

JOHN

Or

('Tis Pity He's a Whore)

Written by

Le Han



## **INTRO CREDIT**

A few quick shot of Los Angeles's seedy part. (hanging shoes on wire, homeless people at Skid Row, tents on Sunset Blvd, the church of Scientology, the Hollywood sign)

People walking the street, having dinner at fancy restaurants. Nightclub strip. Storefronts at Santa Monica Blvd. Tall buildings in Downtown.

People sleeping on the pavement. Street artists play instrument, dance for coins.

Ugliness and Beauty. Classical mournful music (Home, Sweet Home).

A shirtless John lies on the green grass in the park, fetus position, sleeping like a stray dog.

## **EXT. BELLEVUE PARK (HOLLYWOOD) - NIGHT**

John is drinking water from a filthy plastic bottle. Wiping his mouth, he lights up a Newport menthol cigarette with his red lighter. He wears a white tank top, jeans, green overgrown leather jacket. An earring on his left ear.

A black car passes by, stops at the middle of the street, then flashes its light two times. John walks quickly toward the car.

The driver is a sleazy-looking older guy (mid 40s), who stares at John with an indifferent expression.

John stands and waits for his cue. After a while, he leans forward and speaks to the driver.

**JOHN**

You wanna fuck?

The driver studies John.

**DRIVER**

How much?

**JOHN**

Two fifty.

**DRIVER**

Two fifty?

**JOHN**

Yeah.

**DRIVER**

Who the fuck you think you are?  
James Dean? Get the fuck outta  
here.

The driver throws his burning cigarette out of the window,  
hitting John in the chest, then drives away.

**JOHN**

(checking his shirt)  
Fucker.

He picks up the burning cigarette on the ground and takes a  
deep drag.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. SUNSET STREET (HOLLYWOOD) - DAWN**

John is walking down the homeless-ridden street in Hollywood.  
It's almost morning. He looks tired.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. CHINA WAY CHINESE FAST FOOD - DAY**

John is wolfing down on hot chow mein with Mongolian beef  
with hot sauce while a black trans prostitute named PEACHES  
stares at him.

**JOHN**

(chewing)  
Thank you.

**PEACHES**

You're a dumb fuck, you know that?

**JOHN**

What?

**PEACHES**

Who the fuck charge two hundred  
fifty for a motherfucking blowjob?  
Are you out of your fucking mind?

**JOHN**

(swallowing)  
I wasn't gonna blow him.

**PEACHES**

No, you're going to get your little  
ass fucked.

**(MORE)**

**PEACHES (CONT'D)**

And it ain't worth two fifty. What did I tell you? What the fuck did I tell you?

(beat)

Ain't nobody in this tight-ass town gonna pay you no two fifty. You go lower, motherfucker.

**JOHN**

How much?

**PEACHES**

A hundred. Hell, go fifty, if you have to, then wrap that shit up. Hell, you are dumb.

**JOHN**

Fuck you.

**PEACHES**

Fuck you.

John throws down his plate then wipe his mouth.

**JOHN**

Fuck you. Thanks for breakfast.

John gets up then walk across the street. Peaches yells after him.

**PEACHES**

Stop gitting greedy, cracker motherfucker.

Then she takes another drag.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. DRUG STORE - DAY**

John is eyeing the shelves of pill and drug bottles. He glances at the staff, then at the security cameras. He then grabs a handful of bottles and shove them down his pants. He walks quickly out the door.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY**

John grabs a couple of bananas and instant noodle cups from the shelves.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. SUNSET STREET (HOLLYWOOD) - DAY**

John walks, whistling to himself.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. APARTMENT - DAY**

John opens the door and gets inside. He unwraps the noodle cup, fills it with tap water, then puts it in the microwave. While the clock is tickling, John takes out a few pills and lay them on a small plate. He helps himself with one of the bananas.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. BEDROOM - DAY**

John carries a tray into the room. An old lady is sleeping in the tiny bed. John places the tray on the bedside table, fixed her blanket, then leaves.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. BELLEVUE PARK (HOLLYWOOD) - NIGHT**

John is having a smoke in the empty park. A car slows down then stops. John walks toward it.

An older man looks out the windows, staring at him.

**OLD MAN**

How it's going?

**JOHN**

Alright.

**OLD MAN**

Wanna go for a ride?

**JOHN**

You gonna pay me?

**OLD MAN**

How much?

**JOHN**

Two hundred fifty. You pay for the room.

The man laughs.

**OLD MAN**

Ok, get in.

John smiles and opens the car door to jump in.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT**

The man is watching John from the rearview mirror.

**OLD MAN**

How old are you?

**JOHN**

Eighteen.

**OLD MAN**

Really?

**JOHN**

Yeah.

**OLD MAN**

(smiles)

You wouldn't lie to me, would you?

**JOHN**

No.

(beat)

Wanna see my paper?

**OLD MAN**

That's alright.

(beat)

Just, you gotta be careful nowadays.

John keeps on staring at the man through the mirror.

**OLD MAN (CONT'D)**

What?

**JOHN**

(looks away)  
Nothing.  
(beat)  
You look like my dad a bit.

A BEAT.

**OLD MAN**

That's fucked up.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. MOTEL - NIGHT**

The two enters the poor lit room. The man points to one of the bed.

**OLD MAN**

Take off your clothes and lay on the bed.

John does what he is told. He starts taking off his shirt and dirty jeans, then his underwear. The man stills stands near the doorway, staring.

John covers his dick, looking back at him.

**OLD MAN (CONT'D)**

Go on.

**JOHN**

I ain't got no rubber.

**OLD MAN**

("so-what")  
Lay down.

John lies down on the bed, puts his hands over his head, eye closed.

The man approaches the bed, then climbs on.

John flinches, as the man grabs him and starts sucking his dick. John keeps staring at the ceiling as he's being fellated.

John likes to think of the ocean when he's having sex with unattractive clients. It's just his thing. We see John's POV, swimming under the blue sea water.

John comes. The man groans.

**OLD MAN (CONT'D)**

That was quick.

The man gets up and goes to the bathroom while John puts on his clothes. When the man comes out, he grabs his wallet and throws some bills on the bed. John picks them up, counts them.

**JOHN**

You said two fifty.

**OLD MAN**

For what? You just fucking lying there.

**JOHN**

Can I just get another ten man?

**OLD MAN**

No.

**JOHN**

Please.

**OLD MAN**

Get the fuck out of my room.

**JOHN**

Lemme bum some cigarette, then?

The man sighs, then grabs his cigarette pack, takes out one and hands it to John.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. MOTEL HALLWAY - NIGHT**

John is being pushed out the door. He lights up his cigarette, then spits on the door.

**JOHN**

Fucker.

John walks down the stair, out in the street. The sunlight hits him in the face. John raises up his hand to block the light, casting a shadow of his own hand on his face.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. JOHN'S ROOM - DAY**

A shirtless John is flexing his scrawny arms, making a pose. Miguel, his older hustler buddy is taking a picture with a cheap phone while vaping.

**MIGUEL**

Puff out that chest a little.

**JOHN**

Like this?

Miguel takes another shot.

**JOHN (CONT'D)**

Is it better?

**MIGUEL**

(shakes his head)

You look like shit, bitch. Hit the gym or something.

**JOHN**

Yeah?

**MIGUEL**

And go easy on the smoke.

(beat)

You know what, don't bother. Some guys fucking love fucking skinny boys. Probably best.

**JOHN**

So I'm good?

**MIGUEL**

You're good. Unless you wanna show me your dick too.

**JOHN**

What fucking difference does it make?

**MIGUEL**

Fuck yeah, it does. The more variation, the better. You get more johns.

**JOHN**

Why? The fuck do you put up?

**MIGUEL**

On my site? Everything. Like playing a role and shit, you know.

**(MORE)**

**MIGUEL (CONT'D)**

Different clients have different tastes. Plus you can ask for free shit too.

**JOHN**

How?

**MIGUEL**

Just make a wish list and add whatever the fuck you want. You never know. Christmas's coming.

**JOHN**

That's it?

**MIGUEL**

Yeah, but that is only with my regulars though. You gotta build up your regulars first. Be nice to those fuckers, give them a good fuck, but don't you ever come.

(beat)

Number one rule, in this whoring business is, you make them come, but you-don't-come first, or even better, you don't come, like at all.

**JOHN**

Why not?

**MIGUEL**

How the fuck else you suppose to do this job? That's how I last long on the street. You let them fuckers fuck you in the ass or piss in your mouth, but you always make sure they come first. You got that?

**JOHN**

Yeah.

**MIGUEL**

Trust me. Once those motherfuckers come, they don't give a shit about you or your dick. They just want to get the fuck out of there. You can score five in a night, easy. That's a grand.

(beat)

Oh, and make sure your hole is clean. Otherwise, it's gonna hurt like a bitch. You know how to do that right?

**JOHN**

What? Wash my ass?

**MIGUEL**

(sighs)

Take a real good shit before you go to work. No spicy tacos. And make sure you soak that shit like, real good. Get deep in there and soak it up. And get one of these.

Miguel throws John an enema. He catches it.

**MIGUEL (CONT'D)**

Know how to use it right?

Miguel squeezes the imaginary enema. John copies him.

**MIGUEL (CONT'D)**

Get some warm water in there, pump it in your ass, then shit it out.

John squeezes the enema, playing with it.

**JOHN**

(smiles)

Alright cool. I see you next week?

They do their secret handshake (three fist pumps)

**MIGUEL**

Don't fucking forget my money.

**JOHN**

Salut.

**MIGUEL**

Salut. Ciao.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. SANTA MONICA BLVD - DAY**

John hands a homeless man a few dollars.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. DRUG STORE - DAY**

John is tearing off the plastic cover on the box, taking out a few condoms and puts them in his pockets. He walks quickly out of the shop.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. APARTMENT - DAY**

John stands in front of the door. There is an eviction notice stuck on it.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. APARTMENT - DAY**

John steps inside the apartment. He opens the fridge and pours himself half of glass of cold milk.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. BATHROOM - DAY**

John takes a shower. He dries himself up, then takes a cap off the tip of the enema. He take some vaseline and puts it in his ass, then places the enema's tip inside. He squeezes the warm water inside. He then waits.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. SAME SCENE - DAY**

John is taking a shit. He flushes.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. BEDROOM - DAY**

John steps in his mom's bedroom with a tray of pills and a glass of water. His mom is coughing heavily. She smiles weakly at him. John places the tray on the bedside table.

**MOM**

Someone was looking for you.

**JOHN**

Who's looking?

**MOM**

I don't know. I heard them banging on the door.

**JOHN**

It's the rent.

**MOM**

I thought you got it.

**JOHN**

Yeah, I need to talk to them about that.

**MOM**

We should pay them something.

**JOHN**

I think of something. Take your pills please.

John hands her the glass. She drinks the water, then swallows the pills. She smiles at him.

**JOHN (CONT'D)**

Now go to sleep.

John kisses her on the forehead, then leaves the room. She still coughs.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. ARARAT PARK - NIGHT**

John is having a smoke in the park, waiting. A car goes by, slows down, then stops. John sees the car, he throws his cigarette away.

Two men steps out, and walks toward John.

**JOHN**

Hi.

**MAN 1**

The fuck you're doing here?

