FADE IN:

EXT. BERT'S HOUSE - DAY

It is a bright day with a few clouds in the sky. There is a car parked outside of BERT'S house.

BERT walks out of the door. He is dressed in a woolly hat, a raincoat and walking boots with a rucksack on his back.

He gets into the car and drives off through a town and into the countryside.

EXT. FOREST CAR PARK - DAY

The car pulls up in the car park. BERT gets out the car and pulls a map and compass out his bag. He checks his route and sets off up a gravel track.

The trees loom high on either side of him and he continues walking alone along the track. He stops and checks his map again, taking a detour off the track and into the tree line.

EXT. WATERFILLED QUARRY - DAY

BERT emerges in front of an old quarry site that has filled with water to create a small lake. BERT walks up to the top and throws a stone into the water. He then sets off again and rejoins the track.

EXT. FOREST TRACK - DAY

He walks further into the forest and checks his watch. It is mid-day.

BERT I think we can call that lunchtime.

He looks at his map and compass to find the area that he has marked for lunch.

EXT. TOP OF HILL - DAY

He comes out of the trees at the top of the hill where there is an expansive view of the area around him. He takes out his binoculars and looks at the view around him.

BERT

Beautiful.

He eats a sandwich while looking over his surroundings and has a cup of coffee. When he has finished his lunch he checks his watch again. It is 12.45.

BERT

Back to it.

BERT walks away from the clear hilltop and back into the tree line.

EXT. FOREST TRACK - DAY

BERT walks along a path that gets smaller and smaller until it is no longer a path and he is walking a trail that he is making his own.

BERT

Time for a bit of off-roading.

He goes deep into the trees that get thicker around him. The landscape is no longer open and bright. He walks past old trees that have been uprooted and died and follows his compass so that he does not get lost.

EXT. DEEP FOREST - DAY A noise comes from a nearby tree that makes him stop and pull out is binoculars.

> BERT Could have been a finch.

He scans the trees around him with the binoculars and spots something bright red behind a tree. He lowers the binoculars.

BERT

What is that?

He pulls the binoculars back up to his eyes.

BERT (shouts) Hello! Hello! Is somebody there?

BERT lowers the binoculars and tentatively walks towards the red object. It appears to be resting up against a tree. As he gets closer he begins to realise that it is a dead body with a briefcase clutched in its arms. He checks the body for a pulse.

BERT

Dead.

He takes a mobile from his bag to call the emergency services but can't get a signal. He waves the phone around his head to locate one with no luck.

> BERT Trees must be blocking the signal.

He checks the body's pockets, pulling out a wallet and a key. He looks through the wallet and finds a drivers licence and some loose change.

BERT

Bill Wetherington.

He puts the licence and change back in the wallet and the wallet back in the body's pocket. He looks at the key that he holds in his hand and notices the briefcase. It needs a key to open it. The key fits and opens the case. It is full of money.

BERT picks up a wad of money from the briefcase and flicks through it. He looks around to see if anyone else is there, but the forest is empty. He checks the body's pulse again.

BERT

Definitely dead.

He throws the money back into the briefcase and shuts it, putting the key in his pocket. He stands up and looks around one last time.

BERT Sorry Bill but this is a little more than some loose change.

BERT walks away quickly, excited, following the way that he came from. He holds the briefcase tightly as he walks, smiling to himself and almost laughing as he goes.

EXT. TREE CIRCLE - DAY

He pushes his way through the tree branches. He comes out into a clearing of circular trees and cannot see a way out but the way he entered. He walks into the middle of the clearing and looks all around him.

> BERT That's not possible. I followed the way I came from. I should be back onto the track.

He puts down the briefcase and pulls out the map and compass, sitting down on the floor to go over his route.

BERT

There should be a track here. I originally came west, found Bill, turned around and headed back east towards the track.

He notices that he has put the briefcase down a little away from himself. He picks it up and pulls it toward him.

BERT

OK. (Pause) It doesn't matter. A road runs directly south of the forest. So if I continue south, as some point I will come back to the road. Then I follow the road to the car and back home.

