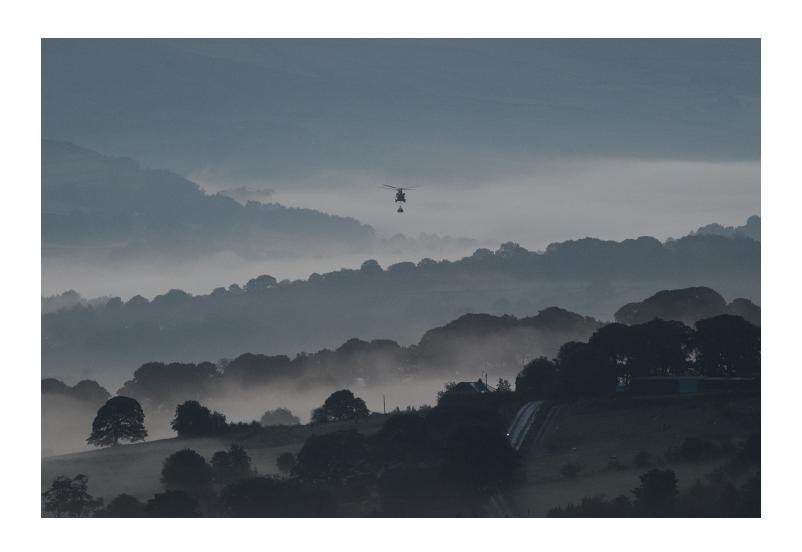
# AT THE END OF THE WORLD I'LL SHOW YOU I LOVE YOU

Written by

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Photograph: Leon Neal/Getty Images



## EXT. FOREST - DUSK

Packed under wide branches, **BEVERLEY** (68, cropped white hair, paisley neckerchief, boots) kneels over a mound of moss.

Silence around her: the forest is still, save for the easy hum of a wind feeling its way through the leaves and the mud.

Beverley fingers the moss, peels back soft green layers and probes, opens a cavity, widens it, leans in to the green:

A SOFT ORANGE DOME peers out from the dark.

Beverley exposes a proud bolete mushroom, plucks at the stalk, lifts the growth from the ground and swings it behind her back into a sling wicker bag hung across her shoulder.

The mushroom drops into a host of colour and soft cap flesh.

### INT. COCKPIT - HELICOPTER - DUSK

Old hands on the cyclic stick, gold band on the ring finger.

SHUDDERING ROTOR BLADES ABOVE.

### EXT. FOREST - DUSK

Beverley steps across wet, cluttered ground, scans tree stumps, eases through the fern and the myrtle and the pine.

RUSTLING through the trees.

Beverley stills, crouches, listens, sets a hand at her hip, at the butt of a long, sheathed blade.

An ageing border collie trundles into sight.

Beverley relaxes, stands. The old dog joins her.

**BEVERLEY** 

All clear, then?

The pair turn, back the way they came, folding into the dark.

#### INT. COCKPIT - HELICOPTER - DUSK

Wide forest through the windscreen, hills, isolation.

The old hands ease forward on the stick: the horizon lifts.

A single line of smoke in the distance rises from the green.