**MAN 2**

Who told you you could stay here?

**MAN 1**

You think we don't know what you're doing? Huh faggot?

**MAN 2**

This is not the fucking place for  
you to do that here. You  
understand?

**JOHN**

Said who?

**MAN 1**

The fuck you say?

The 1st man push John hard, he falls to the ground.

**MAN 1 (CONT'D)**

You know where you're at? Huh  
faggot? DO YOU?

John gets up quickly and walks away from the two men.

**JOHN**

I am going, I am going.

**MAN 2**

We catch you whoring here again, we  
gonna cut your fucking dick off.

**MAN 1**

You hear that, fucking faggot?

John hightails out of the park.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. SANTA MONICA BLVD - NIGHT**

John walks the dark street of Santa Monica, heading for the  
beach. He looks pissed.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER - NIGHT**

The bright blue light from the Pacific Ferris Wheel hits  
John's face. He stares at it.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. PLAYLAND ARCADE - NIGHT**

John is playing the arcade games. He tries all games until he runs out of quarters.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER - NIGHT**

John is walking on the pier, eating a slice of veggie pizza. Throwing his last piece at the seagulls, John gets on the ferris wheel.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. MEN RESTROOM - NIGHT**

John is sitting on the toilet. On the filthy wall, near the paper dispenser, someone had carved the words "Kill Fags". John reaches out and tries to scrapes off the words, then gives up.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. WESTERN AVE - NIGHT**

At the corner of the street, Peaches is soliciting with a customer in the car, who then drives away. John approaches her.

**PEACHES**

The fuck you want?

**JOHN**

Just saying hello.

**PEACHES**

You only come to me when you want something. Fucking spitting it out. What chu want?

**JOHN**

Can I have some money?

**PEACHES**

What for?

**JOHN**

Grocery.

**PEACHES**

The fuck you do last night?

**JOHN**

I didn't score.

**PEACHES**

Oh, guess what, you broke motherfucker, I ain't score shit either. What you think I'm standing here for?

John takes out a cigarette, offers one to Peaches.

**JOHN**

Want one?

**PEACHES**

Always got green for smoke, huh?

**JOHN**

Nicked it.

**PEACHES**

Figures.

She takes one, John lights it for her.

**PEACHES (CONT'D)**

Thanks.

She takes a deep drag, then speaks.

**PEACHES (CONT'D)**

How's your mom?

**JOHN**

Better. Them pills sure make her sleep a lot.

**PEACHES**

Y'all got enough to eat?

**JOHN**

Yeah. I need to score some rent money though.

**PEACHES**

Why? What's wrong?

**JOHN**

Haven't paid since fucking Covid. They gonna kick me out soon if I don't come up with some rent money.

Peaches sighs and shakes her head.

**JOHN (CONT'D)**  
Oh well. You're still going to  
Venice with me right?

Peaches nods.

**JOHN (CONT'D)**  
Cool. I'll see you there.

**PEACHES**  
Come here.

Peaches opens her purse and takes out some blue pills.

**PEACHES (CONT'D)**  
Still taking your prep?

**JOHN**  
Ran out. I gotta get more at the  
Center.

**PEACHES**  
Well, here, take these. I'll go by  
later and grab some more.

**JOHN**  
Cool.

**PEACHES**  
And here's a hundred. Git something  
to eat.

**JOHN**  
You're the best.

He hugs her tight. She pushes him away.

**PEACHES**  
Get the fuck out of my face, nigga.

**JOHN**  
See you next week.

John runs off. Peaches takes another drag, smiling.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. GROCERY MARKET - DAY**

John is getting some grocery in the store, grabbing everything food items within his reach. He's excited.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY**

John pushes the cart out in the lot. He grabs the milk jug and drinks it all in one go. Happy as a clam.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. APARTMENT - DAY**

John carries the grocery bags in, starts filling his fridge stock. His mom walks in the kitchen.

**JOHN**

Hey, looks who's up.

**MOM**

Morning.

**JOHN**

It's noon, mom.

She grabs a glass and fills it with tap water, then gulps it down. She looks at the grocery food (fruit, eggs, instant noodle) on the counter.

**JOHN (CONT'D)**

Help yourself.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. BATHROOM - DAY**

John is taking a shower. He then dries himself off with a towel.

John is putting white shaving cream on his tanned face, then begin to shave.

He stands in front of the mirror, takes out a blue pill from his pocket and puts it in his mouth. He splashes water on his hair, and combs it back.

**JOHN**

Alright.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. BELLEVUE PARK (HOLLYWOOD) - NIGHT**

John, in his best hustler clothing, smoking a cigarette in the park. A white car rolls by slowly, the driver checks out John, then drives away.

John watches the car as it stops then rolls back to where he stands.

John drops his smoking stick and approaches the passenger window.

**JOHN**

Hi.

The driver stares at him.

**JOHN (CONT'D)**

Want to have some fun?

The man is large, blond and well-dressed. He keeps staring at John, studying him. John loses his patient.

**JOHN (CONT'D)**

You gonna fuck or what?

No response.

**JOHN (CONT'D)**

Get the fuck outta here man. Stop wasting my motherfucking time.

The man signals John to come closer to the window.

**JOHN (CONT'D)**

What?

John comes closer, leans on the glass.

**BLOND MAN**

Are you a cop?

**JOHN**

Fuck, man, do I look like a fucking cop to you?

**BLOND MAN**

Well, are you?

**JOHN**

Fuck no. Are you?

The man shakes his head.

**JOHN (CONT'D)**

Alright, we ain't pigs. Let's roll.

The man is still not convinced.

**BLOND MAN**

Can I touch you?

**JOHN**

Get to the motel and touch me all you want.

**BLOND MAN**

Well, can I touch you now though?  
Just to be sure.

John frowns.

**BLOND MAN (CONT'D)**

Just a second, I want to be sure.  
Please.

(beat)

Pull your pants down a little bit.

John pulls his jeans down, enough to show his pubes. The man unbuckles his seat belt, reaches out and touches John's groin. He seems satisfied.

**BLOND MAN (CONT'D)**

Get in.

John opens the door and jumps in.

**JOHN**

Man, you fucking play a lot.

The car drives off.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. MOTEL - NIGHT**

The two enters the room. John takes off his clothes, leaves his underwear on and lies on the bed.

The man slowly removes his coat, then he sits on the opposite bed, staring at John.

**JOHN**

You're gonna fuck me?

The man shakes his head.

John gets up angrily but the man grabs him by the wrist and forces him to sit down on the bed.

**JOHN (CONT'D)**

Stop wasting time, you fucking creep.

The man takes out his fat wallet, and hands John several bills.

**BLOND MAN**

That's five hundred. But I am not going to do anything to you.

**JOHN**

Then what are you paying me for?

**BLOND MAN**

Can...can we just talk for a bit?

**JOHN**

'kay.

**BLOND MAN**

Do you know who I am?

**JOHN**

No idea.

**BLOND MAN**

Don't watch TV much, do you?

**JOHN**

Don't have one.

**BLOND MAN**

That's good.

**JOHN**

So what are you paying me five hundreds for? Just to talk?

**BLOND MAN**

Yes, if that's alright with you.

**JOHN**

Whatever, man.

**BLOND MAN**

Yeah. What's your name?

**JOHN**

John.

**BLOND MAN**

How old are you, John?

**JOHN**

Eighteen.

**BLOND MAN**

Eighteen, I see.

**JOHN**

Well, you gonna tell me your name too? Who are you?

The man stares at the floor for a while.

**BLOND MAN**

I am a businessman. A family man. I have a kid your age. I also work in politics. Ever heard of Iowa?

**JOHN**

Yeah.

**BLOND MAN**

Now you know where I am from.

(beat)

I can't tell you my name, though. And I will tell you why. I am a homo, just like you. But nobody knows. At least in my town.

(beat)

During my time, at the office, I helped passing laws that make lives difficult for queer folks, like you, and myself.

**JOHN**

Why?

**BLOND MAN**

Why? I don't know. Why people do the things that they do? To fit in. My Party don't tolerate my kind, I wouldn't last a second being queer at the office. My wife would leave me, my kids would abandon me. I would have nothing, nothing. Who wants that? I keep telling myself.

**(MORE)**

**BLOND MAN (CONT'D)**

(beat)

Yet, at night, I find myself, cruising around whichever town I am happen to be at, to find somebody that I can talk to. I've lived this life for thirty five years, you know. And I know I will live like this for the rest of my life. That's my punishment.

The man buries his face under his hands.

**BLOND MAN (CONT'D)**

I am surrounded by people all day. I work like a maniac, just to forget, to get by. But night like this, I am alone, I have no one to talk to, to understand what I am going through. And it hurts, it hurts so bad.

The man sobs. John looks at him.

**BLOND MAN (CONT'D)**

The older I get, the more I want to break free, you know. I want to go away, leave my old life behind, I want to go where no one knows me, so I can restart my life, to live, finally like a normal person.

(beat)

But I know I can't. I just can't. I have no love for my wife, I never had. I have my kids for selfish reasons. To look good, in public. But I can't do it anymore. I even thought of dying. I thought about it a lot. I used to be scared, but I am not anymore. Not anymore.

John touches the man's shoulder. His face is full of tears and sweat.

**BLOND MAN (CONT'D)**

You are a sweet kid. Hang in there. I am sorry if I make you uncomfortable.

**JOHN**

That's okay. I am gonna go.

**BLOND MAN**

Yes, yes, of course.

John gets dressed. The man watches him

**JOHN**

You gonna be alright?

**BLOND MAN**

Yeah, yeah, don't worry. I will be fine.

**JOHN**

Do you want a hug or something?

**BLOND MAN**

Would you?

John reaches out and hugs the man. He groans.

**BLOND MAN (CONT'D)**

I am sorry. I am sorry for everything.

**JOHN**

Goodbye.

**BLOND MAN**

Thank you.

John exits the room, and closes the door on the man.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT**

John brushes his teeth. He cleans the mirror, then looks at his reflection for a while, thinking. Then he takes a piss.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT**

John gets into bed, wears only his boxer. Looking up at the ceiling, thinking about his previous night.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. VENICE BEACH - NIGHT**

It's Halloween night. Everybody is in costume, walking the street. John is smoking a cigarette, waiting for Peaches, then he goes joins the crowd. He is not wearing any costume, only his daily hustle clothes (black shirt and jean).

John watches the skaters, then drops by the bookstore to look at the magazines.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. CAR - DAY**

Peach is doing her make-up, sitting in the passenger's seat. Bob opens the door, and sits down right next to her. Peaches puts away the make-up bag.

**PEACHES**

Hey.

Peaches leans over and gives Bob a light kiss on the mouth. Bob kisses back, with little enthusiasm.

**PEACHES (CONT'D)**

You okay?

(beat)

You want some weed?

(beat)

You want something to eat?

Bob holds out his hand.

**PEACHES (CONT'D)**

Oh.

Peaches goes in her bag, takes out a few bills and places them in Bob's hand. Bob feels them paper in his hand, without looking.

**BOB**

The fuck is this?

**PEACHES**

That's that.

**BOB**

That's all?

**PEACHES**

Yeah.

Bob looks at the bills in his hand.

**BOB**

That's all?

