

## GRANDPA GANJA'S EMPORIUM

(The Cop)

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FADE IN:

EXT. DAY. Shot of Grandpa Ganja's Emporium. GG sweeps the sidewalk, nods to passerby, turns and starts inside.

INT. Usual scene. Smoke eddies, CHESS PLAYERS in inaction, BETH at the table chats with 80-year-old CLARA with walker. CLIENTS at tables smoke, drink coffee, eat cookies. GUITARIST strums softly in a corner. GG crosses with broom and goes into backroom.

CLARA

...was really hot and all the ladies were after him the same day he moved in. Well, honey, some of those girls are only 60 or so and entirely without scruples. I mean, it was embarrassing to watch the way they flirted with him and turned all phony sexy every time he showed up. They were like a lot of school girls.

BETH

Pretty strong competition, eh?

CLARA

Oh, it's dog eat dog when you're old; eligible men are hard to find.

BETH

Eligible meaning...?

CLARA

Any men who aren't dead yet.

BETH

That's a pretty low standard, isn't it?

CLARA

(shrugs)

You have to work with what you've got, honey.

CLARA picks up a joint and adjusts it in her roach clip.  
BETH reaches for a light.

BETH  
Here, let me light that for you.

CLARA  
(holds joint out)  
Thanks.  
(she hits it, holds breath)

BETH  
So, what did you do?

CLARA  
(exhales)  
About what?

BETH  
The hot guy and the flirty women...

CLARA  
Oh, that. Well, missy, I outwitted  
them, that's what I did. I showed  
just enough thigh and cleavage to  
get his attention and invited him  
in for a good home-cooked meal,  
which I ordered in from a caterer,  
of course.

BETH  
Of course.

CLARA  
And then I served dessert—and this  
time it really was homemade.

BETH  
You didn't!

CLARA  
Yes, I did. Brownies with enough pot  
in them to paralyze Tommy Chong. He  
loved them, ate three brownies and  
asked me to marry him.

BETH

He didn't!

CLARA

He did but I didn't. All I wanted was the sex.

BETH

That's smart. You have to watch these guys who always want commitment. Most of them are only looking for somebody to do their laundry.

GG enters from the backroom

GG

(to BETH)

You're taking in laundry now?

BETH

(to CLARA)

See?

CLARA

Let's hear it for one night stands!

GG

(aside)

Now, that's a cheery thought.

CLARA

(rising)

Gotta run. Got some more brownies in the oven.

GG

(hands her baggie)

Here, don't forget your Kush.

CLARA

Oh, yeah. I'd never get laid again without this stuff.

(puts baggie

in her bra, pats it)

Safest place. Nobody's going to put his hand in an old lady's bra if he can help it.

(she leaves)

BETH

You have to admire her spirit.

GG

Why, is she 76?

BETH

Here's Earl.

EARL enters and crosses to the table. He makes his way by bouncing off people, chairs, etc., like a pinball off bumpers. People remark as he passes. "Hang a left, Earl." "My fault, Earl." "Oops, look out there, Earl." He arrives at the table.

EARL

(grumbling)

Like walkin' through a goddamn mine field.

BETH

I thought you said you could sense where things are, Earl.

EARL

I can. I've got radar like a bat but people get in my way on purpose. And furniture moves on me, too.

(looks around)

I think this place is full of kinetic energy; stuff moves around without a mover.

BETH

(interested)

So we really don't need a Prime stole Mover, then? Somebody should tell the pope.

GG

He already knows. His people the idea from Aristotle in the first place.

BETH

Yeah, he knows that, too.

EARL

Got any free samples today?

GG

That's redundant. Samples are always free.

EARL

(grins)

Yeah. Isn't that cool?

BETH

(pushes baggie forward)

There's some Panama Red left.

EARL

(brightening)

Hey, that stuff will turn your head inside out.

GG

It worked for those robbers last week. They turned Catholic and joined a monastery.

