

HELLO CANNABIS

"Mob Boss Takes A Hit"
(Pilot)

by
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Series Bible: <https://michaelhowardproductions.com/wp-content/uploads/2025/01/Hello-Cannabis-Series-Bible-III.pdf>

Proof of Concept Trailer: <https://youtu.be/yMALrGuxMqI>
Proof of Concept (7min): <https://youtu.be/7-9CYUnElDI>

COLD OPEN

FADE IN:

INT./EXT. HELLO CANNABIS DELIVERY CAR (DRIVING) - DAY

DEREK DEVINE, 31, white, with hair of an orangutan and the fashion sense of SpongeBob, belts out lyrics while he drives on the I-295 Southbound in Anacostia, MD.

DEREK
I LOVE YOU SWEET LEAF ...

Nodding to the music, window down, the strands of his red hair blow about his face like spaghetti clinging to a bowl in a wind storm.

DEREK (CONT'D)
THEY PUT YOU DOWN, AND SHUT YOU OUT
...

Looking up, he sees his offramp SUITLAND PARKWAY, and merges onto it.

DEREK (CONT'D)
YOU GAVE TO ME... A NEW BELIEF.

Approaching the signal, he squints ahead and spots a black man panhandling for money, holding a sign. It reads:

"I QUIT SPEED, NOW I JUST SMOKE WEED"

Derek leans out the window.

DEREK (CONT'D)
What happened to "Booze, Smooze, or Food," A-Bright?

ALLEN ALLBRIGHT, 33, a smooth talker with pearly whites and velvet bowling ball head, he's got the heart of a saint, but the tongue of a snake.

ALLEN
You kidding? Suckers thought "smooze" meant lip- *smacking*, not green-back *slapping*, brother.

Derek's blank stare belies his lack of understanding. Moving on...

DEREK
You want your order of weed --

Derek reaches over the seat and grabs a cooler.

DEREK (CONT'D)
-- I got it right here.

ALLEN
What?! Didn't they tell you? I'm
sober now! It's been thirty days...
Look --

Allen opens his jacket enough to reveal his t-shirt:

AA IS LIKE SEX - IT DOESN'T GET GOOD UNTIL IT GETS HARD!

A horn blares behind Derek.

DEREK
-- Zing, I gotta go, congrat's on --

ALLEN
-- Hold up, D. I need to talk. How
'bout a ride?

DEREK
I don't --

Another angry horn blast and Derek's frantic glance out the back window gives Allen just enough time to hop in.

INT. HELLO CANNABIS DELIVERY CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Derek and Allen ride in silence, then Allen pulls a grotesquely swollen wad of bills and shoves it at Derek.

ALLEN
LOOK! I got six hundred bucks from
hustling.

DEREK
Hip to the hop, AB. Whatcha you
gonna do with it?

ALLEN
Give it to you.

DEREK
What?

ALLEN
Yeah. For that spare room you got.
You need the money, right?

DEREK
I don't know, A-Bright --

ALLEN
-- NO. You just got this job. Your trust fund's not enough, I *know* that. Then there's your *MOM*.

Derek winces.

DEREK
Truth. But you say you're sober, I don't think it'll work. You know I'm a dabber --

Glances at Allen with eyebrows raised.

DEREK (CONT'D)
-- a purveyor of the finer things in life, so to say.

Allen's eyes roll. Head shakes. Looks the other way. Then,

ALLEN
I need this. This is my chance to get OUT.

DEREK
Sobriety is huge, AB. HUGE. I haven't had swine juice myself since 2017.

ALLEN
Booze? Yeah, but you smoke weed. That's not sober.

Death stare.

DEREK
California sober!

Allen thrusts the wad at Derek again.

ALLEN
Take the money -- you need at least this much to do something about that --

Allen nods to Derek's lime green overall shorts, black socks and white tennis shoes.

SNATCH! Derek yanks the money from his hand and pronounces --

DEREK
You got yourself a roommate.

EXT. ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH -- MOMENTS LATER

Derek pulls into the parking lot of a church where men and women are smoking, holding Styrofoam cups. A sign reads:

EARLY BIRD AA MEETING 7AM

ALLEN
You won't regret this, D. It'll be great!

DEREK
I've known you a long time, AB. Let's get one thing straight. No preaching to me about quitting weed, kapeesh?

Allen opens the door but confronts Derek.

ALLEN
Sucker. You already stopped drinking. At least come in to peep the ladies.

Derek stares out the window. People are gawking and pointing at them. Jerking the car into drive, forcing Allen to jump out, Derek yells to Allen as he leaves.

DEREK
Hell to the no!

AA members point as the putrid green Prius with marijuana leaf roof ornament, "800-GO-4-Green" sign and exhaust pipe made into bong, blazes its way down the road.

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT I

FADE IN:

INT./EXT. NANCY'S APARTMENT - DAY

An apartment door's eye slot swiftly slides open. A pair of medical-grade wraparound sunglasses stare out the slot.

NANCY
Who's there?

DEREK
Mom! It's me, you know, you're son!
I got your medicine!

NANCY DEVINE, 54, an angry Lucille Ball type, with wrecking ball behavior and fingernails along the chalkboard personality swings the door open a few inches.

NANCY
Hurry in. NOW! Watch for mutant
dust mites!

Derek jumps into action, squeezes through the slight opening of the door, but --

-- Nancy presses the door back against him, keeping the opening as small as possible --

-- He stumbles --

-- she pushes --

-- he lurches, skips, then the door slams, slinging him into the apartment. Derek looks at his mom.

A drink in her hand, she wears a face mask, medical glasses, carpal tunnel wrist braces and hospital gown.

DEREK
You look... nice, Mom

She looks down at her gown. Her eyebrows furrow.

NANCY
(wiping)
You made me spill my drink!

DEREK
Sorry, Mom, I --

NANCY

-- What are you doing here?

DEREK

Well, I ... you mean ... didn't you
--

NANCY

-- out with it! Bacteria is
swirling around like the legions of
hell.

DEREK

Whoa! Sure, I'm not a daily bather
but, doesn't mean --

NANCY

-- Sweet baby Jesus! I don't have
time to lollygag like two whores
with a yeast infection.

(pushing)

Living room ... I have air filters
there.

Plastic sheets extend floor to ceiling. Nancy unzips an
opening, pushes Derek in, zips back up.

ZAP! CRACKLE! Six air filters crackle and pop the ozone of
the room. Derek winces each time a machine produces a ZAP.

DEREK

I like what --

(ZAP!)

-- you did with the couch.

Nancy waves at the plastic covered furniture.

NANCY

Can you imagine those mutant dust
mites procreating like horny little
bunnies inside every crease and
crevice of that thing!

(shudders)

Sweet mother of God!

Derek nods his head. Smiles. Winces at a ZAP.

NANCY (CONT'D)

So what brings the prodigal son to
my doorstep wearing RuPaul pants
the color of my liver?

For the second time today, Derek looks at his lime green overall shorts, black socks and white shoes.

DEREK

Didn't you order weed?

NANCY

By God, I did! Don't tell me you work there?

DEREK

Been there --

(ZAP!)

-- a week.

NANCY

Praise the dirty blessed Trinity!
My own son bearing manna from
heaven.

DEREK

Did Dr. Verde prescribe it for your glaucoma?

NANCY

That witch? She wouldn't recognize herpes if it banged her in a jacuzzi and said it was just a blister. No. I researched on the internet. For my Nummular Headache and Exploding Head Syndrome.

