

A Lost Cause and a little bit of talent

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Draft  
information 1

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EXT. DEXTER'S SHOPPING MART- EARLY NIGHT

On the entrance doors- All the interior lights shut off at once.

BEAT

Bundled in heavy winter clothes- DEXTER, late 40s covers the exposed part of his face with his gloves as he steps outside into a whiteout. Part of the roof covers the snowfall.

Dexter reaches for his keys on his belt- then locks each of the doors as the weather fights back. On the ground beside him, EDWARD, 18, plays a soft tune on his beat up acoustic guitar with just his bare hands. The snow falls on him and his open guitar case.

Dexter walks up to Edward. He stands above him- looking sympathetic through his heavy winter clothes. Edward looks up- Dressed in a tee-shirt.

DEXTER

Had to close the store, kid. People can't be out here in this weather. Ain't there anywhere for you to go?

EDWARD

The shelter closed at six man, and even if it didn't it's like impossible to get a room.

DEXTER

Then you knew. Why didn't you go earlier?

Edward touches the open guitar case beside him and sighs.

EDWARD

Eh long trip, and I thought I'd do better out here.

DEXTER

Well You don't got nothing? No extended family to go to?

EDWARD

Family?

Ringo watches Edward lean all the way back and close his eyes. He opens his mouth as a snowflake falls on his tongue- then finally sits back up.

EDWARD (cont'd)  
No way man-- My guitar is my family  
anyways.

Dexter looks away momentarily- then back at Edward with  
concern.

DEXTER  
Yeah but come on where are you going  
to stay?

EDWARD  
You could let me stay inside the  
store, just kinda by the entrance. I  
won't be any trouble!

DEXTER  
Hey don't push it, kid. You know I  
can't.

EDWARD  
Yeah I get it.

Edward looks down at his guitar and returns to playing the  
same tune- only much slower now due to his frozen fingers  
barely pulling the cords. Dexter stands by Idle.

BEAT

A few moments pass... The wind picks up and blows away  
Edward's sign. Dexter reaches out for it, but it disappears  
off. Edward ignores it all.

EDWARD (cont'd)  
Don't bother, they couldn't see what  
it said anyways.

Dexter points out Edward's guitar case- There's about 20  
bucks buried in there-by fallen snow peaking out.

DEXTER  
Hey it Looks like you made a little  
bit. Why don't yous crash at a fast  
food place or something for the  
night. It has heat.

Edward keeps his eyes on his guitar.

EDWARD  
Around here, I wish. No shot they're  
even open.

Dexter looks around.

DEXTER

How bout that Ez mart, maybe they'll let you.

EDWARD

Eh Not if it's that big guy. He hates my music, but maybe I can get something to eat in there.

Dexter wipes the collected snow off his shirt and shows symptoms of a cold.

DEXTER

Geez kid, you gotta just get somewhere! The weather is getting worse.

BEAT

EDWARD

They might let me stay if I bought something- but they won't let me play.

DEXTER

So what, you'll play tomorrow.

EDWARD

I should be allowed to express wherever- it don't hurt no one.

Dexter wipes his nose.

Edward looks up for a moment.

EDWARD (cont'd)

I'll stop by.

DEXTER

That makes me feel a little less shitty about leaving ya out here.

Dexter laughs. Edward is mostly unresponsive. Dexter's smile fades.

BEAT

DEXTER (cont'd)

Hold on.

Dexter looks at his gloves and removes them. He drops them right in the case.

Edward see's it and stops playing. He quickly puts the gloves on and looks up again- grateful.

EDWARD  
(Sincerely)  
Hey Thank you

DEXTER  
It's more for me than you, kid.

Dexter turns around and walks a few feet to the parking lot- gradually disappearing in the white out- while Edward moves over and shakes his guitar case empty.

A tattooed man *underdressed in a light winter coat* comes out from around the corner in a rush. This is RINGO ERICS, 30s. Edward picks up the money.

Edward's money is blown by heavy wind in Ringo's direction. He gets up and chases it.

Ringo turns around and takes notice of Edward's figure. Edward let's the money blow away.

RINGO  
Hey, hey dude is this place closed or something?! I'm trying to get a food item and it looks like everything is closed!

EDWARD  
(upset)  
It's the fucking weather man!  
Everything is messed up.

RINGO  
Is it like this all the time?

Edward is revealed to Ringo as he walks closer to him- looking shocked by how underdressed he is.

RINGO (cont'd)  
Hey sorry- Jesus, are you not freezing?!

Edward shrugs and re-grips his guitar case. He snuffles.

EDWARD  
It's been colder man- I'm going somewhere warm. You know, they might got what you looking for.

RINGO  
Where you're going has chicken broth?  
I don't know, I've been to three  
places already.

EDWARD  
I've definitely seen it there at the  
Ez mart.

Ringo laughs.

RINGO  
That much of an impression, huh. I  
don't know where that place is.

EDWARD  
Oh you gotta be from out of town.

RINGO  
Yeah my band is touring. (pause- the  
wind blows) We're from Cali.

