

Sold (✓)

1/3

1 **START**

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - DAY

GILLIAN (17), sits opposite her THERAPIST (40s). Under Gillian's soft, youthful face, there's a surprising hardness about her, an armor of indifference...

THERAPIST ~~LOVES~~

And what about your sleeping? How's that been?

GILLIAN

The same.

THERAPIST

The Tryptizol hasn't helped? You're still waking up.

GILLIAN

The dream is different now.

THERAPIST

How's it different?

GILLIAN

She doesn't die. After I pull her out and I breathe in her mouth, she opens her eyes. She's scared. She's coughing and spitting up the water, holding onto me for help. But she's squeezing me so hard, now I can't breathe. I feel my ribs break and separate and some come up towards my throat and some go into my stomach. Now I'm scared. I can't get any air.

Gillian brushes hair off her eyes.

GILLIAN (CONT'D)

Then I usually wake up. Before she kills me.

(Smiles)

That's it.

The therapist makes another note, tries a new tack.

THERAPIST

Any more thoughts on what we talked about the last few times?

SOLO

THERAPIST

2/3

2.

GILLIAN

What?

THERAPIST

Being a counselor at that summer camp. Where your friend works.

GILLIAN

No. Not really.

THERAPIST

Why not?

Gillian shrugs.

THERAPIST (CONT'D)

I think it would make your parents happy.

GILLIAN

Because I'd be gone for two months?

THERAPIST

Don't do that.

GILLIAN

My mom spent like a whole day last week packing all my sister's clothes away in these boxes so that she could donate them. And then yesterday she took them all out of the boxes, hung them back in the closet, folded them up, put them all back in the drawers. Guaranteed tomorrow she'll pack them all back up again.

Gillian picks at the fabric on the arm of the chair.

THERAPIST

You promised me you'd think about it.

GILLIAN

I went on the website.

THERAPIST

And?

0708

THERAPIST

3/3 3.

GILLIAN

It looks like a camp. It's up north
a few hours.

THERAPIST

On a lake?

GILLIAN

Look how happy you are. You really
want me to take this fucking job.

THERAPIST

Gillian, I want you to give
yourself a break.

Gillian meets eyes with the doctor.

THERAPIST (CONT'D)

Don't you want to heal?

SOLO

2

5/10/08

OPENING CREDITS OVER:

A montage of northern Ontario wilderness mirrored in lake
reflections.

The imagery is surreal, resembling horizontal ink blots.

It's ominous.

END CREDITS.

3

INT. LACEY'S CAR - DAY

Gillian stares blankly out the window on the passenger side
at dense trees rushing past.

LACEY (V.O.)

A boy and a girl in a little canoe
with the moon shining all around/
And as they paddled their paddles/
They couldn't even hear a sound/
So they talked and they talked
'till the moon grew dim/
I'm gonna test you on this later.

GILLIAN

I'm listening.