

"Golan"

Scene 1

A pitch **BLACK SCREEN**. No film grain. No digital noise. Just the unsettling vision of the complete absence of light.

Silence... until--

An frantic SHOUT pierces the darkness. SOMEONE'S in distress.

Unless otherwise noted, everything that follows remains over BLACK; all descriptions are assumed based on the audio.

MAYA (O.S.)

Golan! What is it?! What's wrong?!

The anguished shout continues as it sounds like arms FLAILING and THRASHING ABOUT as well.

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

Golan?!

GOLAN (O.S.)

ITSASPIDERWEBASPIDERWEBITHINKITSASP  
IDERWEBORSOMETHINGITS-

MAYA (O.S.)

What?! I can't understand you!

GOLAN (O.S.)

I WALKED INTO SOMETHING, A  
SPIDERWEB OR SOMETHING, GET IT OFF  
ME, IT'S IN MY HAIR,  
GETITOFFGETITOFFGETITOFF!

Not as much of an emergency as the shout suggests.

MAYA lets slip a CHILDLIKE GIGGLE; it's an infectious quirk that's at odds with her rather adult, always in-control nature.

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

MAYA?!

It sounds like FOOTFALLS crunching over leaves and twigs...

MAYA (O.S.)

Alright. Honey! Hon... Hold on...  
Hold still...

The crunching ends as Maya reaches GOLAN, his arms still FRENZIED, but his shouts abating...

GOLAN (O.S.)

Achhh, it's all in my hair, my  
hair, I can feel it all over,  
achhhhhh!

MAYA (O.S.)  
Hold still. I'll get it all out--

It sounds like Maya's fingertips carefully PLUCK at Golan's hair, trying to get the spider web out; her calm and steadiness temper his flailing...

MAYA (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
It's not a spider web.

GOLAN (O.S.)  
What do ya mean, it's gotta be spider web, I can feel it, it's all... achhhhy-achhhhy!

MAYA (O.S.)  
Too thick.

GOLAN (O.S.)  
Too thick?!

MAYA (O.S.)  
It's a caterpillar web.  
(mutters)  
Ooooh. So shiny. I want to keep some for my art.

FLAILING picks up again:

GOLAN (O.S.)  
WHAT, what did ya say? Did ya say a caterpillar web?! ShitSHIT, is there a caterpillar in my hair, I don't want a caterpillar in my hair, what if it like craps in it, or like- achhhAchhhACHHH!

Unlike Maya, Golan's never able to restrain his par for the course childish antics.

MAYA (O.S.)  
Hold still.

She continues to PICK at Golan's hair... he tries his "best" to keep his arms at bay...

GOLAN (O.S.)  
(in discomfort)  
AhAhAh, are ya done yet?!

No response.

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

Tree trunks MOAN as they bend in the wind... insects CHIRP and CHIRR... critters SCUTTLE through brush...

They must be in the WOODS.

MAYA (O.S.)  
 (in deep concentration)  
 You have some grays. Looks like the cobweb. I want to make sure I'm not pulling any of your hair out.

GOLAN (O.S.)  
 What?! I don't have any grays!

Appeasing:

MAYA (O.S.)  
 Alright. You don't have any grays. Now just let me finish this...

Maya's stopped the plucking, now just SWIPING her fingers through his hair, PROBING for any last remnants...

Abruptly--

GOLAN (O.S.)  
 Owwww!

MAYA (O.S.)  
 (scoffs, amused)  
 Hon. I didn't even pull.

GOLAN (O.S.)  
 I know, I know, I just hurt my thing before when I walked into the caterpillarcraporwhatever and jerked.

MAYA (O.S.)  
 Your thing?

GOLAN (O.S.)  
 Yeah, my side, my incision... it hurts a little bit now.

Maya PUFFS, trying to keep her patience:

MAYA (O.S.)  
 Oy. Okey-dokey. Anyways. It's all out now.