BERT puts the map away and walks out of the clearing back into the forest carrying the briefcase and the compass out in front of him.

EXT. WOODLAND - DAY

He follows north while stroking the briefcase.

BERT Just follow north and I'll be back home in no time.

As he follows north he checks his watch. The time reads 16.30 and it is getting late in the day.

BERT Getting late but not to worry. Just a question of what I'm going to spend all this money on. New hiking boots, the ones with the waterproof breathable fabric. A new pair of deluxe blister prevention socks. Christ I'm thinking too small, there must be 50 grand in this case. (beat) I could get a whole new outfit! (laughing) Of all the good luck I find a case of money in the middle of no-where.

He carries on looking down at his compass, following the needle north.

BERT (laughing) OK, the road home should be just about…

EXT. DEEP FOREST - DAY

BERT looks up from where he is standing. He is next to the dead body of BILL WETHERINGTON.

BERT

Here.

He looks back down at his compass then at the body.

BERT No. No, this is not possible. I followed north exactly as the map said. I used my compass (shouts) and a compass does not fucking lie. North does not suddenly turn into east.

BERT (CONT'D) The laws of physics should not all of a sudden be thrown out of the fucking window. There should be a road here and I should be driving home with a load of money! All my money. Fuck!

BERT takes a look at his watch. It now reads 17.45.

BERT

(shouts)

Fuck!

He takes a long deep breath and closes his eyes.

BERT OK, OK. Pull yourself together. Have something to drink. Hydrate yourself so you can think.

He takes out the flask from his bag. He tries to pour a drink but nothing comes out. It is empty. He throws the flask on the floor and it breaks.

BERT

Well I'll just have to buy
myself a new flask as well. I
think 50 grand can do that.
 (beat)
Just got to get home.
 (pause)
OK. Think. I originally came
from the east and the west is
a dead end clearing. North
also comes here, so south must
be somewhere other than here.
Just go south.

He looks at BILL WETHERINGTON.

BERT Ha! This is the last time you'll be seeing me Billy Boy.

BERT walks off following south on his compass, clutching the briefcase to his chest as he walks.

The daytime changes to night, the moon rises in the sky as the sun goes down.

EXT. WOODLAND - NIGHT

BERT crashes through a bush looking wild and ragged, still holding on the briefcase with the map and compass. He falls onto the floor in front of the dead body of BILL WETHERINGTON.

BERT

(screaming and laughing) AAAAGGGGHHHHH! AAAAAAGGGGHHHHAHAHAHAHA! FUCK! FUCK! FUCKITTY FUCK! AHAHA!

He rips up the map in his hands, while still screaming, throwing it onto the floor along with his rucksack and compass. He jumps up and down onto them to make sure that they are properly broken.

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BERT
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(screaming and laughing) AHAHAHAHA, THIS COMPASS IS FUCKED! I'm going to get this money home and I'm going to spend every last god damn penny of it on working fucking compasses.

BERT grabs the briefcase and starts to run wildly and without direction through tree branches, bushes, jumping over fallen trees and through mud.

> BERT Getting my money home. My money. Money. Money. Money.

EXT. STEEP DROP - NIGHT

In the darkness he cannot properly see where he is going and as he runs he comes to a steep drop. He falls down it and tumbles down through the trees catching his leg under a branch.

The branch causes him to fall over, breaking his leg. BERT screams in pain but still clutches onto the briefcase.

He manages to free his leg and crawl on.

BERT

(crying) Oh god. Oh god. Just, just got to get the money home. Get home with my money.

Time passes from night to day.

EXT. DEATH TREE - DAY

BERT is still crawling and is absolutely exhausted. He crawls up to a tree and props himself up against it.

His breath is deep and heavy. His leg is still broken and bleeding through his trousers. The briefcase is still clutched in his arms. He pulls it up to his chest, unable to move any further.

DAY turns to night and night to day. BERT has dies while propped up against the tree with the briefcase in his arms.

Footsteps approach the body and a MANS feet stop next to BERT. He looks at BERT and then quizzically at the briefcase.

FADE OUT: