the porch, Seth stands at the front door. The car alarm still blares in the background.

Seth scrunches up his face in attempts to stop the emotions from leaking.

SETH
Aw fuck me!

He uses his coat sleeves to wipe away the tears.

Seth inhales deeply and exhales. In the cold of the winter, he can see his own breath. He wipes away the last of his tears, then enters his home.

INT. SETH'S HOME (KITCHEN) - CONTINUOUS

The lights of the kitchen are on as Seth enters. It's a sobering dull light. The car alarm is quietly in the background.

At the table, Andrea sits with a bottle of wine, a full glass in hand, an ash tray, and a lit cigarette perched between two fingers.

ANDREA
(sighs)
Did you hit my car or something?

Her blank expression, becomes contorted when she looks up at Seth. He looks clearly inebriated.

SETH
Hey darlin'-

ANDREA
Jesus fucking Christ!

Andrea puts her cigarette out aggressively, walks to Seth, and gets in his face.

Seth is visibly uncomfortable and tries to put his arm out between them.

SETH
(slurring)
What's gotten in to ya, Andrea?!

She shoves his arm away and sniffs the air.

ANDREA
I fucking knew it.

SETH
Wha-

ANDREA
(mockingly)
Don't "*wHaT*" me you mother fucker. You're drunk!

Andrea paces back to her chair and sinks into her seat. She drops her head into her hands.

SETH
(unconvincingly)
I don't know whatt, you're talking about.

She violently turns her head towards Seth with glossy eyes.

ANDREA
Oh my god, you're so drunk you can't even <u>try</u> to hide it.

Seth's brows furrow as he points to the wine bottle.

SETH
You're drunk too, I don't see what the problem is.

ANDREA
No, I'm not! And even if I was, I'm not the one with the fucking drinking problem.

SETH
I don't have a problem anymore!

ANDREA
Yeah? "Once an alcoholic, always an alcoholic". Or did you already forget?

Seth scratches the back of his head and takes a laboredly drunken breath. Andrea looks livid as she fumbles around for her phone.

ANDREA (CONT'D)
That's it, I'm calling your sponsor.

SETH
(scoffs)
I haven't spoken to him in over 5 years, Andrea.

ANDREA
Well, I'm calling him.

She pulls out her phone and taps away on the screen.

SETH
No you're not!

In a panic, Seth walks over and grabs the phone from her hand.

ANDREA
Give me back my phone.

SETH
No! Not if you're gonna call my sponsor.

Seth and Andrea stare at each other intensely.

ANDREA
(flatly)
How long have you not been sober?

SETH
Baby, I only had a few it's not a big dea-

ANDREA
Just answer the fucking question, Seth!

With an exasperated look in her eyes, Andrea takes a quick swig of wine from her glass.

Seth sighs and takes a seat at the table adjacent to her.

SETH
Don't act like you haven't known.

Andrea's eyes widen.

ANDREA
... That's not true.

SETH
Yes it is!

ANDREA
No! It's-

SETH
Don't bullshit me 'Drea.

A beat.

Andrea pulls a cigarette out the carton. Her hand shakes as she puts it to her lips. She lights it.

Puff.

SETH (CONT'D)
Crawling into bed late. My car, missing from the driveway. Where'd you think I was.

A drunken giggle escapes him.

Andrea scoffs out the side of her mouth. She takes a long deep breath and looks at him.

ANDREA
I didn't know for certain, but yeah... maybe I did know.

Puff.

ANDREA (CONT'D)
(softly)
When was your first drink, Seth?

SETH
The day after *Emma* died.

Long Puff.

ANDREA
Yea, that's what I figured... I guess that's why I never asked.

SETH
What do you mean?

ANDREA
You went to your first AA meeting the day you found out I was pregnant. And you've been so good for 17 years.

Seth stares down at the table as tears form in his eyes.

ANDREA (CONT'D)
But she died, so there's no reason for you not to drink... I can't lose you *too*, Seth. And I won't stick around to see it happen.

SETH
'Drea... I'm sorry.

She takes one last drag and puts out the cigarette on the ash tray. She stands with her back towards Seth.

ANDREA
Get your shit together, Seth.

Andrea grabs the bottle of wine and walks out the kitchen.

Left at the table, Seth sits alone with the glass of wine and the ash tray. He closes his eyes and slumps his head in his arms on the table. He quietly whimpers.

I/E. ANDREA'S CAR - MORNING

In a jacket with his button up and loose tie under, Seth sits in the passenger seat as Andrea drives. It's a silent drive between the two except for "livin' la Vida Loca", playing quietly in the background.

Seth is visibly hungover and slouched in his seat as he stares out the window.

Andrea pulls into the almost empty parking lot of a bar and pulls up besides Seth's car. She lowers the music until it's silent.

ANDREA
Are you going to be there after work?

SETH
Yeah... I think so.

ANDREA
Promise me I'll see you there.

A beat.

SETH
(hesitantly)
I promise.

Seth steps out the car. He looks back in at a worn smile on Andrea.

SETH (CONT'D)
I love you.

ANDREA
... I love you too.

He softly closes her car door, walks over to his car, and enters.

INT. CAR DEALERSHIP - MORNING

Seth sits on one side of a desk in an office in the car dealership. He still looks a bit hungover. On the desk, a bobblehead of Mitt Romney, a family portrait, and an excessively large aluminum jug of water rests. On the other side of the desk, William sits.

WILLIAM
We quite literally had this conversation yesterday! What the hell are you up to that you're late everyday!

Seth looks into William's eyes solemnly.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROADSIDE MEMORIAL - MORNING (FLASHBACK)

Seth is at the roadside memorial for *Emma*. He smokes a cigarette as he looks down. He quietly whimpers.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR DEALERSHIP - MORNING

Seth does not veer his eyes from William.

SETH
Just... got caught up on the way to work.

WILLIAM
Again! With the same tired excuse!

William sighs and sits up in his chair. A serious demeanor overcomes him.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
Listen Seth, we've worked with each for a long time. Shoot, you've been here longer than me. We owe you a lot here, which is partly why we haven't let you go yet. But I've given you every chance to turn things around... and you haven't.

William turns to his computer and drags his mouse around.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
I was serious yesterday, Seth. I've gotta write you up.

Seth scoffs.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
You do know what this means, right?

SETH
One more-

WILLIAM
Yep, one more infraction and you're terminated.

Furrowed brow, Seth looks around the room.

SETH
This is fucking bullshit.

WILLIAM
Easy.

SETH
Well it is. It's fucking bullshit.

William stands and wags a finger in Seth's face.

WILLIAM
What's fucking bullshit is how lenient I've been with you!

SETH
(under his breath)
I shouldn't even be here today.

WILLIAM
Speak up like a man.

SETH
(angrily)
I shouldn't even be here today!

WILLIAM
Yeah? And why's that!

SETH
Because todays the day my daughter died!

A beat.

The air is palpably silent.

WILLIAM
I know... which is why I didn't fire you today.

Seth is too stunned to speak. He sits with his jaw agape.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
I've got some yuppy coming in two hour to check out one of the *Range Rovers...* I'm giving it to you. It should be a cake walk, don't fuck it up.

Seth snaps out of it, stands and walks out the office. He lethargically heads down the hallway.

WILLIAM (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Oh, and splash some water in your face! You look like shit!

I/E. CAR - AFTERNOON

A *Range Rover* drives through the town and it's bustle. Hipsters Crowd the sidewalks, Bikes stroll down the bike lanes, and cafe's sell overpriced cups of coffee. It's a "developing community".

In the driver seat, the YUPPY (24), is dressed in sweatpants and a baggy hoodie with greasy hair. Seth looks over at him suspiciously.

They reach a red light.

YUPPY
What's the 0 to 60 on this?

SETH
6.6 Seconds. What'd you say you did for work again?

YUPPY
I don't think I mentioned it.

SETH
Oh... so what do you do for work?

YUPPY
I don't have a typical 9-5.

Seth looks even more confused.

The yuppy gets excited and points to someone smoking weed as they cross the street in front of them.

YUPPY (CONT'D)
I do that!

SETH
Smoke pot?

YUPPY
No! Well, yeah, of course I burn.

SETH
(to himself)
Burn?

The light turns green and the yuppy drives.

YUPPY
But I'm talking weed stocks, man! It's the future of investing, I'm telling you.

Seth is extremely lost in the conversation.

SETH
Weed... stocks?

YUPPY
Yeah dude, where you been? You know how weed is legal now, right?

SETH
So I've heard.

YUPPY
Soooo, you're now able to invest in companies in the cannabis industry.

SETH
You're telling me, you get money from the buying and selling of weed?

YUPPY
Basically bro! Dude, you gotta get in on this and watch the money flow in.

SETH
Eh, i'm not much of a *venture capitalist* so to speak.

YUPPY
Suit yourself but you're missing out on buttloads of moolaa.

Seth looks out the car window and notices the vibrant town. Pot smoke fills the air.

YUPPY (CONT'D)
Just look around you man...

People walk around in professional attire as a joint rests between their lips.

YUPPY (CONT'D)
...Wherever you turn.

A group of skaters hang at the bottom of a staircase as they roll a spliff.

YUPPY (CONT'D)
It's everywhere.

Deli's on the street promote "pre-rolls" and THC pens.

Seth is in pure unadulterated awe.

SETH
It was so different when I was your age, I'll tell ya.

YUPPY
Damn right it's different, you guys were smoking straight *carpet chunks*. This new shit would send you into comatose.

Seth chuckles.

SETH
I don't know about that. I was quite the pothead back in my day.

YUPPY
(scoffs)
Yeah right, you?

Seth looks slightly offended.

SETH
What makes you think I'm lying?

YUPPY
You're just... old.

They yuppy eyes him up and down. Seth is slightly irritated at the old comment.

YUPPY (CONT'D)
... And normal lookin.

SETH
Is that supposed to be an insult?

YUPPY
Nah nah, take it how you want man.

Seth sits up slightly upset as the yuppy looks at the road awkwardly. He approaches a red light and it's silent for a moment.

A light sparks in the eyes of the Yuppy. He grabs a THC pen out of his pocket and extends it towards Seth.

YUPPY (CONT'D)
Prove it.

SETH
Huh? What is that?

YUPPY
It's a *torch*.

SETH
Huh!

YUPPY
It's fuckin' weed. Prove you were a pothead and can still smoke with the big dawgs.

The yuppy “woofs”. Seth is staggered.

SETH
No! I’m on the clock!

YUPPY
Dude it’s not a big deal, look.

The yuppy takes a giant pull from the pen until a light blinks on it, and blows a giant fucking cloud in the car. Seth waves the cloud of smoke.

SETH
It fucking reeks! It’s gonna stick to the seats!

YUPPY
Ease up, it’ll air out.

The yuppy extends the pen to Seth again.

YUPPY (CONT’D)
Now your turn.

Seth looks at the pen hesitantly.

YUPPY (CONT’D)
I literally won’t buy the car if you don’t hit this shit.

Seth furrows his brow and aggressively grabs the pen.

CLOSE ON SETH

He takes a deep breath, closes his eyes, puts it to his lips and inhales deeply.

YUPPY (O.S.) (CONT’D)
Hold the button down!

Seth inspects the pen, nods, puts it back to his lips, and holds the button down. He takes a large inhale.

As he blows out the cloud, he gets into a large coughing fit. The yuppy laughs.

YUPPY (CONT’D)
Jeez buddy, you alright?

Seth coughs violently as he nods and hands back the pen.

The light turns green and the yuppy drives.

YUPPY (CONT'D)
I was just fucking with you, I was gonna buy the car anyways. I don't fuck with that peer pressure shit.

Seth doesn't stop coughing until he throws up on the floor of the car.

YUPPY (CONT'D)
Ah, what the fuck!

CUT TO:

I/E. CAR DEALERSHIP (GARAGE) - AFTERNOON

Visibly high, Seth stands in the garage. He winces as he watches a technician crawl into the passenger seat of the *Range Rover* and clean the floor mat. Another technician sprays a fragrance in the car.

From the car, William storms over towards Seth. He's livid.

WILLIAM
What the hell happened! This was supposed to be a slam dunk! Now all's I got is a car full of vomit that reeks of cat piss!

A chuckle escapes Seth.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
You think this is funny?

SETH
No sir.

William looks closely at Seth's glossy eyes.

WILLIAM
Are... Are you fucking high!

Seth smiles nervously.

SETH
I was trying to close the sale.

WILLIAM
What does that even mean!

SETH
He forced me to smoke his weed pen!

WILLIAM
And did he hold a fucking gun to your head?

SETH
Wha-

WILLIAM
Jesus Seth, for once, be a fucking man and take responsibility!

Seth dismissively shakes his head which frustrates William further.

SETH
I'm sorry William.

WILLIAM
I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry! You're like a broken fuckin' record.

William takes a step closer to Seth and sticks a finger in his face.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
I give you the easiest sale in the world, and somehow even you managed to find a way to fuck it up.

