

HIGH HOPES

"The Inspection"

written by

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HIGH HOPES

"The Inspection"

CAST

CHARACTER NAME..... ACTOR  
CHARACTER NAME..... ACTOR  
CHARACTER NAME..... ACTOR  
CHARACTER NAME..... ACTOR  
CHARACTER NAME..... ACTOR  
CHARACTER NAME..... ACTOR

GUEST CAST

TBD..... ACTOR

HIGH HOPES

"The Inspection"

SETS

Teaser, Scene A - Scene Heading

Act One, Scene B - Scene Heading

Act Two, Scene C - Scene Heading

Tag, Scene D - Scene Heading

COLD OPEN

FADE IN:

EXT. HIGH HOPES DISPENSARY - DAY

The HIGH HOPES sign on the front of the building hangs on for dear life. The "H" and "O" in "HOPES" hang upside down.

The building is small and worn and connects to a warehouse located behind the building.

Cars pull in and out of the raggedy parking lot.

INT. SALES FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

The sales floor consists of five stations. Behind each station bags of Marijuana hang from nearly top to bottom in grams, eighths, and ounces.

Behind each counter is a "bud-tender": the baristas of Weed.

We PAN around to the connecting front office.

INT. FRONT OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The front office consist of two stations situated behind a wall of bullet-proof glass. Signs above each station read "ONLINE ORDERS" and "CHECK-INS".

LEO (Black, 20's) checks people in while IAN (Hispanic, gay, 20's) does the online orders.

The door in the lobby opens and an unflattering MAN enters.

CRAZY LARRY (40'S). His clothes are torn and his face is covered in dirt. He MUMBLES something under his breath as he drunkenly stumbles toward the check-in window.

LEO

Looks like Crazy Larry is back again.

IAN

I can smell him from here.

He finally makes it to the window.

LEO

Crazy Larry, how are ya?

CRAZY LARRY

Uh, yeah, is this where I'm supposed to come for the free ice cream today?

IAN

Crazy Larry, you know we don't sell ice cream here. We sell Marijuana. You know, like, Weed?

CRAZY LARRY

No, no. I was told by the factory across the street that this is where I needed to come for the free scoops of ice cream.

LEO

Crazy Larry, we have nothing to do with the Dairy Mill across the street. We literally don't have any milk here.

CRAZY LARRY

Are you lying to me?

LEO

Why would I lie about something like that?

IAN

(quietly)

Should I call security?

LEO

Not yet. Lets see where this goes.

Crazy Larry looks around aimlessly, he's definitely high on something.

LEO (CONT'D)

Hey, Larry. Crazy Larry.

Leo stands and KNOCKS on the glass. Larry focuses back on Leo.

CRAZY LARRY

Let me talk to your manager.

IAN

Our manager isn't here. You can come back later if you want.

Ian smiles.

CRAZY LARRY

You find this funny?

IAN

No, sir, I don't find this funny.

Ian and Leo are both smiling.

He leaves the window and stumbles over to the small lobby.

PATIENTS in the lobby hold their noses in disgust.

CRAZY LARRY

(to patients)

Are you all here to receive the free scoops of ice cream?

No one responds.

CRAZY LARRY (CONT'D)

So everyone wants to play dumb, huh?

Well, Crazy Larry ain't dumb. Crazy

Larry is smart, God damn it!

He strips down until he's naked.

IAN

We have to call security.

LEO

Not yet.

Patients in the lobby get up and walk out.

CRAZY LARRY

I want my ice cream!

He squats and GROANS very loudly.

LEO

Whoa!

IAN

I'm calling security.

The front door swings open and a DELIVERY DRIVER wheeling a cart full of small cups of ice cream stands wide-eyed at the door.

Ian and Leo stare in disbelief at the Delivery Driver.

The Delivery Driver stares in disbelief at Crazy Larry.

Crazy Larry points at Leo and Ian.

CRAZY LARRY

Ha! Free ice cream!

LEO

I did not see that coming.

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

EXT. HIGH HOPES DISPENSARY - DAY

Cars pull in and out of the parking lot.

INT. SALES FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

The sales floor is bustling with each BUD-TENDER helping a PATIENT.

We CLOSE on MARIA (20's, tatted, brunette) finishing up with a HISPANIC PATIENT. The tattoos on his face suggest he's been to prison.

MARIA

Was that going to be all for you  
today?

PATIENT

I was told I could use my student  
discount here?

MARIA

Yeah, do you have your ID?

The patient pulls out his wallet and shows his high school ID.

Maria looks at the ID and then at the patient.

The picture is at least ten years old.

MARIA (CONT'D)

Seriously?



PATIENT

What?

MARIA

Dude, you've got "1998" tatted on your face. What high school do you go to, the school for the criminally gifted?

PATIENT

I don't like the way your judging me right now. The website says "student ID," it doesn't say shit about me playing twenty-one questions with you about my situation.

MARIA

Ugh, Whatever. I'm sure you're just a "Straight-A" student. Real "honor roll" material.

PATIENT

Hey, you better watch how you're talking to me.

MARIA

Or what? You going to steal my lunch money? Stuff me in a locker?

He doesn't say anything but stares angrily at Maria.

MARIA (CONT'D)

The total is twenty-three dollars,  
"young man."

CUT TO:

INT. TRIM ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The trim room is a large stale room with a giant metal table in the middle of it.

Around the table sit eleven HISPANIC WOMEN and DOUG.

The room is NOISY from the Women GOSSIPING and MARIACHI MUSIC. Each person has a tray, cup of alcohol, and a pair of scissors for trimming.

Doug is silent with headphones in his ears.

We CLOSE on MONICA (40's, thin) who sits at the head of the table.

MONICA

So, the word on the street is that security is investigating a theft. They're saying it came from our department.

The Women all GASP.

CLARISSA

Stealing in our department? I don't buy that for a second.

CLARISSA (20'S).

MONICA

Well, believe it.

The group is quiet for a beat.

MONICA (CONT'D)

I think it was Rosa, seeing how she always disappears during the day.

ROSA (30's) sits on the opposite end of the table.

ROSA

Excuse me? For all we know it was probably you, Monica. Where did you get that new necklace? I know how much you make and I know there is no way you could afford anything that nice.

The Women all look at Monica.

MONICA

My son bought me this necklace--

ROSA

With what, a stolen credit card?

Monica leaps out of her seat.

MONICA

Accuse me and my family of one more thing you fat bitch.

Rosa jumps out of her seat.

ROSA

You know I have a thyroid condition, Monica.

MONICA

I've seen how many tamales you can eat, Rosa. You aren't fooling anybody with your self-diagnosed-bull-shit condition.

Doug rises out of his seat.

DOUG

Enough!

The Women all stare up at Doug.

ANGELICA  
(to Astrid quietly)

The white boy speaks?

ANGELICA (20's) and ASTRID (50's).

DOUG

There is only one way to solve this.

CUT TO:

INT. FRONT OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Leo types on his computer. Ian takes selfies on his phone.

IAN

God, I'm so sexy.

Leo looks at Ian in disgust.

IAN (CONT'D)

What are you looking at, Leo?

LEO

I'm trying to pick between a  
narcissist or an ass hole.

IAN

Screw you, I look good today.

He snaps another selfie of himself.

The front door opens and a well dressed BLACK WOMAN enters  
and walks to the check-in window.

LEO

Checking in?

LORETTA THOMPSON

Hello, my name is Loretta Thompson.  
I'm here from the Department of Health  
to conduct your follow-up inspection  
for today.

LEO

Inspection? Uh, yeah, you can have a  
seat in the lobby and I'll have  
someone out in just a second.

LORETTA THOMPSON

Thank you.

Leo gets up and goes to the door.

LEO

Hey, Esteban.

ESTEBAN (20's, Hispanic) is in the middle of helping a  
patient.

ESTEBAN

What's up, choad?

LEO

We got a problem.

ESTEBAN

(to patient)

I'll be right back.

Esteban enters the front office.

ESTEBAN (CONT'D)

What's up?

LEO

That lady out in the lobby says she's here to do a follow-up inspection.

ESTEBAN

What?

Esteban gazes into the lobby and notices Loretta.

ESTEBAN (CONT'D)

Oh, shit.

LEO

What's the problem? Can't you just do the inspection yourself?

ESTEBAN

No, I've never done it before and the manager isn't here.

LEO

We have a manager? I've been here for six months and didn't know we had a manager. How do you score a job like that?

IAN

By giving the owner a blow job.

LEO

Are you serious?

IAN

No, stupid. They're just good friends from high school and he doesn't ever show up.

ESTEBAN

And the last time he did the inspection he had no idea what the hell he was doing. Which is why we're having this follow-up in the first place.

LEO

Well, she's waiting so you need to think quick.

Esteban picks up the phone and punches in a phone number.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

We CLOSE on a large messy bed. Adjacent to the bed is a night stand with a phone that VIBRATES.

GREG (30's, fat) raises his head into the shot taking a large SNIFF.

Next to him is a WOMAN (20's) who takes a large SNIFF of the cocaine spread on a silver tray on the floor.

GREG

Wait, wait. Do you hear that?

They both stop and listen. The VIBRATING continues.

Greg turns around and looks at the VIBRATING phone on his night stand.

GREG (CONT'D)

I feel like there was something I was supposed to do today.

WOMAN

Here, have another line, it will help you remember.

She hands Greg the rolled up hundred-dollar bill.

GREG

I do think better when I'm high.

Greg puts his head down and takes another large SNIFF.

CUT TO:

INT. FRONT OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Esteban hangs up the phone.

ESTEBAN

Well, I'm all out of ideas.

IAN

Just do the inspection, what are you worried about?

ESTEBAN

This is a follow-up, so if we don't pass then we get shut down. I don't want to be personally responsible for that.

LEO

Dude, you got this. You know this dispensary better than anyone here, and I kind of need this job right now.

ESTEBAN

Only problem is, I just ate a three-hundred milligram brownie and I feel it kicking in.

LEO

What?



ESTEBAN

I know.

LEO

No, I meant "what?" As in you didn't share with me you greedy bastard.

ESTEBAN

Sorry, I was going to save it for after work but I just couldn't resist.

LEO

I don't see any other options here.

ESTEBAN

Screw it. How do my eyes look?

Esteban's eyes are chink and he looks very high.

LEO

You're fine.

ESTEBAN

Cool. Do me a favor and finish up my patient?

LEO

No worries, bro.

Esteban leaves and enters the lobby.

Ian and Leo watch as he introduces himself then leads her to the back.

CUT TO:

INT. MAINTENANCE OFFICE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The maintenance office is composed of a desk and two chairs. The desk is littered with junk-food wrappers and paperwork.

ALI (20'S, scrawny) and JEB (20'S, slim) pass a joint back and forth between each other.

The door swings open and ZAK (30's, Hispanic, shaved head) stands at the door in his security uniform and sunglasses.

Ali drops the joint and places his foot over it.

ZAK

You boys smoking in here?

They both shake their heads no. Ali COUGHS blowing smoke right in Zak's face.

ZAK (CONT'D)

Real classy.

ALI

What do you want, Zak?

ZAK

I'm conducting an investigation into a pound of missing Weed. You boys haven't heard anything have you?

JEB

Conducting an investigation? You some sort of cop now?

ZAK

Do I look like a cop? Have you guys heard anything or not?

ALI

Even if we had, what makes you think we would tell you?

ZAK

I know you both haven't been clocking out for lunch. I watch the tapes.

(MORE)

ZAK (CONT'D)

So, unless you want that to get back  
to Greg, I suggest you speak up.

Ali and Jeb look at each other surprised.

ALI

All right, all right, calm your tits.  
I did over hear something a few days  
ago.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. HIGH HOPES DISPENSARY - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Cars pull in and out of the parking lot.

INT. TRIM ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The trim room has been moved around. A podium with a small plastic bong now resides in the middle of the floor along with a stool behind it.

Adjacent to the podium is a small table with a laptop and speaker. Astrid sits behind the computer.

Angelica stands next to the podium.

Rosa and Monica stand on opposite sides of each other at the metal table facing the podium.

The rest of the Women sit in two rows of chairs facing the podium and large metal table.

ANGELICA

All rise. The Court of Trimming is now  
in session, the Honorable Judge Doug  
presiding.

Everyone stands.

Angelica looks over at Astrid and nods.

Astrid presses play on the laptop and the theme song to "The People's Court" PLAYS through the speaker.

Doug enters from a back door wearing a gown and fake glasses.

He walks to the podium and sits on the stool.

DOUG

You may now be seated.

Astrid pauses the music.

Everyone sits except Monica and Rosa.

Doug reviews a few papers on his podium.

DOUG (CONT'D)

All right. So, from what I can see here, approximately ten minutes ago the plaintiff filed a suit accusing the defendant of stealing. Do I have that right?

MONICA

Yes.

DOUG

Okay, lets get started.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Loretta and Esteban are stopped at a door labeled "Shatter Room" in the hall.

Esteban's eyes are extremely chinked.

LORETTA THOMPSON

So, we won't be conducting the full inspection today, just a few dings you all received on the last inspection. It looks like, some faulty wiring, a few spots of mold, and a sales floor evaluation.

ESTEBAN

Okay, girl.

LORETTA THOMPSON

Excuse me?

ESTEBAN

Girl, stop playing.

LORETTA THOMPSON

Right... Why don't we start with the shatter room. It says there was some electrical work that was supposed to be done?

Esteban smiles at her.

LORETTA THOMPSON (CONT'D)

Are you all right?

ESTEBAN

Hell yeah, girl.

Esteban opens the door into the shatter room.

INT. SHATTER ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The shatter room is compact with various parts: two walls are lined with ovens cooking wax, a large butane extraction pump resides in a small open closet, and a table in the middle of the room.

JJ (20's, slim), Samuel (20's, tall) and Pat (20's, pretty boy) are gathered around the table pouring oil into a pan.

Esteban and Loretta enter into the room.

JJ

What's up, Esteban?

ESTEBAN

What up, choads!?

PAT

Uh oh.

ESTEBAN

This is my boo, Loretta Thompson.  
She's here to conduct the follow-up  
inspection. Say what's up, boo.

Loretta looks at Esteban like he's crazy.

LORETTA THOMPSON

Hello, you all. Don't mind me, I'm  
just following up on some loose  
wiring.

JJ

Oh, yeah, for sure. We got it covered  
up, it's right against the wall over  
there.

JJ points at the wall with a panel covering it.

Loretta walks over and evaluates. JJ and Sam go over to help  
her inspect.

Pat walks over to Esteban.

PAT  
(quietly)

Dude, how high are you?

ESTEBAN

What!

PAT

Shhhh.

Loretta looks back for a second, she goes back to her  
inspection.

PAT (CONT'D)  
(quietly)

Dude, pull it together, Esteban...

Pat continues talking to Esteban. The pan behind Pat erupts into a small flame.

Sam and JJ continue to help Loretta and no one has noticed the fire.

Esteban stares at the flame while simultaneously blocking out Pat's voice.

Esteban SCREAMS in a high pitch voice.

PAT (CONT'D)

What the hell, man?

JJ and Sam turn around and notice the fire.

The fire POPS and spreads into large embers around the room.

Pat turns around and notices the fire.

PAT (CONT'D)

Holy shit!

JJ uses a box to beat the flames and Sam has taken off his shirt and beats the flames.

Pat seizes up and doesn't move.

LORETTA THOMPSON

Somebody get the fire extinguisher!

Esteban has the fire extinguisher in his hands and SPRAYS the room in white smog.

The fire is extinguished and Esteban continues to SPRAY white smog over everything and everyone.

The fire extinguisher finally finishes.

ESTEBAN

Holy shit!

Esteban LAUGHS.

CUT TO:



INT. TRIM ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Both Rosa and Monica face off in a shouting match.

Doug picks up the plastic bong and hits it on the podium a few times.

DOUG

Order. Order in the court. Now,  
Monica, what concrete evidence do you  
have of Rosa stealing?

MONICA

I have text messages from a witness  
who's seen Rosa multiple times in a  
department other than her own.

ROSA

The Devil is a lie.

MONICA

I'm no Devil you fat cow.

ROSA

At least I'm not a stupid whore like  
you.

DOUG

(to Astrid)

Are you getting all of this?

Astrid nods her head as she types.

DOUG (CONT'D)

All right. Order. Order in the court.

Doug smacks his plastic bong a few times on the podium.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Let me see the messages.

Monica removes her phone from her pocket. Angelica walks over and takes the phone and walks it back to Doug.

Doug evaluates the messages. He SWIPES across her screen and a racy picture of Monica in lingerie pops up.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Damn, Monica! I had no idea you looked this good.

MONICA

Stay out of my pictures, Doug.

ANGELICA

That's Judge Doug to you, Monica.

DOUG

Thank you, Angelica. Back to the matter at hand. Can you get this witness to testify?

