

OPUS

"Have to Start Nowhere"

Written by

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INT. ZACHARY JONES'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

An office CHAIR slams against the large window and bounces back. The chair bangs against the window again.

The chair hits the window again.

A self-doubtful and melancholic AUDEN (25, brown-skinned) dressed in a poorly ironed suit and tie puts the chair down and leans on its backside. He looks over at the C.C. painting resting against the wall.

Auden walks across the room and picks up the painting.

As Auden is about to pass the office's DOOR, it opens and our petite ALANA peaks into the office and looks towards the window then to the glass desk in the middle.

Auden freezes behind the door, eyes wide. He presses his back to the wall.

Alana scrunches her face and shrugs. She steps out and closes the door.

Auden power walks to the window and sets the painting down.

Auden looks around and spots a TROPHY on the floor-to-ceiling bookshelf behind the desk. He walks over and grabs the trophy.

Auden squints and throws the trophy at the window. The window shatters.

Auden looks at the door, eyes wide.

Auden grabs the painting and lifts his leg high to get onto the window ledge. He grabs the ledge and pulls himself up.

Auden flinches then looks down at his bloody hand from the broken glass.

The door's handle shakes. Auden flinches.

AUDEN  
Oh, shit!

Auden falls backwards out of the window.

CUT TO BLACK.

TITLECARD: **OPUS**

INT. ZACHARY JONES'S OFFICE - MORNING

PAINTINGS hang on the wall. A high pitched RING gets louder.

Self-indulged ZACHARY (white, middle-aged) sits at his desk, framed pictures of him and family, a calendar with notes scribbled on DATES about MEETINGS in front of him.

The ring is at its loudest.

ZACHARY

Sabrina.

Indian-Canadian SABRINA (late 20s) snaps out of her gaze.

ZACHARY (CONT'D)

Did you hear me? I said I was thinking maybe we could test out the new boat sometime, do some fishing, just you and I. I can show you the ropes.

SABRINA

Uh, no thank you. I'm not much into fishing.

Sabrina just looks to her painting.

ZACHARY

You'd look good on a boat.

SABRINA

What about my painting? It's good right?

Zachary sighs.

ZACHARY

Well it isn't...bad.

Zachary turns to Sabrina's painting resting on the floor, leaning against the wall, facing his desk.

ZACHARY (CONT'D)

Maybe when you get more years in--

SABRINA

I've been doing this since I was 8.

ZACHARY

Of course.

Sabrina's eyes are entranced in her painting.

ZACHARY (CONT'D)

And your dad ran for mayor right?  
He still in town? He'd probably be  
interested in this new investment  
idea I have.

SABRINA

He's busy, with other stuff. And we  
don't talk too much, recently.

ZACHARY

Uh-huh.

Zachary contemplates.

ZACHARY (CONT'D)

I just don't know if the people  
we're trying to attract would be  
into...this.

(shrugs)

But, if you have something else...

Sabrina looks at Zachary.

ZACHARY (CONT'D)

We just have to make sure it fits  
with the aesthetic ya know.

(beat)

I'm sure we can talk more though,  
maybe later tonigh-

Alana opens the office and peaks in.

ALANA

Sir...

ZACHARY

Why don't you knock?

ALANA

Sorry. Gohderk is here.

ZACHARY

Henry's son?

ALANA

Mhm.

ZACHARY

Well, bring 'im in!

Alana opens the door. A young, pale skinned GOHDERK walks in.

ZACHARY (CONT'D)  
Gohderk, hey how's it going?

GOHDERK  
My dad said you were lookin' for  
some new pieces. I brought some of  
my work if you want to look.

ZACHARY  
Don't worry about that. We'll find  
a spot.

Sabrina straightens her posture.

ZACHARY (CONT'D)  
Sabrina, was great talking to you.

The ringing starts to fade in.

ZACHARY (CONT'D)  
Stay in touch alright.

Zachary rests his hand on Sabrina's shoulder before he and  
Gohderk exit. Ringing in Sabrina's ears gets louder.

INT. CAFE, MIDTOWN ATLANTA - MORNING

Auden sits at a table by a window facing out to the STREET.  
His charismatic pretty boy cousin, BRANDON (early 20s) sits  
across from Auden, clearly just left the gym.

