

SELF CHECK OUT by Zev Aaron ©2021

0:00 THE WHIR of distant propellers

FADE IN:

... gradually ...
to the sky...
while gradually zooming out...

EXT HOME - DAY

I A seemingly abandoned CABIN far beneath THE WHIR.
At dawn. In a dense wood. The fiery glow of autumn shines
in the dark.

Within the cabin: the morning STIRRINGS of two sleepers.

The wood too awakens. Birds SING. And then: human WHISPERS.

II FEMALE (OS)
I was dreaming.

MALE (OS)
tell me.

FEMALE (OS)
I can't.

MALE (OS)
tell me.

FEMALE (OS)
I can't.

MALE (OS)
you can... come here.

EXT WOOD - DAY

The autumnal wood beneath the WHIRRING sky.

III A LITTLE BOY and LITTLE GIRL appear. They wear colored wools.
Halted, they look round.

A nearby CRUNCH draws their fear. They prepare to run. Whispers.

MALE (OS)
It's alright.

FOOTSTEPS gingerly approach and then linger.

MALE (OS)
It's alright. How did you
get here?

IV No response.

MALE (OS)
It's alright. I promise.
just tell me where you go.