

Green Medicine

by Keith Lemon

A sample of the opening pages

EXT. SUBURBIA- EVENING

A black van, with DEA tags on the side, is driving down the street.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD BLOCK - EVENING

Two little girls are riding their bikes down the sidewalks. A group of boys are playing tackle football in the yard across the street. The neighbor is out washing his car.

The black DEA van pulls into the driveway across the street. The neighbor sees what's about to unfold and rushes to turn the hose off and go inside.

EXT. DOC'S HOUSE - EVENING

The DEA agents storm out of the van. One team goes around the house and one team heads towards the front door with a police battering ram.

INT. OFFICE IN THE HOUSE - EVENING

A man sits behind his desk smoking a joint; he appears to be reading a Medical book. The desk is full of all sorts of notes, books, and magazines.

The door gets kicked in. DEA agents swarm in like red ants.

DEA AGENTS

(Shouting loudly as they take him away)

Freeze! Put your hands up. Get down on the ground and put your hands behind your head.

DR. LEMON

(Screaming back with fear in his voice)

What did I do? What have I done? I haven't done anything! But I'm a DR.

INT. PRISON CELL- DAYTIME

DR. LEMON lies in his cell confused, helpless, and alone. He lies on his rack, looking up at the ceiling, hands folded behind his head, wondering what he did to deserve such a treatment.

The WARDEN shouts to be let into his cell. The sound of the old decrepit door lets out.

DR. LEMON stands up immediately.

WARDEN

Well, well, look at what we have here. A real life Revolutionist!

DR. LEMON

(With Tone and Attitude)

A Revolutionist! What are you talking about? Why am I in here? What is my crime?

The warden, with papers and a few note books in one hand and without hesitation, hits the Doc in his stomach. Doc coughs and moans and quickly learns his place.

WARDEN

You'll speak when spoken too. You see I am the Warden of this fine institution. I am the Alpha. I am the Omega. What I say goes and nothing else will be tolerated! My name is Warden Bishoff. You can call me Sir or Warden Bishoff. Here at Denmark State we expect you to be on your best behavior and nothing less.

(Sarcastically)

Any questions?

DR. LEMON

(With Apathy)

Yes, I have a question. Warden, what the hell am I doing here? One moment I am home from work, doing research on Curing Cancer, the next, my door is being kicked in and I'm being hauled off to prison.

WARDEN

Son you really have no clue why you're in here do ya?

DR. Lemon

(With some conviction)

NO SIR! Not a clue. I am an innocent man Warden. I'm a DR. for crying out loud!

WARDEN

(Knowingly)

Well son there's no easy way to say this. You've been set up by the feds.

DR. LEMON

(ANGERLY)

WHAT!?! How is this possible? They can't do this to me?

WARDEN

(Calmly)

They can son and they just did. The feds fear you Doc, and your work. They must have thought you were on to something.

They hear you preaching on the radio to the American People. They see you on your YouTube channel talking about the Cannabis Industry and what it could do for this country. I am sure that when some crazy conspiracy theorist gets on and starts preaching, they ignore him, but when a Cannabis Genius thinks he can change the world we live in, it becomes an issue.

DR. LEMON

Ok Warden, but even so... how the feds can do this!?! How can they get away with this!?!?

WARDEN

I don't know Doc. But what I do know is this. You need to get your mind right, because I don't know when they plan on letting you out.

DR. LEMON

So what, I'm in here for life?

WARDEN

Truth is Doc. No one really does life. They do life for the remaining years after.

Warden begins to leave his cell.

WARDEN

(Sarcastically)

That's an old wise tale Doc. 50 yrs for you tops son.

DR. LEMON

That isn't funny Warden.

WARDEN

(Very Seriously)

Look; just relax. Everything will be fine. No one will mess with you. You have my word.

DR. LEMON

Is there any other advice Warden?

WARDEN

Yes. Respect goes a long way around here.

Fear, will get you killed.

Your enemies become your allies.

And respect is worth more than gold!

