

BUM'S RUSH

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EXT. CITY STREET -- NIGHT

EDNA (20s) slutty clothes, heavy eye makeup and tattoos up her neck, rushes to the passenger side of a parked car with the engine running.

INT. CAR - CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS

Edna tosses a hand gun under the seat.

A DRIVER (20s) jams the car into gear and pulls out into traffic.

Edna counts money in her hand, grins over at the driver.

DRIVER

You sure they didn't catch you on camera?

EDNA

Nah... It's the Salvation Arm. They run on donations anyway. Don't worry so much.

The car races down the street but picks up flashing lights behind it.

DRIVER

Yeah? Well, we got company.

Edna turns and looks at a line of cop cars behind them. She closes her eyes and slams her head back against the headrest.

EDNA

Shit!

INT. HOUSE -- NIGHT

A dark house. The phone on a table rings off the hook.

POPS (60s), dressed in pajamas, flips on a light switch at the stairs and answers the phone.

POPS

(into phone)

Hello?... Edna?... You done what?... No. You're mother's out working... I don't have that kind of money and neither does she... We'll try figure something out.

Pops lowers the phone on the hook, shakes his head in disgust.

EXT. CITY -- DAY

Pops, now dirty, dressed in ragged clothes, sits cross-legged on the sidewalk with a tin can and a sign that reads "HOMELESS - NEED FOOD." He huddles in his threadbare coat against the cold wind.

PEOPLE pass the long way around Pops to avoid him. A few drop spare coins in the can.

Pops just stares blankly at the people without saying a word.

MARTHA (40s), overly made up, wearing tight jeans with holes, takes a seat next to the pops on the sidewalk.

MARTHA  
How much, Pops?

Pops looks in his can of coins, shakes it, shrugs.

MARTHA (CONT'D)  
Seriously, you been sitting here all day and all you got was fifty cents?

POPS  
Folks just don't want to part with their hard earned cash, I reckon.

MARTHA  
C'mon, Pops, for Edna.

Martha points down the street.

MARTHA (CONT'D)  
Bob pulled in three hundred.

Martha stands, dusts herself off and strolls down the streets. Pops notices her threadbare jeans and torn shoes, shakes his head.

MARTHA (CONT'D)  
I'll be back.

A young BUSINESS MAN stops, looks at Pops, pulls out a twenty dollar bill, sticks it in the can.

POPS  
The Lord bless you, Sir.

Pops glances down at the twenty, slides it into his pocket.

Martha stands in front of BOB (20s), long hair and beard, sitting on the corner. A sign in front of him reads "WILL WORK FOR FOOD". He hands her all his collected cash and she places it in her purse.

Bob heads down the sidewalk.

Pops makes his way to Martha, hands her the change that he has in his tin.

MARTHA  
Seriously? That's it?

She follows Bob, looks back to Pops.

MARTHA (CONT'D)  
You coming?

Pops watches them walk away. A tear wells in his eye and he brushes it away.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Martha, in her pajamas, hair wet from a shower, sits on the sofa and counts the cash.

Bob, also now cleaned up, sits next to her.

Pops strolls in, dressed in better clothes.

MARTHA  
We're six hundred short. I think  
Pops has been holding out on us.

All eyes on Pops.

POPS  
Honest. I tried to look homeless  
best I could. Must have been in a  
bad spot.

Martha glares at him.

MARTHA  
Tomorrow you're sitting with the  
dog. People are suckers for dogs.

Pops throws his hands up in resignation.

POPS

How did we get here? My children  
begging on the streets?

BOB

Pops, you know we need Edna's bail  
money. We're depending on you. Edna  
is depending on you.

MARTHA

Honestly, it's like you don't care  
about your own granddaughter.

Pops wrings his hands together.

POPS

I do care. More than you'll ever  
know.

MARTHA

Then try a little harder! I can't  
have my baby in with those hard  
core criminals.

Martha puts the money in a drawer and heads upstairs.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

I'm pooped. I'll see you all in the  
morning.

Bob follows, leaving Pops alone in the room.

Pops slides open the drawer and pulls out the cash they had  
collected and recounts it. He looks over his shoulder, then  
pulls a large wad of cash from his pocket to add it to the  
rest.

INT. COUNTY JAIL -- DAY

Pops sits on the visitor side of the glass.

Edna, dressed in jail orange, sits across from him.

EDNA

I hope you here to spring me, Pops?  
This joint really sucks and I need  
a cigarette.

Pops gives her a worried smile.

POPS

We've all been trying our best.

Edna slams her fist on the counter and screams.

EDNA  
You didn't make my bail? I was  
supposed to be out by now.

Pops looks down at the ground, then faces Edna.

POPS  
We got the bail money collected all  
right.

Edna relaxes a bit.

EDNA  
So what's the hold up? Use the  
money.

POPS  
I already did. Donated all of it in  
your name to the Salvation Army.  
They wanted me to tell you thank  
you for your generosity and even  
gave me a new pair of shoes.

EDNA  
Are you fucking serious?!

POPS  
You should feel good about yourself  
now?

Edna stands and pounds the glass.

EDNA  
No! I hate you!

Pops puts his hand up against the glass.

POPS  
I did this out of love for you,  
Edna. Hopefully your time here will  
help you see that.

EDNA  
Liar! If you loved me you'd get me  
out of here!

POPS  
You gonna kill yourself out there,  
my girl! Maybe even someone else.  
Crime should not pay.

Pops turns and walks away.

The GAURDS lead Edna back to her cell kicking and screaming.

INT. HOUSE - MARTHA'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Martha sleeps on a mattress on the floor.

Pops puts a pair of new shoes next to her bed. He smiles lovingly at Martha. She stirs.

He goes to sneak out the room but before he makes it to the door Martha opens her eyes. She notices the shoes.

MARTHA

I should be real angry at you, but  
you know what? You were right. I'm  
sorry I talked you into doing that.

Pop grins wide as he closes the door.

FADE OUT.