EARL

(alarmed)

Say what?

(squeezes pot, frowns)

Did the Panama Red make 'em do that?

BETH

No, it was the flagellation. The nuns beat the Devil out of them and that meant they'd never have any fun again so they signed up.

EARL

That's the saddest story I ever heard.  
(lights pipe, inhales)

CLIENT calls out; holds cookie box aloft.

CLIENT 1

Hey, Gramps, any more cookies?

GG

Which kind? Regular or designer?

CLIENT 1

The cheap ones.

BETH

In the back. Fresh out of the oven.

GG

Right.

(starts out, calls)

Coming right up.

GG starts for the backroom just as DOC enters. He wears his usual blue scrubs.

BETH

The Doc's here, Earl.

EARL

Good. That means the patients at the clinic are safe.

BETH

Shhh. Here he comes.

DOC

(looks around)

Nice crowd. Some of 'em even look like real patients.

EARL

Hi, Doc. Drop any more hearts lately?

DOC

No, but I lost a liver this morning. I just laid it down for a minute and it disappeared. I think the cat got it.

BETH

The cat ate a liver you were going to transplant!?

DOC

No, no. I already made the transplant. This was the liver I took out.

EARL

Lucky for you, Doc. You have to watch those cats. I had a cat once that ate my last six pot plants and left me without a roach in the house.

DOC

What did you do?

EARL

(shrugs)

What else *could* I do? I smoked  
the cat.

GG enters from the backroom.

DOC

(shrugs)

What else *could* he do?

GG

Was that your seeing-eye cat, Earl?

EARL

(snorts)

'Course not. It's against the law  
to smoke a seeing-eye cat. It'd  
be like smoking Lassie.

GG

Lassie's already been smoked. He  
hasn't made a movie in 40 years.

DOC

(pointing to baggie  
on table)

Is that Panama Red?

BETH

(nods)

Yep, what's left of it.

DOC

Say, that's good weed. I heard  
about those robbers. The say this  
pot turned 'em into monks.

EARL

It was the nuns.

GG

And a pair of cat-o'-nine-tails.

DOC  
(interested)  
Dominatrices?

BETH  
They call themselves flagellant nuns,  
Doc.

DOC  
(imagines scene)  
Yeah, dominatrices.  
(comes to)  
Say, I've got to go find that  
liver. Let me have the rest of that  
Panama Red. I'll give some to the cat  
and make him come clean.

EARL  
Don't waste good pot on a cat, Doc.  
Give it to me and I'll help you  
look for the liver.

DOC  
(eyeing EARL)  
Somehow, I think I'll have better  
luck with the cat, Earl.

BETH  
That's \$200, Doc. A bit over half an  
oz.

DOC  
(pays her)  
Good. A couple hits of this stuff  
and that cat will be putty in my  
hands.  
(he starts out)

GG  
(calling)  
Let us know how it turns out.

BETH  
(scornfully)  
He's feeding pot to a cat  
to get a confession out of him. What  
do you expect will happen?

EARL

I say the cat won't talk.

GG

And I say he'll lead Doc straight to that liver. Cats are intuitive; they know what you're thinking. That's why a cat always gets in the lap of the one in the room who hates cats the most.

CLIENT 1 sidles up and speaks guardedly.

CLIENT 1

Say, Gramps, there's a guy out front who looks like he's casing the joint.

(all look toward front)

He's across the street, over by the 7-Eleven.

GG, et al., move toward window.

GG

Yeah, I see him. The big guy.

EARL

(looking)

Where? I don't see him.

CLIENT 1

Right there. Next to the...

(looks at EARL, frowns)

BETH

He looks like a cop.

GG

He *is* a cop. I'd guess his IQ is about 85, he has a GED diploma, and he's got a mean streak a mile wide.

BETH

That's stereotyping.

GG

Yeah, but it's also accurate.

BETH

He's new. I've never seen him before.

EARL

Maybe he's a Fed.

