

'LATE LUNCH'

by

Barry Staff

An old woman communes with her garden one last time.

FADE IN:

EXT. LARGE BACK GARDEN - DAY

An OLD WOMAN, in dressing gown, exits a door.

Coaxes the cat she's carrying. Registers birdsong.

Sets the cat on the lawn. Watches it sidle away into deep undergrowth.

Old Woman shields eyes. Looks to the sky.

Her concerned expression is jettisoned.

She hobbles across the grass.

HER POV

-takes in the high hedges surrounding her.... the shrubby flowers beds... the aged silver birch... the even older apple tree...

She tests the hardness of one of the burgeoning apples.

POND

She feeds fish (some of them golden). Kneels. Lets them nudge and suck her fingertips.

SHRUBBERY

Old Woman runs her hands over a swath of lavender tops.

Smells her fingertips.

CHICKEN POUND

She reaches down towards one of the chickens. It lets itself be pinned, crouches lower, spreads its wings, raises its tail.

With ease, she catches another chicken.

Takes it to her chest.

Tickles it wattle... its neck... the beak.

She sets the chicken back down.

She steps into the chicken coop. Looks across the massed droppings.

Old Woman reaches into straw bedding. Finds an egg.

Places it gently in her pocket.

She looks at all six chickens contentedly feeding. Others dusting themselves in the sun.

FLOWER PATCH

Her eye follows the flight of a bumble bee, swollen with pollen that determines to take on more.

She looks across the Magnolias... the Camellias... and the Azaleas... Imbibes a deep breath.

THE SKY

She eyes the two doves that are clutched together on the high power cable running above the hedge.

She looks across the gooseberry bushes.

She looks across the blackberries climbing and entwined with a pyramidal frame. Sample one. Holds the taste for a long beat before swallowing.

VEGETABLE PATCH

Old Woman looks across burgeoning produce.

She snaps a few heads of purple broccoli.

Inhales the smell.

Places them gently in a colander.

She pulls a couple of leaks, shakes earth off.

Imbibes deeply on their smell.

Places them beside the broccoli.

Walks the garnered produce back across the lawn.

Enters the door she'd exited earlier - a kitchen glimpsed beyond it.

FADE OUT.

THE END