MONICA

Yes, I can have her here in the next twenty minutes if she isn't busy.

DOUG

It's settled then. We're going to take a short recess, regroup, get our notes in order and when we return, Monica's witness will testify.

Doug smacks the plastic bong on the podium.

ANGELICA

All rise.

Doug makes his way out of the room.

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The warehouse is dark and quiet. Zak enters through a door and clicks on his flashlight.

He walks along the walls until stopping at a large Cheech and Chong movie poster.

ZAK

Of course.

He faces the flashlight toward the wall revealing a crack. He follows the crack up the wall with the light revealing the shape of a door.

He presses on the wall and it opens into--

INT. SECRET ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The door opens and smoke pours out into the warehouse.

When the smoke clears we are met with a small room.

OMAR (30'S) and AARON (20'S) sit chatting with a bong on the table. Across from them on a small couch sit SAMANTHA (20's) and MICHAEL (20's).

In unison they all "AWWW" in disappointment of Zak's entrance.

AARON

Man, who told this clown about the  
Secret Room?

ZAK

Well, well, well. What do we have  
here?

Zak walks over to the table, pulls a chair out from underneath and sits.

ZAK (CONT'D)

Well, don't get quiet on my account.  
What's up?

Samantha and Michael both get up and walk toward the door.

ZAK (CONT'D)

Where the hell are y'all going?

They both stop.

ZAK (CONT'D)

Better sit back down.

They go back to the couch.

ZAK (CONT'D)

You guys throwing a house party in  
here or something?

Zak notices the pizza boxes on a counter in the corner.

OMAR

What do you want, Zak?

ZAK

Listen here, Kid and Play, I need  
answers. Otherwise, I'm shutting all  
this shit down.

AARON

How about this. You tell us who told  
you about this spot, and I'll tell you  
everything I know.

ZAK

A pound of Weed has gone missing and I  
know someone knows something.

Omar and Aaron look at each other and smile.

OMAR

That's it? That's what all this is about? You've got to be the worst detective if I've ever seen one.

ZAK

Well, don't be shy, Columbo, who is it?

AARON

Listen, I don't know who it is, but I can tell you where you're not looking.

ZAK

And where's that?

AARON

Which is the only department that doesn't get searched? I'll give you a hint, the department hasn't been operational very long.

ZAK

Those little bastards.

AARON

All right. We held up our part of the deal.

Zak gets up and walks to the door.

ZAK

It was Ali and Jeb.

Zak exits.

AARON

God, I fucking hate that guy.

END OF ACT 2

ACT THREE

EXT. HIGH HOPES DISPENSARY - EVENING

The parking lot is packed full of cars.

INT. SALES FLOOR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Each BUD-TENDER tends to a patient.

Loretta and Esteban enter through a door behind the stations.

Loretta has changed into other clothes.

Esteban's eyes are blood shot red and chinked.

He has a little drool hanging from his lip.

LORETTA THOMPSON

All right, Esteban, we're almost done.

I just need to evaluate the sales  
floor and give one of the bud-tenders  
a quick questionnaire. Lord knows I  
can't wait to get up out of here.

ESTEBAN

Hmmmm.

LORETTA THOMPSON

Are you sure you're okay? You look  
tired... and sick.

Esteban nods.

ESTEBAN

Hmmmm.

LORETTA THOMPSON

Okay, what ever you say.

CUT TO:

EXT. DELIVERY BAY - EVENING

Large garage doors line the dock on the opposite side of the parking lot.

A grey van is parked at one of the open garage doors.

Zak approaches carefully.

BLAKE (20's) and JARED (20'S) count money inside the garage.

Zak comes into the light.

ZAK

Surprise, motherfuckers.

BLAKE

What's up, Zak?

ZAK

Don't "what's up,"me. We ain't homies.

BLAKE

Uh, okay. Can we help you with something?

ZAK

How did you do it?

BLAKE

Do what?

ZAK

I want to know how you've been getting the Weed outside the building.

(MORE)



ZAK (CONT'D)

At first, I thought, maybe your pockets. But, a pound in a week? That doesn't make sense. You'd have to be pocketing only a couple nugs any opportunity you had, and I watched those cameras until my eyes bled. So, how did you do it?

Blake looks at Jared.

ZAK (CONT'D)

I already called the cops, so don't think about running. Now, speak!

