

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

Written by

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Photograph: Leon Neal/Getty Images

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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.