

Hefted

By

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1 EXT. CUMBRIAN HIGH FELL PASTURE. DAY

It's early Spring on a bleak, rugged upland pasture. There are patches of snow and an icy wind flashes the pale grass, on which a scattering of raggedy sheep - Herdwicks - are grazing. One of them, a ewe, lies dead; beside it a bloody mess of afterbirth and, bleating pitifully, a newborn, premature lamb.

A huge raven alights on a nearby boulder and eyes the lamb greedily. A second raven joins it and the two birds hop cautiously towards the lamb. Before they reach it, a loud shot rings out and they flap away in panic. The shooter, KEN BIRKETT (43, lean, craggy and grim-faced) stands some hundred metres away, smoking 12-bore still levelled. He lowers his gun and moves toward the dead sheep.

Arriving at the spot with his two SHEEPDOGS, Ken gazes for a moment at the ewe with a sour expression. He turns his attention to the lamb, first rubbing it down vigorously with handfuls of torn, dry grass, swaddling it in his scarf, then slipping it carefully inside his coat and setting off towards the valley in the distance.

2 INT. SKELGHYLL FARM - KITCHEN. DAY

It's a clean and tidy traditional farmhouse kitchen. On the wall is a framed photograph of a youthful Ken and his father, a wiry man in his late fifties. The pair stand proudly amongst their flock. Next to the picture is another one of Ken, in his early thirties, smiling happily, with his arm around a pretty young woman. The same woman - Ken's wife, HAZEL (now 37, but very little changed)- sits at the kitchen table browsing the internet on her laptop: there's a glimpse of a web page for a local restaurant. After a few moments, she pauses, picks up a mug of tea and rises from the table.

3 INT/EXT. SKELGHYLL FARM - BACK DOOR. DAY - CONTINUOUS

Hazel stands in the open doorway with her drink. She looks up towards the fells with a faintly worried frown.

4 EXT. GHYLL. DAY.

With the lamb peering from inside his coat, Ken makes his way down the steep path above a deep ghyll (ravine). He pauses, squinting at something in the valley below: distant figures running around a field engaged in what looks and sounds like armed combat. Ken frowns, shakes his head, then continues his descent.

5 EXT. CURRAN'S FARM. DAY - CONTINUOUS

JOE CURRAN (40, thick-set, with a smug demeanour) leans on a gate and watches with satisfaction as two rival teams of COMBATANTS in khaki fatigues and protective masks charge around one of his fields with paintball guns, yelling, diving for cover and sniping from behind trees and various strategically-placed obstacles. From the cover of a stack of hay bails, a thirty-something TEAM LEADER exhorts the others in a beefy, middle-class voice.

TEAM LEADER

On my command, Blue Team: advance
to next objective! ...Now! Go,
go, go! Yaah!

He jumps up and races forward, firing as he goes, accompanied by five or six others, screaming like madmen. He takes a hit, stops dead and looks down at the yellow paint-splatter on his chest.

TEAM LEADER (CONT'D)

Bugger!

At the gate, Joe chuckles.

6 EXT. CURRAN'S FARMYARD. DAY (HALF AN HOUR LATER)

The paintball event is over. While the other combatants clamber into their cars, the Team Leader approaches Joe.

TEAM LEADER

Excellent, Mr Curran, thank you.
Great team-building stuff.

The Team Leader pulls out his wallet.

TEAM LEADER (CONT'D)

Cash O.K?

JOE

That'll do nicely.

7 EXT. CURRAN'S FARMYARD. DAY - A MINUTE LATER

As the combatants' cars pull out of the yard, Joe walks back toward the farmhouse, fingering a wad of bank-notes. He passes a high-fenced enclosure containing a flock of twenty-or-so ostriches.

At the door, Joe's wife, APRIL (38 - rather well-dressed for a farmer's wife) is bending into a new Range Rover, installing their two-week old DAUGHTER in a baby carrier. Joe holds out some of the notes to her.

(CONTINUED)

JOE

Here y'are, love. Get yourself
summat nice for the christening.

She turns, smiling delightedly.

8 EXT. SKELGHYLL FARMYARD. DAY

Hazel sweeps out a pen in the farmyard. Ken draws up in a battered Land Rover and climbs out holding the lamb wrapped in his coat.

HAZEL

What's to do?

KEN

Lost another ewe up top.

HAZEL

Another! What with?

He holds out the lamb.

HAZEL (CONT'D)

It's weeks early! Let's have a
look.

Ken hands it over. Hazel cradles it like a baby.

HAZEL (CONT'D)

Poor little bugger - he doesn't
look too good.

KEN

Well - he's in good hands.

He smiles tenderly at Hazel: she smiles back, but it's a small smile.

HAZEL

Ken - a lamb this premature: he
won't thrive without proper
treatment.

The mood is broken.

KEN

We can't afford fees. Come on,
love - you shape as well as any
vet.

Hazel looks doubtful.

KEN (CONT'D)

Get him inside, anyroad. I've got
to go into town. Bank manager. Do
we need owt?

(CONTINUED)

HAZEL
A lottery win?

Ken smiles weakly and heads for the Land Rover.

9 INT. TV STUDIOS - CORRIDOR. DAY

TV reporter GREG FLETCHER (36, good-looking, but with a slightly world-weary air about him) hurriedly approaches the offices of the "Faultlines" programme. The doors burst open and SALLY (29) passes him with an armful of folders. She's all energy and efficiency - an experienced researcher with an eye on a producer's post.

SALLY
Morning, Greg!

GREG
Sally.

SALLY
Norman's waiting for you in the editing suite. Has been for the last half hour. Cop off last night, did you?

Greg pulls a face and turns to enter the office.

10 INT. EDITING BOOTH. DAY

Greg's producer, NORMAN WEAVER (59) sits in front of a monitor watching archive news footage. On it, a younger, fresh-faced Greg Fletcher stands talking to camera on the edge of a farmyard filled with army vehicles and FIGURES scurrying around in white protective suits.

GREG (O.S.)
Scenes like this are becoming depressingly familiar up and down the country as the epidemic gains momentum...

In the background, smoke is rising from a huge mound. As the news camera zooms in on this, it becomes clear that the mound is actually a funeral pyre of slaughtered sheep - hundreds of them. The report continues over the image. Part-way through it, present-day Greg enters behind Norman, who half-turns and gestures him to watch.

GREG (V.O.)
After losing most of their flock of prize Herdwick sheep in the cull, Ken Birkett and his wife, Hazel are angry...

(CONTINUED)

NORMAN
Remember this?

Greg gasps in surprise.

GREG
Foot-and-Mouth. My first big
story!

NORMAN
I want to follow up this guy for
the food story.

He indicates Ken, who's now on screen. There are tears in Ken's eyes and he's struggling to speak.

KEN (O.S.)
I'm sorry...I can't...

He turns away with a shake of the head. Greg watches intently, memories rekindling, as Hazel now appears on screen, talking animatedly to camera.

HAZEL (O.S.)
Compensation? You can't just buy nice fluffy new sheep and turn them out on the fells. They wouldn't last five minutes. These sheep are hefted: they've got the territorial instinct. It takes years and years of hard work to breed it into them. And it's all been wiped out in one afternoon.

GREG (O.S.)
Who do you blame for all this?

HAZEL (O.S.)
The Government, MAFF, the whole bunch of them down there in London. They don't listen. We were calling for a proper culling policy months ago, but instead we got this botched-up mess. There was no Foot-and-Mouth on this farm. The inspector said so.

GREG (O.S.)
So why were they slaughtered?

HAZEL (O.S.)
Because - turns out, he'd just come from a farm that was infected. That's the kind of thing I'm talking about.

Watching the monitor, Greg smiles.

GREG

She was quite something. There was a lot of tabloid interest afterwards: "Feisty Hazel lamb-asts Blair."

NORMAN

Lamb-asts? Jesus! Well, I think we could build the story round her. Sally's going to sound them out this week.

GREG

Listen, why don't I go, too? Since I'm a familiar face.

NORMAN

That's what I was thinking. There's another fella, too - neighbour to this one. You can do both in one day.

A telephone rings beside Norman. He picks it up.

NORMAN (CONT'D)

Sally'll fill you in.
(into phone)
Norman Weaver...Tony! Yeah...

As Norman listens, Greg moves away.

GREG

I'll get my wellies.

NORMAN

Baaa!

Greg smiles wryly and exits.

11 INT. BANK MANAGER'S OFFICE. DAY

Ken sits across the desk from his bank manager, MR COULTER, a harassed-looking man in his mid-forties.

COULTER

Right, let's get straight to the point: I'm afraid I'm not in a position to extend the credit any further in the current situation.

KEN

I thought all these 'injections' of public money were supposed to encourage you to lend.

(CONTINUED)

COULTER

For new ventures, yes, with an expectation of returns. Not to feed bad debt: that's what got us into the mess in the first place.

KEN

That and all the managers' bonuses.

COULTER nods wearily.

COULTER

We need some kind of viable business plan. Not just more of the same. Be honest, you'll be lucky if you break even this year.

Ken is silent.

COULTER (CONT'D)

Diversification. You've got to diversify if you want to survive. Look at Joe Curran. Whatever you think of him ---

KEN

(muttering)
Wanker!

COULTER

...he's turning a profit.

KEN

Ostriches! I'm a farmer, not a zoo-keeper!

COULTER

There're other possibilities ... Your wife has some good ideas.

KEN

Hazel! She's been to see you?

COULTER

Last week. She had a plan. Wanted to know if she could raise the funds for some building work - a barn conversion, it was.

Ken is still taken aback.

KEN

And?

COULTER

Well, it's feasible. But as the owner, it would be your decision. And you still have assets - land.

KEN

I need all the land for fodder and grazing.

COULTER

Then downsize the flock, sell what you don't need.

KEN

No, no. That's not our way. Downsize! My Dad would turn in his grave.

COULTER picks up a letter from his in-tray and hands it to Ken.

COULTER (CONT'D)

I got this from Head Office this morning.

Ken reads, then looks up in surprise.

KEN

Redundancy?

COULTER shrugs.

COULTER

I've been with the bank since I left school. But...changing world. I'll survive.

(pause)

Talk to your wife.

12

EXT. CHURCHYARD. HALF AN HOUR LATER. DAY

A small country chapel with a deserted graveyard and views up through a green valley towards dense woodland and fells rising beyond. Ken stands alone in front of a grave. The inscription on the headstone reads 'In Memory of Michael Birkett, 1934-1997' and there's a fragment of poetry: "There is a comfort in the strength of love." Ken lifts his gaze towards the distant woods. He stands staring thoughtfully for a moment, then steps forward, stretches out a hand and touches the headstone lightly with two fingers, holding the touch briefly, before turning to depart.

13 INT. SKELGHYLL FARM - KITCHEN. NIGHT

Hazel sits, tube feeding the sickly pet lamb. The radio plays pop music. Ken enters, switches off the radio - to the mild annoyance of Hazel - and sits at the table, which is already set for the evening meal.

HAZEL
How'd you get on?

KEN
He wants to see a 'viable business plan'. But you know that, already, don't you?

Hazel sighs. She finishes feeding the lamb, places it carefully into a basket near the oven range, then turns to take a pot from the hob.

HAZEL
I don't see any harm in me asking a few questions.

KEN
You could have said. I felt like a right chuff: like we don't communicate or something.

Hazel looks as if she might reply to this, but doesn't. She puts two plates of stew on the table and they start to eat.

KEN (CONT'D)
He seemed pretty impressed with you, anyway. I reckon he fancies you.

They both smile.

HAZEL
Give over! Like I haven't got a brain!

KEN
So - let's hear it, then. This business plan of yours.

HAZEL
It's nothing I've not told you before, if you'd bloody listened.

KEN
I'm listening now.

HAZEL
Well there's the Bed and Breakfast ---

(CONTINUED)

KEN
(interrupting)
How're you going to find the
time...?

He stops as Hazel glares at him.

KEN (CONT'D)
Go on.

HAZEL
It wouldn't be easy at first, but
we'd hire some help eventually.
Same with the shop.

KEN
Shop!

HAZEL
Tea and coffee for the walkers -
we get loads passing, don't we?
And we could sell our own meat,
frozen...or prepared - like
burgers, for instance. We could
convert the old barn.

She's excited, but Ken's shaking his head. He rises, takes a bottle of cheap whisky out of a cupboard and pours himself a glass. He makes a gesture of offering Hazel one, but she shakes her head. After a moment's silence, she gives him a tentative look.

HAZEL
We wouldn't have to sell grazing
land. What about the woods?

KEN
No. No way.

HAZEL
We don't graze there. I know
they've got sentimental value ---

KEN
Sentimental! You think I'm being
sentimental? Those woods have
been in the family for
generations. My father...

He stops abruptly, aware that he's about to display too much emotion. Hazel watches him with a mixture of sympathy and exasperation.

14 INT. SKELGHYLL FARM - HALLWAY. NIGHT - A LITTLE LATER

The telephone rings in the hallway. Through the open door of the living room, Ken can be seen sitting on the sofa watching the television, glass of whisky in hand. He starts to rise to answer the 'phone, but Hazel, emerging from the kitchen, gets there first.

HAZEL
(into 'phone)
Skelghyll Farm - Hazel
speaking...

As she listens, her face brightens.

HAZEL (CONT'D)
Oh, God! Yes, of course I
remember!

From his seat in the living room, Ken looks on with mild curiosity for a moment. Hazel, as if unconsciously, takes a step away from the doorway, out of his view, as she continues the conversation.

