

"Maya"

Scene 1

MAYA (O.S.)
He's not a kid.

GOLAN (O.S.)
What... what do you mean he's not a kid? You're not talking about that thing- that story I said before, right? The old man in these woods...?

No response.

GOLAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
M, ya need to-

MAYA (O.S.)
(hushed)
GOLAN, Honey... you need to listen, just listen to me...

GOLAN (O.S.)
Okay... I am, I'M LISTENING... I'm listening...

Maya GULPS.

MAYA (O.S.)
(in shock)
I went after him... after he ran off I went after him, but... I kept seeing him and then... not... seeing him and then not... seeing him and then...? I felt like he was taking me in circles, until...
(beat)
I heard it... I heard it again, that... that sound, that sound from before, that... that like digging noise, and then...
(beat)
And then I looked, and... and I was somehow... somehow right back at the tree... the overturned roots where we just were... where I first saw him, and... but there he was... him, it, I... I really couldn't see that well, but...
(beat)
He was inside the hole... bent over again and... doing that...? Like before... but I could see now...
(beat)
He was digging...
(beat)

That sound, it was him... it was him using his hands to dig and dig and... DIG, LIKE... like he was trying to make the hole... deeper...

It sounds like Maya SHUDDERS.

MAYA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
And... and I can't explain it, but... in that moment... in that moment, it felt like I had to get closer...

(beat)
It felt like... he was digging in that hole to make it deeper... deeper to get somewhere... somewhere I had to go...

GOLAN (O.S.)
(in shock)
Maya, I need to tell-

Maya doesn't let him interrupt:

MAYA (O.S.)
THEN- then I don't know how, but... but I suddenly found myself... moving forward... I was moving towards it, towards that... thing, until... until something stopped me...

GOLAN (O.S.)
Babe-

MAYA (O.S.)
IT was our baby, Golan...
(beat)
He started to dig too... inside of me... into the swell of my back... it hurt so much, he kept digging and digging and digging, trying to get out, trying to get away, digging and DIGGING and DIGGING, SECONDS FROM RIPPING A HOLE OUT OF ME-

(then)
But then he stopped... right when I was able to turn... turn and run away from that... that child... he stopped...

(beat)
Golan... he saved me... I think our

baby saved me somehow.

Maya WHIMPERS.

MAYA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Hon... say something... you can say
something now. Please.

No response.

"Maya"

Scene 2

BLACK SCREEN - LATER

Crunch... Crunch... Crunch...

With still no visuals, the footfalls CRUNCHING in the woods evoke the most unsettling of feelings.

GOLAN (O.S.)
(groaning)
How much further to the tent?

A bit up ahead:

MAYA (O.S.)
Not far.

Maya abruptly HALTS, jacket RUSTLING as she seemingly BENDS OVER--

MAYA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Ooooh! Look at this white oak branch. If I could carry this back, I could make an amazing wall hanging with it.

She attempts to LIFT IT... FAILS:

MAYA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
(disappointed)
Not going to happen.

ABRUPTLY--

A TWHUMP!

MAYA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
GOLAN!
GOLAN (O.S.)
OWOWOW--
(then)
I'm okay, I'm okay!
(quickly changes his tune)
SORRY... sorrysorrysorry- YOU okay?

They SETTLE themselves as--

MAYA (O.S.)
Honey. You're going to keep walking into caterpillar webs, or... even worse... YOUR WIFE, if your eyes

are just glued to your phone.

The jarring thwump must have been Golan BUMPING into her from behind.

It sounds like Golan FIDDLES with his iPhone as--

GOLAN (O.S.)

No, it's just my Twitter, there's something with my Twitter, it keeps scrolling up when I try to scroll down... up... down, up... down, up... down, up-

MAYA (O.S.)

Goles.

It sounds like Golan might be SMACKING his phone against his palm now as:

GOLAN (O.S.)

What the fuckin' hell is going on with this thing...?

His jerky movement HURTS him:

GOLAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

OwOw!

He STOPS.

MAYA (O.S.)

Honey. Maybe if you could put your phone away for a second, you wouldn't be so compelled to try to beat it up... and hurt yourself in the process!

GOLAN (O.S.)

I didn't hurt myself.

MAYA (O.S.)

I can hear you ow'ing.

GOLAN (O.S.)

No you don't.
(mutters)
OwOwOw.

MAYA (O.S.)

Golan.

GOLAN (O.S.)

M.

Golan's feet FALTER as he gets defensive:

GOLAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 And I wasn't just like GLUED to my
 phone, I was listening to you also-
 (proving it)
 -what was that stick thingie you
 wanted for your art stuff, where is
 it, I'll carry it for you!

MAYA (O.S.)
 No thanks. You can't even carry
 yourself.

GOLAN (O.S.)
 I'm okay!
 (mutters)
 OwOwOwOw.

MAYA (O.S.)
 (scoffs)
 You're "okay."
 (then)
 Listen. I've got a better idea.
 Forget about the branch. It's YOU
 who needs to be carried.

Maya playfully tries to LIFT Golan... she GRUNTS, unable to.

MAYA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Can't do it.
 (beat)
 Did you put on some weight?

GOLAN (O.S.)
 (indignant)
 Muscle weight!

Their banter tops off with some giggly MUMBLING, a cutesy
 moment between the couple...

Then Maya STARTS OFF again:

MAYA (O.S.)
 Alright. Come on. Almost back.