Peaches starts to back away, when Bob drops the money and gives her a good pimp slap, then grabs her by the hair and holds her down.

Peaches screams in protest, tries to fight back, but Bob keeps on holding her down and punches repeatedly in her head.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. SANTA MONICA BLVD - NIGHT**

John buys some tacos from the street. He fills the plate with onions and hot sauces. He sits down and eat.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. L RON HUBBARD WAY - NIGHT**

John walks past the Scientology Church, paying it no never mind.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. PEACHES' HOUSE - MORNING**

John knocks hard on the door. The door swings open. A huge black man stands at the doorway. This is Bob, Peaches' pimp.

**BOB**

The fuck you want?

**JOHN**

Is she home? Is Peaches home?

He slams the door on John's face. Then Peaches opens the door. Her face is badly bruised, with a swollen black eye.

**PEACHES**

What you want?

**JOHN**

I got your money.

John hands her some bills.

**JOHN (CONT'D)**

What the fuck happened to you? I waited for an hour.

**PEACHES**

What happen? I got my motherfucking ass beat, for giving you some money on fucking Tuesday. That's what's up.

**(MORE)**

**PEACHES (CONT'D)**

(beat)  
Thanks a bunch.

**JOHN**

Wait. Bob beat you?

**PEACHES**

Ain't his fault. I didn't make nothing all day. But it ain't my motherfucking fault either. I should have never listened to you. I am tired of covering your broke ass all the motherfucking time. How the fuck am I suppose to work now? From now on, we're fucking done. Don't come to me on the street like that, you hear?

**JOHN**

I am sorry.

**PEACHES**

Fuck you.

Peaches slams the door, leaving John standing.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. LA COLOMBE COFFEE ROASTERS - DAY**

Miguel and John are hanging out at the local coffee shop, sipping their espresso.

**MIGUEL**

Man, I am telling you. Get your fucking ass tested.

**JOHN**

Okay.

**MIGUEL**

This is no fucking joke. You're gonna get it yourself if you are not careful.

**JOHN**

I got pills.

**MIGUEL**

Those pills are fucking expensive. You have to take them everyday and they are not gonna give them to you everyday.

**(MORE)**

**MIGUEL (CONT'D)**

(beat)

And get a phone. How the fuck am I suppose to call you if you don't have a phone?

**JOHN**

Yeah.

**MIGUEL**

You're not interested in the website no more? Gonna hustle your ass on the street? Like them cheap whores on Sunset?

**JOHN**

Maybe.

**MIGUEL**

Man, go fuck yourself. I am tired of talking to your dumbass.

**JOHN**

Then don't.

John lights up a new cigarette.

**MIGUEL**

Alright, how about this? I still have those pictures. I'll make that profile for you. They call me, and I will send your ass to them. We split it fifty fifty.

**JOHN**

Now you're gonna be my pimp too?

**MIGUEL**

I am doing you a favor, you thick motherfucker. You're not making shit.

(beat)

Think about it.

Miguel walks off. John smokes, staring at the street.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. FLEA MARKET - DAY**

John is selecting a phone. He gets a cheap one with broken screen.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. LOS ANGELES RIVER - DAY**

John walks on the metal railway.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. SANTA MONICA BEACH - DAY**

John swims in the ocean. He gets out of the water and sits on the sand to rest. The water rises to his feet. John lies down and stares at the blue sky, then he closes his eyes.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. SANTA MONICA BLVD - NIGHT**

John is sitting down on the pavement, half-bored. He's sucking on a red lollypop. Cars after cars, passing by and by.

A man walks toward him. He smiles at John.

**WADE**

I know you.

John recognizes him, the driver who threw a cigarette at him.

**WADE (CONT'D)**

At the park? Remember? I came back the next day, you know. But you weren't there.

**JOHN**

Yeah.

**WADE**

You look good today.

**JOHN**

Thank you.

**WADE**

So, what you say, we head back to my place? Come on.

**JOHN**

You gonna pay me?

The man frowns.

**WADE**

If that's what you want.

**JOHN**

It's three hundred.

**WADE**

Going up a bit, huh.

(beat)

You know what, fine.

**JOHN**

Let's see the money.

The man goes in his pocket and takes out a handful of bills, shows them to John. John tries to grab them, but the man beats his hand away.

**WADE**

It's right here, alright. Don't worry. It's payday. Come.

John stands up and follows him. They walk back to the man's car, a block away. The man opens the backdoor.

**WADE (CONT'D)**

Get in.

**JOHN**

I wanna ride in front.

**WADE**

We do it in the back. I am not fucking paying for a room.

John looks at the man with disbelief. The man grins.

**WADE (CONT'D)**

You want to do it or not?

(beat)

Come on, it'll be quick. I got the lube and rubber in there already.

John sighs then gets in the car.

**WADE (CONT'D)**

That's it. Easy three hundreds, huh. You faggot.

**JOHN**

Cheap motherfucker.

**WADE**

Hey, watch your fucking mouth.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. CAR- NIGHT**

John sits in the back of the car. The man pushes him to get in.

**WADE**

Scoot over. Don't hog all the seats.

John does what he's told. The man shuts the door.

**WADE (CONT'D)**

Nice, huh.

(beat)

Wait, I got a surprise for you.

The man takes out a plastic bag, pours some cocaine on the middle compartment, then uses a razor to cut the white powder into two lines. He snorts one.

**WADE (CONT'D)**

You want some?

John shakes his head.

**WADE (CONT'D)**

Oh you're gonna do me like that? I am giving you some, and you gonna do me like that you little faggot? Do you know how much this shit costs?

John stares at the man, who wipes his nose with his sleeves.

**DRIVER**

You know how big my penis is?

(beat)

Answer the question.

**JOHN**

No.

**WADE**

It's a motherfucker. I split my wife's cunt in half with this penis. Is that what you want?

(beat)

You need to loosen the fuck up. Now, I got my dildo in the glove compartment. I can grab that piece of wood and loosen up your ass real nice right here and you gonna scream like a fucking bitch. Is that what you want?

He stares at John.

**WADE** (CONT'D)  
Or, you can relax and do a line  
with me.

John bends down and snorts the cocaine. He sneezes and wipes his nose.

**WADE** (CONT'D)  
Yeah, that's wassup. Now we're  
talking.

The man grabs John, turns him around, and pushes his head down.

**WADE** (CONT'D)  
Let's get busy.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. CAR- NIGHT**

John is getting fucked in the backseat. He almost passes out. His head is banging on the door. The man groans and moans with each violent thrust. Then he gets tired.

**WADE**  
Motherfuck...

The man comes. He opens the door and catches his breath. He lights up a cigarette. John gets up and puts his clothes on.

**JOHN**  
That wasn't bad.  
(beat)  
Did you come?

**WADE**  
Yeah.

The man frowns and winces in pain.

**JOHN**  
You mind paying me now?

The man goes through his pocket and throws John a few bills. John grabs them quickly and opens the door to get out.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. SANTA MONICA BLVD - NIGHT**

He walks away from the car.

John stops at the dark alley, then vomits his guts out.

**CUT TO BLACK.**

**NARRATOR (O.S.)**

Alright, what's your name?

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. LA STREET - DAY**

The first boy appears, leaning on a dirty wall.

**1ST BOY**

Emilio.

The second boy appears, sitting down at the bench.

**2ND BOY**

Jimmy.

The third boy appears, smoking a cigarette in a car.

**3RD BOY**

Diego.

**NARRATOR (O.S.)**

How old are you?

**EMILIO**

Eighteen.

**JIMMY**

Twenty.

**DIEGO**

Twenty two.

**NARRATOR (O.S.)**

Where are you from?

**EMILIO**

I am from here, man.

**JIMMY**

Born and raised.

**DIEGO**

None of your fucking business.

**NARRATOR (O.S.)**

What you do for a living?

**EMILIO**

I'm a masseur, part time.

**JIMMY**

(shrugs shoulders)

**DIEGO**

(grin)

I'll do whatever, man.

**JIMMY**

My first fucking time, man, ah, I thought I'd shit my fucking pants. They gave me a dildo, one of those metal one, told me to go home and open up my asshole, you know, so it wouldn't hurt as bad.

**EMILIO**

(sly grin)

It's not really my thing, you know. But a lot of my customers, they like...looking at it, like, fucking stare at it.

**DIEGO**

Anus, rectum, musculus buttullus maximus, boi-pussy, whatever the fuck you want to call it.

**NARRATOR (O.S.)**

Do you do everything?

**JIMMY**

Yeah, I do everything.

**EMILIO**

(nodding)

Yeah.

**DIEGO**

(shrugs)

Whatever brings cash.

**NARRATOR (O.S.)**

Aren't you afraid of disease?

**DIEGO**

(thinks for a while)

We all took prep.

**JIMMY**

(in denial, aggressive)  
No, what the fuck am I afraid for?  
Just wear a condom. You can't get  
anything with a condom.

**EMILIO**

That's why I don't fucking kiss.  
(chuckling)  
I'll suck your dick, I'll lick your  
cum, I'll eat your fucking piehole,  
but sorry, I don't fucking kiss. I  
don't give a fuck what you have in  
your fucking mouth.

**DIEGO**

(smiles)

**EMILIO**

My family, they don't give a shit.  
Never have, never will.

**JIMMY**

You think I would do something like  
this if I have a mom and a fucking  
dad around?

**DIEGO**

(shrug)

**EMILIO**

It's just hard to get into  
relationship nowadays, man. And  
that goes for everyone. I know men  
in their 30s, 40s couldn't get a  
fucking girlfriend. It's fucking  
pathetic.  
(spit)

**JIMMY**

Sure, it would be nice to have  
someone to go home to. Fuck, I'd  
settle down with any niggas that  
can accept me for who I am, and  
what I do for a living. That's my  
business.

**DIEGO**

(shakes head)  
It's hard. If I can keep it from  
them, but they bound to know it,  
sooner or later.

**EMILIO**

Who gives a shit man, who gives a shit?

**DIEGO**

Sometimes, I'm just pissed thinking about it, you know. I fuck for a living, and none of these motherfuckers want to be with me.

(beat)

Just the price of doing business.

**JIMMY**

I don't know. Maybe I'll leave town, go to Europe or something, where people don't know me. Start over, you know. I always love France.

**EMILIO**

Doesn't matter. You can't run from yourself. These things, they kill you, from the inside. They rotten your soul, you know, and that can never be undone.

A moment of silent despair of all three boys. Then Diego breaks the silence.

**DIEGO**

I don't believe in God. Living here, the things people do on the street. Once you see that, you have to be a retard to speak about God.

**JIMMY**

Oh yeah, definitely. Hell yeah.

**EMILIO**

Indifferent. If there is one. Not something I think about that much.

**DIEGO**

That's life. Life is one big theater. Everybody plays different roles. We have our parts to play too. We contribute to society. We offer the service of pleasure. Who can look down at us?

**EMILIO**

I don't call myself that. I'm a masseur. I make people feel comfortable. That's my job.

**(MORE)**

**EMILIO (CONT'D)**

The sex is just the bonus. That's how I see it.

**JIMMY**

No, I'm straight, man. I'm not really into that gay shit. I do it cause it's easy.

**DIEGO**

You have to like it, even a little. No hustler can call himself a hetero, doing this shit. It's bullshit. He's bullshitting you.