HAZEL (CONT'D)
We're grand, thanks...well, not
too bad. Considering...

15 INT. SKELGHYLL FARM - LIVING ROOM. A FEW MINUTES LATER

Hazel enters.

HAZEL
You'll never guess who that was!

She sits on the arm of the sofa.

KEN
Who?

HAZEL
Greg Fletcher. You know, off the
TV!

Ken looks up in surprise.

HAZEL (CONT'D)
He wants to come and talk about
doing a follow-up programme.

KEN
Follow-up? What for?

HAZEL
Some sort of documentary about
farming for that 'Faultlines'

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HAZEL (cont'd)
programme. How we've coped since
the crisis - that kind of thing.

Ken looks uneasy.

KEN
I don't know...that's all water
under the bridge now.

HAZEL
Is it?

They're both silent for a moment.

HAZEL (CONT'D)
Anyway, we can talk to them at
least, can't we?

Ken doesn't answer: he's not happy. Hazel leaves him to
think about it.

16 INT. BATHROOM. NIGHT

Hazel is at the bathroom washbasin in her nightdress,
filling a tumbler of water. Through the open door, Ken's
voice calls to her from the bedroom.

KEN (OOV)
When are they coming?

Hazel takes a packet of contraceptive pills from the
bathroom cabinet and opens it.

HAZEL
I said Friday - we've got the
Curran's christening the day
after.

KEN (OOV)
Friday - both of us?

HAZEL
Yes both of us!

Hazel is frowning at the blister pack of pills.

HAZEL (CONT'D)
It is Wednesday today, isn't it?

KEN (OOV)
Yeah.

Hazel frowns again, puzzled, then gives a dismissive
shrug, swallows a pill with a sip of water and puts the
packet back in the cabinet.

17 INT. SKELGHYLL FARM. KITCHEN. DAY

It's shortly after dawn. Ken enters, yawning but dressed. He fills the kettle. The two sheepdogs are asleep in a corner. One of them stirs and gives Ken a whimpered greeting. Ken smiles and bends to pat the dog.

KEN
 Alright, lass?

His smile fades as he glances into the basket nearby. In it, the lamb lies stiff and lifeless. As Ken straightens, Hazel appears behind him in her dressing gown. She calmly follows his gaze, then, as he turns her way, she looks at him. He drops his eyes.

KEN
 I know.

18 INT/EXT. GREG'S CAR. DAY

Greg is at the wheel as the car - a smart Toyota Landcruiser 4X4 - moves through the Lakeland countryside. Sally is in the passenger seat studying the wintry landscape.

SALLY
 It's very pretty, but I couldn't live here.

GREG
 Why not?

SALLY
 What - a hundred miles from the nearest hair-salon? And what do they do for night-life - darts match down't 'Slaughtered Lamb'?

GREG
 Don't you ever want to just get away from all that urban crap?

SALLY
 Honestly? No. Not for long, anyway. Do you?

GREG
 I think about it more and more these days: escaping somewhere...far from the madding crowd.

SALLY
 You?

Sally gives a splutter of incredulous laughter, then looks at him curiously as she realises he's serious.

19 INT. SKELGHYLL FARM. BEDROOM. DAY

Hazel sits at the bedroom dressing table, brushing her hair. She stops and coolly takes stock of herself in the mirror. For a moment, the only sound is the alarm clock ticking on the bedside table, then a car can be heard approaching outside. Hazel goes to the window and sees Greg and Sally getting out of the Toyota in the yard.

HAZEL
Ken! They're here!

There's a muffled, unenthusiastic grunt from Ken somewhere downstairs. Hazel moves off to answer the door.

20 INT. SKELGHYLL FARM HALLWAY. DAY - CONTINUOUS

Hazel leads Sally and Greg towards the living room.

GREG
You haven't changed a bit, Hazel.

Hazel looks pleased by the compliment.

HAZEL
Thanks: neither have you - except you're proper famous now, aren't you? We've been following your career, y'know.

GREG
Well, now we want to follow yours.

They laugh politely and as they pass the kitchen door, Hazel hovers there and ushers them past into the living room.

HAZEL
Just go through and sit yourselves down. I'll fetch Ken. Tea, coffee?

GREG
Tea, thanks. No sugar.

SALLY
Coffee, please. Same.

They go into the living room. Hazel opens the kitchen door to reveal Ken supping tea and reading a newspaper. He glances up. Hazel silently mouths an order for him to join the visitors. Reluctantly, he obeys, while Hazel goes to put on the kettle.

21 INT. SKELGHYLL FARM. LIVING ROOM. DAY - MINUTES LATER

Sally and Greg are side by side on the sofa. Ken is in the armchair. There's an uncomfortable silence. Greg gazes out of the window vaguely.

GREG

Still a lovely part of the world,
even in the winter.

KEN

Aye.

Silence again. Greg glances at Sally.

SALLY

What we want to do, Ken...do you
mind if I call you Ken?...

Ken shrugs.

SALLY (CONT'D)

...what we want to do is find out
how you and some of your fellow
farmers have adapted to the
changes in the last ten years or
so. Especially since Foot and
Mouth, but also in relation to EU
policies, the impact of the big
supermarkets on prices... that
kind of thing.

KEN

Well, of course, it's not been
easy...Not been easy at all.

Before the silence can descend again, Hazel sweeps in carrying a tray of tea, coffee and cake.

HAZEL

Don't get him started: he'll talk
you into a coma!

Everyone chuckles in relief, even Ken. Hazel sits in the armchair on Greg's side and starts handing out the drinks.

GREG

Not to worry, Ken. You wouldn't
have to do a lot of talking. We'd
mainly be focusing on your wife.

(CONTINUED)

KEN

Yeah? Well, she is the prettier one.

GREG

No argument there.

He takes the cup of tea Hazel is offering him. She smiles and their eyes meet briefly.

HAZEL

When are you thinking of doing this?

SALLY

We were hoping around the end of the month, beginning of April.

KEN

You do know that's lambing time don't you?

GREG

Well...that's the kind of thing we'd want to film - traditional activities, lambing, shearing ---

SALLY

(interrupting))

Not the shearing, Greg.

Greg looks quizzical.

HAZEL

We don't clip sheep in March.

KEN

Not unless we want 'em to die of pneumonia.

They all laugh.

GREG

O.K. - sorry: typical stupid townie remark.

HAZEL

Don't worry, love - we've heard worse.

She turns to Ken.

HAZEL (CONT'D)

Remember that woman from MAFF? -
"And what sex are your ewes, Mr Birkett?"

She turns to Greg and Sally.

HAZEL

He told her they were
hermaphrodites!

Everybody laughs.

GREG

I was wondering, Hazel, whether
you'd be prepared to talk about
farming issues and food policy
face-to-face with a Government
minister, if we can arrange it?

HAZEL

Oh, I don't know...well, I
suppose I've a few questions I'd
want to ask...Yeah!

GREG

It might mean you coming down to
London for a couple of days. We'd
put you up in a nice hotel!

Ken shifts uncomfortably in his chair.

KEN

I don't know. It's a busy time,
lambing ---

SALLY

(cutting in)

Let me talk to our Producer. I'm
sure we can arrange to pay for
someone to cover for Hazel - and
any other costs you might incur.

22 EXT. SKELGHYLL FARMYARD. DAY

Ken drives off in his Land Rover watched by Greg, Hazel
and Sally. Sally takes a digital camera out of her bag.

SALLY

I'll just get some shots.

She moves away, and starts taking pictures of the farm and
its surroundings. Greg and Hazel stroll a few paces
towards a fence and pause there. Greg gestures towards
Ken's departing car.

GREG

Ken's up the fell every day?

HAZEL

Most days. He's trying to re-heft
the top flock - give each new
generation of sheep a bit more of

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HAZEL (cont'd)
the territorial sense the old
flock had - to keep 'em in one
place. It's taken years, but we
think it's working.

GREG
Doesn't it get lonely for you?

She hesitates a moment before answering.

HAZEL
Yes...for him, too.

She turns away from the fence. After a thoughtful pause,
Greg follows.

23 EXT. HIGH FELL PASTURE. DAY

Ken stands alone again on the high pasture, surveying the
scattered flock. He peers up at the sky, as though sensing
a change. He pulls up his coat collar and moves on.

24 INT. CITY WINE-BAR. A FEW DAYS LATER

Norman sits at a table browsing research notes and
programme treatment. Greg arrives at the table with a
bottle of wine and two glasses.

NORMAN
Cheers, old son. So, what do you
reckon about this Ken character?
Sally's not sure.

GREG
I think I can get him to open up.
I'm sensing there's some kind of
conflict...

NORMAN
What kind of conflict?

GREG
I dunno. Maybe more a clash of
cultures. He's old-school - one
of a dying breed. She's
forward-looking, smart.

NORMAN
Hmm. I like the idea of a
head-to-head with the Minister -
Sally's working on that. Maybe we
can have Hazel bring down some of
their meat and get someone like
Jamie or Gordon Ramsay to give
their opinion.

(CONTINUED)

GREG

Yeah! They could cook it up for her in their kitchen. Reality TV!

Norman makes a crucifix with his fingers, mock-horrified.

NORMAN

Aaargh!

(pause)

But we intercut - Hazel in the trendy restaurant, Ken stalking the hills. That conflict - that's what we work on. It's the nub of the programme.

He's pleased and raises his glass. Greg hesitates very slightly - just a tiny hint of guilt in his expression - then clinks glasses.

25 EXT. LAKELAND CHURCH. DAY

Organ music and singing can be heard from within - "The Lord's My Shepherd". It sounds like a sizeable congregation.

26 INT. LAKELAND CHURCH. DAY - A MINUTE LATER

While the VICAR reads from the Bible, Ken, sitting beside Hazel, studies a stained-glass window which has an image of a snow-white lamb gambolling on a green pasture and watched over by the figure of Jesus, arms outspread.

VICAR

He shall feed his flock like a shepherd: he shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom, and shall gently lead those that are with young...

With a faintly disgusted look, Ken turns away from the window and meets the gaze of Joe Curran, who sits in the opposite pew beside April and the baby. Joe's son, DAVID (14), sits with them. Joe nods proudly at Ken, who nods back with forced civility.

27 INT. LAKELAND CHURCH. DAY - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Joe and April stand at the font as the vicar baptises their baby.

VICAR

Lisa Jane, I baptise you in the name of the Father, and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit.

Ken and Hazel look on. Hazel turns and smiles at Ken. There's a suggestion of sadness in her eyes. Ken smiles back, but his smile quickly fades when she turns away again.

28

EXT. LAKELAND CHURCH. DAY

Hazel is among a small group of women surrounding April and cooing over the baby. Ken idles away from them towards the lychgate. Joe Curran stands there, exchanging a few words with the vicar and shaking his hand. As Joe turns away, he sees Ken. Ken braces himself for the pleasantries.

JOE

Alright, Ken?

KEN

Grand. Congratulations. She's a little smasher. The spit of her Mum.

JOE

Thanks. She were a bit of a surprise, I've got to say, but we're not sorry.

(pause)

Eh! Double cause for celebration: we're going to be TV stars!

KEN

Aye - I could do without it, tell you the truth, 'specially this month.

JOE

That's the beauty of those birds of mine - they don't need half the looking after. The paintball pretty much takes care of itself, too.

KEN

Aye? Glad to hear it.

He starts to move away, but Joe leans in, confidentially.

JOE

As a matter of fact, I were going to ask you summat on that score.

KEN

Oh aye?

(CONTINUED)

JOE

It's going well, like I said, the paintball side, but we could do with a bit more varied terrain for them to run around, playing soldiers.

KEN

Aye?

JOE

Well, I were thinking - Birkett Wood's just on the edge of that patch, and if you were thinking of selling ---

KEN

I'm not.

JOE

I mean, it's not as if you're doing owt with it at the moment. I'd give you a fair price.

KEN

Money isn't everything, Joe.

JOE

Well, no offence, but I'd have thought you weren't really in a position to get snotty about it.

Ken glares at him.

JOE (CONT'D)

Like I say, no offence.

After an angry pause, Ken moves off. Joe watches him go and shakes his head pityingly. In the background, Hazel watches - she's seen the exchange.

29

EXT. WORK SEQUENCE - VARIOUS SKELGHYLL FARM LOCATIONS. DAY AND NIGHT

The build-up to lambing continues, with Ken and Hazel busily engaged in various chores.

1 Whistling and shouting, Ken works the flock with his dogs, herding sheep down the fell

2 Close to the farm, Ken drives the sheep into holding pens.

3 In the farmyard, Hazel squats to inject a ewe (with an anti-parasitic agent), releases it from her grip and immediately turns to fetch another animal from the feeder pen, which is packed with sheep: it's like a conveyor belt.

4 In another part of the farmyard, Ken braces a ewe

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whilst an ULTRASOUND TECHNICIAN scans the animal's belly with a transducer. The technician checks the monitor and holds up two fingers to indicate twins. Ken daubs the animal with two red spots of raddle from a pot, then releases it.

5 In the farmyard, the ewes with two or three raddle spots are now in a separate pen. Hazel forks hay into the pen.

6 The ultrasound technician checks the monitor, then turns to Ken, shaking his head: a barren ewe. Ken's face falls. He daubs the animal with a black spot and releases it into a different pen, containing several similarly-marked sheep.

7 In the barn, Hazel pulls a heavy bail of hay from a stack and struggles away with it towards the pens.

8 Back on the fell-side, with dusk falling, Ken and the dogs drive down more sheep.

9 Darkness has fallen. The lights are on in the farm. Ken bends in the open doorway, wearily removing his boots. He enters and closes the door.