GG

Naw, Feds have almost normal IQs.  
This guy looks more like a security  
guard at the mall.

EARL

What's he watching us for? We aren't  
breaking any laws.

GG

I don't know but keep an eye on  
the asshole to make sure he doesn't  
try anything funny.

CLIENT

He's coming this way!

BETH

(moving off)

Come on, don't let him see us  
watching him!

They retreat to the table and assume natural poses. The door opens and DET. SCHULTZ enters. He wears heavy black cop shoes and a Hawaiian shirt over khaki pants. His nose is red and Clintonesque indicating a preference for strong drink. He stops at the door and scans the place before advancing into the room.

CLIENTS turn and follow his progress through the eddying smoke. Just as he reaches the table, he turns quickly and everyone looks away and feigns disinterest.

GG

(aside to BETH)

Switch the cookies!

BETH nods and slips away.

GG

We're clean, copper.

SCHULTZ

Copper? Who says I'm a cop?

GG

You do. You wear your shirt out to hide your gun, you've got shifty eyes, you're out of shape, and you bought those shoes at the Police and Firemen's Uniform Shop.

SCHULTZ

(fans away smoke)

Okay, I'm Lt. Shultz and you're violatin' a state law against smoking in public buildings, pal.

(reaches for ticket book)

That's a thousand buck fine and..

GG

That's not smoke; it's medicine.

BETH is seen in background as she switches cookie boxes on the coffee table.

SCHULTZ

Medicine? Are you nuts? It's smoke.

GG

(nodding)

It's also medicine, it's legal, and you know it.

(to crowd)

Isn't that right?

Crowd shouts agreement. "Damn right!" "You tell 'im, Gramps!" "Fuck, yeah!" Etc. BETH rejoins GG and places the box of regular cookies on the table.

BETH

Besides, this isn't a public building; it's a private club.

SCHULTZ

Oh, yeah?

(starts moving, looking)

Okay, I'll just have a look around and make sure everything's on the up and up.

GG

Not without a warrant, you won't.

SCHULTZ

What warrant? I'm just lookin' around. Can't a citizen come in and look around?

(spots coffee table,  
cookies)

I mean, you've got coffee here—and cookies, too. Now, that's right neighborly. I could use a cup of coffee myself.

(gestures)

I take it the coffee's on the house?

GG

Help yourself.

SCHULTZ

(pours coffee)

See, we don't need any warrants. Just a friendly call to get acquainted, is all.

(spoons in sugar)

We work together, that's the secret.

(cream, stirs, cranes  
neck to scan room)

BETH

Try one of the cookies. Fresh this morning.

SCHULTZ

Cookies, eh?

(takes one, suspiciously)

These aren't funny cookies, are they?

GG

We don't give our designer cookies away. If they're free, they must be okay.

Crowd watches the unfolding drama with bated breath. Some blow pot smoke in SCHULTZ's direction.

SCHULTZ

(fans smoke away)

That's what I figured.

SCHULTZ takes a bite of cookie and crowd grins and makes fist signs, etc.

EARL

I think I'll have one of those free cookies myself.

CLIENT ONE

Yeah, me, too.

CLIENT TWO

What the hell, if they're free...

Others chime in. "Hand me one!" "Pass the box around!" Etc.

GG

(alarmed)

Wait a minute now, boys, that's our last box of cookies...!

EARL

No, it isn't. There's a new batch in the oven right now.

GG

(sotto voce)

Shut up, Earl!

EARL grins happily and chews away. Cookie box is passed around and empty box comes back to GG. He holds it upside down and shakes it.

SCHULTZ

(fans smoke away)

Say, these cookies are good! You could charge two bucks apiece for these.

GG

(wistfully)

So I've heard.

SCHULTZ

And this coffee is terrific!

EARL

It's a special blend. It's got a secret ingredient.

BETH

It's chocolate. Somebody dropped a Mars bar in the pot.

