

INT. MCGEE'S FIVE AND DIME - DAY

Cheap plastic goods line the shelves. Dust motes float in the mid-day haze. The kind of place that smells like stale popcorn and old leather shoes.

Behind the counter, **THE KID** sketches in a notebook with colored pencils. He's 19. Earring in one ear, Sly and The Family Stone tank top. We get a look at his sketch --

It's a ROCK GOD version of him. Eyes closed, one finger pointing toward the sky, the other hand wrapped around a guitar bent into unnatural shapes.

MCGEE (O.S.)

I'm not paying you to draw, you know.

The Kid whips around, sees his boss, **MR. MCGEE** (60's, potbellied) standing over his shoulder. The Kid tries to cover the sketch, embarrassed.

THE KID

There was nobody here.

MCGEE

There's still work to do, right? You could straighten the shelves, you could grab a broom --

THE KID

I swept up when I came in.

MCGEE

Then grab a mop. See, this is the problem with your generation. No initiative. You're lazy, you don't take any pride in your appearance. Look at you, what are you wearing?

THE KID

Sly and the Family --

MCGEE

I know who it -- look. Kid. I get it. I used to daydream too. Back when I was seven or eight years old. Then I got a job, working for my old man. When he died, sitting right here, right behind this very cash register, he left this place to me. Now I own a successful business.

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