

SOMETHING UP YONDER

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FADE IN:

EXT. SOMEWHERE ALONG THE YORKSHIRE COUNTRYSIDE- MORNING

Around 9am, the Yorkshire countryside is green but surrounded by fog, the tips of each blade of grass decorated with dew.

A Land Rover 4x4 moves along, chugging and roaring as different pieces of equipment jangle on the sides and top of the vehicle.

INT. LAND ROVER- MORNING

Two men sit in the car. Sitting in the passenger's seat, KENNY STONES, around 55, old-fashioned, podgey man with a fishing cap on, wearing fishing gear.

Driving, DAVE GILGANNON, around 40, skinny, lanky build, rough goatee, wearing fishing clothes and a wooley cap on his head. Kenny fiddles around the drawers of the car.

KENNY STONES
(Grunting and moving
around)
'Ey, did ye' bring mi Dubliners CD?

DAVE GILGANNON
(Trying to focus on the
road)
Er... Shit, no.

KENNY STONES
Oh fuh' fuck sake, hopeless,
honestly.

DAVE GILGANNON
Honestly? Honestly? I was too busy
packing the tackle and crap this
morn' whilst you sat on yer fat
arse.

KENNY STONES
(With a sudden snap,
pointing his finger)
Oi! Ye' knows how mi back is, Dave.

DAVE GILGANNON
Oh! Give over, Kenny, Christ.

EXT. SOMEWHERE ALONG THE YORKSHIRE COUNTRYSIDE- MORNING

The car moves along.

KENNY STONES

(O.S)

Oh, aye, here it is.

The sounds of a CD sliding in. A slight sound of processing.

Pause.

A merry tune of the Irish folk band 'The Dubliners' plays.

CUT TO:

EXT. RIVERSIDE IN YORKSHIRE- MORNING

The Land Rover is stopped stationary next to a river, far from any road, the Land Rover is dirty and full of mud.

Kenny looks out onto the river, his dungarees tightly pressed on his beer belly.

Dave hauls out the fishing gear, sighing as his twiggy arms carry some large weight.

KENNY STONES

(Looking out on the river)

Oh aye, what a sight, eh.

DAVE GILGANNON

Fuckin' aye, Kenny, thee' knows.
Grab a bastard box will you!?

Kenny turns to the car, a smug look facing Dave.

Kenny and Dave look over the back of the car, a multitude of boxes.

Dave makes the first move, grabbing a large box of various fishing gear, sighing and groaning as he lifts it from the back.

Kenny takes a look.

Pause.

Kenny takes a two small boxes containing the two's sandwiches and snacks.

Dave drops his boxes down and looks up to Kenny, his back still bent from placing the box down, he looks on in disgust, shaking his head slowly.

Kenny waddles on, 'carrying' the two 'boxes'.

CUT TO:

EXT. RIVERSIDE IN YORKSHIRE- MORNING

Kenny and Dave sit on fold-out chairs.

Kenny eats some crisps, eat bite crunching loudly.

Dave casts from his chair.

KENNY STONES
(Mouth full of munched
crisp)
You not doin' no fly, lad?

Dave sighs, rolling his shoulder.

DAVE GILGANNON
Might do. Not sure yet.

Kenny nods slowly, munching the crisps still.

Pause.

KENNY STONES
Thee knows, (gulp) I used be a top
fly fisher, me, top one, won
trophies.

Dave sighs, rubbing his eyes.

Pause.

DAVE GILGANNON
(Spoken with a slight
sigh)
Oh aye?

KENNY STONES
Aye. Mi back stops me from castin'
too much nowadays, you know.

DAVE GILGANNON
Oh aye, yeah.

The two sit in silence.

Pause.

KENNY STONES
(Sniff) Got a good arm still, a
good eye too, fer' me age. Can spot
a fish's gill from a mile away.

Dave sighs once more.

DAVE GILGANNON
Thought you went doctuh's with yer
eye? Couldn't see yer telly other
week ye told me?

KENNY STONES

Oh aye but that's mi telly. Can't see all't digital stuff and that but I can see a fish, no worries.

DAVE GILGANNON

You were watchin' a fishin' show, Kenny.

KENNY STONES

I just told you! Can't see all the bloody digital stuff!

Kenny sighs, sitting back in his chair.

Dave gets a tug at his rod.

DAVE GILGANNON

Oop, hold up.

Dave reels in, lets the line rest, reels in. He baits the fish in, his rod bending.

KENNY STONES

Sure yer twiggy arms're going't reel that in? Looks a big 'un?

DAVE GILGANNON

(Grunting)

Oh, see it, can you?

Dave battles with the fish, his arms flexing to win the battle.

KENNY STONES

Steady now, David.

David bottles his anger with Kenny's groanings, he fights on.

The rod releases, the fish is gone off the line.

KENNY STONES (CONT'D)

Now-...

DAVE GILGANNON

Oh, do one, Kenny.

Dave sighs, looking up river, shaking his head. He stops on the vision of a man strolling casually through the water.

DAVE GILGANNON (CONT'D)

Bloody 'ell!

Dave points at the man heading for them.

KENNY STONES

Oh, it's ol' Johnny. Farmer.

Ol' Johnny looks battered, his hair all over the place, his eyes dark with bags under them, vomit around his mouth.

KENNY STONES (CONT'D)
Looks fuckin' shitfaced, man. Rough
night out?

DAVE GILGANNON
What's he doin'?