DEREK

The internet...? Mom, you should -

NANCY

-- Don't you start with me. I've told you these doctors are as worthless as an altar boy with a small dick.

Derek frowns at this.

DEREK

They're doctors!

NANCY

Doctors who refuse to --

Nancy chokes on the word.

NANCY (CONT'D)

-- *believe* that I'm in pain!

Nancy belts back the rest of her drink in a single motion.

DEREK

Oh hell to the no, Mom.

Derek reaches for the glass but stumbles as Nancy pops up to replenish it, expertly side-stepping his effort.

NANCY

So you've got the Purple Eggplant?

DEREK

Uh ... what?

NANCY

Purple Eggplant. The internet said what I need is some swoll' ass dank Purple Eggplant.

Derek looks uncomfortable. Shifts in his seat.

DEREK

You ... you can't mean -- Wait. The internet? *Where* on the internet?

NANCY

Cures what ails you dot com.

Derek stares.

DEREK

You know Purple Eggplant can mean something else, right?

NANCY

Good Mary mother of God! You are driving me to drink. Stop speaking in tongues. You got the weed or not?

DEREK

Yes, I got it. But it's hell-to-the-no *NOT* the "Swoll' ass dank Purple Eggplant" you're looking for, but I got the weed.

NANCY

Purple Eggplant *Delight*.

DEREK

Delight!?

NANCY

Yes, delight! Hells to *your* bells!
Out with it! Give it to me!

Derek nods with an air of importance. Gets to work.

MONTAGE OF DEREK DELIVERY ROUTINE

- Derek snaps first surgical glove on. Then second.
- Opens six-pack cooler revealing sealed packages with names
- Carefully examines each package label until finds one marked "Devine"
- Nancy impatiently showing set of numbers on her phone that match numbers inside package (security measure)
- Derek carefully cross-referencing order with --

END OF MONTAGE

-- SNATCH!

Nancy snatches the package from Derek's grip.

NANCY (CONT'D)

This doesn't say Purple Eggplant
Delight!

DEREK

That's right. We sell weed. Not
Eighties-moms-get-their-groove-back
on.

NANCY

I paid for Purple Eggplant Delight,
not...

(reading)

"Purple Handy Just Right"

DEREK

It's just as good, Mom. Trust me.

Exasperated, Nancy rips both carpal tunnel braces off,
produces weed-rolling plate and begins to roll a joint.

NANCY

(while rolling)

Why the career change, anyway?

DEREK

For once, I wanted a job that has a
future.

Nancy snaps her facemask off, licks the rolling paper.

NANCY
Is that right?

DEREK
Yep! It's in the medical field. And
in an area I have a certain measure
of expertise in, if you know what I
mean.

Nancy frowns, her tongue appears and disappears then --

TWAA!

She spits a seed out of her mouth. The seed --

-- bounces off the plate --

-- ricochets off Derek's cheek (he flinches) --

-- squirts through the grill of an air filter, then --

ZAAAAAP! CRAAAACKLE!

Derek's face contorts into painful twitching pain with the
prolonged ZAP until finally --

-- he jumps up and paces to shake it off.

NANCY
(glancing at him)
Plagues and pestilence, Derek. Sit
down, why don't you... you do have
an expertise in *something*.

DEREK
I'm *helping* people... Like
you!

Off come the wraparound glasses. Nancy squints at the joint
she has rolled.

NANCY
You want to help? Look at this. In
your "*professional*" opinion is it
too tight?

Derek walks to Nancy, puts hand out. She drops into his palm.

With an air of importance, examines the joint carefully.
Rolls it between his fingers. Puts in mouth, puffs on it.

DEREK
It'll burn, Mom.

NANCY
Then help your mom feel better and
light it. My Nummular Headache
symptoms are acting up.

Derek pulls lighter, about to light joint in his mouth,
frowns then gives it to Nancy.

DEREK
I'll light it for you.

She accepts light, puffs, inhales with loud sucking sounds.

DEREK (CONT'D)
Anyway ... I thought I'd open my
own dispensary.

Nancy leans back. Takes another long hit with loud sucking
sounds. Holds breath deeply. Blows out slowly. Studies Derek
carefully.

NANCY
Are you asking for money from your
father's trust fund?

DEREK
No. I'm going --

NANCY
-- Good, because that money aint
for the devil's work --
(in between hits)
-- like some school yard popsicle
stand selling drugs --

DEREK
-- that you just bought enough of --

NANCY
-- and while we're on the subject
of your father's trust fund --

DEREK
-- to get the entire church choir
high... Wait. What about my trust
fund?

Nancy holds the joint to Derek, who shakes his head. She
keeps the joint held high in the air. Leans toward him.

NANCY

I'll make you a deal... You find me the right... medicine... that stops my Exploding Head Syndrome and eases my Nummular Headaches... I'll consider releasing funds for a business venture. This Handy Pansy junk isn't working.

DEREK

Deal. I'm glad to --

NANCY

-- but, if you don't get me what I want, I'll yank your monthly allowance faster than David's unholy slingshot on speed.

DEREK

I don't think you can --

NANCY

-- and don't think I won't. I can't imagine this job is paying enough for an apartment. Not in *Anacostia*, that's for sure.

DEREK

It's not, and I'm counting on the trust fund. Dad would *not* allow this.

NANCY

Bless your bleeding heart, Derek. Your dad was a booze loving, whore chasing heathen. The only thing he didn't allow was an orgasm.

Derek opens his mouth, snaps it shut. Then --

DEREK

He was a U.S. Senator, Mom. Christ Almighty!

NANCY

I've told you not to speak of your father in vain. Consider the funds frozen.

Derek grabs cooler, heads to zipper opening.

DEREK

I'll ask about the strain you want,
Mom, but don't mess with my
allowance, it's not the ...
Christian thing to do.

NANCY

(shouting as he leaves)
We're Catholic, son. Far from
Christian!

INT. HELLO CANNABIS (SALES FLOOR) - DAY

Derek is talking with JADA, 24, black, sales associate at Hello Cannabis. Sassy, smart and sophisticated, she'll as soon smack a man than listen to a fool.

JADA

You better just back --

DEREK

-- that's not what I meant.

JADA

Oh, I know what you meant. I know
exactly how white-boy asks sister
for booty.

DEREK

Truth... NOT. I'd be more like "Yo,
my fine doe, from another mo, wanna
get down with a sugar white --
(eyebrows raised)
fine ass ... sooul?"

Jada rolls her eyes and stomps off.

Derek spots COLE, 26, middle-eastern, also sales associate. A sincere man with impeccable taste, his appetite for men is only surpassed by his disdain of them. Derek trots to him.

DEREK (CONT'D)

Cole. Brother. How's the virus
coming along?

COLE

(fierce whisper)
Derek *Devine*, I told you to keep
that --
(skims Derek head to toe)
-- on the D.L.

DEREK

Don't worry, I won't say who you,
um, caught it from.

COLE

You can't *catch* it from anyone,
man. It's software.

Cole glances at Jada knowingly.

DEREK

Yeah, I know... I *knew* that, Cole.
Come on. It's me, *Derek*. I know
things, right.

COLE

(exhales)

Sorry. I've been stressed with the
new boss and all. She's been asking
for you.

DEREK

Oh hell to the no. Really? What
for?

COLE

She's got a "top-secret" delivery
or something, something.

DEREK

Top Secret? Yeah. Right up my
ally, secret --

(whispered)

-- virus man.

