

Cannabis

A comedy by: Gadi Sedaka

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Characters:

- **Goldie** - A 45-year-old housewife, warm and nurturing, trying to conceive a child with her husband Brian.
- **Brian** - 50-year-old prison guard, dreaming of advancing to become a corrections officer.
- **Sammy** - A stuttering ex-convict who dreams of opening a snack stand along the promenade.
- **Jack** – Sammy’s older brother, a drug dealer.
- **Persky** - The commanding officer of the prison, an unbearable character seeking to maintain his status while emotionally abusing those around him.
- **Nick the Detective** - Investigator working under the prison commander.

Prologue

SAMMY: (addressing a couple in the audience) What's up? You two came together to the show? I'm sorry. I know a way to make you forget your troubles. Two-three puffs, and he'll look like a model to you. Not into that kind of stuff? Then two or three shots of tequila, and he'll tell you he loves you. This is fine? So what's the difference?

Childhood friends, huh? A rough childhood? Yeah, I know that too. Grew up in a "growth-stimulating" neighborhood. My mom would ask me, "Sammy, what do you want to be IF you grow up?"

She never sent me to school. No need — we had all the "material" we needed right at home.

Alright, ready to start the show?

Once upon a time, in a faraway land, a woman named Goldie and her husband Brian...

Scene 1

(Home, morning. Goldie exits the bathroom wearing a bathrobe and shower cap, holding a pregnancy test. Morning news plays in the background on the TV. She turns off the TV and turns to a picture of a Rabbi on the wall)

GOLDIE: Gotta be positive... just one more line. Please, plus. Please, plus. One more line and we're all set. (Lights a candle) Grant us a viable seed today. Amen. (Looks away from the test) Not looking. Surprise me. I believe in miracles, no pressure. I've waited fifteen years; I can wait another minute. Take your time. (Jumps to check the test, shakes it) What's so hard about drawing another line? Any kid could do it, so why can't you draw a line for a kid? (Blows out the candle) Is this the best you can do? No help at all. (Sits down on the couch, disappointed, wiping away a tear)

BRIAN: Goldie? (No answer) Oh, there you are! Good morning.

GOLDIE: (Hiding the tear) Morning, Brian.

BRIAN: What's up?

GOLDIE: What's up?

BRIAN: Did you take the test?

GOLDIE: Yeah.

BRIAN: And?

GOLDIE: It's a retest.

BRIAN: Oh, I know that feeling. Had one for the car just last month.

GOLDIE: Really?

BRIAN: No worries, honey. Next time it'll happen. Trust me.

GOLDIE: That's exactly what I'm worried about.

BRIAN: At least we slept well last night.

GOLDIE: YOU slept well!

BRIAN: Yeah, I couldn't sleep either.

GOLDIE: Then maybe you were snoring with your eyes open.

BRIAN: Maybe I dozed off a bit. I've got a long workday ahead.

GOLDIE: Brian, the doctor said these days are crucial... How many eggs do I have left, Brian?

BRIAN: I know. I just got home tired yesterday.

GOLDIE: Yesterday you were tired. The day before, too. And the day before that. And tomorrow you'll be tired. Generally speaking, you're in a state of perpetual tiredness. Do you think a miracle will suddenly happen? Where

will our help come from? (Points to the Rabbi's picture) He doesn't help either.

BRIAN: Who's that? Someone new?

GOLDIE: Yeah.

BRIAN: What happened to the previous one?

GOLDIE: Fired. This one is a specialist in miracles. (To the picture) Last chance or you're out too.

BRIAN: We have a lot of work at the prison.

GOLDIE: If you invested ten percent in me like you do at the prison, I promise you I'd have a kid every month from each egg.

BRIAN: You know what? Today I'll come home early...

GOLDIE: Really? To do what? Catch up on sleep? What'll you do?

BRIAN: What do you mean, "What will I do?" We'll do it together.

GOLDIE: Do what together, Brian?

BRIAN: You know... We're talking about a child here.

GOLDIE: No, I don't. What will we do? Bake a cake together? Don't kid yourself.

BRIAN: But we don't have a kid...

GOLDIE: That's my point!

(They both pause, Brian looks a bit flustered.)

BRIAN: Why are you so tense?

GOLDIE: I'm not tense.

BRIAN: You look tense.

GOLDIE: Not tense.

BRIAN: The doctor said you need to relax.

GOLDIE: He also said you weren't exactly a picture of calm either.

BRIAN: Because you make me tense.

GOLDIE: Then relax!

BRIAN: You relax first.

GOLDIE: Alright, here I am, relaxed. (Makes a stiff and awkward gesture)

See? Relaxed.

BRIAN: Why are you crying?

GOLDIE: Just from relaxing too much, a tear slipped out.

BRIAN: Everything will be alright.

GOLDIE: Promise, Brian?

BRIAN: Promise.

GOLDIE: Will we have a child?

BRIAN: We'll have a child. Don't worry. But I do need to get going.

GOLDIE: Wait. Do you have the prison keys on you?

BRIAN: Yeah.

GOLDIE: Then the prisoners aren't going anywhere. You haven't had your tea yet.

(Goldie hands Brian a cup of tea, they both sip.)

BRIAN: I can't be late. Persky is handing out the notices for officer training today.

GOLDIE: I can't imagine anyone more suitable than you for becoming an officer.

BRIAN: How could you? You're not wearing your glasses.

GOLDIE: Drink!

(They both take a sip.)

GOLDIE: You get the notice, go to the officer training, and then become the warden of the prison.

BRIAN: Why not go straight to being police chief?

GOLDIE: Why not? I saw the police chief on TV yesterday — he's not better than you.

(They both sip.)

GOLDIE: I checked your horoscope — it's going to be an extraordinary week for you.

BRIAN: You know I'm an Aries.

GOLDIE: I know.

BRIAN: It's well known Aries don't believe in horoscopes.

GOLDIE: Your horoscope says, "Expect change."

BRIAN: Let's hope it's a good change.

GOLDIE: In our situation, any change will be a good change.

BOTH: With God's help.

(They sip again.)

GOLDIE: I want us to start doing what the doctor said.

BRIAN: We do everything he says.

(They sip.)

GOLDIE: He said we should be more... spontaneous.

BRIAN: Ah yes, got it.

GOLDIE: Maybe we'll do it once in the middle of the day.

BRIAN: In the middle of the day I'm at the prison.

GOLDIE: You can't get away for two minutes?

BRIAN: Two minutes?

GOLDIE: I can't remember a time we ever went beyond two minutes.

BRIAN: Alright, we'll see what we can do. (Collects the cups)

GOLDIE: Dr. Tuval says all the problems are in our heads. He's sure that eventually, we'll hold the most beautiful thing in our hands.

BRIAN: When that doctor wants to see something beautiful, he just goes to his safe. He's got a collection of beautiful things there.

GOLDIE: Not everything is about money.

BRIAN: You're right. He's also got gold, diamonds, and gemstones in there. Those fertility treatment doctors earn more than drug dealers.

GOLDIE: We still haven't finished paying him.

BRIAN: How much is left?

GOLDIE: 47.

BRIAN: That's all?

GOLDIE: Thousand.

BRIAN: 47 thousand?

GOLDIE: What's the raise for an officer?

BRIAN: 1,000.

GOLDIE: Perfect — 47 payments.

BRIAN: By the time we finish paying, we'll be able to marry off the kid.

GOLDIE: God willing. I already know what I'll wear to the wedding. (Hugs him in front of the mirror) Imagine us, Brian. How will we look? The most beautiful woman in the world with the most distinguished prison officer of the district, Wing 4, hugging a beautiful and outstanding child. How will we look?