The two share an intense stare. Jose walks up to them in the background. He notices the intensity and stands off to the side.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
If the mat's fucked, it's coming out of your pay.

SETH
Oh Come on-

WILLIAM
Shut up!... And if it wasn't for *Emma's* anniversary *today*, I would've fired you. But I'm not an asshole.

Seth's face drops and his eyes sink to the ground. William looks over to Jose who has a disgusted expression.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
Who the hell are you looking at like that! Get back to work, both of ya's!

William walks away and heads back towards the *range rover.*

Jose turns to Seth sympathetically.

JOSE
Are you okay? That was seriously fucked up-

Seth blankly walks past Jose. As he walks towards William, his face scrunches with anger.

WILLIAM
(to a technician)
Make sure to spray the seats, they smell like yesterday's lunch!

Seth pulls William's shoulder back and socks him in his jaw. William stumbles into a service cart and struggles to find his footing as the cart rolls around.

SETH
Fuck you! I quit!

William finally finds his footing and leans on the service cart as he holds his jaw.

Seth looks over to Jose and gestures for him to follow. He storms out the building through the garage door. With a wide smile, Jose runs over to the incident.

JOSE
I quit too, bitch!

Jose flicks off William as he follows Seth out. A technician runs over to William.

TECHNICIAN
Should I call the police?!

WILLIAM
No... I don't want to fuck up his life anymore than it already is.

EXT. CEMETERY - EVENING

In a giant field full of tombstones, Andrea dressed in all black, stands in front of one with the name EMMA DELUCA written across it. She sniffles and wipes tears from eyes.

From behind, Seth and Jose comes over and stands besides her. She notices their presence and gives Jose a thankful nod. Jose looks back sympathetically.

She looks up at Seth as tears form in both their eyes. She plops her head in his chest and he holds her. They cry together.

“GIVE UP BABY GO” BY PEACH PIT BEGINS IN THE BACKGROUND

CUT TO:

SEQUENCE OF MAKING A DISPENSARY (THE SONG STILL PLAYS)

EXT. GARAGE - DAY

Seth, now dressed in more casual clothing, walks towards a run down garage on a busy street on the outskirt of town.

SUPER: MARCH

Seth looks around and then pokes his head through the door.

JOSE (O.S.)
Ah you’re here, come in!

Seth slips in through the door.

INT. GARAGE - DAY

Seth greets Jose with a handshake.

SETH
Why’d you have me come all the way out here to this dump?

JOSE
(offended)
First, did you finish the application?

Seth paces around the shop and looks at the shitty state it’s in.

SETH
I couldn’t. It said you need to have owned a “successful” business to qualify.

JOSE
That’s where I come in, amigo.

Seth returns his attention back to Jose who holds up a ring of keys

JOSE (CONT'D)
I own this garage! And this is where we'll open the dispensary!

A beat.

SETH
Why here?!

JOSE
Because this was a "successful business"!

Jose nervously chuckles.

JOSE (CONT'D)
At least on paper! I've worked on so many cars here on the side in which I paid taxes! Like a true American would. And so, I own a "*successful business*"!

Seth looks around at the distressed state of the garage.

SETH
But... it's a shit hole!

JOSE
It just needs some work, that's all!

SETH
Can we even afford that on top of business expenses?

JOSE
Well from the numbers you sent me... with our savings combined, plus the thirty grand from your parents-

Seth winces at that last part.

JOSE (CONT'D)
We have enough to keep us afloat until July, maybe August if we only eat arroz con frijoles(rice and beans) everyday for the next few months.

Seth paces around distressed, then looks up at Jose's wide smile in the middle of the garage.

JOSE
We can do this!

Seth nervously smiles back.

CLOSE ON SETH

SETH
(sighs)
Let's get to work then.

CUT TO:

INT. GARAGE - DAY

The garage is mid renovations.

SUPER: APRIL

Construction workers walk in and carry lumber over their shoulder. Jose, with a hard hat on, stands and points them to a direction. A foreman walks over and redirects the construction workers. He gestures for Jose to stand outside and he complies.

CUT TO:

INT. GARAGE - DAY

CLOSE on an out of breath and sweaty Jose. He carries a box and kneels to put it down on the ground in the garage.

Jose cuts open the box, digs through packing peanuts, and grabs a small glass container with nuggets of marijuana inside. He stares at the <u>eighth</u> of weed, then grabs his back as he struggles to stand.

He walks over next to Seth, who holds a clipboard and pen, and places down the eighth in front of him.

PULL AWAY from the two which reveals a large array of marijuana products neatly stacked in rows on the newly installed glass counter display case.

They look in awe as they stare at their entire inventory, and smile ear to fucking ear.

JOSE
(smiling)
Did you tell Andrea yet?

Seth’s smile fades.

CUT TO:

INT. SETH'S HOME (BEDROOM) - NIGHT

Seth ducks as a pillow hurls past him and hits a picture frame of a younger Seth in oversized clothes with his parents. It drops and shatters.

ANDREA
Two months!

SUPER: MAY

Andrea stands seething in anger and grabs another pillow. Seth looks terrified.

ANDREA (CONT’D)
You’ve been unemployed for two months! What the hell have you been doing everyday!Seth takes a long breath.

SETH
(smiling)
I’m self-employed. Me and Jose are opening up a cannabis dispensary...

A twisted expression coats her face.

ANDREA
Pot?! You’re fucking with me, right?

SETH
...Legal pot.

Andrea’s eyes widen with rage.

ANDREA
W-Why the fuck did you decide not to tell me?

Seth looks down at the picture frame of him and his parents.

SETH
Remember the college fund my parents left for *Emma*?... I invested it into the dispensary.

She tosses the pillow in hand and nails Seth straight in the face. He winces as he rubs his eyes.

ANDREA
That wasn't your fucking money, Seth! I-It was-

SETH
Emma's... but she's gone now.

Andrea's face sinks and Seth notices his fault. He goes around the bed and takes her hand. She recoils and Seth sighs.

SETH (CONT'D)
T-This will be good for the both of us. Once the business takes off, you won't have to work so many shifts at the hospital anymore. We- We can spend more time together... and finally move on.

ANDREA
Move on?... are you still drinking?

SETH
I've stopped since we started the dispensary...

Andrea's eyes soften a smidge.

SETH (CONT'D)
This is the most sober I've felt in a <u>long</u> time, Andrea.

She sighs with her head in her hands.

ANDREA
I want nothing to do with this. And I swear to god, Seth. If you fall off the wagon again, I won't be here to pick up the pieces, ya hear?

Before Seth can respond, She brushes past him.

A sighs escapes him and he falls face first into his side of the bed. He looks down at the picture frame of his younger self with shattered glass around it. He closes his eyes.

END MONTAGE (SONG ENDS)

CUT TO:

INT. GREEN THUMB DISPENSARY - DAY

Seth and Jose walk around their fully furnished and completed dispensary with wide smiles.

SUPER: JUNE

The shop is completely set up in the room that used to be the garage. The garage doors are still in tact.

Potted plants decorate the glass counter display cases as vines hang from the ceiling. Different “flower” strains, edibles, and pens all fill the glass display cases as well as line the walls.

Seth walks over to a light switch.

SETH
You ready?

JOSE
Dale(Do It)!

Seth smiles and flicks the light switch. Green LED lights come down from the ceiling and accent the product against the wall.

Jose cheers loudly.

SETH
But wait, there’s more!

Seth walks over to the counter and flips a switch behind it. Soft green LED lights illuminate the product in the glass display cases.

Jose snaps his wrist rapidly in excitement.

Seth walks over and slings his arm around Jose’s shoulder.

SETH (CONT’D)
We’ve really out done ourselves.

JOSE
Yes the hell we have...

Jose shines over a cheeky smile

JOSE (CONT'D)
We should celebrate.

Jose runs into a backroom and comes back out with two open beer bottles.

JOSE (CONT'D)
To taking risks... with a friend.

Jose extends the beer bottle over to Seth, but he waves it away.

SETH
No, no, I'm good... I think I'm done drinking, Jose.

Jose laughs as Seth keeps a straight face.

JOSE
You serious?

SETH
I am. Figured with the business opening, I should walk the straight & narrow.

JOSE
No mames(Stop messing around)! One won't kill ya!

Jose extends the bottle closer to Seth.

SETH
No really, I'm ok.

JOSE
Look around, this is worth celebrating!

SETH
I don't-

Jose shoves it closer.

JOSE
C'monnn-

SETH
I'm an alcoholic!

JOSE
What?

A beat.

SETH
I should've told you long ago. I planned too, but... Oh, I don't know.

Jose drops his arm and looks at Seth confusedly.

SETH (CONT'D)
The day after *Emma* passed, when I asked if you wanted to grab a drink... I broke my sobriety.

JOSE
Fuck me, man. I had no idea, I-I'm sorry-

SETH
No, no, fuck that. You got nothing to be sorry for. It was my fuck up and my fuck up alone... I... I just feel like you should know. As my business partner... and friend.

He grows further flustered.

SETH (CONT'D)
I-I shoulda told you sooner, I'm sorry-

Jose puts a hand on Seth's shoulder.

JOSE
I'm proud of you... It takes balls quitting. And it takes even bigger cajones quitting a second time.

SETH
Thank you man. That,
(exhales)
That means a lot-

JOSE
I just have one rule.

A beat.

SETH
Shoot.

JOSE
No lies, no secrets. If we want this business to work, I need to know I can trust you, through and through.

Seth matches Jose's intense stare.

SETH
Deal.

The two shake hands and share a genuine smile. Jose's face then scrunches up with emotion, and he embraces Seth.

SETH (CONT'D)
(awkwardly)
Woah, oh, okay.

Jose sniffles into Seth's chest.

JOSE
(voice trembles)
I'm just so proud of you! Opening a store with your ***best friend***, getting sober, and *smiling* again. You're like a brand new person.

SETH
(laughs)
Yeah... I guess I am.

Jose's phone rings. The ringtone, "Como La Flor" by Selena, plays loudly over Jose's sniffles. It rings for awhile.

SETH (CONT'D)
You gonna get that?

JOSE
(sniffles)
Huh? What?

He finally notices the ringtone. He gently pulls away from Seth, wipes his runny nose, and pulls out his phone.

JOSE (CONT'D)
Oh shit.

He runs over to the counter, places the beer bottles on top of it, and puts his phone to his ear.

JOSE (CONT'D)
Hola-Hello!

A quiet unintelligible voice is heard from the phone.

JOSE (CONT'D)
I know, I know, the plumbing can be an issue in the future. You said that the last time.

He hangs up and looks at a concerned Seth.

JOSE (CONT'D)
I'm Working on it.

Seth gives a disapproving look.

JOSE (CONT'D)
Listen, I gotta go to Lowes to deal with this. Did you ask Andrea if she can help on opening day?

SETH
... I'm handling it.

Jose gives a disapproving look, then walks to the door.

JOSE
Please do.Besides the security, we can't afford to put anyone else on payroll yet.

He walks out.

Seth sighs and stands alone in the middle of the dispensary. He looks around at everything, smiles, then walks over and leans on the counter. Right besides him, the two beer bottles sit and grab his attention. He stares intently at them for a moment.

Seth walks to the door triumphantly. The full beer bottles sit in the trash from where he just left.

EXT. GREEN THUMB DISPENSARY - NIGHT

The outside of the shop is complete.The walls have a fresh coat of black paint with large glass windows where the garage doors used to be. Right at the top of the shop, a sign reads, "Green Thumb".

Seth walks out the shop with a phone between his shoulder and his ear. He locks up the shop.

SETH
Honey, I know you don't want to be involved, but it's just one day.

Andrea's voice is heard from the phone but it's unintelligible. Seth walks across the shop and heads to his car.

SETH (CONT'D)
(cheeky)
Drea, c'monnn. What can I do to convince you.

Seth turns the corner and his mouth swings open with a grimace.

In big green letters, "GENTRIFIER" is spray painted across the wall.

SETH (CONT'D)
We'll talk when I get home.

Andrea's voice sounds quietly as Seth hangs up the phone. He walks over to the wall.

SETH (CONT'D)
(to himself)
Whatttt theeee fuckkkk.

The paint drips down the wall as Seth touches it and his finger turns green. Laughter is heard from afar.

Seth turns and across the street, a few black and brown young guys sit outside a store with the sign "UPTOWN SMOKE SHOP". They sit on milk crates and lean on the hood of a car parked besides the deli.

With clenched teeth, Seth storms over.

EXT. UPTOWN SMOKE SHOP - CONTINUOUS

One of the young guys, DAMON (24), appears to be the group leader and is leaned against the car. Damon points to Seth as he crosses the street.

DAMON
(to posse)
Yo, yo, check it. He's coming.

When Seth approaches, they all turn their attention towards him. All their smiles fade except for Damon's.

Seth sizes up all of them and points to the graffiti.