Brandon stabs his food with a fork.

BRANDON  
So you know how you're gonna  
introduce yourself?

AUDEN  
I think so.

Brandon raises his fork.

BRANDON  
You think so?

Brandon stuffs the food in his mouth.

BRANDON (CONT'D)  
(full mouthed)  
Don't mess this up.

AUDEN  
I won't I promise.

BRANDON  
Can't sleep on my mom's couch  
forever.

AUDEN  
Could let me stay with you.

BRANDON  
You know Carly don't want that.

Auden drops his shoulders.

BRANDON (CONT'D)  
I know I'll have to apologize to  
Natalie for you being late, and  
dressing...like that.

AUDEN  
It's all I could afford.

BRANDON  
Could have at least ironed.

AUDEN  
I did.

Auden nods aggressively.

BRANDON  
Just be firm and confident with  
Nat. Show you can do something for  
her. For the gallery.

BRANDON (CONT'D)  
You get in wit' her, you get in  
wit' other people.

Auden raises his cup. Brandon grabs it and puts it down.

BRANDON (CONT'D)  
But you have to start gettin' yer  
shit together.

The WAITRESS arrives and rest the BILL at the edge of the  
table.

WAITRESS  
Whenever you're ready.

BRANDON  
(strong grin)  
Thank you.

The waitress gives a final smile and walks off.

BRANDON (CONT'D)  
You need to take this seriously and  
not fuck around like Danny did.

Brandon leans back and lifts his fork and stuffs food into his mouth. Auden looks into his cup.

BRANDON (CONT'D)  
(full mouth)  
I love you, man.

AUDEN  
(smiling)  
I love you too.

Brandon reaches out and pats Auden's arm.

BRANDON  
You need to figure this stuff out.

Brandon gets up from his seat.

BRANDON (CONT'D)  
Don't fuck it up.

Auden looks at the bill.

BRANDON (CONT'D)  
Can you pay? I forgot my wallet in  
the car.

Auden looks up at Brandon then down at the bill.

BRANDON (CONT'D)  
I gotta meet up with the guys. I'll  
call you later.

Brandon hurries away. Auden grabs the bill and stares at it.

Auden looks around. He rests the bill down and walks away.

INT. GALLERY, NATALIE'S OFFICE

NATALIE (37), sits confidently and fashionably with near perfect posture behind the desk, hands planted on the long dark wood desk's top, disappointment on her face as she speaks to ALANA over the phone.

NATALIE  
So he's conveniently in a meeting  
now?

ALANA (O.S.)  
Well, he did have a message for you-

NATALIE  
Does he know I plan on opening in a few months?

ALANA (O.S.)  
Um, I'm sure he does-

NATALIE  
Where else am I going to find help that soon?

A pause.

NATALIE (CONT'D)  
I can call him later.

ALANA (O.S.)  
That's not necessary. He's fully booked all day.

Natalie throws her head back to gaze at the ceiling.

ALANA (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
He left a note for me to read.

NATALIE  
So he handed you the strap on to fuck me with.

ALANA (O.S.)  
Uh...no?  
I assure you, he isn't avoiding your calls. He's been pretty busy-

NATALIE  
He's clearly switching on me...again.

ALANA (O.S.)  
He's just tied up in other things.

NATALIE  
Is this because of his car? I told 'im I'm taking anger management.

ALANA (O.S.)  
I think he jus-

NATALIE  
Is it about his dad? 'Cause it was just a one time thing...



NATALIE (CONT'D) ALANA (O.S.)  
 And I'm sure he didn't really like it anyway. I really don't think that helped, but--

NATALIE (CONT'D)  
 How old are you Alana?  
 Doesn't matter. Listen.

Natalie leans forward.

NATALIE (CONT'D)  
 You know, Lana, hopefully you have at least another five years on you before he realizes you're too old for him to lock eyes with while you're choking on his dick and he starts looking for someone your daughter's age.

Natalie hangs up.

NATALIE (CONT'D)  
 Fuck!

EXT. STREET - MORNING

Auden stands outside the gallery in his fitted button up suit, knocking on the glass double door, PHONE to his ear, Brandon on the other line.

