

INT . SAUL'S APARTMENT - LATER

SAUL SILVER is constructing a CROSS-SHAPED JOINT (two joints that Intersect one another). Pot and paraphernalia scattered all over the coffee table. A large "Scarface" movie poster hangs on the wall. There is a knock at the door and Dale enters.

DALE
What's up, Saul?

SAUL
(unpleasantly surprised) What the fuck?!?

DALE
What?

SAUL
I didn't buzz you in. How the monkey did you get in here?

DALE
Whoa . . . sorry, man. someone just let me in. Dude with a faux-hawk or something. He was leaving when I got here.

SAUL
Kyle man. That's fucked up, man! Asshole! What else is the buzzer for anyway?

DALE
I'll buzz next time, man. I'm real sorry. I'm just not familiar with your, uh. . . protocol yet.

SAUL
Hey, stuff your sorries in a sack, bro. We're always cool. It's those fuckin ' jaggoffs. Have a seat!

DALE
Um...sure. Awesome

Dale awkwardly sits down on the other side of the couch.

SAUL
Yo, check this out. Satellite radio.

DALE
You got two tv's and radio. That's pretty rad.

SAUL

Nice home entertainment.

DALE

Very entertaining. Oh, Wow! You have a cute picture too!

SAUL

oh yeah, me and my bubby. Hey, let me ask you something.

DALE

Yeah

SAUL

You think you can pull the plug on someone if you needed to, like Youth in Asia.

DALE

Like on her?

SAUL

If I needed too.

DALE

Ummm....I'm kinda in a hurry man. I don't know if we should start, going down that road. I can talk all day about youth in Asia, don't get me started.

SAUL

Save it!

DALE

We'll save it for next time. Keep it going.

SAUL

Rain check buddy, business for the businessman.

DALE

Yeah you got my number.

SAUL

Brass tacks! I've just got a shipment of the dopest dope I've ever smoked. Hands down dopest dope I've ever smoked.

DALE

Not better than the blue oyster weed. Can't be, I don't think I can handle better than.

SAUL

My friend, it's like if that Blue Oyster shit and the Afghan Kush I got had a baby, and meanwhile, the craziest Northern Lights and that red-ass Espresso Snowflake had a baby, and then by some miracle those babies met. and fucked - then this would be the shit they'd birth.

Saul pulls out a big bag of weed. He places it on the coffee table as though it was his child. He pulls out a large bud.

SAUL(CONT'D)

Smell it.

Dale takes the weed and looks at it. It looks spectacular. Bright red hairs and large crystals, huge purple and blue leaves - just spectacular! Dale smells it and is taken aback.

DALE

What is this? It's spectacular.

SAUL

It's called Pineapple Express. My guy Red told me It's when this Hawaiian flood takes special dirt to the weed or some shit. It's pretty scientific. And I'm the only guy in the whole city who has it. Lt's only ten bones more for a quarter.

DALE

Ok...I'll take a quarter?

SAUL

No doubt. Just let me grab my scale.

Saul walks into another room. Dale looks around anxiously; he clearly wants to go.

Dale checks his watch and then looks at the door; suddenly, something catches his eye - it's the cross-joint Saul was constructing.

DALE

Holy shit! What the fuck is this thing?

Saul comes back in and puts a small electronic scale on the coffee table.

SAUL

(nonchalantly)

Ah, the cross - joint . You've ever smoke one of these?

DALE

You can smoke this!?

SAUL

Hell yeah man!

DALE

No!

SAUL

This is the apex of the vortex of joint engineering. Its rumored that M. M. Oshaniasi designed the first one, the guy who designed the golden gate bridge. My second favorite civil engineer behind Hans Carl Vangel.

DALE

You can actually smoke that contraption?

Saul puts Dale's weed in a baggie.

SAUL

What you do is you light all three ends at the same time, then, you smoke it as it resonates the main section. creating a "trifecta" of smoking power. It's like, three times as powerful as a normal joint.

Dale hands Saul some money and Saul gives hlm his weed. Dale lingers for a moment.

DALE

Well, be careful with that thing.

Dale gets up and heads to the door.

SAUL

Dude...you wanna smoke this thing with me?

Dale turns around. He clearly wants to smoke it, but he tries to play it cool.

SAUL(CONT'D)

I can't even light it on my own.

Dale sits back down on the couch, giddy as schoolgirl.

DALE

(excited)

Wow. So I like. . .uh . . . so like. So like what do I do?

Saul gathers three lighters from the coffee table.

SAUL

Alright. Firstly, you light these two ends. Then I will light the tip, making the trifecta complete. Are you ready?

Dale nods and they light the joint. Saul takes hard; plumes of smoke fill the air as he bursts into a COUGHING FIT.

DALE

Holy. . .

Dale takes the joint and hits it, exploding into a coughing fit.

SAUL

It's . . . uh, it's good to cough. Coughing opens the capillaries, gets you twenty-five percent higher.