

UNTITLED HUMBOLDT PROJECT

By

Greg Dunaway

Maple Creek Productions, 2013 Greg Dunaway
GregDunaway@gmail.com
602-717-6435

EXT. HUMBOLDT HILLSIDE - DAY

A 50-something man walks around pot plants humming to himself. He grabs a branch, smells it, smiles and continues humming. Out of nowhere, A STREAKING ROCK FROM SPACE, strikes him in the head. He falls over, clearly dead. THUD.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. COLLEGE CLASS - DAY

THUD. A head hits a desk. The face that looks up is that of JAMES FINNIGAN, a well muscled, Irish Mexican. By virtue of wearing a collared shirt that ISN'T flannel, he stands out.

The professor drones on.

PROFESSOR

As we close this class, I want to remind all of you that the oppressive government forces that continually crush the liberty and passive love of this community-

BZZZZ. Finnigan looks down at his iPhone which is displaying in all capital letters:

TEXT FROM BOBBY HOWARD: "FUCKING SPACE ROCKS MAN, HOLY SHIT."

FINNIGAN

What the fuck?

The professor pauses, but then continues.

PROFESSOR

My freedom through spiritual, political, love club will be meeting tonight to discuss the upcoming election, with special focus on the legalization of marijuana issue.

CLOSE UP: Finnigan's face loses color. His hand shoots up.

FINNIGAN

Professor. You said the legalization of marijuana?

PROFESSOR

Yes, Mr.?

(CONTINUED)

FINNIGAN

Finnigan, but I'm not actually in this class- anyway, so legal like- anyone from get it from anyone legal?

PROFESSOR

Correct Mr. Finnigan and it's only through the non violent love we've shown that this wonderfu-

FINNIGAN

Right, thanks

Finnigan hastily exits. As he does a hand grabs his shirt. A BEAUTIFUL COLLEGE STUDENT stares up at him.

STUDENT

Hey baby. I thought we were meeting up so I could pick up that-

FINNIGAN

I'll get you later.

She's not used to being dismissed. Finnigan hastily runs out of the class.

EXT. BOBBY'S POT FARM/HOUSE - DAY

BOBBY, 28, a gangly, short haired man, walks around the outside of house slowly, wearing an ill fitting helmet, flannel shirt and torn jeans. He glances at the sky nervously. He jumps as he hears a car horn and looks at the truck approaching.

FINNIGAN (INSIDE THE TRUCK)

Are you fucking kidding me with the helmet?

The window finishes rolling down and Finnigan motions towards Bobby. Bobby walks to the truck.

FINNIGAN

Bobby, I swear to God, sometimes I wonder about you.

BOBBY

Yeah, yeah, if a fucking rock comes hurtling from space at the next farm over, you get concerned, Finni. You're not the one marching outside checking on plants waiting

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY (cont'd)
for an angry God to kill me with a
fucking death space asteroid.

Finnigan opens his mouth, thinks better of it.

BOBBY
Everything is good by the way, the
plants haven't been smoted by Jesus
or anything and the animals have
all been fed - why are you here so
early? What happened to Harmony or
whatever her name was?

Finnigan reaches into the truck and grabs a newspaper and
hands it to Bateman.

FINNIGAN
Yeah, well I got to her class early
and wandered in to find out that
fucking weed is about to be legal.

BOBBY
Huh.

Finnigan waits a beat, stares at Bobby.

FINNIGAN
Huh? Huh? (beat) Goddammit Bobby.
Don't you get it?

BOBBY
Well, yeah. I mean, we'll sell a
lot more pot.

Finnigan puts his head onto the steering wheel, which
activates the horn. Bobby jumps again and glances at the
sky.

FINNIGAN
No Bobby. Humboldt is considering
legalizing pot. If everyone can
grow pot in the backyard or get it
from their local Walgreen's- how
the FUCK are we going to make
money?

BOBBY
Oh.

FINNIGAN
Yes, oh.

BOBBY
I need a joint.

INT. BOBBY'S HOUSE - DAY

Bobby's living room is modest, excepting his HUGE TELEVISION. There are stacks of money on his table along with plastic bags of pot. His feet and Finnigan's are also up on the table as they SMOKE A JOINT.

FINNIGAN
We're fucked. I called the guys at the dispensary, they were actually googling "How to prepare a resume."

BOBBY
(coughs) Look man, we've got this, we just have to think. Use our brainpower.

An obvious beat.

FINNIGAN
Who do we know? It's not like we don't have money... Can we like bribe people?

