

SKY AND LAND AND MAN AND BIRD

Written by

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Photograph: Christopher Furlong/Getty Images

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EXT. SKY - FIELDS - DAWN

From three hundred feet in the air, the uniform black never ends, a dip in the landscape registered only by the lighter shadow around it, a peak by the lick of silver at its crest.

Endless, charred moor, the full greyscale range picked out from a searching bird's eye above, beady black on scorch.

EXT. LAND - FIELDS DAWN

Four firefighters, exhausted and streaked in pitch, trudge across the smoulder, long, probing sticks in hand.

One firefighter removes his coat.

FIREFIGHTER
February. Fucking... February?

He trips -

FIREFIGHTER (CONT'D)
Ach -

The man stumbles, drops his stick, bends to lift it...

As he wraps his fingers around and pulls at the stick, the firefighter brings with it a clump of blackened earth, revealing a faint hint of green below.

The firefighter moves on, catches up with his brothers.

EXT. SKY - FIELDS - DAWN

Against a white sky, a rash of black birds stutter and turn, strung together in cosmic line.

Below them, the black rolls out and over to the horizon, stretching miles, into towns and cities and people.

The birds drop to a hundred feet, scanning, necks flicking in twitch and burnt out at the sun coming through winter sky.

Not a patch on the land, nothing. Not a single note of green.

EXT. LAND - FIELDS - DAWN

In the firefighter's suggestion of grass, *movement*.

And life stirs.