(normal)

Hey, I need your help, Cole. Top
secret pot strain. Ever hear of --

Derek shifts, looks toward Jada, rubs his neck.

DEREK (CONT'D)

(whispering)

Purple Eggplant Delight?

Cole laughs.

COLE

Honey, you've got to be the most --

(sighs)

-- no, there's no shit like that.

What are you --

Cole's eyes sweep Derek's entire persona, head to foot.

(MORE)

COLE (CONT'D)

-- switching teams or something?

DEREK

No... Hell to the absolutely no. I said it was top secret, right? Just like your virus. OK?

COLE

Whatever you --

ANGELA PODEROSA, 31 glides onto the sales floor. Dark haired, poised as a ballerina, precision sharp wit, she'll slice your ego in two, but with a sweet smile that melts.

She spots Derek.

ANGELA

You must be Derek.

Derek straitens, juts his chin out and puts on an air of importance.

DEREK

That's me.

ANGELA

Gotta sec? I wanted to touch base with you about your deliveries.

Derek glances at Cole. At Jada. Back to Angela. Speaks up.

DEREK

Hip to the hop, I'm on top.

Angela frowns, examines Derek.

DEREK (CONT'D)

On top of it, I mean.

ANGELA

Good then. Let's do that.

Cole grabs Derek's arm as Derek follows Angela.

COLE

(whispering)

Whatever you do, don't mention that eggplant shit, OK sweetie. That's "#metoo" trouble.

DEREK

Dude. I *know*. Come on. It's *me*.

INT. HELLO CANNABIS (ANGELA OFFICE) -- MOMENTS LATER

ANGELA

So, Derek, how are you? You're on top, you say?

Derek shifts in his chair. Straightens up.

DEREK

Hell to the yes I am. This job is only temporary for me, just to let you know, I got plans.

ANGELA

Oh?

DEREK

Zing Dignity. I'm here until I get my trust fund money and then, I'll open up my own dispensary, you know.

ANGELA

I see. Good to know... In the meantime, is there anything I can help with doing your *job*... how's deliveries going?

DEREK

You don't have to worry about that. I got that on lock. I run a tight delivery ship.

ANGELA

I see. How so?

DEREK

You got a need, I deliver with speed.

ANGELA

Say again?

DEREK

We could be partners, you know. You and me.

ANGELA

Partners?

DEREK

I mean, I *am* going to open my own place. Until then, anything you need --

ANGELA
-- you'll deliver with speed?

DEREK
Hell to the yes! Your needs. Me
speeds.

Derek smiles innocently.

ANGELA
There is something I need, now that
you mention it.

DEREK
Anything.

Shuffles papers, finds the one she's looking for.

ANGELA
There's a... sensitive delivery I'd
like you to make for us.

DEREK
Sensitive is my middle name.

ANGELA
I would've never guessed.

DEREK
What's that?

ANGELA
Nothing. I need you to make a
delivery into DC Jail.

DEREK
DC Jail? Could be a joke.

ANGELA
I thought that too, but confirmed
with the warden. Seems a certain
inmate has won a court order for
his medical marijuana to be
delivered to him.

Derek's chin juts out. He straightens.

DEREK
Santa Cruz v. Bureau of Cannabis
Control.

ANGELA
No, this guy's name is... Spicoli.

DEREK

Sure, his name is ... wait,
Spicoli?

(frowns)

Anyway, no, of course I didn't know
this specific case, but the Supreme
Court ruled in Santa Cruz v. Bureau
of Cannabis Control that marijuana
deliveries can be made anywhere,
even controlled government
facilities.

Angela sneaks a cautious look of admiration.

ANGELA

You know your stuff, huh?

DEREK

Like liver spots on a drunk's ass.

Angela frowns.

DEREK (CONT'D)

I mean, like the back of my hand.

ANGELA

There is something else... of
concern. Something you should know.

DEREK

Hit me with your best pot.

He's warming on her, despite herself. She continues.

ANGELA

The inmate you will deliver to is
an alleged mafia boss.

Derek snorts.

DEREK

Pfft, whatever. Mafia... smou-fia.

ANGELA

You sure?

DEREK

Yeah, you know I grew up in the
Shaw, right?

ANGELA

No, really?

Angela smiles politely and continues without letting him answer.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
I'm from Woodley Park.

DEREK
Woooww. Woodley Park?

ANGELA
Yes, my daddy -- my father -- he
well, gives me money and a
townhouse.
(nods to him)
A trust fund too... Maybe I can
help with yours. You're waiting for
the money?

DEREK
Sort of. It's my mother. She holds
the strings.

ANGELA
I see. So what's the hold up?

Derek shifts in his seat.

DEREK
It's complicated.

ANGELA
I want to help... partner.

DEREK
Well... she's sick and wants me to
find her a special kind of strain
of medical marijuana that she feels
will cure her.

ANGELA
Well, what's the problem, then? You
seem to be quite the expert. And we
do work at a dispensary, after all.

DEREK
Yeah, the problem is, you see,
she's sort of peculiar. About these
things. You know? Like her illness.
Well, illnesses.

ANGELA
I'm sorry, Derek. It must be hard.
What kind of illnesses?

DEREK

She tends to always be sick. With one thing or another. Things you haven't heard of and need to look up.

ANGELA

Oh? Ok. But whatever strain she needs we probably have. Or can get, right?

DEREK

I'm not sure.

ANGELA

Let me look it up, what is it?

DEREK

It's really obscure, I'm researching it on my own, actually.

ANGELA

Come on, Derek. We need to start working together. You help me, I help you.

DEREK

You sure?

ANGELA

Absolutely.

DEREK

OK, then. Purple Eggplant.

Pause. Re-listening in her brain to be sure she heard correctly. Unsure how to proceed.

ANGELA

Like the...?

DEREK

Yes.

ANGELA

And we're still talking about your mother's pot strain, not...

DEREK

Bingo.

Amused, but determined, looks on computer --

ANGELA

Alrighty then, let me see... I have
purple haze, purple faze, purple
cookie monster, purple --

Raises her eyebrows, shoots Derek a glance --

ANGELA (CONT'D)

-- handy, oh my purple god, purple
kool-aid, and purple craze...
Nothing on eggplants at all.

DEREK

I know, I looked in the system.
It's actually Purple Eggplant
Delight --

Angela chokes back a laugh.

DEREK (CONT'D)

-- and don't look it up, the
"delights" go longer than a horses
hose, the deeper I looked, the more
jealous I got.

Stifling a laugh, Angela spins her chair a half turn to not
face Derek. Returning, her face is forced neutral.

DEREK (CONT'D)

Anyway, I'm working on it. As soon
as I can get it, she'll release the
funds.

ANGELA

Well... if there's anything I can -
- wait, I wouldn't usually say
this, but under the
circumstances...

DEREK

What?

ANGELA

Why don't you ask our mafia friend
Spicoli? Off the record of course,
not as an employee of Hello
Cannabis, but in passing?

DEREK

I wouldn't do that on company
business.

ANGELA
No, it's OK. As long as it's
informal. After you deliver, on
your way out --

Angela sweeps her hair from around her shoulders.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
-- sorta the way a just-out-of-
college check stand girl would say
'nice overalls' to a cute guy after
he's paid for condoms and beers.

Derek looks down for the third time at his lime green overall
shorts, black socks and white shoes.

DEREK
OK, I can see that. If I had a dime
every time that has happened, I'd
have my dispensary already!

ANGELA
That's what I figured, Derek.

Derek stands up. Adjusts too tight, rising overalls.