SCHULTZ

(smacks lips)

Yeah, I can taste it.

GG looks at BETH and she shrugs.

GG

As you can see, everything's kosher here. We're strictly legal. All these people are patients with notes on file. No letter, no smoke.

SCHULTZ

Let me see the letters.

GG

No.

BETH

Get a warrant.

EARL

(looking around)

The man has no class. We give him six-dollar cookies and free coffee and he wants to see the books. Somebody ought a show the asshole the door.

SCHULTZ

(puzzled, looks at cookie)

Six bucks? I thought they were free.

CLIENT

Earl's right, throw the bum out!

Others sing out. "Yeah, throw his ass out!" "Give him the ol' heave ho!" "Lose the bastard!"

SCHULTZ

(whirls about, assumes fighting stance)

Oh, yeah? Who's gonna throw my ass out?

SCHULTZ (cont'd)

(crowd is silent)

That's better. We're gonna have some respect for the law around here or I'll run the whole lot of you in.

(bites cookie)

GG

Now, sergeant, there's no need for any of that. We're law-abiding folks here. We sell medical pot to patients. Period.

SCHULTZ

(disgusted)

Patients, my ass! You're a lot of dopers, that's what you are. You sell poison to addicts. You start kids off on pot and then hook 'em on crack cocaine and heroin. They oughta put your ass away for life!

(bites cookie angrily)

GG

And you're an ignorant asshole. If you don't have a goddamn warrant, get the hell out of here.

SCHULTZ

Listen, you...!

Door opens and the NUNS enter and head for the table.

BETH

The nuns are here.

All turn to look.

1<sup>st</sup> NUN

Hi, Grandpa! We're back!

EARL

(aside)

Did they bring their whips with 'em?

GG

(gesturing)

Ladies, meet Corporal Schultz. He's a cop.

2<sup>nd</sup> NUN

Oh, are you buying pot, too, Mr. Schultz?

SCHULTZ

(flustered)

No, I'm, uh...

1<sup>st</sup> NUN

(proffers poor box)

Would you like to help the poor, Mr. Schultz?

SCHULTZ

(stalling)

Well, I uh...

GG

Don't be cheap. Throw a fifty in the box. Maybe they'll knock some time off your sentence in hell.

1<sup>st</sup> NUN

(smiling)

We can't really do that, of course, but it comforts people if they think we can.

EARL

(aside)

Sounds like a shell game to me.

2<sup>nd</sup> NUN

(piously)

We can pray for you, though.

1<sup>st</sup> NUN

It's only a dollar a minute...

GG

That's cheaper than those porn sites you watch, corporal.

SCHULTZ

(reaches for wallet)

Well, I guess I can chip in for the poor box...

1<sup>st</sup> NUN

That's wonderful!

(leans in)

Uh, the bishop prefers large bills;  
it's easier to count the big ones.

SCHULTZ

(hesitates, several  
20s in hand)

Uh, sure, uh...

2<sup>nd</sup> NUN reaches in and takes all of 'em.

2<sup>nd</sup> NUN

That's very generous of you, Mr.  
Schultz! The bishop will be pleased...  
(bills into poor box)

CLIENT 1

(aside)

And she never even used her whip!

SCHULTZ is confused momentarily and looks at the poor  
box as if trying to figure out where his money went.

GG

It's okay, Schultz. Remember, virtue is  
its own reward.

1<sup>st</sup> NUN

(pulls list out)

Do you have any more Panama Red?  
The monks want to sign up new members...

2<sup>nd</sup> NUN

...and that pot is the best recruiting  
tool ever! A few hits of Panama Red and  
we can turn crooks into holy men  
overnight.

EARL

(aside, to GG)

Or holy men into crooks.

GG

Ah, you're too late, Sister. Doc  
got the last baggie half-an-hour  
ago.

SCHULTZ

(more confused)

Uh, look, I, uh...

GG

Hang on a minute, let me get their order.