SETH
(to Damon)
Did you do this?

DAMON
No but I wish I did.

The group laughs. Seth grows further angry.

SETH
Which one of you did this?!

DAMON
Woahhhh, you see a couple of black and brown boys and automatically assume we did this?

SETH
What? I-

YOUNG MAN #1
(coughs it)
Racist.

Seth takes a step closer.

SETH
Fuck you! I'm not-

YOUNG MAN #2
Aye, watch your mouth.

Seth gets shoved away gently.

SETH
Fuck you too!

He gets shoved again and again but Seth doesn't back down. The young men surround him and get in his face.

YOUNG MAN #3
Ole' racist pasty rich white boy!

YOUNG MAN #1
Go home to your family bruh!

Damon watches as some of the young men hike up their pants as they gear up to fight. Damon's smile fades and he stands.

He pulls bodies away and cuts to the front.

DAMON
(to his posse)
Aye, Aye! Chill the fuck out!

He gets to the front as the others try to push past.

DAMON (CONT'D)
Get back! Fuck!

Damon turns to Seth.

DAMON (CONT'D)
Get the fuck outta here.

Seth is wide eyed and out of breath. He looks at Damon and the posse behind him, then turns defeatedly. As he walks down to the street, the guys laughs and ease back.

Seth waits for cars to pass and looks up at the "GENTRIFIER" tagged on the wall of the shop. Seth scrunches his face with conviction, turns, and storms back up to the deli.

SETH
I'm not a gentrifier!

Damon turns back to Seth.

DAMON
(sucks his teeth)
Didn't I just say-

SETH
I've lived here my whole fucking life!

DAMON
Okay? You want a fuckin' cookie?

Seth points to young man #3.

SETH
And I'm not some fucking rich old white guy!

YOUNG MAN #3
So you a broke ole' white guy?

The posse laughs and Seth seethes with more anger.

SETH
You guys think you're tough? You're not tough. I... I was fucking tough.

The posse grows quiet.

SETH (CONT'D)
I was younger than the lot of ya when I started slinging dope. I was 13! Back when the shit was illegal! I was on a first name basis with the law by the time I was 21... That's tough! Not fake tough like you shitheads.

Damon stares at Seth attentively and with a bit of awe.

YOUNG MAN #3
Who?

YOUNG MAN #2
Asked!

The posse erupts with laughter once again... except for Damon.

Seth breathes in deeply, sighs, and turns around.

DAMON
...They're not wrong y'know.

Seth turns back and the crowd grows silent.

SETH
Huh?

DAMON
Whoever wrote "GENTRIFIER".

He points across the street.

DAMON (CONT'D)
They have a point.

SETH
I'm not a gentrifier!

Damon rolls his eyes.

DAMON
Yeah-yeah, we heard you the first time... but you're gonna attract them, aren't you? White boys gonna start flockin' to ya shop in numbers. They already took over the inner city, what's next? Here?

Seth's demeanor softens a bit.

DAMON (CONT'D)
You might not be a gentrifier, but you sure as fuck will benefit from it.

Damon sucks his teeth.

DAMON (CONT'D)
Listen you're already gon' take all my business so just get the fuck outta here.

SETH
You're the owner?

DAMON
Yeah? Not what you expected?

Seth squints as he looks around at the smoke shop. In the window, he see's adverts for pre-rolls, edibles and THC.

SETH
I thought this was a smoke shop? Like Tobacco?

The posse laughs.

DAMON
So? Every smoke shop, deli, hell, maybe even the butchers in New York is selling weed.

SETH
Is that even legal?

The posse laughs.

YOUNG MAN #3
You a fed?

YOUNG MAN #1
Mad *op* behavior.

DAMON
(chuckles)
Them boys ain't knock down the door yet so I think it'll be fine.

Seth looks at the boys as they smile and laugh. His eyes soften.

SETH
Hey man, I'm sorry. I'm really not trynna put you outta business.

They share a soft stare, then Damon quickly looks away.

DAMON
It's whatever, just the world we live in... And as for that.

He points to the graffiti.

DAMON (CONT'D)
It wasn't any of us. Probably just some young buck trynna do right by me... I'm sorry, but I can't guarantee anotha hot headed brotha won't do somethin' again.

SETH
What do you mean?

DAMON
Think. You not only takin' business from me, but from a shit ton of drug dealers from around. Consider this a warning.

Seth's face sinks for a moment with despair, but then looks back at Damon with conviction.

SETH
What if I paid you?

DAMON
Huh?

SETH
It seem's like you got some pull, man. You remind me of some cats I used to hang with back in the day.

YOUNG MAN #3
(quietly)
Cats?

SETH
What if I paid for your protection?

Damon stares at Seth curiously.

SETH (CONT'D)
$100 every week, so nobody fucks with us.

The posse laughs at the price.

SETH (CONT'D)
Alright fuck, $200.

The crowd grows quieter as Damon visibly mulls it over in his mind.

SETH (CONT'D)
The more business I get, the more I can pay you It's a symbiotic relationship.

DAMON
$300

SETH
$250 until I start making some real dough.

Damon mulls it over.

DAMON
Alright I'm game.

The posse cheers and laughs.

Seth smiles as he pulls out the cash and hands it over to Damon in a handshake.

SETH
Seth.

DAMON
Damon... I'll get some of these youngin's to fix that up for ya.

He points at the graffiti as some of the young men groan.

SETH
That means a helluva lot to me.

I/E. SETH'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Seth keeps a composed demeanor as he steps into his car.He closes the door and looks back at Damon and company through the rear view mirror. He smiles widely.

SETH
Let's fucking go!

He hits the steering wheel in glee and clenches his fists in pure unadulterated joy.

SETH (CONT'D)
(under his breath)
Ya still got it, Seth.

CUT TO:

I/E. CAR - SAME TIME

In a parking lot far from the dispensary, a car sits. In it, a dark figure in a car watches as Seth cheers in his car. He picks up a camera from the passenger seat, and snaps a picture.

INT. SETH'S HOME (KITCHEN) - LATER

Andrea stands in nurse scrubs while she washes a dish. She checks her watch and sighs.

Seth walks through the door with a toothy grin. Flowers in hand, he walks over and sings to the tune of “My Girl” by the temptations.

SETH
I’ve got sunshineee.

Andrea smiles.

ANDREA
Is this your way of convincing me to say yes?

SETH
On a cloudy dayyyy.

ANDREA
It’s not gonna work, I’m already working that day.

SETH
(heightens pitch)
My girlll. Myy girllll. Myyy girlll!

ANDREA
(chuckles)
Listen Seth, this is cute , but I-

Seth tosses the flowers on the table and lifts her onto the counter. She shrieks.

ANDREA (CONT’D)
Oh my-

They make out passionately. After a moment, Andrea pulls away.

ANDREA (CONT’D)
Ok, lets quit while we’re ahead-

Seth moves her face to the side and starts to kiss on her neck. She moans lightly.

ANDREA (CONT'D)
Seth, I don't-

He runs his hand up her thigh and reaches between her legs.

ANDREA (CONT'D)
Oh fuck.

She moans as Seth keeps on going. Their hands roam each others bodies. They kiss once more, then he picks her up and hoists her above his shoulder. She shrieks again.

With her on his shoulder they walk out the kitchen and head to the bedroom.

INT. SETH'S HOME (BEDROOM) - LATER

Andrea lays on Seth's chest. With messy hair, she smiles with satisfaction as Seth smiles smugly.

ANDREA
How long has it been?

SETH
Too long.

They share an intimate look and share a kiss.

ANDREA
(smiling)
What got into you tonight?

SETH
Huh? Whatcha mean?

ANDREA
I don't know, you just...

Andrea looks up at Seth with sincerity.

ANDREA (CONT'D)
Feel alive again.

SETH
(cheeky)
You weren't too bad ya self, tuts.

ANDREA
(laughs)
Ugh, shut up.

Andrea flicks his nipple and then turns and faces the wall.

SETH
Ouch.

ANDREA
...I'll see if I can get someone to cover my shift for the opening.

Seth turns and look at the fixed picture frame of his younger self and parents. He smirks.

EXT. GREEN THUMB DISPENSARY - DAY

It's a sunny day and there's a large line of people outside the door of the dispensary. A large security guard stands at the door. Right under the "Green Thumb" sign, a banner reads "GRAND OPENING".

The side of the building by the parking lot(where GENTRIFIER was once splattered) has a fresh coat of paint.

INT. GREEN THUMB DISPENSARY - SAME TIME

Jose runs out to the sales floor from the bathroom with a plunger and paper towels. His shirt is soaked.

He stops in front of Seth who looks extremely stressed.

JOSE
(distressed)
Okay, the bathroom's a no go.

SETH
What!

JOSE
Someone took un gran mierda(a big shit) and it's flooding bad.

SETH
Don't say someone, Jose! Only you, me, and Andrea have been in here!

JOSE
Well it could've been her!

The two look over at Andrea and her petite frame behind the counter. She holds up a comically large scissor and smiles as she snips the air with them. A red ribbon is on the counter.

Seth shakes his head and Jose looks around nervously.

JOSE (CONT'D)
Or him!

Jose points at the large security guard through the door. Seth visibly mulls over the possibility.

Seth looks over as water pours out from the bathroom door.

SETH
Shit!

Jose hands Seth a giant wad of paper towels as they run over. The two get on their hands and knees to dry the leakage.

Some people on line point and look at the mess through the window in the background.

SETH (CONT'D)
What the hell are we gonna do!

JOSE
It's too late to call a plumber!
We've gotta do the grand opening!

SETH
Someone's gotta get in there.

Seth and Jose at the same time, turn their heads and look up at Andrea. She watches with concern.

The two look back at each other.

SETH (CONT'D)
I'm not sending my wife in there
with the shit water.

Jose nods pensively. He closes his eyes and sighs deeply.

JOSE
I will go inside and fight the *poop*
water.

SETH
(distressed)
You're sending me out there alone!

JOSE
We don't have a choice, cabron!

Jose puts his hand on Seth's shoulder.

JOSE (CONT'D)
And you won't be alone.

He gestures to Seth to look back at Andrea. Seth looks over at her, then back at Jose. They share an intense stare, then Seth nods.

JOSE (CONT'D)
Now go get me a shit ton more rolls, and sell some weed!

Seth runs to the backroom as Jose fights the leakage. He comes back out with the whole package of rolls and hands it over to Jose.

They look at each other, and nod. Jose disappears into the bathroom.

Seth turns around and darts over to Andrea.

ANDREA
What's the situation.

SETH
Okay... so change of plans. We're gonna do the ribbon cutting.

ANDREA
What?! That wasn't apart of the plan!

SETH
Hence, "change of plans"-

ANDREA
I was only supposed to help at the register! You and Jose were supposed to do the grand opening!

SETH
The plan's changed, Andrea! The John's clogged and it's flooding. Jose's... dealing with it.

Andrea looks slightly mortified.

SETH (CONT'D)
(suspicious)
It wasn't...

Andrea darts her eyes around nervously.

ANDREA
It must've been him!

She points at the large security guard at the door. He catches her pointing and looks back confusedly.

She awkwardly smiles, grabs the large scissor and snips the air. He shakes his head and she puts the large scissor back on the counter.

Seth looks out through the windows as the people grow restless and disgruntled.

SETH
We've gotta go out, c'mon!

Seth grabs the ribbon off the counter and steps towards the door. He looks back and Andrea hasn't budged an inch.

ANDREA
Look Seth, I'm here to help... but this is your thing... I-I can't come out there with you.

Seth earnestly looks at her.

SETH
Baby... thank you so, so much for being here. It truly means the world to me, honest to god.

SETH (CONT'D)
But I *need* you out there with me. I don't-, I-I can't do this alone.

ANDREA
I don't know, Seth-

SETH
You've only gotta help me this one time, and then I'll never ask you to help us out ever again.

She visibly mulls it over.

SETH (CONT'D)
(smiling)
C'monnnnn. whaddya say, tuts?

She looks down, sighs, grabs the large scissor, and comes around the counter.

She sticks the large scissor in Seth's face.

ANDREA
Fine! But I get to cut the ribbon.

SETH
(smiling)
Deal.

As they walk side by side to the door, Seth grabs her butt.

ANDREA
(gasps)
Seth!

She smiles and slaps his shoulder. He smugly smiles.

They stop at the front door and look at one another, nervously. They take deep breaths, then head outside.

EXT. GREEN THUMB DISPENSARY - CONTINUOUS

Seth and Andrea walk out with big smiles. He squints as the sun glares in his eyes.

SETH
Thank you all for co-

MADD PROTESTOR #1
May the lord wash away your sins!

CUSTOMER #1
Go to hell!

With a confused expression, Seth rubs his eyes and opens them.

At the other end of the lot, a group of MADD PROTESTERS (Mothers Against Drunk Driving) argue and shout at the CUSTOMERS on line. The protestors hold signs with a big red circle and cross going over a doobie.

