

High On Etsy Ep 2

By

Bonnie J. Stinson

bonniestinson@gmail.com

INT. PETERSON HOUSE - LOU'S ROOM - MORNING

RING RING. RING RING. Lou's laptop sits open on her bed. Someone is calling via Skype. Lou darts into the room to answer the call, toothbrush dangling from her lips.

LOU
(Muffled by the toothbrush and spit)
Yes! Hi! I miss you! One sec.

Lou darts out again to SPIT and rinse before plopping down on her bed.

WINNY
Well hi.

LOU
Hi hi. How's it going? How was your week?

WINNY
Oh you know, I'm fairly certain they only hired me because I'm "ethnic." And the amount of cultural appropriation going on here is beyond absurd. Same old. What about you?

LOU
Fucking...everything. Cultural appropriation sucks. I'm sorry.

WINNY
It's not your fault, Lou.

LOU
I know, but you're awesome and shouldn't have to deal with that shit. You're good at your job, Win, and that's why they hired you.

Lou carries the laptop into the kitchen with her.

INT. PETERSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Lou sets the laptop on the table and proceeds to make tea.

WINNY
Yeah yeah. Thanks. You look suspiciously bright and bushy tailed for a Saturday morning.

(CONTINUED)

LOU

Okay. So get this. You know how pot is legal in Washington State?

WINNY

Along with gay marriage, hollah!

LOU

Right? Well, apparently weed is super popular here. AND it's all the old people who buy it. AAAND apparently those same people are fucking buying shit off Etsy! Some guy at the bistro was wearing these shell cufflinks that I had literally just bookmarked.

WINNY

Okay, whoa. I see where you're going with this. And I love you, but it's a bad fucking idea.

LOU

What? Come on. I've been researching the legal issues and reading all about the pot industry in Washington, and I have read a ton of articles on all that other small business stuff.

WINNY

Do I have to state the obvious? You are sharing a one room apartment with your mother, you don't have a job, and you're somehow going to grow and sell pot on Etsy? So many crash and burn possibilities.

LOU

No no, not actually selling pot. "Cannabis-inspired products."

WINNY

Are we talking like throw pillows with needlepoint embroidered marijuana leaves?

LOU

Maybe. Although I'm thinking more along the lines of wearable smokable pot amulets. I need to do a little more research on my target demographic.

(CONTINUED)

WINNY

Only you, Lou.

The kettle whistles and Lou turns to pour the water into a travel thermos.

LOU

It's crazy, I know, but it feels good to have a project, you know? Anyway. Any news in the romance department?

WINNY

My boss thinks I would make a great receptionist, and I quote, "especially in that shirt."

LOU

Ugh. Men suck.

LOU AND WINNY

(Spoken together, like an inside joke)

So do women!

LOU

Okay lady, I'm off to sell pot to the elderly.

WINNY

Like taking candy from babies.

LOU

Love you.

WINNY

Love you too.

Lou closes her laptop and walks out of frame, the front door CLICKING. Cue theme music.

INT. GROCERY STORE - LATE MORNING

THEME MUSIC like Harriet the Spy. Lou wanders the aisles, pen in hand. She hovers near older people and scribbles observations. On her way out she sees Guy at the checkout.

CLOSEUP NOTEBOOK

xyzobservation

EXT. MAIN STREET - NOON

Lou walks down Main Street, subtly taking pictures of storefronts, tchotchkes and older people.

CLOSEUP NOTEBOOK

xyzobservation

INT. KNIT N KNOT STORE - AFTERNOON

Lou smiles at the cashier and sits down with the other ladies knitting, listening and taking notes.

CLOSEUP NOTEBOOK

xyzobservation

INT. LIBRARY - DUSK

Lou is looking at small business books. She spots Gia looking for movies in the next aisle and awkwardly hides and blushes. Or do they interact?

Intercut with Lou typing up her notes in an email to Winny from each location, rapid fire on her laptop, in true sociological fashion. A librarian waves at her and taps his watch indicating closing time. She finishes with a satisfied slap to the Enter key.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

Lou walks home from the library on the road by the beach and spots a group of rowdy middle aged folks hippie dancing around a bonfire. She decides to investigate. A man and woman sit together off to the side and Lou tucks into the sand bank on her back, army style, to eavesdrop.

HIGH ANGLE ON LOU

laying on the dune, face to the night sky. Her nose wrinkles when she smells pot. To her shock, the voice she hears is a definitely high Mary.

MARY

So if you ever plant an Asian pear tree, make sure it's somewhere with enough sun!

CUT TO:

INT. PETERSON HOUSE - LOU'S ROOM - NIGHT

Lou lays on her back on her bed in the dark, in the same position and with the same expression of shock. Her notebook with observations lays open on the table beside her.

The door opens and light streams in. MARY is high and happy.

MARY

You must go see the moon, Lou.
Splendiferous, how it just sits
there and moves and affects
everything, from the tides to
women's bodies to...who knows.
Sweetheart?

LOU

Do all caseworkers smoke pot, or
just you?

MARY

I am a grown woman, Louise. I pay
rent - for both of us - and when
I'm not working a full time job, I
can do as I please with my free
time.

LOU

Fine, alright. I'm going to sleep.

MARY

It wouldn't hurt to apply for that
sound job with city council. You
could add it to your résumé and
earn a little cash while you figure
things out.

The door closes.

CUT TO MOON IN THE SKY

Furious SCRIBBLING sounds and a SHIFT of the blankets.

CLOSEUP LOU'S NOTEBOOK

in the moonlight, with the handwritten words "middle aged
menopausal women."

END