BRIAN: We'll look the same, minus 47 thousand.

GOLDIE: I don't care, Brian. Just remember, you have to go to that officer course because we need that raise and the bonus for the treatments.

BRIAN: Okay, I really have to go.

GOLDIE: Brian!

BRIAN: What?

GOLDIE: Can I get a kind word before you leave?

BRIAN: Sure.

GOLDIE: I'm listening.

BRIAN: (Thinks for a moment) Money?

GOLDIE: I love you too!

(The phone rings, and she answers it.)

GOLDIE: Hello? (Startled) Oh, hello Miriam, assistant bank manager. No, no, everything is fine. You're not interrupting — I'm just in the middle of a "surgery." Hearing your voice made my heart drop to my shoes. We're trying to retrieve it. Who's in the red? We're in the red?! Never would have guessed. We're taking care of it, of course. Don't worry. My mom always says: "Money is like love. When you don't have it, it's all you think about."

I always tell Brian we have to live within our means, which is why we agreed to take another loan you suggested. The mortgage bounced?... You can't bounce it back? Everything will settle by the end of the month. Today is the

end of the month? But not the Hebrew calendar month. Oh, yesterday was the Hebrew end? Well, a new one begins now. Is it not a leap year? I really don't want to keep you — the call is over. But do keep sending me birthday cards. It's so nice of you to remind me how old I am and how much time I have left. We'll take care of it. Goodbye, goodbye.

(The set changes to a prison office.)

Scene 2

PERSKI and **BRIAN** enter Perski's office.

PERSKI: Brian!

BRIAN: Sir!

PERSKI: This is what we've gathered just this morning, and it's only from your section—two kilograms of cannabis.

BRIAN: Sir!

PERSKI: With two kilograms of cannabis, you could get the whole prison high.

BRIAN: Yes, Sir.

PERSKI: Your section has turned into the most active drug hub in the country.

BRIAN: Yes, Sir.

PERSKI: They're running drug specials in there, like a supermarket—buy one, get one free! (Takes a breath) If the drug enforcement unit shows up for an inspection and sees the party going on in your section, it'll be the end of my career.

Brian: Yes, Sir.

PERSKI: What do you mean “yes”?

Brian: It will be the end of your career.

PERSKI: And that seems fine to you?

BRIAN: No, Sir.

PERSKI: Then get back to your section! Stop! Sniff around, listen, investigate, ask questions. I want names, Brian! Names! I need to know who’s smuggling drugs into my prison.

BRIAN: Yes, Sir.

PERSKI: Dismissed.

BRIAN: Sir... about my request to attend the officers’ course...

PERSKI: What course?

BRIAN: The officers’ course, I’m interested in—

PERSKI: Submit your request to my secretary.

BRIAN: The interviews are this Thursday, Sir.

PERSKI: I know when the interviews are—I’m conducting them.

BRIAN: So, if we could just speed up the—

PERSKI: Submit the request to my secretary!

BRIAN: Yes, Sir.

PERSKI: I want names, Brian! Names!

Brian exits.

PERSKI: Nick!

Nick enters.

NICK: Yes, Sir!

PERSKI: Nick, I need your detective skills.

NICK: I'm at your service, Sir.

PERSKI: We have to figure out who's smuggling drugs into the prison before the drug enforcement unit does an inspection.

NICK: Yes, Sir.

PERSKI: Now, listen to the plan—I convinced the parole board to cut the sentence of one of our heaviest stoners, Sammy Goodson. He comes from a big family of dealers, and I don't mean dealers of Judaica...

NICK: What do they deal in, Sir? I'm not...

PERSKI: What do you think?

NICK: I have no idea.

PERSKI: They have drug shops in every city, village, neighborhood, school, and daycare. The only thing missing is a booth in Costco. Nick, stay with me. Go undercover, stick to Sammy like glue—we need to find out who's smuggling drugs into the prison.

NICK: Yes, Sir.

PERSKI: Dismissed.

Scene 3

In the prison

(Brian and Sammy Goodson)

SAMMY: Good morning, world! How's everyone doing? I'm getting out from behind bars! What's up? Who's letting me out? Ready to start living. They're waiting for me on the outside.

BRIAN: Sammy, stepping out into the world! Finally!

SAMMY: Come on, Brian, let me out already.

BRIAN: Wait! Let's fill out your release form and send you off. Have you already decided what you're going to do once you're out?

SAMMY: Of course, I'm going to open a ca-ca-ca...

BRIAN: Good luck with that.

SAMMY: A candy shop. Will you miss me, Brian?

BRIAN: I'll cry myself to sleep every night.

SAMMY: Brian, since we're talking, I sent a request to the municipality to get the license for the ca-ca-candy shop, and they wrote me back saying I need some recommendations, signatures from people who can vouch for me.

BRIAN: So?

SAMMY: So, if you don't mind, just sign here saying you recommend me...

BRIAN: Recommend you for what?

SAMMY: That I'm an honest man.

BRIAN: You're getting released today... from prison.

SAMMY: So?

BRIAN: For drug offenses.

SAMMY: So?

BRIAN: What do you mean, "so"?

SAMMY: It's over. Done. Finished.

BRIAN: I can't sign that for you.

SAMMY: Why not?

BRIAN: You know... because you...

SAMMY: What, because I was once a criminal?

BRIAN: "Once" a criminal?

SAMMY: I'm getting out, starting fresh. A blank page.

BRIAN: With all the blank pages you've started, you've wiped out the entire rainforest!

SAMMY: What, you don't believe in me, Brian?

BRIAN: You're planning to open a store selling—

SAMMY: C-c-c...

BRIAN: Crack?

SAMMY: No. C-c-c...

BRIAN: Cocaine?

SAMMY: C-c-c...

BRIAN: Cannabis?

SAMMY: Candy store.

BRIAN: What did I say? Another drug front.

SAMMY: I'm done with drugs. Sign it for me, Brian, I'll even make you my business partner.

BRIAN: Find another partner. Let's go... your name?

SAMMY: S-s-ss-sss... Don't you remember?

BRIAN: Sammy, come on!

SAMMY: Sammy! There you go!

BRIAN: This is an official release document! We have to fill it out properly, understand? I ask, you answer, I write. Now, focus and answer. Last name?

SAMMY: Goo-Goo-Goo...

BRIAN: Come on, don't you want to be released?

SAMMY: Of course, I do.

BRIAN: Then let's not waste any time. Like I said, this is an official document... I ask...

SAMMY: I get it... You answer, I write.

BRIAN: You want to write?

SAMMY: No, no... like you said, I ask, You answer...

BRIAN: Here, just sign it.

SAMMY: What's this for?

BRIAN: Your release form. Go ahead, read it.

SAMMY: Oh... I'm not much of a reader... I'm more of a talker.

BRIAN: Just sign it.

SAMMY: What's this... the C-c-constitution?

BRIAN: Just sign it!

SAMMY: I'll sign for you... if you sign for me.

BRIAN: Either you sign, or I'll throw you in solitary confinement for disrespecting a senior guard.

SAMMY: I... I... can't find my pen.

BRIAN: Come on, sign, get dressed in civilian clothes, and let's get you out of here.

Sammy exits. Goldie enters.

GOLDIE: Brian!

BRIAN: Goldie! What are you doing here?

GOLDIE: Brian! (Whispers) The doctor says I'm ovulating!

BRIAN: Quiet! You're embarrassing me.

GOLDIE: If we want to get pregnant, we need to do it now.

BRIAN: I need to talk to Perski about the officers' course.

