

High On Etsy Ep 4

By

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INT. PETERSON HOUSE - LOU'S ROOM - DAY

Lou's bed hosts a sketchpad, dried paint on a palette, several craft magazines and too many craft books. She's not there. Cue PEPPY MUSIC.

INT. GROCERY STORE - SAME TIME

Lou gets in line behind an older couple and places her items on the conveyor belt. On top, she ostentatiously lays her newly printed cannabis-themed reusable grocery bags. The older folks notice her bag.

LOU
Sustainability is important to me.
(OR, I love the earth.)

SHOPPER 1
Aren't those lovely, George?
Reminds me of Escher, don't you
think?

SHOPPER 2
(Shopper 1's husband, in a
smart pair of glasses. He's
probably an architect.)
A little too Andy Warhol for me.

Lou mentally takes note.

EXT. MAIN STREET - BUS STOP - AFTERNOON

LOU climbs on the bus.

INT. BUS - CONTINUOUS

She spots an older gentleman in a tie-dye shirt and ponytail wearing several hippie necklaces sitting toward the back of the bus.

She purposefully 'accidentally' drops her prototype amulet/locket necklace on the floor. It pops open and loose leaf pot falls out. He stoops down to retrieve it and the pot for her.

CLOSEUP ON ITEMS IN HIS WRINKLED HAND

TIE-DYE BUS MAN
(Struck by the item's
ingenuity)
Is this a...necklace? With storage?

(CONTINUED)

LOU
That crystal helps with anxiety. It
would look good on you.

TIE-DYE BUS MAN
Right on.

EXT. OAK HARBOR - LOU'S GRANDPARENTS' HOME

LOU steps off the bus and walks across the street to her
grandparents' home.

KNOCK KNOCK.

NATALIE, Lou's grandmother, answers the door.

NATALIE
(patting Lou's arm)
Well, hi. Come on in. Your
grandpa's making bread.

INT. GRANDPARENTS' HOUSE - ENTRYWAY

Lou kicks off her shoes and unwraps her scarf.

O.S. DON
It's almost ready!

INT. GRANDPARENTS' HOUSE - KITCHEN

Natalie and Lou sit at a simple dining table. Don carries in
a loaf of hot bread on a cutting board.

DON
I might have mixed up the salt and
the sugar.

LOU
It smells good, Grandpa.

NATALIE
What's new with you, Lou? We
haven't seen you for a few weeks.

LOU
Not much. Doing lots of writing and
networking. Lots of online
research.

DON
How did your mom's presentation go?

LOU
They're not real yet.

DON
You designed them? Hey, that's pretty good.

LOU
Really?

DON
I think Grammy has a lot of blankets already, but yours would definitely be her favorite.

This is not going well for Lou. She's losing steam.

LOU
Thanks, Grandpa.
(Beat.)
I'm going to catch the last bus.

She packs up and heads for the door.

DON
Come back soon, we love seeing you.

They hug.

LOU
Bye-a.

INT. BUS - NIGHT

Pensive folksy MUSIC, like Damien Rice, into something like Nickel Creek. Lou reviews her notes from the day. Calls on her courage. She can do this. People *like* her products.

She pulls out her iPad and types up some flyers with her photoshopped pictures of her products and her alternate email.

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

CLOSEUP a hand pulling sheets out of a printer.

CLOSEUP LAPTOP SCREEN

"To winonatamsin@gmail.com. EXECUTE OPERATION BABYGRASS. Over and out."

EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT

CLOSEUP FLYER

"Babygrass. Cannabis-inspired housewares and accessories. Locally and sustainably made. (Pic of several items). Email babygrass@gmail.com."

Pull back to reveal Lou's flyers littering the town, on phone poles and bus stops and windshields.

Camera stays on Main Street on fast forward as the sun rises and people start stopping to look at flyers.

INT. PETERSON HOUSE - LOU'S ROOM - MORNING

Lou is asleep in bed as the sun slowly rises. PING. Lou rolls over. PING PING. She inhales deeply and sits up. What's that noise? PINGPINGPINGPING PING PING PING. She flips open her laptop, eyes widening in glee. She grins. Babygrass emails are arriving like wildfire.

END