SETH
What the...

Seth looks over at Andrea with furrowed brows. She shrugs and looks bewildered.

A lady wearing MADD merch see’s Seth.

MADD PROTESTOR #2
We are Mother’s Against Drunk Driving! And you oughta be ashamed of yourself!

Seth is taken back by it. Andrea drops the large scissor on the ground and Seth notices. She sniffles in attempts to not cry.

CUSTOMER #2
Fuck off! He’s a good man!

CUSTOMER #3
Yeah! A godsend!

MADD PROTESTOR #3
Blasphemy!

One of the customer's on line throws a pebble over at the protestors.

MADD PROTESTOR #1
Ah! It's like Jerusalem all over again!

MADD PROTESTOR #2
Stay strong ladies! It appears they're already stoned!

CUSTOMER #1
Not yet because of you fucks!

CUSTOMER #3
Yeah!

The people on line start to throw miscellaneous objects at the protestors as they shriek in terror.

SETH
Everyone relax, calm down!

Seth drops the ribbon as him and the security guard run out towards the line. They attempt to stop the crowd from throwing things. An ice coffee flies past Seth's shoulder and douses one of the protestors.

SETH (CONT'D)
Take it easy! Everybody stop!

MADD PROTESTOR #3
You all are demons I tell ya! Demons!

In a panicked state, Seth looks over to Andrea. She tears up as she goes back inside.

Seth's face scrunches furiously.

SETH
(shouting)
Enough!

As he yells, the commotion dies down. Everyone's eyes lock on Seth as he seethes in anger.

Suddenly, Two police squad cars pull into the lot. The presence of the cops quells the commotion a bit. An older, tall officer with his hair “high and tight”, DETECTIVE MCGRADY, hops out one of the squad car’s.

DETECTIVE MCGRADY
We got a call for a disturbance?

One of the protestors runs up the officer. She points at the customers.

MADD PROTESTOR #3
Arrest them officer, they’re heathens!

DETECTIVE MCGRADY
Heathens huh?

CUSTOMER #1
Bullshit! They fucking started it!

MADD PROTESTOR #1
We most certainly did not!

The customers and the protestors start getting rowdy again. The other officer’s get out of the car and stand behind detective McGrady. His scowl grows more and more intense.

MADD PROTESTOR #2
Weed is a gateway drug!

CUSTOMER #2
No it is not!

MADD PROTESTOR #2
Next thing you know, they’re shooting up in your driveway!

MADD PROTESTOR #3
Arrest them officer! For their sake!

CUSTOMER #2
Fuck off, it’s legal now!

DETECTIVE MCGRADY
(shouts)
Enough!

He whips out his baton and waves it around in the air.

DETECTIVE MCGRADY (CONT’D)
Everybody, clear out!

The customers groan.

DETECTIVE MCGRADY (CONT'D)
I don't wanna hear it! Just start movin'!

Seth watches as his line dissipates into the parking lot and to the street.

He heads over to the officer.

SETH
Y-You can't do that!

The officer sizes him up.

SETH (CONT'D)
It's our grand opening-

He points the baton at the dispensary.

DETECTIVE MCGRADY
You're the owner?

SETH
Yeah! And-

DETECTIVE MCGRADY
Handle your customers... don't make us come out here again.

Seth is stunned.

The MADD protestors cheer as the customers walk past and flick them off. Detective McGrady turns to the protestors.

DETECTIVE MCGRADY (CONT'D)
You guys are the worst.

The ladies scoff.

DETECTIVE MCGRADY (CONT'D)
I can't force you guys to leave cause you're on the sidewalk, but get the hell outta here. You've made your point.

The protestors are disgusted.

MADD PROTESTOR #1
He's right ladies, we <u>won</u>. Let's go.

They pick up their signs and shuffle to the parking lot. Detective McGrady turns to Seth.

DETECTIVE MCGRADY
I can't guarantee they won't be back, but-

Seth walks past the officer and storms over to the MADD protestors in a fury.

DETECTIVE MCGRADY (CONT'D)
Hey, I'm talking to you!

Seth ignores him and continues his pursuit.

Detective McGrady spits on the pavement, looks back at his fellow officers, and holsters his baton.

DETECTIVE MCGRADY (CONT'D)
We're done here. Let's go.

The police get back into their squad cars.

Seth reaches the protestors.

SETH
Hey!

The protestors turn and smile smugly at him.

SETH (CONT'D)
What the fuck does my business have to do with drunk driving?

MADD PROTESTOR #2
Stoned driving is the same as drunk diving in the lord's eyes.

SETH
Yeah? So does the law. Which is why both are illegal. I don't see you protesting liquor stores!

MADD PROTESTOR #2
Don't shift the blame, take responsibility that your little business-

She points at the dispensary.

MADD PROTESTOR #2 (CONT'D)
Might kill a child of god in a drugged driving accident.

Seth's face contorts with rage.

MADD PROTESTOR #1
Seems like the lord was with us-

SETH
(sternly)
Shut up.

The protestors recoil as Seth breathes heavily. They look at each other nervously.

SETH (CONT'D)
(seething)
For your fucking information, my daughter was killed in a drunk driving accident. So do me a favor and get the hell outta here. I *never* wanna see your faces again, ya hear?

The protestors look at him sympathetically.

MADD PROTESTOR #2
W-We didn't know-

SETH
Yeah, you didn't.

Seth turns and walks back to the dispensary.

MADD PROTESTOR #2
(shouting)
We're sorry!

Seth looks back at them.

MADD PROTESTOR #2 (CONT'D)
... We won't come around here again... let's go ladies.

The MADD protestors walk off. Seth shakes his head and walks to the entrance of the shop. He stands by the security guard who . With closed eyes, Seth tilts his head to the sky, and sighs.

Out of seemingly no where, a guy in a beanie and baggie clothes, SAM (27), walks over and approaches Seth.

SAM
Uhhhh, you guys still open?

Seth looks over shocked.

SETH
You've been here this whole time?

SAM
(languidly)
Yeah dude, I was at the back of the line and like... everyone left and I was like, sweettt.

A small chuckle escapes from Seth. Seth bends over and picks up the ribbon and large scissor.

SETH
(to the guard)
Hold this end.

The guard grabs it.

SETH (CONT'D)
(to sam)
Grab this side.

Sam comes over and grabs the other end. Seth quickly cuts the ribbon and tosses the scissors on the ground.

SETH (CONT'D)
Alright, come in.

Seth gestures for Sam to follow him. Seth walks in and Sam trails behind.

CUT TO:

INT. GREEN THUMB DISPENSARY (BATHROOM) - SAME

Out of breath, Jose sits against the door of the bathroom. The entire ground is covered in paper towels and littered with empty paper towel rolls. A plunger sticks out the middle of the toilet.

JOSE
(laboredly)
I hope it went okay out there.

EXT. GREEN THUMB DISPENSARY - NIGHT

Seth and Jose lock up the shop. The "GRAND OPENING" sign hangs half off. Jose puts a hand on Seth's shoulder as they share a defeated look. They walk to their respective cars in silence, and get in.

I/E. SETH'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Seth sighs and turns on his car. He looks up and across the street at UPTOWN SMOKE SHOP, Damon and his crew sit outside. Seth’s brows furrow with anger.

He waits for Jose to pull out of the parking lot, then turns off his car.

EXT. UPTOWN SMOKE SHOP - NIGHT

Damon and the guys are outside the shop in their usual spot.

YOUNG MAN #1
(smiling)
And then I was like-

Damon and the crew lean in closer, gearing to laugh.

YOUNG MAN #1 (CONT’D)
Obviously that’s your contention, you’re a first year grad student!

The crew laugh loudly.

DAMON
(sincerely)
No but seriously, You the best outta all us. Keep it up, we proud of you... for real.

YOUNG MAN #2
True dat!

Seth storms over from across the street.

SETH
Damon!

The whole crew turn their attention to Seth. Damon rolls his eyes, and stands.

DAMON
Yes massa?

The crew laughs.

SETH
Cut the shit, where the hell were you guys today?

DAMON
What are you talking about?

A smile slowly grows on Damon's face.

DAMON (CONT'D)
Ohhh, you're talking about those old white ladies causin' a ruckus.

SETH
They ruined the goddamn grand opening!

DAMON
(insincerely)
Oh no!

The crowd laughs and Seth's fury grows.

SETH
Why the hell am I paying you, huh? To sit on your fucking ass all day?

Damon's smile slowly fades. He approaches Seth and gets close.

DAMON
You're paying me so nobody robs your store.

Damon pokes his chest.

DAMON (CONT'D)
You're paying me so nobody slashes your tires o-or clips ya fuckin brake lines.

Damon pokes harder.

DAMON (CONT'D)
You're paying me so nobody fucks with you-

Damon shoves him. Seth falters back a few steps, Damon follows.

DAMON (CONT'D)
Or your peoples... I can't do shit about some angry white ladies.

Damon huffs.

DAMON (CONT'D)
Get my ass thrown in jail.

YOUNG MAN #1
Expeditiously!

Seth's face softens as he still breathes heavily.

SETH
... You're right, I'm sorry for coming at you crazy.

DAMON
Fuck a sorry. Just pay me for the week and get the fuck up on outta here.

CUT TO:

I/E. CAR - SAME TIME

In a car, a dark figure holds a camera with a giant zoom lens to his face.

THROUGH SHAKY ZOOM LENS OF CAMERA

Seth meekly reaches into his wallet and pulls out the $250 and extends it to Damon who snatches it out his hand.

Clicks from the camera sound.

CUT TO:

EXT. UPTOWN SMOKE SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Seth looks at Damon apologetically.

SETH
I really am sorry.

Damon counts the money, then looks back at Seth.

DAMON
I'm giving you two more weeks, then I'm charging $300 a week for my services.

SETH
I need more time than that to get the ball rolling! Give me 'till July.

DAMON
Aye man, pay it or not, it's no sweat off my back.

Seth looks like he wants to say more, but sighs, and turns back.

CUT TO:

I/E. CAR - SAME TIME

SHAKY ZOOM LENS

Seth walks across the street with a defeated look and gets back into his car. He punches the steering wheel a few times, then drives away in a hurry.

The dark figure in the car lowers the camera and it's revealed to be detective McGrady.

INT. GREEN THUMB DISPENSARY - DAY

Seth stands behind the counter as a younger PATRON looks down at the glass display case.Packages of "flower" in fun colorful designs fill up the case.

Sam stands off to the side and looks down at another display case.

PATRON
(vocal fry)
What's the THC percentage for theeee... *Lemon Cherry Gelato*?

SETH
Great question! Let me just, uhhh.

Seth opens the case, pulls out the lemon Cherry Gelato, and reads the back of the packaging.

SETH (CONT'D)
20%!

PATRON
What about the uhhhhh... *Sunset Sherbert*.

Again, Seth pulls it out and reads the back of the packaging.

SETH
18%.

Seth paints on a wide smile as the patron looks between the two strains.

PATRON
Are either of them indica?

Seth squints as he reads the back of both packages.

SETH
Uhhh, I think they're both hybrids.

PATRON
Ugh, I only smoke indica. Do you have any indica strains?

Seth puts back both of the strains and panics as he pulls out a bunch of different strains. He lays them out on the counter and squints as he scans the back of each package.

Sam looks over and chuckles to himself in the background.

SETH
(under his breath)
Ok, nope. sativa, hybrid, hybrid, hybrid, sativa, sativa-dominant hybrid? Hybrid, hybrid, hybrid!

Seth looks up frustratedly and nervously smiles.

SETH (CONT'D)
Sativa, indica, hybrid, does it really fucking matter?

The patron scoffs.

PATRON
Um yes? Shouldn't you know that? You're literally a dispensary.

They roll their eyes and walk out the door.

Seth huffs as he looks down in defeat. He starts to put the little packages of weed back into the display case.

Sam walks over.

SAM
What an idiot, am I right?

Seth looks up at Sam blankly.

SAM (CONT'D)
Like, she should know the Indica's in that case!

Sam points over to the case he stood at before. Seth looks at him bewildered. Sam notices.

SAM (CONT'D)
Ya know, The *Granddaddy Purp*? *Northern Light*s? *Purple Urkle*? It's all in there.

Seth's bewilderment turns to awe. He smiles.

SAM (CONT'D)
Well, there's some sativa's and hybrid's in there too. But mostly Indica.

SETH
(to himself)
Holy shit.

SAM
That's why I <u>love</u> this dispo! All of your displays are kinda thrown together. It keeps me on my toes! Not like the neurotic french fucks up in Canada... you're also the only dispo in the county so pretty convenient-

SETH
How do you know all of this?

SAM
Oh, about the french fucks? So basically, there I was, in Quebec City-

SETH
Nah man, about all the different strains and shit?

SAM
Oh. I just love weed, man.

Seth laughs hysterically.

SETH
Yeah man, I think we'd be outta business if people...

Seth looks around at the empty store.