GOLDIE: Then tell him to set us up a room here in the prison right now.

There, behind the bars, no one can see. Very intimate.

BRIAN: How's that intimate? The whole prison is full of cameras.

GOLDIE: (Trying to look cute) I need you... just two minutes.

BRIAN: You want to get pregnant... in prison?

GOLDIE: I don't care where.

BRIAN: We'll have a criminal baby?!

GOLDIE: Why are you so negative? Maybe he'll be a criminal lawyer.

BRIAN: Same thing.

GOLDIE: I'll wait for you here.

BRIAN: Go home, wait for me there. I'll finish up here, and I'll be home in no time.

GOLDIE: I'm waiting for you.

BRIAN: Fine.

GOLDIE: I'm waiting.

BRIAN: I'll be there.

GOLDIE: Don't be late.

BRIAN: Fine.

GOLDIE: Maybe I'll just stay here after all?

BRIAN: Stop it!

Goldie exits, Sammy enters wearing tiny clothes.

SAMMY: Come on, Brian, I'm ready for civilian life.

BRIAN: What's with the suit?

SAMMY: What do you expect? You arrested me when I was twelve.

BRIAN: You've grown up nicely here.

SAMMY: Here, take it, I signed it.

BRIAN: That's how you sign?

SAMMY: I stutter when I write too.

PERSKI enters.

PERSKI: Good morning.

BRIAN: Attention for the prison commander! Ready for inspection!

PERSKI: What's going on?

BRIAN: Sir, today we're finally saying goodbye to... Goodson.

PERSKI: If he were really a good son, he wouldn't be here.

SAMMY laughs.

PERSKI: Shut up! Congratulations!

SAMMY: Tha-tha-tha—

BRIAN (whispers): Better shut up!

SAMMY: (to Persky) Better shut up!

PERSKI: How long have you been with us?

SAMMY: Overall or in total?

PERSKI: Overall.

SAMMY: Six-si—

PERSKI: Six years?

SAMMY: Sixteen years.

PERSKI: Sixteen?!

SAMMY: Sweet sixteen.

BRIAN laughs; **PERSKI** glares at him.

SAMMY: Better stay quiet! I did grades 7, 8, 9 here, then came back for 12th grade again.

PERSKI: Why?

SAMMY: To finish high school.

PERSKI: Nice.

SAMMY: Next time, I'll do a degree.

PERSKI: A degree!?! You've got some high hopes.

SAMMY: No, I'm done with being high.

PERSKI: Let him go.

PERSKI starts to leave.

BRIAN: Sir!

SAMMY: Yes?

PERSKI: ...Yes?

BRIAN: Your secretary hasn't scheduled my interview for the officers' course yet.

PERSKI (smiling): Brian?! You know why I like you?

BRIAN: No, Sir.

PERSKI: You know how to mix humor with work.

BRIAN: Sir, but I really do want to become an officer in the prison service.

PERSKI: Brian... you really want to be a high-ranking officer?

BRIAN: More than that, it's what my wife wants.

PERSKI: Well, I'll consult my wife tonight, ask her what she thinks.

SAMMY: Sorry, I'm in a bit of a hurry...

PERSKI: We should probably release the prisoner... they're waiting for him outside.

BRIAN: Yes, Sir. (opens the lock)

PERSKI: Good luck. And reform yourself quickly.

BRIAN: He'll be back here quickly.

SAMMY: Don't close!

PERSKI: You're always welcome back.

SAMMY: Thanks.

SAMMY: Perski!

PERSKI: Yes, Prisoner Sammy?

SAMMY: I'm a civilian now.

PERSKI: That's right.

SAMMY: So can we talk face to face now?

PERSKI: Of course.

SAMMY: I just wanted to say that Senior Guard Brian was a great guard to me. He really loved me, like a father.

BRIAN: Sammy.

SAMMY: Let me handle this for you. Don't interrupt. When I wasn't behaving, he'd lock me up in solitary, and my dad, when I wasn't behaving, would lock me in the bathroom. Those are some nice childhood memories.

BRIAN: Sammy!

SAMMY: Don't be modest. And I think he could be a great officer here in the prison service. Let me handle this for you. Why are you in a rush? Can't you see a guy's talking? Let me handle it for you. Got it? So, can we close the deal between us?

PERSKI: Brian! With recommendations like these, you can go straight to the top.

BRIAN: Sorry, Sir!

PERSKI: Ask him for a recommendation letter for the Minister too.

SAMMY: Gladly!

PERSKI: Brian! Have you organized the names for me?

BRIAN: Not yet, Sir.

PERSKI: You know what, Brian?

BRIAN: Sir?

PERSKI: Come for the interview on Thursday, you'll be the first candidate.

(Phone rings) One moment! George! Hey! You remember George, he was with us in the guard course... now he's in charge of his own prison...

George! You won't believe who wants to join the officers' course... Brian!

Can you believe it? How's the wife?

PERSKI exits.

SAMMY: You don't want to partner with me in the ca-ca-candy shop? I'll split it with you fifty-sixty!

Scene 4

(The set changes to the home of Sammy and Jack. Jack enters.)

JACK: Sammy!

SAMMY: Jack?

JACK: You're out?!

SAMMY: Soon, it'll be your turn.

JACK: Congratulations on your release. I was worried about you... come on, let's go home.

SAMMY: I'll come... a little later.

JACK: Of course, you'll come, where else would you go?

SAMMY: I don't know...

JACK: Here, take this. (hands him some drugs)

SAMMY: What's this?

JACK: A little starter package.

SAMMY: No thanks, I ate in prison.

JACK: How did Mom used to say? With food comes appetite. Take it, it's a release gift.

SAMMY: No... I'm not... I don't...

JACK: Just put it in your pocket, come on.

SAMMY: I'm not using anymore...

JACK: (threatening) Put it in your pocket!

SAMMY: Sure, just say "put it in your pocket!"

(Sammy starts to walk away.)

JACK: Come! We've got a delivery to make today.

SAMMY: I already made plans with some people...

JACK: What people?

SAMMY: The city hall is waiting for me...

JACK: Who's waiting for you? (laughs) The mayor? You're coming with me now, we've got work to do.

SAMMY: I... I can't...

JACK: No one asked if you can or if you want... (threatening) we've got work!

SAMMY: Sure, just say we've got work.

JACK: That's what I like to hear.

SAMMY: If they catch me with another delivery, they'll lock me up for life.

JACK: So what? Didn't I send you "cookies" every month while you were inside?

SAMMY: Maybe you should go in once, just for fun...

JACK: Shut up! Get in the car...

SAMMY: Will you drop me at city hall?

JACK: Get in the black Mercedes.

SAMMY: Fine, just say black Mercedes.

(Jack makes a phone call to a client.)

JACK: Hello! Hey, man! Why are you running late? The goods have been ready for a week. I just didn't have anyone to bring them to you. Now I do.

(whispers) My brother Sammy... he'll be at your place today with the goods.

I'm sending you green and white. Just don't forget to pay me in black. Okay,

take care. (turns his back to Sammy, Sammy escapes) (finishes the call)

Sammy? Sammy! He ran away?!

(Nick enters, disguised as a detective, with his pants falling down.)

JACK: Can I help you?

NICK: Yes, yes... I'm looking for Sammy Goodson.

JACK: Who?

NICK: Sammy... Goodson.

JACK: Never heard of him.

NICK: You don't know him?

JACK: Not a clue.

NICK: You haven't seen him around here?

JACK: I told you, I don't know him.

NICK: I'll look somewhere else, then.

JACK: You should.

NICK: Have a good day.