Ringo shivers.

EDWARD  
It sure ain't Cali. Did you say band?

Edward's eyes light up. Ringo sort of smiles. The snow  
collects on them both.

RINGO  
Yeah, I do. You can see us at the  
Crescendo tomorrow... maybe, if i

EDWARD  
I've always wanted to be there!

Edward shakes off the snow and hugs himself momentarily-  
showing signs of being cold.

EDWARD (cont'd)  
Hey wait-

RINGO  
Yeah?

Ringo watches Edward get down on the snowy concrete and open  
his guitar case. He looks kind of confused.

DEXTER  
What are you doing on the ground man?

Edward picks up his guitar and looks at Ringo.

EDWARD  
I'll play you something for a ride to  
the ez mart. You'll like it.

BEAT

Ringo appears both shocked and flattered. He reaches out to help Edward back up.

RINGO  
You don't got to do that right now.  
If this place has it, I'm happy to  
give you a ride.

With his help, Edward gets up. He wipes off the snow then looks at Ringo.

EDWARD  
(sincere)  
Seriously?

Ringo looks around.

RINGO  
Well I'm not going to just leave you  
out here like this! Come on.

Ringo starts starts walking off and they already lose sight of each other. Edward stays still.

EDWARD  
You're not screwing with me, right  
man?

Ringo stops- not getting too far ahead. He turns around.

RINGO  
Fuck man, your city must really hate  
you guys.

EDWARD  
It sure feels like it.

Edward laughs and hustles over to Ringo. The two of them continue to walk up to his van.

RINGO  
So, how long have you been out here  
like this?

Ringo stops in front of his van and turns around.

EDWARD  
You mean homeless or today?

RINGO

Both then.

He points to the guitar case. Edward hands it to Ringo- he carefully holds onto it.

EDWARD

I don't really keep track of days. It doesn't mean much when it's just about survival.

RINGO

You're probably fuck levels of cold!

Ringo turns and opens the trunk. Reveal another guitar case already in there.

EDWARD

Nah dude you kind of get used to it... usually.

Ringo carefully puts Edward's guitar next to his.

RINGO

Hope you don't mind sharing.

EDWARD

Not at all!

They both take a second- looking at the guitars. Ringo looks to Edward.

RINGO

So, you like music?

Edward smiles. Ringo smiles after him.

Ringo shuts the trunk.

CUT TO:

EXT. EZ MART- SOME TIME LATER

The van slowly pulls up to the front of a rundown corner store. It's neon open sign is the most visible part of it.

**A rock song plays: Violator**

INT. RINGO'S VAN- CONTINUED

The two of them vibe to the same song. It's Ringo's band.



Ringo holds his finger up as his song, **VIOLATOR** entirely finishes.

A moment of awkward silence is masked by Ringo's prideful look.

BEAT

Ringo impatiently taps his fingers on the wheel while eyeing Edward.

RINGO

So?

Edward perks up.

EDWARD

It is really good, yeah man. I think it's catchy and easily digestible.

RINGO

Finally someone gets it! and the lyrics work too right?

Edward's attention wanders from Ringo to the Ez mart.

A moment passes.

Ringo's premature excitement fades.

RINGO (cont'd)

Digestible?

EDWARD

You know, like consumer brain friendly. That type of thing. It's good.

RINGO

Well I don't think so.

EDWARD

You're the one who knows best man. I like it though.

Ringo frowns and turns off the engine.

RINGO

We better go in before this snow makes it impossible.

Ringo looks over to see Edward open the passenger door.

EDWARD

Wait- Let me do it for you dude! You gave me a whole ride, I got to hear your music, and you didn't ask for nothing.

RINGO

I don't know.

EDWARD

Dude I'm not going anywhere without my guitar, if that's what you-

Ringo cuts him off.

RINGO

I wasn't going to say that.

EDWARD

I'm sorry.

The wind blows Edward's door shut. They both react.

RINGO

Alright.

Ringo pulls out a wallet. In the wallet is a photo of two kids dressed up like famous musicians for Halloween. He takes out a 20 and hands it over.

RINGO (cont'd)

This is more than enough. You're staying here?

EDWARD

I hope.

RINGO

Try to get yourself some food too, you definitely need it.

EDWARD

Shit, thank you man, that'll help my chance.

Ringo looks confused.

RINGO

Yeah Sure kid.

Edward reopens the door. He takes a deep breath.

EDWARD

You're not going to drive away right?

Ringo laughs.

RINGO  
After giving you money?

EDWARD  
Well- my guitar.

RINGO  
I'm not going but try to hurry up  
before this weather is too bad.

Edward nods and gets out. Ringo hears his phone beep and takes it out. The screen shows a screen with a series of texts from a contact named "Deet"- all regarding the weather.

CUT TO:

INT. EZ MART- MOMENTS LATER

Edward comes in and walks past the checkout counter as A larger man in his late 50s follows him with his eyes. This is the co-owner, FRANKIE.

