

(Printed with the demonstration version of Fade In)

EXT. SCOTTISH ROAD - DAY

CLOSE ON a bicycle wheel spinning against asphalt.

CLOSE ON pedals pumping with surprising vigor.

CLOSE ON weathered hands gripping handlebars with purpose.

EXT. SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS - WIDE SHOT - DAY

Rolling hills stretch across the horizon beneath a vast sky. In the distance, a tiny figure on a bicycle moves toward camera with fluid grace.

As the cyclist draws closer, we make out:

MAVIS (80), silver-haired and spirited. A white helmet and strap snugly beneath her chin. She wears an elegant PINK EVENING GOWN, the kind reserved for royal banquets - yet she rides with the ease and strength of a seasoned athlete.

She passes MARK BEAUMONT, a professional cyclist, with effortless grace.

His stunned expression speaks volumes.

EXT. ROAD TO EDINBURGH - CONTINUOUS

Cars slow and swing wide to give Mavis room as she glides past, unfazed.

She pedals steadily alongside ARTHUR'S SEAT, the ancient volcanic hill. Beyond it, EDINBURGH sprawls in the distance, waiting.

She rolls down winding hills and through narrow streets, then turns back onto a main road that snakes around the hilly outcrops.

INT. TRANSIT VAN - DAY

A large-set man drives while listening to the radio. He steers with confidence.

Through the wind shield: Mavis appears as a small dot in the distance.

The driver, DECLAN (50s), squints and shakes his head in disbelief at the sight of this elderly woman in an evening gown riding a road bike ahead of him.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

A POTHOLE lies in wait like an open mouth.

Mavis pedals on, unaware of the danger ahead.

INT. TRANSIT VAN - CONTINUOUS

Declan draws closer, slowing to avoid startling her. He spots the pothole and BLASTS his horn in warning.

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Startled by the horn, Mavis jerks the handlebars. She avoids the pothole but her bike lurches into an uncontrolled wobble.

INT. TRANSIT VAN - CONTINUOUS

Declan's face fills with concern as he watches Mavis swerve wildly, heading straight off road toward the grassy verge.

DECLAN  
(panicking)  
Shit!

EXT. GRASSY VERGE - CONTINUOUS

Mavis hits the verge and tumbles gently from her bike.

She sits on the ground, unhurt but startled, foliage sticking out from her helmet. She catches her breath.

Declan's van passes, then pulls over with a SCREECH.

EXT. ROADSIDE - CONTINUOUS

Declan exits the vehicle and hurries toward Mavis.

DECLAN  
(concerned)  
Are you okay love? I'm sorry about  
the horn, I was trying to warn you  
about the pothole...

Mavis looks up, slightly dazed, as Declan arrives at her side.

DECLAN (cont'd)

Are you injured? Don't get up yet,  
let me check you over first. I'm so  
sorry.

MAVIS

Don't worry about me young man. This  
happens all the time. Let me just get  
up.

DECLAN

Be careful, take your time.

Before Declan has a chance to assist, Mavis tries to get to  
her feet. Slightly overcome by the minor accident, she falls  
back down on her bum.

MAVIS

Urgh.

DECLAN

Let me help you up.

Declan helps Mavis to her feet. She look sat her bike - it's  
fine. Then removes her helmet that is covered in leaves and  
grass.

MAVIS

I wanted a new helmet anyway. I'm not  
a fan of white.

Mavis brushes away the dirt from the helmet. Declan looks at  
her with amazement.

DECLAN

(pointing)

There's some muck on dress.

Mavis looks down at her gown and brushes away the dirt  
without a care.

MAVIS

That will wash out.

Beat.

DECLAN

Can I give you a lift anywhere?

CUT TO:

INT.TRANSIT VAN

Mavis sits in the passenger seat beside Declan. She surveys the messy cabin—drink cans and food wrappers scattered everywhere. The interior is grimy.

She discreetly lifts the hem of her dress off the floor.

DECLAN

Sorry about mess. It's a work van. I don't get many passenger's wearing...  
(awkwardly)  
what you're wearing... it looks good.

MAVIS

Very kind of you - I didn't get your name?

DECLAN

Declan. And yours?

MAVIS

Mavis Paterson.

Awkward silence fills the van. Declan clearly isn't the social type.

Mavis picks up on this.

MAVIS (cont'd)

Do you cycle Declan?

Declan looks surprised at the question - given his physique.

DECLAN

Never quite got into to cycling. More of a football nut.

MAVIS

Ahh, do you play?

DECLAN

(chuckling)

No, no - I just have a season ticket. Go with my lad quite a lot. But he's into bikes - he has a mountain bike. He loves it.

MAVIS

That's nice to hear.

Beat.

DECLAN

I recognise your face. Are you local?

MAVIS

No deary, I'm from the borders. Just here for an event.

DECLAN

(playful)

That would explain the dress.

Mavis offers Declan a warm smile.

DECLAN (cont'd)

Where can I drop you? I'm happy to take you anywhere after.. you know, the...

MAVIS

...my silly accident.

Declan looks awkward in his skin.

MAVIS (cont'd)

If you could take me by the castle so I can ride down the hill. It's much easier that way.

DECLAN

Are you sure - I can take you anywhere.

MAVIS

You have been a great help. Besides, I want to go a bike shop - I need a new helmet.

DECLAN

Can I give you some money towards it? I feel a bit responsible.