JACK: You too.

NICK: Thanks for the help.

JACK: No problem.

(Nick exits.)

JACK (on the phone): Mom, if you see Sammy, tell him the cops are on his tail. And he'd better stay away from the lab.

Scene 5

(Brian and Goldie's house, Brian enters.)

GOLDIE (from outside): Are you back, Brian!?

BRIAN (depressed, exhausted): No, I'm still on my way.

Goldie enters

GOLDIE: Are you ready?

BRIAN: Ready for what?

GOLDIE: I've been waiting for you since morning.

BRIAN: Oh, right... just a minute...

GOLDIE: I'm just reminding you we've got less than 24 hours left for the egg.

BRIAN: Okay, just let me breathe for a second.

GOLDIE: No pressure. Take a breath. Breathe. Did you breathe?

BRIAN: I'm working on it. Why the candle?

GOLDIE: For the romance.

BRIAN: But it's a memorial candle.

GOLDIE: So we'll always remember our love. How was the prison?

BRIAN: Prison... you know, the view's not great.

GOLDIE: I mean, did you get an interview invitation from Perski?

BRIAN: Yes... I got it.

GOLDIE: Great... I've always wanted to do it with an officer.

BRIAN: Hold on a second.

GOLDIE: No pressure. Are you feeling okay?

BRIAN: I'm feeling fantastic, it's the happiest day of my life.

GOLDIE: Maybe you want me to put a little perfume on you?

BRIAN: I don't like perfume.

GOLDIE: Just a little here, on your temples, does it feel good? It'll put you in a good mood. It's calming.

BRIAN: You know what, go ahead and put some perfume on.

GOLDIE: Did you eat something bad in prison?

BRIAN: I didn't eat anything.

GOLDIE: That's why you look so drained. I'm going to get you some cookies from the batch I made for the party.

BRIAN: What party?

GOLDIE: The party for your officer promotion. Everyone's coming to celebrate with us.

BRIAN: Who's "everyone"?

GOLDIE: Everyone is everyone.

BRIAN: I'm not in the mood for a party.

GOLDIE: That's it, Brian, the days of misery are over. Starting today, you're a senior officer. And soon, with God's help, a little one will be running around here. The crib will be over here, the toys over there. The changing station here, the feeding corner there, and here, the barf station.

BRIAN: Got it.

GOLDIE: I also want to replace the sofa, it's from the days of King Hassan the First.

BRIAN: Why?

GOLDIE: So the baby doesn't think he was born in Morocco. And the bed in the bedroom has done its time. It's time to say goodbye to it.

BRIAN: You know what? Before we say goodbye to the bed, if it's okay with you, I'll go say my own goodbye to it for a few minutes.

GOLDIE: Absolutely, you go rest for a few minutes, and I'll come surprise you.

BRIAN: How about you surprise me by not coming?

GOLDIE: What?

BRIAN: I'm waiting for you.

(Brian exits, there's a knock at the door, Goldie opens it, and Sammy is standing at the entrance, wearing colorful clothes and a special hat like a drug dealer from the movies, holding forms.)

SAMMY: s..s..ss..

GOLDIE: You're right. Shhhhh. My husband just went to rest.

SAMMY: Shhhh...

GOLDIE: The hospital is over there, not here.

SAMMY: Shhhello! Is this a...a...a...a...apartment 66?

GOLDIE: By the time you finish your question, we'll probably have moved to a new house.

SAMMY: Is this Brian's house?

GOLDIE: This is Brian and Goldie's house.

SAMMY: And you are?

GOLDIE: I'm Brian.

SAMMY: You look different in civilian clothes. Where's Brian?

GOLDIE: Brian went to rest.

SAMMY: Then wake him up, please.

GOLDIE: What's so urgent?

SAMMY: I need him to sign here for me.

GOLDIE: Come back in an hour or two.

SAMMY: I can't. Brian! Wake up!

GOLDIE: He went to rest, and I'm going to rest too!

SAMMY: Rest in peace after I leave. I need him to sign here saying I'm an honest man.

GOLDIE: Excuse me, I don't even know who you are!

SAMMY: I'm Sammy, Brian's friend from work.

GOLDIE: From prison?

SAMMY: Yeah, we're from the same block.

GOLDIE: So how come I've never heard of you?

SAMMY: You don't hang out in the right blocks. He's on the outer part, I'm on the inside.

GOLDIE: I didn't see you at the New Year's toast.

SAMMY: I was having a toast with the prisoners then. They deserve one too...

GOLDIE: He's never mentioned a work friend named Sammy.

SAMMY: I'm part of his second circle of friends.

GOLDIE: I see, you were together at the guard training.

SAMMY: Exactly... sort of... he was the guard...

GOLDIE: And you?

SAMMY: I was a... a... a...

GOLDIE: Shift supervisor?

SAMMY: (shakes head) No. A... a... a...

GOLDIE: Perimeter security?

SAMMY: (shakes head) No. A... a... a...

GOLDIE: I wish you'd just speak already; I'm getting old here.

SAMMY: You know what, Mrs. Goldie? Maybe we should just let Brian rest?

GOLDIE: Excellent idea.

SAMMY: So help me out.

Goldie opens the door to let him out

GOLDIE: I just did, I opened the door for you.

SAMMY: Mrs. Goldie, are you willing to give two minutes to a man whose life is ruined?

GOLDIE: Are you willing to leave so I can give two minutes to my husband?

SAMMY: I'm begging, just two minutes.

GOLDIE: That's going to solve all your problems? Two minutes?

SAMMY: A minute forty-two.

GOLDIE: What do you want?

SAMMY: Nothing... just for you to sign for me.

GOLDIE: You want me to sign for you?

SAMMY: Yes, just fill in your name and ID number here, and write that you know me.

GOLDIE: But I don't know you.

SAMMY: Nice to meet you, I'm Sammy. And write that I'm an honest man, and add a few lines of recommendation about me. Sign here, here, here, and here—don't worry about this one, it's just for the office. And here. That's it.

GOLDIE: Sign what?

SAMMY: That they'll let me open a ca-ca-ca—

GOLDIE: Take your time. He's probably already asleep.

(Brian enters, looking exhausted.)

BRIAN: Can't a guy rest for one minute in this house?

GOLDIE: He says he came to see you.

BRIAN: Me? Sammy?

SAMMY: Hey, Brian. What's up?

BRIAN: What are you doing here?

SAMMY: I met your wife, and now I understand why you love prison so much.

BRIAN: How did you find out where I live?

SAMMY: We share the addresses of all the guards, so we don't accidentally rob a colleague's house.

GOLDIE: Wait a second, you're a prisoner?!

SAMMY: No! I was.

GOLDIE: I'm asking you to leave the house.

BRIAN: Hold on a second, Goldie.

GOLDIE: You know I don't let you bring your work home.

BRIAN: Just give me a second to figure out what he wants.

BRIAN: What do you need, Sammy?

SAMMY: Listen, Brian, it wasn't easy for me to come here like this.

BRIAN: What's the problem?

SAMMY: What can I tell you... my problems started in childhood. My dad used to beat me... and my mom would beat him.

BRIAN: What's the problem now?

SAMMY: She doesn't beat him anymore.

BRIAN: What do you want?

SAMMY: Brian! Help me out! They won't give me a license for the ca-ca-ca—

BRIAN: Candy shop.

SAMMY: I need a certificate of good conduct! And I don't want to go back to drugs. But I've got nothing to eat. I had an idea—I'd go work at the blood bank, they'd pay me a bit, I'd donate blood every day, and I'd be helping science!

GOLDIE: Maybe science fiction.