JARED

We switched the scales in the inventory department. We figured out which ones they used regularly for the ounces and it wasn't too hard after that.

ZAK

That's it?

They both nod.

ZAK (CONT'D)

I'm actually a little disappointed. I was hoping you guys were shoving bags of weed up your ass or something, ya know?

Zak laughs a bit.

BLAKE

So, what now?

ZAK

What do you mean "what now?" What are you, stupid, or something? You go to jail. The Green Mile. Shawshank. OZ. Some big black guy is about to rip apart both of your white asses in the pin.

(to cops)

That's all I got, you can take these bitches.

Two POLICE OFFICERS walk into the shot.

BLAKE

What a dick.

POLICE OFFICER

That's some good work. You ever considered joining the force?

ZAK

For what? So I can sit and circle-jerk with you lame ass cops? Don't flatter yourselves.

Zak walks off.

POLICE OFFICER 2

What an ass hole.

CUT TO:

INT. TRIM ROOM - EVENING - CONTINUOUS

The jury of Ladies fall back into their spots.

Astrid sits behind the computer while Monica and Rosa are standing at the table.

Angelica walks in and stands next to the podium where Doug is sitting.

DOUG

Is the witness ready?

MONICA

Yes, Judge Doug.

DOUG

Good. Lets proceed. Bring in the witness.

Angelica walks to the door and opens it. She escorts MARGO (20's) up to the podium.

Margo looks around at everyone in confusion.

MARGO

What the hell is all of this?

DOUG

Just play along.

Angelica removes a Bible from the table.

ANGELICA

Raise your right hand and place your left hand on the Bible.

Margo obeys.

ANGELICA (CONT'D)

Do you solemnly swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth?

MARGO

I do.

DOUG

Within the last two weeks have you or  
have you not witnessed Rosa in your  
department?

MARGO

I don't know if I feel comfortable  
answering that. Should I have a lawyer  
present?

MONICA

Just tell them what you saw, Margo.

MARGO

Okay, well, first of all, your hair  
looks really nice today, Rosa.

Rosa blushes.

ROSA

Thank you.

DOUG

We don't have all day, Margo, get to  
the point.

MARGO

Okay, yes, I did see Rosa in my  
department.

MONICA

I knew it!

MARGO

But, she wasn't stealing.

The jury of Women GASPS.

DOUG

Then what was she doing?

MARGO

She's been hooking up with ALEJANDRO  
the grounds keeper.

MONICA

You, slut! Alejandro is mine!

Astrid leaps out of her seat.

ASTRID

What! You, bitches! I've been hooking  
up with Alejandro.

Angelica steps forward.

ANGELICA

All of you are wrong! Alejandro is my  
man.

The Jury of Women stand up. They have been hooking up with  
Alejandro as well.

YELLING between the Women fuels the room.

MARGO

Can I go now?

DOUG

All right! Order! Order, damn it!

Doug SLAMS the plastic bong a few times.

The Women ignore Doug and continue to ARGUE.

The situation escalates and they all fight.

The door opens with a loud CREEK.

Aaron enters and the Women stop fighting and look up at Aaron.

AARON

What are y'all doing?

DOUG

We were trying to figure out who has been stealing the missing Weed.

AARON

Zak caught the guys like ten minutes ago.

DOUG

Oh.

The Women continue to fight. Aaron exits along with Margo and Doug.

CUT TO:

INT. SALES FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

The sales floor is busy as patients flow in and out of the door.

Loretta stands off to the side. Esteban attempts to stand as he falls asleep next to her.

LORETTA THOMPSON

All right, I just need one of your bud-tenders to answer a few questions and if they pass you all will be good to go.

ESTEBAN

Hmmmm.

LORETTA THOMPSON

Let me see here.

She starts at station two where Maria Works. She notices the tattoos and gauges and shoots her a dirty look.

Maria notices.

MARIA

Bring it, bitch.

Loretta moves on to station three where JEFF (30's, fat, tatted) works.

Jeff notices and rubs his hands together.

JEFF

Oh, I'm ready! Come on!

Loretta shakes her head and moves on to station four where Omar works. His eyes are chinked and he's smiling giddily.

OMAR

I--

Loretta holds her hand up and moves on to station 5 where ARIANNA works.