He turns down a small aisle and locates the chicken broth. Note the price as 4 dollars. A snack on a nearby shelf gets his attention.

Edward momentarily puts the chicken broth in his pocket to grab the snack- contemplating it.

He returns it to the shelf- removing the broth from out his pocket.

CUT TO:

INT. CHECKOUT COUNTER

Edward puts the items on the counter. Frankie ignore it and looks at his security monitor.

BEAT

EDWARD  
Just this.

Frankie ignores him.

EDWARD (cont'd)  
Ben let's me crash outside by the entrance when it's cold like this It wouldn't be a bother if I warmed up just by the door to wait out the weather right?

Frankie pulls himself away from his monitor. He looks fed up.

FRANKIE  
What Ben does is his business, I don't want you playing musician in my shop right now. Go to the shelter.

BEAT

Edward's composure slips.

EDWARD  
Seriously, it's freezing out man and the shelter's closed I won't bother nobody.

FRANKIE  
We're not doing this tonight.

EDWARD  
Come on!

Edward lifts his hands straight up in the air.

EDWARD (cont'd)  
See, I don't even got the guitar on me right now.

FRANKIE  
Good job, you finally sold the piece of shit. Are you going to continue to solicit in my store so I can call the cops?

Edward- shocked- steps back.

EDWARD  
Fuck man, no! Why do You always do this shit to me?

FRANKIE  
I don't do nothing to you.

Edward shakes his head and touches the chicken broth.

EDWARD  
Whatever, fine, just give me this.

Frankie looks down at the broth and picks it up.

FRANKIE  
Chicken broth- how do you intend to  
cook that?

He looks at it and holds it up as Ringo walks inside. Edward  
grows more impatient.

EDWARD  
Who cares how I do it man! That's  
none of your business!

Frankie puts the broth back down.

FRANKIE  
You're right I don't care, but I'm  
not selling to you.

Edward slams the money on the table with his hand- keeping  
it there.

EDWARD  
Yes you are!

Frankie drops the broth on Edwards hand- causing him to move  
back away a bit. He looks at his hand- it hurts.

EDWARD (cont'd)  
Are you kidding me dude?!

The owner puts down both his large fists on the counter-  
looking dead in the eyes of Edward.

FRANKIE  
You don't want another police call!

Ringo steps up behind Edward. Frankie breaks the tension and  
acknowledge him.

FRANKIE (cont'd)  
I'll be right with you sir.

Edward turns around- confused.

EDWARD  
I told you I got it dude.

RINGO  
It doesn't look like it. I needed  
something else.

Frankie interjects. The two look to him.

FRANKIE  
Do you know this kid?

RINGO  
Sure, what's going on here?

EDWARD  
He won't let me buy anything man,  
just plain fucking discriminating me  
because of how I look.

FRANKIE  
That's not true. I just can't have  
bums soliciting my store and  
customers with their bad music.

Edward steps back up- upset. Ringo is also kind of shocked.

EDWARD  
Hey, fuck you man! I got more talent  
than you'll ever have.

FRANKIE  
You want to push me, huh! I can be  
pushed! Come on, skinny boy!

Frankie muscles himself around the counter and steps up to Edward. Edward isn't intimidated.

Ringo pulls him aside and stands in his place.

RINGO  
Listen sir, I'm an out of town  
musician, it's crazy out, this kid is  
just helping me. He means no trouble.

FRANKIE  
Means no trouble?

Frankie laughs at the remark.

FRANKIE (cont'd)  
You're a professional musician, I  
respect what you do, but this kid  
comes in here all the time, bothers  
my customers with his... music, and  
takes food.

Edward- staying back now.

EDWARD

I don't take food! The customers offer me food.

FRANKIE

It's taking my product!

RINGO

Can't we figure something out?

Frankie turns his attention to Ringo.

FRANKIE

It's not like I want the kid out there freezing, but look at this from a business side- would you want a homeless man outside your shows?

RINGO

Well he'll stay by me and I'll just grab one more thing and be out of your way.

Edward expresses disappointment. Frankie takes a moment to think about it.

FRANKIE

I wish it were that simple- but unfortunately monitors show he stole something.

Edward begrudgingly lifts his shirt up for a second- revealing himself his bare body. They both look to him.

RINGO

Is that not enough?

FRANKIE

I just can't accept that.

EDWARD

Fuck this, just open the trunk when you're done. Believe what you want.

Edward turns around and walks out the door- slamming it behind him- leaving Ringo and Frankie.

Frankie has little reaction and returns to behind the counter.

BEAT

Ringo steps right up to the edge of the counter- looking mad.

RINGO  
Are you fucking serious dude?! Have  
you been outside today at all- that  
kid will die in those clothes!

Frankie shrugs and picks up the broth.

FRANKIE  
I see what I see. Do you want to buy  
or what?

BEAT

Ringo opens his wallet- there's no money. He looks to the  
entrance door then back.

RINGO  
You better at least accept card.

FRANKIE  
Card is fine.

RINGO  
Fine, just tell me where the rice is.

FRANKIE  
Rice- Back of store.