DEREK
OK, well... partner. I look forward
working with you closely. Until I
get my trust fund money of course.

Angela stands too. Glances at Derek's overalls.

ANGELA
Listen, I'd like to talk more.
About the store, deliveries. Maybe
Assistant Manager openings.

DEREK
Oh hell to the yes.

ANGELA
Exactly. Why don't you swing by my
place after work. We'll get jumbo
slices from Boli's.

DEREK
Swing by, fling by, ring a ding-
ding by.

The smile on Angela's face is open and genuine.

END OF ACT I

ACT II

FADE IN:

INT. DC JAIL (INTAKE) - DAY

Bustling intake center with officers, jailers, arrestees, prisoners and visitors hustling about with purpose.

Derek takes it in. The confusion, the loud din of it all. Unsure what to do.

Approaches a counter where a CRANKY FEMALE JAILER speaks loudly into a phone.

CRANKY FEMALE JAILER

If you took it from his anus, it's not tainted. No! Did you pull it out? He did what? Yeah, sure, must have a shitty diet. You know what I meant!

She slams phone down and stares at Derek standing before her.

CRANKY FEMALE JAILER (CONT'D)

And what brand of cock-eyed dumbass shit are you delivering?

DEREK

Begging your pardon, Ms. Jailer Lady, we don't deliver shit. We've only got the best.

CRANKY FEMALE JAILER

You don't say. Best what?

DEREK

Marijuana.

She smiles snidely, just what she figured, another dumbass.

CRANKY FEMALE JAILER

You realize you're in the DC jail, right? We didn't order any marijuana and bringing controlled substance into a detention facility is a class 'A' felony.

Derek's chin juts out, his shoulders straighten.

DEREK

I understand your concern, ma 'me.
However, an inmate *Spicoli* was
awarded the right to medical
marijuana pursuant to Santa Cruz v.
Bureau of Cannabis Control. Here's
the court --

SNATCH. She yanks it from his hand.

CRANKY FEMALE JAILER

-- give me that. In that room over
there. Take your lunch pail with
you.

INT. DC JAIL (SEARCH) - MOMENTS LATER

Abruptly, a door swings open, the Cranky Female Jailer
enters, slamming the door behind her.

CRANKY FEMALE JAILER

OK, strip.

DEREK

Strip?

CRANKY FEMALE JAILER

What are you deaf as well as dumb,
ginger? Take your girly man pants
off and lets see if you're as red
down there as you are up top.

DEREK

Wait. We don't have to do this,
right? I mean, I *am* bringing in
drugs. Look -- they're right here.
No need to search.

CRANKY FEMALE JAILER

Honey, if I had dollar for every
man's dong I've seen, I'd pass them
out at Mardi Gras like beads. Now
come on, I've got criminals to
book.

INT. DC JAIL (LAWYER ROOM) - LATER

Derek stares at a blank wall. His forehead is wrinkled, his
eyes are in pain, his jaw is slack. He's been violated.

Door unlocks, a dapper man in chains, SPICOLI, enters
followed by an ITALIAN AMERICAN OFFICER.

SPICOLI

That spit ball at intake got youse,
didn't she?

Derek nods.

SPICOLI (CONT'D)

She takes liberties she shouldn't.
Can't tell you how many times she
called my jimmy an Italian sausage.
Figurati! Forget about it, she'll
get hers.

Derek nods. Stares. Spicoli slams his hands on the table,
rattling his chains and startling Derek and the officer.

SPICOLI (CONT'D)

Che cavalo! Come on, snap out of
it, did youse bring the product?

Derek's shoulders straighten. His chin slowly rises. It juts
out. He's back.

MONTAGE OF DEREK DELIVERY ROUTINE

- Derek snaps first surgical glove on. Then second.
- Opens six-pack cooler revealing one sealed package.
- Carefully examines package label marked "Spicoli"
- Officer produces phone, displays matching numbers on label.
- Spicoli preens himself. Runs fingers down orange jumpsuit
creases. Examines fingernails.
- Derek carefully cross-referencing label with document
- Derek ceremoniously breaks seal of package, revealing --

END MONTAGE

SNATCH!

The officer rips the bundle of weed from Derek.

ITALIAN AMERICAN OFFICER

I'll take that.

Derek looks to Spicoli. He shrugs, waves it off.

SPICOLI

He's a Mook. Like the spit ball in
intake, he takes liberties.

(MORE)

SPICOLI (CONT'D)

He's supposed to be my Goomba, my friend, but look at him.

The officer shoots him a dirty look, Spicoli stares at him with disdain.

The officer sniffs the weed. Raises eyebrows. Shuffles half into a Ziploc bag from his pocket. Returns remaining to Derek. Nods.

ITALIAN AMERICAN OFFICER

OK, you can give it to him.

SPICOLI

Fregatura! And you call yourself Italian.

Makes a show of spitting on the ground. Derek rises, prepared to leave.

DEREK

Okay, Mr. Spicoli, are we good?

SPICOLI

Hold it there Snoop Dog! How do I know youse didn't pass me sour pesto sauce without the garlic. Give me a minute, will youse?

Derek sits back down. Looks uncomfortable. Watches officer give Spicoli rolling papers. Shifts again. Speaks up.

DEREK

Mr. Spicoli?

SPICOLI

Yeah, yeah, hold on, I'm doing this as fast as I can.

DEREK

No, no, it's okay, take your time. I wanted to ... well, talk to you about, you know, *something*.

SPICOLI

I'm all ears.

DEREK

You see, it's my mother. She has a unique illness that she believes can be cured by a -- well, a specific strain of marijuana that might not be --

TWAA!

Spicoli spits a seed from his mouth it --

-- ricochets off the metal table --

-- Derek jerks uncontrollably --

-- it bounces onto the floor --

-- the officer's, Derek's and Spicoli's eyes follow it --

-- it rolls to a stop in the corner.

DEREK (CONT'D)

-- uh, hum... like I was saying
it's a strain of weed that might
not be in the retail market.

SPICOLI

I see. Say no more. We are friends
here. Youse have been of great
service to me by delivering this
god-send medicine. What is the
strain you're looking for?

DEREK

It's an odd name. I mean no
disrespect by it. It's called
Purple Eggplant Delight.

Spicoli waves the joint to the officer who lights it.

SPICOLI

(while toking)

Disrespect? Are youse kidding me?
Disrespect would be going light on
the ricotta on eggplant rollatini --

Derek tilts his head and nods in agreement.

SPICOLI (CONT'D)

-- no, no disrespect. But what kind
of name is that anyway?

DEREK

It's an internet thing.

SPICOLI

Umm, okay, I hears ya.

(toking)

I tell youse what.

(leans in, whispers)

(MORE)

SPICOLI (CONT'D)

I'll get youse the people you need to talk to, but I will ask a favor in return. That's hows this works, youse knows this, right?

Derek lifts his shoulder, straightens his chest, juts his jaw.

DEREK

I'm well aware of how this works.

SPICOLI

Good, because I can tell you, this stuff you brought, it --

Spicoli suddenly jerks up off the chair.

SPICOLI (CONT'D)

-- OUCH!

PWWEET! Spicoli flings the roach --

-- it lands in the officer's hair --

-- who screams and dances around brushing at his hair --

-- giving Spicoli the opportunity to stuff an envelope into Derek's cooler --

-- who waves his hands and shakes his head at Spicoli, mouthing "don't put that in there" then --

-- the officer brushes the roach to the ground and stomps on it.