BOBBY
It's a vote, man. We can't bribe a whole county.

Bobby, picks up the newspaper.

BOBBY
It says here there are people who are going to fight the referendum. Why don't we just... like give them a lot of money?

Finnigan smokes the joint and considers this.

FINNIGAN
Fuck. I mean... I guess?

Bateman gets up, sways for a moment and then straightens and adopts a "serious tone."

BOBBY
My name is Robert Howard and I'm voting NO on pot this November. It's for the children.

(CONTINUED)

FINNIGAN
Goddamn Bobby, that wasn't half
bad.

Bobby starts giggling, clearly high. And sits back down.

BOBBY
I'm hungry.

INT. JC PENNY'S - DAY

Bobby stares at a suit. He reaches out and touches the
fabric.

BOBBY
Huh.

Finnigan comes out of a dressing room, wearing a slick
looking black dress shirt.

FINNIGAN
It's for the children. Ladies and
gentleman, it's for the children.

BOBBY
Not a bad catchphrase. I am a
genius.

Bobby reaches into his pocket and turns his iPhone on.

FINNIGAN
I bought us a bunch of nice shirts,
let's go.

Bobby's phone makes a text message noise.

FINNIGAN
And we have to deci-

Bobby's phone goes off again. And again. And again.

FINNIGAN
Goddammit Bobby, since when are you
so fucking popular?

BOBBY
I don't get service at the farm...
Wow.

FINNIGAN
Yes?

BOBBY

Well.

FINNIGAN

DAMMIT BOBBY WHAT?

BOBBY

I think Jessica is coming up here.

INT. TRUCK - DAY

Bobby is staring at his phone in the passenger seat.
Finnigan drives.

BOBBY

I need to get back to feed the
animals.

FINNIGAN

Fuck me, first this shit.

He gestures at the newspaper.

FINNIGAN

And now your ex girlfriend- you
know she's on TV now right?

BOBBY

Yeah some show about a vampire
school for women. I think she
gets banged a lot. It's
fucking awful.

FINNIGAN

Google her.

BOBBY

What?

FINNIGAN

Well, there's no fucking way she's
coming up here just because she
misses you- FUCK YOU SHITHEAD.

A car makes a completely legal lane change into Finnigan's
lane. Finnigan accelerates and tailgates the car.

BOBBY

Chill the fuck out, Finni.

(CONTINUED)

FINNIGAN
Anyway- just google her.

Bateman moves his thumbs around. Nothing happens.

FINNIGAN
How old are you? Jesus Fucking
Christ.

He grabs the phone and quickly inputs text. Bateman turns
around notices a COP CAR behind them.

BOBBY
When was the last time you got
Donnie an eighth?

Finnigan is still staring at the iPhone, oblivious.

FINNIGAN
Was gonna go by yesterday, until-

FLASHING LIGHTS ILLUMINATE HIS REAR VIEW.

FINNIGAN
God dammmmit.

A heavy set, mid 30s cop saunters up to the window. He raps
on the window, which Finnigan lowers.

COP
License, registration and my eighth
of weed, asshat.

FINNIGAN
Look, Donnie, I was on my way
today, but we got sidetracked with
this whole-

BOBBY
The election.

FINNIGAN
Yeah, the election.

Donnie makes a show of glancing at Finnigan's license and
and registration.

DONNIE
Well, Finni, last night my
girlfriend yelled at me because she
had a bad day and I had no fucking
pot to calm her down. Consequently,
I'm thinking about giving you a

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DONNIE (cont'd)
ticket, so that you learn about
tailgating.

FINNIGAN
Hey that fucker swerved in my lane.

DONNIE
Oh really? Hmm. Let me consult with
my handy dandy law book- (he mimes
opening a fake book) let's see,
right here it says "Oh wait I don't
give a fuck."

Donnie glances around the inside of the truck.

DONNIE
Look, just give me whatever joint
Bobby has on him- (Bobby begins to
protest) oh shut up Bobby, you were
born with a joint in your pocket, I
know you have it.

Finnigan glances at him. Bobby surrenders the joint from his
front pocket.

DONNIE
Thank you. And as a thank you from
law enforcement, I'll be happy to
let you know that tonight down at
the high school, I'll be pulling
down some extra cash doing security
at a concerned citizen's meeting
about legalization.

He hands back the license and registration, along with a
ticket, which he had clearly filled out earlier.

FINNIGAN
Oh fuck you, Donnie.

DONNIE
Short on quota. Sorry boss. Seems
to me like you two might want to
figure out what the fuck is going
on.