1<sup>st</sup> NUN

We need one pound of Mexican, eight ounces of Kentucky Blue, six oz. of Howie Maui, six oz. of Cameroon Haze, and six oz. of hash.

GG

Coming up.

EARL

(to NUNS)

I don't suppose you brought your whips, did you?

2<sup>nd</sup> NUN

(whip out, snaps it)

We're flagellant nuns, remember. We always have a whip handy in case we come across somebody who needs a good whipping.

CLIENT 1

(overhears her)

I could use a good whipping.

CLIENT 2

Me, too.

GG

(arranges baggies  
on table)

Ease up, boys. The ladies are on their break.

(to NUNS)

There you go. That comes to \$7,200 and we throw in a free roach clip.

(camera on cheap clip)

1<sup>st</sup> NUN opens the poor box and dumps cash on the table.  
SCHULTZ gapes in awe at the mound of cash.

1<sup>st</sup> NUN

(counts)

We had a good week at the parish.

2<sup>nd</sup> NUN

It's an all-new plan. Instead of assigning penance in confession, the bishop fines them so much for each sin.

SCHULTZ

(stoned)

That's poor box money!

1<sup>st</sup> NUN

(defensively)

Not all of it. Some of it is fines.

GG

Are you all right, Schultz?

SCHULTZ

(tries to collect himself)

Uh, sure. Uh...

(looks at smiling CLIENT 1)

What are you grinning at?

CLIENT 1

I'm not grinning.

SCHULTZ

Well, don't do it again. Grinning at a cop is against the law.

EARL

Is it okay to laugh at a cop?

Everybody laughs except SCHULTZ who blinks and looks at BETH.

SCHULTZ

You got any more of those cookies?

BETH

Sure. Here you go.

(hands him a  
regular cookie)

GG  
 (taking money)  
 You're all set, ladies. Tell the  
 bishop I said hi.

2<sup>nd</sup> NUN  
 (smiles)  
 High. He'll like that. The bishop  
 is fond of puns.

The NUNS start out.

CLIENT 2  
 (to the NUNS)  
 Uh, should somebody go with you?  
 I mean, you could be robbed or...

1<sup>st</sup> NUN  
 That's very thoughtful of you,  
 young man...

2<sup>nd</sup> NUN  
 (both pull out  
 whips, snap 'em)  
 ...but nobody robs a flagellant nun!

CLIENT 2 pulls back in alarm as the NUNS leave.

GG  
 (to SCHULTZ)  
 You still here? Haven't you got  
 some widows to evict or orphans to  
 molest?

SCHULTZ  
 There's something funny goin' on here.  
 (fans smoke away)  
 I feel funny.

GG  
 You look funny. Your face is all  
 blurry, like you're out of focus.

EARL  
 Yeah, even I can see that.

SCHULTZ

(thinking)

But am I out of focus or is there something wrong with your vision?

BETH

(aside)

He's stoned.

GG

Yeah, that's stoner logic, all right.

(to SCHULTZ)

Look, Schultz, come back when you stop feeling funny. We'll save some cookies for you.

BETH

I'll give you some to take home.

(regular box—into baggie)

EARL

Come on, I'll help you across the street.

SCHULTZ

(thoroughly stoned)

Yeah, I'll come back...

GG

Remember, not a word to anybody. It's our secret.

SCHULTZ

What is?

BETH

Exactly. Here, takes some cookies.

(hands baggie over)

EARL

(takes SCHULTZ by arm)

Let's go, man. We don't want people feeling funny around here.

EARL leads SCHULTZ out and guides him into things and people as they leave.

BETH

Works every time.

GG

That's four now. We turn 'em into stoners and that makes 'em nice guys so they can't be cops anymore.

BETH

They retire on full disability and never have to work again. They should thank us.

They move to the front and watch as EARL guides SCHULTZ across the street. As we watch, EARL nearly drags the cop in front of a passing car.

THE END