ITALIAN AMERICAN OFFICER

What's a matter with you!

SPICOLI

It burnt me!

DEREK

What are you doing?!

SPICOLI

What I *always* do. Take care of myself, *someone* has to. And --

Shoots Derek a side, knowing look.

SPICOLI (CONT'D)

-- my friend... Which, by the way, that is some good stuff. I'll be ordering more but ... Meanwhile --

Shifts his eyes repeatedly to the cooler.

SPICOLI (CONT'D)
 -- you should visit *my* friends for
 your... problem, like we discussed.
 I'm sure they can take care of you.

Derek smooths his shirt, gathers the cooler.

DEREK
 OK, I will.

SPICOLI
 Good idea. We're in this together
 now. Aren't we?

DEREK
 Yes, sir, I guess we are.

INT. HELLO CANNABIS DELIVERY CAR - DAY

Derek slams open the cooler and yanks out the envelope. It reads:

FOR GENO'S EYES ONLY! DO NOT OPEN! DELIVER TO ANACOSTIA
 SOCIAL CLUB.

Derek pulls his phone and dials.

INT. NANCY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Nancy answers the phone wearing full protective gear -- wrap
 around glasses, face mask, hospital gown and carpal tunnel
 wrist braces.

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION

NANCY
 Who's this?

DEREK
 Mom, it's me.

NANCY
 For the love of frankincense and
 myrrh, what is it now?

DEREK
 I'm going to get that stuff you
 need, don't do anything with the
 trust money.

NANCY
It's already done.

DEREK
You need to un-do it.

NANCY
I will. When you get me something
for my ABL syndrome -- my fat
absorption is declining like Job's
trust in God. My --
(high pitched)
-- red blood cells will curl,
Derek!

DEREK
OK, Mom. What about your Nummular
Headache?

NANCY
(panicked)
What about it?! I'm using the Handy
Pansy dirt you brought me, but it
just brings on my Exploding Head
Syndrome like fire and brimstone at
a pagan rite!

DEREK
Zing, Mom! I'm taking care of it.

NANCY
Hurry, son!

END INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION

INT. GO FOR GREEN DELIVERY CAR - CONTINUOUS
Derek dials another number.

INT. GO FOR GREEN (ANGELA OFFICE) - CONTINUOUS
INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION

ANGELA
Hi Derek, you out on parole?

DEREK
Hell to the yes, it was nothing.
Piece of cake.

ANGELA
I'm impressed. What's up?

DEREK

The client gave me a lead on that stuff I need for my mother. I need to run an errand.

ANGELA

You got it, Derek. You'll make up for lost time tonight when you come over. Bring red wine. Zin. It's my favorite.

DEREK

Zin for the win, on it.

END INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION

EXT. ANACOSTIA SOCIAL CLUB - DAY

A group of well dressed men loiter about the entrance of the Anacostia Social Club. Three men sit at a small table sipping cappuccino from small ceramic cups.

A man with slicked back, dark hair and gold chain eyes Derek, speaks up.

SMARMY MEATBALL GUY

Hey buddy. What can I do you for?

DEREK

I'm here for Geno. Spicoli sent me.

The men exchange looks. Look at Derek.

SMARMY MEATBALL GUY

Oh yeah? You don't say? Spicoli huh?

DEREK

Yeah, that's right.

SMARMY MEATBALL GUY

Well, Geno's not here right now. What's it about?

DEREK

I have... something for him.

More looks.

SMARMY MEATBALL GUY

Something for him? Sounds ominous. You a hit man or something?

Laughs all around.

DEREK

No.

Just got this --

Reaches for the envelope causing --

-- several men to reach for their guns and --

-- two men stand up. Derek stops. Then --

-- slowly pulls the envelope and displays it.

The men sit down, everyone relaxes.

SMARMY MEATBALL GUY

OK, I'll take it. Hand it here.

DEREK

There's something else.

SMARMY MEATBALL GUY

There always is.

DEREK

Spicoli promised Geno would help me
with... a problem.

Smiles and knowing nods among the men. Smarmy Meatball Guy
stands up.

SMARMY MEATBALL GUY

I understand. I'm sure we can help.
Come on, we'll go inside.

INT. ANACOSTIA SOCIAL CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Derek is escorted through club. Men sit at a bar, some play
pool. A card game is in progress. Everybody watches Derek.
One or two snicker his way.

Derek holds his head high. Nods importantly to each man.

Into a back room with a table and a few chairs.

SMARMY MEATBALL GUY

Have a seat. Give me the envelope,
I'll give it to the boss.

Reaches hand out. Derek moves to give it to him, but stops
mid-motion. Smarmy Meatball Guy frowns, glares at Derek.

DEREK

Spicoli said Geno only. I really need this favor.

SMARMY MEATBALL GUY

Forget about it. Like I said, Geno isn't here. The boss, he'll take care of it.

DEREK

Zing.

With slumped shoulders, hands it over.

SMARMY MEATBALL GUY

You wanna beer or something?

DEREK

Hell to the -- sorry, no, thank you.

Derek looks about. Dogs playing poker painting on wall. Picture of Sicily, Italy. Empty keg containers, chairs stacked. Then --

-- the door bursts open, revealing --

-- a ROLLEYPOLLEY OF A MAN struggles and jerks in the grips of Smarmy Meatball Guy and THICK SAUSAGE MAN who --

-- slam him into a seat, then --

WOOF! Smarmy Meatball Guy punches his balloon of a belly, causing it to --

-- reverberate loudly like a hallow watermelon.

Derek jerks up startled.

SMARMY MEATBALL GUY

Sit down!

Derek drops onto his seat.

In walks THE BOSS. Barrell chested, hairy, bulbous red nose, he's the Pillsbury Dough Boy rolled in butter, garlic and a bagful of curly black hair.

THE BOSS

(to Smarmy)

This him?

SMARMY MEATBALL GUY
Yeah, that's him.

THE BOSS
(to Derek)
Spicoli gave you the envelope?

DEREK
Yes.

THE BOSS
(to Meatball Man)
This worm working with you, Geno?

DEREK
Whoa, wait --

Smarmy Meatball Guy points an angry finger at him. Derek's mouth snaps shut. The ROLLEYPOLLEY OF A MAN who we now know is Geno sputters --

GENO
You g-- got this all wrong, B -- boss. Jim -- Jimmy and I got no contact with the Feds. Come on!

THE BOSS
Yet, here we are --

Points thick meaty finger at Derek.

THE BOSS (CONT'D)
-- this guy is bringing you --

Shoves crumpled envelop in Geno's face.

THE BOSS (CONT'D)
-- this! Why Geno? For the love of Saint Giovanni, why?

GENO
It's a script for a movie, for God's sake! We's writing a goddamn movie. There I said it. Fungoo. A movie!

THE BOSS
Don't give me that load of crap, Geno. I know what "POV" means. And "Coda" is Italian, you lump of provolone, how'd you think I wouldn't recognize that!

GENO

No, no. It's a story about --

Derek, unexplainably, blurts out --

DEREK

Do you have purple --

THE BOSS

(unison with Smarmy)

-- Shut up!

GENO

This bischero, I don't know him.
All I know is, I'm no rat.

THE BOSS

Mi Fa Cagare! Get him outta here.

The boys jump toward Derek. Startled, Derek prepares to struggle and fight, but then --

THE BOSS (CONT'D)

Not him, idiots! Geno, the rat!

School body left, they dutifully shuffle to Geno, manhandle him to, and out, the door, SLAM!