The two stare at Ol' Johnny with a confused look.

DAVE GILGANNON (CONT'D)
Should we help him?

KENNY STONES
Well what we gon' do, David? Hook
and reel the bugger in? He can make
his own way.

The two watch awkwardly. Not really knowing what to do.

Kenny eats some of his cheese and ham mayo sandwich, sending a wave over to Ol' Johnny, mayonnaise around his chops.

DAVE GILGANNON
Yer wavin' to 'im? He looks a bit
out of it, Kenny.

Kenny nods in agreement. Munching on his sandwich.

Pause.

KENNY STONES
(Mouth full of food)
Probably took one of them
(swallows) Eccy's.

DAVE GILGANNON
(Laughs a little.)
Eccy's? He's in yorkshire, not
ibiza, Kenny.

Kenny doesn't reply, just watching the man get closer, the man moans, drunken rambles.

DAVE GILGANNON (CONT'D)
Oh aye, he's fucked it.

KENNY STONES
Y'alreet, Johnny?

Kenny watches Ol' Johnny.

OL' JOHNNY
Gr... Eh, ye...Egh.

Johnny spits and spatters as he talks.

Ol' Johnny gets right up close to the side of the river until he trips over, beginning to float in the shallow.

He floats, still groaning with his arms slowly flailing.

He floats, awkwardly, sort of helplessly.

The two men watch on their small beaching of sand.

DAVE GILGANNON

Oh fuckin'!

KENNY STONES

Ger' him, David!

He floats until he hits a bank with a grunt.

KENNY STONES (CONT'D)

Oo, thanks the heavens.

Dave looks weirdly at Ol' Johnny. Dave watches as Johnny groans at him with his blood shot eyes. Johnny tries to climb onto the beach.

He grasps at the bank's grass but the grass plucks out, leaving him more stranded as he continues.

Johnny then floats again helplessly off, his groaning turning into a sound of panic.

Dave tries to talk but he's lost for words.

He turns around to see Kenny wading through the river, rod in hand.

DAVE GILGANNON

Kenny!

KENNY STONES

I've got it, now, David.

Kenny casts out, David frantically rushing around the beached area, not knowing what to do.

DAVE GILGANNON

What ye doin'!?

KENNY STONES

He won't feel it, he's pissed.

Kenny fly casts out, wading in the shallowish river.

The fly hook catches on the side of the face of Johnny, strong enough to stop him floating away.

Johnny groans in pain.

DAVE GILGANNON
Bloody hell, Kenny! Ye daft
bastard!

Complete frenzy as Kenny calmly reels Johnny in.

Dave holds his wooley hat as Johnny floats solemnly across to the bank.

KENNY STONES
Grab 'im, David!

Dave uneasily tries to grab Johnny from different angles, approaching them all with unease.

KENNY STONES (CONT'D)
Get yer friggin' hands on him,
David!

DAVE GILGANNON
Gimme' a bloody second!

Dave grasps the tips of Johnny's shirt, slowly pulling him onto the shore.

Johnny splutters as he lays on his back, his eyes darting around.

Kenny waddles back onto shore, he looks at David, happy with his 'catch'.

He then holds his back.

KENNY STONES
(Screeching in agony)
Agh! Mi bastard back! OOF!

Kenny falls down, onto his back, groaning in pain.

Dave looks between the gruelling Kenny and Johnny.

Dave shakes his head, hurrying to the car.

KENNY STONES (CONT'D)
OOF, CHRIST!

CUT TO:

INT. LAND ROVER- MORNING

Dave looks around in the drawers for some painkillers, anything to help.

Kenny is head screaming off camera, louder than usual.

David turns around.

EXT. RIVERSIDE IN YORKSHIRE- MORNING

Dave looks over to see Johnny flopped on top of Kenny, weirdly suckling the side of his face. Kenny screams and writhes in his back pain unable to stop the weird suckling from Johnny. A horror movie score plays!

KENNY STONES
(Shouting)
What ye doing!? Get off me,
dickhead!

DAVE GILGANNON
What the friggin' hell is he
doin'!?

Dave rushes over, pushing Johnny off of Kenny.

KENNY STONES
Push him back in't river!

Dave looks over to Johnny pouting then back to Kenny.

DAVE GILGANNON
Eh? Nooo, Kenny!

KENNY STONES
He's just tried suck me bastard
face off, kick him in!

Kenny kicks at Johnny's face who drags himself towards Kenny again.

KENNY STONES (CONT'D)
Git!

DAVE GILGANNON
Bloody-..

Dave panics and starts rolling Johnny over, who continues to groan as he's rolled towards the river.

The score builds and builds as Dave rolls Johnny into the river.

Johnny floats off once again and away, his mouth still moaning as he looks on to the two with his bogged eyes and fat lips pouting.

KENNY STONES
Oh bloody hell, mi back, mon.

Johnny gets caught on the bank again! The score rises!
HORROR!

KENNY STONES (CONT'D)
EY! HE'S NOT BLOODY DONE!

Dave panics again, kicking Johnny down current, he grunts and then goes a little limp, just floating away. The score dies down, Dave's face plastered with horror.

Dave takes his hat off, wiping his forehead.

Dave watches on as Johnny floats down stream.

KENNY STONES (CONT'D)

(O.S.)

Ooo-... Mi back, ooo David...

Ooooo, David, mi back.

The scene fades out on Kenny rolling on the floor, Dave looking on and Johnny. Johnny floating.

Fade out

The End.