

Win

A Male SCREAMING.

The CLANKING of someone fighting restraints.

A body SLAMMING against a rickety bed.

FADE IN

INT. EMERGENCY PSYCH- NIGHT

WIN ROE opens her eyes. Her messy brown hair sticks to her sweaty forehead. She's very pale - only 18, yet her eyes bely an experience way beyond her years. She attempts to get out of bed. Her restraints CLANK against the metal bedframe.

A MAN on the other side of the curtain dividing their room in half, keeps SCREAMING and fighting his restraints.

More alert now, she frantically scans the room. It is dark and cold looking. She looks down at her restraints once more.

Tears fall from her eyes.

WIN

What?

Win sobs harder as the man's agitation grows.

SHANE ROE jumps up from the chair across the room. He's tall and big, 50s, with a shaved head and tattoos. He holds back tears as he approaches his daughter in distress- one of the very few things that can scare him.

SHANE

(soothingly, almost like it's not
coming from him)

It's okay. You're okay.

Shane reaches into his pocket and pulls out Win's phone and headphones. He places them in her ear.

The MUSIC blocks out the screaming.

INT. EMERGENCY PSYCH - MORNING

The lights are on. The walls are concrete and painted a distasteful off-white color. Shane protectively watches over Win as she sleeps. Her eyes flutter. He moves closer. She opens them.

SHANE

How are you? Are you in pain? Do you
feel groggy?

Win looks down at her arms, still in restraints.

Someone pulls the curtain open and then closed. MINDY ROE enters the room carrying a Tim Horton's tray. Her makeup is fresh, hair done and clothing choices impeccable, but she looks worn down.

MINDY

You would not believe the line I had
to wait in just to get a coffee.
(notices Win; relieved)
Oh, you're up!

The curtain opens again and DR. GANTY, an upbeat mid-aged, male psychiatrist, bounces into the room carrying a clipboard.

DR. GANTY

Rise and shine! I'm Dr. Ganty. Glad to
see you awake, Winona. How are you?

MINDY

She's a little drugged up.

Dr. Ganty nods his head at Win, waiting for her response.

WIN

I want to go home.

SHANE

Shouldn't we keep her here for
observations? Or inpatient?

DR. GANTY

This hospital is at capacity for
psych. I could suggest some private
companies. They can be quite costly,
averaging thousands of dollars a week.

SHANE

What about another hospital?

DR. GANTY

(apologetic)

Win is barely an adult. These places
can be really scary and detrimental to
their recovery.

SHANE

Wouldn't dying also be detrimental to her recovery?

MINDY

Shane!

Shane helplessly shrugs.

DR. GANTY

In my experience taking away control from someone with depression and anxiety is the worst thing to do.

SHANE

So after all of this shit, we're just going to go home?

DR. GANTY

As long as Win feels comfortable and can commit to recovery.

SHANE

But I don't know what I'm... What do we...

Dr. Ganty reassuringly places his hand on Shane's shoulder.

DR. GANTY

I see this all the time and she will be okay. Here's her new prescription and I've included a benzo for when she feels this way again.

MINDY

(exasperated)

She's going to feel this way again?

DR. GANTY

It's not going to be linear. But sending her home to a two parent household reassures me.

(finishes filling out prescription)

Best of luck!

Dr. Ganty moves towards the curtain; looks back at the shell-shocked couple.

I don't usually do this.

(writing number on paper)

Here's my number. Call if you need to.

INT. SHANE'S CAR- AFTERNOON

Win and Shane drive through an urban center in an expensive BMW model. It is winter and a gray slush covers everything. Shane keeps glancing at Win out of the corner of his eye.

SHANE

You know you aren't crazy right?

WIN

(sarcastic)

Thanks.

Shane takes a deep breath. His fingers grip the steering wheel a little harder.

They drive in awkward silence for a few blocks until he pulls the car over.

LISA ROE steps into the car. She is the stereotypical popular girl- pretty with blonde hair and blue eyes.

WIN

You were at a bagel shop?

LISA

I made plans way before.

WIN

Glad to know my hospitalization didn't affect your social schedule.

LISA

I got you something.

Lisa pulls a bagel out of her purse.

WIN

(beat)

I'm gluten-free.

LISA

Why?

WIN

(exasperated)

It's a natural treatment for my depression. I've been gluten-free for a month, *Lisa*.

LISA
(jokingly)
Well, clearly it's not working.

WIN
Are you making a fucki-

SHANE
Okay okay. Let's just calm down.

Both sisters look out the window in silence.

I have a fun idea.

INT. CHRISTMAS TREE FARM - DAY

Shane, Win and Lisa are walking along a row of trees at a Christmas Tree Farm. The area is decked out with inflated snowmen, Christmas lights and life size reindeer decorations.

Mariah Carey's *All I Want For Christmas Is You*, blares over the speakers.

SHANE
See, isn't this so festive and fun!
(notices an ornament)
Oh I have to get that for your mom.

