

INT. ART GALLERY - DAY

Omar walks into the sterile gallery, and stops in front of the lemon painting. It mesmerizes him. A simple-looking lemon on a black background.

GALLERY WORKER

Can I help you?

An attractive woman in her thirties, wearing the kind of black-rimmed glasses that only people-in-the-art-world would know where to buy, interrupts Omar's peaceful reverie. Omar makes a quick decision.

OMAR

Uh, yeah. How much for that one?

Omar crudely points to the painting like he's interested, but "isn't all that impressed".

GALLERY WORKER

The Vissette? Let me see.

The woman goes back to her counter and grabs a black binder with all the photos and prices of everything. Her finger scrolls down a list.

GALLERY WORKER (CONT'D)

That one... is.... Oh here. Twelve-thousand, fifty.

Omar is deadpan.

OMAR

Twelve-thousand?

GALLERY WORKER

Mm-hmm, and fifty. It's quite lovely, isn't it? Jean Vissette has gained a lot of notoriety with his recent shows in New York and Berlin. His attention to detail is exquisite.

Omar turns back to the simple painting. Such a simple painting.

GALLERY WORKER (CONT'D)

We can do that with or without the frame.

Omar turns to her.

OMAR

I'll have to think about it.

EXT. MICHAEL'S TRAILER - DAY

Plastic kiddie toys litter the over-grown yard. Four or five young kids run around.

INT. MICHAEL'S TRAILER - DAY

The place is a dump; ashtrays, clothing, and toys strewn about.

Omar's brother, MICHAEL sits at home rolling a cigarette. Omar sits across from his brother.

MICHAEL

What are you gonna do about cash?

OMAR

I have like eight or nine brilliant ideas, I just gotta follow through, like entrepreneurial type stuff.

MICHAEL

Listen; Mom called.

OMAR

Mom called you?

MICHAEL

Yeah, she wants to have a- family reunion, I guess.

OMAR

A family reunion?

MICHAEL

Yeah, you know, it's been a while since we were all together and shit.

OMAR

Since you moved out.

MICHAEL

Yeah, so. If you want to catch a ride with me, I'll be driving all the way north. Just let me know.

OMAR

Is Dad invited?

MICHAEL

Yeah.

Michael hesitates.

INT. ART STORE - DAY

Omar is looking at blank canvases. They are all outrageously expensive. He pulls out a large one, about the size of the lemon painting. On the back, it says "\$126.00"

Omar is in disbelief,; he keeps looking.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. ART STORE - DAY

Omar is at the counter with several small, cheap cardboard-backed canvases and paint.

An Art store clerk rings him up. She looks about eighteen.

CLERK

That'll be thirty-six, ninety-two.

Omar grabs the money out of his pocket and looks at it. He has exactly forty-one dollars in cash.

He gives her the money.

OMAR

Could I get some quarters for the bus?

CLERK

Sure.

OMAR

Thanks.

INT. OMAR'S APARTMENT - DAY

Omar is in his small crowded studio apartment trying to get some painting done.

The small canvas in front of Omar is empty. He smears one blob of lemon yellow, but his stroke is interrupted...

A heavy knock at the door. Omar answers. It's MADGE, an elderly woman who looks very angry.

MADGE

Two months late, young man. I told you I would give you one month. ONE MONTH. And you missed our deadline, which we agreed upon, so I'm giving you a final notice. Understood?

OMAR

I'm getting paid for an acting gig, uh, next week. I just need one more week.

MADGE

Okay. You'll be hearing from me if I don't get my money.

OMAR

I understand; I'm sorry Madge. I really am.

He begins to shut the door.

OMAR (CONT'D)

You look great! Even younger than last time!

MADGE

One week!

The door closes, and Omar is left looking very unsure and stressed. Then, faintly...

MADGE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Son of a bitch...!

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

An urban street downtown Los Angeles. Omar, wearing a backpack, waits at a crosswalk. The sidewalk is heavily populated with homeless people, talking or eating, or resting.

JUMP TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN LOFT BUILDING - NIGHT

He buzzes a number on the side of a large silver building, then waits. A man's voice answers.

CHARLIE (V.O.)

Yeah?

CUT TO:

INT. CHARLIE'S APT - NIGHT

An attractive man of about thirty opens the door for Omar. His hair is distressed like he's been sleeping. A halo of light surrounds Charlie, coming from the foyer's modern chandelier.

CHARLIE
Don't you ever fucking call?

OMAR
You wouldn't give me your number.

Charlie sighs.

CHARLIE
What's this about?

OMAR
You said you might have some work
for me.

Charlie gives him a blank stare.

OMAR (CONT'D)
I'm kinda desperate here.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. CHARLIE'S APT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Omar sits in a large custom leather chair while Charlie snorts a line of coke on the mirrored coffee table. The room is large and bright, with expensive modern decor.

CHARLIE
I know a couple of guys who are
always looking.

OMAR
Well how do I get in touch with
them-

Charlie doesn't allow Omar to speak but a few words before cutting him off.

CHARLIE
But most of my clients have a very
specific type. And you ain't it.

Another line of coke.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

I mean, face it, Omar. You're barely clinging to twinkhood here. You're gonna have to shave.

OMAR

I know that.

CHARLIE

I mean everything.

Charlie indicates with a finger. Omar gives a look of understanding. Charlie does one more line, then holds out the rolled up twenty he's been using toward Omar. Reluctantly, Omar gets up, takes the twenty and does a line himself.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. CHARLIE'S APT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Omar stands in the shower. The water is on, and Charlie carefully handles a razor around Omar's testicles.

CHARLIE

Would you hold still, for fuck's sake?

Omar grabs the shower door for balance.

OMAR

It's slippery.

Omar watches precariously as Charlie finishes his handiwork.

CHARLIE

Alright now, turn around and bend over.

A moment passes, then Omar does as he says.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Now here's something I can work with.

CUT TO:

INT. CHARLIE'S APT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Omar, wearing a tight new t-shirt, throws his own clothes into his backpack. Charlie catches a glimpse of something

inside.

CHARLIE
Hey what's that?

OMAR
What?

Charlie comes closer and pulls out a small canvas from Omar's pack. It's a lemon. And it's quite good.

CHARLIE
Hey, you paint this?

Omar nods.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
How much you want for it?

OMAR
Twelve thousand, fifty.

Charlie laughs, then catches the serious face on Omar. Omar snatches the canvas back, and throws it in his pack, and heads for the door.

Charlie calls after him.

CHARLIE
Hey, you got the address?

Omar, without turning back, holds up a slip of paper, then quickly heads out the door.