SETH (CONT'D)
Didn't.

Sam looks at Seth sympathetically.

Suddenly, Jose flies through the front door. He looks pissed with a newspaper in hand. He slams it down in front of Seth.

Sam stands off to the side awkwardly. A picture of the Green Thumb Dispensary is on the front page with the headline “Mother’s stoned by stoners?”.

SAM
(mutters to himself)
Oh nah, is that a newspaper?

JOSE
We’re fucked. We should close up shop now because we’re fucked!

Seth’s brows furrow as he looks down at the paper.

SETH
Do you think this is why it’s been like this for the past week?

Seth gestures to the mostly empty sales floor.

JOSE
Maybe, but it sure as hell ain’t bringing costumers in!

SETH
I don’t get it... When I was young, I was selling weed in the sketchiest corners and allies you could find. Now that we got a safe, regulated business, people are too scared to come.

JOSE
(huffs)
This generation man... Seth, I’m telling you-

Jose points at the entrance.

JOSE (CONT’D)
If we don’t get people through those doors... we’ll be done before July.

He closes his eyes and sighs defeatedly. Sam leans over and reads the headline.

SAM
Oh that’s what happened? I thought it was like performance art or somethin’.

Startled, Jose turns to Sam.

JOSE
Ay! Sorry amigo, didn't see you there.

SAM
No worries, I breathe quietly so it happens.

Jose looks over at Sam confused. A smile slowly musters on Seth's face.

SETH
Jose, this is Sam. He's a fuckin' marijuana genius.
(to Sam)
Sam, this is Jose, my friend and co-owner.

Sam and Jose shake hands.

JOSE
(jokingly)
Yeah? Any ideas how to get more people to smoke our weed, *marijuana genius*?

SAM
Have you guys tried socials?

Jose and Seth look at each other confused.

SETH
Like facebook?

SAM
(laughs)
Nah dude, more so like *Tik Tok, Instagram?*... It's free advertising.

Jose looks even more confused as Seth smiles widely.

SETH
Sam... you're in here practically everyday, and you know our product better than either of us. You also <u>clearly</u> know how to connect with the youth-

Sam snickers.

SAM
(to himself)
The youth.

SETH
How would you like to be the first employee at “Green Thumb Dispensary”.

Sam is wide eyed and ecstatic as Jose is caught off guard.

SETH (CONT’D)
(nervously)
Now we can’t afford to pay you minimum wage yet... Or much of a wage at all... B-But once business starts booming, we’ll make sure you’re well taken care of.

As Sam mulls it over, Jose shoots daggers over to Seth.

SAM
What’s the employee discount?

Seth thinks for a second.

SETH
50%?

SAM
I’ll take the job!

SETH
Really?

SAM
Hells yeah! I spend most of my paycheck here anyways. I won’t let you boys down!

Sam cheerfully shakes Seth and Jose’s hands. Jose fakes a smile.

JOSE
Hey uh, Seth?

SETH
Mhm.

JOSE
Can I pull you over to the side here?

SETH
Mhm.

Jose and Seth walk off to the side away from Sam.

JOSE
(whispering)
What the hell are you doing?! Can we even afford him?

SETH
We’re basically paying him in weed.

JOSE
Can we even afford that! Seth, we’re a fucking sinking ship and-

SETH
Exactly! We’re fish out of water here. He-

They turn and look over at Sam. Sam notices and innocently waves. The two wave back with drawn on smiles.

SETH (CONT’D)
He’s the fucking ticket.

JOSE
How can you be so sure?!

Seth looks over at Sam as he inspects around the sales floor with a wide smile.

SETH
I’m not. Just an old drug dealers instincts.

Jose looks at Seth blankly, then sighs. He looks over at Sam and his stoner appearance.

JOSE
Just make sure he doesn’t smoke our whole supply and put us out of business.

SETH
Shit, it might happen with or without him.

The two chuckle nervously.

The door bell chimes and the two turn around with big smiles. A young lady walks in through the door.

JOSE
Hell-

SETH (CONT’D)
How-

SAM
How ya doin’ today!

Sam runs around the counter.

SAM (CONT'D)
What can I do for ya?

The lady walks up to the counter with a smile.

Seth and Jose watch on impressed.

JOSE
(quietly)
This is actually kinda nice.

SETH
Yeah, right?

EXT. GREEN THUMB DISPENSARY - NIGHT

The three guys stand outside as Seth locks up the shop. Across the street at UPTOWN SMOKE SHOP, Damon and his posse sit outside at their usual spot. Damon spots Seth and stands.

DAMON
(from afar)
Yo, Seth!

Seth, Jose, and Sam all turn around and look across the street.

JOSE
You know that guy?

Seth's face sinks.

SETH
Yeah...

He hesitates for a moment.

SETH (CONT'D)
I never told you this... but the day before the grand opening someone vandalized the shop.

Jose turns back to Damon and company with brows furrowed.

SAM
(quietly)
Yo, that's fucked.

JOSE
Was it one of them?

SETH
No... at least I don't think. But they're gonna make sure nothing like that happens again.

JOSE
I'm confused. How are they gonna do that?

Seth squints his eyes as he makes out Damon far in the distance.

SETH
We reached an understanding.

JOSE
And what the hell does that mean?

SETH
Look-

He turns to Jose intensely.

SETH (CONT'D)
Back when I was dealing, I knew people like them, and they only respond to one thing...

SAM
Money?

SETH (CONT'D)
Respect.

Jose looks at both Sam and Seth precariously, then back to Damon. Seth notices his anxiety, and puts a hand on Jose's shoulder for comfort.

SETH (CONT'D)
Relax, Jose. I didn't tell you because it isn't your lane... It's mine.

A beat.

SETH (CONT'D)
It's just street politics, and I'm handling it.

Seth starts to walk to the parking lot and gestures them to come along. Jose looks at Sam, still unsure.

SAM
Don't sweat it man. I just watched a VICE doc on jiu-jitsu stoners and I picked up a few moves.

He lowers his stance with his hands out in a sparring pose. Jose shakes his head and walks towards Seth. Sam frowns and trails behind.

EXT. UPTOWN SMOKE SHOP - SAME

Damon watches Seth smugly smile and wave over as he walks to the parking lot.

DAMON
(to posse)
That boy better have my money tomorrow.

EXT. GREEN THUMB DISPENSARY (PARKING LOT) - SAME

Sam walks behind the two guys and notices a weird vibe between Seth and Jose. Visibly, an idea comes to mind and he jogs out ahead of the two.

SAM
We should celebrate!

SETH
Yeah? For what?

SAM
My first day! Let’s spark up!

Sam pulls out a beautifully rolled joint from his pocket. Seth and Jose look at each other nervously.

SETH
Ahh, I don’t really smoke.

Sam looks over to Seth with his jaw hung open.

SAM
You own a dispensary and you don’t smoke weed?

Seth looks around nervously.

SETH
Yeah... Last time I smoked this new age shit, I hit a pen and threw up all over the place.

SAM
Because it was a pen from who knows where!
(MORE)

SAM (CONT'D)
Probably full of pesticides and micro plastics and shit... You gotta smoke straight flower man.

Sam waves the joint in the air teasingly.

SAM (CONT'D)
Like how god intended.

SETH
Ugh, I don't-

JOSE
It's worth a try right?

Seth looks over to Jose with uncertainty.

JOSE (CONT'D)
I mean, Sam's got a point. We own a dispensary and I mean... I've never smoked weed before.

SETH
You've never smoked weed before?!

SAM
(cheeky)
Then It's settled. We're off to *Narnia*!

Sam's smile grows wide.

SAM (CONT'D)
And I know just the spot.

EXT. SMOKE SPOT - LATER

In a secluded sand bank on the Hudson River, Seth, Jose, and Sam sit on a piece of driftwood lodged in the sand..

With red eyes, Seth takes a hit of the joint.

Puff.

He hands it over to Jose who can barely keep his eyes open. He looks extremely stoned.

SETH
(smiling)
Fuck I haven't been this high since Bush.

JOSE
Which one?

SETH
The father.

SAM
There was two?

Jose giggles, then takes a hit of the joint.

SETH
What's in this?

SAM
Sourrr Dieselll with a sprinkle of *keef*.

Seth's eyes light up.

SETH
Oh shittt, I know this weed! I used to sell it back in the 90's.

JOSE
You was a badddd man.

Jose lightly shakes Seth and they both giggle.

SETH
(languidly)
Yeahhh, I was.

Sam chuckles.

SAM
You used to be a drug dealer?

SETH
Yerppp, just weed though.

Seth and Jose share an understanding look. Jose then passes the joint to Sam.

SAM
Why'd you quit?

SETH
Was arrested in '95.

SAM
Oh fuck.

SETH
Spent some time upstate. After I got out, I quit dealing and smoking weed altogether.

It gets awkwardly silent for a moment. Sam takes a hit of the joint, “ghosts” the smoke, and exhales.

SAM
I hope I didn’t make you smoke if you didn’t want to.

SETH
Ya kidding me? This shit’s amazing. I don’t know why I ever quit.

The guys all laugh. Sam passes the joint back to Jose.

SETH (CONT’D)
W-what’d that guy who came in today say?

Jose, who can barely sit up straight, sticks a finger up.

JOSE
This shit’s *gasss*.

SAM
Ayyyy! Now you’re gettin’ it!

Seth stands with a smile. He watches Sam jumps around in excitement as he shakes Jose. Jose’s hand moves extremely slow as he tries to put the joint to his lips. Sam laughs, points at Jose, and looks back at Seth.

SAM (CONT’D)
(smiling)
You seein’ this?!

Seth watches and laughs. He then looks out to the river and watches as the moon reflects on the water. The water sparkles and shines in the night.

JOSE (O.S.)
I’mmm hungryyy.

SAM (O.S.)
You like soul food?

CUT TO:

INT. MY FATHER'S HOUSE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The three, all red eyed and stoned sit around a table in the corner of the restaurant. Every inch of the table is covered in different plates of soul food. They're all silent, too busy stuffing their faces. A jazzy song plays quietly in the background.

A younger black woman with a waist apron, SHERI (32), fills another table's water. She watches the three devour the food languidly and smiles.

She accidentally over pours and water spills on the table.

SHERI
Oh lord, I am so so sorry.

She grabs a rag from her apron and wipes the table. As she wipes the spill, she looks back up at the three. Jose struggles to get food in his mouth, Seth gnaws on a bone, and Sam builds a sandwich out of fried chicken and a biscuit.

A smirk escapes her.

EXT. GREEN THUMB DISPENSARY - DAY

A small line is at the door of the dispensary. The security guard from the grand opening is outside. He checks a guys ID, and forces him to get off the line and pockets his fake ID.

SUPER: 1 MONTH LATER (JULY)

The line moves up. The security guard checks a girls ID, and lets her in.

INT. GREEN THUMB DISPENSARY - SAME

Bodies crowd the counter and people crowd behind them. Behind the counter, Seth and Sam are busy helping customers. At the end of the counter, Jose stands behind the register. There's a bustle in the shop like never before.

SETH
(smiling)
AAAlright, you can head down to the register and he'll check you out.

Seth points over to Jose. He smiles back as the customer heads to him.

Seth walks over to Jose with two different eighth packages in hand. He passes by Sam mid sale.

SETH (CONT'D)
We're gonna need another register!

SAM
(to customer)
Mhm, mhm. So you want the relaxing aspects of weed without the high... You should check out the CBD gummies and smokes right behind me.

Sam looks around at the crowded sales floor.

SAM (CONT'D)
(to Seth)
You might need another me!

Seth hands Jose the products. Jose then bags, it and starts to check out the customer.

Seth walks back to the other end of the counter, but stops beside Sam. As Sam reaches for a pack of CBD gummies, Seth slings his arm over Sam's shoulder.

SETH
This is all thanks to you, kid.

SAM
(chuckles)
What are you talking about? Thank you man... Just look around.

The two turn around and see the smiles on the people in the crowd.

SAM (CONT'D)
We've been needing a place like this... It just took a sec for the rest of us to find it.

They share a sincere look.

SETH
Lets sell some fucking weed.

MONTAGE OF WEED SELLING

"ZaZa and Some Runtz" by Terry Presume plays in the background quietly.

MEDIUM CLOSE UP'S OF THE THREE GUYS

Sam stands behind the counter.

SAM
You're a "*top smoka*" and want the highest percentage, huh? Hmmm.

He bends down and pulls out an eighth package and holds it up.

SAM (CONT'D)
You want "*Animal Face*"... but y'know, THC percentage doesn't tell the whole story-

PATRON #2 (O.S.)
Just put it in the bag.

SAM
Oh! Okay... rude.

CUT TO:

Seth's behind the counter and lifts up a pack of pre-rolls.

SETH
The 5 packs $40.

Seth struggles to hear and leans in closer.

SETH (CONT'D)
More?... Gotcha.

Seth squats down as he raises another two on the counter. Then another two.