Frankie slides the broth over to Ringo. He rejects it.

RINGO  
No, I don't want to be accused of  
stealing too.

Frankie groans and pulls it back to his side.

CUT TO:

EXT. EZ MART- MOMENTS AFTER

Ringo swings the door open and walks outside. Edward is  
hunched up- shivering by the door. Ringo signals for him to  
come along as he walks to the van. The snow wind blows snow  
in all directions- making it hard to hear.

EDWARD  
Could you just open the trunk?

RINGO  
Get in the car.



Ringo opens the car door. Edward hesitates then starts walking over.

CUT TO:

INT. RINGO'S VAN- CONTINUED

Ringo puts the groceries on his lap and sits very seriously at the Driver's seat. Edward steps inside- appearing apologetic.

EDWARD

You can let me out here, it's okay.  
(pause) I just want to say, yes I'm homeless, sure, that's the card I'm dealt but I don't take from nobody. I've earned what I got.

Edward clumsily reaches in his pocket and presents Ringo his money. Ringo casually takes it and holds it in his hands.

EDWARD (cont'd)

And For the record, I didn't even get myself nothing!

BEAT

Ringo doesn't look at the money and hands it back.

RINGO

Here, take it, Calm down dude! I just remembered something I needed. I don't think you stole.

Edward is hesitant to hold onto the money.

EDWARD

This is too much for doing too little.

He shoves the money back to Ringo. Edward looks relieved without it. Ringo cups it.

RINGO

I should've went In with you. I'm sorry he disrespected you like that.

Ringo sighs and puts it away.

EDWARD

He doesn't matter, it just complicates shit for me.

Ringo starts up the car and lets it sit. Edward fiddles with the heat knob for a second.

RINGO  
(sympathetic)  
I'm sure you're a good musician. Let me drop you off somewhere. I don't like driving in this, but it's the least I can do.

EDWARD  
Oh that's okay- I could get my stuff here. Unless you want me to play something now?

RINGO  
Yeah thanks dude, but not in this weather. There's nowhere you want me to take you?

EDWARD  
(softly)  
This was kind of my best bet.

Ringo immediately changes gears. Edward watches him- confused.

RINGO  
Why don't you come over for dinner- you already helped make it happen.

He starts driving off- slowly into the storm. Ringo looks over to Edward- who looks back shocked.

EDWARD  
I don't want to bother anyone.

RINGO  
While you were in the store, my guitarist told me he won't make it to dinner anyways.

EDWARD  
I can't offer you anything though- only a song or something.

RINGO  
That's more than enough dude. I'm doing nothing special for you.

Ringo shivers and looks over to the heat knob. It's on A/C.

RINGO (cont'd)  
Except... can change it back to heat  
for me.

Embarrassed- Edward notices he moved the notch.

EDWARD  
Oh Sorry.

Edward quickly changes it back. Ringo laughs.

RINGO  
I can't handle the heat like you.

CUT TO:

INT. AIR BNB KITCHEN- SOMETIME LATER

Ringo stands over a kitchen pot of homemade soup and takes a whiff. Satisfied- He turns off the pot and makes two bowls. The wind rumbles the house.

Edward awaits Ringo at the table with his guitar in his hands. He plays with a few strings. Ringo walks over and places the soup on the table.

RINGO  
I know soup is probably the last  
thing you want. It's not bad though,  
been a touring tradition for ages.

Ringo goes and sits down.

EDWARD  
It looks great. I can't remember the  
last time I had something this warm.

Edward puts down the guitar. They talk in-between eating.

RINGO  
Do you got any memories of home-  
cooked meals from mom?

EDWARD  
My mom didn't do much on her own,  
accept for yell.

RINGO  
Eh, my mother didn't really cook  
neither and obviously she wouldn't  
even encourage me to do music.

(MORE)

RINGO (cont'd)

But of course now Deet and I have to invite her everywhere now that she thinks we have money. But she's no different.

EDWARD

I will never invite my mother, especially when I succeed.

RINGO

See that's how good musicians are born, some lack of encouragement- having my brother helped though.

EDWARD

Oh She encouraged me, but only if it benefited her. (quoting his mother) "I don't want you out pretending your Tommy Lee". Music was the only choice.

Ringo laughs at the impression.

RINGO

So how did she support you?

EDWARD

She didn't, not really, she supported the idea of herself making money off my talents- and I won't let that happen to me again.

Interested- Ringo snickers. Edward is taken back.

RINGO

Sounds like our record label! They paid for all of this, but they take everything.

EDWARD

Yeah dude, but you're still making the money for you. That's the big deal.

Ringo takes their empty plates and gets up.

RINGO

I'm not that far off from you kid, shockingly. These venue shows keep us going.

Ringo walks over to the cabinet and opens it to reveal an unopened bottle of alcohol. He grabs it.

RINGO (cont'd)  
Do you drink?

EDWARD  
I will if it's given to me.

Ringo pours two glasses and brings them to the table. He sits down and holds up the glass for a toast. Edward-confused-follows his lead.

