

EXT. ODENSA CASTLE - COURTYARD - DAY

The courtyard, between the castle and its gates, is dotted with tables. Servants run around, setting tablecloths and utensils.

PAN UP to the knitting room's balcony. On it stands Viola, looking down at the preparations. She turns and walks inside.

CUT TO:

INT. ODENSA CASTLE - KNITTING ROOM - DAY

Elisavet is sitting at the spinning wheel, knitting the body of the fourth shirt. Unveiled. There is a large coil of yarn at her feet, but the pile of nettles is completely gone.

VIOLA

I'm a bit nervous, to be honest. We haven't had a party since before, well, since my parents were here. Will you be joining us?

Elisavet looks up, surprised by the question. Viola crosses to a chair, over which a brown dress is draped. She fumbles a little over her words.

VIOLA

You could wear this. Not that there's anything wrong with your dress, just, if you wanted to. You don't have to.

She looks across the room at Elisavet.

VIOLA

But, I would like it, if you joined us. If you joined me. Please.

Elisavet considers it. Then she looks down at her knitting. She looks at Viola again and slowly shakes her head.

VIOLA

I understand. Well, actually, I don't understand, but it's alright.

She exits the room. Elisavet returns to her knitting.

CUT TO:

EXT. ODENSA CASTLE - COURTYARD - NIGHT

The party is well underway. Servants take trays to and from tables. A string quartet plays music; couples are dancing, graceful and formally dressed. Ruben stands at the side of the gathering, shaking hands with one guest after another.

Viola sits at a table next to Henrik, watching the dancers without much interest. Her dress is pale blue. Henrik is eating.

HENRIK

I thought you bought a new dress the other day?

VIOLA

It didn't fit me.

HENRIK

Well then, it's a good thing your mother's dress still does.

Viola says nothing. Watching the dancers. Henrik wipes his mouth on a napkin and leans closer to her.

HENRIK

You ought not to spend the entire evening seated, Viola. Some very powerful people are here tonight, good friends of our kingdom. Who knows? Someone you dance with tonight could very well be the one you marry.

Viola blushes.

VIOLA

Uncle Henrik!

Henrik chuckles.

HENRIK

You never know!

Across the dance floor, Ruben beckons to Henrik, indicating the elderly couple he is currently speaking to. Henrik stands.

HENRIK

Excuse me, my dear.

Henrik walks away. We watch over Viola's shoulder as Henrik shakes hands with the couple, and Viola turns her head again, away from the dancers and up to the balcony. Elisavet is standing there, her hands on the railing, looking down at the party, the light from the room behind her casting her features in shadow. She is wearing the brown dress.

Viola sits looking up at Elisavet for a few moments, thoughtful. Then she stands.

CUT TO:

EXT. ODENSA CASTLE - KNITTING ROOM BALCONY - NIGHT

The music from the party is quieter from up here. Viola walks through the room and joins Elisavet on the balcony. Elisavet turns her head to look at Viola. Viola shrugs.

VIOLA

I got bored.

Elisavet cocks her head to the side. Viola looks down.

VIOLA

I don't know.

The music shifts to a slower song. Elisavet's hand closes around one of Viola's. Viola looks up at her. Elisavet motions with her other hand at the dancers below.

VIOLA

Do... Do you know how?

Elisavet shrugs. Points at Viola, and then at her feet. Takes a step back inside, pulling Viola with her.

CUT TO:

EXT. ODENSA CASTLE - COURTYARD - NIGHT

From below, Henrik watches Viola and Elisavet leave the balcony. He keeps a straight face, except for one raised eyebrow.

CUT TO:

INT. ODENSA CASTLE - KNITTING ROOM - NIGHT

Elisavet and Viola dance, slowly, Viola helping Elisavet through the steps. Peaceful. Romantic. Just the two of them, each more comfortable and relaxed than we've ever seen her.

They draw closer together as the song ends, and stay there. Faces inches apart. Each wondering if she is about to be kissed.

But they both lose nerve at the same time and step away from each other.

VIOLA

That was, um. That was nice. Thank you.

Elisavet nods. Bites her lip. Outside, the guests are applauding the musicians.

VIOLA

I should go. They're probably wondering where I am.

Elisavet nods again. Then she holds up a pointer finger. Walks over to a little table with a stack of paper and inkwell on it. Writes something. Folds the paper in half. Hands it to Viola, closes Viola's hand around it. Viola smiles at her, and leaves the room, closing the door behind her.

Just outside the door, Viola opens the piece of paper. Reads:

VIOLA

"Elisavet."

She looks over her shoulder at the door.

VIOLA

Elisavet.