

20. EXT. PATHWAY IN FOREST. LATE EVENING .20

LEARTES and CALISTA are in a horse drawn carriage, drawn by four large black horses, going at tremendous speed. They are going down a broken pathway, in a particularly grim looking forest. The forest is grey, lacks vitality of life, and is deserted. There is no sound except for the noise of the wheels of carriage, with renewed vigour.

Commented [P1]: Coach driver?

Commented [P2]: They go/hurtle/race/etc

21. INT. INSIDE OF CARRIAGE. LATE EVENING .21

The inside of the carriage is gently lit with oil lamps. LEARTES and CALISTA are sat side by side at the rear of the carriage. They are adorned in travelling clothing, with LEARTES wearing a thick navy blue cloak, with fur brims, and CALSISTA, a white dress and hat. On the right side sits LEARTES, reading a novel, *The Castle of Otranto*, with great interest and excitement, his eyes slightly wider than normal. On his left is CALISTA who is looking outside the window at the forest, with an inquiring, though slightly tense, expression upon her face. She turns to LEARTES.

Commented [P3]: Seems contrary to travelling at speed

Commented [P4]: Italics

CALISTA: (faintly fearful)

I wonder if we were a little brash, to set forth through this realm of a most frightful nature, on our journey to Russia. Don't you think we should have considered the heeds of protest when we announced our plan of travel, my dear Leartes?

Commented [P5]: Slightly too much exposition here – perhaps just the 2nd line?

LEARTES looks up from his book, with his expression turning from excitement to calm understanding, and grasp her right hand affectionately.

Commented [P6]: His expression turns

Commented [P7]: Grasps

LEARTES: (confidently)

Darling, do not allow the raving of madmen, to cloud your judgement or deter you from our mission. I tell you, this is a journey into the mystical and unknown, a voyage of which the likes of Lord Byron, and Casanova would find hard to resist.