SCENE 3

(The scene opens with MOTHER walking in, a few letters in hand as MAYA is sat at the table, intensely scribbling in her notebook. She starts towards Maya to hand them to her, but is interrupted by the sound of loud stomping boots. Upon realizing what the sound is, she yelps and grips Maya’s hand, pulling her to scuttle to hide. They run down to their underground olive cellar and stay in silence for a few tense moments and don’t see MAX coming in grinning.)

MAX. Hey! Where’s everyone!

(Hearing Max’s voice, Mother pushes open the trapdoor and both of them come out.)

MOTHER. Max!

MAYA. You cheeky bastard!

(She lunges towards him and he screams, laughing and running away. Mother heaves a huge sigh of relief and gently slaps his arm with her towel.)

MOTHER. It’s not funny. Don’t you do that again.

MAX. (Still thinking it’s funny) The looks on your faces though! (He laughs again.)

MOTHER. Just how are you actually coming of age...

MAX. You’ve no sense of humor.

MOTHER. This is no laughing matter. Have you plucked the olives yet?

MAX. Not yet.

MOTHER. Not yet? You tell me you’re so interested how our food is made. You ask me to teach you. But you won’t even –

MAX. Okay, okay, I’ll do it now!

(He leaves, sulking.)

MOTHER. (To Maya, exasperated) Your brother.

MAYA. Still feels like he’s twelve.

MOTHER. His festival’s tomorrow! (Suddenly remembering the mail she was delivering)

Here, letters.

(Maya takes them and scoffs, shaking her head. She throws them on the seat beside her.)

MOTHER. Are you not going to open them?

MAYA. Envelopes so thin? I know what they say.

(She opens one and reads the letter enclosed.)

MAYA. “We regret that we are unable to use your work. Thank you for giving us the opportunity to consider it.” What’d I tell ya?

MOTHER. Don’t give up hope, Maya.

MAYA. (Firing back) It’s getting harder and harder each day.

MOTHER. Maybe you just need practice.

(Mother offers her a smile and exits. Maya is about to open the other envelopes but is distracted by a noise outside. She opens the door to her backyard and sees COLIN, who’s climbed over a hedge and snuck in.)
MAYA. Colin? I... oh my God... what are you doing here! Hey!

(Hug.)

MAYA. You said you would be at camp this week!
COLIN. I just had come say hi.
MAYA. (Jokingly) Did you get discharged?
COLIN. You wish. They actually promoted me.
MAYA. No way!
COLIN. I booked out of the military for a week –
MAYA. So they needed a break.
COLIN. I’m in between missions, next week I’m headed North. How was college?
MAYA. It was great.
COLIN. People finally freak out about nerdy books with you?
MAYA. You’re just jealous you never understood what was going on in school.
COLIN. I told you I’d never need to. And I was right. What do you think we do in the army, sit around and read Hemingway?
MAYA. I should hope so. I hear you win wars by shooting metaphors. Hey, maybe if you win you’ll stop being a disappointment to your dad.
COLIN. At least my dad wants to work with me. Yours sent you to school to get away from you.
MAYA. (Rolling her eyes) Clever. How is your dad, though?
COLIN. He’s good. Chuffed I joined the army.
MAYA. Yeah, what are you? Seventh in your family line to do the same thing? You guys need to start getting more creative.
COLIN. It’s a thing from where I’m from!
MAYA. A real diverse lot...
COLIN. Can I be real? I’m actually really proud of you for going to journalism school.
MAYA. Awwww…
COLIN. Seriously! I know how much you wanted to do this.
MAYA. Sorry, I didn’t quite catch it – could you repeat that?
COLIN. Nope, moment’s gone. But what are you up to now?
MAYA. Tryna get myself employed.
COLIN. How’s that going?
MAYA. It could be better.
COLIN. Well join the army with me! They’re talking about letting girls join.
MAYA. That couldn’t sound less appealing.
COLIN. Why, scared you might be terrible at it?
MAYA. I honestly have no wish to –
COLIN. (Interrupting) It’s not as bad as you make it sound –
MAYA. (Interrupting) It’s not easy protecting a country that won’t protect me.

(Beat.)