She TAKES her hand away, but then Golan begins SWATTING at his hair again:

GOLAN (O.S.)  
 (incredulous)  
 What, it's all out? Are ya sure  
 it's all out, cuz I still think I  
 feel something sticky or-

MAYA (O.S.)  
 It's all out.

GOLAN (O.S.)  
 But-  
 (abruptly)  
 OwOw!

He DROPS his arms, his hair swatting seemingly causing him  
 pain:

GOLAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Yeah, I can't move my arms around  
 like that- ow!

MAYA (O.S.)  
 Goles. Honey. It's all out. And I'm  
 calling it a day. Night? Whatever  
 time it is. Hike's over. I don't  
 want you dying on me. So let's just  
 get back to the tent.

Golan takes a moment... then half-heartedly tries to fight  
 back:

GOLAN (O.S.)  
 No... no, this is what you want to  
 do, this is your weekend, your  
 thing- I can hold out from dying a  
 bit longer, I swear... I'm all  
 good.

Maya mulls it over... decides:

MAYA (O.S.)  
 Even forgetting about your side  
 hurting. Dinner's back at camp. And  
 there's no way I'm hiking with  
 Hangry Gremlin Golan.

GOLAN (O.S.)  
 Hangry Gremlin Golan?! No... no,  
 I'm more like Hot Gremlin Golan, ya  
 know, remember, like the hot one,  
 that hot Gremlin.

MAYA (O.S.)  
 No. I don't remember.

GOLAN (O.S.)  
 BUT... butbutButBUT... with that  
 being said... it's not like I'm not  
 NOT getting hungry?

MAYA (O.S.)  
 (with a self assured  
 chuckle)  
 Right. Okey-dokey. Back to the tent  
 then. We can hike more tomorrow.  
 Come on.

Maya STARTS OFF, footfalls CRUNCHING across the ground  
 again... Golan FOLLOWS, no longer putting up a "fight"...

*Crunch... Crunch... Crunch...*

GOLAN (O.S.)  
 (worried)  
 But M, like 'bout what you said  
 before... you didn't ACTUALLY pull  
 any of my hair out though, right?

No response.

GOLAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 (more worried)  
 RIGHT?

Her VOICE raises an octave, a possible sign she's lying:

MAYA (O.S.)  
 Right.

GOLAN (O.S.)  
 (annoyed, not believing  
 her)  
 Maya!

Maya GIGGLES, a "tell."

MAYA (O.S.)  
 What?

Golan STARTS with his hair again, feeling about feverishly...

GOLAN (O.S.)  
 Oh my God, I think I feel some  
 missing.

It's hard to tell whether he's being serious.

Maya keeps on giggling...

"Golan"

Scene 2

**BLACK SCREEN - MOMENTS LATER**

A lot of SHIFTING...

GOLAN (O.S.)  
Ready?

MAYA (O.S.)  
I think so.

Golan GIRDS himself... then presumably REACHES around Maya from behind--

GOLAN (O.S.)  
On my count of three. One. Two.  
Three--

He HOISTS her--

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

Golan noticeably tries to SUPPRESS his "ow's" as he LIFTS MAYA UP TO HER FEET and ATTEMPTS TO STEADY THEM--

MAYA (O.S.)  
Golan, I'm dizzy, I feel dizzy, I'm  
gonna fall, I can't see anything, I-

Wavering MOVEMENT--

GOLAN (O.S.)  
Maya. I've got you.

MAYA (O.S.)  
No, hold me tighter, you're not  
holding me tight enough, I can  
hardly feel you!

GOLAN (O.S.)  
Babe. I'm squeezing. I'm literally  
squeezing you as hard as I can.

MAYA (O.S.)  
You're not, you're not, I can't  
feel you enough, JUST HOLD ME  
TIGHTER!

It sounds like Golan SQUEEZES HER TIGHTER--

GOLAN (O.S.)  
Here. Here! I'm doing it! I can't  
squeeze you any fucking harder! I'm  
going to hurt you!