MAVIS

Oh no no. Don't be silly. My plan was to get a new one today.

(tapping helmet)

This one always falls to the side. Very annoying when you're trying to tackle a steep hill.

DECLAN

Are you sure?

MAVIS

Yes I'm sure. But thank you.

(MORE)

MAVIS (cont'd)  
(Pointing out of  
window)  
You can drop me here. This is  
perfect.

EXT. BACK STREET NEAR CASTLE - DAY

Mavis mounts her bike on the pavement. Declan looks out his van window at Mavis.

DECLAN  
Nice meeting you, Mavis. Enjoy your  
event.

MAVIS

She pedals off and waves to Declan, wobbling slightly as she does it. Declan has a mild scare from her actions.

He drives off and turns on the radio.

EXT. EDINBURGH CITY CENTRE - DAY

Edinburgh sparkles. Bustling streets fill with people shopping and drinking coffee outside boutique cafés. Golden sunlight warms the city. Everyone enjoys the bright, clear day.

Mavis appears, coasting down the hill on her bike.

Pedestrians stare as she rides, wearing her pink evening gown. Her casual demeanour draws attention.

The real MAVIS PATERSON stands on the pavement, watching her namesake cycle past.

Mavis slows toward the bottom of the hill and dismounts as she arrives at her destination—the bike shop. She leans her bike up outside the shop and begins to secure it.

INT. BIKE SHOP - DAY

JANE (30 Female), a shop assistant working on a customer's bike, sings passionately along to the radio.

The bell RINGS as Mavis enters. Her face lights up in recognition.

JANE

Alexa stop!

The music abruptly stops, leaving Mavis momentarily confused by the sudden silence and the 'stop' instruction.

JANE (cont'd)

Sorry not you!

(beat)

You're Mavis Paterson!

Mavis looks surprised to be recognised.

MAVIS

(soft Scottish  
accent)

Hello. Do I know you?

JANE

No – but we all know you around here.  
You're all over the local news. Come  
in, can I get you anything? Tea,  
coffee, water – wow! You look  
amazing!

Mavis looks down at her evening gown and gently smooths the creases.

MAVIS

(politely)

Thank you.

Her warm smile lights up the shop.

MAVIS (cont'd)

I don't want to get anything else  
over this frock. But I do need a new  
helmet – this one's a bit tight.

She wrestles with the helmet.

JANE

We can help with that. Let me show  
you what we've got over here – but we  
definitely don't have anything that  
will go with that stunning frock...

MAVIS

(missing the humour)

No, no. I just need something easy to  
put on – big enough for ma big head.

Jane chuckles and leads her toward the helmet display.

JANE

They're over here. Any particular style?

MAVIS

No, not really. Just something comfortable.

Mavis carefully navigates through the display bikes, making sure her dress doesn't catch.

Jane swaps helmets with her.

JANE

These are easy to put on. Give it a go.

Mavis tries the helmet, careful not to ruin her hair.

JANE (cont'd)

I saw your photos from Kilimanjaro. That last ridge looked terrifying.

Mavis struggles with the fit.

MAVIS

Only coming down. Going up was a breeze.

(fiddling with helmet)

It's a bit tight.

JANE

(helping Mavis)

Let me. You just need to adjust these straps. There you go – a perfect fit.

(beat)

Can I take some pictures for our socials? Our customers will go crazy at you being here!

Before Mavis can respond, Jane grabs her phone and snaps several photos of Mavis looking slightly bewildered in her new helmet.

Jane then moves to Mavis's side, taking selfies.

A quick MONTAGE shows various photos: Mavis looking cute and dazed, caught off-guard by the sudden attention.

Mavis catches up with herself and tugs and adjusts the helmet, testing its fit and worth.

MAVIS

That's better. Thank you.

(MORE)

MAVIS (cont'd)

(beat)

Do you have it in red?

EXT. HIGHLAND ROAD - DAY

Mavis cycles down by the river in her new, shiny red helmet. Edinburgh unfolds its beauty, revealing stunning hidden corners and streets.

Mavis pulls over at a quiet, serene point by the river. Alone and lost in thought, she reaches into her pocket and pulls out an envelope. On its back: 'To Sandy, Katie and Bob X'

She kisses the envelope delicately and places it into the river. She watches it float away, carried by the current. Mounting her bike again, Mavis seems refreshed. She pushes off, ready to ride to her event.

INT. TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Declan sits in his van, eating a sausage roll. Crumbs fall on his shirt. He brushes them off.

He is listening to the radio..

BROADCASTER

Tonight, we're live from Edinburgh Castle, where His Majesty will host the annual Awards celebrating Scotland's most remarkable cultural icons and national heroes. Among our distinguished honorees this evening is Mavis Paterson, the extraordinary octogenarian cyclist who has captured the nation's heart. Mavis has not only broken numerous cycling records but has also raised over £1 million for cancer research, embodying the resilient spirit of Scottish determination. We'll be speaking exclusively with Mavis about her extraordinary journey, her incredible athletic achievements, and her remarkable philanthropic contributions.

Declan shakes his head in disbelief as he takes another huge bite of his lunch.

EXT. ROAD — CONTINUOUS

Mavis cycles into the distance, passing the giant hills that surround her.

She becomes a distant dot, as we first saw her.

From around the side of a large hill, something appears: a strange, translucent giant. Fog-like in appearance, it watches her with a protective gaze as she heads into the distance.

THE END