

High On Etsy Ep 6

By

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[PLEASEINSERT\PRERENDERUNICODE{Â†}INTOPREAMBLE] EPISODE 6:
AN ANONYMOUS CEASE-AND-DESIST LETTER ADDRESSED TO LOU FROM
THE LOCAL KINGPIN CREATES A RIFT BETWEEN LOU AND GIA. UNABLE
TO BRAG TO HER FRIENDS AND FAMILY, LOU ISN'T SATISFIED AND
FOCUSES ON HER CITY COUNCIL JOB WHILE DEBATING SHUTTING HER
BUSINESS DOWN.

EXT. PETERSON HOUSE - BACK PORCH - MORNING

LOU does yoga on her back porch. The sun is warm. She has
cash in her wallet. She's a business woman! Suddenly MARY
opens the door.

MARY

Do all your friends have really bad
handwriting?

Lou continues in tree pose.

LOU

Hm?

MARY

This was in the mailbox.
(She holds up a letter)
Where did that yoga mat come from?

LOU

I bought it.

MARY

I thought you didn't have any
money.

Lou wobbles in tree pose.

LOU

I...got it cheap on Craigslist.
(Beat.)
I love you mom!

MARY

(Going back inside)
Love you, too. Oh, I'll be at the
council meeting tonight too, so
let's leave around 7:45.

LOU

Bye!

INT. PETERSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - JUST AFTER

Lou sits at the kitchen table, fresh from yoga. She's perturbed by the letter. There's no return address.

CLOSEUP ON ENVELOPE IN LOU'S HANDS

as she rips it open. Her eyebrows furrow. She doesn't know whether to laugh or be terrified.

On anonymous fancy letterhead with a calligraphic signature and lots of big words, reads

"Dear Lou Peterson,

It has come to my attention that in the last few weeks you have been advertising and selling certain products throughout the South Whidbey region.

It is my duty to inform you that your services will no longer be required. You are infringing on a long tradition of buying such products from an established, local, and family-owned business.

This is your first and only warning. Cease and desist all business operations at once, or you and your loved ones shall be terminated from this community immediately.

Regards,

Mr. Smith"

Lou lays the letter down and pulls out a jewelry box. She opens it. It's stuffed with cash.

RING RING. It's WINNY on Skype, calling from her hotel room in Denver. Lou lopes over to answer it.

LOU

Win?

WINNY

Hey! I'm at this conference in Denver but I'm totally skipping the workshop on 'how to market ethnic products'.

LOU

A conference? Fancy shmancy.

WINNY

I know, right? I owe it all to my douchebag boss and his overwhelming

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

WINNY (cont'd)
white guilt. So any news on the
Babygrass front? I am so desperate
to tell my friends what a capital
success you are. Capital like --

LOU
-- capitalism, I get it. Well, I
have a shit ton of cash.

WINNY
Nicely done.

LOU
My mother is suddenly very
suspicious of my financial
situation because I just bought a
new yoga mat.

WINNY
She should just be happy that
you're exercising at all.

LOU
Right?

WINNY
I'm sensing a but. Trouble in ganja
paradise?

LOU
You're going to laugh, and I don't
even know if it's for real or not.

Lou holds up the letter to her webcam for Winny to see.

WINNY
I can't read it. Is it a job offer?

LOU
I'm pretty sure it's a cease and
desist letter from the local
marijuana kingpin, or whatever you
call it.

WINNY
That's hilarious!

LOU
No, it's not hilarious! It's like,
embossed. I think they're pretty
serious. "Cease and desist or you
and your loved ones will be

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LOU (cont'd)
terminated immediately. Regards,
Mr. Smith."

WINNY
So you're going to let yourself be
intimidated by some nameless dude
with fancy stationery who's clearly
jealous of your success?

LOU
Remember how I told you about Gia?

WINNY
Resituating herself on the sunny balcony of her hotel room
and donning sunglasses.
Hot lady waitress dealer thingy.

LOU
Right. Well, when I was just
starting out she sent me an email
that was basically a friendly
version of this letter, about how
there was already a local industry
and people don't like getting their
toes stepped on. And we went out
and it was like, beyond lovely and
she's really hot, but I don't know
if she might be a part of this.

WINNY
You sure can pick 'em.

LOU
At least she's not straight.

WINNY
Well, ask around. Go talk to her.

LOU
Like, hey I'm Lou and I've been
selling pot products and wanted to
know if there's anyone in town
who's mad about it and has a
history of violence?

WINNY
Ok. I know you're upset, LouLou,
but I'm trying to help.

LOU

I'm sorry. I just...I'll never get to post anything on Facebook with me sitting at a fancy hotel by the pool that says, thanks to all my hard work on Babygrass. I can't email the Alum Quarterly to brag like all the fundraisers and development economists do. What's the point of running a business and making money if I can't brag about it?

WINNY

Ignoring the whole of philanthropy, I assume. No, I know what you mean. There's all this pressure to craft a successful image of yourself and live up to the standards of your peers. And you can't network if you can't be honest about your work.

LOU

Yes. Yes, oh my god, thank you.

WINNY

I still think you need to ask for help. Maybe call the career office with a fake name?

LOU

Ugh. I hate asking for help.

WINNY

But help is super helpful when you need it.

LOU

I miss you.

WINNY

I miss you too.

LOU

Ok, go take a nap by the pool or something. Wouldn't want to waste a single drop of that precious white guilt.

WINNY

You'll be fine. Be safe.

(CONTINUED)

LOU

Bye!

Lou hangs up. Checks the time.

INT. LIBRARY - AFTERNOON

LOU asks the LIBRARIAN for resources on small business legality in WA state. She gets a few books and sits at a desk. She flips through a few, but finally logs onto the career office website for her alma mater.

CLOSEUP ON RADIO BUTTONS

on registration page.

"Please select your industry: Agriculture, Automotive, Biology...Other."

She selects other. Next box:

"Please describe your biggest roadblock:"

The cursor blinks. Lou slams the laptop shut.

PATRON

Shhhhh!

The librarian beckons her over.

LOU

I'm really sorry, I --

LIBRARIAN

I thought you might be interested in these free seminars offered by the city for small business owners.

He hands over the paper.

CLOSEUP LOU

INT. PETERSON CAR - NIGHT

CLOSEUP SEMINAR PAPER

sticking out of Lou's bag. LOU and MARY drive to the city council meeting.

EXT. CITY HALL - NIGHT

City Hall's parking lot is full of cars. The lights are on.

V.O. SECRETARY DARLA

Julia.

V.O. MS. JULIA BARNES

Present.

INT. CITY HALL - MEETING ROOM - SAME TIME

The council and guests are assembled in a modest room. The council sits in a raised booth at the head of the room. About 25 community members are seated in the audience. Lou is seated with a soundboard beside the council bar.

SECRETARY DARLA

Don. (Present) Randy (present).
Eleanor (Present). Dewey (present).

DEWEY

Good evening everyone, and thank you for coming out tonight. Before we get down to business, I'd like to remind everyone of upcoming events, including the bathtub races on Thursday and the seminar for small business owners here at City Hall on Saturday. Today we've invited Mary Peterson, a longtime Freeland resident and social worker, to join the council for a special session on youth and drug use in our community. We'd like to welcome Mary's daughter Lou --

An electronic whine echoes in the room as Lou hits a wrong button out of surprise.

-- who has kindly stepped up to do sound for us.

Lou and Dewey make eye contact. Is he the kingpin? Dewey looks away and smiles at Mary.

DEWEY

Let's begin.