10 The same scene, but it's now marginally lighter. It seems like only minutes have passed, but it's the dawn of another day. The door opens and Ken re-emerges.

END OF SEQUENCE

30 INT. SKELGHYLL FARM - KITCHEN. NIGHT

Ken and Hazel eat their dinner in silence. They both look exhausted. Hazel finishes hers, pushes her chair back, but doesn't get up.

HAZEL

I'm going to look like death warmed up tomorrow.

KEN

Can't we just call the whole bloody thing off?

HAZEL

Don't be daft: they'll be arriving in a few hours. Anyway, it's like a business contract. We signed.

KEN

And what do we get out of it? Bunch of poncey buggers with cameras crawling all over the place and getting in the way.

HAZEL

Let's see. It could make a difference. At least folk'll see what it takes to get the Sunday joint to their table.

(CONTINUED)

KEN

Do they care? As long as it's
cheap - does anyone give a shit?

Hazel smiles.

HAZEL

Come on, let's go to bed, love.

She stretches out to pat his hand, but he pulls it away
and leaves the room. Hazel sighs.

31 EXT. SKELGHYLL FARMYARD. DAY

The farmyard is a hive of activity: the TV documentary
crew are arriving in a fleet of vehicles of all sizes.
First in is Greg's Toyota Landcruiser, with Greg at the
wheel, Norman in the passenger seat and Sally in the
rear. They park in front of the farmhouse and the other
vehicles cram in behind.

Greg jumps out, cheerily extending a hand to Ken, who
marches out from the farm door, annoyed.

GREG

Morning, Ken! Hope you're all
ready for ---

KEN

(interrupting)

Can you shift your waggons out
this area. This is a working
farm.

GREG

Ah, of course. Sorry.

Norman and Sally are out of the car. Greg looks to them
for support. Norman glances accusingly at Sally.

SALLY

Don't look at me! You got the
recce notes.

NORMAN

Mr Birkett, I do apologise!
Norman Weaver - Producer.

He forces a handshake on Ken.

NORMAN (CONT'D)

Bit of a cock-up on the logistics
front, I'm afraid. Can't get the
bloody staff these days, can you?
Where do you want us, then?

Ken's tone softens a little.

(CONTINUED)

KEN

You can stick 'em over there in the far corner, like I told the lass. I need the gate leaving clear so's I can get in and out.

NORMAN

Absolutely.

Norman begins gesturing to the drivers to re-locate.

NORMAN (CONT'D)

Alright! Back! Back!

There are confused shouts and loud engine-revving. Ken re-enters the farmhouse. Hazel, standing in the doorway, moves aside to let him in. She gives him a brief, admonishing look as he passes, then steps out to Greg.

HAZEL

Sorry about that. Ken's always a pain in the arse this time of year. Lack of sleep... I'm glad to see you, anyway.

It's more than just politeness: for a moment they smile at each other with mutual attraction.

HAZEL (CONT'D)

Cup of tea?

32 INT. SKELGHYLL FARM KITCHEN. DAY

Through the window, the TV CREW can be seen setting up in the farmyard. At the kitchen table, Norman, Greg, Sally and Hazel sit with mugs of tea. Ken stands apart.

NORMAN

So, Hazel, once we're set up, we'll fit you with a radio mic and you can talk to Greg as you go about your work. Ken, we'd be looking to interview you, after lunch, say, one o'clock, O.K?

Ken is not enthusiastic.

KEN

I suppose so.

NORMAN

The London thing's all sorted for the end of the week. We've got Gordon Ramsay.

(CONTINUED)

HAZEL

Oh my God!

NORMAN

Don't worry - he's a pussycat...Not!

They all laugh, except Ken.

KEN

So how long's she going to be gone?

GREG

Two nights.

KEN

So you're talking three days - with the travel.

SALLY

Hazel tells me she's arranged for your neighbours' son to work full-time. We'll cover that, of course.

KEN

He's just a kid. He's no substitute for Hazel. We're a team.

HAZEL

Come on, Ken! David's a good worker. And this is once-in-a-lifetime.

Ken still looks unhappy. He turns to go.

KEN

I'll be back at one.

33 EXT. SKELGHYLL FARMYARD. DAY

Norman takes Hazel's arm as they walk over to the pens, where the crew and Greg stand ready.

NORMAN

Now, remember, just be yourself. Don't look at the camera. It's just you and the lovely Greg chatting together - forget about the rest of us ugly bastards trailing around behind you.

34 EXT. SKELGHYLL FARMYARD. DAY - A FEW MINUTES LATER

A CAMERAMAN films Hazel pouring feed into the troughs in one of the pens. Greg interviews her.

GREG

So what's the significance of the red spots?

HAZEL

One red spot, they're carrying a single lamb. Two spots twins; three and it's triplets. They get extra feed. In an ideal world, of course, all the ewes would give birth to healthy twins, but, well, we don't live in that world.

GREG

So the ones in the next pen - with the black spots?

HAZEL

They're barren. No lambs.

GREG

And what happens to them?

HAZEL

They get culled. It seems harsh, I know. But weeding out the infertile ewes makes for a healthier flock, long term.

GREG

How do you know it's not the ram's fault?

She laughs.

HAZEL

Well - sheep aren't monogamous. They've usually played the field a bit, 'scuse the pun. So at least they'll die with smiles on their faces.

Behind the camera, Norman watches, grinning.

35 EXT. SKELGHYLL FARMYARD. DAY - THAT AFTERNOON

Greg interviews Ken on camera.

(CONTINUED)

GREG
Eight years ago, Ken, almost all
your flock was wiped out by
Foot-and-Mouth ---

KEN
No they weren't.

Greg turns to Norman and the crew.

GREG
Sorry. Can we go again?

NORMAN
OK - Cut!

GREG
Sorry, Ken, I'll re-phrase that.

36 EXT. SKELGHYLL FARMYARD. DAY - A MINUTE LATER

Ken and Greg stand as before. Sally holds up the slate to camera.

SALLY
Shot 15 - Greg and Ken. Take Two.

CAMERAMAN
OK.

Sally removes the slate.

NORMAN
Action.

GREG
Eight years ago, Ken, almost all
your flock was slaughtered as a
precaution during ---

CAMERAMAN
Hold it! Battery's down.

There are one or two suppressed groans. Ken shuffles irritably and looks at his watch.

37 EXT. SKELGHYLL FARMYARD. DAY - FIVE MINUTES LATER.

Ken and Greg stand as before - Ken looking even less happy. Sally holds up the slate.

SALLY
Shot 15 - Greg and Ken. Take
Three.

The cameraman gives a thumbs up.

(CONTINUED)

NORMAN

And...Go Greg.

GREG

Ken, eight years ago, most of your flock, was slaughtered, purely as a precaution, during the Foot-and-Mouth epidemic. What has your life been like since then?

KEN

Well, it's taken a lot of hard work and sacrifice to...

His words are drowned out by a rapid crescendo of noise, reaching an ear-splitting climax as two RAF fighter jets scream past low overhead, startling the crew and setting off frantic bleating from the sheep pens in the background.

NORMAN

Fucking hell!

Ken is furious. He strides towards the farmhouse.

KEN

Bloody idiots! They're not supposed to fly during lambing.

GREG

Ken! Sorry - can we just finish this?

Ken shouts back.

KEN

Sod that! I've got work to do.

Everyone watches him go. Norman turns to Greg.

NORMAN

I'll have a word when he's calmed down a bit.

Greg glances over to where Hazel is standing watching Ken go.

GREG

Or maybe...

38 INT. SKELGHYLL FARM - BARN. DAY

The barn doors are open and Ken's Land Rover is parked in the entrance. It has a trailer attached and Ken is loading hay-bails into it. Hazel wanders in.

HAZEL
Off up the intake?

Ken grunts an affirmative as he continues loading.

HAZEL
I know it's a pain, this business

KEN
You can say that again!

HAZEL
...but it'll help us in the long
run - the publicity.

KEN
And in the short run, we've got
lambing. And who says a TV
programme's going to do a damn
thing for us?

HAZEL
It's free advertising. If we get
someone like Gordon Ramsay
talking about our meat, people
are going to listen. We might
start selling in the dearest
market, instead of just settling
for what Tesco or Asda's offering
us.

Ken stops loading bails and looks at her.

KEN
Better the devil you know. These
fancy restaurants and such - you
don't know who you're getting
into bed with.

They're both silent for a moment.

HAZEL
Look - it's a small sacrifice -
just a bit of extra myther; a few
questions on your specialist
subject. But it could be the
start of something.

Ken resumes loading, but he looks more thoughtful.

(CONTINUED)

HAZEL (CONT'D)

Anyway, they want to know if you'd do your interview up on the intake, tomorrow, while you're working the flock.

Ken says nothing, but his anger has passed.

HAZEL (CONT'D)

That a 'yes', then?

Ken's back is turned, but his minimal shrug of assent brings a small, satisfied smile to Hazel's face.

39 INT. SKELGHYL FARM KITCHEN. DAY

Greg interviews Hazel again, with the crew clustered round. This time they're both seated and it's more in-depth and personal.

GREG

We've talked about the economic problems you and Ken face, but what about the personal cost?

HAZEL

It has been hard for both of us. It's never a nine-to-five job - it's more like a five-till-nine, or at times like this, four AM-till-eleven PM. We don't get to see much of each other.

Norman glances at the cameraman, but he's already instinctively tightening in on Hazel.

GREG

Doesn't that put a strain on your marriage?

Hazel pauses.

HAZEL

It would put a strain on anybody's, I should think.

Greg remains silent, encouraging her to say more.

HAZEL (CONT'D)

Yes, we're like strangers sometimes. Irritable. Or too tired to speak. But you don't marry a farmer and expect an easy life.

(CONTINUED)

GREG

What about your dreams, then?
Surely you had hopes and dreams?

HAZEL

I did - I do. Though, nowadays,
they're all about making a
success of the farm.

GREG

And what's stopping you doing
that?

Hazel grows uncomfortable.

HAZEL

It's just...well, as I said,
these are difficult times,
financially...and so on.

GREG

Is it worth it? Given the long
hours, the lack of holidays...the
loneliness. Is it really worth
it?

HAZEL

I...have to believe it is. In the
long term...What else can I do?

Greg leaves a concluding silence, broken finally by Norman
clapping his hands.

NORMAN

Cut! Great! That'll do, I think.
Thank you, everyone. Hazel - you
were absolutely bloody
marvellous! Thanks. Greg, take
five, then we'll do the reverses.

Hazel smiles, but still looks uncomfortable.

GREG

Well done.

HAZEL

No. You're good. You really know
how to get under someone's skin,
don't you?

It's almost an accusation.

GREG

It's my job.

She holds her gaze on him. The crew are busy chatting and
re-positioning. Greg takes hold of Hazel's arm
reassuringly.

(CONTINUED)

GREG (CONT'D)
You spoke your mind. It was
honest. Wasn't it?

They both become aware of the physical contact. Greg
removes his hand. He grins.

GREG (CONT'D)
And the camera loves you!

She smiles, too, and moves off.

40 INT. HERDWICK INN - BAR. THAT NIGHT

It's a large, atmospheric, oak-beamed place with a cosy
fire. Greg, Norman and Sally sit around a table with
drinks.

NORMAN
What about Our Kenneth, then?

GREG
He'll be O.K. Once we get him up
there in his element.

He waves an arm to indicate the fells.

NORMAN
One Man and His Dog and all that.
But, what you asked Hazel - "Is
it worth it?" - I'd like to hear
his answer to that.

41 EXT. SKELGHYLL FARM INTAKE. DAY

The crew film Ken bringing more of the flock down to the
lower pastures. Greg interviews him, interrupted
occasionally by Ken's whistles and shouts to the
sheepdogs.

GREG
How did you learn your
shepherding skills, Ken?

KEN
From me Dad - who learned them
from his Dad. There's been
Birketts herding sheep on this
fell for at least three hundred
years. Probably more. This breed
of sheep...

He breaks off to whistle.

(CONTINUED)

KEN (CONT'D)
...these Herdwicks - they go
right back to 'time of the
Vikings.

GREG
It's a long tradition. Do you
think it can survive the 21st
century?

KEN
Aye - as long as folk want to eat
decent lamb.

GREG
But if they'll settle for cheap
imported lamb? If you can't make
a decent living, when do you
decide 'enough's enough?'

KEN
I don't know. I can't say I ever
think about quitting. This isn't
just what I do: it's what I
am...See those woods down there?

The cameraman pans across and down to the woods.

KEN (CONT'D)
My Dad taught me to tickle trout
in the beck there when I was
seven years old.

He breaks off again to whistle and shout the dogs.

KEN (CONT'D)
He used to go there every summer
to pick bluebells for me Mam on
their anniversary. That's where
he died. It was me who found him
- heart attack. He's part of this
place - and so am I.

GREG
You're hefted, then? Like your
sheep.

Ken chuckles.

KEN
Aye. You could say that.

GREG
But what about your wife, Hazel?
Is she hefted?

Ken turns and looks him in the eye. There's a steely
glint.

KEN

We're a team.

42 INT. SKELGHYLL FARM. BEDROOM. NIGHT

Ken is in bed, preparing to sleep. Hazel sits at the dressing table, moisturising. As she assesses her reflection, there's a sparkle in her eyes.

HAZEL

D'you realise, I haven't been to London since I was teaching? I've not been further south than Manchester since we got married.