FINNIGAN
Yeah, no shit, thanks for the
economics lesson.

(CONTINUED)

DONNIE
(in cop voice) Have a good day
sir, please drive carefully.

FINNIGAN
Eat my ass, Officer Dickshit.

The cop car pulls away in front of them.

EXT. BOBBY'S POT FARM - DAY

Bobby sits, staring at a child petting an goat. Bobby is wearing a "HUMBOLDT HAPPY FARMS" t-shirt, emblazoned with his name. A parent oohs and aaahs and snaps photos, while her two children stumble around.

PARENT
So this goat, what type of goat is
it?

BOBBY
This would be a traditional goat.
From, like a farm goat.

The parent isn't pleased with his response.

PARENT
And this pig, is it raised on
organic food?

BOBBY
Of course, we blend him an imported
mix of oats and mushrooms. The
mushrooms are harvested ethically,
of course.

To the right of Bobby, Finnigan approaches and snorts at his remark.

FINNIGAN
Excuse me, ma'am, I have to borrow
Farmer Bob. I'll bring him right
back.

A pig shits all over the parent's foot.

PARENT
Ugghhhhhhhh.

BOBBY
Rest assured ma'am, that poo is
organic.

(CONTINUED)

Finnigan and Bobby walk off to leave the parent alone in the enclosure as she frantically shakes her leg.

FINNIGAN

I called and got us into this anti-drug thing tonight. We can go down and you can make a presentation, we give them a lot of money, they buy all sorts of ads and shit and then we stay in business.

Behind Finnigan, a toddler slips into more pigshit. The other toddler reaches into the mud.

PARENT

Ohhh helll! No, Sherri, don't eat it!

BOBBY

God, if this thing passes, we might actually have to give a shit about our little side business.

FINNIGAN

I fucking hope not. We have to prepare for your presentation.

BOBBY

My presentation?!

FINNIGAN

It's for the children, Bobb-o, you said it yourself. You're gonna be fine.

BOBBY

I need a joint.

EXT. LOCAL HIGH SCHOOL HALL - NIGHT

Bateman paces nervously smoking a cigarette in front of Finnigan's truck. In the distance we see OLDER, WELL DRESSED ADULTS going into the SCHOOL HALL. Finnigan watches Bateman.

FINNIGAN

Didn't you give up cigarettes for health reasons?

BATEMAN

FUCK YOU.

(CONTINUED)

FINNIGAN

Relax, you're going to be fine.
Just say every negative thing your
parents have ever said to you.

BATEMAN

Gee thanks.

He stomps on the cigarette.

BATEMAN

It's for the children.

They walk in.

INT. LOCAL HIGH SCHOOL HALL - NIGHT

The pair stop and gaze at the unfamiliar setting before
them. 35 - 70 YEAR OLD MEN AND WOMEN mill about, each
smiling and nodding. BOBBY stares at an OLDER woman and
catches only every other word.

OLDER WOMAN

Values... Dangerous... Paranoid...
Causes Diaherrea...

Bateman stares on confounded.

FINNIGAN

Yo, Bobb-o, let's go mingle.

The two walk towards a table with a squat, heavy set
50-something woman mans the sign in sheet. Her nametag reads
SHARON.

SHARON

Well hello there boys. You look
lost. This is the anti-legalization
meeting- are you confused?

She smiles smugly.

FINNIGAN

Oh, uh, no. My name is Finnigan and
this is Howard, I mean Robert. And
we would like..

BATEMAN

To do our part. It's for the
children.

(CONTINUED)

FINNIGAN

Right. Pot is evil. And we'd, we'd like to like help stop it.

BATEMAN

Stop it for the children.

FINNIGAN

Right of course.

SHARON

Well. I'm pleasantly surprised to see such passion from the two of you.

She reaches into bag behind the desk.

SHARON

Here's our "Take Action Against Drug Legalization" packet. It has some bumper stickers, fliers and talking points. The meeting will start any second, so grab a seat.

Bateman stares at the top page- HOW TO SPOT A TWEAKER. Below the headline is a man facedown, spread eagle, in a park with a joint in his right hand. A large arrow points to the joint saying "MARIJUANA CIGARETTES END LIVES."

BATEMAN

A tweaker?

FINNIGAN

Thank you Sharon.

The two sit down as Sharon makes her way to a makeshift stage ready with a hand-me-down microphone. She taps it.

SHARON

Okay, all, let's get started. Why don't we go around the room and introduce each other.