SAMMY: I went to the blood bank, and they stopped me. They said my blood was dangerous to the public.

BRIAN: What do you want from me, Sammy?

SAMMY: Just sign for me at the city hall.

BRIAN: I told you, I can't...

SAMMY: Brian! You're my last hope. You're the only legal friend I've got. All my other friends... they've got libraries.

GOLDIE: Libraries?!

BRIAN: A library of police files.

GOLDIE: Get out of here! He's probably covered in drug germs.

SAMMY: Brian, for your personal well being, you should kick her out.

BRIAN: Calm down.

GOLDIE: I'm begging you, Brian.

SAMMY: I'm begging you, Brian. I got so desperate today... to keep me from falling into depression, I took a hit.

BRIAN: You're back on drugs?

SAMMY: I'm not back! I just took a taste to remind myself what I'm not supposed to touch.

GOLDIE: Where is he even getting these drugs?

SAMMY: People shove them at me.

BRIAN: Who are these people, Sammy?

SAMMY: You don't know them. They gave me ten, said it's for one week. One hit a day. So I thought, I'll take them all at once and end this life.

GOLDIE: So how are you still here?

SAMMY: The problem is, after just one joint, I felt like I was o-o-o...

GOLDIE: Orangutan?

SAMMY: Optimistic. One hit and my smile came back.

GOLDIE: So now we've got an optimistic orangutan with a drugged-up smile in our house.

SAMMY: I know. It's not good. Sign for me quickly before I fall into depression again.

BRIAN: Show me the forms.

GOLDIE: You're not signing for him.

SAMMY: Quiet, you! You didn't want to help, don't interfere.

GOLDIE: You're not signing for this druggie.

SAMMY: I'm not doing drugs anymore! Didn't you say you were going to rest?

GOLDIE: You just said you took a hit this morning.

SAMMY: What, you wanted me to throw it away? Do you know how much a hit costs?

GOLDIE: I'm sure you know.

SAMMY: You think I don't say "no to drugs"? The problem is, drugs don't listen to me!

GOLDIE: He's got nine more hits that aren't listening to him.

SAMMY: I swear to you, I'm going to sell them to the needy. Okay? I'm clean! If they'd just give me a license, I'd show you how I drive. And don't get me wrong, I'm against letting a druggie drive, but sometimes there's no choice—you've got to get the kids to school.

GOLDIE: It's unethical for you to sign for him.

SAMMY: I don't need it to be ethical.

BRIAN: Sammy! Will you give me the names of the people smuggling drugs into the prison?

SAMMY: Brian, do you want them to kill me?! Do you want me dead?

BRIAN: No.

SAMMY: Then sign for me. Let me start something new.

GOLDIE: If he signs for you and someone finds out...

SAMMY: How would anyone find out? It's just between me, you, him, the city hall, and the police.

GOLDIE: Brian, if you sign for him, they'll kick you out of the officers' course.

SAMMY: He's not even going to the officers' course.

GOLDIE: Will you stop talking nonsense?

SAMMY: Brian, tell her who's right—me or me?

GOLDIE: What's this idiot talking about?

BRIAN: Goldie... I'm not going to the course.

GOLDIE: What?

BRIAN: I'm not going to the officers' course, I gave up on it.

GOLDIE: Perski didn't invite you for the interview?

BRIAN: He did.

GOLDIE: Then you're going to the interview, you're going to the course, and you're going to become an officer.

BRIAN: I'm not cut out for it.

GOLDIE: I've already told the whole world and their mother that you're going to be an officer.

BRIAN: Then send out a cancellation notice.

GOLDIE: Are you going to embarrass me?

BRIAN: Goldie, I'm thinking about leaving the prison.

GOLDIE: What's gotten into you?

BRIAN: I'm thinking about quitting.

GOLDIE: What? You want to be unemployed? You want to be a druggie? You want phone calls from the bank? All our checks bouncing? By the way, the house loan bounced.

BRIAN: Why did it bounce?

GOLDIE: Because of the expenses for the treatments. And just so you know, all this financial stress is why I'm not getting pregnant. And it's also because you don't want it enough.

BRIAN: I don't want it enough?

GOLDIE: Yes. You don't want anything enough. And if you don't go to the course and get that salary bump, the pressure will increase, and we won't be able to afford the treatments. You and I will grow old here, alone, alone, alone. I want a baby, do you hear me? I want a baby!

(Brian exits.)

SAMMY: Do you have a tissue?

GOLDIE: Oh... excuse me.

(Pause.)

SAMMY (accusing): See what you've done! (Pause.) I think I'll sit here and wait for Brian.

GOLDIE: Maybe you should think that over again.

SAMMY: No. I've made up my mind. I'm sitting and waiting for him.

GOLDIE: You'll be sitting until morning.

SAMMY: I've been sitting for 16 years already.

GOLDIE: So sit.

SAMMY: I'm sitting.

(Pause.)

SAMMY: You know, I was right there when he asked Perski for the interview.

GOLDIE: I'm happy for you. Goodbye.

SAMMY: Goodbye. Let's just say that if I had asked Perski to go to the officers' course, I'd have had a better chance than Brian. And I don't deserve it.

GOLDIE: Oh, you don't deserve it?

SAMMY: No, I don't deserve it. Perski laughed right in his face.

GOLDIE: In Brian's face?

SAMMY: Yeah, he humiliated him.

GOLDIE: Humiliated him? And how did he react?

SAMMY: He started getting the "Perskinson."

GOLDIE: The what?

SAMMY: The Perskinson, when your hands start shaking.

GOLDIE: You mean Parkinson's?

SAMMY: Exactly, it's a disease named after Perski.

GOLDIE: My poor Brian, shaking in fear of Perski.

SAMMY: Everyone shakes in fear of Perski.

(Pause.)

SAMMY: Can I tell you something small about Brian?

GOLDIE: What?

SAMMY: Brian needs to let go.

GOLDIE: Yes, he needs to let go.

SAMMY: He thinks too much about what others think.

GOLDIE: Yes, he does think too much about others.

SAMMY: He's too stressed.

GOLDIE: Right, he's too stressed.

SAMMY: In short, he needs a flower.

GOLDIE: He got a flower. He got a bouquet.

SAMMY: A flower, flower.

GOLDIE: You want me to send him a flower from one of those "For You"
places?

SAMMY: A flower.

GOLDIE: What are you talking about? Do you have an eye infection?

SAMMY: I'm talking about natural leaves.

GOLDIE: What natural? Baby spinach? Parsley?

SAMMY: Similar to parsley, but stronger.

GOLDIE: Coriander?

SAMMY: Cannabis.

GOLDIE: Cannabis? Where is that from?

SAMMY: It's a melting pot of cultures.

GOLDIE: Cannabis! Cannabis is drugs, isn't it?

SAMMY: Not at all. It's just a nice flower.

GOLDIE: I've never seen that flower in any flower shop.

SAMMY: That's because it's expensive.

GOLDIE: So, if it's so expensive, why do you keep buying it?

SAMMY: The cost of living is expensive too, but we keep living!

GOLDIE: True. So you want me to give my Brian cannabis?

SAMMY: Why not? Do you know who invented cannabis?

GOLDIE: You probably do. (Sammy points up) The neighbor upstairs?

SAMMY: God.

GOLDIE: God created cannabis?

SAMMY: Of course. There was even a rabbi with me in prison, a big rabbi!

He told me that God created cannabis.

GOLDIE: The rabbi sat in prison with you?

SAMMY: What, should he stand all day?

GOLDIE: ... Did the rabbi also do drugs?