MAYA (O.S.)  
NO, I'M GONNA FALL!

GOLAN (O.S.)  
YOU'RE NOT GOING TO FALL! I'VE GOT  
YOU! I-  
(instead)  
MAYA... Maya. If you don't believe  
me, remember your ring. Feel your  
ring again. Remember...  
(beat)  
You can't trust yourself right now  
with everything going on and...  
(beat)  
But I promise you... I've got you.

It sounds like Maya FIDDLES with her fingers, presumably touching her ring.

Golan really seems to be stepping up his game as they finally become STEADY ON THEIR FEET.

Abruptly--

Golan's head JERKS, SWINGING ABOUT again--

He must have heard whatever he keeps hearing.

Is it that shrill cracking noise? That wet digging noise?  
Something totally different?

Whatever it is... it doesn't currently seem audible to us.

GOLAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
(urgent)  
Are you still dizzy?

No response.

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

Beat.

MAYA (O.S.)  
I think... I think I'm okay right  
now.

GOLAN (O.S.)  
Alright... let's start moving then.  
(beat)  
Slowly. Come on...

Hesitant MOVEMENT--

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

The ground is still sopping wet as--

*slosh... slosh... sl-*

*SLOSHSLOSH-*

GOLAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Babe! That's too fast. I don't want  
you to trip-

MAYA GASPS, STAGGERS, TAKES A JARRING STUMBLE-

-BUT GOLAN QUICKLY CATCHES AND RE-SETTLES HER:

GOLAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
GOTCHA! GotchaGotchaGotchaGotcha...  
(then)  
See? Right on cue.

She must have tripped.

MAYA (O.S.)  
I'm not going fast, it's the way  
you're pushing me, you're pushing  
me too hard!

GOLAN (O.S.)  
No. I'm not pushing you. I'm just  
squeezing you. You wanted me to  
squeeze you harder, remember?

All movement HALTS for a second.

MAYA (O.S.)  
(frustrated)  
I don't know... it just feels like  
your... I DON'T KNOW!

Golan GRUMBLES nervously.

GOLAN (O.S.)  
Let's try something... I'm going to  
let go of you. Just a tiny bit.

MAYA (O.S.)  
What? No!

GOLAN (O.S.)  
Hear me out... I'm just going to  
let go a tiny bit... then you're  
going to walk... you're going to

walk at your own pace... and I'm going to gently guide you...

MAYA (O.S.)

No... no, that's not gonna work, don't let go of me, I don't want you to let go of me at all.

GOLAN (O.S.)

I'm not letting go of you... I'm just loosening my grip. A tiny bit...

MAYA (O.S.)

No, I don't-

It sounds like Golan might be starting to LOOSEN HIS GRIP--

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

I said NO!

Maya HUFFS.

GOLAN (O.S.)

(remains adamant)

I've got you! I've still got you. Feel your ring. Feel it. I've still got you...

It sounds like Maya FEELS HER FINGERS as Golan LOOSENS HIS GRIP... her BREATHS ease...

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

Now walk...

Beat.

MAYA (O.S.)

Golan, I don't think I can do it, I can't feel you enough, I'm not ready, I-

GOLAN (O.S.)

It doesn't matter if you don't feel me. All you have to do is feel your ring... and walk. I'm going to guide you. I swear.

(beat)

Now let's go...

MOVEMENT starts up again--

*slosh...*

GOLAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
See! You're doing it. We're doing  
it. Keep going...

MAYA (O.S.)  
But I don't know where I'm going,  
if I'm going the right way or-

GOLAN (O.S.)  
It doesn't matter. Just keep  
feeling your ring and telling  
yourself that I've got you.

*slosh... slosh...*

GOLAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Look... we're doing it...

MAYA (O.S.)  
(in shock)  
We're doing it...

*SloshSl... SloshSl... SloshSl...*

GOLAN (O.S.)  
(excited)  
We're doing it!