DR. LEMON

Sir isn't respect earned!? How are these Inmates ever going to respect me? I haven't done anything for them yet. I'm just some rich white doctor who pissed off the wrong desk. And I'm innocent at that. They're going to eat me alive Sir.

WARDEN

Like I said son, relax. No one is going to fuck with you. Just remember, you scratch my back, I scratch your back.

After the Warden leaves, DR.LEMON gets down on his knees and begins to pray.

INT. DR. LEMON CELL- EARLY MORNING HOURS

DR.LEMON sleeps in his rack dreaming. Visions of a New World are revealed to him. His life's work is on display in dream form.

A vision of Cannabis plants the size of Tall Oak Trees stirs. People are laughing and smiling. In his dream, DR.LEMON is being praised to... Dr. LEMON awakens and is excited about what he has just experienced.

He then begins writing in his untouched journals; recently acquired by the Warden.

INT. MESS HALL- AFTERNOON

DR.LEMON, with tray in hand, waits in line for chow. The Doc follows the Inmate in front of him to their seats. While sitting down and trying to enjoy what Denmark State calls food, a man blurts out across the table.

INMATE 1

Hey buddy.

DR.LEMON

Who me?

INMATE 1

Yes you. What did you do to wind up in this shit hole? You don't look like the kinda folk that would be here.

DR.LEMON

Ya why would you say that?

INMATE 1

(Jokingly)

Well, mainly, because you're white.

I bet where you're from it's the complete opposite of this place? You just have that look; that white boy look. You look so familiar. It's like I've seen you around before or something.

DR.LEMON

(Politely)

Well I defiantly am a white boy I guess. My name is Maddox Lemon. I'm from San Diego.

DR.LEMON reaches across the table to shake INMATE 1 hand. The Inmate hesitantly shakes his hand.

INMATE 1

(Concerned)

Piece of advice my friend. Nobody shakes hands like that in the joint. It's all about flow and being smooth with it. Like this

Inmate1 begins to show the Doc how to properly greet someone in prison. The Doc shows gratitude.

Inmate 3 begins to have an allergic reaction to something. Instantly Doc springs into action and begins to diagnose the situation of his new patient.

DR.LEMON

(Calmingly and assertively)

He's having some sort of allergic reaction from a medicine or food product.

Inmate 3 is sweating and turning beat red. The Inmate's throat begins to swell fast; he can't breathe.

DR.LEMON

(Shouting)

O.M.G. his throat is closing up. I need to do a tracheotomy right now. Does anyone have something I can make an incision with; anything at all?

Inmate 1 looks at Inmate 2 as if to give him what Doc asks for. Inmate 2 pulls out his prison shank melted down toothbrush and hands it to the Doc. Then Doc pulls out a pen he had hidden from the guards and makes it hollow. He makes an incision on Inmate 3's throat and inserts the hollow pen so Inmate 3 can breathe again.

As Doc is being hauled away by guards, the other Inmates watch him leave in amazement! If nobody knew he was a white boy Doctor before, they probably do now.

INT. THE BRIGG- AFTERNOON

Cell block door opens.

WARDEN enters the room and starts to interrogate DR.LEMON about what happened

WARDEN

(Concerned)

Just what the hell were you doing in there Doc? Not only did you just let them know how smart

you are boy, but now you showed them a weakness, you're too kind!

DR.LEMON

I'm sorry Warden, but the man was dying. I couldn't just let him die.

WARDEN

Ok, then where'd you get the shank from Doc?

DR.LEMON

I don't know Sir from some guy I had never met before. I was yelling out for some help or for something I can make an incision with, and boom, it was in my hand, so I went with it.

WARDEN

Fine you know what I'm going to do? Nothing! What you did was extraordinary. It was a first timer here at Denmark State. In fact, I'm even going to reward you. How's about a steak on Friday and I will leave you in your cell anytime you wish?

DR.LEMON

Yes, that sounds great. O.M.G steak, I can't wait. This food sucks.