**EMILIO**

Probably around two hundreds. Yeah, lots of dicks.

**DIEGO**

(laughing)  
Can't remember.

**JIMMY**

I don't want to talk about it.

**EMILIO**

I don't do spics. Them fucking TAMALES, they like to fucking slap you around while they fuck. I don't fuck with them. They can shove that tortilla up their ass.

**JIMMY**

Dude, one time, this motherfucking John Holmes, drops his pants, quips out his fucking thirteen inches BBC, that's a big motherfucking cock.

(beat)

I don't dig those black cocks that much, but man. He gave me a good time. Yeah. Once you gone black, it's hard to go back.

**DIEGO**

Gotta love them all man. Everybody is different, you know, peculiar in their own ways, and it's beautiful. That's why it's hard to shake off the street, you know, once you get a taste of it.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. LGBT CENTER WAITING ROOM - DAY**

John is waiting in a room full of people, waiting for his call. A staff hands him a plastic bag.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. LGBT CENTER RESTROOM - DAY**

John steps in the stall. He opens the plastic bag, there is a plastic jar, a cotton stick, and a plastic tube.

John opens the jar, pees inside, then seals it shut. He takes the cotton stick, pulls down his pants and puts the stick up his anus. John groans. He then puts the stick in the tube, breaks it in half, and closes it.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. LGBT CENTER WAITING ROOM - DAY**

John is back in the room, waiting for his result. He has a purple bandage on his arm.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. SELMA AVE - DAY**

John leaves the LGBT Center. A few homeless junkies at Selma Park stare at him.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. BATHROOM - DAY**

John is taking a shower. He seems unwell.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. BEDROOM - DAY**

John lies in bed, with a white blanket on top. He's smoking a cigarette, staring at the ceiling, thinking of his previous encounter.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. STREET - DAY**

John walks toward a shopping center.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. 99 CENTS - DAY**

John walks around, window shopping. He looks at the cheap, plastic flowers, the wrinkling balloons, then grabs one of the dirty teddy bear off the shelf.

He gets in line to pay for the bear.

**EXT. SUNSET STREET (HOLLYWOOD) - NIGHT**

Peaches is standing on the street, waiting for clients. John walks toward her. She rolls her eyes.

**PEACHES**

The fuck do you want now?

**JOHN**

Happy birthday.

He hands her the teddy bear. Peaches just ignores him.

**JOHN (CONT'D)**

Want me to wrap it?

**PEACHES**

The fuck is your problem? You see what I am doing? Now I gotta carry this motherfucking bear around with me too?

**JOHN**

Just a night.

Peaches rolls her eyes, she takes the bear from John and shoves it in her purse.

**JOHN (CONT'D)**

Can I have a cigarette?

**PEACHES**

You know I dig weed, right?

**JOHN**

Can I have some weed, then?

**PEACHES**

Fuck, no.

(beat)

You can have some of Bob's cig.

Peaches purses her lips, goes through her purse, and hands John one stick. John lights it up.

**PEACHES (CONT'D)**

You're welcome.

John bursts out coughing, splitting saliva on the ground. Peaches looks at him, indifferent. When John finishes his coughing, he takes another deep drag.

**PEACHES (CONT'D)**

Yeah, real smart.

**JOHN**

Appreciate you.

**PEACHES**

Hustling's little too much for you?

**JOHN**

You want to go grab a coffee with me?

(beat)

I am buying.

**PEACHES**

Yeah, yeah yeah okay. Got nothing better to do. Slow ass motherfucking night.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. 7 ELEVEN - NIGHT**

The two fills their cups with hot roasted coffee.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. CALI DONUTS - NIGHT**

The two sits down at the table, facing each others.

**JOHN**

Did you score?

**PEACHES**

Twice.

**JOHN**

You're fast.

**PEACHES**

Gotta do them fast. I charge twenty five a blow. I ain't got all fucking night.

**JOHN**

Why you gotta do them fuckers so low?

**PEACHES**

That's my fucking rate. Out here, that's all you fucking get.

**JOHN**

You can wait till they come back.

**PEACHES**

Yeah. I come short a dollar, Bob gonna beat the black off my ass. Beside, I told you, out here, that's all we got. I am a black bitch with a motherfucking black dick. Ain't much demand for that.

(beat)

What about you? What do you make?

**JOHN**

The other night, couple hundreds. But it's gone.

**PEACHES**

What happen?

**JOHN**

Passed out on the street. Some fuckers probably fucked with it.

**PEACHES**

So you gonna keep losing your hustling money like that huh?

John has no answer. Peaches shakes her head. She looks at the window.

**PEACHES (CONT'D)**

You gotta learn to take care of yourself out here, John. I ain't gonna be here forever for your ass.

She then chuckles to herself.

**PEACHES (CONT'D)**

But isn't life funny?

(beat)

You and me, we fuck people all day, and nobody give a good fuck about us. I could die tomorrow, and none of them would even notice. Just another ho on the stroll.

(beat)

It's my birthday, and I ain't got a single call. No one ever calls me. I always have to call people. My phone never rings. And I have two hundreds numbers in there. No calls.

Peaches chuckles to herself.

**PEACHES (CONT'D)**

Even the guys I fucked, they never want to be seen with me. I see them on the street all the time, with their wives and kids. They don't want to know me. They don't want everyone to know their little secret. They only want me when they want their dicks sucked. That's my value.

Peaches cries quietly. Her tears roll down on her cheeks. John reaches out and grabs her hands. Peaches starts to calm down.

**PEACHES (CONT'D)**

John, listen to me. I didn't choose this motherfucking life. I didn't choose to be a ho. If people accept me for who I am, I wouldn't be out on the street. And I can never lie to myself. That's my business. But you, it ain't too late for you. You can still make it. Do whatever you gotta do and get the fuck out while you still can.

(beat)

You promise me?

**JOHN**

Okay.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**INT. GYM - DAY**

John is working on his biceps. He takes a shower.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. VENICE BEACH - DAY**

John is hanging out at Venice. He watches the skaters, browsing books.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. IN-N-OUT BURGER - DAY**

John is having a double-double burger outside, near the Los Angeles Airport. A plane flies by, John stops eating and stares at the plane till it's gone. Then he goes back to his fries.

**STRANGER**

Pretty, huh?

John stares at the glass-wearing older gentleman, who sits a few tables away from him.

**JOHN**

Yeah.

John takes out his cigarette and lights one.

**STRANGER**

You know you are not supposed to do that here.

John just shrugs and takes a drag.

The gentleman walks over and extends his hand.

**STRANGER (CONT'D)**

Can I have that?

John hesitates, then hands the old man his cigarette, who then puts it out and throws it into the trash.

**JOHN**

The fuck do you do that for?

**STRANGER**

It's my job to care. You should take more care of your own health too.

**JOHN**

Who the fuck are you, my doctor?

The old man chuckles.

**STRANGER**

I don't know, you might run into me someday.

(beat)

How many cigarette can you smoke a day?

**JOHN**

I don't know, a pack.

**STRANGER**

Oh my my my. To be young again. Hard to believe, but I used to smoke too.

**JOHN**

Yeah?

**STRANGER**

Yeah. Two packs.

**JOHN**

Get the fuck outta here.

**STRANGER**

No, no, no. I did. I certainly did. Way back when I was in med school. Yes.

**JOHN**

Why so much?

**STRANGER**

(as if it's the most obvious thing in the world)

Helped me thinking.

John nods.

**STRANGER (CONT'D)**

But yeah, terrible. I could hardly breathe. So I quitted, and guess what. I gained twenty five pounds. Took years to shed those off.

**JOHN**

I wish I could gain some weight.

**STRANGER**

Ah, you're one of those skinny boy  
that has good metabolism. Count  
your blessing, because it's a  
struggle for the rest of us old  
folks.

**JOHN**

Right.

John stands in front of the old man and whispers to him.

**JOHN (CONT'D)**

Are you hitting on me?

**STRANGER**

Excuse me.

**JOHN**

You like what you see?  
(beat)  
Go on, have a feel.

The old man looks at John's crotch, gulps.

**STRANGER**

Are you... a prostitute?

John laughs.

**JOHN**

Duh.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. CHEAP MOTEL - DAY**

The old doctor follows John into the room. John points at the  
bathroom.

**JOHN**

Go wash up.

The old man nods and goes in.

John sits down at one of the bed, then strips, leaving only  
his underwear. He lies on the bed, hands behind his head.

The old man comes out of the bathroom. He looks at the naked  
John.

**JOHN** (CONT'D)  
(means his underwear)  
Take it off me.

The old man comes forward and touches John's crotch. John smiles to the ceiling as he's being revealed.

**STRANGER**  
You have a beautiful dick.

**JOHN**  
Suck it.

As the old man sucks his dick, John keeps on smiling at the ceiling, as if this is the happiest moment of his life.

**FADE TO:**

**INT. SAME SCENE - DAY**

The two are cuddling on the bed. The old man is caressing John's naked body.

**STRANGER**  
You are so pretty.  
(beat)  
You are the most pretty boy I had  
ever seen.

John smiles at the compliment.

**STRANGER** (CONT'D)  
Do you do this all the time?

**JOHN**  
Do what?

**STRANGER**  
Selling yourself like this to  
people?

**JOHN**  
Oh yeah.

**STRANGER**  
For money?

**JOHN**  
What else is there?

**STRANGER**  
There are other jobs.

**JOHN**

Fuck off.

**STRANGER**

Day job's not for you huh?

(beat)

Well, it's nothing new really. They don't call it the oldest profession for nothing.

**JOHN**

The hell that means?

**STRANGER**

Boys like you, they'd existed since the Ancient Greece. Old rich men, philosophers and politicians, lots of them were boylovers. They acted as the boy's mentor. And when the boys are no longer attractive, their youth and beauty faded, they were casted aside, to make space for the new one. It's very common.

(beat)

A tumbling tumbleweed. That's you.

**JOHN**

You gonna be my mentor?

**STRANGER**

Perhaps I should.

They kiss.

The old man gets up and gets dressed. John does the same. When he's done, the old man hands him a note.

**STRANGER (CONT'D)**

You call me if you need anything.

John nods.

**STRANGER (CONT'D)**

I'll go pay for the room. You can stay and sleep if you want.

**JOHN**

I'll do that.

**STRANGER**

Bye now.

The old man walks out the door. John lies on the bed, thinking. Then he gets up and goes in the bathroom.

Staring at himself naked in the mirror.

**JOHN**  
(muttering to himself)  
A tumbling tumbleweed.

Then he hits the shower.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. SUNSET STREET (HOLLYWOOD) - NIGHT**

John is walking home. He walks along a row of cars. He grabs the door's handle of each car, tries to open them as he walks by.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT**

John enters the apartment. He checks on his mom. She's sleeping. He cleans up her room, takes out the trash. Then he hits the sack.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. APARTMENT - DAY**

John wakes up, brushes his teeth. He drinks the tap water straight from the sink. Then he cooks two packs of instant noodle in the kitchen. John eats the whole bowl. Then he plays guitar in his room, humming to himself.

Throw the guitar away, John lies down on his bed, looking at the ceiling. He sighs. Grabbing a bunch of cash out of his pants, John sniffs the cash. Caressing his nipples, John gets excited.

