

EXT. MOUNTAINS - DAY

Snow lines the ground. A row of trees.

Pheasants run about the woodland, snaking between the trees.

CRACK! A burst of feathers.

EXT. MOUNTAINS - LATER

A pheasant swings.

It drips blood.

Once in a while some might land on a furry boot, but the snow is stained red the most.

EXT. MOUNTAINS - LATER

WIDE: A campsite. A tent and burning fire. To the right a stand has been erected.

Several birds hang from it.

The TRACKER hangs the dripping pheasant on the stand.

He continues on to take a piss.

EXT. MOUNTAINS - DAY

INT. TENT - NIGHT

The Tracker climbs into his bedroll.

His grip on something loosens. A charred stick rolls across his bedroll.

He rifles through his bag and produces a tattered, leather-bound notebook.

He flicks through it.

He stops on a page: Scrawled across it are a series of numbers. It goes: Date, Animal, Individual Weight, Individual Price, Total Weight, Total Price.

He flicks to the back of the book.

These pages display the average price for every animal killed each month: 'February: Whitetail, roughly \$13.50... March: Jackrabbit...'. It's a long list.

He swaps the book out for another book. This one is smaller. Page have been torn out.

Made in Highland

He turns to a fresh sheet.

He writes: 'I hit a pheasant today. I put its meat in a box and buried it in the snow, as I did with the others. I hope the cold will leave them nice.'

EXT. TENT - MORNING

A fresh day.

The flap of the tent opens and the Tracker heaves a large bag out onto the snow.

He exits, takes a piss, returns.

A cloth bundle is placed beside the bag in the snow and untied.

Sticks and twigs clatter loose.

A couple are added to the fire.

He reties the bundle and puts it back in the bag.

The tin box is lifted from the snow. Three pieces of meat are removed and the box is closed and buried again. They are prepared and skewered.

He roasts the meat.

EXT. MOUNTAINS - MIDDAY

The Tracker traverses the snow, the bag is on his back and he's found a stick to walk with.

A sound is heard. An animal call.

He stops and waits for it again.

Hold...

There it is again. The high-pitched wail of an elk. A while off but worth the hike.

He turns to face the sound.

He drops the bag: a makeshift quiver is strapped to the side of the bag.

He removes each arrow, inspects the tip, puts it back.

A final look is taken before he puts the bag back on.

He takes off, heading away from the sound and down the hill.

INT. TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

The TICKET GUARD lies slumped over the desk.

A small wood-burning stove at the far end of the room warms the building.

Our Tracker enters and shakes the snow from his coat and boots.

He approaches the ticket desk.

He drops his bag on the floor.

The thin book is removed.

He tears the written pages from it and writes the address on the back of each one.

The hand of the Ticket Officer is lifted and the pages and money left underneath.

The Tracker wears his bag again and walks to the door.

A drinks cabinet stands at the exit.

He pours himself a drink: whiskey.

A chair scrapes along the boards. It stops in front of the fire.

He sits.

A long pause.

A LADY enters and seats herself on a bench. She's clothed in salmon pink.

She sees the Tracker and slides further up the bench, closer to the Ticket Officer.

For the rest of her wait she watches the clock.

Another long pause.

The Train arrives and she gets up and walks through the door.

INT. TRAIN STATION - DAYBREAK

A cold light fills the room.

We hear a groan. The Ticket Officer looks up.

Made in Highland

The Tracker sleeps in the chair. The fire has died down.

A door opens and the Ticket Officer adds another log to the fire.

He takes the kettle hanging above the stove and exits outside.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - CONTINUOUS

The Ticket Officer looks down the tracks.

Nothing comes.

He crosses the tracks.

Hands scoop snow into the kettle.

INT. TRAIN STATION - A WHILE LATER

The light has warmed - only slightly.

We look upon the Tracker.

Some time passes until he stirs and gets up from the chair.

The kettle steams on the stovetop.

The lid is lifted: The remainder of the snow floats on the surface, the rest has melted.

He turns around.

CU: The Ticket Officer watches him from his desk.

The Tracker looks beyond to the drinks cabinet. The whisky has been replaced by a jug of coffee and a smaller one filled with milk.

We track him as he drags his bag along the floor to the cabinet.

A drink is poured.

He sips from it, staring at the wall.

He straps his bag onto his back and exits through the door.

INT. MOUNTAINS - NIGHT

A light rain. Pitch black.

Our Tracker treads through the snow. He wields the sole light in the frame.

Made in Highland

Made in Highland