KEN

Huh! That's far enough south.

Hazel gets into bed. Ken is half-dozing, but she's still excited.

HAZEL

Gordon Ramsay!

KEN

What if he doesn't like our lamb?

HAZEL

'Course he will. It's the best.

KEN

He might prefer that New Zealand crap.

HAZEL

Then I'll tell him to fuck off.

Ken gives a quiet chuckle. After a pause, he speaks drowsily, on the edge of sleep.

KEN

We've not been apart for more than a day since we got married.

There's a long pause before Hazel's response.

HAZEL

No.

She's wide awake, staring at the ceiling.

43 EXT. SKELGHYLL FARM - FARMYARD. DAY

It's morning and the crew film Hazel coming out from the farm carrying samples of fresh lamb in cool-bags and packing them in the back of the farm's van - a mud-splashed, rusty old Ford. Ken follows her with a small suitcase and stows that, too. Hazel closes the rear doors and turns to Ken.

HAZEL

Right. Off to The Smoke, then!
Take care of yourself, love.
Don't work too hard.

They hug. Ken looks sombre.

KEN

You an' all. I'll be fine.

Hazel gets in and starts the engine. She winds down the window.

HAZEL

'Bye. I'll be back before you
know it.

She gives a wave and drives off. The crew continue filming until she's exited the gate.

NORMAN

And cut!... Great! OK, folks,
let's get moving.

The crew begin boarding the last remaining vehicles in the yard. Norman calls over to Ken.

NORMAN

Good luck, Ken. We'll see you
next week. Hope there're lots of
cute little lambs for us to film!
Cheers!

Ken manages a nod and a grim smile. He remains standing in the same spot as the vans leave. Finally, he's alone in the farmyard. He stands for a moment longer, staring in the direction of Hazel's departure with a forlorn look on his face. Then he slowly turns away.

44 EXT. ROAD. DAY

Hazel's van is moving through the Cumbrian countryside, followed by a procession of vehicles carrying the crew. They pass a sign for 'M6 South.'

45 INT. HAZEL'S VAN - MOTORWAY. DAY

Hazel is driving, with the cameraman in the passenger seat filming her. Hazel talks as she drives.

HAZEL

Normally, we'd sell to the slaughterhouses and that's the last we'd hear of it. Most would be bulk-bought by the big supermarkets. But what I'm aiming at is more direct marketing, targeting local restaurants and such, where we can get a better price for the meat. So, I can't wait to hear what the Posh Folk think of it down in That London!

The cameraman lowers his lens, happy with the take. He talks into his radio-headset.

CAMERAMAN

Yeah - did you get it?

At that moment, the lead TV vehicle carrying Norman and Greg draws alongside them in the next lane. They are at the windows, grinning and giving thumbs-up signs. Hazel beams back and gives a cheery, girlish wave.

46 EXT. CURRAN'S FARM. DAY

Ken's Land Rover pulls into Joe Curran's farmyard. As he parks up by the farmhouse door, Ken glances across to the ostrich enclosure. Joe is inside, pouring grain into a trough. The ostriches gather round him. David comes out from the house and gets into the passenger seat of Ken's car.

47 INT/EXT. KEN'S LAND ROVER. DAY - CONTINUOUS

Ken nods to David as he gets in.

KEN

Alright, Young David?

DAVID

Grand.

Ken begins turning the car around in the yard.

48 EXT. OSTRICH ENCLOSURE. DAY - CONTINUOUS

Joe pauses from pouring feed and turns to see David setting off with Ken. As he watches, one of the ostriches suddenly pecks him violently on the shoulder.

JOE
Ow! Shit!

He raises a hand as if to hit the bird.

JOE (CONT'D)
Get off, y'ugly-looking bastard!

49 INT. KEN'S LAND ROVER. DAY - CONTINUOUS

Ken and David have both seen the incident and are laughing. Ken winds down the window and shouts across to Joe.

KEN
Eh, Joe - bet you never got
pecked by a sheep!

He drives off, grinning.

50 EXT. OSTRICH ENCLOSURE. DAY - CONTINUOUS

Joe is not amused. He rubs his shoulder as he watches Ken and David leave.

51 INT/EXT. MOTORWAY. DAY

Hazel's van continues southward: a sign for M1 London appears. Hazel is still looking fresh as she switches on the radio and settles back in the driving seat. Loud, upbeat music fills the van as it journeys on.

52 EXT. SKELGHYLL FARM INTAKE. DAY

Ken, David and the dogs approach a gate in the dry-stone wall. David is keeping up with Ken, but is slightly out of breath.

DAVID
Why don't you use quad bikes for
herding? Be a lot easier.

KEN
Don't like 'em. Besides, I've got
the dogs - and these.

He slaps a thigh.

(CONTINUED)

DAVID

Aye. But you're not getting any younger, are you?

KEN

You cheeky bugger!

Smiling, he opens the gate and they go through.

53 INT. RESTAURANT KITCHEN. DAY

It's a fairly chaotic scene: KITCHEN STAFF - are preparing food, while the TV crew fuss around, setting up lights and microphones. Norman and Hazel stand a little apart, watching, as GORDON RAMSAY appears in the middle of the chaos, looking impatient. He calls over to Norman.

RAMSAY

'Fuck's sake, Norm! We haven't got all day!

Norman whispers to Hazel.

NORMAN

Pussycat!

54 INT. RESTAURANT KITCHEN. DAY - A FEW MINUTES LATER

It's quieter now as Hazel and Gordon are filmed discussing the lamb. Ramsay lays a piece of it on the worktop.

RAMSAY

Right - straight away, Hazel, I can see this is a top-quality piece of spring lamb. A neck fillet. This'll really melt in the mouth. And this is from where, exactly, Darling?

HAZEL

This is Herdwick lamb from our farm, Skelghyll Farm, in the Cumbrian fells.

RAMSAY

Reared on...?

HAZEL

Just good Lakeland grass and hay. Nothing else. Some farms like to feed 'em soya and yeast, but ours don't need that, we reckon.

(CONTINUED)

RAMSAY

Well, let's see how this cooks up, shall we? I'm going for a classic bistro dish, a Navarin of Lamb, with spring vegetables - baby carrots, baby leeks and turnips with a light red wine sauce...

He starts cooking.

55 INT. RESTAURANT KITCHEN - COOKING SEQUENCE. DAY

1 Ramsay is vigorously cooking and talking, with Hazel watching and nodding.

2 Ramsay gestures for Hazel to pass him a bottle of Beaujolais. She gets it and pauses to read the label. Ramsay grabs it off her in mock-impatience. They laugh: they have a good rapport.

3 Ramsay gives the finishing touches to the dish and offers it to Hazel. Hazel tastes it and nods her approval. She slides the plate across to Ramsay for him to try.

END OF SEQUENCE

56 INT. RESTAURANT KITCHEN - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Gordon Ramsay has the dish in front of him. He puts down his fork and speaks directly to camera.

RAMSAY

That is really exceptional lamb - tender, juicy and sweet, but with that strong underlying flavour of Herdwick lamb. There's hardly any need to add herbs, because these animals have fed on wild mountain grasses and plants and the flavours naturally infuse and season the meat. It's absolutely delicious, and I tell you what, Hazel - I'll definitely be serving it in my restaurants in future.

Standing beside him, Hazel smiles delightedly.

57 INT. RESTAURANT KITCHEN - CONCLUDING SEQUENCE - DAY

(CONTINUED)

1 Ramsay poses for publicity stills with his arm around Hazel.

2 Smiles all round as the session concludes.

3 Norman helps himself to the Beaujolais.

4 Ramsay shakes Hazel's hand and is talking seriously to her. As he moves off, he makes a business-like 'phone me' gesture.

END OF SEQUENCE

58 EXT. SKELGHYLL FARM IN-BYE. DAY

Ken and David are in a walled enclosure in-bye (close to the farm). Within it are two smaller pens for separating sick and healthy animals. David stands ready to open the relevant hurdle gates. Ken checks the feet of one sheep and frowns. He steers the animal towards one of the pens, but as David opens the gate, Ken stumbles and lets go of the sheep, which bolts away. David darts forward, grabs it, swivels it round and bundles it into the pen in one smooth movement. Ken looks impressed.

59 INT. LONDON HOTEL LOBBY. NIGHT

It's a classy Central London hotel. Norman, Hazel and Greg enter the lobby. Norman is talking to Hazel.

NORMAN

We'll send a car for you around ten o'clock, then. No rush, though, because the Minister's not free until twelve.

HAZEL

I'm starting to get butterflies.

GREG

Don't worry - I'll get the ball rolling. You've got your questions, but you can just jump in whenever you like.

Norman pauses at the entrance to the bar.

NORMAN

Nightcap, anyone?

HAZEL

Not for me, thanks. I'm knackered.

GREG

Me neither.

(CONTINUED)

NORMAN

Well - see you tomorrow, then.

HAZEL

Goodnight, Norman.

Norman enters the bar. Hazel and Greg wait for the lift.

GREG

You were really great, today.

HAZEL

Thanks.

GREG

Like I said, the camera loves
you.

Hazel smiles, a bit uncomfortably. The lift arrives.

60 INT. LONDON HOTEL LIFT. NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Hazel and Greg stand in awkward silence as the lift
ascends.

61 INT. LONDON HOTEL LANDING. NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The lift doors open and Hazel and Greg step out.

GREG

Well - I'm this way.
So...goodnight, then.

HAZEL

'Night, Greg.

She starts off down the corridor. Greg stands, watching
her go. As she walks, she becomes aware that he's still
there and looks back over her shoulder, just as he moves
off and disappears from view down the other corridor. She
pauses for a moment, uncertainly, then continues.

62 INT. LONDON HOTEL - HAZEL'S BEDROOM. NIGHT - A FEW MOMENTS
LATER

Hazel enters, closes the door and stands for a moment,
collecting herself. Her gaze settles on the bedside
telephone.

63 INT. SKELGHYLL FARM HALLWAY. NIGHT - A MINUTE LATER

The telephone is ringing. Ken can be seen through the open doorway of the living room, slumped on the sofa with a glass of whisky, in front of the TV. He rouses himself to answer the phone.

KEN

Skelghyll Farm?...Hey! How's it going?

64 INT. LONDON HOTEL - HAZEL'S BEDROOM - INTERCUT WITH PREVIOUS SCENE AS REQUIRED. NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Hazel speaks to Ken on the 'phone.

HAZEL

Oh, it's been quite a day. I've felt less tired after a day's sheep-shearing...So, how's Young David getting on?

KEN

He's a good lad. He shapes. But it's not 'same without you.

HAZEL

No...I tell you what, though, I think we might have a customer here, with that Gordon Ramsay! He was very taken with the lamb.

KEN

Aye? Well, don't build your hopes up too much. You know what that sort are like - say one thing in front of cameras...

HAZEL

No - it was off camera, too.

KEN

Listen to you - "off camera".

HAZEL

Well, that's what you say.

KEN

You media types.

There's an unpleasant tone to the jibe.

HAZEL

Right, well, I'm tired, Ken and I expect you are, too, so I'll say goodnight. 'Night, Ken.

(CONTINUED)

She hangs up abruptly.

KEN

Hazel, I ---

Hearing the call-over tone, Ken replaces the phone. He catches his reflection in the nearby mirror: he looks annoyed with himself.

65

INT. DEFRA OFFICE. DAY

An office in the Department of the Environment is rigged up for the filming. Greg and Hazel sit on one side of an imposing desk. A junior DEFRA MINISTER (suave, mid-forties) leans back in a leather chair on the other side. He is in the process of answering a question from Greg.

MINISTER

No, we're proud to have negotiated reform of the CAP, particularly in the introduction of the Single Payment Scheme, which ---

HAZEL

Excuse me, Minister, but the SPS hasn't made life one bit easier for hill farmers like us. The lowland farms with the largest acreage, yes - the Queen's done very well out of it, I believe - but not us.

MINISTER

Nevertheless, you're no longer tied to producing for subsidy. You're free to produce whatever the market demands.

HAZEL

It's hardly a free and fair market if it's dominated by supermarket giants competing on price. Their price cuts come straight out of our profits.

MINISTER

This Government believes in competition and the benefits it brings to consumers. As producers, the solution must lie in your hands. Many farmers have responded by investing in new products.

(CONTINUED)

HAZEL

Such as what?

MINISTER

Well, such as bio-fuels, for example, or wine, even. Products which meet the demands of climate change.

HAZEL

You're not serious, are you? Do you really think we could plant a vineyard on a Cumbrian mountainside?

The Minister looks uncomfortable.

MINISTER

Well, of course, I didn't mean

HAZEL

Or grow bio-fuels?... We rear sheep, because that's what the land's best suited for. So what I want to know is; does the Government really want hill-farming to survive in this country? Or is it just going to let a thousand-year-old way of life dwindle away and die?

The Minister, on the defensive now, takes a breath as he prepares to reply.

66 EXT. SKELGHYLL FARM INTAKE. DAY

Ken and David squat behind a dry-stone wall, sheltering from the wind while eating their packed lunches.

KEN

So what're you going to do when you leave school, then - rear ostriches, like your Dad?

DAVID

No. There's no future in farming.

KEN

That right?

DAVID

Yeah. Web Design - that's what I'm going to do. I've already done the web page for Dad's paintball business.

(CONTINUED)

KEN

Aye?

DAVID

Aye. I'll do you one for your farm if you want. I'd give you a discount.

KEN

Very generous of you.

He chuckles to himself, but then looks thoughtful as he surveys the flock.

