

BEST BUDS

EPISODE FOUR: THE DOCTOR IS IN

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INT. BEST BUDS SHOP - DAY

It's a few days after the grand opening. Only MIKE and TOMMY are in the shop. Tommy is labelling jars behind the bar. Mike is reading the paper. Tommy holds up a jar.

TOMMY

What do you think of calling this one, "Snugglepuss Blowout?"

MIKE

Where do you come up with this shit?

TOMMY

My mind is a carnival of creation.

MIKE

I'm imagining a bunch of tiny carnies running around inside your skull yelling and punching each other in the face.

Beat.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Your thought processes suddenly make a lot more sense.

There's a quick knock on the door, then it opens. TRAVIS (30) walks in. He's dressed like kind of a beach bum - plaid shorts, sandals, and a heavy thrift-store sweater. He's carrying a backpack.

TOMMY

(excited)

Hey Travis!

TRAVIS

Hi Tommy.

Mike extends his hand to Travis.

MIKE

I'm Mike. Sorry about the other day.

TRAVIS

What happened after the fuzz showed up?

TOMMY

It was just a city health guy.

TRAVIS

And?

MIKE

We passed. He just told us to put up an "employees must wash hands" sign in the bathroom. Apparently, most marijuana dispensaries aren't very organized.

TRAVIS

Who'da thunk it?

(beat)

So when do I start?

MIKE

I don't know what Tommy told you, but we aren't really looking for new employees.

TRAVIS

No worries, man; I know it's a recession and all. Lay-offs are part of the game.

MIKE

Well, we never really *hired* you.

TRAVIS

But... Tommy said that-

MIKE

Tommy says a lot of things.

TOMMY

(not understanding)

Like, hundreds of things a day.

MIKE

So I know Tommy tried to hire you, but what exactly do you do?

TRAVIS

I'm a doctor.

TOMMY

He's Dr. Travis. Dr. Travis, *M.D.*

Tommy pulls a Cadbury Egg out of his pocket and starts unwrapping it.

MIKE

(skeptical)

You're a doctor?

TRAVIS

Well, technically I'm just a med school graduate. I don't have a practice.

MIKE

Why not?

TRAVIS

Because modern pharmacology is the biggest racket since the pet rock.

TOMMY

Word up.

He takes a bite out of the chocolate egg. It oozes sugar goo onto his shirt.

TRAVIS

It's all a swindle. Half the doctors in this country are in the pocket of pharmaceutical companies that rape the rainforests looking for plants that cure diseases, just to isolate the active ingredients, synthesize chemical-ridden versions in a lab, and charge patients five thousand percent of what it would cost for them to just to grow the plants themselves.

MIKE

Wow.

TRAVIS

Also, I don't really like hard work.

MIKE

Then why'd you go to med school?

Tommy pulls out another Cadbury Egg and starts to unwrap it.

TRAVIS

It was an inheritance thing. Didn't wanna get left out of my dickhole Dad's will. Are you eating Cadbury Eggs?

TOMMY

Yup.

TRAVIS  
I thought they stopped selling  
those after Easter.

TOMMY  
They do.

TRAVIS  
It's July.

MIKE  
He buys a pallet of them every  
April.

TOMMY  
Usually lasts me til January.

Tommy pops the entire egg in his mouth. Travis gives him a  
puzzled look then turns back to Mike.

TRAVIS  
Anyway, if you'll reconsider hiring  
me, I think it would be somewhat  
rad to hang out here diagnosing  
people and smoking all day.

MIKE  
You can do that?

TRAVIS  
Man, once you pass your med boards  
people kind of just let you do  
whatever.

TOMMY  
Like organize demolition derbies in  
city parks?

TRAVIS  
No.

TOMMY  
Shit.  
(beat.)  
I guess I'll have to be an  
architect then.

Travis and Mike stop to try and figure out what the hell he  
means by this.

MIKE  
So you want to prescribe weed?

TRAVIS

I figure if I'm able to practice medicine I might as well treat patients with a drug that actually works. And doctors can't prescribe weed. They can only recommend it.

MIKE

For what kind of stuff?

TRAVIS

Hmm... off the top of my head?  
 Insomnia, hypertension, anorexia,  
 headaches, depression, alcoholism,  
 Alzheimer's, heart disease, asthma,  
 night terrors, Tourette's,  
 diabetes, anxiety, cancer,  
 arthritis, glaucoma, polio, ADD,  
 OCD, PTSD, PMS, quadriplegia,  
 carpal tunnel, autism, scoliosis,  
 seizures, nausea, conjunctivitis,  
 shingles, diarrhea, constipation,  
 impotence, Hep C, herpes, alopecia,  
 tinnitus, sleep apnea, stuttering,  
 and obesity.

TOMMY

Damn!

TRAVIS

Oh, and restless leg syndrome.

He winks at Tommy.

MIKE

Pot can treat all that?

TRAVIS

I don't know. If it can't, it can at least make you forget about it for a while.

MIKE

Hmm.

TOMMY

So, can we hire him or what?

MIKE

We don't really have a lot to offer.

TRAVIS  
I'd work for a \$50 fee per  
recommendation.

MIKE  
Yeah?

TOMMY  
Don't worry, Mike. I got this.  
Thirty dollars.

TRAVIS  
Fifty.

TOMMY  
Twenty.

TRAVIS  
Forty-five and free weed.

TOMMY  
Ten?

TRAVIS  
Forty dollars, free weed, and all  
the Cadbury Eggs I can stomach.

TOMMY  
Sold! To the gentleman with the MD.

MIKE  
Not bad. And having an in-house  
doctor *would* give us a competitive  
advantage. I don't know, though.

The doorbell rings. There's someone outside. Mike opens the  
door. It's a NEW CUSTOMER.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
Hello?

NEW CUSTOMER  
You guys do recommendations, right?

MIKE  
We were just discussing that. Why?

NEW CUSTOMER  
Well the sign outside says "Best  
Buds. Come on in right now for some  
real good weed! We just got a weed  
doctor."

Mike shoots Tommy a look.

TRAVIS  
I'm on this.

Travis pulls a lab coat and stethoscope out of his bag. He puts them on as he walks up to the customer.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)  
You ever had a sore throat?

NEW CUSTOMER  
Well, yeah.

TRAVIS  
Congratulations, you qualify for medicinal marijuana. I'm going to recommend...

He scans the shelf and picks a jar at random.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)  
Some "Thanksgiving-Feeling Diesel."  
That'll be sixty dollars. Tommy,  
egg me.

Tommy tosses Travis a Cadbury Egg.

FADE TO BLACK.