SAMMY: No... only on weekdays. As soon as Brian takes one flower, he'll be a flower in the officers' course.

GOLDIE: So, my Brian will be an officer, a junkie, and a gentleman.

SAMMY: He'll take it just once, like medicine.

GOLDIE: Like medicine?

SAMMY: My dad's uncle's brother's brother-in-law's... his brother...

GOLDIE: Someone.

SAMMY: Exactly, him. His wife had trouble having children, he gave her a cannabis flower, and with it, she made ss...

GOLDIE: Six kids?

SAMMY: Sixteen kids.

GOLDIE: Sixteen kids? He must be ultra-Orthodox.

SAMMY: No, he just really loves his wife. He's always been a little weird.

GOLDIE: Brian would shoot himself in the head before he'd touch that.

SAMMY: So wouldn't it be better if he touches that *instead* of shooting himself?

GOLDIE: That'll never happen.

SAMMY: I'm sorry, but I've got to go.

GOLDIE: Too bad, you don't want to stay a little longer?

SAMMY: They're waiting for me at the bridge...

GOLDIE: Which bridge?

SAMMY: You know the big Junction?

GOLDIE: Yes.

SAMMY: The exit to the highway?

GOLDIE: That's you on the poster?

SAMMY: No, that's a supermodel. I'm underneath.

GOLDIE: What are you doing there?

SAMMY: Making a living.

Scene 6

(Late at night, Goldie and Brian are both restless. Brian, in his pajamas, is walking around the house.)

GOLDIE: Brian, come to bed!

BRIAN: I just can't sleep.

(Pause.)

GOLDIE: What are you so afraid of?

BRIAN: Perski's only calling me for this interview to embarrass me.

GOLDIE: Do you really have to go?

BRIAN: I have no choice. If I don't, it's disobeying orders.

GOLDIE: Then go—and show him what you're made of.

BRIAN: I can't. The minute I see him, I start shaking like a leaf.

GOLDIE: I've already made dough for ten trays of cookies to celebrate your promotion.

BRIAN: If he fires me, I'm done for. At least you'll have snacks for the funeral.

GOLDIE: If you die, I'll kill you! And if he fires you, we can't keep going with the treatments. We'll have no income. And I'll have nothing to live for.

BRIAN: If worse comes to worst, we'll take a break from the treatments until I find a new job. Then we'll pick up where we left off.

GOLDIE: When? When I'm too old? When it's too late?

BRIAN: I'm sorry, Goldie. (Pause.) I'm sorry I'm such a failure.

GOLDIE: You're not the failure. I'm the failure. (places a hand on her stomach)

(Brian exits. Goldie walks to the front of the stage, speaking to God.)

GOLDIE: Almighty God, it's me, Goldie. Goldie, Brian's wife. Brian, son of Rachel—not to be confused with Brian, son of Marcel. Do you remember us? You haven't forgotten about us, have you? I'm almost fifty now. It's only by your grace that I still look this young. And look at Brian—what's happening to him? What's going to happen to us, God? Are we never going to hear the sound of a child running around the house? And now there's this problem with his job? What am I supposed to do? If Brian gets fired, how will we pay for the treatments? How will we survive? How will we pay off the bank? And how am I supposed to get pregnant? I know you've got a lot on your plate—dealing with the weather, sorting out the mess with the

government, and probably a bunch of wishes you haven't even read yet. But if you could spare just a moment for us, and give us a little help... I just want you to know that everything I do, I do because I believe you're listening. Even when we mess things up...

Scene 7

(Nick, the detective, is lost on the street.)

(Nick dials on his phone. Perski answers, dressed in pajamas with a big belly, getting ready for bed.)

NICK: Hello? Perski?

PERSKI: Nick?

NICK: You sent me to follow Goodson.

PERSKI: Did you find their lab?

NICK: Not yet... but I want to update you on the surveillance.

PERSKI: Alright, go ahead... report.

NICK: So, as soon as he got out of prison...

PERSKI: Yeah?

NICK: He disappeared.

PERSKI: And...?

NICK: I have no idea where he went.

PERSKI: Wow, Nick, that's really helpful. So, what exactly are you reporting?

NICK: (nervous, shaking) That's the report.

PERSKI: (furious) That's the report?!

NICK: Sir, I promise you I'm not giving up. We're going to keep fighting crime until we wipe it out. I'll turn the world upside down—

PERSKI: Nick!

NICK: Yes, sir?

PERSKI: Fix your pants.

NICK: Yes, sir.

PERSKI: You know Halacha Junction?

NICK: I know it.

PERSKI: You know those junkies who stand at the intersection begging for change?

NICK: We say hello, that's about it.

PERSKI: Go check for him there.

NICK: Yes, sir!

(Perski yawns, buttons up his pajamas, and goes back to bed.)

Scene 8

(Car noises, Sammy is pestering drivers at the intersection, holding a misspelled sign: "Kidni needed")

SAMMY: Roll down the window, roll it down... you got fifty on you? No? A hundred? Two hundred works too. I know how it is, sometimes I get stuck without cash too. Check again. No? Alright, no problem. How about a kidney? You've got two, don't you? It's a shame, they're just weighing you down. Oops, you missed the green light. Don't worry, it'll change again in 15 minutes. No rush. Hey, we've met before, right? How about signing here, just to say I'm an honest guy? No? Alright, drive on. Just don't come through this intersection again. Use Highway 6. Starting tomorrow, I'm charging tolls here!

(Nick, the detective, enters holding a sign that says "Kidney Needed." Sammy notices him holding the same sign.)

SAMMY: You here to donate or collect?

NICK: Collect.

SAMMY: You write like I talk... can't you spell a simple word? You wrote "Kidney" without the i... Come on, move along, this spot's taken.

NICK: Why? Is this your corner?

SAMMY: It's mine.

NICK: Where's that written?

SAMMY: It's in the land registry.

NICK: Whose name is it under?

SAMMY: Sammy Goodson. Go check the records.

NICK: Sammy Goodson, huh? Nice. How long are you here for?

SAMMY: Like everyone, nine to five.

NICK: I've got an idea. I'll wait here and take the evening shift after you.

SAMMY: I've got an idea—see that bridge over there? When you get to it, cross it.

NICK: The Peace Bridge?

SAMMY: Yeah, peace out!

(Nick exits. Goldie appears, dressed in a fancy suit with wide sunglasses to hide her identity.)

GOLDIE: Sammy!

(Sammy limps toward her with a donation cup.)

SAMMY: Hello, ma'am. Would you like to donate to a deaf, blind, and limping man in need of a kidney, lung, and heart?

GOLDIE: For someone who's missing so many organs, you look pretty good.

SAMMY: It's not just for me; it's for my friends too.

GOLDIE: Sammy, don't you recognize me?

SAMMY: ...Grandma?

GOLDIE: I'm Goldie, Brian's wife.

SAMMY: Oh... yeah... You just look farther away up close.

GOLDIE: I need a favor from you.

SAMMY: For you, anything up to half the street.

GOLDIE: I need you to get me a flower.

SAMMY: There are plenty of flowers in the garden.

GOLDIE: No, no, a flower. The special flower.

SAMMY: A flower... you mean cannabis?

GOLDIE: Shhh...

SAMMY: Shhh...

GOLDIE: Shhh...

SAMMY: So, you've changed your mind.

GOLDIE: Can you just give it to me, and we'll be done with this?

SAMMY: I can't give you something like that.

GOLDIE: You said "up to half the street."

SAMMY: Sorry, that's not in my half of the street.