The WARDEN pats Doc on the back.

DR.LEMON

Hey WARDEN one more thing. Do you think with some more good behavior I might be able to get a laptop computer in here?

WARDEN

We'll see Doc. In the mean time, keep up the good work and I'll visit soon.

WARDEN gets up and leaves. DR.LEMON looks like the happiest he's been since he got dressed in.

INT. DR.LEMON PRISON CELL- AFTERNOON

DR.LEMON sits at his desk eating his steak, appearing to be working on something. He suddenly hears his cell door open and in walks MAIN GUARD.

DR.LEMON

What's going on Sir?

MAIN GUARD

The Warden wants me to take you down for some leisure time with the Inmates.

DR.LEMON

WHY!?

MAIN GUARD

(Sarcastically)

I guess because you're hot shit right now and everyone is talking about you.

DR.LEMON

Let me guess that's not a good thing is it?

MAIN GUARD

No it's not. He doesn't want them to get over curious about you. He feels that's when bad things will happen. Basically, he wants you to mingle with these guys, calm down their curiosity, and gain some respect.

DR.LEMON

(Humbly)

Ok I get it. Well let's go I guess

DR.LEMON and the MAIN GUARD leave the cell. MAIN GUARD escorts DR.LEMON to the pool table area.

As DR.LEMON enters the area the Inmates can't believe it, they thought he was a goner. They begin to mug Doc and see what he's all about.

DR.LEMON walks up to the pool table where he spots Inmate 1 and 2.

DR.LEMON

Can I get the winner?

INMATE 1

OK. Ya you got winner

DR.LEMON waits patiently as he studies his future opponents. INMATE 1 is really good. He won. Now he breaks for their game. Nothing goes in.

INMATE 1

You're up.

He hands DR.LEMON the pool stick and some chalk. Doc powders his hand and begins to analyze his shots. He studies the diamonds on the side bumpers. Geometric shapes fill his brilliant mind. He sees the shot and sets up for it. A direct hit!

INMATE 1 not impressed.

INMATE 1

Lucky shot, lucky shot! Let's see you make another.

DR.LEMON analyzes his next shot. He is determined to win. Geometric shapes fill his brilliant mind. Doc smiles as he winds up, knowing he's going to win. Doc makes the shot; and his second, then his third, and an impressive 4th shot.

INMATE 1 looks on in amazement, knowing he isn't the top dog of the pool hall anymore.

DR.LEMON cleans house to a perfect victory. INMATE 1 steps forward.

The WARDEN looks on from a distance.

INMATE 1

Good game white boy. I didn't expect that ass whopping. Where'd you learn to play pool at?

DR.LEMON

My alma mater; USC! Southern CAL. baby! My roommate brought a pool table home one night when he was trashed. We played pool every single day until graduation. I guess by then we had gotten stupid good. It's like one of those things for me. I have practiced so much that it'll never leave me.

INMATE 1

So you're what like a Doctor or Genius or something?

DR.LEMON

Yes. Kinda like that. I have my Bachelors from USC, and my Doctorate from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY, and I have two PHD's as well.

INMATE 1

Damn Doc, what the hell you doing in this joint for?

DR.LEMON

Well I got fucked over. Somebody set me up for some dumb drug charge, and bam I ended up here.

INMATE 1

Damn! One thing I can teach you in here Doc is that everybody's innocent!

Before you know it, you'll be out of this place and back to making mad money. Eating well, and slaying hoes. Man what I wouldn't give for some hoes right now.

DR.LEMON

For sure! I've been in the joint only three weeks now and I didn't think it would ever be this hard without women.

INMATE 1

Shit. If you're a Doctor you must have a pimp ass ride then?

DR.LEMON

Yes I have a few.

INMATE 1

That's what I miss doing. Turning wrenches on my cars. I bet you have some type of Ferrari, or Lamborghini don't you?

DR.LEMON

Please... My ride will demolish anything put beside it!