67 INT. DEFRA FOYER. DAY

Greg and Hazel make their way out of the Defra building. Hazel looks despondent.

HAZEL

I don't think he took a blind bit of notice.

GREG

No, no, he definitely took your point about the electronic tagging. Despite all his bullshit.

They stop by the revolving door.

GREG (CONT'D)

Anyway, look: it's your last night in London. Let me take you out for dinner in a swanky restaurant - my treat.

Hazel looks hesitant.

GREG (CONT'D)

You don't have to choose the mutton stew.

She laughs.

HAZEL

In that case, OK. Thanks.

Greg glances out of the doors.

GREG

Here's your taxi. I'll call for you around seven-thirty. Hazel starts to exit.

(CONTINUED)

GREG (CONT'D)
Wear a posh frock! No wellies!

She smiles back through the revolving door. Greg beams happily.

68 INT. SKELGHYLL FARM HALLWAY. NIGHT

The house is in darkness. Ken enters and turns on the light. He's still in his work clothes and carrying his shotgun. He stands the gun against a small cupboard in the hallway. While he's taking off his boots, the sheepdogs scurry past into the kitchen.

69 INT. SKELGHYLL FARM KITCHEN. NIGHT

Ken enters, turns on the light and stares into the room for a moment, until one of the dogs whines hungrily.

KEN
Alright, Seth, lad: let's get
summat to eat.

70 INT. RESTAURANT. NIGHT

It's a very expensive-looking establishment. Hazel and Greg hand back the menus to a WAITER, who glides away. Hazel, looking very appealing in a simple black dress, surveys her surroundings.

HAZEL
Well, I'm impressed. But I
suppose you eat in places like
this all the time, don't you?

GREG
Now and then. But I've been in
some pretty rough joints, too.
Like Helmand Province -squatting
behind sandbags with the lads,
eating pemmican out of a tin -
with bullets zipping past six
inches above my head.

HAZEL
Is that where you'd rather be?

GREG
Not at this moment.

HAZEL
Oh, I bet you say that to all the
sheep farmers' wives!

They both smile and sip their wine.

(CONTINUED)

GREG

Seriously, though. I'm not in any rush to go back to all that. It's a cliché, I know, the loneliness of the long-distance reporter - living out of a suitcase, blah, blah. But it's true. Well, it was for me.

HAZEL

You weren't ever married?

GREG

Lived with a girl for a couple of years...

He shrugs the rest. Hazel looks at him with cautious sympathy.

HAZEL

Still - faraway places, glamour, excitement. Things I'll never get to experience.

GREG

Not necessarily.

Hazel looks at him, surprised at the seriousness of his tone. He meets her eyes. There's a diffidence in his look, as if he hadn't meant to say it aloud. The waiter interrupts, bringing the starters.

WAITER

The tagliolini, madam...your scallops, sir. Enjoy your hors d'oeuvres.

GREG

Thank you.

The waiter leaves. Hazel looks at her plate.

HAZEL

No idea what it is, but it sounded reet sophisticated!

71 INT. SKELGHYLL FARM KITCHEN. NIGHT

The dogs are asleep. Ken sits at the table, eating fried eggs and baked beans in silence.

72

INT. RESTAURANT. NIGHT

Hazel and Greg are on their main courses.

HAZEL

Mmm - I could get used to this!

GREG

So, you're not pining for the hills and dales of Wordsworth's fair county?

HAZEL

Do you actually know any Wordsworth?

Greg ponders for a moment, then strikes a bardic pose.

GREG

I wandered lonely - as a daffodil.

Hazel stifles a giggle.

HAZEL

Right - that's a 'no' then.

GREG

Well, how about you?

Hazel puts down her knife and fork and recites in a calm, clear voice.

HAZEL

She dwelt among the untrodden ways/
Beside the springs of Dove/
A Maid whom there were none to praise/
And very few to love.

Greg watches her with fascination.

HAZEL (CONT'D)

A violet by a mossy stone/
Half hidden from the eye - Fair as a star
when only one/
Is shining in the sky.

She stops reciting, smiles and resumes eating. Greg continues to watch her.

HAZEL (CONT'D)

I taught English. Before I married Ken.

After another pause, Greg recites.

(CONTINUED)

GREG

She lived unknown, and few could
know/When Lucy ceased to be; But
she is in her grave, and, oh/The
difference to me!

It's Hazel's turn to stare in surprise.

GREG (CONT'D)

I read English at Uni - before I
became a journalist.

They both smile broadly.

73 INT. SKELGHYLL FARM HALLWAY. NIGHT

Ken appears in the doorway to the kitchen and pauses
there. He seems unsettled. He looks at the telephone.

74 INT. LONDON HOTEL - HAZEL'S BEDROOM. NIGHT

The telephone by Hazel's bed rings in the empty room.

75 INT. SKELGHYLL FARM HALLWAY. NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Ken listens to the ringing tone for a few seconds, then
slowly replaces the receiver. He looks uneasy.

76 INT. LONDON HOTEL LANDING. NIGHT

The lift doors open and Greg and Hazel step out. Greg is
about to speak but Hazel gets in first.

HAZEL

I had a lovely evening, Greg -
really wonderful. Thank you.

She kisses him on the cheek. He catches her hand and bends
in to kiss her again, but she gently withdraws with a
rueful smile. Greg looks disappointed, but he nods and
returns the smile.

HAZEL (CONT'D)

Goodnight, Greg.

GREG

'Night, Hazel.

She walks away down her corridor. After a few paces, she
turns to look back, but Greg has gone.

77 INT. LONDON HOTEL -GREG'S BEDROOM. NIGHT

Greg enters, removes his tie and sits on the edge of the bed. He starts to take off his shoes, but stops and sits, motionless, with an abstracted expression on his face.

78 INT. LONDON HOTEL CORRIDOR. NIGHT

Greg walks purposefully along the corridor to Hazel's room and knocks on the door.

79 INT. LONDON HOTEL - HAZEL'S BEDROOM. NIGHT

Hazel is slipping into a bathrobe. She hears the knock on the door and freezes, with a look of alarm.

80 INT. LONDON HOTEL CORRIDOR. NIGHT

Greg puts his face close to Hazel's door.

GREG
Hazel! It's me.

81 INT. LONDON HOTEL - HAZEL'S BEDROOM. NIGHT

Hazel moves softly towards the door and listens.

GREG (OOV)
Hazel?

Hazel doesn't move. Her eyes are wide and she's taking big breaths.

82 INT. LONDON HOTEL CORRIDOR. NIGHT

Greg raises his arm to knock again, but stops, then turns away from the door and moves off down the corridor.

83 INT. LONDON HOTEL - HAZEL'S BEDROOM. NIGHT

Hazel takes a few steps away from the door, pauses, then suddenly turns back and opens it. There's no-one outside.

84 INT. LONDON HOTEL CORRIDOR. NIGHT

Hazel appears in her doorway, looking down the corridor. There's no sign of Greg. She remains standing there for a few seconds, then goes back inside her room.

85 INT. SKELGHYLL FARM. NIGHT

Ken lies on his back in bed. His eyes are wide open. He turns to stare at the empty space beside him. Then he rolls over and plumps the pillow and closes his eyes. After a few seconds he opens them again, alert. Somewhere, in the distance, a sheep is bleating loudly and repeatedly - a cry of distress. Ken sits up suddenly, listening. He throws back the covers.

86 EXT. SKELGHYLL FARM. NIGHT

Ken steps out of the front door wearing a coat over his pyjamas and carrying a flashlight. He stands listening. The same plaintive bleat is carrying through the night. Ken turns to the direction from which the sound is coming - the dark woods across the fields - and starts walking towards it.

87 EXT. EDGE OF BIRKETT WOODS. NIGHT

Mist blankets the fields. Ken reaches the fence at the edge of the woods. He shines his torch at the fence: some of the wire mesh has detached from a post where the bough of a tree has fallen on it, leaving a gap. The bleating resumes from somewhere inside the wood.

88 EXT. BIRKETT WOODS. NIGHT

Ken moves through the misty woods, shining his torch ahead. He stops, glimpsing something a short distance ahead: a pair of eyes glinting eerily in the dark. He moves forward again and the light reveals a ewe standing over a dead lamb. The ewe bleats again, pitifully. Something about this little tragedy seems to touch Ken. He stands looking on for a long moment, then steps forward and picks up the lamb. As he turns and walks away with it, the ewe follows uncertainly, still bleating.

89 EXT. SKELGHYLL FARMYARD. NIGHT

The headlights of the parked Land Rover illuminate Ken as he digs a shallow grave in a corner of the farmyard. It's the same spot that was featured in the archive news footage, when the Foot and Mouth victims were shown being incinerated. At the edge of the illuminated area, half in shadow, the mother ewe stands watching in silence. Ken stops digging, picks up the lamb and lays it into the grave. He pauses, staring thoughtfully at it, before straightening up and starting to shovel earth into the grave.

90 INT. SKELGHYLL FARM KITCHEN. DAY/DAWN

Dawn is barely breaking as Ken sits at the kitchen table with a mug of tea. He's unshaven and still wears the pyjamas under his coat. He stares across the room at the picture of himself and his father among the flock. Then his gaze shifts across to the picture of himself, smiling, with his arm around Hazel, his young bride. As he stares, his eyes fill with pain.

91 INT. HOTEL DINING ROOM. DAY

There is a magnificent breakfast buffet. A number of GUESTS are serving themselves, including Hazel - though she's hovering indecisively. Greg appears alongside her. They're both a little awkward.

GREG
Spoilt for choice?

She stares at the sumptuous buffet.

HAZEL
Makes me feel guilty, somehow.

Greg smiles.

GREG
Just have whatever you want.

Hazel looks at him.

HAZEL
(quietly)
Yeah.

92 EXT. SKELGHYLL FARMYARD. DAY

Ken crosses the farmyard towards the Land Rover. He glances in the direction of the previous night's burial and halts in surprise. The mother ewe is still standing near the spot, sniffing the ground. Ken stares uneasily for a moment, then moves on.

93 INT/EXT. HAZEL'S VAN, MOTORWAY. DAY

Hazel is driving alone in her van. She sees a sign for 'M6 North'. She looks troubled.

94 INT. SKELGHYLL FARM HALLWAY. NIGHT

Hazel comes in through the front door, carrying her suitcase. The farmhouse is silent, except for the sound of the television in the living room. Hazel puts the case down, goes to the door of the living room and looks in. She sees Ken slumped in the armchair, asleep, with an empty whisky glass in his hand. She stands, taking him in for a moment, then turns towards the kitchen.

95 INT. SKELGHYLL FARM KITCHEN. NIGHT - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Hazel stares into the refrigerator, then closes the door. She glances at the sink. It's piled with unwashed dishes. She opens a cupboard, takes out a tin of tomato soup, opens it and empties the contents into a pan on the hob. She opens the bread-bin and takes out a sliced loaf pack with two slices remaining in it. There's nothing else in the bread-bin. As she starts to butter the slices, Ken appears in the doorway, yawning.

KEN

Oh, you're back. Sorry, I've not had time...

HAZEL

S'alright - I had a sandwich on the motorway. Even that cost an arm and a leg.

KEN

Well, it's good to have you back, anyway. I've missed you.

Hazel stirs the soup.

KEN (CONT'D)

I rang your hotel last night. You weren't in.

HAZEL

No.

KEN

Out on the town, were you?

Hazel stops stirring and turns to face Ken.

HAZEL

Yes, as it happens, I was. I had a nice meal in a nice restaurant, for the first time in donkeys' years. Nicer than tomato soup and stale bread, anyroad.

(CONTINUED)

KEN

Alright! What's got into you? I said I didn't have time to get to town. I'm sorry.

Hazel sighs.

HAZEL

Oh, I'm just tired, that's all.
(pause)
I just wish you were more...supportive.

KEN

I let you swan off to London, didn't I? I don't mind you enjoying yourself, but don't start getting snotty with me 'cos I'm not like your fancy new friends.

Hazel shakes her head wearily: too tired to fight.

HAZEL

Go to bed, Ken.

She checks the soup again. Ken turns away.

96 INT. SKELGHYLL FARM, BATHROOM. NIGHT - A LITTLE LATER.

Hazel stands at the washbasin, brushing her teeth. Ken appears at the door. Hazel glances at him as she rinses.

HAZEL

You keep saying we're a team, but you don't seem to appreciate my part in it. I wasn't auditioning for the X-Factor - I was trying to fight our corner and sell our stuff.

Ken shuffles over and puts his arms round her from behind, resting his head on her neck. She stands, looking at her own reflection in the mirror: her expression has softened slightly, but there's still a hint of annoyance.

97 INT. SKELGHYLL FARM. NIGHT

Ken lies on his back in bed, eyes open. Hazel lies with her back to him, eyes shut.

KEN

Who took you for the meal?

Hazel's eyes open for a second, then close again: she's feigning sleep. After a pause, Ken gives up waiting for an answer, rolls over to her and tries to snuggle up. She lies still.

98 EXT. CURRAN'S FARMYARD. DAY

The documentary crew's vehicles enter Joe Curran's farmyard and park up. Norman, Sally and Greg climb out of the lead car as Joe crosses from the farmhouse with a broad grin on his face.

99 INT. SKELGHYLL FARM SHIPPAN. DAY

Ken and Hazel are in a stall in the shippan with a pregnant ewe. Ken is bracing the animal and Hazel is on her knees with one hand inside its uterus.

KEN
Is it breached?

HAZEL
No, shouldered - can't find the other leg though...Hang on.