GOLDIE: It's not for me, it's for Brian. I want him to get through the interview smoothly. It'll be worth your while—Brian never forgets a favor. God willing, when you're back in prison...

SAMMY: I don't want to go back to prison.

GOLDIE: Even better. Come on, I need that flower.

SAMMY: I need you to sign the papers saying I'm an honest man.

GOLDIE: We can't do that.

SAMMY: You'd only be punished for false testimony. The punishment for that is a lot lighter than for drug dealing. And besides, it's not a lie—I really am an honest man.

GOLDIE: Fine, if you get me the flower, I'll sign for you myself.

SAMMY: I can't.

GOLDIE: Why not?

SAMMY: I swore I wouldn't touch illegal substances anymore.

GOLDIE: But you told me it's not drugs.

SAMMY: Is it my fault the government says it's illegal? I'm not looking to get into trouble before I open my ca-ca-ca ...

GOLDIE: Just this one last time. No one will know. Please. I need the flower...

SAMMY: I need two signatures from law-abiding citizens.

GOLDIE: I'll make sure Brian signs for you too.

SAMMY: There's a problem.

GOLDIE: What's the problem?

SAMMY: If I give you the flower, you won't be a law-abiding citizen anymore.

GOLDIE: You're right.

SAMMY: But since I haven't given it to you yet, you're still a law-abiding citizen. So, now's the time to sign.

GOLDIE: Fine.

SAMMY: So, sign.

(Goldie signs, Sammy proudly looks at the first successful certificate in his life.)

GOLDIE: Now, the flower, please.

SAMMY: It says here I'm an honest man. One more signature, and I'm a saint.

GOLDIE: The flower, please?

SAMMY: I can't.

GOLDIE: What now?

SAMMY: What about Brian's signature?

GOLDIE: Fine, Brian will sign tomorrow after the interview.

SAMMY: Can you put that in writing?

GOLDIE: You don't believe me?

SAMMY: I believe you, but you know verbal agreements aren't worth the paper they're written on.

GOLDIE: You're not a prisoner, you're a criminal lawyer. Grab a pen and paper, write whatever you want, and I'll sign.

SAMMY: (trying to write) “i...”... okay, fine, I believe you.

GOLDIE: Thanks.

SAMMY: Let’s go pick out a flower for you.

GOLDIE: “Pick out”? And if it doesn’t suit me?

(Musical transition—Nick, the detective, follows them to the lab with a telescope.)

Scene 9

(Sammy and Goldie in the cannabis lab)

SAMMY: The most important thing is to stay quiet. Jack! Jack, are you here?

GOLDIE: There's no one here.

SAMMY: Even better.

GOLDIE: What is all this? A botanical garden?

SAMMY: This is where we grow, process, and distribute the goods.

GOLDIE: Quite the operation. "Stoned & Sons, Inc."

SAMMY: Now tell me quickly, what do you want to happen with Brian at his interview?

GOLDIE: I want him to feel confident, and if you can, add a little joy to his life.

SAMMY: So, you want him to be *high*?

GOLDIE: High... but not "high-high-wheee!"

SAMMY: We can do a mellow high, a regular high, or the kind of high that keeps you riding for years.

GOLDIE: Really high-tech, huh? I just need a low-key high.

SAMMY: Why so low?

GOLDIE: He's afraid of heights.

SAMMY: Look, with cannabis, it's all about the strain. There's a strain that makes you sleepy...

GOLDIE: No thanks, we've got plenty of that at home.

SAMMY: There's one that just makes you laugh and puts you in a great mood.

GOLDIE: That sounds kind of nice...

SAMMY: And there's a strain that makes you want to... you know... get romantic.

GOLDIE: Totally unrelated, but put aside ten of those for me.

SAMMY: That's the king of cannabis—we call it "Love Flower." Anyone who takes it falls in love instantly.

GOLDIE: Seriously?

SAMMY: But be careful—if you mess it up, you might fall for an idiot.

GOLDIE: I must've accidentally taken that twenty years ago.

SAMMY: I made that mistake once too.

GOLDIE: Oh, you got married?

SAMMY: No, not *that* big a mistake. I took a puff of that flower, and the same day I saw a donkey on the street. We're still together. If you give Brian just one puff of this, he'll love you for life.

GOLDIE: And how do I know he won't... you know... die from it?

SAMMY: No one's ever died from cannabis.

GOLDIE: Am I supposed to give him a plant?

SAMMY: No, you roll it into a joint.

GOLDIE: And where am I supposed to get the... joint?

SAMMY: You roll it.

GOLDIE: Roll it? Like grape leaves?

SAMMY: Forget it. Just take a regular cigarette, empty it out, and fill it with cannabis.

GOLDIE: But Brian hates cigarettes.

SAMMY: Then use a bong.

GOLDIE: A what? That thing like a hookah?

SAMMY: It's not a hookah, it's a bong.

GOLDIE: What do you do with that thing, anyway?

SAMMY: We sing “Hava Nagila...” I’m telling you, it’s a bong! You say hookah one more time, and I’m outta here.

GOLDIE: Okay, okay, fine! Just tell me how to give it to him.

SAMMY: You inhale the flower with the bong...

GOLDIE: So, what do we do then?

SAMMY: Just give him a cookie.

GOLDIE: A cookie? How does that make sense?

SAMMY: A cookie.

GOLDIE: I’ve been feeding him cookies all his life, hasn’t helped so far...

SAMMY: This one will. You put the cookie next to his tea, coffee, juice, water... soda...

GOLDIE: Some kind of drink... but where’s the flower?

SAMMY: The cannabis is already inside. We grind the flower into powder, mix it with sugar or vanilla, or za’atar depending on your taste, and then bake it into the cookie. Some people like it stuffed, others prefer it Moroccan-style—whatever works.

GOLDIE: You’ve got a whole cooking show going here—"Bake & Get Baked."

SAMMY: (hands her the cookie) Here you go.

GOLDIE: So, he's supposed to eat the cookie?

SAMMY: Both of you, together.

GOLDIE: I'm scared.

SAMMY: It's worth it, just once. Loosen up a little. The first time I took cannabis, I started talking like hell to my kindergarten teacher. Take it, try it.

GOLDIE: Almighty God, if I don't make it, that means something's gone wrong. Please watch over my Brian and tell him I've loved him all my life. Only him.

SAMMY: Want to write a will first?

GOLDIE: Whatever happens is meant to be. Amen.

(She eats the cookie.)

GOLDIE: It's not working.

SAMMY: Swallow.

GOLDIE: Nothing's happening.

SAMMY: J-j-just wait.

GOLDIE: When is it supposed to kick in?

SAMMY: Soon.

GOLDIE (not noticing the change in her voice): I don't feel a thing. (starts laughing)

SAMMY: Nothing at all...

GOLDIE: I feel a little... silly.

SAMMY: The difference is, with you, it'll wear off. You should go to Brian. And don't hold it like that, it's not an aquarium!

(Goldie exits, Jack bursts in.)

JACK: Sammy!

SAMMY: Goodbye, Jack.

JACK: What are you doing here?

SAMMY: Just tending to the plants...

JACK: Didn't Mom tell you they're following you?

SAMMY: Who?

JACK: The cops.

SAMMY: No way...

JACK: I met the detective myself.

SAMMY: What detective?

JACK: You idiot. They released you so they could follow you and find the lab. What are you even doing here? Are you working with the police?

SAMMY: No!

JACK: Then why are you here?

(Nick bursts in.)

NICK: Freeze! Hands up! Unless you want a bullet in you, don't move. Now, what do we have here? The whole Goodson family together.

JACK: Never seen him before in my life.