The Inmates get excited after that statement. Doc doesn't know if that's bad or good. He waits for INMATE 1 to speak first.

INMATE 1

Ok hot shot, what are you racing me in?

DR.LEMON

I own a 57' Chevy Bel-Air. I call her The Chariot. It's black, with all chrome trims. Everything besides the body paint is chromed out. I mean everything. 22 inch rims on the back. And 20's on the front. And the best part is; I rebuilt the engine by myself. It's a V-8 twin cam supercharger with aftermarket exhaust and not one but two Nos tanks under the back seat.

INMATE 1

DAMN Doc remind me to not race you. That's old school American Muscle right there.

DR.LEMON

DAMN RIGHT! American Muscle baby, nothing beats that!

INMATE 1

You're alright Doc.

The bell sounds off and everyone begins to go back to their cells.

INMATE 1

Hey Doc, remember to keep your head up. We got you!

The WARDEN smiles and Doc nods his head at INMATE 1 to signal thanks.

INT- CAFETERIA- LUNCH TIME

Doc waits in line for his chow. He heads back to the table wear his new friends are. Doc sits down.

INMATE 1 talks to INMATE 2. Doc watches, not wanting to talk unless he has to.

INMATE 1

Damn INMATE 2 let me get some of that good shit you've been smoking. Are you high? You look high as fuck!

Immediately that grabs Doc's attention. He's focused on INMATE 2 now

INMATE 2

Yes. I just got in some new crazy shit called Mello Yellow. One hit of this and I was comatose. I fucking love it. I got plenty. Here's another joint if you want it.

Doc quickly interjects and asks INMATE 2 if he can buy one.

DR.LEMON

Hey you think I can buy some off you?

The other INMATES, especially INMATE 1, are a bit surprised by this action.

INMATE 2

Ya sure here's a few joints

DR.LEMON

Thanks man how much?

INMATE 2

Man you roll with us now; you don't have to pay for weed any more. We got you. Just don't let us catch you selling; we straight?

DR.LEMON

(Excited)

O Ya, we're straight. Good looking out. Hey can I ask you fellows a question?

INMATE 1

Ya shoot!

DR.LEMON

You guys don't grow the dope here do you?

Everyone laughs!

INMATE 1

Of course not, you think the Warden would let us grow dope here?

DR.LEMON

Well this is a Medicinal State right? I don't see why he wouldn't. Hell, I can't believe they don't grow and raise their own food here anyways. It would save them a ton of money. Plus there would be more jobs for people to work.

INMATE 1

Ya, but the Warden is never going to let you do that. Let alone grow dope here.

DR.LEMON

What if I could get the Warden to say yes? Would you guys want to do it? We'll eat real fucking food and bacon and the freshest steak you've tasted in about 5-10yrs.

INMATE 1

OK Doc, let's say that he does say yes. You're telling me that you will grow not only the bomb food here, but also grow dope for this entire prison?

DR.LEMON

Well in a nut shell, yes. This isn't the first time I've done this before. Maybe not quite to this magnitude, but it can be done with a little bit of hard work. I mean you already have the dope game going on why not just grow your own and cut out the middle man? You thought you've seen and smoked some good weed before. You haven't smoked anything close to what I can grow.

Instantly the Doc has everyone hooked. They're very curious to see if the Doc can actually pull this off or not. They're tired of eating this prison food garbage. You can see steaks in their eyes.

As they finish eating and are run out of the mess hall, INMATE 1 approaches DR.LEMON with a grin.

INMATE 1

I JUST FIGURED YOU OUT!

DR.LEMON

What do u mean?

INMATE 1

Do you remember the first time we met and I said you had that white boy look about you? As if

I've seen you before?

DR.LEMON

YES!

INMATE 1

You're that guy aren't you, the guy on YouTube? When I heard you talking to the other INMATES I knew.... You're that Cannabis Genius aren't you?

DR.LEMON

Yes, but I quit doing that a long time ago.

End of sample

Read the rest - the complete eBook is available at bibliobookstore.com