He then pulls his short down, sticks his hand in and plays with himself. He sniffs the cash again, getting more excited. He rolls the dollar bills around his dick, and wanks it.

He rolls more and more bills around it, waiting for the climax. He gets more and more excited, John strangles himself with the other hand, moaning.

John comes. He tries to catch his breath, recovers from the climax. He wipes the cash off his body.

He goes to the restroom to wash up the come.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. STREET - DAY**

Peaches takes out her old ass phone, choose an opera song, then listens to it through her earphone. She dances to it.

**EXT. TACO RESTAURANT - DAY**

Miguel is showing John how to play the guitar. A slow tune. He hands John his guitar so John can practice.

**MIGUEL**

Slow the fuck down. This ain't a race, dumbass.

(beat)

Here, put it here, like this. Hear that, hear that bass.

Three young hustlers (**EMILIO, DIEGO, JIMMY**) show up at the restaurant.

**MIGUEL (CONT'D)**

Yo, wassup my nigga.

Jimmy hits Miguel in the head, but misses.

**JIMMY**

Fucking punk.

Miguel laughs it off. Diego fist-pumps John.

**DIEGO**

What's good, homeboy?

**JOHN**

Sup?

**DIEGO**

Still playing?

**MIGUEL**

He ain't playing shit. John's slow as fuck.

**JOHN**

Fuck you.

**DIEGO**

Oh, you're a man now. Come on. Give me some. Come on, get your punk ass up.

John drops the guitar and punches Diego's hands, boxing style while the boys watch.

John punches Diego a little bit too hard.

**DIEGO (CONT'D)**

Okay, okay, cool your tits, hotshot.

**JIMMY**

Ooh, look at that.

Jimmy points at John's tattoo on his right shoulder.

**JIMMY (CONT'D)**

Is that new? I didn't see that one before.

**JOHN**

Yeah.

**JIMMY**

Lemme see it.

John rolls up his sleeve to show his ink.

**DIEGO**

The fuck?

They all gather around John to check his tattoo.

**DIEGO (CONT'D)**

Yo, where you get this from, jail?

**JIMMY**

What the fuck is it?

**DIEGO**

Hey, I heard you ain't making shit, where you get the cash for ink?

**MIGUEL**

Y'all want to see a real tat? Check this out.

Miguel pulls his hair up to show his tattoo on his neck.

**JIMMY**

Oh, that one's dope.

(beat)

What is says?

**MIGUEL**

It's Greek.

**JIMMY**

I know it's not English,  
motherfucker. What it says?

**MIGUEL**

It says "mind your fucking  
business", how's that?

Jimmy grabs a half-eaten taco and throws it at Miguel.

**CUT TO:**

**SAME SCENE**

John is sitting with Emilio at a separate table, talking.  
While Miguel and Jimmy and Diego are sitting at another.

**EMILIO**

John, you have to know how to do  
this right. This ain't a walk in  
the fucking park. You need to keep  
them aroused. Everybody love a good  
massage. If you give them a good  
massage, they gonna forget you're a  
bad fuck.

(beat)

I mean, look at them chinks in  
Thaitown, they fuck like shit, but  
they got customers every night. It  
ain't their dicks, I tell you that.

Emilio is rubbing John's hand.

**EMILIO (CONT'D)**

You start with the hands, feel  
that? Then work your way up the  
shoulder. Then you go for both  
shoulders, now give them muscle a  
good rub, but don't touch the bone.  
That shit hurts.

Emilio gets behind John.

**EMILIO** (CONT'D)

Then you work on the back, use your elbow, like this, feel that? Yeah, yeah. Then you grab their ass...

**CUT TO:**

**DIEGO**

Onlyfans is fucking bullshit man.

**MIGUEL**

What?

**DIEGO**

Prove me wrong, motherfucker, prove me fucking wrong.

**MIGUEL**

The fuck you know about it? You were on it for two motherfucking months.

**DIEGO**

Yeah, and you know how much I made?

(beat)

Nada.

(beat)

It's like Youtube same old shit, same fucking thing, I did Youtube for two fucking years, you had to come up with new content, interact with your audiences, same old bullshit.

(beat)

You think it's so easy to make money off the fucking internet, guess what, motherfucker, it's the same as any jobs, you have to work your fucking ass off. It's a fucking job.

**CUT TO:**

**BACK TO EMILIO AND JOHN**

**EMILIO**

Do not go for the dick. Do not go for the dick. Not just yet. Make them beg for it. Work around it.

**(MORE)**

**EMILIO (CONT'D)**

Work on the stomach, the hip, the navel, them thighs. That shit make them fucking wet.

**CUT TO:**

**THE BOYS LISTEN TO JIMMY'S STORY.****MIGUEL**

Would you fuck a girl?

**JIMMY**

I would never fuck a girl.

**JOHN**

Why?

**MIGUEL**

Cause he's a fag, that's why.

**JIMMY**

Shut the fuck up. It ain't worth it.

**DIEGO**

I tried them both. Dicks are easier. Them old bitches, it took forever to make them come.

**JIMMY**

Once, I got this old, fat, bitch, alright. Her husband been dead forever. So she's never seen any action, alright.

(beat)

I gave her a fucking good massage. She was all fucking hot. This old bitch is ready to fucking blow.

**CUT TO:**

**EMILIO AND JOHN'S TABLE.****EMILIO**

You look at him in the eyes, don't break eye contact.

(looks at John in the eyes)

Then stick out your tongue, and go "la-la-la", ON THE TIP, ON THE TIP.

**CUT TO:**

**JIMMY'S TELLING A STORY****JIMMY**

She even complimented me. Called me handsome and all that bitch shit. Said she's gonna give me a five hundred dollars tip. I was over the fucking moon. I didn't score all week.

**CUT TO:****EMILIO AND JOHN.****EMILIO**

Then, you stop, then you go "la-la-la", then you stop, then you go "wa-wa-wa" (motorboat sound).

**CUT TO:****JIMMY'S TELLING A STORY****JIMMY**

I got this bitch breathing like a fucking dog. I was hot, she was hot, I was gonna give her a good hammertime.

**CUT TO:****EMILIO AND JOHN.****EMILIO**

You bite the balls, one at a time. Suck them, roll them around with your tongue. You keep your two eyes on him while you're doing that. You don't go for the dick just yet.

(beat)

And this motherfucker, he should be fucking passing out by now, if you do exactly what I'm telling you to do. But you wait, you wait for it. You wait for that head motion.

**CUT TO:**

**JIMMY'S TELLING A STORY****JIMMY**

And then, I dropped my pants, my dick is hard as rock. I was looking down all proud.

(beat)

And then, she looks at me. I look at her. And then, she looks at my dick. And then, I look at my fucking dick. And she goes "Really?", seriously, she goes "Really?". So I went "Really what?". Then she goes "Is that all you got, you fucking midget?"

(beat)

Got up, got dressed, and fucked off. Didn't even pay for the fucking room.

**CUT TO:****EMILIO AND JOHN.****JOHN**

What motion?

**EMILIO**

This motion.  
(jerks his head back,  
rolls his eyes)

John copies him.

**JOHN**

Like that?

**EMILIO**

Yeah, once you see they do that, it's deepthroat time. Fast, fast, fast. You go "nom-nom-nom".

(beat)

Ten seconds, I'm telling ya. Ten seconds. Goddamn guarantee. That nigga gonna come like the Niagara Falls.

**CUT TO:****JIMMY'S TELLING A STORY**

The boys is laughing at Jimmy's misfortune story.

**JIMMY**

I thought I'm gonna slug the fucking bitch. When I get out of there, she's still in the fucking hall, talking to some bitch friend of hers, bitching about that fucking midget with that fucking pencil dick. When I passed by, I just wanted to slug that bitch in the fucking mouth.

(beat)

That's it, that's it, no more, no more. From that day on, it's Bratwurst, or nothing.

John listens, contemplating that remark. The boys then have themselves an arm wrestle contest.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. SANTA MONICA BLVD - NIGHT**

John is walking on the street. He arrives at the Tiki Porn Theater. John pays for the ticket and gets in.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. TIKI PORN THEATER - NIGHT**

John takes a seat in the filthy theater. The big screen is on, showing reel of gay porn. John is watching, half-bored. A man approaches John.

**STRANGE MAN**

This seat's taken?

John shakes his head. The man sits down right next to him.

**STRANGE MAN (CONT'D)**

Ah, thank you.

The two stares at the big screen.

**STRANGE MAN (CONT'D)**

It's not very good, is it?

**JOHN**

No.

**STRANGE MAN**

Yeah, they were better back in the good old day.

**(MORE)**

**STRANGE MAN (CONT'D)**

Now it's all fake tan and silicone.

(point to the screen)

You see that man, they gave him an injection so he can have a hard-on for fourteen hours. That man can fuck a horse if he wanted to.

John stares at the man.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. SANTA MONICA BLVD - NIGHT**

John is leaving the theater. He's walking back home. A car is following him. John turns around. It is the same man in the theater.

**JOHN**

You follow me now?

**STRANGE MAN**

You didn't say much in there. I thought we might go for a drink.

John shrugs.

**JOHN**

Sure.

John hops in the car.

**STRANGE MAN**

Where you wanna go?

**JOHN**

Find me a room.

**STRANGE MAN**

What?

**JOHN**

You want to fuck me, find me a room. I am not fucking in this car.

**STRANGE MAN**

Okay, alright.

(beat)

Not your first rodeo, eh?

**JOHN**

Nope.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. CHEAP MOTEL - NIGHT**

The two get in the motel room. The man grabs John and pins him down on the bed. John kisses him back. They undress.

**FADE TO:**

**SAME SCENE**

John and the man is sharing a smoke on the bed.

**STRANGE MAN**

You're an actor?

**JOHN**

What make you say that?

**STRANGE MAN**

I don't know. Just a guess.

**JOHN**

Nope.

**STRANGE MAN**

That's good.

**JOHN**

Why is that good?

**STRANGE MAN**

I used to be like you. I used to hustle instead of busting table. I thought you might be one of them out of work actor, trying to make some extra money.

**JOHN**

So you're an actor?

**STRANGE MAN**

I am an has-been. I never really had a real career to begin with. Sure, I have done some shows, now and then. But people barely see me anymore.

(beat)

But I tried hard, you know. I really, really wanted to be an actor. I took all the acting classes, went to all the auditions, slept with anyone that can give me a role.

**(MORE)**

**STRANGE MAN (CONT'D)**

Oh yeah, the casting couch everybody been talking about, that's real, and it will never, ever go away. Don't let anyone tell you otherwise.

The man takes another deep drag.

**STRANGE MAN (CONT'D)**

I knew I was gay when I was six. I always rooted for the guys. I always get excited when the men take off their shirts.

(beat)

But back then, you really couldn't come out, your career, however pathetic, would be wiped out. Ah, what difference does it make, you think those Hollywood hotshots could now come out of the closets? No way. No way. I know all of them. They will stay in their goddamn closets until the day they die.

**JOHN**

That bad, huh?

**STRANGE MAN**

It's showbusiness. And it's all about the audience's perception. You see, once they see you on the screen for a few times, they get to know you, become familiar with you, they put you in a box, label you, and that's one box you can never get out. They call it typecast now. Same thing with sex. And this business is all about sex, sex appeal, that is. A straight actor can play a gay character, and often, he get rewarded for that, for his "bravery" to portray the minority. But a gay actor, like myself, can never play anything other than my usual self. Nobody would buy my acting. And, that, kid, is an uphill battle you don't want to be on.