Lisa and Win continue walking. Someone dressed up as an elf pops out of nowhere, with a tray of chocolate.

ELF
Would you like some reindeer
droppings?

Win jumps back startled and scowls at the lady.

LISA
No thank you. Have a wonderful
Christmas.
(to Win)
You could at least try to have some
Christmas spirit.

WIN
This is all so stupid. Adults dressing
up in costumes. And just call it
chocolate! Not reindeer droppings. And
I've heard these songs hundreds of
times. *They're shit.*

LISA

It's been a heavy few days. Can we try to make the best out of what's left of Christmas?

WIN

(sighs, but softens tone)

Fine.

Win points to a tree that is losing most of its needles and is slightly crooked.

I like this one.

LISA

It looks like it has a disease. Mom will hate it.

WIN

Why do you think I want it?

Lisa inspects it once more.

LISA

Let's get it.

EXT. FAMILY HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Shane pulls into the driveway. They live in an affluent area. Their home has white paneling and a wrap around porch. It's the perfect home for the perfect family. Almost like nothing bad could happen in this house.

INT. KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

Shane, Lisa and Win walk into the kitchen. Mindy sits at the table, with a large glass of wine in front of her.

MINDY

What took you guys so long?

SHANE

(excitedly holds up the tree)

Who says Christmas has to be cancelled?

Mindy stands up and walks towards the stairs.

MINDY

(over her shoulder, insincere)

Glad you guys had fun.

Beat.

SHANE

She struggles at Christmas ever since
grandma died.

WIN

That was five years ago.

INT. WIN'S BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

Win shuffles into her room. NOAH sits on her bed. He's the
guy she can't seem to shake. Attractive, kind-hearted,
creative and a complete disaster.

Win physically deflates at the sight of him.

WIN

Seriously?

NOAH

Your sister called. I had to come.

WIN

No you didn't.

NOAH

Over the summer, you were by my side
through it all.

WIN

You were my boyfriend then.

NOAH

You're still my best friend.

Win stares at Noah for a bit, trying to think of a response,
but then sighs and sits on her bed beside him.

WIN

I'm tired.

NOAH

I'm on new meds.

Shane walks into the room with a drill and begins taking the
door off the hinges.

WIN

(disbelief)

What on Earth?

SHANE

Just to make sure you are safe. No closed doors.

(notices Noah)

Hi Noah.

(begrudgingly)

Nice to see you.

WIN

What if I have to pee? Am I allowed to close the door then?

SHANE

(thinks for a second)

One of us could be outside of the bathroom. That way we know you aren't doing anything...concerning.

(notices Win's incredulous expression)

If it were up to me I would tie my leg to yours.

He walks away with the door in tow.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Win enters the kitchen. There are multiple pots boiling on the stove. Lisa appears disheveled and sweaty as she begins cutting into the ham.

MINDY

Why did you use a honey glaze instead of maple?

LISA

You can cook dinner next time.

Win looks at the beautifully set table.

WIN

Can I eat upstairs?

MINDY

(hugs Win)

Don't be silly, Win. It's Christmas Eve.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

The family is half way through their dinner. Win pushes her food around on her plate, disinterested.

SHANE

(holds up wine glass)

Well, I think a toast is in order. It was not the Christmas we expected, but as always we are pushing through.

Win notices her family waiting for her to raise her glass.

SHANE

To Win.

WIN

For what?

SHANE

For pushing through. This year is going to be great! I can feel it.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Mindy, Shane and Lisa wash the dishes in the kitchen.

LISA

Why does Win get out of doing the dishes?

SHANE

She's recovering.

LISA

But she seems fine. Shouldn't we treat her normally?

INT. WIN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Win moves closer to the vent in her room and crouches down so she can hear the conversation better.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

SHANE

She's not fine. Even if she seems that way.

Mindy pauses scrubbing for a second, trying to compose herself.

MINDY

I don't know where I went wrong.

INT. WIN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Win sits at the vent. Her face is impassive, not phased by what they are saying.

MINDY O.S.

I thought we gave her everything. I
don't understand.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Shane and Lisa look at Mindy and then at each other. Lisa tilts her head towards Mindy to encourage Shane to comfort her. He shakes his head. They both turn back to sink.

Lisa takes a clean plate and begins washing it again.

SHANE

(overly enthusiastic)
You excited for the World Juniors? I
think we have our first game on boxing
day.

LISA

How you guys spend so much time
watching hockey is beyond me.

INT. PARENTS BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

Shane's phone alarm RINGS on the nightstand. He springs into action, knocking it off the table, still blaring.

He rushes to turn it off. He looks over at his wife, who slept through it.

INT. HALLWAY - EARLY MORNING

Shane tiptoes into the hallway. He hits a floorboard, and it creaks. He takes a step back and listens.

Beat.

He steps forward, only to hit another creaky floorboard.

WIN O.S.

What are you doing?

SHANE

Oh... I'm headed to the bathroom.