She rummages a bit more.

HAZEL (CONT'D)
Here we go.

She pulls gently, drawing out the baby lamb onto the straw, then quickly clearing its nostrils and rubbing it down with straw.

KEN
OK?

HAZEL
Aye.

Ken releases the ewe. Hazel stands and they both step back to allow the mother and child to bond.

HAZEL (CONT'D)
Any more struggling?

KEN
A couple up in the intake, maybe.
I'll check 'em again.

Hazel nods without looking at Ken. He moves off.

100 EXT. CURRAN'S FARMYARD. DAY

Joe is being interviewed by Greg in front of the ostrich enclosure.

JOE

They're wonderful creatures, really. The meat is lean and tasty - very popular with the trendy bistros and such - and the eggs fetch a good price, too, in the posh stores. There's even a demand for 'feathers, which is more than you can say for wool. You get nowt for a Herdwick fleece these days: in fact it costs farmer to clip 'em.

101 INT. SKELGHYLL FARM SHIPPAN. DAY - LATER

Ken and Hazel are in another stall, delivering another lamb. Hazel draws out the lamb, but stops and frowns.

HAZEL

Stillborn.

They're both silent for a moment. Still bracing the ewe with his knee, Ken reaches for a pot hanging from the bars of the stall. He takes the brush from it and daubs a black spot on the ewe's fleece, then releases the animal. The couple stand back as before, not looking at each other.

102 EXT. CURRAN'S FARMYARD. DAY

Joe is still by the ostrich enclosure, talking to Greg.

JOE

The main advantage with ostriches, though, is they're so easy to rear, compared to sheep or cattle, like.

GREG

But they're hardly a traditional, native animal, are they?

JOE

Maybe not...

Joe's voice continues over into the next scene.

103 INT. SKELGHYLL FARM SHIPPAN. DAY

Ken daubs another ewe with the black spot, as Joe's voice continues.

JOE (V.O)
... but there's no room for
sentimentality in farming. We're
in it to make a living.

Hazel disposes of the stillborn lamb, placing it in a wheelbarrow outside the stall.

HAZEL
At this rate, we'll be out of
business by May.

KEN
We've had worse years. The cold
weather's not helping, mind.

He glances outside, where a few flakes of snow are falling.

KEN (CONT'D)
More of it on the way, an' all.
(pause)
When's the TV folk coming back?

HAZEL
Tomorrow.

Ken points to the two lambless ewes.

KEN
Let's keep these two in here.
We'll try and foster any
motherless lambs on them. Should
make a nice happy ending for the
cameras.

104 INT. SKELGHYLL FARM HALLWAY. NIGHT

The telephone is ringing. Hazel comes out of the kitchen and picks up the receiver.

HAZEL
Skelghyll Farm, Hazel
speaking?...Oh, hello...How are
you?

She looks a little flustered.

105 INT. HERDWICK INN. GREG'S ROOM. NIGHT - INTERCUT WITH
HAZEL AS REQUIRED.

Greg sits on his bed, talking into the 'phone.

GREG
I'm fine. Well, as fine as you
can be after a day with Joe
Curran.

Hazel laughs.

HAZEL
I know what you mean. I think ten
minutes is a toxic dose.

They chuckle a little, then there's a momentary silence.

GREG
I just called to see if
everything was alright for the
shoot tomorrow.

HAZEL
Er, yes, fine.

GREG
The lambing going well?

HAZEL
We've had worse years.

There's another awkward silence. Greg's tone becomes more intimate.

GREG
I'm glad it was you who answered

At Hazel's end, the front door opens and Ken bustles in with the dogs.

HAZEL
(into phone, cheerily)
OK. Grand. We'll see you
tomorrow, then! 'Bye!

She hangs up. After a pause, Greg replaces his handset.

106 INT. SKELGHYLL FARM HALLWAY. NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Ken rests his gun against the small cupboard and begins to remove his boots.

(CONTINUED)

KEN

What's for tea?

107 EXT. SKELGHYLL FARM IN-BYE. DAY

The TV crew are back, gathered in the pasture, filming Ken talking to Greg.

KEN

It's not been a great lambing, no. We've lost livestock, and we might lose more if the weather gets any worse, as it looks like.

GREG

How long can you keep taking these losses?

KEN

Things'll look up, eventually.

GREG

That sounds - if you don't mind me saying - like blind faith. Isn't Hazel's the right idea - going out and trying new approaches, looking for new markets?

KEN

I'm not against that. I'm not. It's just...we mustn't chuck the baby out with the bathwater.

GREG

No ostriches for you, then?

KEN

No.

GREG

Your neighbour seems to be doing pretty well on them.

Ken pauses.

KEN

Other folk can do what they want. Whatever we do, we'll do it our way.

108 EXT. SKELGHYLL FARMYARD. DAY

The TV crew carry equipment into the shippan. Greg sits in his Landcruiser with the door open, reading the running order sheets. Hazel approaches him.

HAZEL

When do you want me?

Greg glances up to her, then across to the shippan.

GREG

Oh...about fifteen, twenty minutes, I reckon.

He pretends to continue reading, while Hazel hovers by the car.

HAZEL

What did you want to say to me last night? You said you were glad it was me who answered.

GREG

Just...you know, about the filming today. That kind of thing.

She gives him a steady, sceptical stare.

GREG (CONT'D)

Well, why shouldn't I want to talk to you? I like talking to you.

He smiles again. She slowly begins to smile, too. Over at the farmhouse door, Ken appears. He looks over to Hazel and Greg and pauses, noting the intimacy of their exchange. He pulls on his cap and moves off towards the in-bye. He meets Norman coming the other way.

NORMAN

Alright, Ken?

Ken carries on walking past him without answering. With raised eyebrows, Norman watches him go, then catches the eye of Sally. She's over by the shippan, passing a clipboard to the cameraman. Norman gives her a comical shrug of bemusement and moves on, but her glance towards Greg and Hazel indicates she's seen more.

109 INT. SKELGHYLL FARM, SHIPPAN. DAY

Hazel, cradling a baby lamb, is being filmed in front of a stall containing one of the ewes we saw earlier. Greg watches as she lowers the lamb into the stall.

HAZEL

Here goes. We've smeared it with the dead lamb's afterbirth, so with any luck...

The lamb hesitantly totters towards the ewe, which sniffs it cautiously. The lamb nuzzles in to suck and the ewe allows it.

GREG

Yes! She's accepted it. That must be so rewarding for you.

HAZEL

Aye, but for every lamb that's fostered successfully, there's another that's rejected and will need bottle feeding. Sometimes the ewe will even reject her own - no-one knows why. I suppose they don't either. They just have feelings they can't control.

Greg nods, looking at her steadily.

110 INT. SKELYGHYLL FARM SHIPPAN. DAY - A FEW MINUTES LATER

The filming is over. Norman makes an announcement.

NORMAN

Thanks, everyone - that's a wrap! Don't forget we're having a bash at the Herdwick Inn tonight - that includes you and Ken, Hazel. Bring the flock. Greg's keen to get to know them!

Everyone cheers. Greg smiles.

111 INT. SKELGHYLL FARM, BATHROOM. NIGHT

Hazel is applying eye make-up at the mirror. Ken appears in the doorway.

KEN

You go.

(CONTINUED)

HAZEL

How will that look? Come on. You need a break. You've been a right misery just lately.

Ken looks at her, says nothing, but seems to be relenting.

112 INT. HERDWICK INN - BAR. NIGHT

The inn is packed with a mixture of TV crew and LOCALS, including the bank manager, Mr Coulter, Joe Curran and April. Joe is enjoying himself, laughing loudly with some of the locals.

Norman and Greg are seated at a table as Hazel enters, followed by Ken.

NORMAN

Hazel, Ken - glad you could make it. What are you having?

HAZEL

Thanks, I'll have a white wine.

NORMAN

Ken?

KEN

Bitter.

They join the others round the table. Norman gets up to go the bar. Ken, Hazel and Greg are left, looking a little uncomfortable. Hazel notices the cameraman who's roaming around with a video-camera, filming the drinkers.

HAZEL

Is he on overtime?

Greg chuckles.

GREG

Oh yes. He's getting 'wild-shots' - extra footage, in case we need to pad out the programme a bit.

HAZEL

Then you're off home tomorrow?

GREG

No, we're filming one of Joe's paintball events tomorrow and we'll stick around to get some shots of the snow that's been forecast. Have you heard the weather report, Ken?

(CONTINUED)

KEN

I don't need some daft lass on the TV to tell me its going to snow.

His bluntness surprises Greg and mortifies Hazel, but they're interrupted by Norman, returning with the drinks.

NORMAN

Here you go. White wine. Bitter.

HAZEL

Thanks, Norman.

Norman sits, beaming, and raises his own glass.

NORMAN

Cheers!

There's a mumbled response from the others. Norman's grin falters a little as he glances round their faces.

113 INT. HERDWICK INN - BAR. NIGHT - SOME TIME LATER

Ken emerges from the Gents, a little unsteadily, and makes his way to the bar, where he gloomily waits to be served. He looks across the room to where Hazel and Greg are sitting in earnest conversation. As Ken watches with a darkening face, Joe Curran appears alongside him, following his gaze.

JOE

Alright, Ken?

KEN

(sourly)
Never better.

JOE

Eh, I'd watch that Greg feller with your missus.

He nods in their direction. Ken looks again.

JOE (CONT'D)

Bit too cosy, if you ask me.

KEN

I didn't fucking ask you.

JOE

Alright! I'm just saying.

Ken is riled.

(CONTINUED)

KEN
(loudly)
You're always 'just saying'. Why
don't you mind your own bleeding
business?

Everybody in the place is now watching, including the cameraman, who homes in on the scene.

JOE
Alright - take it easy. No
offence, pal.

He goes to put a hand on Ken's shoulder. Ken pushes it aside and shoves Joe back a pace or two.

KEN
Nosey, smug bastard!

He shoves Joe again. Joe lunges back and they grapple for a second, scattering glasses, before Coulter and other bystanders jump in to break it up.

COULTER
Oy - gentlemen please! Come on,
now lads, give over!

Ken and Joe continue to glare at each other for a second, then Ken turns away with a sneer. Joe mutters indignantly.

JOE
Bloody nutter!

Ken storms over to Hazel's table. She looks disgusted.

KEN
Come on, we're going.

Hazel doesn't move.

HAZEL
I'm not going anywhere with you
in that state.

Ken is a little stunned by her response. Then he gives both her and Greg a fierce look.

KEN
Suit yourself.

He turns and barges out of the inn. Over at the bar, Norman pats the cameraman on the shoulder.

NORMAN
Did you get all that?

CAMERAMAN

Most of it, yeah.

Norman grins.

NORMAN

Excellent! Nothing like a bit of a ruck to liven things up. What are you drinking?

114 INT. HERDWICK INN, BAR. NIGHT - LATER

Greg and Hazel have been joined by Sally, who is talking to Greg. Greg is half-listening, as he notices Hazel's disquiet.

GREG

Are you alright?

HAZEL

Sorry - I think I'd better be going, actually.

She makes as if to rise.

SALLY

How're you getting back? Can I give you a lift?

HAZEL

Thanks, I'm fine: it's only a mile or so.

SALLY

You're joking! It's pitch-black and freezing out there!

GREG

Yes - there's no way we're letting you walk.

(to Sally)

I'll take her, Sal. I've not had much to drink. You stay and enjoy yourself.

SALLY

Alright, if you're sure.

Greg and Hazel rise, ad-libbing goodbyes. As they leave, Sally watches with mild amusement.

115 INT. GREG'S CAR. NIGHT - LATER

Greg is driving Hazel home. They're both silent at first.

HAZEL

I'm sorry...

GREG

What for? You've done nothing wrong.

HAZEL

I don't know. Maybe I have.

GREG

No...

He stops the car, pulling up in a lay-by on the dark country lane and turns earnestly to Hazel.

GREG (CONT'D)

I've heard that guilt thing too many times before from abused women.

HAZEL

I'm not abused! Ken would never lay a finger on me. He's a good man. You've only seen his bad side. He's really not like that.

GREG

But he doesn't appreciate you.

Hazel looks down.

GREG (CONT'D)

He doesn't realise what an amazing, beautiful person he's married to.

Hazel stares at him, wide-eyed. She shakes her head.

HAZEL

You don't know anything about me.

GREG

You won't believe this but...I never forgot you, you know, in all those years since we first met. Your face would come into my mind at the strangest times, in the strangest of places. I don't know why - I never thought we'd meet again. But here we are. I'm looking at that face.

(CONTINUED)

He strokes her face tenderly. She's still staring at him, not moving, mesmerised. She lets him lean in to kiss her. She responds hesitantly and then they're quickly kissing with passion, until Hazel breaks away, breathlessly.

HAZEL

No...sorry. I can't. It's not right.

GREG

But it feels right. You and I. It's...real. I think you feel that, too.

They sit in silence for a few moments, staring ahead. Hazel sighs deeply.

HAZEL

I don't know what I'm feeling...Take me home, Greg. Please.

After a pause, Greg re-starts the engine.

116 INT. SKELGHYLL FARM, BEDROOM. NIGHT

Hazel enters the bedroom in her nightdress. Ken is lying fully-clothed on one side of the bed, snoring. Hazel takes a blanket from a chair and covers Ken, then gets into bed herself. She watches him for a moment, then turns onto her side, with her back to him, eyes wide open.