(beat)

But I didn't care. I wanted to be free, to be myself. That's why it never worked. I never cared about my image.

**(MORE)**

**STRANGE MAN (CONT'D)**

My manager tried to get me to settle down, at least date a few broads, to fool the public. He told me, just go hang with these air headed bimbos, go to dinner with them, let them take a few pictures, work on my audiences' perception. The whole thing is an illusion, you know.

(beat)

And I tried, for a while. Because I love acting. But I felt bad for these women, or beard, I like to call them. They were all very sweet. We got along great. But they all knew I was a poof. And that's the end of that. Once the contract is up, the money runs out, they get hired to "beard" another guy. That how it works in showbusiness.

**JOHN**

Then why you still want to be in it?

**STRANGE MAN**

Fame and fortune, my boy. We were all suckers. Nice thing about being old, you don't give a shit. I am free now, I am no longer an actor. I can do whatever I goddamn want. Isn't that what we wanted all along?

John contemplates about the man's remark.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. SUNSET STREET (HOLLYWOOD) - DAY**

John exits the motel and walks the street. John is petting a stray dog on the street.

**EXT. FLETCHER DRIVE BRIDGE - NIGHT**

John (shirtless) is jogging the filthy street of LA. He slows down, catching his breath, then keeps on running.

**INT. GYM - DAY**

John is running on the treadmill at the gym. He is sweating. A beep on his phone. John takes a look at the broken screen. A text message with a link for the test result.

John clicks on the link. He looks at the screen for a while, then hits the shower.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. BURGER KING - DAY**

John is buying a burger with a coke. He sits down to eat his dinner.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. SANTA MONICA BLVD - NIGHT**

Peaches is rolling a joint. John walks up to her.

**JOHN**

Can I have some?

**PEACHES**

Yeah.

Peaches hands John one, then rolls herself another one. John takes a deep drag, coughs, then nods.

**JOHN**

Top shelf.

**PEACHES**

Hmmmm.

(beat)

You better finish it. That shit ain't cheap.

**JOHN**

Okay.

(beat)

Wanna go dancing tonight?

**PEACHES**

I'll go get a drink first. Gotta get them cum taste outta of my mouth.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. BAR - NIGHT**

At the trashy bar in East Hollywood, John and Peaches both take a shot of liquor, then dance their ass off. They both dance like shit but they're having fun.

After a while, they are both high as a kite, they take another shot at the table.

**PEACHES**

So how is that punk asshole doing?

**JOHN**

What, fucking Miguel?

**PEACHES**

Yeah, fucking Miguel.

**JOHN**

It's cool. He got me on website and shit.

**PEACHES**

That fucking nigga still own me my weed money. One day, I'm gonna shove his fucking guitar up his little ass.

**JOHN**

He didn't pay you?

**PEACHES**

Hell no, that nigga own everyone money.

**JOHN**

Fuck Miguel.

**PEACHES**

Yeah, fuck Miguel, pussy ass motherfucker. You know what he asked me the other day?

**JOHN**

What?

**PEACHES**

He asked, if I was molested when I was young?

(beat)

And then he said "If you weren't, you wouldn't be this way."

(beat)

**(MORE)**

**PEACHES (CONT'D)**

I said "Bitch, you think all fucking trans are molested, is that it?" I grew up normal. My mom and dad, bless their soul, treat me the best they could. I couldn't ask for a better parent.

(beat)

I'm sick of punks like him coming up to me asking stupid-ass questions like that.

**JOHN**

Then what he says?

**PEACHES**

He said he didn't mean nothing by it. Didn't mean a thing. Yeah right, his punk ass always want to stir shit up.

Peaches takes another shot.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. SUNSET STREET (HOLLYWOOD) - DAY**

Miguel takes another hit from his vape. He's eyeing the people walking the street. A car slows down behind him, roaring its engine.

The driver (Amin) smiles at Miguel, scratching his lips. Miguel signals the driver to follow him.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. ISOLATED VALLEY - DAY**

The car parks at an empty valley. Miguel hops in the car.

**AMIN**

How's it going?

**MIGUEL**

It's going awesome. Thank you for asking sir.

**AMIN**

(points at the vape)  
You think I can get a hit of that?

**MIGUEL**

Sure.

Amin hits the vape, he bursts out coughing.

**MIGUEL** (CONT'D)

Yeah.

**AMIN**

That's good shit.

He coughs some more.

**AMIN** (CONT'D)

(clears his throat)

So, what's it gonna be?

Miguel throws his hands up.

**MIGUEL**

Hey, what you see is what you get.

**AMIN**

Yeah, yeah, yeah, I know, cut the  
shit. What's your deal?

(beat)

How much?

Miguel holds out his hand.

**AMIN** (CONT'D)

Five dollars?

**MIGUEL**

Five hundreds.

**AMIN**

Five hundreds?

**MIGUEL**

If I'm topping, it's a hundred  
more.

(beat)

But you're in luck, I can do both.

**AMIN**

So, what's that gonna be? Seven?

Miguel eyes Amin up and down.

**MIGUEL**

I'll give it to you for six-fifty.

**AMIN**

Six fifty?

**MIGUEL**

Yeah. You're cute.

Miguel smiles at him. Amin takes out his wallet, counting the money.

**AMIN**

Do... do you take credit?

Miguel gives him a funny look.

**MIGUEL**

I have Zelle, Apple Pay, Venmo,  
Cash App, PayPal, Meta and Google.  
(beat)  
What you have?

**AMIN**

I have forty dollars.

Miguel starts getting out of the car.

**AMIN (CONT'D)**

Wait, wait, wait...

Amin takes out a few bills from behind the sun-visor and shows them to Miguel.

**AMIN (CONT'D)**

(counting)  
Seventy, seventy-five.

Miguel puts his feet back in and closes the door.

**AMIN (CONT'D)**

Yeah?

Miguel thinks for five seconds.

**MIGUEL**

Alright.

**AMIN**

Yeah?

**AMIN (CONT'D)**

Yeah.

He grabs the cash from Amin and shoves them down his pants.

**AMIN (CONT'D)**

So, what do I get?

Miguel smiles and mimes giving Amin a handjob.

Amin mimes receiving a blowjob.

**AMIN** (CONT'D)

No?

**MIGUEL**

(shakes his head)

No.

Amin sighs, takes off his pants, while Miguel uses the hand sanitizer. Amin closes his eyes, leans back. Miguel begins to jerk him off.

Amin groans.

**AMIN**

Slow, slow down.

Miguel, bored, going through the motion... looking at Amin's tiny dick, then at his face, then at the window.

Amin squirms. Miguel touches his shoulders.

**MIGUEL**

Just relax.

He jerks him faster and faster.

Amin finally comes, hissing and groaning. He's coughing while Miguel coolly cleans his hands again with the sanitizer.

**MIGUEL** (CONT'D)

That was fun.

Then he gives Amin a quick kiss on the cheek.

**MIGUEL** (CONT'D)

Later.

Then gets out of the car.

Amin watches Miguel walk off, out of sight. Sweating, he pulls up his pants, coughing some more. He turns on the car engine and looks for his wallet.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. SUNSET STREET (HOLLYWOOD) - DAY**

Miguel is emptying Amin's wallet, throwing away the coins, the business cards, the picture of Amin's daughter, then the wallet into the trash can.

He's checking out the credit cards, one by one, then puts them all in his pocket, taking another hit from the vape.

**INT. BEDROOM - DAY**

John is lying on his bed, keep staring at his phone. The HIV-1 ANTIBODY "positive" result from the Center Lab.

**INT. MIGUEL'S CAR - DAY**

John and Miguel is having a smoke in the dirty car. (add improv)

**MIGUEL**

Shut the fuck up. Stop lying.

**JOHN**

I got it.

**MIGUEL**

When?

**JOHN**

I don't know. Could be anyone.

**MIGUEL**

Shit, man.

(beat)

The fuck you gonna do?

**JOHN**

I don't know.

**MIGUEL**

Well, what do you mean you don't know? You gonna keep working or what?

John shakes his head.

**MIGUEL (CONT'D)**

Shit, man, people got positive all the fucking time. Shit happens. You still gotta eat.

(beat)

Listen, it's not a big deal. You pull this shit long enough on the street, you gonna get it. Sooner or later. Most of my friends, they got it. But don't sweat it, it's not like the fucking eighty no more. You ain't gonna die from it.

**JOHN**

How do you know?

**MIGUEL**

Shit, man, go back there and ask them. They give you a bunch of shit, fix your ass right up.

(beat)

For real, though. Shut the fuck up about this shit. Keep it to yourself. You are not doing any good telling people what you have. Just shut the fuck up and go to work.

**JOHN**

I gotta go.

John gets out of the car.

**MIGUEL**

Hey, man, don't quit on me now. I got three coming for you this week. That's a grand. You're in or what?

John slams the door shut and flips Miguel off.

**MIGUEL (CONT'D)**

Stupid ass motherfucker.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. SANTA MONICA BLVD - DAY**

John is walking the street of Santa Monica. He looks sad.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. SANTA MONICA BEACH - DAY**

John is swimming in the water. He swims hard against the tide.

Find a cool spot to sit, John breaks down and sobs.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. BARBER SHOP - DAY**

John is getting a haircut. He looks cleaner now.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. IMMACULATE HEART OF MARY CHURCH - DAY**

John comes in and has a seat, listening to the sermon. The music sets in. John seems at ease. He closes his eyes.

John is listening to the choir music. He looks up at the rose window of Saint Peter.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. BEDROOM - DAY**

While the choir music continues, we do a slow zoom in John's face, as he lies on his bed, smoking. He then looks into the camera.

**FADE TO**

**EXT. SUNSET STREET (HOLLYWOOD) - NIGHT**

John stands alone in the corner of the street, watching people walking by. Nobody pay him any attention. He sits down, with his head between his legs.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. DENNY'S - DAY**

Peaches and Bob are sitting at the table, having breakfast. Bob is eating bacon and scrambled eggs. Peaches drinks her coffee, looking out the window.

Miguel is walking across the street. Peaches sees him.

**PEACHES**

Oh, hell no. This mother...

She grabs her bag and walks straight out of the restaurant.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. SUNSET STREET (HOLLYWOOD) - DAY**

Peaches is hitting Miguel with her bag, stuffs flying out of her bag and scatter everywhere. She yells at him at the tops of her lungs.

**MIGUEL**

Oi, stop it.

**PEACHES**

YOU MOTHERFUCKER, YOU THINK IT'S  
FUCKING FUNNY?

**MIGUEL**

What? I didn't do shit to him. Stop  
it.

**PEACHES**

WHY YOU GOTTA RUN YOUR BIG MOUTH  
ABOUT JOHN?

**MIGUEL**

What, he does.

**PEACHES**

WHAT MOTHERFUCKING BUSINESS OF  
YOURS TO TELL ON HIM? YOU FUCKING  
SNITCH.

**MIGUEL**

I didn't do nothing. I told him to  
get his ass tested.

**PEACHES**

You leave him alone, you hear me.  
LEAVE HIM ALONE.