RINGO  
To music... and better weather!

The glasses ding for a toast.

They sip on it.

RINGO (cont'd)  
You know, I tried to leave the house like you too. I packed all my stuff, thought I had a plan, and lasted maybe a few days. I came back, but lost my stuff.

Ringo laughs.

EDWARD  
You got to pay close attention to your stuff out there.

Edward looks to his guitar.

RINGO  
Is that why you got that with you everywhere?

EDWARD  
Oh- yeah. I'm used to people trying to take my things, so I keep it locked to me. It's honestly weird seeing yours not.

RINGO  
Yeah I got it just chilling in the other room. That's probably why I wasn't going to make it out there.

EDWARD  
Nobody does, but I know I got something special. I don't see anyone as dedicated as me- homeless or not.

Ringo finishes his drink ahead of Edward. He sounds impressed.

RINGO  
Like I said man, Cali boy. I don't  
want nothing to do with it.

They both laugh and sit idle.

RINGO (cont'd)  
I wish my band-mates had half the  
passion for music that you do!

EDWARD  
It's not there fault their mother's  
didn't make them beg for their rent.

A moment passes.

RINGO  
I'm not used to talking this long  
without it leading to music.

Edward downs the rest of his drink and stands up.

EDWARD  
Let me play for you- I insist!

Ringo is a little shocked. Edward picks up his guitar.

RINGO  
You don't gotta to do that man.

EDWARD  
Are you kidding- it's what we all do!  
I am going to repay you for this, in  
some way.

Ringo stands up. He stays eye contact with him but walks back towards the cabinet.

RINGO  
Forget the payment stuff, I just want  
to hear it. Let's do it in the other  
room- I'll grab more wine.

EDWARD  
perfect!

Edward walks away. Ringo grabs the whole bottle from the cabinet. He doesn't immediately walk to the other room. He stops and looks out the window. It looks just as bad as before.

HOLD

CUT TO:

INT. AIR BNB LIVING ROOM- CONTINUED

Edward stands in front of a couch. Ringo makes his way with the wine past Edward and sits there on the couch. He undoes the alcohol top and gives Edward his attention. Edward looks very serious.

RINGO

By the way, there's no pressure to this dude. I know you're probably tired from a long day.

PERFORMANCE

Edward ignores Ringo and starts playing... starting off good. Ringo stays vaguely impressed as he sips on the bottle.

Some time with that passes...

Edward picks up his performance- moving his body a lot- singing at the top of his lungs. Ringo's fixated on him- no longer drinking from the bottle.

The performance ends strong- leaving Edward sweating and visibly tired. Ringo looks to be at a loss for words.

EDWARD

(out of breath)

You're right, I was a little tired.  
Are you impressed?

Edward drops the guitar. Ringo's face remains frozen a little longer...

RINGO

That was fucking great, man! You gotta be messing with me!

Edward takes himself over to the couch and sits down. He catches his breath.

EDWARD

About what?

RINGO

There's no way you weren't taught by a professional or something!? You did this while homeless?

EDWARD

Oh yeah, all self taught man, just hung out at the library a lot.

RINGO

(sincere)

I don't know if I believe you- but you got talent if that's true!

EDWARD

Let me play something else then.

RINGO

I've just never seen anyone play like that, not even my band-mates sometimes, let alone-

Edward cuts him off.

EDWARD

A homeless person right? Yeah I'm used to it.

Ringo drinks more from the bottle. He's a little tipsy now.

RINGO

Okay hold on...

Edward pays attention as Ringo gets up and grabs his guitar from across the room. Returning- he picks up Edward's too.

He returns to the couch- handing Edward his- and holding onto his own. He looks at Edward's guitar.

BEAT

RINGO (cont'd)

Did you want to trade guitars, to make it a little easier on you?

EDWARD

Nah, what are we doing man?

RINGO

Follow my lead. I was supposed to practice today with my the band, but obviously that's not happening. Maybe you can keep up.

Ringo plays a riff from his guitar- it's semi advanced.

Edward watches him and has no trouble replicating it.

BEAT



EDWARD

How was that? I did my best for you.

RINGO

Shockingly great. This one might be a little crazy for you, but give it a shot.

Ringo plays yet another riff that Edward is easily able to replicate- ending in Ringo looking at him- dumbfounded.

RINGO (cont'd)

You really learned from a book? This is advanced stuff dude.

EDWARD

It's like, music was my source of life, of course I was studying it. I really think I got something, you know.

BEAT

Ringo puts down his guitar.

RINGO

You're alright- maybe with a different guitar you'd perform better, but you're string work is a little off.

EDWARD

Really?

Edward plays a chord while Ringo watches. There's no problem but Ringo shakes his head.

RINGO

Yeah there's definitely talent, but there's just some things that stop it from looking professional level.

EDWARD

Huh- maybe today isn't my day. I've never heard that before.

RINGO

Hey, You're good though kid, really good! You can probably teach me things.

Edward looks a little down. Looking sympathetic- Ringo hands him the bottle. Edward holds onto it.

