

TROLGAR AND ME - MAIA'S CASTING SCENE

Maia is in the truck with her Dad, Dave. They are driving down from the mountains, where Maia has just had an encounter with a 'creature' under a bridge. She thought she saw something - it gave her a fright. But then it was gone, and her Dad assured her it was just some graffiti on the rocks. But she can't stop thinking about it as her Dad talks on his phone to his boss, trying to figure out who destroyed the road signs at the bridge.

Note that Maia's Mum died in an accident on this same stretch of road, and she now wears her Mum's pounamu to keep her memory close.

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INT./EXT. TRUCK / COUNTRYSIDE - DUSK 1

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Dave's truck winds back down the mountain road. Dave is on the phone - talking via a hands-free ear piece.

DAVE

A whole heap of road signs, Vince.
Under the bridge... I don't know, a
homeless eccentric road-sign
collector? Some kind of rural
performance artist?

He rolls his eyes - how's he supposed to know?

MAIA

I saw it Dad, I told you, it was a
monster with...

But Dave puts up a hand to shush Maia, as he concentrates on his phone call.

DAVE

Yeah, no, Vince. Yeah, I haven't
forgotten the banner..

Maia stares out the window, annoyed.

The truck slows down past the layby where the cross stands - the headlights sweeping over it.

Maia instinctively puts her hand to her pounamu again, but...

THE POUNAMU IS GONE.

Panicked Maia feels around her neck, checks her clothing, looks around the seat.

DAVE (CONT'D)
...I am responsible.. yes

MAIA
Dad, Dad, my pounamu's gone.

DAVE
...tonight, yep...

MAIA
Dad - my pounamu!

Dave starts to take in Maia's distress, works to end his call.

DAVE
Vince, I have to go - I'll get it done!

He pulls the ear piece out, glances to Maia.

DAVE (CONT'D)
Sorry sweet...

MAIA
Dad, my pounamu, Māmā's pounamu - it's gone.

DAVE
What? You never take that off.

MAIA
It must be at the bridge - we have to go back!

Dave slows the truck but doesn't stop. Maia is obviously upset and he wants to help, but...

DAVE
Ok, ok. We'll find it. But it's getting dark now - we'll come back tomorrow.

MAIA
We have to go back now.

DAVE
Maia! I've still got another job to do, and I haven't eaten since...

Dave drags his hand through his hair, looking stressed. Maia takes this on board, starts to settle.

DAVE (CONT'D)
Tomorrow first thing. I promise.

Maia looks out the window as the sun continues to drop.

DAVE (CONT'D)
It's really quiet up there - no
one's going to touch it between now
and then.

MAIA
Except whoever took those signs.

END.