**MIGUEL**

Fuck-man, take a chill pill.

**PEACHES**

Fuck you and your fucking chill  
pill.

Peaches walk backs to the restaurant.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. DENNY'S - DAY**

Peaches sits back at the table and looks out the window.

**BOB**

You good?

Peaches answers without looking at him.

**PEACHES**

No

(beat)

No, I ain't good.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. BELLEVUE PARK (HOLLYWOOD) - NIGHT**

John stands at his usual spot in the park. A car passes by, flashing twice at him. When John does not move, the driver signals him to come closer.

John looks at him, sadly, then shakes his head. The car speeds away. He sits down on the grass.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. SUNSET STREET (HOLLYWOOD) - NIGHT**

John walks home, he stops to look at the rows of car moving under the bridge. Holding on to the rails, John keeps on staring at the moving cars.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT**

John steps in the dark apartment, he turns on the light.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT**

His mom's sleeping. John touches her lightly on her forehead, then fixes her blanket. She opens her eyes.

**MOM**

There you are.

**JOHN**

Hi, mom.

**MOM**

Haven't seen you much lately.

**JOHN**

I'm here, now.

**MOM**

You look thinner.

**JOHN**

I've been running a lot.

**MOM**

There's some...

She bursts out coughing. John pats his mom on the back, then he gets some water from the kitchen sink. He helps her holding the glass while she takes a sip.

**JOHN**

Better?

She nods.

John leaves the room and goes back to the kitchen.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT**

There is an another eviction notice on the table. John picks it up and read it, then puts it in the trash.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. SANTA MONICA BLVD - NIGHT**

Miguel is eyeing the busy street, smoking his vape. He walks around the block, cruising for customers.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. DOWNTOWN LA - DAY**

Wade is buying a hotdog filled with onions and mayonnaise, he walks around the Fashion District, window shopping. Then he stops at a taco truck and buys a plate of tacos.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. CAR - DAY**

Wade is eating the tacos in the car. He throws the plate out of the window, then lights up a joint. Wade enjoys the smoke. Taking out a phone in his pocket, Wade watches Pornhub. Then he dials a number.

**WADE**

Hey yo Angie, is Liv there?

(beat)

She's busy huh? Well tell her to come to the phone. Tell her to come to the phone.

(beat)

Eh eh eh you tell that skanky bitch to come talk to me or she ain't seeing her kid this motherfucking week.

(long beat)

Yeah. You there?

(beat)

You not gonna talk huh?

(beat)

You gonna tell where you been?

(beat)

Oh it's like that? Yeah I am not fucking good enough for you anymore huh?

(beat)

Alright, don't talk to me, I am the fucking asshole here. You talked to Tyler?

(beat)

Yeah what you tell her?

(beat)

Don't fucking lie to me, or I swear to God, I am gonna strangle both of you.

(beat)

Yeah, what you tell her? You tell her you gonna take her away from me. Is that what you say? You not happy leaving me, now you gonna take my kid away from me, you skanky bitch.

Wade starts to lose control of his voice, he breathes.

**WADE (CONT'D)**

Seriously, you gonna do me like that Liv? It's one thing to leave me, but you gonna take her too.

(beat)

Well what am I suppose to do now?

**(MORE)**

**WADE (CONT'D)**

What the fuck AM I SUPPOSE TO DO?

(beat)

I don't care, I don't care about  
all that.

Wade sobs.

**WADE (CONT'D)**

Seriously, Liv. You gonna do that  
to me?

(beat)

Liv?

(beat)

Come home, baby. I ain't got  
nobody. All I have is you.

(beat)

Baby?

(beat)

Liv?

(beat)

Come back to me, baby girl.

(beat)

I am sorry, I am so sorry. Talk to  
me baby. Don't do this to me.

(beat)

DON'T YOU FUCKING DARE HANGING UP  
THAT PHONE. DON'T YOU FUCKING DARE.

Wade looks at the blank screen. He spits at it.

**WADE (CONT'D)**

You fucking CUNT!

He throws the phone aside, then punches the wheel repeatedly,  
sobbing.

**WADE (CONT'D)**

You fucking CUNT. You CUNT.

**EXT. STREET - DAY**

John is jogging, without a shirt, he runs faster and faster.  
Then he stops to catch his breath. His hands' shaking,  
clutching on his chest, wait till his heart to slow down. He  
coughs more.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. BATHROOM - DAY**

John's taking a shower. Then he get dressed.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. STREET - DAY**

John walks to the LGBT CENTER.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. LGBT CENTER TESTING LAB - DAY**

He waits in the waiting room, full of people. Grabbing the test kit, he walks to the restroom.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. LGBT CENTER RESTROOM - DAY**

John pees in the container, then sticks the cotton stick up his anus. It still hurts. He groans.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. STREET - DAY**

John leaves the center.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. APARTMENT - DAY**

John's taking his brown pills, downs it with a cup of tap water.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. PARK - DAY**

John is working out at the park. He does pull up, push up. Then he runs home.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. BATHROOM - DAY**

Taking a shower. Someone is banging at the door. John gets dressed quickly.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. KITCHEN - DAY**

He opens the door. It's Peaches. She looks at him with an attitude.

**JOHN**

Hey.

**PEACHES**

Why are you not answering my call?

John just shrugs.

**PEACHES (CONT'D)**

Oh, it's like that? You just gonna give me the shoulder.

John doesn't have anything to say.

**PEACHES (CONT'D)**

Can I come in?

**JOHN**

Sure.

Peaches steps in the kitchen.

**PEACHES**

I got you groceries.

She puts the bags on the table.

**PEACHES (CONT'D)**

You okay? You want to talk about it?

**JOHN**

No.

**PEACHES**

Well, too bad. We're gonna talk about it.

Peaches reaches out and hugs John tightly. They hugs in silence. John sniffs.

**PEACHES (CONT'D)**

It's not your fault. It's not your fault. You hear me? You're gonna be alright.

(beat)

Now go lay down. I'm gonna make you something to eat.

**JOHN**

Think I'll have a smoke.

**PEACHES**

If I ever see you with a cigarette again, I'm gonna slap the shit out of you, I swear to God. I don't give a fuck what you have. NOW GO LAY DOWN.

John leaves the kitchen.

**PEACHES (CONT'D)**

(muttering to herself)

Now how you turn on this motherfucker? Why's it so dark in here?

**CUT TO:**

**INT. BEDROOM - DAY**

John goes to his bed and lies down, covering himself up with his white blanket.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. KITCHEN - DAY**

Peaches is cracking the eggs, mixing them. She's grabbing a plate.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. BEDROOM - DAY**

Peaches brings a plate of scrambled eggs to John. He gets up. She hands him the hot plate.

**PEACHES**

Here, eat it while it's hot.

**JOHN**

Thank you.

John takes a bite, he makes a face.

**PEACHES**

What?

**JOHN**

Too much salt.

**PEACHES**

Bitch, I cook for Bob, and Bob likes his eggs salty. You don't like it salty?

**JOHN**

No.

**PEACHES**

Fine, give it here.

**JOHN**

I am eating it.

John points at the glass.

**PEACHES**

Oh, water.

She hands him the glass. He gulps it down.

**PEACHES (CONT'D)**

How's your mom?

**JOHN**

No good. I am thinking of sending her back to my aunt in San Antonio. I can't take care of her like this.

**PEACHES**

You working?

John shakes his head.

**PEACHES (CONT'D)**

Of course not.

(beat)

So, what you gonna do?

John sighs.

**JOHN**

I don't know.

**PEACHES**

You know you can work, right? Just take the pills.

John shakes his head, smiling.

**JOHN**

No.

**PEACHES**

Well.

(beat)

You can't live with me.

John nods.

**PEACHES (CONT'D)**

I wish to God I could give you a place to stay, but I can't.

Peaches looks at John sadly, she fixes his white blanket.

**PEACHES (CONT'D)**

I can come by, check how you doing, buying you some groceries, shit like that. But you can't stay with me.

**JOHN**

They gonna take back this place soon.

**PEACHES**

So you just gonna lying here, until they throw your ass out? What you wanna do?

(beat)

What you wanna do?

LONG BEAT.

John thinks for a while, then speaks.

**JOHN**

I wanna see my dad.

(beat)

I haven't seen him in five years. It would be nice, to talk to him again. At least, one last time.

John's eyes are full of tears.

**PEACHES**

You ain't gonna die, you hear me?  
 You just gonna have to keep taking  
 these pills, every damn days, but  
 you ain't gonna die. Alright? Yes,  
 your liver will be fucked up, your  
 lungs'll be fucked up, but you  
 gonna live a long life.

**JOHN**

Sorry.

(beat)

I was angry at him. I hurt him so  
 many times. Now all I want is for  
 him to come back. And all of this  
 will go away. I can't do this  
 anymore.

Peaches looks at John. LONG BEAT. Then she speaks.

**PEACHES**

The other night, when we go  
 dancing, I told you I was mad at  
 Miguel.

(beat)

Well, I was lying.

**JOHN**

About what?

**PEACHES**

I was molested.

(beat)

No, not my dad. He would never do  
 such a thing. He's a man with many,  
 many flaws, but deep down he's a  
 very proper man.

(beat)

We went fishing, up in Lake  
 Isabella, in Bakersfield. He helped  
 me catching my first trout. I was  
 eight. Dad taught me how to swim,  
 right there at the lake, where we  
 fished. He was right there with me,  
 every summer.

Peaches closes her eyes.

**PEACHES (CONT'D)**

It was my uncle. I was home alone,  
 he came by. I was four. When he  
 found out, years later, my uncle  
 had to go back to Louisiana because  
 dad would had killed him.

**(MORE)**

**PEACHES (CONT'D)**

(beat)

He was so mad at me, when I came out to him. He blamed my uncle. He threw everything he can get at me. It was a big fight. I never seen him since. And I never got to tell him the truth.

(beat)

The truth is, I knew I was in the wrong body my whole life. What my uncle did to me, was horrible, but it was insignificant. And I suspect, deep down, my dad knew it. But he shifted the blame, thinking that will make him feel better. Whatever floats his boat, I guess.

Peaches smiles at John.

**PEACHES (CONT'D)**

But I am not mad at him anymore. I know now, he's just different, I'm different, and he didn't know what to do with me, he just lashed out.

(beat)

I still call him every Christmas, you know. Old fucker never picks up the phone. Still mad as hell. But, maybe, one day, he'll pick up. So we can forgive each other, and move on.

Peaches looks at John in the eyes.

**PEACHES (CONT'D)**

Listen, don't ever let anyone call you anything else but yourself. You're you, and that's a wonderful thing. People gonna call you all kinds of names, but that's just life, don't let them define you. It's not who you are. Be yourself, John.

She gives him a soft kiss on the forehead. Then she stands up. John looks up at her.

**PEACHES (CONT'D)**

You gonna be alright?

**JOHN**

Yeah.

**PEACHES**

Say it.

**JOHN**

I'm alright.

**PEACHES**

Can't hear.

**JOHN**

I'm alright.

**PEACHES**

Can't hear you up here.

**JOHN**

I'm alright.

**PEACHES**

One more time.

**JOHN**

I'M ALRIGHT.

