

EXT. MOUNTAIN PATH - DAY

DANNY MORTON, a tall and muscular man in his early 40's, jogs unsteadily along the rock-strewn path. He's wearing a prison uniform of a grey tracksuit and trainers. Blood pours down one side of his face.

He limps and staggers from an obvious right leg injury, but his hard expression betrays no pain as he moves quickly on.

INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - DAY

The bleak corridor is empty apart from the SOUNDS OF A DISTANT STRUGGLE.

THREE PRISON OFFICERS in riot gear round the corner, manhandling Danny who is violently struggling against them.

The Officers manage to steer him down the corridor and through the door to a waiting cell, throwing him in and quickly locking the door.

EXT. MOUNTAIN - DAY

Further up the mountain, the path is less defined. Danny continues limping onwards, but slower than before.

He stops and looks back to the distant road below and sees the FLASHING BLUE LIGHTS of a police car.

He staggers on, each step heavier than the last.

EXT. MOUNTAIN STREAM - DAY

Danny sits down beside the small stream.

He washes the blood off his face and neck in the icy cold water, then pulls down his tracksuit bottoms to examine his right thigh. It's red and swollen, but little else.

He stretches out his leg, but barely reacts to the pain, his face remaining fixed, hard.

After drinking some water in cupped hands he sits looking out at the HARSH BUT BEAUTIFUL LANDSCAPE around him. He breathes in the fresh air, enjoys the quiet. Until...

The SOUND OF A HELICOPTER is heard in the distance. Danny looks up the mountain. The path ahead is entombed in cloud.

He gets up and forges on, heading to the safety of the fog above.

INT. SOLITARY CELL - DAY

The tiny cell is a vision of emptiness. It's walls are light grey and it contains a metal sink and toilet, a single bed with grey blankets and a small desk attached to the wall.

Danny, agitated, paces in a tight circle. He tastes blood inside his mouth and feels it with his tongue before washing his mouth out in the sink.

He looks at himself in the battered, steel-plate mirror, then punches his own reflection, hurting his fist and reacting to the pain.

EXT. MOUNTAIN PATH - DAY

The steep path is engulfed in cloud and visibility is low. Danny crouches behind a large boulder as we hear the HELICOPTER SOUND now loud overhead, then gradually moving away.

Danny starts to move from his hiding place, when he spots some movement up the path ahead, and crouches back once more.

From out of the mist comes a hooded WALKER, wearing a green hunting jacket with a daffodil badge on the torn top pocket. He's also wearing waterproof trousers and carrying a small backpack.

As the Walker passes, Danny jumps out and hits him hard over the head with a rock, instantly knocking him unconscious.

Danny leans down and pulls the hood back, revealing that the Walker is actually a woman in her 50's, FEMALE WALKER. Danny curses under his breath, then takes her bag and has a cursory look through it, finding a penknife amongst other items.

He readies the blade as a precaution, then starts to take her jacket off. As he finishes doing this, she begins to stir and Danny stands back, holding the knife out towards her.

DANNY

Just stay still. Understand?

The Female Walker groggily sits up, but quickly realises what's going on.

DANNY (CONT'D)

What size shoes are you?

FEMALE WALKER

Six.

DANNY

Shit. What about your trousers, they elastic? Round the waist like?

She nods.

DANNY (CONT'D)
Take 'em off.

She hesitates, afraid.

DANNY (CONT'D)
Don't worry. I ain't like that. I
just need 'em.

She slowly removes her waterproof trousers.

DANNY (CONT'D)
I'm sorry I hit you. I didn't know
you was a woman like.

Danny grabs the waterproof trousers, then picks up her bag.

DANNY (CONT'D)
I'm gonna take this. Sorry.

Danny continues limping up the path, leaving the Female Walker afraid and bemused.

INT. SOLITARY CELL - DAY

Danny sits down on the bed and takes one shoe off. From it he takes out a razor blade which he then uses to cut a hole in the mattress and hide the blade inside.

He stays sat, regarding the wall opposite, taking in it's marks and contours, the scratched and repainted messages of the cell's previous occupants.

Then he sees a movement out of the corner of his eye. It's a LOUSE that crawls along the foot of the wall slowly, sensing the air with it's antennae.

Danny jumps up and tries to stand on it, but it's too fast and quickly runs down a tiny hole in the corner. He tries kicking at the corner, but it's no use.

He paces, still agitated.

EXT. MOUNTAIN - DAY

Danny is higher in the clouds now and a forceful wind blows fine rain into him as he staggers onwards.

He reaches a split in the rough path, with one branch seeming to level off and the other continuing upwards, though both end up lost in the fog.

He takes the latter and heads ever higher.

EXT. MOUNTAIN - DAY (SHORTLY AFTER)

The terrain is now much tougher, the slopes steeper and the craggy path barely defined.

Danny climbs up the scree-strewn pathway, each step sending him sliding a short way back again. He breathes heavily as he struggles on.

INT. SOLITARY CELL - DAY

Danny is doing sit-ups, his feet attempting to grip the bottom of the toilet for some leverage.

There's a knock, and the slot in the door opens and a letter is pushed through.

PRISON OFFICER (ALISON) (O.S.)
Letter for you, Morton.

He's intrigued as he takes the letter, sits down on the bed and opens it. He reads and is stunned by it's contents.

CHELSEA (V.O.)
Dear dad. It's Chelsea. I haven't wrote sooner because I didn't know where you were. Mum told me you just left, she didn't say you'd gone to prison. Then I found some letters from you. Me and mum had a big argument about it, but then she said I should write to you if I wanted and ask if you wanted me to visit you. Do you?

EXT. MOUNTAIN PATH - NIGHT

Danny stumbles on through the darkness, a fading torch his only help on treacherous, rocky terrain.

CHELSEA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
The thing is I have a step-dad now and we're going to be moving to Australia soon, because he's from there. If you want me to visit then write back and I can give you our phone number and we can arrange it. We live down south now, but mum said she'd come up with me if you wanted.

Danny loses his footing and falls sideways, sliding down a scree slope. He drops the torch and it rolls down, then falls further, making a CRASHING SOUND as it disintegrates after a long drop.

He can barely see now, only a faint outline of the mountain above against a dark blue sky.

He tries to climb the slope, but slips further towards the darkness below, so he elects to stay where he is.

INT. SOLITARY CELL - NIGHT

Blackness and silence pervade the cell. Danny is lying on his bunk, wide awake, staring at the ceiling as we begin to hear the LAUGHTER OF A SMALL CHILD AND FAIRGROUND NOISES.

EXT. FAIRGROUND - NIGHT

The BRIGHT LIGHTS AND JOYFUL NOISES are a colourful vision of life. CHILD CHELSEA, 4 years old, laughs as she's spun around in a giant teacup.

INT. SOLITARY CELL - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Danny smiles at the memory, then his face hardens again and he turns onto his side to try and sleep.

FADE TO BLACK

...then a voice.

CHILD CHELSEA

Daddy...

EXT. MOUNTAIN - DAY

Danny wakes from a dream with a start, sliding downwards a little as he does so.

As the sun creeps over a distant hill, he can see his surroundings more clearly.

He's halfway down a scree slope, just above a large overhang of rock, below which is a steep drop. He moves a little and involuntarily slides a further down.

Crawling carefully, Danny starts to clamber up the slope. It's precarious and he slips a few times but he eventually manages to get back onto the rough path.

After stretching his right leg out to check how it feels, he takes a deep breath and looks around.

The LANDSCAPE IS BEAUTIFUL as the sunrise colours the sky a million hues. Most of the clouds are gone and he can see for miles around.