

**F1:** *Black frame.*

DIALOGUE (*Rachel*):                    NATALIE!

**F2:** *NATALIE awakes with a start, immediately noticing her friend RACHEL shaking her gently by the shoulder. The pair sit next to each other on a standard train seat (NATALIE nearest the window). However, make note that there are no tears or stains on the seat – it is almost in pristine condition, which is unusual for public transport upholstery. NATALIE’s hair is loosely tied back, she wears a creased T-Shirt and jogging bottoms. She really is quite thin. RACHEL wears a business suit, is of cheerful demeanour and not fat, but ‘curvy’. She has long, bleached blonde hair in a quite specific style (up to you exactly what). There must be something wrong with the electrics in this carriage, because it is dusk outside and no lights have been activated. The setting sun casts long, harsh shadows; the cloud cover causes massive variances in luminescence as the train progresses.*

NATALIE:                                    **UH!** Ohmygod...

RACHEL:                                    Hey, I didn’t mean to scare you Nat’. What’s wrong?

**F3:** *NATALIE rubs one of her eyes, a momentary break in the clouds illuminating her fully.*

NATALIE:                                    I’m sorry Rachel, I’ve been having these dreams... More like nightmares, really.

**F4:** *RACHEL holds NATALIE’s hand in a comforting gesture, NATALIE seems somewhat scared and grips her friend’s hand as if it were about to save her from a long fall. RACHEL does not react to this pressure, she smiles sweetly as she does throughout. Outside, the train must be passing some vertical structures, such as telegraph poles or power-line stanchions – clearly defined lines of shadow are cast over both RACHEL and NATALIE as the light continues to deteriorate.*

RACHEL:                                    No, I’m the one who should apologise. I know you must still be grieving.

NATALIE:                                    That’s just it, I don’t feel a thing.

NATALIE:                                    And yet I loved him so much.

NATALIE:                                    It kinda disturbs me, y’know?

**F5:** *Viewed from the side, focused on the train window, which NATALIE looks out of. The train is in the middle of nowhere, all that is visible is grassland and hedges and the odd barn in the distance. The brilliance of the setting sun, as it peaks over the horizon, silhouettes NATALIE (who leans forward to look out of the window) and RACHEL (who sits back comfortably in her chair).*

NATALIE:                                    Anyway, why is it so dark in here?

RACHEL:                                    I’m not sure.

RACHEL:                                    The electrics in this car could be out, I guess.

**F6:** *Same angle, only NATALIE in shot: she lays her head on the window and places her hand in front of her face, she looks tired. The sun has now completely set and NATALIE is left only with the cold, silver moonlight illuminating her. Through the window can be seen some indiscriminate grasslands, forming more of an intermittent ripple pattern than actual scenery.*

RACHEL (OOF):                            I just hope we don’t pass through a tunnel...