**PEACHES**

(smiling)

You're alright, John.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. STREET - NIGHT**

Miguel walks the dark street of Hollywood, smoking his vape. He's eyeing Wade, the driver who met John at the park, in the opening scene. Wade is having a smoke.

Miguel unzips his red jacket, reveals his wife beater. He walks toward Wade, smiles at him. Wade smiles back, they talk. We can't hear what they talk about, but after a while Wade and Miguel walk back to Wade's car.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. CAR - NIGHT**

Miguel hops right in the car, followed by Wade. They are both in the backseat.

**MIGUEL**

Alright.

(beat)

Nice ride.

**WADE**

You like it?

**MIGUEL**

Yeah.

**WADE**

Wait, I got something better.

Wade takes out a small plastic sandwich bag, with a half-inch of white powder inside.

**MIGUEL**

The fuck is it? Sweet N Low?

(beat)

Your diet shit?

**WADE**

(grinning)

Shut the fuck up.

He pours some cocaine on the middle compartment, then use his razor to split the powder into two lines.

**WADE (CONT'D)**

You gonna do one?

**MIGUEL**

Hell yeah.

Miguel takes out a dirty-ass dollar bill out of his pocket, and snorts the first line of cocaine, to Wade's surprise. Miguel groans, closes his eyes briefly, squeezes his nose, then snorts the second line.

Wade grabs him by the shoulder and pushes him back in his seat.

**WADE**

Hey, hey , hey, slow the fuck down,  
asshole.

Miguel smiles, satisfied. Wade looks at him with disbelief.

**WADE (CONT'D)**

You didn't leave me shit, hah, you  
fucking pig.

(beat)

That's it. Two lines, that's your  
shit. I am not paying you no more.  
Greedy fucking faggot.

Miguel's eyes are dreamy, he's high as a kite. Wade glares at him, then pours the rest of the cocaine out in the middle compartment. He snorts it all by himself, then leans back, enjoying his high.

**MIGUEL**

You're good?

**WADE**

I'm good.

**MIGUEL**

Let's go.

**WADE**

You wanna unbutton my pants first,  
James Dean?

Miguel takes off his shirt.

**MIGUEL**

Do it yourself.

Wade grabs Miguel's hair.

**WADE**

Oh we're gonna play rough, you  
tough homo? Come here.

Wade pushes Miguel down, still holding on to his hair.

**WADE (CONT'D)**

Undo my pant. Do it.

**MIGUEL**

Alright, cool, cool.

Miguel unbuttons Wade's pants, then pulls the zipper down.

**WADE**

Touch it.

Miguel grabs a hold of Wade's dick, and starts wanking it. After a while, Wade pushes Miguel's head toward his lap, and holds it there. Miguel starts to blow him.

**WADE (CONT'D)**

Yes. Yes. Oh yes.

Wade is enjoying his blowjob, then all of sudden, he screams out.

**WADE** (CONT'D)  
AHHHH, FUCK. THE FUCK YOU DOING,  
YOU FUCKING FUCK!!!

He pushes Miguel out of the way, Wade holds his dick with both his hands, he's in serious pain. He is screaming and hollering.

**WADE** (CONT'D)  
YOU MOTHERFUCKER...

Miguel wipes his mouth, laughs a bit, then PUNCHES Wade in the face. Wade's covering his head to protect himself.

**WADE** (CONT'D)  
OW FUCK, OW FUCK, THE FUCK.

Miguel keeps on punching Wade in his head, his big stomach, anything he can lay his hands on.

Wade then starts to fight back, he got Miguel in a headlock. They struggle.

Then the car doors bursts open.

Jimmy, Emilio, Diego all jump in the car. They all jump to the backseat where Miguel and Wade are fighting.

**WADE** (CONT'D)  
OH FUCK ME. FUCK ME.

Everybody is beating the shit out of each other, but mostly it's the boys beating the shit out of Wade. Lots of fist swinging, lots of spitting and swearing.

When Wade has enough, the fight is over. The boys loot whatever's valuable in the car then hightail out of there.

They run though the street, laughing wildly.

Wade is sleeping in the car with a broken nose and two black eyes.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. STREET - NIGHT**

The four boys run till they are out of steam. Miguel is still out of shirt. They stop, catching their breath.

**EMILIO**  
Fuck, I'm bleeding dog.

**MIGUEL**

Stop acting a like bitch.

**JIMMY**

Wassa the matta? Need your fucking tampon?

**EMILIO**

Hey, fuck you, if it weren't for me...

**MIGUEL**

I know, I know, good looking out, man, good looking out.

(beat)

Thank you. Thank you.

Miguel tries to hug and kiss Emilio, but he is pushed away.

**EMILIO**

Get the fuck outta here man.

(beat)

Get the fuck outta here with that shit.

They giggle like a bunch of fifth-grader.

**MIGUEL**

Naw, I am serious. I am loving all of you.

(beat)

You too, my nigga.

**JIMMY**

Shut the fuck up. Stop saying that fucking shit all the motherfucking time.

**MIGUEL**

What? You said it.

**JIMMY**

Yeah, cause I am his fucking boyfriend. I can fucking say it all I want.

**DIEGO**

Oh, it's like that. Get a nigga fuck you in the ass, all of the sudden, you can say fucking nigga all you want.

**JIMMY**

He's gonna fuck you up again if he hears you say that.

**DIEGO**

Oooh, I am real scared- I ain't scare of that gorilla of yours. Tell his gay ass to come find me at Sunset if he got a problem. I'll shove that wrestling boot up his ass.

Jimmy pushes Diego. Miguel steps in.

**MIGUEL**

Hey, he's just jealous. Cool it.

**JIMMY**

I'm sick of you assholes ganging up on me about whom I fuck. Show some fucking respect for once.

**MIGUEL**

He's cool. He's cool. I'm cool. We all love Gary. We just pulling your dick a little. Why you got so upset?

**JIMMY**

Whatever man.

**MIGUEL**

(to Diego)

Hey, come here. Now you have gone and made him upset. Shake his hand. Shake Jimmy's hand.

**JIMMY**

I ain't shaking that nigga's hand.

**MIGUEL**

Come on, cool it. We're cool. Don't go on fighting like this.

**DIEGO**

Fine.

**MIGUEL**

Say you're sorry.

**DIEGO**

(to Jimmy)

I'm sorry man.

**MIGUEL**

Say you would suck his dick if he wants.

**DIEGO**

(to Jimmy)

I would suck your dick if you want.

Jimmy bursts out laughing. The boys all chuckles. Jimmy and Diego bumps fist.

**JIMMY**

Keep dreaming, faggot.

**EMILIO**

Let's hit the arcade.

**JIMMY**

I can't. I promised I'll be home early tonight. We're going out.

**EMILIO**

Aw shuck, and they said romance is dead.

(to Miguel)

What about you? Got a date?

**MIGUEL**

Nope. Think I'll drop by and see John. See how's the little fucker's doing.

**JIMMY**

Oh right.

**DIEGO**

Tell him I say hi.

**EMILIO**

Should we all go?

**JIMMY**

I already told you I can't.

**EMILIO**

I am not talking to you, bitch. Go hang with Gary.

**DIEGO**

Does he even want us to come by?

**MIGUEL**

It's cool. It's not like he's dying.

**DIEGO**

He will if he's not careful. You know how he is. To be honest, I wasn't surprised.

(beat)

But do tell him I want to come by.

**MIGUEL**

I will. Alright. Gotta bounce.

(beat)

Later.

**EMILIO**

(to Diego)

Let's go get some pizzas.

(to Jimmy)

Not you. Go home to Gary.

**JIMMY**

Fuck you. I want pizza too.

**EMILIO**

No.

Miguel walks away from the boys. His hands are bleeding.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. APARTMENT - DAY**

Miguel's hand (bandaged) is knocking on the door. John goes open it. There stands Miguel and Peaches at the doorway.

**MIGUEL**

What's shaking, bacon.

**PEACHES**

Get your stuffs. We're going to the beach.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. BUS (MOVING) - DAY**

Three of them, sitting together in the back of the bus. John sits in the middle.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. SANTA MONICA BEACH - DAY**

Three of them, sunbathing. Nobody says nothing. Then Miguel stands up and goes out to the water. Peaches follows him. So does John.

The three jumps in the cold sea. They swim around for a while.

**FADE TO:**

**INT. DENNY'S - DAY**

The three eats their breakfast and drink their coffee in silence. Then Miguel breaks the silence.

**MIGUEL**

What you gonna do John?

**JOHN**

I am sending my mom back to San Antonio, then I am leaving L.A.

**MIGUEL**

Where you going?

**JOHN**

I'll go find my dad.

Miguel and Peaches look at each other.

**PEACHES**

You know where he is?

**JOHN**

No.

**PEACHES**

Then how the hell you gonna find him?

**JOHN**

I don't know. I am gonna find out.

**MIGUEL**

How you gonna get there?

**JOHN**

I'll hitchhike.

**PEACHES**

You'll hitchhike?

**JOHN**

Till I find him.

**PEACHES**

Till you find him.

**MIGUEL**

What if he's dead?

**JOHN**

(smiles)

Then, I'll come back.

**PEACHES**

Don't do anything stupid, you hear?

**JOHN**

I am not. What about you? What you gonna do?

**PEACHES**

Me? I don't know.

(beat)

If I ain't working, I would love to go back to school someday.

**MIGUEL**

What you gonna studying?

**PEACHES**

Fashion design.

**MIGUEL**

Isn't that for the fag?

**PEACHES**

Ha-ha-fucking-ha.

**MIGUEL**

Want some company, John?

**JOHN**

What?

**MIGUEL**

Want me to come with you?

**JOHN**

You want to come with me?

**MIGUEL**

Yeah. Why not?

**JOHN**

What for?

**MIGUEL**

Sounds like lots of fun. Plus, I can sell your ass along the way.

**JOHN**

A real pimp, huh?

**MIGUEL**

Hell yeah.

**JOHN**

(smiles)  
If you like.

**MIGUEL**

Cool. When you think of leaving?

**JOHN**

Next Tuesday.

**MIGUEL**

Well, I'll see you tonight then.

They do their secret handshake. Then Miguel stands up and leaves the table.

Peaches looks at John with concern.

**PEACHES**

You're fucking with us, right?  
You're not really leaving?

John just smiles.

**PEACHES (CONT'D)**

Have any money?

John shakes his head "no".

**PEACHES (CONT'D)**

Figures.

Peaches purses her lips, digs into her purse, and takes out a few bills. She hands them to John.

**PEACHES (CONT'D)**

You gonna pay me back someday,  
right?

**JOHN**

Sure.

**PEACHES**

Yeah right.

**JOHN**

You gonna miss me when I'm gone?

**PEACHES**

Oh hell no.

John smiles at Peaches, she smiles back at him.

**PEACHES (CONT'D)**

You're a dumb fuck, John. But  
you'll always be my dumb fuck.

(beat)

Take care.

She stands up and leaves John sitting at the table by himself.

John watches Peaches leave.

He sits still, looking out the window glass for a while. The radio plays a sad melody.

Then, he looks at the camera and waves at the waiter for the check.

**CUT TO BLACK.**

#### **CREDIT SEQUENCE**

A long take of John standing at his usual hustling spot, staring at the street. A series of images of unfortunate souls living on Sunset. Credit rolls (Sweet Molly Malone).