Smarmy Meatball Guy is left glaring at Derek, the boss is staring at the picture of the city Sicily.

SMARMY MEATBALL GUY

What about him boss?

The Boss continues to stare at the picture.

THE BOSS

You know, we're still getting the boot?

SMARMY MEATBALL GUY

What's that boss?

THE BOSS

The boot. This thing of ours, it started in Sicily. Right here --

He points to the portion of Italy that looks like it's being kicked by a woman in heels.

THE BOSS (CONT'D)

-- and look, there we are, getting the boot for all of eternity.

Derek straightens in his chair. Musters saliva into his mouth, juts his chin up.

DEREK

I, um, would like to know if you've heard of Purple Eggplant Delight?

A gulp turns into a gag after hearing his own words, but manages to turn into clearing his throat.

The boss turns to Derek, considers his question.

THE BOSS

Is it a parmesan dish?

DEREK

No, sir. It's a strain of marijuana. My mother needs it for her Nummular headaches. And Exploding Head Syndrome. And now her ABL fat absorption syndrome.

THE BOSS

I see. Geno is... was our drug trade man. Is this the thing you need our help with?

DEREK

Hell to the yes. I'd appreciate it if you'd understand I am no part of this --

Derek motions toward the door where Geno's screams can be heard just beyond it.

DEREK (CONT'D)

-- predicament. I was doing my job, Spicoli needed a favor, I need help in return.

THE BOSS

I'm favorable to your position, you know. I look at you and know in all of God's green earth would any of my men work with you, with your lady shorts and hobo socks.

Derek doesn't bother looking down at his attire again, just nods in emphatic agreement.

THE BOSS (CONT'D)

In fact, I see a mutually beneficial arrangement between us, if you are amicable.

DEREK
(still nodding)
Hell to the yes, I would like that.

The boss motions Smarmy Meatball Guy to him, they exchange whispers, Smarmy Meatball Guy exits.

THE BOSS
One moment please.

Momentarily, Smarmy Meatball Guy returns, handing the boss an object wrapped in brown paper bag.

THE BOSS (CONT'D)
When you delivered Spicoli's...
medicine to him, was he with an
Italian American guard?

DEREK
Yes! Yes, he was.

THE BOSS
Good. That's our man. He's a friend
of ours. Deliver this package to
him and I give you my word, I will
get the marijuana you need to help
your mother.

DEREK
There's this intake officer, she --

THE BOSS
-- say no more. That fly in our
soup has been dealt with. She'll
call you in, you tell her there's
no sausage in this calzone. She'll
give you no problem.

DEREK
There's no sausage in this calzone.

The boss nods, hands Derek the package. He fingers it, turns it over, presses the paper against the object inside.

THE BOSS
Do we have a deal?

DEREK
And you will get me Purple Eggplant
Delight?

THE BOSS
You have my word.

DEREK

OK, then, hell to the yes. Zing. We have a deal.

The two men shake on it.

THE BOSS

Now there is this matter of what happens if you do not hold up your end of the bargain.

Derek pulls back his shoulders, juts his chin out and replies with his most important voice.

DEREK

I will deliver. You take care of the intake officer penis peeper, I'll get it done.

THE BOSS

Yes, I believe you have every intention to deliver. But I've been --

The boss motions to the picture of Sicily on the wall.

THE BOSS (CONT'D)

-- getting the boot for too long to leave things to chance.

Derek shifts in his chair and swallows.

DEREK

There's no reason to --

Smarmy Meatball Guy pushes Derek deeper into his chair, effectively turning the mouth valve off.

THE BOSS

-- It's not personal, ginger snap man, it's business.

Smarmy Meatball Guy tightens his grip on Derek's shoulder, squeezing it until Derek yelps --

DEREK

Awww -- owwee! Hey!

THE BOSS

Should you fail to keep your end of the bargain, I will be forced to levy a protection and travel fee on your work.

DEREK

Whoa! That's not my --

A sharp, deep pinch by Smarmy Meatball Guy snaps Derek's mouth shut.

THE BOSS

This will comprise of monthly one thousand dollar protection fee to be picked up on --

The boss glances to Smarmy Meatball Guy.

SMARMY MEATBALL GUY

The fifth.

THE BOSS

-- the fifth of each month. Furthermore, we will read your odometer and be assessed a dollar a mile fee to cover your delivering in what is essentially our territory.

The boss pulls a chair up close to Derek, sits down and leans in.

THE BOSS (CONT'D)

Now, we could do this anyway, right now, regardless of any deal we make. Isn't that right, red snapper?

DEREK

(nods)

Yes, you could.

THE BOSS

But I'm a fair man. And like I said, I'm favorable to your position.

DEREK

You are a fair man.

THE BOSS

Good. So we understand each other.

DEREK

Hell to ... Yes, we do.

The boss reaches his hand out. Smarmy Meatball Guy releases his grip on Derek, who shakes hands with the boss.

THE BOSS

It's good to make new friends. An old Sicilian proverb says only real friends will tell you when your face is dirty. Let's not get our faces dirty, shall we?

DEREK

Hell to the no. Sir.

END ACT II

ACT III

INT./EXT. ANGELA'S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

Angela yanks the door open and smiles broadly at Derek.

ANGELA

Derek! Wow, it's good to not see
you in knee high socks and overall
shorts!

DEREK

(under his breath)
Thank you Allen.
(to Angela)
It's good to be seen!

ANGELA

(laughing)
Good answer! Come in.

Derek takes in the scene. A few candles are lit. A fireplace
blazes. Roses on table. He gulps.

DEREK

Nice place. Something smells real
good.

ANGELA

Thank you, Derek. It could either
be the garlic cheese breadsticks
from Boli's or "Tantrum" from
Forte.

DEREK

No, it's you. Your perfume, what is
it?

ANGELA

Tantrum. From Forte.

DEREK

Boy, it sure does smell! Smells
great!

ANGELA

Thank you Derek. Can I take this?

He looks at the bag in his hand with surprise, as if he just
realized he had it.

DEREK

Oh! Yes, the wine. Zing bitty bat,
I'm no wine connoisseur -- in fact,
I haven't had a drink in three
years -- but I couldn't help buying
this -- "Partners in Wine" Zin,
where "*Sip happens.*"

ANGELA

(laughs)

I didn't know you don't drink,
Derek. How about I drink ... "Sip
Happens" and you can partake in a
little product that fell off the
truck I brought from work for you?

Angela waves to the table where a bong and pot sit along with
two wine glasses and a lit candle.

DEREK

Sip happens!

INT. ANGELA'S TOWNHOUSE (BALCONY) - LATER

Angela and Derek's shoes are off, feet on a table, three-
quarters of the wine bottle drained and the laughs are on.

DEREK

... and she said, "No, comes
together like a pair of butt
cheeks!"

Angela laughs hilariously, holds her sides, Derek rolls off
his chair and grabs onto her arms.

ANGELA

Butt cheeks! A pair! Come together!
Ahh, ha ha ha.

The laughs die down, and their heads rest against each others
as they catch their breath.

Angela's hand reaches behind Derek's and she brings him for a
kiss. Derek's right leg starts to quiver then outright
convulse as the kiss deepens.

They break away and it's Angela who speaks first.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

You know, I could really use a pair
of butt cheeks about right now.

DEREK
You mean so we can "cum" together --

ANGELA
-- yes, exactly.

DEREK
Mine are clenched tighter than a
lock jaw wrench in a car crash
right now.