NICK: Get acquainted. Sammy Goodson, Jack Goodson. Very nice. So, you two are into agriculture, huh?

JACK: Organic. It grows by itself.

SAMMY: We're gardeners.

JACK: Sammy, give him your business card.

(Nick takes them away)

Scene 10

(Transition to the house. Goldie enters, stoned, carrying tea and cookies. Brian enters, tired and frustrated, anxious about his interview tomorrow. He notices Goldie walking like a zombie with the tea tray.)

BRIAN: Goldie!

GOLDIE: I made tea, Brian! (sits down) I made tea, Brian! (He takes the tray from her) I made tea, Brian!

BRIAN: I see that.

GOLDIE: Take a cookie. Swallow it. Did you swallow?

BRIAN: You seem... different today.

GOLDIE: You don't look so bad yourself. Suddenly.

BRIAN: I wanted to ask your advice about what I should say to Perski at the interview tomorrow.

GOLDIE: Everything's going to be fine.

BRIAN: How's everything going to be fine?

GOLDIE: I'll come with you.

BRIAN: But what should I say to him?

GOLDIE: Tell him... (giggles) Tell him...

BRIAN: Why are you laughing?

GOLDIE: Tell him, "Perski, I love you."

BRIAN: But I don't love him. I love you.

GOLDIE: What?

BRIAN: What?

GOLDIE: Did you hear something?

BRIAN: No.

GOLDIE: I thought I heard something.

BRIAN: I didn't say anything.

GOLDIE: Oh...

BRIAN: I love you.

GOLDIE: I love you too.

Scene 11

(In the prison. Perski is hanging up a tall, oversized portrait of himself with the words: “The Prison is Your Home!” He stands in front of the portrait, proud of himself.)

(Brian enters.)

BRIAN: Sir!

PERSKI (feeling triumphant after busting the cannabis lab): Brian! Come in, come in.

BRIAN: I’m here for the interview.

PERSKI: You’ve come just in time for the celebration! Today, we’re celebrating!

BRIAN: What are we celebrating, sir?

PERSKI: You’ll see in a minute. Nick! Nick! Come in, come in! Bring the loot and show Brian how we finish a shift.

NICK: Left, right, left! (Nick enters, leading Sammy and Jack, handcuffed tightly) Sir, the criminals are ready for your orders!

BRIAN: Sammy?...

SAMMY: What’s up, Brian?

PERSKI: Last night, I uncovered the biggest cannabis lab in the area—
Goodson's lab! The source of all the cannabis in *my* prison. An inmate from
your block. We've set them up for a five-day vacation here in detention
before their trial, and with a little luck, they'll spend the next few good years
with us.

JACK: By noon, my lawyer's getting me out.

PERSKI: We'll see about that. Everyone who crosses Perski ends badly.
From now on, this prison will be clean. We opened 25,000 cases for
cannabis use and trafficking this year. Now it's 25,002, and it's all thanks to
who?

NICK: Thanks to you, sir.

PERSKI: Thank you, Nick.

NICK: With that kind of resourcefulness and sophistication, you should be
at least...

PERSKI: At least what?

NICK: Uh...

SAMMY: Better shut up.

BRIAN: Congratulations, sir.

PERSKI: Thanks, Brian, when you deserve it, you deserve it. You came to me on a good day. So what do you say, Brian? Maybe we'll still send you to the officers' course?

BRIAN: I'd be happy, sir.

PERSKI: Why not? You're no worse than anyone else here.

(Goldie enters unnoticed by Perski.)

PERSKI: You'll never, *ever* be an officer. You're going to spend the rest of your life as a low-ranking guard in Block B, to the left of solitary confinement. (Notices Goldie) Goldie! Welcome, Goldie and her legendary cookies. You've come just in time for Brian's celebration. I can tell you that your husband is going to stay in Block B for the rest of his life.

GOLDIE: I see. I brought him his favorite cookies... he forgot them at home.

PERSKI: What a devoted wife. Learn from her, Brian—learn what dedication to the job looks like. I'll take these to him. Thank you, Goldie. Mind if I try one?

GOLDIE: Why not...

PERSKI: Mmm... special...

JACK: Can we have a cookie too? We haven't eaten anything since morning!

PERSKI: Don't say the prison warden isn't generous. (He hands out cookies and gives Brian the jar.)

JACK: (whispers to Sammy) Wait a minute... this is a cannabis cookie!

PERSKI: What did you say?

JACK: Oh no, I said... he took a bite! Take a bite!

PERSKI: (tasting again, realizing) This is a cannabis cookie! How did cannabis cookies get into your hands?

SAMMY: I gave them to her. If you need to arrest someone, arrest me.

PERSKI: But you're already under arrest.

SAMMY: Then everything's fine!

PERSKI: Brian... your wife is smuggling cannabis cookies into the prison? You've just sealed your fate—you won't even be a guard anymore.

BRIAN: I know, sir. I'm resigning.

GOLDIE: Well, thank you very much for everything. Goodbye.

PERSKI: Whoa, whoa, whoa! Not so fast! You're both under arrest! You too, for possession and trafficking of cannabis. Nick! Take them into custody!

(Nick takes Brian and Goldie and closes the door while he's inside)

PERSKI: You see, Brian? Not everyone can be a guard! It requires special qualities. Leadership, charisma, guts, Brian! Look at me, Brian! This is a position only the chosen few can reach.

GOLDIE: Commander Perski, as one of the chosen few, you've also eaten cannabis cookies. Not just one—four.

PERSKI: You're right... Then I'll have to arrest myself. Myself! Perski! To detention! (He takes down his own portrait and enters the cell with it.)

(Perski enters the jail. Everyone stands by the bars.)

Scene 12

(Sammy enters alone like in the opening scene, wearing a baker's apron.)

SAMMY: So, what can I tell you... They say cannabis helps people, but that's not always true. Take my brother Jack, for example. No matter how much cannabis he inhaled, he stayed the same meathead. Let's just say there's more cannabis in his body than what he ever grew. Luckily for me, he's going to be in prison for a long time. How did I get out, you ask? Well, the judge who sentenced me desperately needed medical marijuana himself—couldn't get a prescription, poor guy. A judge! Luckily for him, he met me. On my way out, I ran into some unemployed guy and offered him a partnership in my ca-ca-ca-...

BRIAN: (enters, also in baker's clothes) Candy shop. Sammy, stop yapping with the clients. The cookies are ready for delivery. I've got to head to the Ministry of Health to renew our license. The market's on fire! There's this new rumor going around that medical cannabis helps with labor pains, gallstones, fatty liver, and rapid weight loss. And we've got a special order for some pastries for the government meeting. They just discovered cannabis prevents corruption.

SAMMY: Coming right up...

BRIAN: Come on, we've got deliveries to make. (exits)

SAMMY: I'm coming. Hard worker. But don't get it twisted—we only deliver to those who are allowed, and to friends, and people who ask very nicely. It's not for kids. Speaking of kids...

GOLDIE: (enters, carrying a baby while nursing) Sammy, why is there so much salt in a sweet cookie? And next time, add a little more of those green leaves. Don't be shy—it's legal. People love it. Trust me, people love it. (hands the baby to Sammy) Sammy, do me a favor and take him for a bit. Drive him crazy for me, would you? (exits)

SAMMY: Gladly! She's our master chef... when she has the time... when little *Flower* isn't driving her crazy. This is the little one they had. Flower. Flower, Flower! You want to be a prison guard when you grow up? Oh, you don't want to be a guard? Smart kid! Sometimes I look at him and think, he even looks a little like me... What can I tell you? Life's some good stuff.

(The End.)