COLIN. (With a sudden realization) Oh...I heard...I'm so sorry...
MAYA. (Brushing it aside.) It’s fine, it’s not your doing. But the army’s all yours. Step up.

(Colin actually stands up. Maya looks at him questioningly.)
COLIN. Oh, I just realized I gotta go. My dad has a…ministry dinner thing I gotta attend.
MAYA. Fancy, fancy. You, a leader?
COLIN. Yeah! Imagine that. I wouldn’t wish that on my worst enemy.
MAYA. And yet, I had to put up with you for four long years.
COLIN. Don’t lie, you loved it.
MAYA. Don’t you have somewhere to be?

(He smiles and leaves. Maya watches him go.)

MAYA
IMAGINE THAT, MINISTRY DINNERS AND MORE
IMAGINE THAT, YOUR FOOT ALREADY IN THE DOOR
IMAGINE NEVER HAVING TO WRITE AND FIGHT FOR YOUR RIGHT OF WAY
IMAGINE NEVER BEING TOLD NO, AND THEM LISTENING TO WHAT YOU HAVE TO SAY

I’M WATCHING YOU, AND HOW YOUR LIFE PLAYS OUT THESE SCENES
THEN I SEE ME, AT ONCE I SEE THE GULF BETWEEN
I KNOW YOU KNOW WE’RE HURTING; YOU SAY YOU UNDERSTAND
BUT I DOUBT YOU KNOW THE FEAR OF NEVER ACHIEVING WHAT YOU PLANNED

AM I FINALLY TAKING THIS SERIOUSLY NOW THAT YOU’VE LEFT?
BECAUSE I KNOW THAT WHEN I’M WITH YOU I NEVER SEEM TO CATCH MY BREATH
YOUR EYES ARE ALWAYS SMILING, YOUR SMILE’S ALWAYS DIVINE
AND I’M ALWAYS SEARCHING FOR THE RIGHT WORDS TRYNA MATCH YOUR MAGIC MIND
FOR ALL BUT THOSE FIVE MINUTES I’VE BEEN THINKING ‘BOUT THE WAYS
IN WHICH MY LIFE’S TURNED UPSIDE DOWN! AND THEN YOU TURN UP –
AND IT’S THE FIRST TIME I’VE SMILED…IN DAYS…
(Concurrently) WHAT ABOUT THAT?

COLIN
(Concurrently) IMAGINE THAT! IT’S AS IF TIME HAS FROZEN STILL
CAUSE NOW SHE’S BACK, COLIN MAKE THAT OF WHAT YOU WILL
SHE HASN’T CHANGED – WELL SHE MIGHT BE SAVVIER, BUT SHE’S STILL BRILLIANT AND BOLD
I SWEAR SHE COULD CHANGE THE WORLD, IF THEY’D JUST LET HER DO SO
WHAT WOULD I GIVE

MAYA
WHAT WOULD I GIVE

BOTH
TO GO BACK TO WHAT WE WERE?
JUST TO RELIVE IT ALL BEFORE OUR LIVES BECAME A BLUR

COLIN
WHERE I DIDN’T HAVE TO LEAVE SO SOON

MAYA
WHERE WE WEREN’T FORCED TO GO
BOTH
CAUSE I’M KINDA OUT OF MY ELEMENT

MAYA
THE FUTURE HAS TOO MUCH THAT I DON’T KNOW

COLIN
BUT THEN HEARING YOUR VOICE AGAIN MADE ME FEEL LIKE YOU NEVER LEFT
ALL I KNOW IS THAT WHEN I’M WITH YOU I NEVER SEEM TO CATCH MY BREATH

MAYA
I NEVER SEEM TO CATCH MY BREATH

BOTH
WE MAY HAVE CHANGED BUT THESE FEELINGS HAVE NOT
CAUSE WHEN I LOOK AT YOU I FEEL THE WORLD STOP
ALL THESE YEARS THE THOUGHT OF YOU HAD GOTTEN ME THROUGH

MAYA
IMAGINE ME BEING IN LOVE WITH YOU

COLIN
I ALWAYS KNEW I WAS IN LOVE WITH YOU

BOTH
IMAGINE THAT