SETH (CONT'D)
Just tell me when to stop.

No response. Seth just puts more and more pre-roll packs on the counter until it's an egregious amount.

Seth stands and smiles widely.

SETH (CONT'D)
Alright, will that be all... Perfect! Lemme just bring these over to the register for ya...

He bends over, hugs the giant pile of pre-roll packs, and walks off.

CUT TO:

Jose stands behind the register holding a bag of products. He scoffs.

JOSE
I’m not “fronting” you anything!

Jose’s face turns angrier.

JOSE (CONT’D)
“Put it on your tab”?Get outta here!

A hand reaches for the bag and Jose recoils.

JOSE (CONT’D)
Shoo! go!

The hand tries to reach for it again.

JOSE (CONT’D)
Security!

Jose clutches onto the bag close to his chest.

END MONTAGE

CUT TO:

INT. GREEN THUMB DISPENSARY - LATER

The sales floor still has a few patrons, but majority of the crowd has left.

Seth is across the counter from a customer.

SETH
If you need anymore help, just give me or this guy a shout.

He pats Sam’s back, then smiles and waves.

SETH (CONT’D)
Today mighta been the busiest day so far.

SAM
What? No way, last Tuesday was way crazier.

SETH
When we do inventory later we’ll find out.

Jose walks over to the boys. He holds up two giant stacks of cash.

JOSE
(smiling)
If it's like this every day, we'll be out of the red in no time!

The three all stare at the stacks in awe. Seth pulls out a crisp Benjamin out.

SETH
Our treat... what are we thinking for dinner?

JOSE
How about that one soul food spot we went to?!

SETH
What was it called?

SAM
It's got a weird name, it's like *My... My... My, something's, house* or some shit like that-

In an instant, police officers pile in through the door. Detective McGrady comes in last.

DETECTIVE MCGRADY
Everyone clear out!

In a panic, everybody heads to the door including Seth, Jose, and Sam.

DETECTIVE MCGRADY (CONT'D)
Except you three!

Seth, Jose, and Sam stop in their tracks and stand in the middle of the sales floor.

After everyone clears out, an eerie silence fills the room. Seth and Jose stare intensely at detective McGrady as Sam nervously smiles.

A small smirk coats detective McGrady's face.

DETECTIVE MCGRADY (CONT'D)
We have reasonable cause to believe your business is involved in the purchase and sale of illicit cannabis, from the smoke shop across the street.

Jose looks at Seth confused. Detective McGrady notices.

DETECTIVE MCGRADY (CONT'D)
(to Seth)
Huh, it looks like you didn't tell him about your little... transactions.

JOSE
What is he talking about?

Seth stares at McGrady with rage.

SETH
I didn't buy pot from them! That's not what the money was about!

Jose is stunned.

JOSE
Money?

DETECTIVE MCGRADY
We'll see about that.

Detective McGrady turns to his officers.

DETECTIVE MCGRADY (CONT'D)
Seize everything!

The police officers start to move around the shop as detective McGrady steps outside.

Seth marches over to detective McGrady. Jose hyperventilates, spins around, and watches the officers seize all the products. Sam takes off his beanie and watches too.

SAM
(lowly)
What the fuck mannn.

EXT. GREEN THUMB DISPENSARY - CONTINUOUS

The security guard stands off to the side as Detective McGrady sticks a piece of paper on the door. It reads in big red letter, "ILLICIT CANNABIS SEIZED". Seth comes out through the door. His face contorts with fury as he reads the sign.

SETH
This is fucking bullshit! You can't claim that cause it's not true! What happened to innocent till proven guilty.

DETECTIVE MCGRADY
Huh... I guess you've got a point.

He sighs and pulls out a marker. He writes in small letters “possible” above “ILLICIT CANNABIS SEIZED”.

Seth looks astonished.

SETH
What the hell is your problem. I didn’t buy illicit weed! I have the fucking paperwork in the office, let me go grab it for you-

DETECTIVE MCGRADY
You’ll have a chance to show all that on your court date.

Detective McGrady out of his back pocket pulls out a folded ticket and hands it over to Seth.

SETH
What’s your problem with me? Huh? You’ve had a stick up your ass since we met. And I don’t know if you’re always a fucking bitch, or is it me? Do I make you act like a fucking bitch, huh? Do I bitch you?

With clenched fists, Seth breathes heavily as he stands close to McGrady. Detective McGrady notices the balled fists, then looks back at Seth’s eyes.

DETECTIVE MCGRADY
Itchin’ to get thrown back into prison are ya?

Seth begrudgingly loosens his fists and takes a step back. Detective McGrady takes a step closer.

DETECTIVE MCGRADY (CONT’D)
Once a criminal, always a criminal.

Seth sinks into himself and stares down at the ground.

The police officers file out the door with big bags full of cannabis products.

DETECTIVE MCGRADY (CONT’D)
(to an officer)
We got everything?

The officer nods. Detective McGrady turns and looks at a deflated Seth.

DETECTIVE MCGRADY (CONT'D)
Don't leave town. We have some questions for you down at the station... We'll be in touch.

Detective McGrady and the other officers get into their squad cars.

Seth watches them pull out of the lot. As their cars pass, he sees cops across the street at UPTOWN SMOKE SHOP. He watches as Damon is dragged out the shop in cuffs and stuffed into the back of a squad car.

Seth shakes his head and turns back towards the dispensary. Through the glass door, he looks inside at Jose and Sam stood at the center of the empty sales floor. Jose darts over to Seth with immense disgust.

JOSE
This was your idea of "handling" it!

SETH
This is bullshit, Jose! We'll get a lawyer and-

JOSE
With what money, Seth! We have bills to pay and not to mention a mountain of fucking invoices. We're fucked, Seth! We're fucked because you wanted to be the man! Mr. Fucking Tough Guy!

SETH
Jose, I-

Jose pushes past him and walks away muttering unintelligible curses in spanish.

Seth breathes heavily and looks around frustratedly. He locks eyes with the large security guard who's been stood off to the side the entire time.

SETH (CONT'D)
No fucking warning?!

The security guard shrugs and Seth sighs.

INT. SETH'S HOME - NIGHT

With red eyes, Seth sits in the kitchen table lifelessly. He puts a joint to his lips.

Puff.

He hears the door start to unlock and quickly ashes the rest of the joint in an ashtray.

Andrea, in scrubs walks in through the front door and puts down her purse on the kitchen counter. She looks over to Seth anxiously,

ANDREA
Jose called... are you okay?

Seth sighs.

SETH
I fucked up ‘Drea.

ANDREA
(softly)
What’d you do?

SETH
I paid this *kid* for protection weekly.

ANDREA
Protection? Protection from what?

SETH
I-I don’t know... Gangbangers. Drug dealers. Well-intentioned kids.

He stands.

SETH (CONT’D)
I did it to keep you... Jose... everybody safe. The police must’ve seen me pay him and connected me to their investigation.

He takes a step to Andrea.

SETH (CONT’D)
(intensely)
But it’s bullshit! I have the paperwork to prove it, they don’t have shit on me!

Andrea takes in Seth’s red eyes as he steps more into the light. Her brows furrow slightly.

ANDREA
Do you have a court date?

SETH
Yeah... In a few weeks.

Seth drops his head into his hands.

SETH (CONT'D)
But they took everything, for their investigation... and we have to close shop until then.

Seth sits back down and hides his face in his hands. Andrea looks down at Seth with sympathy, then looks right next to him at the put out joint in the ash tray.

She turns away from Seth and leans over the sink. She sinks into her shoulders.

ANDREA
Do you think smoking right now is a good idea?

Seth raises his head and looks at Andrea's back intently.

ANDREA (CONT'D)
I know you've been smoking for a bit now... and you've been so happy... and it's been good.

She turns with tears in her eyes.

ANDREA (CONT'D)
But now you're not okay... so maybe you should quit while you still can.

SETH
"While you still can"? Why are you talking like I'm a drug addict.

A beat.

ANDREA
Because you are.

SETH
(scoffs)
W-Weeds not addictive! Y'know, I don't need this shit right now! I've already got the world against me, I don't need you to be too.

Seth picks up the ash tray with the joint and heads to the door.

Andrea in distress reaches and grabs Seth's wrist as he walks past her.

ANDREA
Just listen... I know how this story goes, and-

SETH
I'm sober Andrea, but this is a fucked up time for me.

He turns to Andrea earnestly.

SETH (CONT'D)
At the shop, I talked and listened to my customers, and this shit-

He pulls his hand away and lifts up the joint from the ash tray.

SETH (CONT'D)
This helps them with their anxiety!... a-and their depression! So, shit, why can't I do the same!

Not until the end of his tirade he realizes that Andrea cries into her hands. His demeanor shifts and relaxes.

SETH (CONT'D)
I-I'm sorry, I didn't mean to yell at you-

Andrea steps towards him and grabs the joint from his hands. With tears still trickling, she puts it to her mouth and gestures for Seth to give her a light.

He hesitates for a moment, then complies. She takes a long inhale.

Puff.

She hands it back and looks at him as she waits for him to take a hit. He stares back, until he inevitably does. She drops her head and cries into her hand.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

In a standard interrogation room, Seth sits on one side of a table. On the other side, Detective McGrady and another officer sit.

On the table there's pictures of Seth handing money over to Damon as well as Seth smiling in his car.

DETECTIVE MCGRADY
Care to explain these.

SETH
I wasn't buying weed from him that's for sure.

DETECTIVE MCGRADY
Then what were you doing here?

Detective McGrady points at the picture with him and Damon.

SETH
Paying for protection.

DETECTIVE MCGRADY
Protection? How could Damon protect you? Was he, gang affiliated?

SETH
I-I don't know, I just knew he carried himself well. He had pull.

DETECTIVE MCGRADY
You know, if Damon was gang affiliated... and you knew anything-

A beat.

DETECTIVE MCGRADY (CONT'D)
We could probably wrap up our investigation and get you back your *dope*, or *weed*, or *pot*, or whatever you guys are calling it now in days.

The two officers chuckle, then the other one slides over a pen and paper.

DETECTIVE MCGRADY (CONT'D)
We'd just need a testimony... and you guys would be back in business in no time.

Seth scoffs and slowly shakes his head in disgust.

SETH
You're trynna build a case on this kid.

McGrady looks at him blankly.

DETECTIVE MCGRADY
Are you gonna help us or not.

They share an intense stare for a moment, then Seth slaps the paper and pen away, and stands.

He tries to walk past them but the other officer grabs Seth's wrist.

DETECTIVE MCGRADY (CONT'D)
An ex-con helping a con! You criminals are all the same. Abiding to some stupid moral code.

SETH
It's better than the code you swear to uphold! I went to prison for two years selling weed! And now it's legal! Now the law? That's a stupid fucking code!

Detective McGrady grits his teeth. Seth tries to tug his arm away but the officer doesn't let go.

SETH (CONT'D)
Am I under arrest?!

DETECTIVE MCGRADY
No... but-

SETH
(to the officer)
Then get the fuck off me.

The officer looks at Detective McGrady for direction. McGrady reluctantly nods and the officer lets go. He then walks over to the door, and opens it for Seth.

SETH (CONT'D)
(to McGrady)
See you in court, bitch.

Seth storms out of the room.

INT. SETH'S HOME - DAY

Seth sits on the couch in sweatpants and a robe. Andrea comes by and says something to him but it's inaudible. She leans down, gives him a kiss, and heads out the door.

MEDIUM WIDE OF SETH ON THE COUCH

He turns around to make sure she's left, then he get up and walks out of frame. He returns, in hand he holds a rolling tray with a pack of weed and rolling papers on top of it. He plops down on the couch and starts to roll a joint.

“Aww (ZaZa)” by MIKE plays as he puts the finished joint in his mouth. He flicks open a pack of matches, strikes one, and lights the end of the joint with it.

Puff.

TIME-LAPSE OF SETH ON COUCH

He turns on the TV and watches it for awhile. He grabs snacks from the pantry, and munches on them. He rolls up again and smokes, *again*. The light from the outside gradually fades as it turns night. He gets up, grabs a frozen dinner from the freezer and pops it in the microwave. He watches it. He sits back down on the couch and eats. As he eats, Andrea comes back, gives him a kiss and walks off frame. He smokes one more time, then turns off the tv, then the lights and walks off frame.

The light from outside shines through the window. Wearing the same clothes, he plops back down on the couch.

Rinse, repeat. Rinse, occasional argument with Andrea, repeat.

Every time the cycle repeats, the movements get faster and faster until it’s indiscernible what’s happening.

ANDREA (V.O.)
Enough!

END OF TIME-LAPSE

INT. SETH'S HOME - MORNING

Seth is passed out on the couch with a bag of cheese puffs on his belly. He hasn’t shaved in days and looks like shit. He’s slow to wake as Andrea stands over him in her scrubs. She scrunches her face as she tries to hold in her emotions.

ANDREA
(trembling)
I fucking knew it. You’ve fully relapsed.