AUDEN  
 Yes, I'm here.

He pulls on locked doors. They remain closed. He peaks through the glass and knocks.

AUDEN (CONT'D)  
 It's closed.

BRANDON (O.S.)  
 (over the phone)  
 Damn, I knew I should've had you to get there early. Now we both look bad.

Auden backs away and looks around, then checks his watch.

AUDEN  
 I know. I missed the first bus--

AUDEN (CONT'D)  
 Do you really think I overdressed?

Sabrina hurriedly walks from across the street, fumbling through keys as she approaches the door.

BRANDON (O.S.)  
Absolutely. You look like a  
Jehovah's Witness.

Sabrina reaches the door and inserts a key.

SABRINA  
We're not open yet.

Auden looks at Sabrina.

AUDEN  
Uh, yeah...

BRANDON (O.S.)  
Yo, who's talkin'? She sounds cute.

AUDEN  
Hey, B, I'll hit you back later.

BRANDON (O.S.)  
Don't be flirting if you ain't got  
a job!

Auden hangs up and stuffs the phone into his pocket.

AUDEN  
I'm the new hire. Auden.

Sabrina smiles at Auden.

SABRINA  
Auden. Sabrina.

Sabrina and Auden shake hands.

SABRINA (CONT'D)  
Why are you dressed like that?

Auden strokes his tie then shrugs.

Sabrina opens the door and gestures Auden in.

SABRINA (CONT'D)  
Well, come in.

Auden enters.

INT. THE GALLERY, MAIN ROOM

Sabrina raises her arms, Auden following behind. Her voice echos in the large space.

SABRINA

I'll probably be managing you once we open.

Auden surveys the art pieces scattered on the floor next to half empty boxes at the center of the studio.

SABRINA (CONT'D)

I know it's just pass eight-thirty, but Nat likes us here at seven. Remember that. If we get stuff done on time, we can be off by five.

AUDEN

Five?

INT. THE GALLERY, BLUE ROOM

ELECTRICIANS stand at the far wall looking into a giant hole in the cobalt blue wall. Sabrina and Auden peak into the square room through the worn corridor.

SABRINA

Oh, hey.

The electricians smile and nod to Sabrina.

SABRINA (CONT'D)

This is the blue room. Ignore the mess. Previous owners left a bunch of shit we gotta clean...and fix.

AUDEN

When do you open?

SABRINA

In about four months.

INT. THE GALLERY, RED ROOM

Sabrina steps into the dirty space and turns on the lights.

SABRINA

The red room. I'm sure you'll pick up on everything quick.

AUDEN  
Opening a gallery should easy.

SABRINA  
*Keeping* it open is not. Most close  
within a year.

AUDEN  
Makes sense. Artists charge for  
stuff my niece can make in like ten  
minutes.

Sabrina looks at Auden then walks out.

SABRINA  
Anyway, the business can be shit.  
Even worst for artists.

Auden follows Sabrina.

AUDEN  
Are you an artist?

SABRINA  
Uh, when I have the time to be.

AUDEN  
I was kidding about the niece  
thing. But ya'll do be taxin'.

Auden chuckles at himself. Sabrina just nods.

AUDEN (CONT'D)  
Is that why you started working  
here?

SABRINA  
My dad used to work with Nat when  
he was in politics. She wanted  
someone to help getting things  
going and I just needed a job  
really.

AUDEN  
What's he do now?

SABRINA  
Food truck. Less death threats.

INT. THE GALLERY, BACK ANTEROOM

Sabrina and Auden step into the second largest room. Auden worriedly eyes the slightly swinging ceiling fans high above them, their long metal struts clearly rusted. Sabrina reaches a polished wooden door.

SABRINA  
This is Nat's office.

SABRINA (CONT'D)  
So, Nat is cool but can be a bit too prideful to ask for help. Surprised you're even here.

Auden nods.

SABRINA (CONT'D)  
We need everything working quick. That's why we have long hours.

Auden nods.

SABRINA (CONT'D)  
People need to feel like their art belongs here. Need to feel like they belong.

AUDEN  
Feels intense.

Sabrina laughs.

SABRINA  
And Nat can be tough.

AUDEN  
Sounds like something I need right now.

Sabrina places her hand on the door handle.

