

ME AND MY GUITAR

Written by

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Based on a childhood memory.

INT. GUITAR SHOP - DAY

A rusty DESK FAN RATTLES on a stand, going back and forth.

Close to a hundred guitars lie against a wall for display, all different colors and shapes.

A chair stool gets propped behind the stand, DAN, a larger, bearded, tattooed man sits on the tiny chair.

Dan looks outside to the bustling streets, lots of people walking across the store but nobody comes in.

Dan focuses on the guitars, some of the more flashier ones stand out.

A door swings open and a BELL CHIMES. A BOY around the age of twelve, curly hair, walks inside. Behind is presumably the kids MOTHER, mid forties.

They look at the guitars on display, the kid pointing out whichever one he finds interesting. The mother nodding her head at whatever he's saying.

DAN

Would you like to play one?

The kid turns around and sees Dan towering over. Menacingly.

The kid stutters...

MOTHER

It's okay, we wouldn't want to mess anything up.

Dan chuckles, walking over to the display picking out two guitars, a black and red *Fender*.

Dan spins the pegs of both, retuning it.

The kid is handed the red guitar.

Dan plugs in an AMP CORD to the guitar causing a SHRIEK through the store.

STATIC CRACKLES from the AMP.

The kid grazes the strings which echo through the amp.

DAN

Hit it.

The kid strikes at it. A BLARING NOISE BLASTS out the store.
The mom covers her ears.

MOTHER
Sounds great! I'm just going to
step outside for some air!

The kid puts a thumbs up.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHOP - DAY

The mom uncuffs her ears, sighing relief.

Looking around, CARS DRIVING, PEOPLE TALKING, BIRD CHIRPING.
A mellow dim-light busy street.

The GUITAR plays behind the store door. The mom looks through
the shop window.

BACK TO:

INT. GUITAR SHOP

Dan is sitting in front of the kid, both holding guitars.

DAN
Follow what I do.

A simple rock tune is played. *Smoke on the Water*.

The kid tries to repeat the tune, but some of the strings
clunk, struggling to make a chord.

DAN (CONT'D)
Press down on the board more. It'll
help.

Dan puts his guitar down.

DAN (CONT'D)
I'll be right back.

He walks to the entrance.

The BELL CHIMES, the door held open.

DAN (CONT'D)
You okay?

(MORE)

MOTHER
Yes, I just get a headache from all
the load noises.

DAN
We're almost done if you'd like to
come back in.

They walk towards the kid, striking the chords harshly
playing *Smoke on the Water*. A SHRIEK.

The kid swiftly stands up, almost dropping the guitar.

MOTHER
Is everything okay?

One of the strings to the guitar snapped.

The kid is hyperventilating.

DAN
Hey, it's okay.

Dan takes the red guitar.

DAN (CONT'D)
It's normal.

Dan walks behind the counter, grabbing and twisting a new
string around the guitar.

MOTHER
How much will that be. We're so
sorry.

DAN
Don't worry about it. It's okay.

MOTHER
No please we didn't mean to.

A pause.

DAN
Okay. \$50.

The mom looks in her wallet, pulling out a \$50 bill.

MOTHER
Here you go. Sorry for the hassle.
Come on Jack.

They start to walk out the store.

DAN

Wait. Don't you want this?

The guitar is tucked away in a case, with a book of guitar songs poking outside a pocket.

MOTHER

Oh, it's okay, it's probably a fortune.

DAN

Well you've already paid for it.

Jack walks up to the counter. Dan hands the case over.

KID

Thank you!

The mom smiles.

MOTHER

Thank you.

DAN

Anytime.

They walk out of the store. Dan looks through the window. The kid running and jumping with his brand new guitar.

FADE OUT.

THE END