

NO SIGNAL

by
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EXT. CLIFFTOP - AFTERNOON

In the soft, afternoon light, A MAN (45) sits crosslegged on a flat, rocky clifftop, gazing out at a vast, beautiful pine forest and river valley below him. The sound of occasional bird song. The distant rush of the river as it hurtles over a section of rapids.

In front of him, the remnant embers of a small CAMPFIRE and a BILLYCAN perched on top. Behind him, a small one-man TENT and a BACKPACK. He sips from a CUP of steaming hot black tea. Drinks in the view.

The earth rumbles. Shakes. He steadies himself with one hand on the ground, the other balances his cup of tea.

BIRDS fly out of nearby trees in a screeching panic, spreading into the sky, rising and diving in ever changing formations. The billycan tips over, spilling hot water across the grey, rocky ground. The spreading water extinguishes the embers of the fire in a hiss of steam.

Then the rumbling stops. The serenity returns. The man puts down his tea. Thinks for a moment. Takes out his MOBILE PHONE. Dials a contact: JENNY. Presses the phone to his ear. He hears three beeps, then nothing. Looks at his phone: "No signal".

He gets up. Walks around the clifftop. Tries various different locations, checking his phone each time. Every time the same result: "No signal". He holds the phone as high up as he can. "No signal."

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The man is climbing up a tree. He stops. Takes his PHONE from his pocket. Checks it. "No signal".

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The man is sitting at his campsite, PHONE still in his hand. It still says "No signal". A beat. He puts it back in his pocket. Looks out at the view again. The forest is peaceful and quiet. The birds have settled back into the treetops. The sun is beginning to set. He listens to the distant sound of the river rushing through the valley below. He picks up his cup of tea. Takes a satisfying sip. Looks with deep satisfaction at the beauty of everything he sees and smiles.