SABRINA  
Ready?

Auden nods.

INT. NATALIE'S OFFICE

Natalie leans back on her chair, tapping at her cell phone.

SABRINA (O.C.)  
Hey Nat, we're here.

The office door opens.

NATALIE  
You're late Sabrina.

Sabrina and Auden enter the office.

NATALIE (CONT'D)  
And who's...we?

Natalie stares at Auden then eyes Sabrina.

NATALIE (CONT'D)  
Who's this?

SABRINA  
The new guy.

NATALIE  
Who?

AUDEN  
Brandon said you needed someone.  
I'm Auden.

NATALIE  
You're his cousin?

Auden slowly nods.

NATALIE (CONT'D)  
Why are you dressed like that?

AUDEN  
Thought it'd be appropriate.

SABRINA  
It's just an art gallery.

NATALIE  
Not just an art gallery. It's *my*  
art gallery, but that look isn't  
necessary.

AUDEN  
You're dressed nice.

NATALIE  
I'm always dressed nice. And you're  
late. Don't need that kind of help.

Auden looks at Sabrina.

AUDEN

Sorry, I just missed the bus and  
just moved here-

NATALIE

I don't need someone who can't make  
it on their first day.

Auden backs up.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

And Sabrina, I need you to pick  
some more paint and tape while I  
figure out howta get a hold of Zach  
again.

SABRINA

Zachary Jones?

NATALIE

Yes.

Natalie raises a brow to Sabrina.

SABRINA

He has that big gallery up in Sandy  
Springs.

NATALIE

Yeah, and he's being a bit of a  
pain in the ass.

Natalie points at Auden.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

I need you out of here.

Sabrina and Auden look at each other.

Auden nods at Natalie and exits.

Sabrina watches the door close then turns to Natalie.

SABRINA

You know, we could use all the help  
we can get.

NATALIE

We've gotten this far without  
anyone's help.

Sabrina takes a deep breath and rubs her palms on her thighs.

SABRINA

I also wanted to talk again  
about...

Natalie sits at her desk.

Sabrina clears her throat. Natalie squints.

NATALIE

You're not quitting are you?

SABRINA

No, no. Of course not.

Sabrina takes a deep breath.

SABRINA (CONT'D)

I finished a few more pieces, and  
they seem to fit well with some  
work in the blue room.

Sabrina takes a long stride towards the desk.

SABRINA (CONT'D)

Was wondering, since there's  
space...

NATALIE

Your paintings.

SABRINA

Yeah.

Natalie leans back.

NATALIE

Didn't we already talk about this?

SABRINA

Yeah, but, it'd help fill the room.

NATALIE

I have a list of local artists  
still trying to get in here.

SABRINA

My art is good though.

NATALIE

I know, Sab.

Sabrina's ears start ringing.



NATALIE (CONT'D)  
I've seen it. I remember you  
showing your father all the time.

Louder ringing.

NATALIE (CONT'D)  
We have to make sure the quality  
brings people in. I'm clearly  
struggling with gettin' good help-

The ringing is at its loudest.

SABRINA  
(raised voiced)  
Natalie, this isn't fair.

Natalie doesn't react. The ringing dissipates. Sabrina looks  
down and relaxes her shoulders.

SABRINA (CONT'D)  
(softens tone)  
My work's already up in local  
restaurants and shops. People love  
my work.

Natalie sighs.

SABRINA (CONT'D)  
What's wrong with my art?

NATALIE  
Nothing is wrong..

Sabrina looks up at Natalie.

Natalie and Sabrina gaze at one another for a moment.

NATALIE (CONT'D)  
Help me get the gallery running.

Natalie leans forward.

NATALIE (CONT'D)  
Help me with a successful opening.  
Then, we'll talk. I promise.

Sabrina clenches her jaw and nods.

NATALIE (CONT'D)  
(grinning)  
Look at you, sticking up for  
yourself.

Sabrina grins.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

Now...

Natalie starts tapping on her phone.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

I need to make some calls and likely make a visit to some...friends.

SABRINA

Right.

Sabrina exits the office.

EXT. GALLERY

Sabrina exits. Auden is standing on the curb looking down the road.

SABRINA

You're still here.

