

BLUE JEANS & MOON BEAMS

Written by

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EXT. SHOPFRONT - DAY

The rain dashes down onto cobbled streets. Stanley runs into an old corner shop with his jacket covering his head, the drainpipes either side of the doorway roaring.

INT. CORNER STORE - DAY

The small shop has a few rows of shelving adorned with essentials and groceries.

Stanley stands, dripping water onto the hardwood floor of the shop interior. Through a beaded doorway a balding, portly man appears: the SHOPKEEPER (68).

Stanley paces over to the counter, he and the shopkeeper separated by the till desk.

SHOPKEEPER

Yes?

STANLEY

Oh, aye, right.

Stanley pulls a clipboard out from his waistband, the ink on the damp white paper has begun to run. He places it in front of the keeper.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

Boomstick Deliveries. Sign here,
here and here.

Stanley reaches into his pocket and pulls out a pen. The shopkeeper grimaces as he holds the wet object.

He places it on the desk and reaches to a fountain pen to the side. He slowly scans the document and signs at a slow, deliberate pace.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

There's four palettes I'll bring
round the back, on behalf of
Boomstick Deliveries we thank you
for your trust.

The man stands silent, examining Stanley with unflinchingly still eyes.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

Right.

SHOPKEEPER

You're not from around here, are you.

Stanley withdraws a cigarette and starts to light it.

STANLEY

You are aware I'm a delivery driver?

SHOPKEEPER

I'm just curious.

STANLEY

The road is my dharma and my home is where my hat lies and so on and so forth.

SHOPKEEPER

There is a lot of rain.

STANLEY

You think?

SHOPKEEPER

Water. Water is purifying.

The shopkeeper stands motionless staring out of the rippling window.

SHOPKEEPER (CONT'D)

It washes away. It cleans. It purifies.

Stanley begins to squint, his brow furrows as he continues to smoke.

SHOPKEEPER (CONT'D)

When the flood comes it will not choose. These valleys and hills house something truly special. One has only to look to the likes of Wordsworth or Coleridge. 'The fleeting hour of life of those who love the hills is quickly spent, but the hills are eternal', after the torrent subsides only the hills will remain.

Stanley takes one last drag on his cigarette, stamps it into the ashtray. Stanley exhales in feigned exasperation.

STANLEY

Lovely, aye.

INT. TRUCK CABIN - DAY

Stanley sits in his usual perch, dressed in just a vest and briefs. His sodden clothes lie over the AC vents.

In one hand he holds an egg sandwich, in the other a lit cigarette.

STANLEY
I feel you, big lad.

He strokes Snarl's belly then holds out his sandwich. Snarl takes a big bite and tries to take another, Stanley quickly withdraws it.

STANLEY (CONT'D)
That's not sharing mate.

Stanley takes a bite from the same sandwich while Snarl watches him.

The dispatch line crackles to life.

PENNY (O.S.)
I will say hello once and if you do not reply I am gone, Stanley.

STANLEY
Fuckin' hell. Reet, have it you pudding.

Stanley gently tosses the sandwich back to Snarl who instantly tears it to shreds, a smattering of crumbs raining down to encrust the seat.

Stanley lifts the voice box.

STANLEY (CONT'D)
Hello.

PENNY (O.S.)
Well hello again Stanley, how are we?

STANLEY
Damp.

PENNY (O.S.)
Monitor says the rain isn't going anywhere anytime soon so get your brolly at the ready.

STANLEY

Amusing... Last delivery is all squared a way. Bloke at the desk was a right fuckin' nut.

PENNY (O.S.)

Really? How so?

STANLEY

Talking absolute gibble about rain. Like the bloody hills have eyes out here in the sticks.

PENNY (O.S.)

Well I'm sure they make up for your lack of personality... I couldn't find a name on file for the next destination, I'll page the address through to you so just follow it from there. You know how these bloody maps can be.

STANLEY

The land that time forgot, these lakes. Fuckin' mackerel people.

PENNY (O.S.)

Oh give over will you, not so normal yourself.

STANLEY

Aye? How so?

PENNY (O.S.)

Please, Stanley. I've seen your mixtapes.

STANLEY

There is nowt wrong with Barry Manilow.

Penny giggles.

PENNY (O.S.)

Old fart.

Stanley laughs too.

STANLEY

Can you see if there's a place I can refuel on the way to this next place, please?

PENNY (O.S.)
Yeah, of course, sugar.

The sounds of Penny tapping away on a keyboard can be heard down the line.

PENNY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Yep, got one here, I'll page that over too. You're welcome.