

STILL FALLS THE RAIN

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. LONDON ALLEY - DAY

An OLD MAN, unshaven and unkempt, walks down an empty alley. He carries a bag of groceries.

He slows his pace down to a halt, begins to breathe heavily. Disoriented, he leans against the wall. He suddenly clutches his chest in pain.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. EAST LONDON STREET (1940) - NIGHT

A house is on fire. Air Raid Sirens wail throughout the city. Stanley, a 15 year old boy, stands motionless in the street, watching as his home burns. He has tears in his eyes.

EXT. LONDON ALLEY - DAY

The Old Man is sweating, trying hard to breathe. He loses grip on the bag. His legs weaken, and he slowly collapses.

EXT. EAST LONDON STREET (1940) - MORNING

At the crack of dawn, the street is empty besides Stanley, who sits against a wall, rummaging through his SACK. He looks disheveled, dirty, ragged.

He pulls a CAN of tinned tomatoes from the sack. He holds it upside down... A few drops of tomato juice fall on his hand, which he quickly licks. Still famished, he drops the can.

He looks around, and notices a house at the end of the road. It's been recently bombed. There's no roof, but the house still stands. The door is ajar.

Stanley gets up and walks to the entrance. Outside the house, a POSTER warns that Looting from bomb-damaged buildings is punishable by death penalty.

He looks over his shoulders -- no one is around. Hesitantly, he pushes the door open and steps inside.

INT. BOMBED HOUSE, KITCHEN - MORNING

Stanley enters the kitchen. Despite the dust, broken plates and glass shards, it almost looks like a working, living kitchen. He smiles.

EXT. EAST LONDON STREET - MORNING

OFFICER BRADFORD, a 46 year old policeman, patrols the street. He notices the door is open in the bombed house.

INT. BOMBED HOUSE, KITCHEN - MORNING

Stanley brushes his fingers along the top of a chair. Closing his eyes, he imagines the sound of his mother in the kitchen, washing plates, calling him to the table.

Suddenly, he hears creaking wood, dust falling.

EXT. EAST LONDON STREET - MORNING

Officer Bradford carefully and quietly enters the house.

INT. BOMBED HOUSE, KITCHEN - MORNING

Stanley now frantically raids cupboards, drawers, and shelves. He finds the odd piece of fruit, bread, canned food and biscuits, throws them all in his sack.

IN THE HALLWAY

Bradford stops. He listens -- hears noise in the kitchen.

IN THE KITCHEN

Stanley hears another creak. He freezes. Silence.

IN THE HALLWAY

Bradford makes his way to the kitchen, enters quickly - it's empty. The window frame is wide open.

EXT. EAST LONDON STREET - MORNING

Bradford appears at the kitchen window.

OFFICER BRADFORD

OI!!

Further down the street, Stanley freezes, turns around to see Bradford at the window. He continues to run away.

EXT. EAST LONDON ALLEYWAY - MORNING

Stanley runs for his life. His breath heavy. Bradford follows closely, his movements swift, efficient.

Stanley turns into small alleys and passages, struggles to keep distance between himself and Bradford.

He makes a turn, leans against a wall to rest. No sign of Bradford. He continues to run.

He looks over his shoulder as he runs, trips over some RUBBLE, stumbles, and falls to the ground. He realises he just ran into a DEAD END.

Bradford appears shortly. They both know the chase is up. Bradford makes his way to Stanley, who stands up.

BRADFORD

What's your name, boy?

Stanley backs away, intimidated. Bradford grabs him by the throat, shoves him against the wall. Stanley drops the sack.

BRADFORD (CONT'D)

I said, what's your name, *boy*?

STANLEY

(reluctant)

Stanley... Name's Stanley.

BRADFORD

What's in the bag, Stanley?

STANLEY

Just... Food... I, I was hungry.

Bradford releases Stanley, who backs away, massaging his throat. Bradford picks up the sack, rummages inside.

BRADFORD

*Hungry...*

Bradford takes out a couple of the stolen food items from the sack, drops them on the floor as he continues to rummage.

BRADFORD (CONT'D)

Judge won't care about *hungry*.

Bradford drops the bag. Stanley backs away as Bradford starts to move in on him.

STANLEY

(voice trembling)

I'm not selling it. It's just food, for me, I didn't hurt no one...

Bradford grips Stanley's arm tightly, pushes him against the wall using unreasonable force. He's about to make the arrest.

BRADFORD

But it's not *your* food, is it? You thieving little *bastard*.

Suddenly, AIR RAID SIRENS sound. Bradford looks at the sky.

Stanley seizes the moment. He PULLS away from Bradford, runs out towards the streets.

Bradford quickly runs after him, TACKLES him by the waist. They fall to the ground.

Just ahead of Stanley is the rubble he tripped over earlier.

He reaches out with one hand, picks up a large, HEAVY ROCK, SWINGS it around with all his strength and SMACKS it across Bradford's head. Blood splatters - Bradford drops.

Time almost freezes. Stanley drops the rock, drags himself away from Bradford, disturbed by what he did. He's horrified, unsure what to do next.

The sirens are still screaming. He gets up, starts throwing the food back in the sack, still startled.

He steps over Bradford's body on his way out of the alley, giving the bloody scene one last glance. He runs off to look for shelter as bombs begin to drop and echo in the distance.

CUT TO:

EXT. LONDON ALLEY - DAY

The Old Man lies flat on his side, salivating from the corner of his mouth.

Next to him on the floor lies Officer Bradford, motionless, expressionless, bleeding from his head injury. He stares the Old Man in the eye, who, unable to move, has no choice but to stare back as he struggles to breathe.

CUT TO BLACK

THE END