EDWARD  
I just don't get it-

Edward shakes the liquid in the bottle- then downs the drink.

BEAT

RINGO  
Why don't you take a break from this and have a shower. Sometimes it's better to clear your mind.

Ringo takes the bottle from Edward- who's looking down.

EDWARD  
That should be time to figure out what I didn't do.

Ringo gets up.

RINGO  
You're about my size, so feel free to take a sweatshirt or something.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM- SOMETIME LATER

Ringo spits toothpaste in the sink. The phone rings on speaker. DEET, early 30s picks up. There's honking on his end.

RINGO  
Yo just checking in, still tomorrow?

Ringo brushes his teeth in between talking.

DEET  
(excited)  
Actually bro, the roads seem to be clearing up. I might make it tonight! Did you end up getting the broth?

RINGO  
I did, but it was insane getting. A local had to help me find it, turned out to be a pretty cool guy. He does music too.

DEET  
Like I said, talk to more people you wouldn't.

RINGO  
I actually invited him over for  
dinner. He had nowhere else to go.

DEET  
Yeah dude, never forget, we could've  
been just like him bro.

Ringo spits.

DEET (cont'd)  
By the way, I heard the demo again. I  
think the problem is... it's too...

RINGO  
Digestible?

DEET  
That's it! You get what I mean then!

RINGO  
No, what do you mean?

Ringo spits again.

DEET  
I don't know. It just feels like I  
heard it before.

Horns honk in the background. Deet reacts to the horns.

DEET  
(reaction)  
What the actual fuck!

He honks his horn.

BEAT

DEET (cont'd)  
Situations like this are why we need  
a backup, but nobody can play  
anymore.

RINGO  
Well... some people are good but yeah  
it's just hard to find.

DEET  
Because believe me man, I would not  
be coming right now if I had one.

RINGO  
There's just no one quite like us.

DEET  
Oh fuck off man, I've seen people  
play way better than us.

Ringo spits.

RINGO  
I haven't.

He puts away the tooth stuff and ends up facing the mirror.

CUT TO

INT. AIR BNB LIVING ROOM- LATER

Looking fresh out of the shower- Edward returns to the living room- already holding onto his guitar. Only now the room is much quieter. The lights are down and an electric fireplace is turned on.

Edward sits on the couch and looks at his guitar- caressing it's different bruises and marks.

A moment passes...

He picks it up and attempts to play again- but stops- unsatisfied. He looks back at the guitar- becoming entranced.

FADE TO:

FLASHBACK

EXT. NEW YORK STREET- EVENING

Dusk approaches quickly... A crowd of people create a circle around a much younger Edward, here 15, playing his guitar tirelessly in front of a large brick apartment building.

His guitar case gets filled with money as more and more people come. Edward looks happy.

Looking out the window of an above apartment, is an imposing woman in her late 40s. This is his MOTHER, Susan Reid. She looks down at the case of money... Unsatisfied- she shuts the window.

Edward finishes playing- a few people leave money as the crowd disbands. They talk to themselves positively about the performance as they walk away.

Edward counts up his earnings- looking very happy.

EDWARD  
(shouting happily)  
We made it! We made it!

His mother reopens the window. She has the elegant voice of a life-long smoker.

MOTHER  
It looked pretty low to me from up here.

Edward takes a chunk of the money and holds it up to her- happy.

EDWARD  
No ma, we made a lot, like more than ever!

The mother looks as happy as she will- semi smiling.

MOTHER  
Alright, you can come on up now then.

Edward's mother shuts the window. He gather's his things and waits to be buzzed in. It takes a second.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT

Edward's mom awaits him as he walks inside. Before he finishes settling, She holds out her hand- retaining little patience.

MOTHER  
Well let's see it.

Edward takes out the money and begins to count it. She snatches it from his hand.

MOTHER (cont'd)  
I can count just fine.

She licks her finger and counts slowly. Edward builds up confidence.

EDWARD  
You know, I was thinking, since there's more than enough, I could take some for guitar lessons.

She stops counting and starts over- annoyed.

MOTHER  
Great- you distracted me.

Edward's hope fades.

MOTHER (cont'd)  
Eddie, we're already almost on the streets. I'm doing this to keep you living a good life. (pause) you're good enough anyways.

Edward's mother finishes counting.

EDWARD  
Yeah, but I want to make art, not just money.

MOTHER  
What is with you trying to be the next Tommy Lee or something!? It's just not practical.

EDWARD  
Not even, mom! I'm just saying, I should be able to spend some of the money I make.

Edward's mother takes a moment- gaining sympathy.

MOTHER  
How about we order out or something?

EDWARD  
No, that's not fair! I want all my money then!

MOTHER  
So you want to live on the streets- pretending to be some kind of Bob Dylan? See how far that'll get you!

Edward ignores her and drifts off.

She grows louder.

MOTHER  
Edward are you listening to me?