Seth rubs his eyes, then sits up. The bag of cheese puffs fall to the side and spill all over the floor.

SETH
(yawning)
How many times do I have to say it? It’s not a problem... it’s not addicti-

ANDREA
(flatly)
Yeah, yeah, it's not addictive. Are you not bored of repeating yourself? Cause I sure fucking am.

SETH
What's the problem, Andrea.

ANDREA
The problem is I know this version of you, Seth. Always out of your mind. Sluggish, and lazy, and fucking unconcerned!

A beat.

Tears form in her eyes.

ANDREA (CONT'D)
And this version of you is someone I can't support and enable any longer.

She grabs her purse from the table and heads to the door. Seth watches her as she walks out the door, and then cries into his hands.

INT. GREEN THUMB DISPENSARY (OFFICE) - DAY

The back office of the dispensary is very cramped. A desk barely fits against the wall. Posters of Bob Marley, Snoop dog, and Cheech and Chong fill the walls.

Jose sits at the desk in an office chair. He has on a pair of glasses as he reviews a spreadsheet and other pieces of paperwork in a manilla folder. Seth walks in. He looks like shit and is visibly high.

Jose doesn't break his concentration from the spreadsheet.

JOSE
So glad you could finally join us.

Seth looks around the room. No one else is present.

JOSE (CONT'D)
But I called you here to discuss the financials and what we need for court and-

He looks up.

JOSE (CONT'D)
Oh my god, you're high.

Jose sighs and closes the manilla folder. He stands up and pushes past Seth to the door.

Seth sucks his teeth and chases after him.

SETH
Wait!

INT. GREEN THUMB DISPENSARY - CONTINUOUS

Jose marches through the empty sales floor. Seth appears from the backroom doorway.

SETH
Holdup!

Jose stops in the middle of the shop and turns around. Seth jogs over and stands in front of him.

SETH (CONT'D)
I know, I fucked up. I shouldn't have come high... but we can still talk money and *shit*.

JOSE
By *shit* you mean court tomorrow that decides the fate of our business?

Seth looks embarrassed.

SETH
It's a hearing! *Besidesss*, they don't have shit on us, it'll be a slam dunk-

JOSE
Well apparently they do have some shit on us! Your "little transactions"? Were you planning on keeping that a secret forever?

SETH
Is that what this is all about? That I didn't *tell* you about the deal. I-It wasn't a fucking secret, Jose. I was handling it the only way I know how-

JOSE
You fucking promised me!... You promised no lies, no secrets, and I trusted you!

A beat.

Seth's eyes get glossy.

SETH
I did it to protect you, to protect all of us-

JOSE
Bullshit. You did it so you could feel tough... like you're in charge. You wanted to be a macho *man*.

Seth sobs and wipes his tears on his sleeve. Jose watches with disdain.

JOSE (CONT'D)
Pero(but) I look at the *man* in front of me... and I have no idea who he is.

Jose turns and start to walk to the door.

SETH
(between tears)
Jose, wait, please!

Seth runs over to him and grabs his shoulder. Jose pulls it away and turns. He sticks a finger in Seth's face.

JOSE
You better bring all the paperwork to court tomorrow and you fucking *better* know what you're gonna say. I'll do the same, solo(*alone)*.

Jose turns around and walks out the door. Seth stands and sobs in the dispensary, *alone*.

INT. GREEN THUMB DISPENSARY - NIGHT

With red and low eyes, Seth sits in the revolving chair(from the office) in the middle of the sales floor. The LED's and the overhead lights of the room are sobering. With a rolling tray on his lap, Seth rolls up a giant blunt. A phone rests between his shoulder and ear.

It rings for a moment.

SAM (V.O.)
Yeo! Boss man!

Seth smiles wearily.

SETH
Come over to the shop! I just rolled my first blunt and it's got your name alll over it.

SAM (V.O.)
Aw man. You know I'd love to christen your first blunt.

EXT. GYMNASIUM - CONTINUOUS

Sam is in a referee uniform. He stands on the phone as a children's recreational basketball game runs across the court in front of him.

SAM
But I got a little... side hustle going on. Gotta make rent somehow.

SETH (V.O.)
Ah no worries, get that money.

INT. GREEN THUMB DISPENSARY - CONTINUOUS

Seth sits on the phone with a somber expression.

SETH
...I'm really sorry I got you looped up in all this, I-

INT. GYMNASIUM - CONTINUOUS

The basketball match passes in front of Sam while he's on the phone. He's not paying attention to the game at all.

SETH (V.O.)
I'm gonna make it up-

Suddenly, a loud crash is heard at one end of the floor followed by a bloodcurdling scream.

Sam turns his head and he winces at the sight.

INT. GREEN THUMB DISPENSARY - CONTINUOUS

Seth gets emotional and stares down at the floor.

SETH
I promise I'll do right by you Sam, I swear-

SAM
Holy fuck!... Listen Seth, I gotta go. Good luck in court tomorrow, I'll be there to cheer you guys on!

Sam hangs up the phone.

Seth puts his phone in his pocket and stares down at the massive blunt for a moment. He then puts it to his lips, and sparks it.

Puff.

EXT. GREEN THUMB DISPENSARY - NIGHT

Seth tries to lock up the shop, but is so high he can barely put the key into the hole.

He turns and notices all the lights of UPTOWN SMOKE SHOP are turned off. His brows furrow and he hobbles over.

EXT. UPTOWN SMOKE SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Seth crosses the street and approaches the smoke shop. On the door, the same "ILLICIT CANNABIS SEIZED" sign is hung up. Seth peaks into the smoke shop and notices the entire store is completely barren, everything was taken. Seth shakes his head as he looks around. The world around him spins and creates a motion blur. Seth scrunches his face and closes his eyes.

CUT TO:

EXT. UPTOWN SMOKE SHOP - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Seth recalls Damon's arrest, except he's stood right outside the smoke shop this time. He stands and watches as Damon gets dragged out of the shop. He tries to kick and struggle as he's taken to the squad car. The police officers struggle to get him into the back.

They eventually do, but when the officers move out of the way, Seth see's a younger version of himself in the back of the squad car. He crazily rocks in the seat, and spits on the window.

CUT TO:

EXT. UPTOWN SMOKE SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Seth opens his eyes and hyperventilates. A motion blur effect happens as Seth looks around. In a distant lot, a car's headlights shine on Seth softly. Seth breathes heavily as he looks at the car.

Seth closes his eyes. He recalls the picture evidence of his exchanges with Damon.

His eyes open wide and he now see's himself at his current age in the back of a squad car.

The car pulls out of the parking lot and slowly creeps towards Seth. Panicked, Seth turns around and starts to walk down the sidewalk. He heads down into the city at a brisk pace.

EXT. DOWN TOWN - LATER

A wide eyed Seth hurriedly walks down the street. The same car as before trails slowly behind him and is the only car in the road. Seth turns his head back occasionally to take small peaks. As Seth approaches a corner, he looks up at the traffic light. It's red.

SETH
(under his breath)
5, 4, 3... 2... 1!

Seth reaches the end of the block, then he plants his foot and flies around the corner and sprints.

The car whips around the corner and slightly picks up speed. Seth turns his head as he sprints and notices the car still in hot pursuit. He picks up speed.

He suddenly stops, and sprints back a few steps. He notices an alley way and runs down it. He stops in the alleyway and puts a hand against a wall, and wheezes.

SETH (CONT'D)
(laboredly)
Oh... fuck!

It takes a moment, but he slowly regains his breath. He wipes sweat off his forehead, waits a few seconds, and casually walks out the other end of the alley.

He turns his head left and headlights shine in Seth's eyes. He's blinded for a moment, but he then squints. He see's the car sat at the end of the street. The car and Seth have a standoff. Sweat drips off Seth's forehead. His eyes look beady and nervous. Seth closes his eyes for a second.

He pictures detective McGrady behind the steering wheel with a sinister smirk.

Seth opens his eyes in a panic, turns right, and runs. The car follows. Down the empty road, the car trails slowly behind him. His eyes are bloodshot and large.

He runs through crosswalks without turning his head. He turns left, he turns right, he goes straight. No matter what direction he runs, every time he turns his head, a car trails behind him.

His speed diminishes and he's quickly running out of breath. In the near distance, he see's a jutted out sign of a restaurant. The sign says "My *father's House, southern cuisine".*

He turns his head back again, and for the first time, the car isn't in view, but headlights near from around the corner. Seth finds one last burst of energy and hauls ass. He huffs and puffs until he reaches the restaurant and barrels through the front door.

The car creeps down the street slowly. It's revealed to be an old man in a '94 Chevy Caprice.

INT. MY FATHER'S HOUSE RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Seth stands at the entrance of the store with his hands on his knees as he tries to regain his breath. Laboredly, Seth turns and tries to peak outside through the glass window.

The younger black woman from before, Sheri, stands in the middle of the small, intimate dining room with a broom in hand.

SHERI
Can I help you?

A frazzled Seth twists his head back. He still breathes heavily.

SETH
Huh?!

Sheri looks concerned.

SHERI
Can I Help you, sir?

SETH
I'm sorry, are you closed?

SHERI
No, no! Just starting to clean early cause it's a ghost town out there today, *thas* all.

SETH
I.. I...

Seth struggles to get words out, and wheezes. Sheri looks extremely concerned.

SHERI
Um, uh, okay sir! Just take a seat and I'll bring ya some water.

SETH
(laboredly)
Where?

She starts to head to the back.

SHERI
Anywhere you want, hun.

Seth hobbles over to the table that he, Jose, and Sam once sat at in the corner of the restaurant, and falls back into the seat. Sheri comes back out with a tall glass of water, and places it on the table. She also drops down a menu.

SHERI (CONT'D)
Drink up, you're dying of thirst.

Seth drinks the entire glass of water.

SHERI (CONT'D)
Better?

Seth still breathes heavy.

SETH
(clearer)
Better.

SHERI
I'll fetch ya some more water and Imma give you a sec to catch ya breath.

SETH
Thank you so much ma'am.

SHERI
My pleasure.

Sheri takes his empty glass and walks off to the back. As Seth collects himself, he looks around the restaurant. Black art, family portraits, and cozy decor fill the dining room. He was too high to notice before. Seth regains his breath.

Sheri comes out with a new glass of water and places it on the table.

SETH
Thank you so much, you've been too kind.

SHERI
Nothin' but some southern hospitality.

She shines over a genuine smile.

SHERI (CONT'D)
You Look familiar, you been in before?

SETH
Yeah once with a few friends, but I was... I <u>am</u> so high I barely remember it.

Sheri laughs.

SHERI
I know that feeling.

They share a smile.

SETH
I do remember the food being amazing though.

Seth picks up and opens the menu. He blows air out his mouth, and immediately shuts it.

SETH (CONT'D)
What do you recommend?

Still with a smile, she points to the menu.

SHERI
I *personally*, am a sucker for the chicken and waffles, you can never go wrong... but my father would ring my neck if I didn't mention the Fried whiting.

SETH
Is your father the owner?

SHERI
(smiling)
Ah-ha, I get that a lot, but no. I'm actually the owner.

Seth is taken back and extends his hands.

SETH
I'm Seth, it's a pleasure to meet you.

She shakes his hand.

SHERI
Sheri... and likewise, Seth.

A beat.

SETH
I hope you don't mind me asking but what's up with the name? Was this like your father's house that you guys turned into a kitchen or-

Sheri laughs.

SHERI
No, no, me and my family are originally from Georgia but moved here a few some odd years back... We named it *"My Father's House"* because he passed when I was young, about 16... He lays in Georgia, but this is our way of keepin' his spirit alive.

Seth's eyes soften.

SETH
That’s beautiful Sheri, truly.

They share a sweet stare.

SHERI
So what can I put you down for?

SETH
Oh shoot, ahh... lets see what that fried whiting’s about.

SHERI
(chuckles)
Let me put you down for some cornbread too, it’s the best.

SETH
Aye if you bring it, I’ll eat it!

The two laugh as she heads to the back.

Seth takes a sip of water. He then looks up at the family portrait and recognizes a younger Sheri. Right next to her, is her father. Seth smiles.

CUT TO:

INT. MY FATHER'S HOUSE RESTAURANT - LATER

Seth sits at the table with a stack of mostly empty plates in front of him. Only scraps remain.

With a smile, Sheri walks up to the table.

SHERI
How was everything?

SETH
Phenomenal. You weren’t kiddin’ about the cornbread.

They laugh.

SETH (CONT’D)
Compliments to the chef.

SHERI
(smirks)
The chef is actually my husband... would you like to meet him?

SETH
I'd love to!

Sheri doubles back into the kitchen and after a moment, comes out with her husband.

Seth and the husband shake hands and smile at each other. The husband speaks but it's inaudible. Seth watches how Sheri and her husband stand close to each other, how they occasionally look at each other, how they smile. Seth's eyes widen and he nods contently.