ANGELA
Nothing like a good car crash to --

DEREK
-- get a bang out of the ride?

ANGELA
(laughing)
-- exactly. Come on...

Angela stands up and leads Derek to the bedroom.

INT. ANGELA'S TOWNHOUSE (BEDROOM) - MOMENTS LATER

SUPER: 46 seconds later...

Derek rolls off of Angela and exhales loudly.

DEREK
Whoaa! That was dyno-mite!

ANGELA
If you mean a short fuse.

DEREK
Whoa! It was the weed. I was ready
to... blow a fuse as soon as I...
plugged it in, you know.

ANGELA
OK firecracker, I still have a lot
of fire left --

She pushes Derek's head down the sheets.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
-- so get to pluggin'

INT. ANGELA'S TOWNHOUSE (BEDROOM) - LATER

SUPER: Hours Later...

Angela rolls off of Derek.

ANGELA

Whooa. Now that's what I call a car
crash!

Derek lies incoherent and with barely discernable signs of
life.

DEREK

(indistinguishable)
Blurb a blurb. Gurgle.

ANGELA

Oh, it's OK, I wasn't ... I
wasn't... well wrong.

DEREK

(indistinguishable)
Hel... hell to ... the no -- yes.

ANGELA

About you, I mean. I can call 'em,
that's what I always told ma --
(sob)
-- my daddy.

Angela begins to cry and sob. Derek is oblivious and begins
to snore. She stops, looks at Derek and shakes him violently.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Wake up! Wake up, you still got a
lot of work to do!

INT. ANGELA'S TOWNHOUSE (BEDROOM) - LATER

SUPER: Hours Later...

Angela rolls off Derek.

ANGELA

Whewwww! Now that's nothing to
"wine" about. Why don't you get me
a glass, won't you darling?

Derek's face is soaked with sweat. His hair is plastered
against his face, his beard is tangled. He plops down onto
his back.

INT. ANGELA'S TOWNHOUSE (BEDROOM) - MOMENTS LATER

SUPER: Moments later...

Both Angela and Derek are sitting up in bed. Derek tokes on a joint, Angela sips at her wine.

ANGELA

You know, if you're this good at work as you are in bed ...

Derek's chin juts out.

DEREK

Gold star rating then?

ANGELA

Primo. Like the god father of weed once proclaimed, it was the stick-icky.

DEREK

A good partner is like good sex.

ANGELA

Their satisfied when it's over?

DEREK

No, it's harder to pull out once you're in.

ANGELA

(laughs)

Well, when I get approval for assistant manager, you'll have to come back over to apply.

DEREK

This doesn't count?

ANGELA

All good jobs take more than one interview. What is this, a fast food restaurant?

DEREK

Zing! One hell of a drive-thru experience, if it is.

ANGELA

You forgot your desert.

Angela pushes him down onto the bed and climbs on top of him.

FADE TO:

INT. HELLO CANNABIS DELIVERY CAR - DC JAIL PARKING LOT - DAY

Derek pulls out and looks at the brown package the mafia boss gave him. Unwraps it.

Inside are several plastic pieces of what is obviously a ghost hand gun.

DEREK

Oh hell to the Zing digity no!

Derek shoves the pieces down in his lap and looks around. Stares at the entrance to the jail.

DEREK (CONT'D)

Zing. Zing, ZING!

He re-wraps the package inside the pot wrapping, places it inside a Hello Cannabis envelope, seals it, and puts it in his cooler.

He pulls his phone out and dials.

INT. NANCY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION

Nancy answer's her phone with low-energy, low volume.

NANCY

Hello?

DEREK

Mom, it's me!

NANCY

Derek. Where is the medicine,
Derek? The father, my son and the
unholy spirit have all left me. Et
Tu Brute?

DEREK

Oh no. You're in shut-down mode.
How long do I have?

NANCY

I don't know son. My blood cells
have curled, my nodes have swelled,
I'm on broken enzymes.

DEREK

I'm calling to tell you I'm
delivering something now that will
get me your medicine. Soon, Mom.
I'll get it soon.

NANCY

If haven't told you, I love you
son.

Derek pulls the phone from his head and looks at it. His look
is as shocked as it is worried.

DEREK

I love you too Mom.

NANCY

If you have to pull purgatory's
panties to its knees, Derek, you
get God's love to me.

DEREK

Not the way I'd say it Mom, but I'm
on it.

END INTERCUT PHONE CALL

INT. DC JAIL (INTAKE) - MOMENTS LATER

The familiar chaotic and frenzied activity of a city jail
intake center.

The cranky female jailer sees Derek just as he walks in.

CRANKY FEMALE JAILER

You! Over there -- now!

INT. DC JAIL (SEARCH) - MOMENTS LATER

Derek holds his cooler in his hand and shifts from one foot
to the other.

The door slams open and the woman storms in.

Derek blurts it out in a rush.

DEREK

There's no sausage in this calzone!

The woman jailer glances at her prey with the confident
amusement of a cat toying with a mouse.

CRANKY FEMALE JAILER
Oh, I talked to your friends, candy
apple. Don't worry.

Derek breaths out and his shoulders slump.

CRANKY FEMALE JAILER (CONT'D)
I'm not going to look in your
cooler. But...

Derek shoots her an anxious look.

CRANKY FEMALE JAILER (CONT'D)
Doesn't mean your wanker's not
coming out. 'Cause it is.

Derek drops the cooler with a crash.

CRANKY FEMALE JAILER (CONT'D)
Now drop those drawers red vine,
let's get a look at momma's fire
hose.

INT. DC JAIL (LAWYER ROOM) - LATER

Derek is broken and dazed. Stares once again at a blank wall
with mouth agape, black holes for eyes.

Sound of rattling chains and clanking keys, then door
unlocked and Spicoli and Italian American Officer enter.

SPICOLI
She got him again.

Spicoli kicks Derek's chair, Derek slowly pulls out of it.

SPICOLI (CONT'D)
She has an appetite for 'em I wish
some of my dames had. Youse know.
Too bad that interest is packed
into that package.

Derek nods, sits up straight.

DEREK
Nothing I can't handle.

SPICOLI
Not by the looks of you, sport.

DEREK
I'm getting there.

SPICOLI

OK, while you do, how about my package. You get it to Geno?

DEREK

Hell to the yes.

SPICOLI

And how is he?

DEREK

He's surrounded by friends.

SPICOLI

Yeah, that's Geno. Did he say anything about what youse gave him.

DEREK

Yeah. He did. Something about "POV" and "Coda."

SPICOLI

He didn't like the ending.

DEREK

You can say that again.

SPICOLI

Whoa, whoa. What are youse saying here? I detect a tone.

DEREK

Look, I've still got that she-devil's digits tickling my taint, I'm not right in the head right now. Let me just get your stuff.

MONTAGE OF DEREK DELIVERY ROUTINE

- Derek snaps first surgical glove on. Then second.
- Opens six-pack cooler revealing one sealed package.
- Carefully examines package label marked "Spicoli"
- Officer produces phone, displays matching numbers on label.
- Spicoli preens himself. Runs fingers down orange jumpsuit creases. Examines fingernails.
- Derek carefully cross-referencing label with document
- Derek ceremoniously --

END MONTAGE

-- SNATCH! Spicoli snatches the package from Derek, who --

-- YELPS! Then, swipes at it, causing the Italian American officer to --

-- jump up and grab at it too, causing Spicoli to yell --

SPICOLI

Give me my stuff, you dirty guinea!