117 INT. HERDWICK INN- GREG'S BEDROOM. NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Greg lies on his side in bed with his eyes open. It's as if he's looking into Hazel's eyes across the dark miles between them.

118 EXT. HERDWICK INN. NIGHT

Out in the darkness, snow is falling softly, settling on the roof of the inn and the surrounding fields.

119 INT. SKELYGHYLL FARM BEDROOM. NIGHT

Hazel lies, as before, motionless and large-eyed, staring into the darkness for a few moments more, before finally succumbing to sleep.

120 EXT. HIGH FELL. NIGHT

On the fell-side, the snow falls more thickly, driven by a rising wind. In the lee of a rocky outcrop, a small group of sheep huddles together for warmth.

121 INT. SKELGHYLL FARM KITCHEN. DAY

It's early morning. Ken sits at the table eating breakfast. Hazel is at the worktop, making sandwiches for his 'bait'. The sheepdogs are still dozing in the corner. There's silence, apart from the chatter of Breakfast Show presenters on the small television on the worktop. On the screen now there's an outside broadcast from a reporter standing beside a snow-bound main road somewhere, with traffic moving slowly in the background. Ken drains his mug of tea and rises from the table. The dogs scramble to their feet, too.

KEN

I'll start fetching the top flock down to the intake before weather sets in. Make sure the ones with twins in-bye get the ale syrup: they'll need all the calories they can get.

HAZEL

Right. I'm nipping into town later.

Ken nods. There's still a frostiness between them. Ken goes out into the hallway.

122 INT. SKELGHYLL FARM HALLWAY. DAY - CONTINUOUS

Ken has donned his coat and cap and is pulling on his boots. Hazel comes to the kitchen doorway and watches him. He turns to open the door.

HAZEL

Hang on - your bait.

She disappears into the kitchen and returns with a sandwich box and thermos. He takes them and again turns to go.

HAZEL (CONT'D)

Ken?

He stops and turns to look at her quizzically. She comes closer, looking into his eyes.

(CONTINUED)

HAZEL (CONT'D)
Wear your scarf and gloves.

She takes the scarf off a coat peg and hangs it around his neck, smoothing it down and letting her hands rest on his lapels momentarily.

HAZEL (CONT'D)
It's bitter out there.

Ken looks at her for a second, as if he's going to speak, but then nods, turns and leaves.

123 INT. HERDWICK INN, DINING ROOM. DAY

The room is almost empty, apart from a WAITRESS clearing breakfast things from tables, and Greg, who sits at his table, gazing abstractedly out of the window. Sally appears in the doorway, clad in warm outdoor clothing. She sees Greg and frowns.

SALLY
Greg!

He starts from his reverie.

SALLY (CONT'D)
Get a move on - we're supposed to be at the Curran's in ten minutes!

Greg stirs into action. Sally eyes him curiously.

124 EXT. SKELGHYLL FARM INTAKE. DAY

The Land Rover stops at the gate where the track ends and a footpath continues up the ghyll, disappearing into the cloud. There's a couple of inches of snow on the ground. Ken jumps out, opens the back doors to let out the dogs, then goes through the gate and starts up the icy footpath.

125 EXT. CURRAN'S FARMYARD. DAY

The farmyard is packed with people: a mixture of TV crew and paint-splattered combatants retiring from the battlefield. Greg finishes speaking to the cameraman, turns away from the crowd and walks over to his car. He gets in, casts a guilty glance over to where Norman is sharing a joke with one of the combatants, then starts the engine and drives out of the farmyard. Norman doesn't notice him going, but as Greg passes the farmhouse door, Sally steps out and, with a suspicious look, watches him drive away.

126 EXT. HIGH FELL PASTURE. DAY

Ken stands motionless on a rocky outcrop as the dogs work the flock. The younger of the two marshals the far flank, while the older one crouches in readiness on the near flank. There is total silence from Ken, who is staring blankly up towards the fell tops. As the flock begins to lose cohesion again, the nearer dog becomes agitated, sensing something is wrong. She looks Ken's way and gives an anxious whimper. Ken snaps out of his torpor.

KEN

Look back, lass! Come by!

127 INT/EXT. HAZEL'S VAN. DAY

Hazel, returning from town, parks the van in the farmyard, but sits, deep in thought, with the engine still running. Then she catches sight of Greg approaching across the farmyard from where his car is parked. Surprised, she turns off the engine and gets out of the van.

128 EXT. FARMYARD. DAY - CONTINUOUS

Hazel gets out of the van as Greg approaches. Snow is falling again.

GREG

Hi.

HAZEL

I thought you were filming at Joe's.

GREG

We're pretty much done. I wanted to see you. Where's Ken?

HAZEL

He's up the fell.

GREG

Can we talk, Hazel?

Hazel looks at him. Her face shows barely suppressed anxiety.

HAZEL

You'd best come inside.

They move off towards the farmhouse.

129 EXT. SKELGHYLL INTAKE. DAY

The snow lies deeper now: it's not yet a blizzard, but it's building up to one. At the entrance to the pasture, the dogs drive the sheep through and Ken closes the gate behind them. He remains standing there, slowly lifting up his eyes to the hills, as though coming to a decision.

130 INT. SKELGHYLL FARM KITCHEN. DAY

Hazel fills the electric kettle at the sink and switches it on. Greg stands behind, watching her.

HAZEL

It's no sugar, isn't it?

GREG

I had to see you. I'm sorry. I tried to be professional and detached...but I...

She freezes, looking straight ahead.

GREG (CONT'D)

I haven't felt like this since I was a kid.

Hazel remains standing with her back to him.

131 INT/EXT. SKELGHYLL INTAKE. DAY

Ken is at the wheel of the Land Rover, heading back down the track.

132 INT. SKELGHYLL FARM KITCHEN. DAY

Greg moves closer to Hazel.

GREG

It's idiotic, I know.

The kettle starts to boil and Hazel reaches for a mug, but stops as Greg takes her by the shoulders, resting his forehead against the top of her head.

GREG (CONT'D)

And unbearable.

He caresses her arms, nuzzling into her hair and kissing her neck. She slowly turns and they kiss with growing passion.

133 INT/EXT. KEN'S LAND ROVER. DAY

Ken brings the vehicle to a halt at the junction between the track and the main road. He hesitates, glancing right then left (towards the farm).

134 INT. SKELGHYLL FARM KITCHEN. DAY

Greg and Hazel's embraces are reaching fever pitch. Greg begins fumbling with the buttons on her blouse, while she runs her hands up his body.

135 INT. KEN'S LAND ROVER. DAY

Ken drives, determinedly.

136 INT. SKELGHYLL FARM KITCHEN. DAY

An anguished Hazel seems to be trying to control her passion for Greg, but she's having difficulty.

HAZEL
(softly)

No.

With a look almost of shock, she allows Greg to start unbuttoning her jeans as he continues to kiss her. They are both gasping, but Hazel is shaking her head and trying to restrain his arms.

HAZEL
Greg - no...please!

There is a loud knock at the front door. Greg and Hazel both freeze in alarm. After a moment, Hazel slips aside to answer the door.

137 INT. SKELGHYLL FARM, HALLWAY. DAY

Hazel smooths her hair and adjusts her clothing as she hurries towards the door. Taking a calming breath, she reaches out and opens the door to...

138 EXT. CURRAN'S FRONT DOOR. DAY

...Ken, looking uncomfortable, staring back not at Hazel, but at Joe Curran, who stands holding the door ajar with an expression of astonishment, turning to hostility.

JOE
What the hell do you want?

(CONTINUED)

KEN

I reckon I owe you an apology.

Joe glares at him for a moment, then grunts and steps back to allow Ken to enter.

139 EXT. SKELGHYLL FARM, FRONT DOOR. DAY

Sally stands on the doorstep, addressing Hazel.

SALLY

His mobile seems to be turned off. Is he around?

She glances at Greg's car, parked across the farmyard, then, visibly drawing conclusions, turns back to the still-ruffled Hazel.

HAZEL

No...he went off to find Ken. Wanted to ask him something, I think.

Sally looks at her with thinly-disguised disbelief.

SALLY

Right...OK. Well, when he comes back here, can you tell him Norman's looking for him? We're back at the hotel.

HAZEL

Yes, I will. If I see him.

SALLY

Take care.

HAZEL

'Bye.

Sally turns towards her car, with just the faintest of smiles on her lips. Hazel looks uncomfortable as she closes the door.

140 INT. SKELGHYLL FARM KITCHEN. DAY

Hazel appears in the kitchen doorway and remains standing there, a respectable distance from Greg, who is still standing in the same spot by the sink.

HAZEL

Sally. They want you.

He moves close to her again

(CONTINUED)

GREG

I don't care.

He places his hands on her shoulders.

HAZEL

She knew, Greg - she's not stupid.

GREG

(almost a whisper)

I don't care.

She looks up at him. As he bends towards her face again, she breaks away from him, shaking her head.

HAZEL

You'd better go.

There's a long pause. Greg looks downcast, then hopeful again.

GREG

Come to the Herdwick again tonight---

HAZEL

No. I'm sorry, but it stops here.

It sounds non-negotiable. Greg hesitates, then nods sadly and makes towards the front door. He begins to open it, then turns.

GREG

A couple of minutes ago ---

HAZEL

I know. It was my fault, I'm sorry. But you have to go.

After another searching pause, Greg nods again and goes out the door. Hazel follows as far as the doorway, watching him leave. She's almost in tears.

141 EXT. CURRANS' FARM. DAY - LATER

It's dusk. The front door opens and Ken emerges. Joe appears in the doorway behind him. Ken turns to face Joe, pauses, then holds out his hand. They shake solemnly. Ken turns back towards his car.

142 INT. SKELGHYLL FARM - HALLWAY. DUSK

As Hazel closes the front door, the telephone rings. She answers it.

HAZEL
Skelghyll Farm...
speaking...that's right... Not
anaemic, so...?

She listens, puzzled - then gasps.

HAZEL (CONT'D)
What!

She continues to listen, speechlessly.

143 INT. GREG'S LANDCRUISER. DUSK

Greg at the wheel, halts the car at the farmyard entrance. He looks back over his shoulder ruefully, for a second, then drives out into the lane.

144 INT. KEN'S LAND ROVER. DUSK

Ken is at the wheel, approaching Skelghyll Farm. He sees the lights of a vehicle coming the other way down the narrow lane and pulls over to let it pass. As it does so, he sees it's Greg in his Landcruiser. Greg nods briefly at Ken. There's a momentary flash of guilt, then he speeds away. Suspicion clouds Ken's face as he drives on.

145 INT. SKELGHYLL FARM KITCHEN. NIGHT

Hazel is chopping vegetables for the evening meal. She hears the front door opening, but goes on working.

146 INT. SKELGHYLL FARM HALLWAY. NIGHT

Ken comes in through the front door and places his gun in the usual place as he removes his boots. He glances up, frowning in the direction of the kitchen.

147 INT. SKELGHYLL FARM KITCHEN. NIGHT

Ken enters the kitchen. Hazel doesn't look round, but continues preparing the food.

KEN
What was he doing here?

(CONTINUED)

HAZEL

Greg? He wanted a word with you -
I don't know what about. I told
him you were up the fell.

KEN

Happen I'll ring him, then - find
out what he wanted.

Hazel pauses momentarily in her chopping.

HAZEL

Yeah. Why not?

Ken watches her, still suspicious. He takes out the whisky
bottle from the cupboard and pours himself a large one,
leaving the bottle on the table. Hazel darts a look at him
as she tips the chopped vegetables into a pan.

HAZEL (CONT'D)

Go easy on that stuff. You had a
skinfull last night.

Ken just scowls at her.

148 INT. HERDWICK INN - BAR. NIGHT

Norman and Sally are sitting together in a corner when
Greg enters and approaches the bar. Norman and Sally
exchange glances. Norman rises and ambles over to join
Greg.

NORMAN

There you are, old son! Where did
you disappear to today?

GREG

I had to call at the Birkett's.
Thought I might have left my
Blackberry there.

Norman nods coolly.

NORMAN

I hadn't actually called a wrap:
we could have done with a few
reverses before we lost the
light.

GREG

Sorry...we've got enough
cutaways, though?

NORMAN

Sure, sure - don't worry about
it. We'll sort it: we're all
pros, aren't we?

(CONTINUED)

He continues to observe Greg with a steady gaze. A BARMAN appears.

NORMAN (CONT'D)
 (to barman)
 A Glenfiddich, if you please -
 and...Greg?

GREG
 Er, thanks - just a coffee.

He looks highly uncomfortable.

149 EXT. SKELGHYLL FARM. NIGHT

The snowstorm is now at its height. Drifts have built up in the yard. The shippan doors bang in the squally wind and there is uneasy bleating and shuffling from the animals inside.

150 INT. SKELGHYLL FARM - LIVING ROOM. NIGHT

Ken is in the armchair, a whisky glass in his hand and a much-depleted bottle on the coffee table in front of him. He's half-watching TV with the sound turned down. On screen there are images of snowdrifts and abandoned cars. Hazel enters and collects Ken's empty dinner plate. She pauses to look at him disapprovingly. He mumbles.

KEN
 Got to feed the hefts.

HAZEL
 Don't be daft. Have you seen it out there? They're Herdwicks - they'll survive.

She goes out, but Ken continues mumbling drunkenly.

KEN
 Shepherd should be with his flock.

151 INT. HERDWICK INN - GREG'S ROOM. NIGHT

Greg sits on his bed, gloomily going through the rushes on a portable viewer. He's at the part where Ken and Joe lock horns in the pub. He pauses the player and presses rewind to skip back through the footage, until he comes to Hazel in close-up at the lamb-fostering scene.