INT. SETH'S HOME (KITCHEN) - LATER

Andrea once again, is sat at the kitchen table with a bottle of wine, a full glass, and an ash tray on the table. She checks the time on the stove clock, it's midnight. She shakes her head, and pulls out a carton of cigarettes.

The sound of the door unlocking is heard. She scowls and tosses the carton on the table.

Seth walks in.

ANDREA
(flatly)
I'm done Seth... No text. No call. I-I can't do this anymore... but you're probably too stoned to care-

SETH
I'm quitting.

Andrea looks at him, bewildered.

SETH (CONT'D)
I'm quitting everything. No alcohol. No weed. Shit I'll even throw in cigarettes if I have to. I'm done too, Andrea.

ANDREA
How do I know you're not lying? Just telling me what I wanna hear. That's fucked up, Seth.

A beat.

SETH
You have every right to doubt me, I'm an addict.
(MORE)

SETH (CONT'D)
Addicts lie and skew the truth to get what they want... But I'm done Andrea, seriously.

Seth takes a step closer to Andrea.

SETH (CONT'D)
I'm powerless. Not to just drugs but to everything... When Emma died I've never felt more powerless in my life... which is why I relapsed.

Andrea's eyes get glossy. Seth tears up and looks down.

SETH (CONT'D)
(between tears)
I felt powerless again when we got raided... and I don't know if I was trying to run from it, o-or live in it. But I'm done...

Seth takes a step closer and sinks into Andrea. She holds him, he cries on her shoulder.

SETH (CONT'D)
And I need you... through it all.

ANDREA
Yeah you do ya big oaf. You'd be a sad sap without me.

Seth chuckles and stands up straight. He grabs Andrea's hands.

SETH
Before you say no, hear me out.

Her eyes widen anxiously. She escapes Seth's grasp and gestures to Seth to give her a second as she downs her entire glass of wine.

ANDREA
(gulps)
...Go on.

She holds Seth's hand as she lifts the bottle of wine and pours another glass. Seth smiles widely.

SETH
I want you to quit the hospital and come work at the dispensary.

Andrea spills wine all over the table mantle. She places down the bottle and lets go of Seth's hand.

ANDREA
(frantically)
You want me to what?

SETH
Quit your job and come work with me.

ANDREA
Oh my god, so I did hear you right.

Andrea turns to the side and sighs.

ANDREA (CONT'D)
Seth, no. I've said from the start, this is your thing. I-I can't just uproot my life at your whim. And besides, who knows how courts gonna go tomorrow? If there'll even *be* a dispensary to work at.

Seth is taken back. Andrea realizes her mistake.

ANDREA (CONT'D)
(nervously)
But I'm sure it'll go great!

She paints on a smile. Seth sighs and looks at her earnestly.

SETH
I want this to be a fresh start. I wanna rename the shop. I want to redecorate! I want to put up family portraits and artwork and.. I don't know, I wan't it to feel like *home*! I want to go into work, and feel *Emma's* presence. I want to keep her spirit alive!

Andrea turns back to Seth and her eyes soften. Seth grabs her hands.

SETH (CONT'D)
I want to start a family business... and that means having you by my side, Andrea.

Seth pulls her in and holds her by her hips. He looks down at her.

SETH (CONT'D)
I wan't to be a family again... so please, for *Emma,* and for me, come work with me.

A beat.

Andrea wipes a tear from her eye and sniffles.

ANDREA
... Do you offer dental?

Seth's face slowly lights up. He then grabs and hoists Andrea in his arms. She shrieks and kicks her legs in excitement. Seth kisses her face as he carries her over to the couch.

Seth plops down on the couch with Andrea on top of him. They look deeply into each other's eyes.

ANDREA (CONT'D)
Are we really doing this?

SETH
You tell me, tuts.

She smiles, and sighs.

ANDREA
We're really doing this... wait-

She looks at him curiously.

ANDREA (CONT'D)
Why a new name for the shop?

SETH
I hate the name "Green Thumb". We thought it sounded like a name that a dispensary <u>should</u> have. We didn't really put much thought into it, honestly.

ANDREA
...What were you thinking of renaming it?

SETH
Do you remember when *Emma* was little and really wanted a treehouse?... I promised I'd build her one but I never got around to it... Everyday since she's passed, I've regretted not building it.

The two share a somber look of understanding.

SETH (CONT'D)
Put on a sweater, I want to take you somewhere.

A small smile escapes Andrea. She looks softly at him.

EXT. ROADSIDE MEMORIAL - NIGHT

Seth and Andrea stand in front of the roadside memorial. Right behind the cross erected from the ground, a tree stands. With a hammer, Seth sticks a nail through a picture frame Andrea holds. They step away and look at a framed picture of *Emma*.

SETH
(tearfully)
She looks beautiful.

Andrea plops her head into Seth's shoulder. Seth holds her as they cry together.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

In a courtroom, Seth and Jose sit at a table with suits on. On the same side at the other end, Detective McGrady sits. He waves at the boys smugly but they look back with contempt. Behind them Sam and Andrea sit beside each other.

ANDREA
Ah, so you're Sam.

SAM
And you must be the boss man's misses. It's a pleasure to finally meet.

Andrea giggles.

ANDREA
Likewise.

They shake hands.

At the other side of the room, behind a large table, a judge sits with two other ladies sat besides them.

Jose leans in close to Seth.

JOSE
(whispering)
You brought all the paperwork and documentation, like I asked right?

SETH
Yup.

Jose adjusts his tie and looks around the room nervously.

JOSE
(whispering)
Do you know what you're gonna say?

Seth smiles back at Jose.

SETH
Nope.

Jose's mouth gapes open.

JOSE
(whisper-screaming)
Are you fucking high again! Cause I swear-

SETH
Nope... I'm not high.

JOSE
Then que putas(what the fuck)?why the fuck do you have nothing prepared?

SETH
Because you're gonna do the talking.

Jose looks around the room in a panic.

JOSE
I-I can't! That wasn't apart of the plan!

Jose's chest starts to palpitate. Seth puts a comforting hand on his shoulder.

SETH
Remember when you told me how you went to prison... You were brand new in this country and didn't know english.

Jose meet's Seth's earnest eyes. His breathing slows.

SETH (CONT'D)
Now you do, Jose... This is your chance to prove to them that you belong... That you're just as American as me.

Seth smiles and puts a hand on Jose's shoulder.

SETH (CONT'D)
I've done enough already. And I'm sorry... It's high time I take the back seat and let you take the wheel. I trust and believe in you, through and through... Besides, I know you didn't come empty handed just in case I was zonked out of my mind.

Jose smiles.

JOSE
I did type something up.

SETH
Atta-boy! You're gonna kill it.

JOSE
Wait Seth, seriously, I don't think I can-

The judge smacks their gavel loudly on the table.

JUDGE
Alright lets get this hearing over with. I have an award ceremony to attend... most life sentences from a New York justice.

The two ladies besides the judge, as well as the security guard all clap. Seth and Jose look around dazed.

After the applause, the judge looks over at the guys.

JUDGE (CONT'D)
Do either of you have a statement?

Seth looks at Jose nervously. Jose looks back at him far more anxiously and closes his eyes.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)

A younger Jose sits behind a table next to a public defender. Jose across the room at a judge.

JUDGE
(english from Jose's POV)
The cours fine the defenamt gully!
(The court finds the defendant guilty!)

Young Jose looks around confused and closes his eyes.

JUDGE (V.O.)
Do you have a statement or not.

CUT TO:

INT. COURTROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jose opens his eyes and sees the judge staring directly at him. He exhales out twice and stands.

JOSE
Yes your honor!

Jose opens up his manilla folder with “DEFENSE” crudely written on it and reads off a piece of paper.

JOSE (CONT’D)
(monotoned)
We, at “Green Thumb Dispensary”, were wrongly accused a crime we did not commit. We have documentation and receipts that prove our product is not in fact, illicit cannabis. We went through the proper channels of acquiring a weed license and we’ve done all our business above the board. Safely, and regulated under the eyes of the law... My constituent here.

He pauses to gesture towards Seth.

JOSE (CONT’D)
(monotoned)
Was caught giving money to a man from the community for protection. It was a preventative measure but nothing illegal occurred as a result to the best of our knowledge. Thank you for your time your honor.

JUDGE
Can you provide the documentation at this time.

JOSE
Yes, your honor.

The judge motions for the security guard off to the side to grab the documentation. Seth hands over a manilla folder with “IMPORTANT” also crudely written on it. The security guard hands it over to the judge.

JUDGE
(to the guard)
Thank you.

The judge looks over to detective McGrady.

Detective McGrady looks over at an anxious Seth and Jose. He smugly smiles at them, then looks at the judge.

DETECTIVE MCGRADY
I yield my time.

JUDGE
Alright... Since Damon O'Neil submitted a letter to the court pleading for Seth Deluca's forgiveness and lack of involvement in his dealings-

Seth's mouth swings open.

JUDGE (CONT'D)
Give us a day or two to look over all these documents... and if everything looks right, we'll have the police return all your inventory... Hearing adjourned.

The judge smacks the gavel and walks off.

Seth and Jose look stunned for a moment. Sam stands in the background and tosses his beanie to the ground.

SAM
Let's fucking go!

Seth stand and hugs Jose tightly.

SETH
I fucking knew you could it!

Jose for a moment is stunned, then hugs Seth back. Detective McGrady walks over to the two. Seth and Jose let go of each other and smile smugly over to him.

DETECTIVE MCGRADY
Oh don't look so proud of yourselves you, idiots. It was never about you! We were just trying to put away Damon... and we had enough to do it without the help of you two.

He walks away and exits the courtroom.

Sam and Andrea run towards the two. With big smiles, Sam hugs Jose and Andrea hugs Seth. The two guys look slightly dejected at McGrady's words.

CUT TO:

EXT. TREEHOME - DAY

The outside of the dispensary looks mostly the same, except the sign above the door now says "Treehome".

SUPER: 3 MONTHS LATER

A new, buff, and hot security guard stands at the entrance. There's a long line besides the building.

INT. TREEHOME - DAY

Inside of the shop is completely revamped. Giant jars full of weed with just the names of the strain fill the display cases. In the middle of the back wall there's a new logo; THC (Treehome Cannabis). All around it, family portraits of Seth's family, as well as the Treehome family fill the wall. An old school tv in the corner surrounded by potted plants and vines plays old home movies.

The vibe is less modern, more homey.

The sales floor is crowded with Seth, Jose, and Sam behind the counter and Andrea at the register. She looks over at Seth and smiles while he helps out a customer.

The customer points at a large mason jar in the display case. Seth bends down and puts the giant jar on the counter.

SETH
Great choice! The "*Cat Piss*" is a crowd favorite here.

CUSTOMER
What's the THC percentage?

Seth smiles.

SETH
It's 21% but the THC percentage doesn't tell the full story with this indica strain. You should try it! And if you don't like it, I'll give you a brand new pack, on us. How's that sound?

Seth looks to the side as Sam watches him. Sam mouth's "Okayyyy" as he shoots over a thumbs up.

CUSTOMER
(smiling)
You're good. I'll take a dub..

2Right next to the display case, there's now a scale.

Seth scales out two grams of weed in front of them quickly, then puts the nuggets of weed in a little smell proof baggie that has the THC logo on it.

SETH
Lets head to the register and my wife, Andrea, can check you out.

Seth walks over to the register and hands over the baggie to Andrea. They smile.

Sam and Jose are both in the middle of a sale with smiles on their face. The dispensary is firing on all cylinders.

FADE TO:

INT. PRISON CELL - DAY

Damon lays on a cot as he tosses a red rubber ball up and down. Up and down. Up. And down.

A prison guard comes over to the cell and opens it.

PRISON GUARD
Come with me, you've been bailed out.

CLOSE ON DAMON

Damon sits up skeptically.

DAMON
You sure you got the right cell?

PRISON GUARD (O.S.)
You Damon O'Neil?

DAMON
Yeah?

PRISON GUARD (O.S.)
You've been bailed out. Now hurry your ass up and follow me.

Damon nervously gets up and heads out the cell.

EXT. PRISON - DAY

Damon walks out in civilian clothes holding a bag of his belongings.

Damon approaches a car parked on the side of the building. The window rolls down... it's Seth and Jose.

JOSE
We're really swamped down at the dispensary and could really use your help.

Damon is stunned.

SETH
Plus a good, steady-

JOSE
And legal!

SETH
And legal job will look good in your next court appearance.

Damon's eyes begin to water.

SETH (CONT'D)
We're sorry it took so long, we had to get the ball rolling at the shop so we could afford your bail.

DAMON
I-I don't know what to say.

SETH
Don't say anything, just get in! I fucking hate being near a prison.

Damon laughs with tears in his eyes.

He gets in the backseat, and the three drive off.

"TREEHOME95" BY TYLER THE CREATOR PLAYS AS IT

FADES TO BLACK.