-- the officer and Spicoli both tug at the package, they --

-- tumble, and roll onto the floor, chains rattling, keys clanking, a blur of orange and green when finally --

-- they stand and both yank at the package, causing it to --

-- explode into a cloud of green leaf and --

-- plastic gun pieces clatter and bounce on to the floor.

Everybody breaths hard and stare at the floor.

It takes a moment to sink in what lies on the floor. The Italian American officer is first to act. He --

-- lands on his knees begins plucking the pieces from the floor, frantically putting them together.

Spicoli is still breathing hard. Can't seem to catch his breath. He --

-- clutches at his chest, stares with wild eyes at Derek.

SPICOLI (CONT'D)

Wha -- What is ... What is this?

It's the Italian American officer who replies.

ITALIAN AMERICAN OFFICER

It's your death sentence, rat.

SPICOLI

No! Arrgh. My chest. It was a movie! Just a movie!

Spicoli drops to his knees. Both hands now clutch at his orange jump suit where his heart is.

SPICOLI (CONT'D)

It ... it wasn't ... wasn't that bad! I'm writing with...

(MORE)

SPICOLI (CONT'D)
with pencil and paper, for the love
of Saint Giovani!

The Italian American officer has stopped picking up plastic pieces. He and Derek stare at Spicoli.

SPICOLI (CONT'D)
It -- it's ab-- about...

Spicoli's eyes roll into his head, his breathing come in gasps.

SPICOLI (CONT'D)
I... I.. ca--

Spicoli goes limp. A moment passes. Derek looks at the Italian American officer, he looks back.

The officer gets up checks Spicoli's pulse. Looks at Derek and shakes his head. He's dead.

DEREK
Wait! He can't die! I need the
Purple Eggplant Delight!

The Italian American Officer shrugs.

ITALIAN AMERICAN OFFICER
Talk to the Boss.

Derek slams his cooler shut, gets up to leave.

DEREK
Zing digity. I mean, I delivered,
the guy died, everyone's happy.
Hell to the damn up in smoke no.

INT. HELLO CANNABIS DELIVERY CAR - LATER

Derek plops down in the driver's seat. Exhales. Looks at his phone. Missed calls from his roommate Allen. Text from Allen:

ALLEN
CAN YOU PICK ME UP FROM MY MEETING?

Derek fires up the car and putters off the DC Jail parking lot, smoke pouring out from the oversized bong for-an-exhaust-pipe.

EXT. ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH -- LATER

Derek pulls into the church parking lot. A sign reads:

AA AFTER DARK MEETING 5PM

The dashboard clock reads 5:17 PM. Derek sighs. Gets out and goes inside.

INT. ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH - MOMENTS LATER

The room is packed. A woman is at the podium speaking, everyone listens intently. Small line at the coffee pot.

Derek makes his way to the coffee line. A twenty something woman smiles.

FLIRTY AA WOMAN
Nice overalls.

DEREK
Thanks. For work.

FLIRTY AA WOMAN
I see. That you with the pot
mobile?

DEREK
Hell to ... Yes, it is. Haven't
drank since twenty-seventeen
though.

FLIRTY AA WOMAN
Congrats! That's awesome. Do you
smoke pot?

DEREK
Yeah, just don't drink swine juice.

She turns her shoulder to him, faces the line.

FLIRTY AA WOMAN
Keep coming back.

INT. ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH - LATER

Derek plops down in a seat. At the table next to the podium his roommate Allen eyes him and winks. Derek nods back. The man at the podium finishes speaking, the AA crowd claps.

Allen stands up.

ALLEN
Derek, would you like to share?

Panic deer in the headlights expression plasters Derek's face.

DEREK
I, um, I would --

The AA crowd begins to chant.

AA CROWD
Derek! Derek! Derek!

Derek's shoulders straighten, his chin juts out.

DEREK
Zing digity, why not?

The crowd cheers and claps. Derek makes his way to the podium.

Derek stands at the podium and looks out. The crowd is dead silent, all eyes, so many eyes, look at him expectantly.

DEREK (CONT'D)
Hi. I just wanted to say --

Several in the crowd in unison shout out --

AA CROWD
Who are you?

DEREK
Oh, yeah, I'm Derek... I'm, well,
I'm kinda --

Allen shouts out --

ALLEN
He's an alcoholic.

The crowd was waiting for this and responds --

AA CROWD
Hi Derek!

DEREK
Hi. Thanks --

Shoots Allen a dirty look

DEREK (CONT'D)
-- Allen, for that.

Derek is at loss for words. He stares out at the crowd.

They are patient. They wait. He shifts his feet.

DEREK (CONT'D)
OK, well, my roommate and I have
been talking about my smoking pot.

A few in the crowd boo. Several shout --

AA CROWD
Outside issue!

This jolts Derek for a second. But with no follow-up instruction, he continues on.

DEREK
And, so, he says I'm not sober. But
the thing is, my problem was
drinking not the pot. I mean, weed
has been in my life since I was
like, fourteen.

Begins to gain momentum, speaks more confidently.

DEREK (CONT'D)
My dad drank. Boy did he ever. And
when he died, my mom started
drinking too. I don't want to be
how they are, drinking to wash away
their problems, so I stopped
drinking in twenty-seventeen. Not a
drop.

Some smattering of claps a few say --

AA CROWD
Keep coming back!

DEREK
But today, something happened at
work. I admit, it shook me. I
watched a person die. Just fell
down and died. It got me thinking.
What's this all about anyway. You
know. Life. And I instantly thought
about my mom. She's sick. Not just
normal sick, but --

Derek sees in the doorway of the church a familiar figure enters.

DEREK (CONT'D)
-- the kind of sick where if it's
not one thing, then it's another.
And it kind of never ends.

(MORE)

DEREK (CONT'D)

So this pot is medicine for her.
And I have an opportunity --

Derek squints and recognizes the figure in the back of the room. It's the Smarmy Meatball guy. He nods at Derek. Then he --

-- pulls from his pocket a wrapped bag of leafy substance looks back up to Derek and --

-- smiles and nods.

Derek smiles back and continues.

DEREK (CONT'D)

-- I have an opportunity to make a difference in her life. You know. I can actually *help* her. And today, after seeing someone die, I don't want that to happen to my mom. And if I can save her, if I can make her life better... well then, I am going to do that... Thank you.

The crowd claps, and Derek sits down.

INT./EXT. ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH - LATER

The meeting has ended and people are milling about, talking in small groups.

Allen makes his way to Derek, who has just turned away from talking to the Smarmy Meatball Guy and put the weed in his pocket.

ALLEN

Nice share, gummy bear.

DEREK

Thank you.

ALLEN

You know sucker, not drinking is all-star, but you're not sober, making you still triple-A 'til you go all the way.

They make their way to the parking lot and the Hello Cannabis delivery car.

DEREK

Zing digity, AB, but I'm something better.

ALLEN

A man who still wears green overall shorts with black socks?

DEREK

Hell to the I can't I'm getting laid now, no, AB. But what I meant is, I'm being of service to my mom, who needs me. That's more important right now that laying down the dabs.

Getting in, Allen nods, says nothing.

DEREK (CONT'D)

Speaking of dabs, do you mind if we take a detour...? I have a delivery to make. To my mom.

ALLEN

It's your ride. Your party, your overalls, brother.

Derek laughs, fires up the car. It jerks forward, smoke billowing from the exhaust pipe bong as it sputters and lurches into the distance.

END OF ACT III

END PILOT