

Isaac comes in, looks around in awe, glances at the slip of paper with the address. He sees the religious decorations including one of Jesus preaching on the Mount, takes a breath of courage and approaches Mo Joe at the counter.

MO JOE

How can I help you, kid? Wait. You're Isaac, right?

ISAAC

Yes sir. You should know that I don't have any retail experience, but I'm a fast learner and a hard worker.

MO JOE

Sure, sure. Fine, fine. Let me just get a feel for you.

Isaac is now in a priest's garment.

ISAAC

Is this a gift shop?

MO JOE

(laughs)

Yes, in a way. You don't know what a dispensary is?

ISAAC

Not exactly.

MO JOE

(off Isaac, now in a  
diaper with pacifier)

Oh right. Don't they have newspapers in Nebraska? Or TVs? Or the Internet? Well, essentially, you're going to be delivering...

Back in his clothes, Isaac notices two TEENAGE BOYS checking out buds from a jar. Isaac gapes.

MO JOE (CONT'D)

(following Isaac's gaze)

...marijuana.

TEENAGE BOY 1

(to companion)

Okay. Now check it out.

He breaks off a small bud, waves it at Mo Joe, who nods and waves back.

TEENAGE BOY 1 (CONT'D)

(to Teenage Boy 2)

See? I told you, dude.

Teenage Boy 1 pockets the bud. Teenage Boy 2 follows suit and the pair make for the front door. Isaac watches it all.

ISAAC

I knew it was legal. So you give it out for free?

MO JOE

In theory, no. I just figure they need it more than me.

ISAAC

That's kind of you, I guess. My church is against drugs. My former church. Uh...I was just wondering. Why do you have a painting of Jesus Christ on the wall?

MO JOE

(sighs)

Okay. Look around. See if you can puzzle it out.

(off Isaac's failure)

Same as every other thing up on the walls. It's all about enlightenment in one form or another. Anyway, I'm sure we can both agree that this is not a good fit. Sorry. Have a nice day.

(when Isaac stares,  
stunned)

Now scoot.

Isaac snaps to. With a crestfallen smile, he heads for the door. Mo Joe watches, shakes his head in pity.