And louder

MOTHER (cont'd)  
Edward!  
(MORE)

MOTHER (cont'd)

FADE OUT

END FLASHBACK

EXT. AIR BNB- NIGHT

The storm stays consistent. The living room blinds open-  
Ringo peaks out.

CUT TO:

INT. AIR BNB LIVING ROOM- CONTINUED

Edward wakes up to Ringo looking out the window. He causes  
his guitar to fall on the ground by sitting up. Ringo closes  
the blinds and turns around- looking nervous.

RINGO

I hope you had at least an okay nap.

EDWARD

Sorry I didn't I fell asleep. How's  
the weather?

RINGO

It might be slowing down a little, I  
think.

Edward stretches.

EDWARD

Remember I told you how you get used  
to the weather, you don't.

RINGO

Yeah but I'm sure you can handle it  
better than me.

BRAT

Ringo comes closer. Edward looks suspicious and straightens  
up.

RINGO (cont'd)

look, um... I want you here but  
something came up and I might to  
house someone.

A moment of tension.

Edward is taken back. He becomes more cold.

EDWARD  
Hey no, you did enough, I'll get  
going now!

Ringo struggles to open his mouth- stuttering.

BEAT

RINGO  
But if you really have nowhere else  
to go, I don't want to kick you out.

EDWARD  
That's alright dude, thank you.

Edward grabs his guitar and paces- moving quickly. He's acting completely different. Ringo keeps a distance.

RINGO  
Is there anywhere I can take you?

EDWARD  
It's fine, don't worry about it. I'll  
get going.

Ringo looks down- ashamed.

BEAT

RINGO  
You're a really good musician man.

Edward pays him little attention.

BEAT

RINGO (cont'd)  
Please let me drop you off with  
someone? There's someone right?

EDWARD  
Yeah, sure, my mother's then.

RINGO  
Your mother, Are you sure man?

EDWARD  
You said going back home was a good  
choice for you, maybe it will be for  
me. I think I fucked up anyways.



RINGO  
I'm not trying to do that, I do care  
about you.

Edward stops and yells to Ringo.

EDWARD  
(loud)  
Well I don't need you!

They have a moment of silence. Ringo- looking like a kicked puppy- walks slowly over to Edward.

RINGO  
I'm going to heat up the car for you.

Ringo leaves Edward In the room alone. Edward looks every type of mad- staring down at his guitar.

BEAT

He takes the guitar and swings it onto the floor below- breaking it in many pieces. The different parts fly about the room. He hits it again and again- leaving it in a pile of cords in the room.

Edward gets a grip and looks at it- going from angry to sad. He's breathing heavy.

HOLD

Edward opens his eyes to reveal it's just an illusion. He see's his guitar still in his hands.

CUT TO:

INT. RINGO'S VAN- MOMENTS LATER

Ringo awaits Edward as he gets in the car. They are both especially silent.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. BRICK BUILDING- SOME TIME LATER

They pull up to a ran-down looking building.

Edward opens the door. He looks back at Ringo.

RINGO  
You're a better musician than me,  
kid. It doesn't matter where you are.

BEAT

Edward kind of smiles at him then steps out. He looks around his surroundings. Ringo looks sad.

RINGO (cont'd)  
Don't be afraid to reach out to me if  
you find me on-

Edward shuts the door- leaving Ringo with his mouth open.

BEAT

Ringo takes a moment- then drives off. Edward watches him.

CUT TO:

INT. AIR BNB KITCHEN- SOMETIME LATER

The lights are off as Ringo steps inside. He walks a few feet- then sits down at the kitchen table- putting his hands up over his face. The storm rages...

He sits in mostly silence.

Then his phone rings from Deet. He answers. Ringo overhears Deet hitting his horn followed by the sounds of the engine failing to start.

BEAT

PHONE CONVERSATION

DEET  
You can not be having a worse night  
than I am having at this current  
moment!

RINGO  
What are you talking about?

DEET  
I'm saying, we're fucked! My car's  
donezo dude! I ain't making it there  
in time.

RINGO  
And tomorrow's show?

DEET  
Fuck dude, we're going to have to  
cancel then!

RINGO  
I can't afford to cancel this show  
bro, you know that!

DEET  
Well what am I going to do, just  
produce myself there?! What about the  
guy you had over?

RINGO  
Oh yeah I sent him back home. I feel  
guilty about it.

DEET  
Well why'd you do that?!

RINGO  
I don't know Because you were coming  
over.

DEET  
So I taught you to throw people out?  
I told you we were almost like him.

Ringo cracks.

RINGO  
Almost?! If I don't get paid for this  
show, I will be!

DEET  
Then what's wrong with you, dude,  
doing that shit?! If he can honestly  
play, go get him!

RINGO  
He can more than play, he's better  
than me.

DEET  
So why didn't you tell me we had a  
good back-up then.

RINGO  
Because I couldn't see past who he  
was, not how good he is. I really  
tried not to though man.

DEET  
Well look where that got you,  
dumbass.

Ringo takes out his keys put them on the table. He just  
looks at them for a second.

BEAT

DEET (cont'd)  
You still there, bro?