AUDEN

Yeah, jus' waitin' for my ride.

SABRINA

Really sorry about that. Never met someone fired on the first day.

AUDEN

Yeah...

SABRINA

What're you gonna do now?

AUDEN

(shrugging)

Keep looking I guess. I heard on-call stripping is growing for men.

Sabrina and Auden laugh.

SABRINA

You can find something better anyway. Trust me.

Auden disappointedly nods and forces a grin.

AUDEN

Who's Zachary Jones?

SABRINA

Oh, some art dealer. Has a gallery up north.

AUDEN

He a big deal?

SABRINA

Some would think so.

AUDEN

Must have a big team then.

SABRINA

(shrugging)

Pretty much has a machine behind him. I tried to get my paintings to be presented there, but don't tell Nat.

Auden and Sabrina smirk.

SABRINA (CONT'D)

If you're looking, might have something for you. But he's usually looking for something in return.

AUDEN

You ever think about the people who built these buildings...

Auden looks up at the building across the street.

AUDEN (CONT'D)

That they knew everything they did was going to be worth it? Valued.

Sabrina looks up at the nearby buildings towering over them.

AUDEN (CONT'D)

Did they...just know...this was what they were going to succeed at...even if no one remembers their names?

Sabrina looks at Auden gazing up at the building.

AUDEN (CONT'D)

Hmm...

Auden and Sabrina look at each other for a moment.

SABRINA

I should probably get goin'.

AUDEN  
Yeah, of course.

Sabrina jogs across the street. Auden looks down the road.  
Auden looks up at the towering buildings.

AUDEN (CONT'D)  
Zachary Jones...

CUT TO BLACK:

INT. ZACHARY'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Zachary stares out his window with a blank face, eyeing a tree. Alana opens the door and peaks in.

ALANA  
Mr. Jones, sir.

ZACHARY  
Lana, does that tree look like it's leaning to you?

Zachary tilts his head.

ALANA  
Sir, Natalie is waiting to see you.

Natalie pushes past Alana.

NATALIE  
I'm right here actually.

Zachary turns with surprise.

ZACHARY  
Natalie!

Alana closes the door behind her.

Zachary approaches Natalie for a hug. Natalie puts an arm out between them.

ZACHARY (CONT'D)  
So we're not in a good mood today.

NATALIE  
You fucked me.

Zachary sighs.

ZACHARY  
I didn't fuck you.

Zachary walks to his seat behind his desk.

NATALIE  
A week ago, you said it was a great opportunity and once you got the numbers right you'd happily buy in.

Zachary sits.

ZACHARY  
But I haven't gotten the numbers right.

NATALIE  
Why are you fuckin' wit' me?

ZACHARY  
(raising hands up)  
Look. I've helped get galleries off the ground before, like Caleb's.

NATALIE  
And now he's thriving.

ZACHARY  
But I have also seen a lot of failed attempts. A lot Nat, and I don't want to see you fail like you did with the coffee shop.

NATALIE  
Tea shop.

ZACHARY  
You're a great business woman. You could do anything.

Natalie rolls her eyes.

ZACHARY (CONT'D)  
How 'bout that master's you got?  
Analytics or some shit?

Natalie glances at the saran-wrapped painting on the floor, resting against the wall. Initials C.C. written at a corner.

NATALIE  
When'd you get that?

Zachary looks at the painting and acts confused.

NATALIE (CONT'D)  
Is this the Chloe painting I was  
supposed to be getting?

Zachary clears his throat.

ZACHARY  
Someone called about a piece-

NATALIE  
You fucking took my painting?

ZACHARY  
No, I beat your bid.

NATALIE  
I already paid for it, you dick.

Zachary shrugs.

ZACHARY  
Well, whomever it was that held it  
was quick to let it go. And I'm  
pretty sure racist.

NATALIE  
The fuck is wrong with you.

ZACHARY  
Nat, I have a studio downtown that  
needs a director of ops. That could  
help you get back into real estate-

NATALIE  
I'm opening this gallery, Zach.  
With or without you.

Zachary stands.

ZACHARY  
How're you gonna open in four  
months without someone to back you?

Zachary approaches Natalie.

ZACHARY (CONT'D)  
I want you to succeed, Nat. We been  
through a lot together.

Zachary presents a large smile.

ZACHARY (CONT'D)  
 But this idea's not in my books  
 right now, with the new studio, and  
 I just got the apartment.

NATALIE  
 I'll go to Caleb.

ZACHARY  
 Just because this isn't a good idea  
 doesn't mean write me off to find  
 another partner.

NATALIE  
 That's what you did. When I didn't  
 agree on the studio, or with my  
 brother. Remember?

ZACHARY  
 This isn't the same thing.

Alana opens the door.

ALANA  
 Sir.

ZACHARY  
 What Alana?

Auden slowly steps forward, Natalie and Zachary watching him.

NATALIE  
 What are you doing here?

ZACHARY  
 Who's this?

NATALIE  
 He's—was an employee of mine.

Alana closes the door. Auden turns to the closed door then to  
 Zachary and Natalie.

ZACHARY  
 Why are you dressed like that?

NATALIE  
 What are you doing here?

AUDEN  
 I came to—

ZACHARY  
(pointing)  
You here for that too?

Auden looks at the painting then to Natalie.

ZACHARY (CONT'D)  
(enthusiastically curious)  
Why'd Nat fire you?

Alana knocks on the door then opens it.

ZACHARY (CONT'D)  
What the fuck, Alana! Just bring  
your desk right in here.

ALANA  
Sorry, sir.

ZACHARY  
What is it?

ALANA  
The Soloman sculpture is here.

ZACHARY  
(excitedly)  
Are you serious?

ALANA  
They need to know where to put it.

Zachary looks at Natalie with a wide smile.

ZACHARY  
As you see, I'm very busy. Feel  
free to let yourselves out.

Zachary hands Auden a business card.

ZACHARY (CONT'D)  
And if you're lookin' for work.

Zachary winks at Auden then runs out the office.

Natalie walks to the painting.

NATALIE  
He really took my shit.

AUDEN  
He's quite a guy, huh?



NATALIE

At this point, doubt the gallery'll even happen.

AUDEN

That's why you went to Zach?

NATALIE

It's too much of a risk to most people.

Auden looks at Natalie, saddened.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

This might be better here.

Auden looks at the painting.

AUDEN

Nat...

NATALIE

It's Natalie to you.

AUDEN

Sorry.

(break)

Natalie, I really am sorry for this morning. I should have arrived much earlier. It won't happen again.

Natalie looks at Auden.

AUDEN (CONT'D)

I just really need this.

Natalie raises a brow.

NATALIE

What's so important about this gallery?

AUDEN

I've been having a tough time feeling happy, getting my shit together. And it feels worse with everyone claims how proud they are.

Auden looks up from the painting to Natalie.

AUDEN (CONT'D)

I'm just lookin' for a place where I fit.

NATALIE  
And you want it to be at a gallery?

AUDEN  
I want to find something I'm good  
at.

Auden straightens his posture.

AUDEN (CONT'D)  
And...Brandon said you're someone  
worth taking a chance with.

NATALIE  
(laughing)  
He was full of shit when he said  
that. Fuckin' Brandon. It's just a  
gallery.

Natalie looks back at the painting.

NATALIE (CONT'D)  
But we can figure something out.  
Right now I wish I could figure out  
how to get Zach back for taking  
this.

AUDEN  
(shrugging)  
We can steal it back.

Auden looks at Natalie. Natalie furrows her brows at Auden.

AUDEN (CONT'D)  
I'm kidding.

NATALIE  
No you weren't.

CUT TO:

INT. ZACHARY'S GALLERY, CUSTOMER SERVICE DESK

Zachary and Alana speak to the front desk EMPLOYEE. Natalie  
struts pass, shades on.

ZACHARY  
Good seeing you, Nat.

NATALIE  
Mhm. Good seeing you.

Zachary looks back where Natalie came from.

ZACHARY  
Where's your friend, Autumn or something?

NATALIE  
Oh, he already left.

Zachary shows confusion.

ZACHARY  
I didn't see him.

NATALIE  
I have to go. Meetings to get to.

Natalie exits the gallery.

EXT. STREET

Natalie speeds from around the corner in her car. Auden runs pass the un-tilted tree to the curb, painting in hand. He looks back at the open window to Zachary's office.

Natalie pulls up to Auden. Auden looks back before opening the back seat door.

NATALIE (O.C.)  
Hurry up, hurry up.

Auden sets the painting in the back and enters into the passenger's seat.

Natalie speeds off.

NATALIE (CONT'D)  
What happened to your hand?

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. GALLERY, MAIN ROOM - AFTERNOON

Sabrina enters the gallery with a bag of supplies and sees Auden pulling pieces out of a box with his bandaged hand.

SABRINA  
(slightly confused)  
Heeey.

Auden turns to Sabrina.

AUDEN  
Hey. How was the drive?

SABRINA

It was good.

Sabrina looks around.

SABRINA (CONT'D)

Are you robbing the place?

Auden chuckles.

AUDEN

Nah. Natalie's decided to give me another chance.

SABRINA

How'd you pull that off?

AUDEN

Helped her get a painting off Zachary Jones's hands.

Natalie appears from the back of the gallery, her heels emphasizing her presence.

NATALIE

Alright, I have to go. It's my friend's birthday, and have to console Zachary over some...things.

Natalie looks at Auden.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

Be here tomorrow. Seven. Don't be late.

AUDEN

(nodding)  
Of course.

NATALIE

We have four months.

Natalie approaches the door.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

We got this.

Natalie exits. Sabrina looks at Auden.

SABRINA

What painting?

AUDEN

Uh, just a piece Zach had gotten a hold of.

SABRINA

And how'd you get *him* to let go of it?

AUDEN

We negotiated a fair price.

SABRINA

Mhm.

Sabrina walks over to the boxes and shuffles through them.

SABRINA (CONT'D)

Well, hope it was worth the hassle and we can sell it.

AUDEN

You're selling it?

SABRINA

Well, yeah. We need to make money.

AUDEN

You're selling art here too?

SABRINA

It's not a museum.

(matter-of-factly)

We get artists to pay for hosting, get a percentage from sold pieces.

AUDEN

Uh-huh.

SABRINA

Additional money comes from events, showcases, stuff like that.

Auden only nods.

SABRINA (CONT'D)

You probably don't care.

AUDEN

No, I like the business side.

Auden snickers.

AUDEN (CONT'D)  
I think it's cool you are into it  
like that. I just have to learn to  
love it like you I guess.

Sabrina looks around, searching. Auden looks around.

AUDEN (CONT'D)  
How much this stuff usually go for?

SABRINA  
Whatever people are willing to pay.

AUDEN  
(jokingly)  
Sounds scammy.

Sabrina chuckles and starts a lap around the main room.

AUDEN (CONT'D)  
Only art I remember ever making is  
those turkeys you did tracing your  
hand in elementary school.

Sabrina smiles and eyes a ladder.

SABRINA  
What happened to your hand?

AUDEN  
Oh...I just hurt myself picking up  
some glass.

Sabrina picks up a ladder and walks towards Auden.

AUDEN (CONT'D)  
You like working with Natalie?

Sabrina sets the ladder against the wall.

SABRINA  
(clears throat)  
She's...

Auden waits for more.

SABRINA (CONT'D)  
Nat's just lookin' to make it on  
her own like anyone else.

Sabrina points.

SABRINA (CONT'D)  
Can you get me the tape over there?

Auden hustles to a roll of TAPE on the floor and grabs it.

AUDEN

And how are you going to make it?

SABRINA

I'm not sure yet...but that's something I'll have to figure out...on my own.

Auden reaches Sabrina.

SABRINA (CONT'D)

We'll tape where we need to and paint just the first layer today.

Auden extends tape to Sabrina who's on the ladder.

SABRINA (CONT'D)

I'll tape up here, you get the other roll and tape whatever else you think shouldn't be painted.

AUDEN

Okay.

SABRINA

And play some music. Please.

AUDEN

You may not like it.

Auden pulls his phone from his pocket.

SABRINA

You don't know.

AUDEN

That's the problem.

SABRINA

Just play something.

Auden sighs then pulls out his phone and taps on it until "Dois Animais Na Selva Suja Da Rua" by Erasmo Carlos starts playing. He places his phone on the floor and jogs to another roll of tape on the floor.

**END.**