CLOSE ON Arianna. She FLIPS her hair with raw power, she plumps her lips and applies lip gloss, she sprays some window cleaner on her glass and cleans it with her breast. She's very hot.

The patients are all watching in amazement.

Loretta notices a cheat-sheet on her counter top.

LORETTA THOMPSON

I choose you.

The room goes quiet.

Arianna is wide-eyed.

Both bud-tenders and their patients all look over at her and Loretta.

MARIA

We are so fucked.

Esteban continues to try and stay awake.

CUT TO:

INT. SALES FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

The room is black. A SPOTLIGHT comes on and SHINES on Loretta and Arianna.

They both sit facing each other, Loretta has cue cards in her hands and Arianna only has an electronic pad.

The theme music for "Who Wants to be a Millionaire," plays and an AUDIENCE CHEERS in the back.

Arianna smiles and waves to all the people.

The music calms and becomes intense.

LORETTA THOMPSON

Okay, Arianna, the final question to keep your dispensary open. You've only got one lifeline left... Are you ready?

ARIANNA

Uh, yeah, I think so.

LORETTA THOMPSON

Okay, lets do it. How many grams are in an eighth?

SUPER: How many grams are in an eighth?

LORETTA THOMPSON (CONT'D)

Is it, A: 4.5, B: 6.5, C: 3.5, D:  
100.5?

SUPER: A: 4.5, B: 6.5, C: 3.5, D: 100.5.



LORETTA THOMPSON (CONT'D)

Let's put forty-five seconds on the  
clock.

SUPER: 45 second countdown clock.

ARIANNA

Uh, I know this one. At least, I think  
I know this one. Uh...

LORETTA THOMPSON

Thirty seconds, Arianna.

ARIANNA

I'd like to phone a friend.

LORETTA THOMPSON

Stop the clock.

SUPER: 30 seconds.

LORETTA THOMPSON (CONT'D)

Who would you like to call?

ARIANNA

Uh, umm, I'd like to call Esteban, my  
team lead.

The crowd CHEERS.

LORETTA THOMPSON

Let's get Esteban on the line.

SUPER: Phone icon.

The phone RINGS. Esteban picks up.

ESTEBAN (O.S.)

Hmmm?

LORETTA THOMPSON

Esteban, this is Loretta Thompson with the Department of Health inspection. I have Arianna here who's trying to keep your dispensary open. You have thirty seconds to help her with this question. Take it away, Arianna.

SUPER: 30 second countdown clock.

ARIANNA

Okay, how many grams are in an eighth?  
Is it 4.5, 6.5, 3.5, Or 100.5?

The clock begins the countdown.

ESTEBAN (O.S.)

Hmmmm! Hmmmm! Hmmmm.

ARIANNA

A?

ESTEBAN (O.S.)

Hmmmm.

ARIANNA (O.S.)

B?

ESTEBAN (O.S.)

Hmmmm.

ARIANNA

C?

ESTEBAN (O.S.)

Hmmmmmm! Hmm!

ARIANNA

Are you sure?

ESTEBAN (O.S.)

Hmmmmmmmm!

ARIANNA

Okay, I'm going to trust you on this  
one.

The call ends.

LORETTA THOMPSON

Times up. What's it going to be?

The clock continues the count down.

ARIANNA

C, final answer.

SUPER: C: 3.5 BLINKS.

LORETTA THOMPSON

That is... Correct!

Confetti falls from the ceiling and the crowd CHEERS loudly.

Arianna claps her hands happily.

The Bud-tenders rush the floor from the crowd and hug  
Arianna.

CUT TO:

INT. LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Loretta and Esteban stand in the lobby.

She finishes writing in her book. She pulls the piece of  
paper out and hands it to Esteban.

LORETTA THOMPSON

You did good today, Esteban. All past mistakes were addressed and up to standard. Do you have anything for me before I go?

ESTEBAN

Hmmm!

He holds a thumbs up.

LORETTA THOMPSON

Okay, then, I'll be e-mailing my final report over when it's finished. It has been a pleasure.

Loretta sticks her hand out. Esteban SLAPS her hand.

LORETTA THOMPSON (CONT'D)

Right...

She leaves.

Esteban turns around to face Leo and Ian who are watching from the front office.

IAN

Did we pass?

Esteban holds a thumbs up. He passes out.

LEO

Should we call an ambulance?

IAN

Nah, he'll be fine.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