RINGO  
(sad)  
Yeah.. what do I do? It's still bad  
out.

Ringo keeps eyeing the keys.

DEET  
He's somewhere safe?

RINGO  
I dropped him off at his mother's.

Deet laughs.

DEET  
A mother and somewhere safe. Maybe he  
is lucky.

RINGO  
No- he has a terrible relationship  
with his mother too. He's safe  
though.

DEET  
Is he, you saw him go in?

BEAT

Ringo catches a thought. He picks up his keys.

RINGO  
Don't go anywhere, I'm going for a  
drive.

DEET  
(sarcastically)  
Where the hell would I go?

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. EDWARD'S MOTHER'S HOME- SOMETIME LATER

Inside the van- the windshield wipers work over for him to  
see. Ringo slowly drives around- looking through the window.  
There's no one outside.

He pulls up in front of the same brick building Edward was dropped off at. He steps out and walks up to it.

The door has a sign about contamination on it. He peaks through the door's dusty window. On closer look- the building is abandoned.

BEAT

Ringo runs back to his car.

CUT TO:

INT. DEXTER'S SHOPPING MART- LATER THAT NIGHT

The weather has died down. Edward is about to sit back down where he always sits when he spots something in the snow. He walks towards it.

BEAT

Sticking out of the snow is the money that blew away from before. This time he picks it up and puts it right in his pockets.

Edward returns to the concrete ground he inhabits. He balls himself up for warmth. Ringo's van pulls up to the parking lot. It's headlights strike Edward but he ignores it.

Ringo steps out of the van and calls out to him.

RINGO  
Mom wasn't there, was she?

Edward looks to him- trying to keep a serious face but his lips quiver.

EDWARD  
It's whatever, don't worry about it,  
how'd you find me anyways?

Edward strains to maintain a straight face

Ringo shuts the driver's door and walks over- slowly.

RINGO  
Because... you wouldn't go through  
all this to get away from her and  
just go back.

Edward's voice cracks.

EDWARD

What do you know about me man!?!

Ringo stands over Edward- looking sympathetic.

RINGO

Nothing. I think you have too much self respect to go back... and honestly I wish I did too.

EDWARD

(yells)

I can't go back!

Edward cries but looks away.

EDWARD (cont'd)

(crying)

It wasn't supposed to turn out this way man.

BEAT

Ringo offers him his hand.

RINGO

I didn't come back to make you feel like shit.

EDWARD

(still crying)

Then what do you want from me?!  
(pause) You want me to play, So you could explain how I'm not enough, how your great family and education got you talent that my shit guitar can't!  
Is that what you want man?

Ringo drops his hand. Edward wipes his tears.

RINGO

No, not at all.

EDWARD

Whatever dude.

Edward droops his head.

BEAT

RINGO

I wanted to say I'm sorry. Nah, fuck that!

(MORE)

RINGO (cont'd)  
I want to say you're right, about all of it, and I fucked up on a good opportunity by kicking you out like that.

Edward takes another moment.

EDWARD  
You already did your good act for the homeless kid. Don't bother patronizing me.

RINGO  
forget all that, you're talented, and right to believe it!

EDWARD  
Don't say that shit- I didn't get the riff you taught me!

RINGO  
Fuck that riff man, I got to see you play! and you don't deserve a future like this. I can't do everything to help you, but I can offer you something.

Ringo takes his hand out again- this time Edward looks up.

EDWARD  
My bother ain't coming, but I still got a show tomorrow. I'm fucked, unless I could find a musician talented enough around here.

EDWARD (cont'd)  
There's others.

Ringo smiles.

RINGO  
I don't know the area, and I don't see anyone else playing in freezing temperatures.

Edward takes Ringo's hand. He looks into his eyes- serious.

EDWARD  
Just tell me what you're saying.

Edward stands up beside Ringo.

RINGO  
I need a guitar player tomorrow at  
the crescendo, and it looks like I'm  
begging you. What do you say dude?

Edward takes a moment- during which he tears up. After that  
he nods his head.

BEAT

EDWARD  
Okay.

RINGO  
(sincere)  
Seriously?

Edward smiles.

EDWARD  
Seriously.

Ringo gives Edward side hug and they walk back together to  
the van. They're both happy.

RINGO  
(light-hearted)  
I still don't see how digestible was  
a compliment.

EDWARD  
It's the best compliment. You want  
something everyone can listen to.

They split ways... they both open their doors at the same  
time.

HOLD

RINGO  
You know, I never really thought  
about it like that.

Edward smiles.

EDWARD  
That's why you got me.

INT. RINGO'S VAN- CONTINUED

They sit for a moment.



RINGO  
I do have one request.

EDWARD  
Yeah sure, I mean why not.

He turns and looks at Edward.

RINGO  
Think you can play me one of your  
songs?

Edward's face lights up.

CUT TO:

INT. CITY ROAD- NIGHT

Ringo's van drives away- leaving us behind. The snow has  
finally stopped too- creating a snowy wonderland.

HOLD

FADE TO BLACK