HAZEL (O.S.)
 ...Sometimes the ewe will even reject her own - no-one knows
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HAZEL (O.S.) (cont'd)
why. I suppose they don't either.
They just have feelings they
can't control.

Greg presses the pause button. He stares at the image of Hazel's face.

152 EXT. HERDWICK INN - ENTRANCE. NIGHT - A MINUTE LATER

Greg bursts explosively out of the front doors of the inn, pulling on his coat as he goes, hurrying through the swirling snow in the car park. He stops abruptly, unsure which of the icy white forms is his car, then presses the key remote: there's a blip and a dim flash of orange and he continues towards it.

153 EXT. LANE. NIGHT

Greg's car swings out of the hotel drive onto the snow-bound lane, slithering wildly on the ice before speeding away.

154 INT. SKELGHYLL FARM - HALLWAY. NIGHT

Hazel comes out of the kitchen and looks in the open doorway of the living room, where Ken lies slumped, in the armchair, fast asleep. She looks at him anxiously, then hears something: a car entering the farmyard. She softly closes the door to the living room and hurries back into the kitchen.

155 INT. SKELGHYLL FARM - KITCHEN. NIGHT

Hazel goes to the kitchen window and peers out into the night. She sees Greg getting out of his car and starting to move towards the front door. Alarmed, she knocks on the window.

156 EXT. SKELGHYLL FARMYARD. NIGHT

Greg, stumbles through the snow towards the front door. He hears Hazel's knock and stops in his tracks. He sees her waving him towards the back door and he moves in that direction instead.

157 INT. SKELGHYLL FARM - KITCHEN. NIGHT

Hazel opens the back door to Greg. She doesn't move to let him in. She's angry, but keeps her voice low.

HAZEL
What the hell are you doing?
Ken's in there asleep!

GREG
Come with me, then - back to the
inn. I've got to talk to you.

HAZEL
Talk about what?

GREG
About you and me. I can't just
leave it like this. We have to
talk it through - properly.

HAZEL
We've said too much already.

GREG
Look, whatever you decide, we've
got to discuss the choices.

HAZEL
What choices...what are you
talking about?

He takes her by the arms.

GREG
Please. Just come with me.

Hazel is shaking her head as Ken appears in the doorway beside her. He moves Hazel aside and confronts Greg. Greg steels himself for a man-to-man talk.

GREG (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, Ken. I've come to see
Hazel. There are things I have to
say to her. I think ---

Ken, who has been deceptively calm, suddenly steps out and head-butts Greg full in the face. Hazel gasps as Greg collapses into a heap in the snow.

HAZEL
Ken!

KEN
(to Greg)
Stay away from my wife!

Ken turns to Hazel, still strangely calm.

(CONTINUED)

KEN

Is this what I get?

Hazel takes a tentative step towards him, placatingly.

HAZEL

No, listen ---

Ken holds up a warning hand. She stops.

KEN

This is it, is it?

He gives a short, bitter laugh. He's trembling now. Hazel looks at him, unable to speak. Greg is still sprawled in the snow, watching Ken. Blood runs through the fingers of the hand covering his nose. Ken glances at him, then Hazel, with a look of total disgust, then turns and lurches off into the house. Hazel helps Greg to his feet and brings him into the kitchen.

GREG

Fuck!

HAZEL

Is it broken?

GREG

I think so. Fuck!

They hear the front door slam. Hazel glances round, concerned, but hands Greg a tea towel. Greg leans over the sink and starts dabbing the blood from his face.

GREG (CONT'D)

Where's he gone?

They hear the Land Rover starting up. Hazel looks out the window to see the headlights sweep wildly round the yard and out onto the lane.

HAZEL

Oh, Jesus, he was talking about going up the fell!

GREG

Let him go, then.

Hazel leaves the kitchen.

158 EXT. LANE. NIGHT.

Ken's Land Rover veers off the lane, up the track to the fell-side.

159 INT. SKELGHYLL FARM - KITCHEN. NIGHT

Hazel returns, donning her heavy coat and scarf. She takes a torch from a drawer. Greg looks at her in alarm.

GREG

What are you doing?

HAZEL

I can't let him go up there in this. Not in that state.

GREG

No - I can't let you. He's dangerous.

Hazel picks up the keys to her van from the worktop.

GREG (CONT'D)

You'll never get up there in that van of yours.

Hazel hesitates.

HAZEL

Take me in yours, then. As far as the ghyll path.

Greg looks reluctant, but nods and follows her out of the kitchen.

160 INT. SKELGHYLL FARM - HALLWAY. NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Hazel and Greg exit the via front door. Neither of them notices that Ken's shotgun is not in its usual place.

161 INT/EXT. HILL TRACK. NIGHT

The shotgun is in the back of Ken's Land Rover as the car struggles on a hairpin bend, wheels spinning in drifted snow. Ken wrestles with the gears. He's on an adrenalin-and-alcohol-fuelled high and lets out a whoop as the vehicle surges clear.

KEN

That's it, you old bugger, you can do it!

162 EXT. SKELGHYLL FARMYARD. NIGHT

Greg and Hazel jump into the Landcruiser and move off.

163 EXT. END OF THE TRACK. NIGHT

Ken's Land Rover halts at the intake gate where the ghyll path begins. Ken gets out, unsteadily, opens the rear door and pulls out the shotgun and a large sack of feed. He shoulders the sack and, using the shotgun as a walking stick to steady himself, makes for the ghyll path.

164 INT. GREG'S CAR. NIGHT

Greg, at the wheel, is peering at the track ahead, which - glimpsed in the headlights through the falling snow - looks almost impassable.

GREG
This is insane.

Hazel says nothing, but stares determinedly ahead.

165 EXT. PATH. NIGHT

Ken stumbles up the ghyll path, singing out loud, between gasps.

KEN
The Lord's my shepherd; I'll not
want...

He stops to take a rest and, looking to the heavens, shouts out.

KEN (CONT'D)
I want! I want, you bastard!

He raises his rifle to the stormy sky and blasts off a shot which echoes down the ghyll.

166 EXT. END OF THE TRACK. NIGHT

Greg and Hazel are in the act of getting out of their car where it stands parked beside Ken's. They hear the gunshot echoing down the ghyll. Hazel yells in panic.

HAZEL
Ken!

She clammers the stile and races up the path, shining her torch ahead. Greg, though momentarily stunned, runs after her.

167 EXT. PATH. NIGHT

Ken breaches the gun, and discards the spent cartridge. But his high is wearing off. He looks anguished. He lifts the sack again and continues up the path.

168 EXT. PATH - LOWER DOWN. NIGHT

Greg is some way behind Hazel. He calls out to her.

GREG

Wait, Hazel! You don't know what
you're going to find up there!

Hazel barely pauses to listen, but presses on.

169 EXT. PLATEAU. NIGHT

The ghyll widens here to form a small plateau. Ken trudges through the deep snow towards a small dry-stone sheep fold nearby, where some of the remaining hefted flock stand huddled together for shelter.

KEN

Sheep, sheep! Come and get it!
Dinner is served.

He starts emptying the feed from the sack onto the snow and the sheep venture towards it and begin eating.

KEN (CONT'D)

Come on! Did you think I'd let
you starve, eh?

170 EXT. HALFWAY UP THE PATH. NIGHT

Hazel is still racing up the path, even though she's gasping for breath. Greg is lagging further behind. He slips and lands on all fours, then gets to his feet. Hazel looks round, a little impatiently, but continues.

171 EXT. PLATEAU. NIGHT

Ken squats against the sheep fold, sheltering from the cold and wearing a strange, fierce expression as he watches his flock feeding.

172 EXT. NEAR THE TOP OF THE PATH. NIGHT.

Hazel stops abruptly, spotting something in the torchlight. She bends and picks up Ken's discarded cartridge. Greg, arrives, panting heavily. Hazel turns and shows him the cartridge.

HAZEL
Well, he didn't use it on himself.

She stresses the last word and looks at Greg steadily. Greg glances around him: visibility is almost nil - it's a wild, hostile place. He looks back at her, uncertainly.

HAZEL (CONT'D)
Go back, Greg. This is between me and Ken.

Still Greg hesitates. Hazel takes a step towards him. There's tenderness in her expression, but her voice is firm.

HAZEL (CONT'D)
Thanks - for everything. But go home, now.

Greg looks at her for another moment, then his face registers his defeat. He nods, slowly turns and begins to descend the track. Hazel watches him go for a second, then turns and hurries on up the track.

173 EXT. PLATEAU. NIGHT

Ken is still sitting by the sheep fold, with the same intense expression on his face. Slowly he rises, takes a fresh cartridge out of his coat pocket and slots it into the barrel of his gun. He moves stiffly forward towards the flock, raising the gun in readiness to shoot. Behind him, Hazel comes into view. She stops in alarm as she sees him.

HAZEL
Ken! What are you doing?

Ken spins round. The gun is now pointing at Hazel and there's a wildness in Ken's eyes.

KEN
Get away from me! Go back to your Greg!

He sneers the name.

(CONTINUED)

HAZEL

He's gone. I sent him packing.

Ken still glares down the barrel.

HAZEL (CONT'D)

Nothing happened, Ken.

There's the faintest sign he believes this, but he's still angry.

HAZEL (CONT'D)

I just...he showed an interest.

KEN

You think I don't care about you?
You think I care more about
these?

He jerks his head in the direction of the sheep. Hazel shakes her head, but it's more in uncertainty than denial.

KEN (CONT'D)

Think I want this? Every day,
these stupid, fucking sheep?
Slaving, keeping them alive, so
we can send them to slaughter -
what's the point?

He's sobbing now, from years of frustration and hardship.

KEN (CONT'D)

What's the point? Might as well
do it now!

(yelling)

Kill them all and have done with
it!

He spins round and blasts into the flock, instantly killing one ewe and sending the others scattering in panic. Hazel is horror-struck.

HAZEL

No!

KEN

Stupid, fucking sheep!

Ken fires off the second barrel at the disappearing animals, immediately breaching the gun and fumbling in his coat pocket for more shells.

HAZEL

Stop it, Ken!

She runs, stumbling across the snow, reaching Ken just as he slots in a fresh cartridge. She throws her arms round him to restrain him.

(CONTINUED)

HAZEL (CONT'D)

Stop!

He stops, dropping his head and weeping. Hazel rests her head on his shoulder. They stand there for a few moments, then Ken lets the gun fall to the ground and slowly pulls away. He stumbles over to the sheep fold and slumps down against the wall, spent and silent. Hazel follows and stands watching him. After a long pause, he glances up.

KEN

I sold the woods.

HAZEL

What?

KEN

I sold the woods to Joe Curran.
The money's yours. Do what you
want with it.

Hazel stares, then squats down next to him, pulling her coat tightly around her. After a pause, she reaches out and squeezes his hand. As they sit, side by side, the wind picks up again, gale-force, blasting snow. Hazel flinches and looks worriedly at Ken, who is staring fixedly ahead.

HAZEL

We can't stay here - we'll die.

Ken looks as if he no longer cares. Hazel suddenly looks away, squinting through the driving snow: she's got an idea. She clambers to her feet.

174 EXT. PLATEAU - NEARBY. NIGHT

Hazel's torchlight illuminates a large box mounted on a wooden frame, half-buried in a snowdrift. Stencilled lettering on the box reads 'Mountain Rescue Kit'. Hazel heaves open the lid.

175 EXT. PLATEAU. NIGHT

Ken sits as before in the shelter of the sheep-fold. Hazel stumbles back, carrying a survival bag and a stretcher canvas minus the poles. She huddles down next to Ken, wrapping the survival bag around them and tugging the stretcher canvas over their heads as a makeshift shelter. She snuggles in close to him. Though still numbed and silent, Ken looks down at her curiously for a long moment, then closes his eyes as the snow swirls ferociously around them again.

176 EXT. HERDWICK INN CAR PARK. DAY

It's early morning. Deep snow covers the inn and surrounding countryside, but the sky is blue and there's bright Spring sunshine. The film crew are loading up their vehicles for departure, with Norman jollyng them along. Greg stands beside his Landcruiser, taking a last look at his surroundings. He has swollen nose, bruising and a haunted, faraway look. He is interrupted by Sally, who appears at the passenger side. She gives him a sympathetic smile.

SALLY

Ready?

Greg looks at her vaguely for a moment, then nods.

GREG

Yeah - let's go.

They get in the car and drive off.

177 EXT. PLATEAU. DAY

Ken, looking cold and dishevelled, stands grimly staring down at the bloodstained corpse of the ewe. Hazel, with snow-matted hair and with the survival bag wrapped around her shoulders, joins him. There's a pause.

HAZEL

Mutton stew again.

Despite himself, Ken gives a short laugh. They look at each other wryly.

KEN

You'd best help me shift it.

He bends to grab the ewe's leg. Hazel doesn't move. Ken looks at her quizzically. She still doesn't move. Ken straightens.

HAZEL

I'm pregnant.

Ken's stare is now one of astonishment, slowly turning to wonder as the information sinks in. Hazel gazes back with a small, steady smile. She steps forward, grabs one leg of the ewe and motions Ken to do the same. Ken hesitates, still stunned, then takes hold of the other leg. The two of them begin to drag the dead sheep across the snow, towards the ghyll.

Back beside the sheep-fold, some of the flock have gathered, foraging. A young lamb bleats vigorously, bounds across the snow to its mother and nuzzles in to feed.

FADE OUT